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

GOOD WORDS

FOR 1874



THE REV. DONALD MACLEOD.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS FOR SCOTLAND

And illustrated by

J. M'L. RALSTON, A. J. C. HARE, H. PATERSON, A. HOPKINS,
R. P. LEITCH, F. W. LAWSON, H. HERKOMER, AND OTHERS

Philadelphia
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
715 AND 717, MARKET STREET

1874

5039-15

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"MY MOTHER AND I."

GOOD WORDS FOR 1874

MY MOTHER AND I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"Your face is your fortune, my pretty maid."

"Thy singleness of soul that made me proud,
Thy purity of heart I loved alone,
Thy man's truth I was bold to bid God see."

CHAPTER I.

"Seventy years ago, my darling; seventy years ago."



SO murmurs Tennyson's "Grandmother" to her "Little Annie," telling, without pain, the painful incidents of a long past youth.

I have no little Annie, and it is

not quite seventy years since I was a girl; but still I can understand how the old woman talked of her girlhood, and even enjoyed doing so, in a sort of way.

Revisiting lately, after a long lapse of time, a place where I once spent six months,—the six months which were the turning-point in my whole life,—I see my own old self, so

vividly and with such a curious interest, nay, even pity, as if it were somebody else, that I half incline to tell the whole story. A story so simple, so natural, so likely to have happened, in one form or another, to many a girl, and withal so long ended, that it can do nobody any harm, and may do somebody some little good.

Poor Elma Picardy! Looking back at her she seems to be—not me at all, but "a girl in a book." If I were to put her into a book would she help other girls a little? Perhaps; for I believe many another girl has gone through a similar experience; has had her fate settled for good or ill, before she was out of her teens; has gone through the same hard struggles, all alone, with nobody to advise or comfort her, and a cluster of extraneous folk standing by, looking on and discussing her, in the cold, wise—I mean worldly-wise—way in which elder people do discuss the young, as if they themselves had forgotten their own youth, or possibly had never had any. It is different with me. I was young once—young and foolish. I know it; yet am not ashamed of it; and it may help me to be a help to some other poor girl, who has no mother to speak to, or if she has one, would not speak to her if she could, or could not if she would; since, alas! all these cases do sometimes happen. For such an one I will write my story.

My name was Elma Picardy, as indeed it is still; and I was just seventeen, an only child, whose life would have been perfectly solitary, except for her mother.

My mother and I. Never were there such friends as my mother and I; real equal friends, in addition to being mother and daughter. It was so from my cradle, my father having died a month after I was born. I never had a nurse-maid: she was too poor to give me one, even had she wished; but I think she did not wish. I was all she had, and she preferred keeping me wholly to herself. Besides, in those days mothers took care of their children rather more than they think it necessary to do now. It was not considered that even her duties to society compelled a lady to resign to a staff of inferior women, that other duty to bring up for God and man those precious little human souls and bodies with which Heaven had entrusted her. The world still held the old-fashioned opinion that to be a mother, in the largest sense, was at once the highest honour and the chiefest usefulness to which any woman could aspire.

So my mother, both by choice and necessity, was my only nurse, my sole playfellow. From morning till night and from night till morning, we were never apart. It was, of course, an exceptional condition of things; but so it was, and I have never ceased to be thankful for the fact, and for its result, that through all my babyhood and childhood I learnt absolutely nothing but what I learnt from her. Afterwards, other people taught me; for though a well-read, she was not exactly an accomplished woman; but that was mere outside learning. My true education, the leading and guiding of soul and heart, was never in any hands but my mother's. In the course of years she ceased to be my governess, but she never ceased all her days to be, as the Bible says, "my companion, my guide, my most familiar friend."

Yes, familiar, though she was thirty when I was born. But this gulf of time did not seem to affect us. Either she slipped gently down to my level, or I stepped up to hers; I knew not how it was done, but done it was, the gulf being bridged over without any conscious effort on her side or mine. And the trust between us was equal to the sympathy. I hear girls nowadays say, "Oh, don't tell mamma, she wouldn't understand." Why, my mother understood everything, and I always told her everything! As soon as I could speak it was, "Look, mammy, look!" at every new felicity: and as for sorrow—from the day when I broke my doll, till I

broke—something else: only I did not quite break it—my first cry was, "Mother—I want my mother!" Day and night my only shelter was in her bosom. I remember, and can feel still, though I am an old woman, the infinite healing of her kiss, for all anguish great and small.

My mother was quite alone in the world, being, as I said, widowed directly after my birth. My father was an Indian officer. From his miniature he must have been much handsomer, and I knew he was a year or two younger, than herself. The exact circumstances of their marriage I never learnt. It came probably from what I have heard called "the force of propinquity," for they must have been very unlike in every way. But they were thrown together: he having lodged at the house of her parents—he had quarrelled with his own—during a long and dangerous illness. "He could not do without me—so he married me," she once said, with a rather sad smile; and this was the only explanation she ever gave, even to me, her daughter, of her courtship and marriage.

In a year death ended the union, and she was alone again, more alone than before: for her parents had died also, and died bankrupt. The few luxuries she had ever enjoyed passed away: she had nothing to live upon but the two small pensions, hers and mine, as a soldier's widow and orphan; and she had not a creature in the world belonging to her, except me.

This was all I knew of her and myself during my childhood and early girlhood. She never talked to me about the past; and the present was all-sufficient, of course, to a child. Consequently, she learnt to make it sufficient to herself. And this, I have since thought, constituted the great blessing I unconsciously was to her. In all her cares and afflictions she "set me in the midst," as Christ once set a little child; and in my innocent ignorance, my implicit trust, my glorious forgetfulness of yesterday and indifference to to-morrow, I became to her truly "of the kingdom of heaven." As she told me long afterwards, I comforted her more than she could have been comforted by any other living soul.

So we were perfectly happy together, my mother and I. We lived in a world of our own; a wonderful world, full of love, content, and enjoyment. That we were poor did not affect us in the least—poverty never does much affect a child, unless prematurely tainted by being brought up among worldly-minded elders. For instance, I have heard

grown-up people recall the misery they once suffered from going to school less well-dressed than their school-mates; but I cannot remember such distresses ever troubling me. I was no more afflicted to see other girls in sashes while I had none, than my mother was grieved by the fact that her gowns were of print or muslin, when her friends wore silk and satin. I saw she always dressed herself as she dressed me, neatly, comfortably, as prettily and as much in the fashion as she could afford, and there the matter ended. What we could not afford we neither craved for nor mourned over.

As I grew towards womanhood, the great contest between us was, who should have the best clothes; I wished it to be the mother, she would rather it had been the daughter. Many a fond battle we had upon this point, every time there were new clothes to be bought. I could not bear to see her go on wearing a shabby bonnet, and give me a new one, or turn and turn her gowns to the last limits of respectability, because I grew out of my frocks so fast that it was almost impossible to keep me well-dressed—suitably dressed—which, it was easy to find out, she was most anxious to do.

For I was her only child; and, let me confess the fact, so familiar that I soon ceased to think it of importance, and indeed have forgotten when I first discovered it—I was an exceedingly pretty child. Not like herself at all, but the very image of my father. Consequently, as I grew up, I became not merely pretty but handsome; beautiful in short—at fifteen I believe I was downright beautiful—so that there could be no two opinions about me.

Looking in my glass now, I take a pathetic pleasure in recalling this, and my dear mother's pride and delight in the same, which she now and then attempted to hide; though she never tried to deny or conceal the obvious fact of my beauty. First, because it would have been impossible; secondly, because she would have thought it foolish and wrong. She held beauty to be a gift of God, and as such to be neither ignored nor despised, but received thankfully, gladly—a real blessing, if regarded and accepted as such, in all simplicity and humility.

"Mammy dear," I remember once saying, as I ran into her arms, "am I not a very pretty little girl? Everybody says so."

"Yes, my darling, you are a very pretty little girl, and mammy is glad of it; but she is most glad because you are good. Pretty little girls ought always to be exceedingly good."

This lesson she impressed upon me so strongly that I came to think even beauty a secondary thing; and many a comical story was preserved of my answers to my flatterers—children find only too many:—"Yes, of course I'm a pretty little girl; but I'm a good girl too." "Mammy says pretty girls are plenty, and good girls scarce; I mean to be a good girl," &c., &c. Simple, silly speeches, no doubt, but they serve to show that I was not vain in any contemptible way. In truth, I was so accustomed to be praised, to look in the glass, and see there a face which could not fail to give myself as much pleasure as it did to my friends, that I believe I accepted my beauty as calmly as people accept most things which they are born to—a title, an estate, or any other accidental appendage of fortune. I rejoiced in it, much as the lilies and roses do, without any ridiculous pride.

My mother rejoiced, too:—in my eyes, which somebody told her were like a gazelle's; in my hair, purple black and very long, which she always dressed herself with her own hands, till I was a woman grown; in my slender, willowy figure—I was tall, like my father, and at thirteen years old had overtopped herself entirely. Above all, in a certain well-bred air, which I suppose I always had, for I have overheard people describe me as "a most lady-like child." This quality might have been hereditary; but I myself attribute it to my never having had any companionship except my mother's.

I did not understand then—I do now—why she was so exceedingly particular over my associates; how many and many a little girl, whom I wanted to play with, I was gently withdrawn from, lest I might catch the tone of that half-and-half "genteel" society which, for a widow of limited income, is not easy to escape. Not until I grew up a woman did I fully comprehend how difficult it must have been for her to make me grow up really a lady, unharmed by the coarse influences of poverty, not always refined poverty, which necessarily surrounded us on every side. She could not have done it, even though we lived as quietly as possible, first in London lodgings, where my father had died; and then in a school, where, in return for my instruction, she took charge of the whole sempstress-work of the establishment—she could not possibly have done it, I say, had she not kept me continually by her side, and exposed to no influence except her own.

And she was a lady. Ay, even though she was a tradesman's daughter. But the fact that my grandfather, a builder, had been a self-

made man, only enough educated to desire to educate his child, did not affect me in the least. My mother's relations, the Dedmans, and my father's, the Picardys, were to me equally mythical. I knew nothing about them and cared less.

She seldom spoke of either the persons or the incidents of her early life. She seemed to have been drifted out into the world, as Danae was drifted out to sea, with her baby in her arms, utterly uncertain on what shore she would be thrown, or if she would ever touch land at all. But like Danae and Perseus, we were cast upon a friendly shore. Wherever we went, I remember, everybody was kind to us. Perhaps it was the deep instinct of human nature, that inclines people always to be kind to the widow and orphan; but most probably it was my mother's own sweet nature, and her remarkable mixture of gentleness and self-dependence, which made all whom she met ready to help her, because they saw she was willing, to the utmost of her capabilities, to help herself.

I daresay she had her chances of marrying again, but of such a possibility she never dreamed. So we were just "my mother and I," a pair so completely one, and so content in each other, that beyond general kindness we never cared much for anybody outside. We had no visible relations, and not very many friends—intimate friends, I mean, either young or old, who could stand in my place towards her, or in hers towards me. It never struck me to put any playfellow in opposition to my mother; and she often said that from my babyhood she liked my company better than that of any grown-up person.

So we wandered about the world together, changing our mode of life or place of residence as she deemed best both for my health, which was rather delicate, and for my education. It was always me, always for my advantage; of herself and her own pleasure I do not believe she ever thought at all. And therefore her sorrows, whatever they were, brought no bitterness with them. She endured them till they passed by, and then she rose out of them to renewed life. She was to the end of her days the happiest-natured woman I ever knew, and the most cheerful of countenance.

Describe her personally I will not—I cannot! Who ever could paint a mother's face? It seems, or ought to seem, unlike every other face in the wide world. We have been familiar with it all our lives—from our cradle we have drank it in, so to speak, like mother's milk, and looked up to it as we

looked up to the sky, long before we understood what was beyond it—only feeling its beauty and soothing power. My mother's face was like heaven to me, from the time when I lay in her lap, and sucked my thumb, with my eyes steadily fixed on hers, while she told me "a 'tory"—until the day when I last stood and gazed down upon it—with its sweet shut mouth and sealed eyes—gazed—myself almost an old woman—wondering that it had suddenly grown so young.

But many, many years, thank God! before that day—years spent in peace and content, and no small share of happiness, since, as I have said, we were always happy merely in being together—occurred that strange time, that troubled six months, to which I have referred, and which even now makes my heart beat; with a sensation which no length of time or change of fortunes has ever deadened, nor ever will deaden, until I cease to live. There is no pain in it now—not an atom of pain! no regret, no remorse—but there it is, an unalienable fact, an ineffaceable impression. And it all happened twenty—thirty, no, I will not count how many years ago. I was just seventeen, and my mother was seven-and-forty.

CHAPTER II.

I HAD "finished my education," or was supposed to have done so; though my mother often laughed, and said, nobody's education was ever "finished." Still, I had had all the masters that she could afford to give me, and further study was to be carried on by myself. We also left the school where we had resided so long, in the suburbs of London, and came to live in the country, "all alone by ourselves," as we said. For we two together was the same as being alone, only with the comfort of companionship.

Our abode was a village in Somersetshire, whither we had come chiefly by chance. Like Adam and Eve, "the world was all before us where to choose," and any place seemed pleasant after that horrid "genteel neighbourhood," neither town nor country, with the advantages of neither and the unpleasantnesses of both. At least so I thought in my hasty angry youth, which had such quick eyes to see the dark shades in every picture. But my mother always answered gently that there might have been much worse places than Kilburn, and we had lived very peacefully there for five years. She always saw the sunny side of everything, rather than the cloudy one. She was of a far more contented disposition than I.

Still, it was always I who started new and daring ideas, as I had done in this case. When we decided as to where we should make our new home, I had got out the maps and proposed laughingly that we should toss up a halfpenny, and select the place on which it fell. It fell flat and prone on the town of Bath!

"Bath?—how odd! were you not born there, mother? Of course we'll go and live at Bath."

"Oh, no, no!" she cried suddenly; then checked herself. "Well, my child, if you wish it particularly, I see no reason why we should not go. There is nobody to go to, certainly; I never had many relations, and those I had are long dead; still, Bath is pretty, oh, so pretty! You never saw any place at all like it, Elma," and her eyes brightened with a tender sort of memory in them.

"I should be delighted to see it, the home where you lived as a child and a girl, a grown-up girl like me. Also, mother darling, was it not at Bath that you met my father, and were married?"

"Yes."

"Did papa like Bath as much as you?"

"Not quite. He was ill there for many months, you know, and people seldom fancy the place where they are long ill."

"But he fell in love with you there, and that ought to have made him like it."

I had just begun to have an idea that there was such a thing as "falling in love," and that of course it was the happiest thing in all the world.

My mother was silent—so silent, that I took her hand caressingly.

"I like sometimes to talk about my father. Was he not very handsome?—And exceedingly like me?"

"You vain little monkey!" smiled my mother.

And then I laughed too at the conceited speech I had unwittingly made. In our harmless fun, the slight shadow which had come over my mother's face passed away, and we continued our consultation—we never did anything without consulting one another—but made no more references to the past. I saw she did not wish it.

Nevertheless, things so happened, that, in the first instance, we went from London to Bath just to gratify my curiosity. For three days we wandered about the city—the beautiful lady-city, of which my mother had not said one word too much; but it was too beautiful, too expensive for our small finances. A little dreary too, despite

its beauty. We knew no one—not a soul! and there were so many grand idle people walking about, that the place felt far more lonely than London, where everybody is busy.

Also—it may seem a foolish, conceited thing to confess, and yet I must, for it is true—these idle people stared at us so, as if they had nothing to do but to stare, and I resented it much. My mother answered my indignation with gentle composure.

"Idle folk will always stare, my child. Besides, you are taller and more remarkable-looking—well, perhaps prettier—than most girls; and then, you have such a very little, insignificant mother to walk beside you."

"Nonsense!" I said; for I thought her sweet face and dainty figure the pleasantest to look at in all the world.

"Come, don't let us be cross; let us take the stares patiently, and fancy ourselves the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, who have to endure the like whenever they go out, as well as the rest of the royal family."

"But I am not one of the royal family."

"No, my child," said my mother, half laughing, half sad; "but heaven has given you almost as trying a dignity. My poor Elma, people are sure to stare at you wherever you go; but we will avoid it as much as we can. What do you say? Instead of remaining at Bath, which indeed we should find far too dear, suppose we were to try and find some pretty, quiet village near it—I remember several—and settle down there, where you will have nobody to look at you but the cows and sheep—except your mother! Will she suffice, my pet?"

"Yes, entirely."

And I spoke the truth. Odd as it may seem, my mother had done wisely in never denying facts as they were. Her fond, candid admiration of me supplied the place of any other; her frank admission of the fact of my beauty—a simple fact, no more—absolutely prevented my having any petty vanity about it. Just as children brought up without any mysteries make none, and those to whom the truth is always spoken cannot see the slightest necessity for such a mean trick as lying.

Besides this rather comical reason for our taking flight from Bath, my mother had another, which she did not then tell me. She wished to live in the country—in the healthiest place she could find. I had been studying hard, I was not strong, and the

disease of which my father died—last of five brothers—was consumption. My mother had always watched me, I told her sometimes, “as a cat watches a mouse;” but it was not till after years that I found out the reason.

Still, there was no sign of my father's having left me, with his own strong likeness, this fatal inheritance. My mother had given me not only her moral but her physical qualities—a sound mind in a sound body. The wholesome Dedman blood, the blood of the people, counteracted all that might have been dangerous on my father's side. From that, and from her careful up-bringing, I have, though never robust, enjoyed thoroughly good health. No troubles have been able to kill me. I have lived—have been obliged to live—through them all. There have been times when I almost regretted this—when it would have been so much easier to slip from life, and shirk all its duties; when one fell back longingly upon the heathen proverb, that “those whom the gods love die young.” Not the Christian God! To Him the best sacrifice is not death, but a long, useful, active, healthy life—reaping unto the last Christ's benediction—that it is more blessed to give than to receive, to minister than to be ministered unto.

The nest where my mother and I settled ourselves we found on our very first day of search. It was in a village a few miles from Bath—a small, old-fashioned house in an old-fashioned street, which sloped down in a steep descent to our door. Indeed, the whole neighbourhood had a curious up-and-down-ness—very charming to me, who had grown sick of the long level London pavements and suburban roads.

Equally peculiar and attractive was the landlady, true Somersetshire, blunt in words, and kind in deeds, who insisted on our accepting from her a lunch of bread and cheese, but declined to accept us as lodgers. She always had a family throughout the summer, she said, an excellent family from Bath, and she liked to be alone in the winter, and until they came, which was never before June.

But it was now only January, and I had fallen in love with the quaint old house, and its quaint furniture, chiefly of oak, certainly a century old. Also, by a lucky chance, Mrs. Golding had fallen in love with my mother.

Not with me. Oh dear, no! She took the greatest pains to indicate how little she thought of me—considered me a mere chit of a girl, most objectionably pretty.

“I don't care to have good-looking misses about my place. They're always such a bother. If it was only you, ma'am”—and she looked admiringly at my mother's calm face and smooth grey hairs—she had been grey ever since I could remember—“You're a widow, I see?” glancing at the modified form of widows' cap which she always wore.

“Yes, I have been a widow ever since that girl of mine was born.”

“And—not over rich, I suppose, ma'am?”

“No,” returned my mother, unoffended; for it never occurred to her to feel the slightest shame or annoyance on account of her poverty.

“Then I think I'll take you. You won't be much trouble. Only your two selves?”

“Only our two selves,” said my mother, putting her arm through mine, a good deal amused, but longing, like me, to take refuge in this quiet house, and with one who seemed, though odd, to be a good and kindly woman. “I think, really, you had better take us. You must be rather dull all alone.”

“No doubt, ma'am—no doubt. But I couldn't take from you my usual rent—it wouldn't be honest unless the summer time. Let us see—what shall it be? What would you like to give me?”

My mother laughingly declining to name a sum, this most extraordinary of landladies named one, which, compared with London prices, was perfectly ridiculous, and yet a great relief to our purse. But she declared it was the usual rate of payment for winter lodgings. We agreed, promising to turn out when the summer family arrived.

“But that is five months to come. A great deal may happen in five months,” said my mother, half sighing.

“Ay, indeed, ma'am; miss may be married by then; who knows? There is certainly nobody about here to marry her. They're all old maids in our parts. She won't find one young gentleman, that I can tell her.”

I blushed furiously, and felt so insulted that I would almost have walked out of the house on the spot, had not my mother said gently, with that quiet dignity which puts a stop to all possible forwardness—

“We have not begun to think of these things yet, Mrs. Golding. My daughter is only seventeen.”

“Well, and I was only seventeen and a half when I married, and a pretty mess I made of it. My face was my fortune, everybody said,—that was why poor Golding married me; and it didn't last” (no, certainly not, apparently); “and he was an awful

worrit, and that did last, and wore me to skin and bone, as you see. Well, well, he's gone now, so we'll say no more about him. Don't you believe in men, miss; don't marry in haste and repent at leisure. That's all I say."

This melancholy sentiment—which the departed Golding, staring down from the wall in red face, blue coat, and yellow waistcoat, did not contradict—amused me so much, that it cooled my wrath, and I made no objection to our finally settling the bargain, and agreeing to become Mrs. Golding's inmates on the morrow.

"Only," I said, when we talked over the matter, "we shall have to keep her at a distance, I am sure. She is a very impertinent woman."

"Because she spoke about your marrying, my child? Well, I suppose you will be married some day," and my mother put back my hair, and looked steadily into my blushing face. "Would you like to be married, Elma? Yes, of course you would. It is a woman's natural destiny. But there is plenty of time, plenty of time."

"I should rather think so."

"And when you do begin to take such a thing into your little head, be sure you tell your mother."

"Of course I shall."

Here we dropped the matter, not unwillingly, I fancy, on either side. It was a topic quite new; at least this was the first time that my mother had named it at all seriously. For me, as a little girl, I had always protested, like most little girls, that I meant to marry my mother; afterwards, that I would not marry at all, for fear of having to leave her. Latterly, these protestations had ceased, for they seemed to me rathersilly; besides a kind of shyness had crept over me on the subject of love and marriage. Not that I did not think of it; on the contrary, I believe I thought a great deal, but I said nothing. If I could have questioned my mother about her own experience—her own courtship and marriage—it would have opened my heart; but this was almost the only thing upon which she kept silence, or if I attempted to speak, gently avoided the subject.

She did so now. When I hazarded a question or two apropos of a small house in a back street of Bath, which she showed me in passing, saying she had once lived there for a little while, she answered abruptly; and when we quitted the city—the fair city which I had already begun to be fond of—I think it was rather a relief to her than not.

In a week's time we felt quite settled in our new home. It was such a pretty home, the prettiest we had ever had. The village was such a curious place, with its ancient houses and gardens, shut in by high walls; its picturesque church, and its altogether old-world aspect, as if it had gone to sleep a century ago, and was only half awake still.

We had one favourite walk, called the Tying—a curious word, the meaning of which I never knew. But the walk was very pleasant; a kind of high path or natural bridge, from hill to hill, sloping steeply down on either side. On one hand you saw the distant uplands, on the other the valley below, with a little river winding through it, turning a grey old cloth-mill, which seemed the only manufacturing industry of the place.

One day we crossed the Tying, on our way to an old ruined abbey, which Mrs. Golding said was one of the sights of the neighbourhood. It was a bright, clear February day. I threw back my head, and eagerly drank in every breath of the pleasant, bracing air. But it made my mother shiver. I placed myself on the windward side of her, and drew her arm through mine, as I had always been in the habit of doing, when we walked out, ever since I had discovered, with the pride of thirteen years, that I was half an inch taller than she. She clung to me, I thought, a little closer than usual, as we discussed our summer plans.

"We will be idle till March; then we will study regularly. You must not let slip your education. You may need it yet."

She spoke with hesitation, knowing I knew quite well the possibility to which she referred—that she might die prematurely, when her pension would die with her, and mine was too small to maintain me. If I were left motherless, I should also have to earn my bread. But the first terror, if I ever did look at it, blotted the second out of sight entirely.

"If you want me to make use of my education, I will do it," said I, intentionally misapprehending her. "I will turn governess to-morrow if you wish; though I should hate it—yes, hate it! and you always said it is the last kind of life I am fitted for."

"That is true, my poor child."

I caught her sigh. I saw her sidelong, anxious look. Only since I have been gliding down the hill, and watched so many young folks climbing up it, have I recognised fully the meaning of my mother's silent looks—her ceaseless prevision of a future that should last long after hers was ended—if indeed it had not ended long ago, her own individuality

being entirely absorbed in this young life of mine. To be a mother is in truth entirely to forget oneself—one's personal interests, griefs, and joys, and to project oneself wholly into the new generation, with its wonderful present, its still more mysterious future, both of which seem apparently to lie in one's own hands. Only apparently, perhaps; and yet we have to act as if it were really so, as if the whole responsibility of her children's lives rested upon the mother. Oh! that all mothers felt it thus! and when they do feel it, oh, if their children could now and then see into their hearts!

I could not into my mother's—not wholly, even though she was so dear to me, and I to her. Now and then, as to-day, there seemed something on her mind which I did not understand, something which she tried first to conceal, then to shake off; and finally succeeded.

"No, my darling, I do not wish you to turn governess, or anything else, just now," said she, gravely. "I only wish you to grow up a well-educated gentlewoman, equal to any position which—but just now your position is to be your mother's own dear, only



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daughter," added she, suddenly stopping herself, "a sensible, clever—no, not very clever——"

Alas! that was true enough. I was not clever. Nor accomplished, neither; for my wise mother, finding I had little voice, and less ear, had stopped my music; my drawing also had come to an end; since, to waste time on any study which requires real talent, when one has absolutely none, she considered simply ridiculous.

"No, you are certainly not a genius—you will never set the Thames on fire. But,

whatever you are, I am content with you, my daughter."

"Thank you," replied I, humble, and yet proud.

My mother never allowed me to ponder over either my merits or my shortcomings. She said it was better just to do one's work, and not think much about one's self at all. Her satisfaction in me—not often thus plainly expressed—touched and pleased me, and I walked gaily, a weight lifted off my heart. I knew well, I was in no sense a brilliant girl. My "face was my fortune," not my

brains. This did not matter much now; though there came a time when I would have given half my beauty to possess just a little of what people call "talent." So it is—we generally care most for the qualities which are not ours.

However, just now, I cared for nothing and nobody but my mother. She and I strolled on together, enjoying the spring smell in the air, and the coloured twilight just beginning to lengthen, and the black-bird's soft love-note—the first of the year—for it was near upon Valentine's Day. Somehow or other we lost our way, and found ourselves not at the ruined abbey, but exactly where we had started; and it was too late to start again.

"Never mind, we will go there some other day" (ay, we did—I have never forgotten *that* day). "Have we not the whole spring before us? And how delicious, mother, to think we have it all to ourselves! No school—no lessons—no visitors. We literally don't know a soul between here and London. Hurrah! how grand it is to have got no friends!"

"But we may make some—I hope we shall."

"I don't. Because they will be falling in love with you, and taking you from me; and I like to have you all to myself, mammy!"—(Big girl as I was, I often called her "mammy," or "mummy," or "mimi"—some one of the half-hundred pretty names I used to invent for her when I was a baby. But, "mother" was my favourite name. Lots of girls had "mammias"—very few had a "mother." None, I averred, a mother like mine.)

She laughed, and told me nobody was likely to dispute my possession. "Especially of such an elderly person as I am growing, for do you know, my child, though the evening is so pleasant, I feel quite tired and cold."

I blamed myself bitterly for having persuaded her to put on a summer cloak—her winter one looked so shabby in the sunshine.

"I protest, mother, you shall not go on a day longer without buying that Paisley shawl we have so long talked about, which will at once be light and warm. We'll go to Bath after it to-morrow."

"Oh, no, no!" Again her unaccountable shrinking from this pleasant city, which, as soon as I had left it, I quite longed to see again.

"Well, mother darling, you shall not be vexed; but the shawl must be got some-

how, and Bath is the only place to get it at. Will you let me go and buy it all by myself?"

The moment I had made this proposition I was frightened at it, for I had never yet walked a street's length alone; and as to going shopping alone, the idea was dreadful. Yet, as I hurried my mother home, every shiver of hers made my conscience-stings sharper, and my resolution more strong.

"I must learn to be useful, and do things sometimes by myself," argued I. "Only trust me! I will try to lose none of the money, and waste it you may be sure I shall not. And when I go into the shop I will not be nervous—not get angry if people do stare at me. Why should I not walk about alone? There is nothing really to be afraid of."

"No, my love; and if you were obliged to do it—if I were away, and you had no protection, I should wish you to do it—brave as a lion, innocent as a lamb. But you are not obliged. Wait a while, and we will choose the shawl together."

But I could not wait—not longer than the few days during which my mother was laid up with severe cold after this unlucky walk. Why had I not taken care that she was warmly clad, before I let her buy me that gipsy hat with the checked-pink ribbons—(how one remembers, individually, one's girlish clothes—at least, when they are not numerous!), and the brown silk pelisse, which had cost such a deal of money? I hated it—I hated myself. I resolved to have not another new thing all summer, if only I could coax her to be extravagant in the matter of the Paisley shawl. Go to Bath I must—but how?

A bold idea struck me. "Mother, Mrs. Golding is going to Bath to-morrow: may I go with her and buy your shawl? She knows the shop, and she will take care of me."

And then, remembering the figure the old woman cut in her enormous bonnet, and cloak of most respectable antiquity, carrying a huge basket, which went full of eggs and returned full of groceries, my mind misgave me. Certainly, to walk up Milsom Street beside Mrs. Golding would require some little moral courage.

I think my mother guessed this, for she smiled.

"Have you considered—"

"Yes, I've considered everything. What does it matter? I'm not going to be a goose any more."

"But to act on the principle of the man

who, walking about in an old coat, said, 'If everybody knows me, it's all right; if nobody knows me, it's all right too.' Well done, my child!"

"Then I may go?"

She hesitated; but I was so urgent that at last I got my own way—as I did sometimes now, when it was not actually a wrong way, but simply a question of feeling. I had come to that age, my mother said, when, in many things, she left me to judge for myself.

"Well, I never!" cried Mrs. Golding, when I broached the subject to her. "Such a fine young lady as you wanting to go to Bath with an old woman like me! And I shan't walk either; my old legs can't stand it this muddy weather. I meant to take the carrier's cart."

This was a new perplexity. "But in for a penny, in for a pound." The shawl must be got, and this was the only way to get it. At once, too, that my mother might have it as soon as she was able to go out again.

I smile now to remember, not without a strange sense of fatality, with what passionate persistence I stuck to my point, and carried it. But it was not for myself, it was solely for her—my own dear mother—the centre of all my world.

"We'll go, then, miss, if you can manage to be up in time, for the carrier passes at six in the morning," said Mrs. Golding, rather maliciously. "And when you've been to market with me, I'll go to Pulteney Street or Royal Crescent with you, and look at the fine folks promenading. That is, if you're not ashamed to be seen with an old body who was once as young and bonny as yourself—though I say it."

Mrs. Golding's pre-historic good looks were her weak point, and I did not want to hurt her feelings. So I had no alternative but to consent; and my mother had none but to let me go.

She dressed me, however, in my very simplest and plainest garments. "It was evident," I told her, "that she wished me to pass for Mrs. Golding's granddaughter."

"That would be difficult," said she. And catching her face in the glass as she looked over my shoulder, fastening my collar behind, I saw her fond, proud smile—wholly a mother's smile. You girls, when mothers yourselves, will understand it, and allow that no personal vanity was ever half so pleasant.

"Now then, turn round, child, and let me arrange your bonnet-strings. How untidy you are!" (Alas, I was—a common failing at seventeen.) "You might with advantage imitate that neat old woman—your supposed grandmother."

"Mrs. Golding? Oh dear! But tell me, what was my grandmother—your mother, like?"

"I cannot remember. You forget I was brought up by my stepmother."

"And my other grand-parents, on my father's side?"

"I do not know; I never saw them," replied my mother hastily. "Child, don't forget to buy new ribbons for your hair." It was in long plaits, fastened round my head like a coronet, very pretty to look at—I may say so now.

My mother so evidently disliked the subject, that I ventured no other questions. Strangely enough, I had never asked any before, nor thought at all about my remote ancestors. We lived so entirely in the present, and our life, in its mild monotonous current, was so full, that I never troubled myself about the past. I was not of a very imaginative temperament—besides, the future was everything to me—as it generally is in our teens.

At this moment up came the carrier's cart. My mother kissed me tenderly—more tenderly than usual, perhaps—it was so seldom I had ever left her for a whole day—put me gaily into that ignominious equipage, and I drove away.

Had she seen, had I seen, that the driver was—not that funny old man in his voluminous capes, but Fate herself, sitting beside him and holding the reins? But no; had I fore-known all, it would have been—with my clear-eyed will it should have been—exactly the same.



SONGS OF GLADNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

I.

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE OF THE TEMPLE.

I.

LITTLE familiar gate !
 Gate of the home by the way ;
 Hour for which daily to wait,
 Hour at the close of the day.

Hand in hand close pressed,
 Arm never trusted in vain !
 Hearts in each other at rest,
 Home, all home again !

II.

Gate through which all must pass,
 Gate at the end of the way ;
 Men call it a Gate of Brass ;
 A prison-gate, they say !
 They think it can only divide,
 Pitiless, heavy, and strong ;
 But we who have looked Inside,
 Know they have named it wrong.

Know it not strong, but weak,
 Its bars all shattered and slight ;
 Merc bars of shadow that streak,
 And prove, the inner light ;
 Gate where all bonds shall break,
 All severed hearts unite.

III.

Terrible, Beautiful Gate !
 Gate of the Temple of God !
 Well through the day we may wait
 Till it open for us our Abode.

Hands in hands close prest,
 Hearts past all parting and pain,
 In God and each other at rest ;
 Home, all Home again !

Beautiful Gate of Life !
 Gate at the end of the Way !
 Well worth Day's toil and strife,
 For that hour at the close of the day !

II.

BIRTHDAY HYMN.

I.

AT Thy feet we gather !
 Lord, Thy children see !
 Children, mother, father,
 Children all to Thee !
 Life this day first given
 Bless afresh to-day !
 Blessings fresh from heaven
 On the heavenward way.

II.

All the years behind us
 Shine Thy mercies through ;
 And to-day they find us,—
 Every morning new.

But the way before us
 Not a step we know :
 Thou who watchest o'er us,
 Guide us as we go.

III.

Thou who seest lead us,
 Thou who lov'st control ;
 Thou who carest feed us,—
 Body, spirit, soul.
 Each such day beginning
 Years of better days,—
 Grant us to be winning
 More and more Thy praise.

IV.

Still to serve Thee better,
 Love each other more ;—
 Fetter after fetter
 Breaking as we soar.
 Step by step, still higher,
 May our pathway be ;
 Day by day, still nigher,
 Saviour, Lord, to Thee !

By Thy free forgiving
 Freed to fight with sin ;
 Freed through Christ-like living
 Thy " Well done " to win ;
 Till at last we gather
 Where Thy face we see ;
 Children, mother, father,
 Children all to Thee !

E. C.

DAYS NEAR ROME.

By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE,

AUTHOR OF "MEMORIALS OF A QUIET LIFE," &C.

I.—THE CIMINIAN HILLS.

IT is a delightful drive of about an hour and a half through the forest from Civita Castellana to Nepi. The road passes near the castle and Benedictine church of Sant' Elia, the latter a very curious early Christian building, covered internally with very remarkable ancient frescoes by the brothers Johannes and Stephanus and their nephew Nicolaus of Rome.

Nepi is the ancient Nepete. Its position is not higher than that of the surrounding plain, but it is cut off by deep ravines like Civita Castellana. The gorge at the entrance of the town is crossed by a bridge and by a double aqueduct built by Paul III. in the sixteenth century. Below this a little rivulet tumbles over the cliff to a great depth. The piazza has a handsome town-hall, with a large fountain and a wide portico decorated with Roman altars and fragments of sculpture found in the neighbourhood. The cathedral has a fine campanile; its first bishop was S. Romanus, and tradition ascribes the foundation of the see to S. Peter. At the Roman entrance to the town stands the most picturesque castle, with a double gateway. Outside this there is a charming spot; the great machicolated towers hang over the edge of the cliffs; against which rises an old mill, and, below, a waterfall sparkles and loses itself in a mass of luxuriant evergreens. Turning to the right are some grand remains of ancient Etruscan wall, probably the same which were scaled by Camillus,

when he came to avenge the desertion of the city from the Roman alliance to that of Etruria.

Again a drive of two hours, through woods of oaks and deep lanes overhung with golden broom, and then along the plain which is bounded by the beautiful Ciminian Hills, upon which Ronciglione and Caprarola gleam in the sunlight, and—crossing the high road from Rome to Siena—we reach Sutri. The little town is visible at a great distance, and occupies a crest in the tufa, filling every rocky projection with its old walls and houses, for its extent seems to have been limited by the cliffs which formed its natural protection, and which gave it such strength as made it deserve the name of "the key of Etruria."

Sutrium was made a Roman colony at a very early period, and was celebrated for its devotion to Rome. In u.c. 365 it was captured by the Etruscans, and the whole of its inhabitants were expelled, with nothing but the clothes they wore. Camillus met them with his army as they were escaping towards Rome, and moved by their anguish, bade them be of good cheer, for he would soon transfer their troubles to their conquerors, and this he did, for that very day he reached the town, found it undefended, and the Etruscans occupied in collecting the spoil. Before night the rightful inhabitants were restored, and their victors driven out. From the rapidity with which his march was effected, "ire Sutrium" became henceforth a proverb for doing anything in a hurry. Soon

after (368) the town was again taken by the Etruscans, and again restored by Camillus: in 443 the old enemy once more besieged it, when the consul Fabius came to the rescue.

As we approach the town on the Roman side, the rocks on the left of the road are filled with tombs. They are cut in the tufa, but many seem to have been fronted with more durable stone-work. The cliffs are crested by grand old ilexes which bend downwards in the most luxuriant masses of foliage, unspoilt by the axe. There is no appearance of anything more than this, and it is startling, when one turns aside from the road, and crossing a strip of green meadow, passes through a gap in the rocks, to find oneself suddenly in a Roman Amphitheatre, perfect in all its forms, almost in all its details, with corridors, staircases, vomitories, and twelve ranges of seats one above the other, not built, but hewn out of the solid rock, all one with the cliffs which outwardly make no sign. The Coliseum is grander, but scarcely so impressive as this vast ruin in its absolute desertion, where Nature, from which it was taken by Art, has once more asserted her rights, and where the flowers and the maiden-hair fern, clambering everywhere up the grey steps and fringing the rock galleries, and the green lizards darting to and fro, are the only spectators which look down upon the turfey arena. All around the great ilexes girdle it in, with here and there the tall spire of a cypress shooting up into the clear air. The silence is almost awful, and there is a strange witchery in the solitude of this place, which nothing leads up to, and which bears such an impress of the greatness of those who conceived it, and made it, and once thronged the ranges of its rock-hewn benches, now so unspeakably desolate. Dennis considers that the amphitheatre of Sutri was "perhaps the type of all those celebrated structures raised by Imperial Rome, even of the Coliseum itself. For we have historical evidence that Rome derived her theatrical exhibitions from Etruria. Livy tells us that *ludi scenici*, a new thing for a warlike people, who had hitherto only known the games of the circus, were introduced into Rome in the year 390, in order to appease the wrath of the gods for a pestilence then devastating the city, and that *ludiones* were sent for from Etruria, who acted to the sound of the pipe, in the Etruscan fashion."

Turning to the left, beyond the amphitheatre, a path leads under the old city. The tufa, glowing from the red and golden colour with which time has stained it, is half rock,

and half masonry, the natural cliffs being surmounted by ranges of Etruscan walling, and the whole crested by stately mediæval houses which follow every crevice of the natural formation, and occasionally, where more space is required, are bracketed out from it upon arches.

On the other side of the narrow ravine, the rocky barrier is still fringed with ilexes and perforated with tombs. A little path attracted us to the entrance of one of these, just beneath the villa and the old clipped garden of the Marchese Savorelli. Over the door is inscribed in Italian:—"Here stay thy step; the place is sacred to God, to the Virgin, and to the repose of the departed. Pray or pass on." It admitted us to one of the most interesting places we ever entered. Several tombs had apparently been thrown together at a very early period of Christianity, and formed a very long narrow Christian church, of which the pavement, roof, pillars, and seats were all one, and all carved out of the living rock. From the ante-chapel or entrance tomb, still surrounded with its couches for the dead after the manner of Etruria, one looks down an avenue of low pillars green with damp, and separated from the aisles by rock-hewn seats, to the altar, beyond which, from an inner sanctuary, a light streams in upon the gloom. On the rock walls are mouldering frescoes—the Annunciation, the Salutation, the Last Supper; several saints, and a grand angel with a face raised in low relief. It is a touching and most unearthly sanctuary, and carried one back to the earliest times of Christian life and Christian suffering more forcibly than the most celebrated Roman catacomb. The church is now called, "La Madonna del Parto," and is still much frequented. A poor woman, while we were there, was kneeling in the dimness, so lost in prayer, that she seemed quite unconscious of the strangers wandering about, though they must be rare enough at Sutri. The chapel beyond the altar had a traditional communication with the Roman catacombs, but it has been walled up now, in consequence of stories of persons having been lost there.

A ruin on the cliff near the Villa Savorelli, is shown the building in which Charlemagne stayed when he was on his way to Rome in the time of his "great father" Adrian I. In a wood below is the Grotta d'Orlando, a cave to which the great hero of chivalrous romance is supposed to have been lured by the witcheries of a beautiful maiden of Sutri of whom he was enamoured, and where he

was shut up by her. Another story says that the Sutri maiden was not the love but the mother of Orlando, and that the Paladin was born here.

But tradition is wonderfully alive at Sutri. The house of Pontius Pilate is shown, and to the curse which he brought upon his own people, it is said that the lawless nature is due for which the natives of Sutri have ever since been remarkable. At a corner of the principal street is the head of a beast, be it ass or sheep, which is believed always to be watching the hiding-place of great treasure with its stone eyes, but the authorities of the town, who will not search for it themselves, have forbidden all other enterprise in that direction.

Some of the old palaces have beautifully-wrought cressets still projecting from their walls. In a small piazza is a grand sarcophagus, adorned with winged griffins, as a fountain. The dirty cathedral has a lofty tower with trefoiled windows, and an *opus-alexandrinum* pavement. It contains a portrait of Benedict VII., who was a native of Sutri, and of the canonised Dominican, Pius V., who was its bishop for five years.

It is about an hour's drive from Sutri to Ronciglione, retracing the road by which we came for some distance. Here the little inn of the Aquila Nera is a tolerable resting-place, and though the rooms are humble, the people are most civil and anxious to please. There is a handsome cathedral of the last century, and a large fountain in the upper town, and below the inn is one of the deep ravines so peculiar and apparently so necessary to Etruscan cities, perforated with tombs, and with a ruined castle (La Rocca) and an old church (La Providenza) clinging to its sides.

It is most pleasant in these old places to have plenty of time, and no fixed plans to tie one down. The walks in the still evening light along the edge of these wonderful gorges are so inexpressibly charming, and the power of resting from the glowing mid-day heat in the great shady churches. Even in the ugly churches, much may be derived either from the decaying, neglected pictures, often so beautiful, or from the numerous inscriptions, for in Italy almost everything is handed down to us about either places or people, indelibly written upon stone. And then it is so pleasant to make friends with the cordial, open-handed, open-hearted peasantry, who are so pleased to be talked to, so happily natured, so willing to understand a joke, and so merry, while so civil. And if there is rather

a stuffy sensation of domestic fog in some of the little inns, it is atoned for by the delicious morning afterwards; and as for the fleas, if they only come thick enough and go on long enough, there is a moment when you almost try to persuade yourself that you really like them.

It is almost necessary to sleep at Ronciglione in order to have a day at Caprarola, and what is there for which such a day does not compensate? Caprarola is alike a climax of nature and of art, certainly one of the most perfectly glorious places, even of Italy. No view is more singular, more historical, or more lovely. No royal palace in any country of Europe has such a situation, or has the beauty of this masterpiece of Vignola in its solitude, its desertion, and decay.

We leave Ronciglione by the Viterbo road, and as soon as we have ascended the hill behind the town, come upon the Lago di Vico, the Ciminian lake. Tradition tells that when Hercules was here, the natives asked him to give them a proof of his enormous strength, and that, to please them, he drove an iron bar deep into the earth; but that when they bade him draw it forth again, waters followed, which filled the hollow of the mountain and formed the lake. Beneath its waves the lost city of Succinium was believed to exist. Formerly it was surrounded by a forest which was regarded as an impenetrable barrier to preserve Etruria against the attacks of the Romans. It was said that Fabius, after his great defeat of the Etruscans at Sutrium, was the first Roman who dared to enter the Ciminian wood, and the terror which was excited when his intention of doing so became known at Rome, caused the senate to despatch especial envoys to deter him.

The little lake lies, deep-blue, in the vast basin of an extinct crater. Part of the hollow is taken up by the water, and the rest by the wooded hill of Monte Venere, which looks as if it had been thrown up by the same convulsion which hollowed the bed of the waters at its foot. Virgil was here, and speaks of the lake and its mountain, and as we drive through the adjoining forests we think of Macaulay, and

—“the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill.”

It is a long ascent after this; and oh, what Italian scenery, quite unspoilt by English, who never come here now. The road is generally a dusty hollow in the tufa, which, as we pass, is fringed with broom in full flower, and all the little children we meet

have made themselves wreaths and gathered long branches of it, and wave them like golden sceptres. Along the brown ridges of thymy tufa by the wayside, flocks of goats are scrambling, chiefly white, but a few black and dun-coloured creatures are mingled with them, mothers with their little dancing elf-like kids, and old bearded patriarchs who love to clamber to the very end of the most inaccessible places, and to stand there embossed against the clear sky, in triumphant quietude. The handsome shepherd dressed in white linen lets them have their own way, and the great rough white dogs only keep a lazy eye upon them as they themselves lie panting and luxuriating in the sunshine. Deep down below us, it seems as if all Italy were opening out, as the mists roll stealthily away, and range after range of delicate mountain distance is discovered. Volscian, Hernican, Sabine, and Alban hills, Soracte, nobly beautiful, rising out of the soft quiet lines of the Campagna, and the Tiber winding out of the rich meadow-lands into the desolate waste, till it is lost from sight before it reaches where a great mysterious dome rises solemnly through the mist, and reminds one of the times when years ago, in the old happy *vetturino* days, we used to stop the carriage on this very spot, to have our first sight of S. Peter's.

Near a little deserted chapel, a road branches off on the right, a rough stony road enough, which soon descends abruptly through chestnut woods, and then through deep clefts cut in the tufa and overhung by shrubs and flowers, every winding a picture, till in about half an hour, we arrive at Caprarola. Why do not more people come here? it is so very easy. As we emerge from our rocky way the wonderful position of the place bursts upon us at once. The grand, tremendous palace stands backed by chestnut woods, which fade into rocky hills, and it looks down from a high-terraced platform upon the little golden-roofed town beneath, and then out upon the whole glorious rainbow-tinted view, in which, as everywhere we have been, lion-like Soracte, couching over the plain, is the most conspicuous feature. The buildings are so vast in themselves, and every line so noble, every architectural idea so stupendous, that one is carried back almost with awe to the recollections of the great-souled Farnese who originated the design, and the grand architect who carried it out. The idea does not embrace only the palace itself, but is carried round the whole platform of the hillside in

a series of buildings, ending in a huge convent and church, built by Odoardo Farnese. S. Carlo Borromeo, the great patron of idle almsgiving, came hither to see it when it was completed, and complained that so much money had not been given to the poor instead. "I have let them have it all little by little," said Alessandro Farnese, "but I have made them earn it by the sweat of their brows."

There is the most overwhelming sense of strength and imperviousness to time in the huge rock-like bastions upon which the palace stands. It has five sides, so that from every view of it you have an angle, and the effect is very singular. When you ascend the balustraded terraces and cross the bridge, you are admitted to an open circular court, whence a magnificent staircase, a *cordonata*, leads to the upper chambers, decorated by the three brothers Zuccheri, by Tempesta, and Vignola, with pictures chiefly relating to the power and importance of the Farneses, uninteresting perhaps elsewhere, but here, where all is suggestive of them, most striking and curious. In the great hall are a fountain and a grotto, like those in the Villa d'Este at Tivoli, yet roofed in and not too large in this vast chamber. Ninety-six thousand pounds of lead, comprising the works of this and many other fountains, were sold in the last century by a dishonest steward, who also took advantage of the constant absence of the owners to make away with all the old furniture and tapestries. The walls of the hall have frescoes of the towns which belonged to the Farneses:—Parma, Piacenza, Castro, Vignola, Scarpellino, Capo-di-monte, Canina, Ronciglione, Fabrica, Isola, and Caprarola; no wonder they were rich! The chapel has windows of ancient stained glass, and between them frescoes of the apostles, with S. Gregory, S. Stephen, and S. Laurence. The design of the elaborate ceiling is curiously repeated in the pavement. The next hall is all Farnese history. The marriage of Orazio Farnese is represented (1652) with Diana, daughter of Henry II. of France, and that of Ottavio, with a daughter of Charles V. Pietro and Raniero Farnese are made captains-general of the Florentines. Then Alessandro and Ottavio Farnese are seen accompanying Charles V. on a campaign against the Lutherans; and the three Zuccheri carrying a canopy over Charles V., who is riding with Francis I. on one side, and Cardinal Farnese on the other. Paul III., who took such unbounded care of his

family, is shown appointing Pietro Farnese commander of the Papal army, and Orazio governor of Rome. Ranutio Farnese is receiving the golden rose from his uncle. And there are many scenes from the life of the great Pope himself; how he presided at the Council of Trent; how he made peace between Francis I. and Charles V.; and how Charles kissed his feet, on his return from Africa; how he gave the lucky hat to four cardinals who afterwards all became popes.

We see one of these again, Julius II., when he is receiving the city of Parma from Ottavio and Alessandro, the kneeling nephews of his predecessor, and restoring it to them. There is also a portrait of Henry II. of France,—“conservator familiæ Farnesiæ.” All these pictures are described at the utmost length by Vasari. Many other rooms are very interesting,—the private study and bedroom of the Cardinal with his secret staircase for escape; the room, covered with huge



Lago di Vico.



Castle of Nepi.

maps like the gallery at the Vatican, and with the wonderful fresco of the “Maura,” for which 12,000 scudi have been refused; the room with the frescoes of the appearances of S. Michael the Archangel to Gregory the Great at Rome, and to the shepherds of Monte Gargano; and then all the family are represented again and again, and their attendants, down to the dwarfs, who are painted as if they were just coming in at imaginary doorways.

Are we really in Arcadia, when the old steward opens the door from the dark halls where the Titanic forms of the frescoed figures loom upon us through the gloom, to the garden where brilliant sunshine is lighting up long grass walks between clipped hedges, adding to the splendour of the flame-coloured marigolds upon the old walls, and even gilding the edges of the dark spires of the cypresses which were planted three hundred years ago? From the upper terraces we

enter an ancient wood, carpeted with flowers—yellow orchis, iris, lilies, saxifrage, cyclamen, and Solomon's seal. And then we pause, for at the end of the avenue we meet with a huge figure of Silence, with his finger on his lips. Here an artificial cascade tumbles sparkling down the middle of the hillside path, through a succession of stone basons, and between a number of stone animals who are sprinkled with its spray, and so we reach an upper garden before the fairy-like

casino which was also built by Vignola. Here the turfy solitudes are encircled with a concourse of stone figures, in every variety of attitude, a perfect population. Some are standing quietly gazing down upon us, others are playing upon different musical instruments, others are listening. Two Dryads are whispering important secrets to one another in a corner; one impertinent Faun is blowing his horn so loudly into his companion's ears, that he stops them with both



Sutri.



La Provvidenza di Ronciglione.



Caprarola.

his hands. A nymph is about to step down from her pedestal, and will probably take a bath as soon as we are gone, though certainly she need not be shy about it, as drapery is not much the fashion in these sylvan gardens. Above, behind the Casino, is yet another water-sparkling staircase guarded by a vast number of huge lions and griffins, all dreadfully unwell, and each, it must be allowed, with its own separate bason; and beyond this all is tangled wood,

and rocky mountain-side. How we pity the poor King and Queen of Naples, the actual possessors, but who can never come here now! The whole place is like a dream which you wish may never end, and as one gazes through the stony crowd across the green glades to the rosy-hued mountains, one dreads the return to a world, where Fauns and Dryads are still supposed to be mythical, and which has never known Caprarola.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

NAUSICAA IN LONDON;

OR, THE LOWER EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

FRESH from the Marbles of the British Museum, I went my way through London streets. My brain was still full of fair and grand forms; the forms of men and women whose every limb and attitude betokened perfect health, and grace, and power, and a self-possession and self-restraint so habitual and complete that it had become unconscious, and undistinguishable from the native freedom of the savage. For I had been up and down the corridors of those Greek sculptures, which remain as a perpetual sermon to rich and poor, amid our artificial, unwholesome, and it may be decaying pseudo-civilisation; saying with looks more expressive than all words—Such men and women can be; for such they have been; and such you may be yet, if you will use that science of which you too often only boast. Above all, I had been pondering over the awful and yet tender beauty of the maiden figures from the Parthenon and its kindred temples. And these, or such as these, I thought to myself, were the sisters of the men who fought at Marathon and Salamis; the mothers of many a man among the ten thousand whom Xenophon led back from Babylon to the Black Sea shore; the ancestresses of many a man who conquered the East in Alexander's host, and fought with Porus in the far Punjab. And were these women mere dolls? These men mere gladiators? Were they not the parents of philology, science, poetry, the plastic arts? We talk of education now. Are we more educated than were the ancient Greeks? Do we know anything about education, physical, intellectual, or æsthetic, and I may say moral likewise—religious education, of course, in our sense of the word, they had none—but do we know anything about education of which they have not taught us at least the rudiments? Are there not some branches of education which they perfected, once and for ever; leaving us northern barbarians to follow, or else not to follow, their example? To produce health, that is, harmony and sympathy, proportion and grace, in every faculty of mind and body—that was their notion of education. To produce that, the text-book of their childhood was the songs of Homer, and not of— But I am treading on dangerous ground. It was for this that the sea-faring Greek lad was taught to find his ideal in Ulysses; while his sister at home

found hers, it may be, in Nausicaa. It was for this, that when perhaps the most complete and exquisite of all the Greeks, Sophocles the good, beloved by gods and men, represented on the Athenian stage his drama of Nausicaa, and, as usual, could not—for he had no voice—himself take a speaking part, he was content to do one thing in which he specially excelled; and dressed and masked as a girl, to play at ball amid the chorus of Nausicaa's maidens.

That drama of Nausicaa is lost; and if I dare say so of any play of Sophocles, I scarce regret it. It is well, perhaps, that we have no second conception of the scene, to interfere with the simplicity, so grand, and yet so tender, of Homer's Idyllic episode.

Nausicaa, it must be remembered, is the daughter of a king. But not of a king in the exclusive modern European or old Eastern sense. Her father, Alcinous, is simply "primus inter pares" among a community of merchants, who are called "kings" likewise; and mayor, so to speak, for life of a new trading town, a nascent Genoa or Venice, on the shore of the Mediterranean. But the girl Nausicaa, as she sleeps in her "carved chamber," is "like the immortals in form and face;" and two handmaidens who sleep on each side of the polished door "have beauty from the Graces."

To her there enters, in the shape of some maiden friend, none less than Pallas Athené herself, intent on saving worthily her favourite, the shipwrecked Ulysses; and bids her in a dream go forth—and wash the clothes.*

"Nausicaa, wherefore doth thy mother bear
Child so forgetful? This long time doth rest,
Like lumber in the house, much raiment fair,
Soon must thou wed, and be thyself well-drest,
And find thy bridegroom raiment of the best.
These are the things whence good repute is born,
And praises that make glad a parent's breast.
Come, let us both go washing with the mora;
So shalt thou have clothes becomiog to be worn.

"Know that thy maidenhood is not for long,
Whom the Phœacian chiefs already woo,
Lords of the land whence thou thyself art sprung,
Soon as the shining dawn comes forth anew,
For wain and mules thy noble father sue,
Which to the place of washing shall convey
Girdles and shawls and rugs of splendid hue.
This for thyself were better than essay
Thither to walk: the place is distant a long way."

Startled by her dream, Nausicaa awakes, and goes to find her parents—

"One by the hearth sat, with the maids around,
And on the skeins of yarn, sea-purple, spent
Her marning toil. Him to the council boud,
Called by the honoured kings, just going forth she found."

* I quote from the translation of the late lamented Philip Stanhope Worsley, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

And calling him, as she might now, "Pappa phile;" Dear Papa, asks for the mule waggon: but it is her father's and her five brothers' clothes she fain would wash,—

"Ashamed to name her marriage to her father dear.
But he understood all—"

and she goes forth in the mule waggon, with the clothes after her mother has put in "a chest of all kinds of delicate food, and meat, and wine in a goat skin;" and last but not least, the indispensable cruise of oil for anointing after the bath, to which both Jews, Greeks, and Romans owed so much health and beauty. And then we read in the simple verse of a poet too refined, like the rest of his race, to see anything mean or ridiculous in that which was not ugly and unnatural, how she and her maids got into the "polished waggon," "with good wheels," and she "took the whip and the studded reins," and "beat them till they started;" and how the mules "rattled" away, and "pulled against each other," till

"When they came to the fair, flowing river
Which feeds good lavatories all the year,
Fitted to cleanse all sullied robes soever,
They from the wain the mules unharnessed there,
And chased them, free to crop their juicy fare
By the swift river, on the margin green;
Then to the waters dash the clothes they bare
And in the stream-filled trenches stamped them clean.

"Which, having washed and cleansed, they spread before
The sunbeams, on the beach, where most did lie
Thick pebbles, by the sea-wave washed ashore.
So, having left them in the heat to dry,
They to the bath went down, and by-and-by,
Rubbed with rich oil, their midday meal essay,
Couched in green turf, the river rolling nigh.
Then, throwing off their veils, at hall they play,
While the white-armed Nausicaa leads the choral lay."

The mere beauty of this scene all will feel, who have the sense of beauty in them. Yet it is not on that aspect which I wish to dwell, but on its healthfulness. Exercise is taken, in measured time, to the sound of song, as a duty almost, as well as an amusement. For this game of ball, which is here mentioned for the first time in human literature, nearly three thousand years ago, was held by the Greeks and by the Romans after them, to be an almost necessary part of a liberal education; principally, doubtless, from the development which it produced in the upper half of the body, not merely to the arms, but to the chest, by raising and expanding the ribs, and to all the muscles of the torso, whether perpendicular or oblique. The elasticity and grace which it was believed to give were so much prized, that a room for ball-play and a teacher of the art were integral parts of every gymnasium; and the Athenians went so far as to bestow on one famous ball-player, Aristonicus of Carystia, a statue and the rights

of citizenship. The rough and hardy young Spartans, when passing from boyhood into manhood, received the title of ball-players, seemingly from the game which it was then their special duty to learn. In the case of Nausicaa and her maidens, the game would just bring into their right places all that is liable to be contracted and weakened in women, so many of whose occupations must needs be sedentary and stooping; while the song which accompanied the game at once filled the lungs regularly and rhythmically, and prevented violent motion, or unseemly attitude. We, the civilised, need physiologists to remind us of these simple facts, and even then do not act on them. Those old half-barbarous Greeks had found them out for themselves, and, moreover, acted on them.

But more. Nausicaa and her maidens wore no tight boots, no high heels, and certainly no stays. To alter, above all by compression, any part of the human form—especially those very vitals on which must ultimately depend not only a woman's own health, but the health and the size of her offspring—would have seemed to the Greek, and to the Roman after him, as suicidal a madness as it would now appear to the breeder of any species of domestic animals, if it were proposed to him to ruin the size and beauty of his stock by putting stays upon the mothers.

Suicidal: and as far as we can tell, ridiculous and ugly in the eyes of the old Greeks and Romans. I say, as far as we can tell. The only mention of stays of which I know in a Greek writer is in a letter of Synesius, Bishop of Cyrene, about A.D. 400, in which he tells, with much humour, how going back, I think, from Alexandria to Cyrene, he was wrecked on a desolate shore, where all had to live for some days on little else save shell-fish. All, that is, save one slave girl from the far East, most probably a high-caste Hindoo, who had, like many Hindoo women, a waist artificially deformed by stays. And when the ladies of the country heard of the girl with the wonderful wasp-waist, they sent for her, laughed at her, sent her on as a show from house to house; but so fed up and petted the poor thing meanwhile, that she was the only one of the ship's crew who did not grow as lean as a scarcerow.

And this is the only instance which I have ever read, in which stays were of the slightest benefit to the wearer.

But to return to fair Nausicaa. She must

have been—some will say—surely a mere child of nature, and an uncultivated person?

So far from it, that her whole demeanour and speech show culture of the very highest sort, full of "sweetness and light." Intelligent and fearless, quick to perceive the bearings of her strange and sudden adventure, quick to perceive the character of Ulysses, quick to answer his lofty and refined pleading by words as lofty and refined, and pious withal;—for it is she who speaks to her handmaids the once so famous words:

"Strangers and poor men all, are sent from Zeus;
And alms, though small, are sweet."

Clear of intellect, prompt of action, modest of demeanour, shrinking from the slightest breath of scandal; while she is not ashamed, when Ulysses, bathed and dressed, looks himself again, to whisper to her maidens her wish that the Gods might send her such a spouse. This is Nausicaa as Homer draws her; and as many a scholar and poet since Homer has accepted her for the ideal of noble maidenhood. I ask my readers to study for themselves her interview with Ulysses, in Mr. Worsley's translation, or rather in the grand simplicity of the original Greek,* and judge whether Nausicaa is not as perfect a lady as the poet who imagined her—or, it may be, drew her from life—must have been a perfect gentleman; both complete in those "manners" which, says the old proverb, "make the man:" but which are the woman herself; because with her—who acts more by emotion than by calculation—manners are the outward and visible tokens of her inward and spiritual grace, or disgrace, and flow instinctively, whether good or bad, from the instincts of her inner nature.

* True, Nausicaa could neither read nor write. No more, most probably, could the author of the *Odyssey*. No more, for that matter, could Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, though they were plainly, both in mind and manners, most highly-cultivated men. Reading and writing, of course, have now become necessities of humanity; and are to be given to every human being, that he may start fair in the race of life. But I am not aware that Greek women improved much, either in manners, morals, or happiness, by acquiring them in after centuries. A wise man would sooner see his daughter a Nausicaa than a Sappho, an Aspidochelone, a Cleopatra, or even an Hypatia.

Full of such thoughts I went through London streets, among the Nausicaas of the

present day; the girls of the period; the daughters and hereafter mothers of our future rulers, the great Demos or commercial middle class of the greatest mercantile city in the world: and noted what I had noted with fear and sorrow, many a day, for many a year; a type, and an increasing type, of young women who certainly had not had the "advantages," "educational" and other, of that Greek Nausicaa of old.

Of course, in such a city as London, to which the best of everything, physical and other, gravitates, I could not but pass, now and then, beautiful persons, who made me proud of those "grandes Anglaises aux joues rouges," whom the Parisiennes ridicule—and envy. But I could not help suspecting that their looks showed them to be either country-bred, or born of country parents; and this suspicion was strengthened by the fact, that when compared with their mothers, the mother's physique was, in the majority of cases, superior to the daughters'. Painful it was, to one accustomed to the ruddy well-grown peasant girl, stalwart, even when, as often, squat and plain, to remark the exceedingly small size of the average young women; by which I do not mean mere want of height—that is a little matter—but want of breadth likewise; a general want of those large frames, which indicate usually a power of keeping strong and healthy not merely the muscles, but the brain itself.

Poor little things! I passed hundreds—I pass hundreds every day—trying to hide their littleness by the nasty mass of false hair—or what does duty for it; and by the ugly and useless hat which is stuck upon it, making the head thereby look ridiculously large and heavy; and by the high heels on which they totter onward, having forgotten, or never learnt, the simple art of walking; their bodies tilted forward in that ungraceful attitude which is called—why that name of all others?—a "Grecian bend;" seemingly kept on their feet, and kept together at all, in that strange attitude, by tight stays which prevented all graceful and healthful motion of the hips or sides; their raiment meanwhile, being purposely misshapen in this direction and in that, to hide—it must be presumed—deficiencies of form. If that chignon and those heels had been taken off, the figure which would have remained would have been that too often of a puny girl of sixteen. And yet there was no doubt that these women were not only full grown, but some of them, alas! wives and mothers.

* *Odyssey*, book vi. 127—315; vol. i. pp. 143—150 of Mr. Worsley's translation.

Poor little things! and this they have gained by so-called civilisation: the power of aping the "fashions" by which the worn-out Parisienne hides her own personal defects; and of making themselves, by innate want of that taste which the Parisienne possesses, only the cause of something like a sneer from many a cultivated man; and of something like a sneer, too, from yonder gipsy woman who passes by, with bold bright face, and swinging hip, and footstep stately and elastic; far better dressed, according to all true canons of taste, than most town-girls; and thanking her fate that she and her "Rom" are no house-dwellers and gaslight-sight-seers, but fatten on free air upon the open moor.

But the face which is beneath that chignon and that hat? Well—it is sometimes pretty: but how seldom handsome, which is a higher quality by far. It is not, strange to say, a well-fed face. Plenty of money, and perhaps too much, is spent on those fine clothes. It had been better, to judge from the complexion, if some of that money had been spent in solid wholesome food. She looks as if she lived—as she too often does, I hear—on tea and bread and butter, or rather on bread with the minimum of butter. For as the want of bone indicates a deficiency of phosphatic food, so does the want of flesh about the cheeks indicate a deficiency of hydrocarbons. Poor little Nausicaa; that is not her fault. Our boasted civilisation has not even taught her what to eat, as it certainly has not increased her appetite; and she knows not—what every country fellow knows—that without plenty of butter and other fatty matters, she is not likely to keep even warm. Better to eat nasty fat bacon now, than to supply the want of it some fewer years hence by nastier cod-liver oil. But there is no one yet to tell her that, and a dozen other equally simple facts, for her own sake, and for the sake of that coming Demos which she is to bring into the world; a Demos which, if we can only keep it healthy in body and brain, has before it so splendid a future: but which, if body and brain degrade beneath the influences of modern barbarism, is but too likely to follow the Demos of ancient Byzantium, or of modern Paris.

Ay, but her intellect. She is so clever, and she reads so much, and she is going to be taught to read so much more.

Ah, well—There was once a science called physiognomy. The Greeks, from what I can learn, knew more of it than any people

since; though the Italian painters and sculptors must have known much; far more than we. In a more scientific civilisation there will be such a science once more; but its laws, though still in the empiric stage, are not altogether forgotten by some. Little children have often a fine and clear instinct of them. Many cultivated and experienced women have a fine and clear instinct of them likewise. And some such would tell us that there is intellect in plenty in the modern Nausicaa: but not of the quality which they desire for their country's future good. Self-consciousness, eagerness, volubility, petulance, in countenance, in gesture, and in voice—which last is too often most harsh and artificial, the breath being sent forth through the closed teeth, and almost entirely at the corners of the mouth—and, with all this, a weariness often about the wrinkling forehead and the drooping lips—all these, which are growing too common, not among the Demos only, nor only in the towns—are signs, they think, of the unrest of unhealth, physical, intellectual, spiritual. At least they are as different as two types of physiognomy in the same race can be, from the expression both of face and gesture, in those old Greek sculptures, and in the old Italian painters; and, it must be said, in the portraits of Reynolds and Gainsborough, Copley and Romney. Not such, one thinks, must have been the mothers of Britain during the latter half of the last century and the beginning of the present, when their sons, at times, were holding half the world at bay.

And if Nausicaa has become such in town: what is she when she goes to the sea-side, not to wash the clothes in fresh-water, but herself in salt—the very salt-water, laden with decaying organisms, from which, though not polluted further by a dozen sewers, Ulysses had to cleanse himself, anointing, too, with oil, ere he was fit to appear in the company of Nausicaa of Greece? She dirties herself with the dirty salt-water, and probably chills and tires herself by walking thither and back, and staying in too long; and then flaunts on the pier at Ryde, bedizened in garments which, for monstrosity of form and disharmony of colour, would have set that Greek Nausicaa's teeth on edge, or those of any average Hindoo woman now. Or, even sadder still, she sits, as at Ramsgate, on chairs and benches all the weary afternoon, her head drooped on her chest, over some novel from the "Library;" and then returns to tea and shrimps; and lodgings—of which the fragrance is not unsugges-

tive, sometimes not unproductive, of typhoid fever. Ah, poor Nausicaa of England! That is a sad sight to some who think about the present, and have read about the past. It is not a sad sight to see your old father, tradesman, or clerk, or what not, who has done good work in his day, and hopes to do some more, sitting by your old mother, who has done good work in her day—among the rest, that heaviest work of all, the bringing you into the world and keeping you in it till now—honest, kindly, cheerful folk enough, and not inefficient in their own calling: though an average Northumbrian, or Highlander, or Irish Easterling, beside carrying a brain of five times the intellectual force, could drive five such men over the cliff with his bare hands. It is not a sad sight, I say, to see them sitting about upon those Rams-gate benches, looking out listlessly at the sea, and the ships, and the sunlight, and enjoying, like so many flies upon a wall, the novel act of doing nothing. It is not the old for whom wise men are sad: but for you. Where is your vitality? Where is your "lebensgluckseligkeit," your enjoyment of superfluous life and power? Why can you not even dance and sing, till now and then, at night, perhaps, when you ought to be safe in bed, but when the weak brain, after receiving the day's nourishment, has roused itself a second time into a false excitement of gaslight pleasure? What there is left of it is all going into that foolish book, which the womanly element in you, still healthy and alive, delights in; because it places you in fancy in situations in which you will never stand, and inspires you with emotions, some of which, it may be, you had better never feel. Poor Nausicaa—old, some men think, before you have been ever young.

And now they are going to "develop" you; and let you have your share in "the higher education of women," by making you read more books, and do more sums, and pass examinations, and stoop over desks at night after stooping over some other employment all day; and to teach you Latin, and even Greek.

Well, we will gladly teach you Greek, if you learn thereby to read the history of Nausicaa of old, and what manner of maiden she was, and what was her education. You will admire her, doubtless. But do not let your admiration limit itself to drawing a meagre half-mediaevalized design of her—as she never looked. Copy her in your own person; and even if you do not descend as low—

or rise as high—as washing the household clothes, at least learn to play at ball; and sing, at least in the open air and sunshine, not in theatres and concert-rooms by gaslight; and take decent care of your own health; and dress not like a "Parisienne"—nor, of course, like Nausicaa of old, for that is to ask too much:—but somewhat more like an average Highland lassie; and try to look like her, and be like her, of whom Wordsworth sang—

"A mien and face
In which full plainly I can trace
Benignity and home-bred sense,
Ripening in perfect innocence,
Here scattered, like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress
And maidenly shame-facedness.
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer.
A face with gladness overspread,
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred,
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays,
With no restraint, save such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech.
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life."

Ah, yet unspoilt Nausicaa of the North, descendant of the dark tender-hearted Celtic girl, and the fair deep-hearted Scandinavian Viking, thank God for thy heather and fresh air, and the kine thou tendest, and the wool thou spinnest; and come not to seek thy fortune, child, in wicked London town; nor import, as they tell me thou art doing fast, the ugly fashions of that London town, clumsy copies of Parisian cockneydom, into thy Highland home; nor give up the healthful and graceful, free and modest dress of thy mother and thy mother's mother, to disfigure the little kirk on Sabbath days with crinoline and corset, high-heeled boots and other women's hair.

It is proposed, just now, to assimilate the education of girls more and more to that of boys. If that means that girls are merely to learn more lessons; and to study what their brothers are taught, in addition to what their mothers were taught: then it is to be hoped, at least by physiologists and patriots, that the scheme will sink into that limbo whither, in a free and tolerably rational country, all imperfect and ill-considered schemes are sure to gravitate. But if the proposal be a bonâ fide one: then it must be borne in mind that in the public schools of England, and in all private schools, I presume, which take their tone from them, cricket and football are more or less compulsory, being considered integral parts of an Englishman's education; and that they are likely to remain so, in spite of all recla-

mations: because masters and boys alike know that games do not, in the long run, interfere with a boy's work; that the same boy will very often excel in both; that the games keep him in health for his work; that the spirit with which he takes to his games when in the lower school, is a fair test of the spirit with which he will take to his work when he rises into the higher school; and that nothing is worse for a boy than to fall into that loafing, tuck-shop-haunting set, who neither play hard nor work hard, and are usually extravagant, and often vicious. Moreover, they know well that games conduce, not merely to physical, but to moral health; that in the playing-field boys acquire virtues which no books can give them; not merely daring and endurance: but, better still, temper, self-restraint, fairness, honour, unenvious approbation of another's success, and all that "give and take" of life which stand a man in such good stead when he goes forth into the world, and without which, indeed, his success is always maimed and partial.

Now if the promoters of higher education for women will compel girls to any training analogous to our public school games; if, for instance, they will insist on that most natural and wholesome of all exercises, dancing, in order to develop the lower half of the body; on singing, to expand the lungs and regulate the breath; and on some games—ball or what not—which will ensure that raised chest, and upright carriage, and general strength of the upper torso, without which full oxygenation of the blood, and

therefore general health, is impossible; if they will sternly forbid tight stays, high heels, and all which interferes with free growth and free motion; if they will consider carefully all which has been written on the "half-time system" by Mr. Chadwick and others, and accept the certain physical law that, in order to renovate the brain day by day, the growing creature must have plenty of fresh air and play, and that the child who learns for four hours and plays for four hours, will learn more, and learn it more easily, than the child who learns for the whole eight hours; if, in short, they will teach girls not merely to understand the Greek tongue, but to copy somewhat of the Greek physical training, of that "music and gymnastic" which helped to make the cleverest race of the old world the ablest race likewise: then they will earn the gratitude of the patriot and the physiologist, by doing their best to stay the downward tendencies of the physique, and therefore ultimately of the morale, in the coming generation of English women.

I am sorry to say that, as yet, I hear of no movement in this direction among the promoters of the "higher education of women." But I trust that the subject will be taken up methodically by those gifted ladies, who have acquainted themselves, and are labouring to acquaint other women, with the first principles of health; and that they may avail to prevent the coming generations, under the unwholesome stimulant of competitive examinations, and so forth, from "developing" into so many Chinese—dwarfs—or idiots.

C. KINGSLEY.

CHARLES BIANCONI:

What a Foreigner did for England.

PART I.

ONE of the most hopeful signs of progress in modern Italy, is the public encouragement given to the pursuits of ordinary industry. The leading minds of the nation entertain the belief that liberty itself can only be solidly founded upon the productive labour of the Italian people.

Civilisation owes much to the great men of Italy. When we mention the names of the greatest, it will be seen how greatly we are indebted to them—to Galileo in science; to Columbus in geographical discovery; to Vesalius in anatomy; to Galvani in electricity; to Dante and Petrarch in poetry; and to Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo,

Raffaello, and Buonarrotti in art, sculpture, architecture, and engineering.

In the Middle Ages, when these great men mostly flourished, Italy also stood the first in industry and commerce. Genoa, Florence, Milan, Lucca, and Venice were great manufacturing cities. The making of silk and velvet was almost confined to those places. In Venice, glass manufacture was even prosecuted by the nobles. The Medicis, besides being patrons of art, were the greatest commercial princes of their time. The ships of Venice and Genoa sailed on every sea; and it was in connection with the Genoese mercantile marine that Columbus obtained

his knowledge of navigation, and eventually discovered the New World.

But in course of time, Italy lost its trade, its commerce, its superiority in science and art. Political turmoils and religious persecutions drove the best men away from Italy, and gagged those who remained at home. In fine, Italy lost not only its independence, but its industry.

During the reign of the Tedeschi, everything went to decay. *Dolce far niente* became the national motto. Young men who had any promptings of labour or independence in them left the country, and went abroad; some to carry on their branches of industry elsewhere, others to escape the Austrian conscription.

Italy has exhibited an entirely different spirit during the last few years. She has recovered her liberty. Her sons are proud of their new-born freedom, and ambitious to place Italy among the front rank of European nations. Hence their desire in the first place to re-establish industrial pursuits, and to accustom the common people to habits of labour, perseverance, and economy.

This has been peculiarly exhibited in the recent popular literature of Italy. M. Lessona has published an excellent book entitled "*Volere è Potere*" (To will is to do), giving a history of the most industrious and hard-working Italians. Another writer, Strafforello, has published a work entitled "*Gli eroi del Lavoro*" (The Heroes of Labour), being the history of twenty-seven workmen who have made themselves remarkable; and he has also translated from the English the "*Storia di Cinque Lavorante inventore*," containing the memoirs of Maudslay, Clement, Nasmyth, Fairbairn, and Stephenson.

Prizes have also been offered by the Florence "Society for the Education of the People" for works of a similar description, founded on Italian examples. The late Prime Minister, Count Menabrea, issued a circular to Italian consuls in all parts of the world, inviting them to collect and forward to him "biographical notices of Italians who have honourably advanced themselves in foreign countries, referring to the obstacles in their previous life, and the efforts and means which they employed for vanquishing them, as well as to the advantages which they secured for themselves, for the countries in which they settled, and for the country to which they owed their birth." Count Menabrea concluded by saying that "the Italian Ministry are fully enabled to appreciate all the benefits which

might arise from the extensive publication of a work containing such memoirs; for if it were once circulated amongst the masses, it could not fail to excite their emulation, and encourage them to follow the examples therein set forth."*

Although, so far as we are informed, no steps have yet been taken to publish the collection of memoirs which the Italian Ministry have doubtless by this time received, it may not be uninteresting here to point out a distinguished Italian who entirely answers Count Menabrea's description—an Italian who has, in the face of the greatest difficulties, raised himself to an eminent position, and at the same time conferred the greatest benefits upon the country in which he has settled. We mean the history of Charles Bianconi, and his establishment of the great system of internal communication in the south and west of Ireland.

Charles Bianconi was born in 1788, at Tregolo, a small village on the Italian side of the Alps, not far from Milan. There is not much to be said of his early years, except that, when sent to school, he proved to be a tremendous dunce. Though afterwards placed under the charge of the Abbé Pradaïoli, of Caglio, who turned out so many excellent scholars, Bianconi did little more than learn to read. He was distinguished for being the most troublesome boy in the school. He had plenty of pluck and daring, but hated books and learning. The consequence was, that when he left the Abbé, Bianconi was very little the better for his instruction.

At the age of fifteen, Bianconi's parents wished him to leave Italy, to avoid the conscription, to which he would shortly be subject; for Italians were then forced into wars in which they had no interest. It was a common practice at that time among young men, especially in the neighbourhood of Como and Milan, to emigrate to England, and there carry on various trades; more particularly the manufacture and sale of barometers, looking-glasses, images, pictures, and other articles. Accordingly, Bianconi's father arranged with one Andrea Faroni to take the boy to England, and instruct him in his trade of picture-selling. Bianconi was to be Faroni's apprentice for eighteen months; and in the event of his not liking the occupation, he was to be placed under the care of M. Colnaghi, a friend of his father's, who

* Preface to *Volere è Potere*, p. x.

was then making considerable progress as a printseller in London.

Bianconi bade farewell to his family. The most trying leave-taking was in separating from his mother, who fainted when he left her. The last words she said to him were these—words which he never forgot: "When you remember me, think of me as

waiting at this window, watching for your return."

Besides Padre Faroni, Bianconi was accompanied by another boy, destined for the same calling. They ascended the Alps by the Val San Giacomo road. From the summit of the Pass Bianconi saw Lombardy stretching away in the blue distance; but it



Charles Bianconi.

was not until he crossed the bridge over the torrent in the Splügen Pass, that he felt himself fairly separated from home. He then became conscious that, without further help from friends or relatives, he had his own way to make in the world.

On arriving in London, without staying there, Faroni took the two boys over to Dublin, and opened a very humble shop in Temple Bar. This was in 1802, when Ireland was in a very disaffected state.

It was some time before Faroni was ready to send his boys out to sell pictures. First, he had the leaden frames to cast; then they had to be trimmed and coloured; and then the pictures—mostly of sacred subjects, or of public characters—had to be mounted. The flowers in wax had also to be prepared and finished. At last they were ready, and the boys were sent out to sell them.

When Bianconi went into the streets of Dublin, he could not speak a word of Eng-

lish. He held up his leaden-framed little pictures or flowers, and cried "Buy! buy!" When asked "How much?" he could only hold up his fingers—one, two, three, or four—as the price in pennies might be, and so bargain for the sale of his articles.

In course of time, Bianconi learnt sufficient language "for the road," and then he was sent into the neighbouring country to sell his little merchandise. He used to be despatched at the beginning of each week with about forty shillings' worth of stock, and instructed to return home on Saturdays, or as much sooner as he liked if he had sold all the pictures. The only money his master allowed him at starting on his trips was fourpence. When the boy remonstrated, Faroni answered, "While you have goods you have money; make haste to sell your goods!"

During his apprenticeship Bianconi learned much of the country in which he had settled. He was constantly making acquaintance with new people, and visiting new places. He travelled over the greater part of the south of Ireland, from Wexford to Cork. At the village of Passage, near the latter city, he was arrested and taken before a magistrate for selling some leaden-framed pictures of Napoleon Bonaparte. "Bony" was then the dread of all magistrates, especially in Ireland. The boy was thrust into a cold guard-room, where he remained for the night, and was next morning dismissed by the magistrate with orders that he was not to offer for sale any more of such pictures.

Many things struck Bianconi in making his first visits through Ireland. He was astonished at the dram-drinking of the men and the pipe-smoking of the women. The violent faction fights which took place at the fairs which Bianconi used to frequent, were of a kind which he had never before experienced among the pacific people of North Italy. The faction fights were the result partly of dram-drinking, and partly of the fighting mania then prevalent in Ireland. There were also the numbers of crippled and deformed beggars in every town,—the quarrellings and fightings in the streets,—the rows and drinkings at the wakes,—the gambling, bull-baiting, duelling, and violent living which then prevailed amongst most classes of the people, such as could not but strike any ordinary observer at that time, but which have now, for the most part, long since passed away.

At the end of the eighteen months during which Bianconi was bound to his master, he separated from him, and determined to set up

for himself. He bought a large heavy case, stocked it with coloured prints and other pictures, and started from Dublin on his own account. The case with its contents weighed about a hundred pounds; but Bianconi was a young and growing fellow, and though only seventeen years old, he often walked with his stock on his back, from twenty to thirty miles a day. He succeeded, like most persons who work diligently. The curly-haired Italian lad soon became a favourite. He took his politeness with him everywhere; and he made many friends along his various rounds throughout the country.

Bianconi states that it was about this time, while he was carrying his heavy case upon his back from town to town, that the idea first struck him, of the necessity of some cheap method of conveyance being started for the accommodation of the poorer classes. As he dismantled himself of his case of pictures and sat wearied and resting on the mile-stones along the road, he puzzled his mind with this thought, Why should poor people walk and rich people ride? Could not some method be contrived for giving poor people also the opportunity of riding?

It will thus be seen that Bianconi was beginning to think. When asked, not long ago, how it was that he first thought of starting his car establishment, he said, "*It grew out of my back!*" It was the hundred weight of pictures on his back that first stimulated his thinking faculties. But the time for starting his great experiment had not yet arrived.

After two years wandering from town to town, carrying his case about with him, Bianconi sold off his stock of pictures, and in 1806 settled as a printseller and carver and gilder at Carrick-on-Suir. His business not proving very prosperous at this place, he removed in the following year to Waterford, which was a better centre of operations. His great success here was in discovering one of his best friends, Mr. Rice, of the Christian Brothers.

Mr. Rice's advice and instruction set him and kept him in the right road. He helped his young friend to learn English, encouraged him to be industrious, urged him to sobriety and economy, and finally strengthened his religious impressions. The help and friendship of Mr. Rice, operating upon the mind and soul of a young man whose habits of conduct and whose moral and religious character were only in course of formation, could not fail to exercise, as Bianconi acknowledges they did, a most powerful impression upon the whole of his future life.

Bianconi derived advantage in many ways from his short residence in Waterford. He got to know the country and the country people better. He worked very hard at his trade, sometimes from six in one morning till two in the next, allowing two hours during the day for dinner and recreation. But as Bianconi was only twenty years of age at this time, and was a hearty, plucky fellow, he felt that he had any amount of work in him, and could do almost anything. Still his business did not prosper at Waterford, and though "three removes are as bad as a fire," he was now about to make a third removal to another part of Ireland.

In 1809, Bianconi removed to Clonmel, in the county of Tipperary, where he opened a shop of the same kind as before. Besides carving and gilding and selling his pictures, he here entered into a new branch of business. He went about buying guineas from the country people. This was during the war, at a time when guineas were worth about twenty-six or twenty-seven shillings. The loyalists became alarmed at his proceedings, and began to circulate the report that Bianconi, the foreigner, was buying up bullion to send secretly to Bonaparte. The country people, however, who admired Bonaparte because he was the enemy of England, parted with their guineas readily, believing that they were thereby helping "Bony." But Bianconi's conduct was quite loyal in the matter; for he merely bought the guineas as a matter of business, and sold them at a profit to the bank.

At the same time Bianconi's business in other respects was steadily improving. He was doing well in the carving and gilding line, and was looked upon as a thriving man. He was only twenty-seven years old, and might have gone on in the same business, winning his way to the mayoralty of Clonmel, which he afterwards held. But the old idea which had first sprung up in his mind while resting wearily on the milestones along the road, with his heavy case of pictures laid by his side, again laid hold of him, and he determined to try whether it could not now be carried into effect.

Seven years had passed since he began to think how much the conveyance of passengers in Ireland might be improved. The facts were patent to everybody. There was not an Irishman but knew of the difficulty of getting from place to place. There was an abundance of horses in the country, for at the close of the war an unusual number of horses, bred for the army, were thrown upon

the market. Then a tax had been levied upon carriages, which expelled from private use a large number of jaunting cars.

The roads of Ireland were on the whole good, being at that time quite equal, if not superior, to most English roads. These facts were known to everybody, but there was as yet no person of thought, or enterprise, or capital in the country, who thought of putting the things together—horses, cars, and roads—and thereby remedying a great public inconvenience.

It was left for our foreigner, a young man of small capital, to take up the enterprise, and show what could be done by prudent action and persevering energy. Though the car system originally "grew out of his back," Bianconi had long been turning the subject over in his mind. His idea was, that we should never despise small interests, nor neglect the wants of poor people. He saw the mail-coaches supplying the requirements of the rich, and enabling them to travel rapidly from place to place. "Then," said he to himself, "would it not be possible for me to make an ordinary two-wheeled car pay, by running as regularly for the accommodation of poor districts and poor people?"

When Mr. Wallace, chairman of the Select Committee on Postage, in 1838, asked Mr. Bianconi, "What induced you to commence the car establishment?" his answer was, "I did so from what I saw after coming to this country of the necessity of such cars, inasmuch as there was no middle mode of conveyance, nothing to fill up the vacuum that existed between those who were obliged to walk and those who posted or rode. *My want of knowledge of the language* gave me plenty of time for deliberation, and in proportion as I grew up with the knowledge of the language and the localities, this vacuum pressed very heavily upon my mind, till at last I hit upon the idea of running jaunting-cars, and for that purpose I commenced running one between Clonmel and Cahir.*"

What a happy thing it was for Bianconi and Ireland, that he could not speak with facility,—that he did not know the language or the manners of the country! Had he been able to talk like the people about him, he might have said much and done little,—attempted nothing and consequently achieved nothing. He might have got up a meeting and petitioned Parliament to provide the cars and subvention the car system; or he might have gone amongst his personal friends,

* Minutes of Evidence taken before the Select Committee on Postage (Second Report), 1838, p. 281.

asked them to help him, and failing their help, given up his idea in despair, and sat down grumbling at the people and the Government.

But instead of talking, he proceeded to doing, by illustrating Lessona's maxim of *Volere è potere*. After thinking the subject fully over, he trusted to Self-help. He found that with his own means, carefully saved, he could make a beginning; and the beginning once made, included a successful ending.

The beginning, it is true, was very small. It was only a stage car, drawn by a single horse, capable of accommodating six persons. The first car ran between Clonmel and Cahir, a distance of about twelve miles, on the 5th of July, 1815—a memorable day for Bianconi and Ireland. Up to that time the public accommodation for passengers was confined to a few mail and day coaches on the great lines of road, the fares by which were very high, and quite beyond the reach of the poorer or middle-class people.

People did not know what to make of Bianconi's car when it was first started. There were, of course, the usual prophets of disaster, who decided that it would never do. Many thought that nobody would pay eightpence for going to Cahir by car when they could walk there for nothing! There were others who thought that Bianconi should have stuck to his shop, as there was no connection whatever between picture-dealing and car-driving!

The fact, however, was, that the first car proved very successful. People might still walk to Cahir; but going by car saved their legs and saved their time. They might go to Cahir market, do their business there, and be comfortably back within the day. Bianconi then thought of extending the car to Tipperary and Limerick. In the course of the same year, 1815, he started another car between Clonmel, Cashel, and Thurles. Thus all the principal towns of Tipperary were, in the first year of the undertaking, already connected together by car, besides being also connected with Limerick.

It must be mentioned, as an instance of Bianconi's tenacity and perseverance, that the car to Cashel and Thurles was very unsuccessful at first. It frequently ran whole weeks without a passenger. But he did not therefore take off the car. He believed it would succeed if he persevered enough. The bog-trotters would gradually begin to ride, and when they had once begun they would never leave off. His fore-

sight proved correct, for in the course of a few years there were four large, well-filled cars travelling daily on that line of road.

It was easy to understand the convenience of the car system to business men, farmers, and even peasants. Before their establishment it took a man a whole day to walk from Thurles to Clonmel, the second day to do his business, and the third to walk back again; whereas he could, in one day, travel backwards and forwards between the two towns and have five or six intermediate hours for the purpose of doing his business. Thus two clear days, out and out, could be saved.

Still carrying out his scheme, Bianconi, in the following year (1816) put on a car from Clonmel to Waterford. Before that time there was no car accommodation between Clonmel and Carrick-on-Suir, about half way to Waterford; but there was an accommodation by boat between Carrick and Waterford. The distance between the two latter places was, by road, sixteen miles, and by the river Suir thirty miles. Tom Morrissey's boat was the only mode of communication. It plied two days a week, carried from eight to ten passengers at 6½d. of the then currency, did the voyage in from four to five hours, and besides had to wait for the tide in floating it up and down the river. When Bianconi's car was put on it did the distance daily and regularly in two hours, at a fare of two shillings.

The people soon got accustomed to the convenience of the cars. They also learned from them the uses of punctuality and the value of time. They liked the open-air travelling and the sidelong motion. The new cars were also safe, well-appointed, driven by good coachmen and drawn by good horses. Jaunting-car travelling had before been rather unsafe. The country cars were of a rattle-trap and ramshackle order, and the drivers were often very reckless. "Will I pay the pike, or *drive at it*, please your honour?" said a driver to his passenger on approaching a turnpike-gate. Sam Lover used to tell a story of a car-driver, who, after driving his passenger up-hill and down-hill, along a very bad road, asked him for something extra at the end of his journey. "Faith," said the driver, "it's not putting me off with this ye'd be, if ye knew but all." The gentleman gave him another shilling. "And now, what do you mean by saying, 'if ye knew but all?'" "That I druv yer honor the last three miles *widout a lynch-pin!*"

Bianconi, to make sure of the soundness and safety of his cars, set up a workshop to

build them for himself. He could thus depend upon their soundness, down even to the lynch-pin itself. Bianconi had already given up his carving and gilding shop. He kept it on, however, until his car business had increased so much that it required the whole of his time and attention. In fact, when he was able to run a car from Clonmel to Waterford—a distance of thirty-two miles—at a fare of three-and-sixpence, his eventual triumph was secure.

He made Waterford one of the centres of his operations, as he had already made Clonmel. In 1818 he established a car between Waterford and Ross, in the following year a car between Waterford and Wexford, and another between Waterford and Enniscorthy. A few years later he established other cars between Waterford and Kilkenny, and Waterford and Dungarvan. From these furthest points, again, other cars were established in communication with them, carrying the line further north, east, and west. So much had the travelling between Clonmel and Waterford increased, that in a few years (instead of the eight or ten passengers conveyed by Tom Morrissey's boat on the Suir) there was horse-power capable of conveying a hundred passengers daily between the two places.

A line was early opened from Clonmel to Cork, and that line was extended by Mallow to Limerick. The Limerick car was extended to Tralee, and from thence to Cahirciveen, on the farthest south-west point of Ireland. The cars were also extended from Thurles to Roscrea, Ballinasloe, Athlone, Roscommon and Sligo, and to all the principal towns in the north-west counties of Ireland.

The cars also interlaced with each other, plying, not in continuous main lines, but across country, so as to bring all important towns, but especially the market towns, into regular daily communication with each other. Thus, in the course of about thirty years, Bianconi succeeded in establishing a system of internal communication in Ireland, which traversed the main highways and cross-roads from town to town, and gave the public a regular and safe car accommodation at the average rate of a penny-farthing per mile.

The traffic in all directions steadily increased. The first car used was capable of accommodating only six persons. This was between Clonmel and Cahir. But when it went on to Limerick, a larger car was required. The traffic between Clonmel and Waterford was also begun with a small-sized car. But in the course of a few years, there

were four large-sized cars, travelling daily each way, between the two places. And so it was in other directions, between Cork in the south, and Sligo and Strabane in the north and north-west, between Wexford in the east, and Galway and Skibbereen in the west and south-west.

Bianconi first increased the accommodation of these cars so as to carry four persons on each side instead of three, drawn by two horses. But as the two horses could quite as easily carry two additional passengers, another piece was added to the car so as to carry five passengers. Then another four-wheeled car was built, drawn by three horses, so as to carry six passengers on each side. And lastly, a fourth horse was used, and the car was further enlarged, so as to accommodate seven, and eventually eight passengers on each side, with one on the box, which made a total accommodation for seventeen passengers.

When Bianconi's system was complete, he had about a hundred vehicles at work; a hundred and forty stations for changing horses, where from one to eight grooms were employed; about a hundred drivers, thirteen hundred horses, performing an average distance of three thousand eight hundred miles daily; passing through twenty-three counties, and visiting no fewer than a hundred and twenty of the principal towns and cities in the south and west and midland counties of Ireland. Bianconi's horses consumed on an average from three to four thousand tons of hay yearly, and from thirty to forty thousand barrels of oats, all of which were purchased in the respective localities in which they were grown.

Bianconi's cars soon became very popular. Everybody was under obligations to them. They greatly promoted the improvement of the country. People could go to market and buy or sell their goods more advantageously. They made it cheaper for them to ride than to walk. They brought the whole people of the country so much nearer to each other. They virtually opened up about seven-tenths of Ireland to civilisation and commerce, and among their other advantages, they opened markets for the fresh fish caught by the fishermen of Galway, Clifden, West Port, and other places, enabling them to be sold throughout the country on the day after they were caught. They also opened the magnificent scenery of Ireland to tourists, and enabled them to visit Bantry Bay, Killarney, and the wilds of Connemara in safety, all the year round.

SUGGESTIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL."

I.—THE HALTING MORALITY OF THE INDUSTRIOUS AND THE IDLE APPRENTICE.

HOGARTH is regarded with justice as a great moralist, as well as a great humorist and satirist. Not only so, his morality is of a peculiarly manly, plain, and hearty kind with which most people can sympathize. Thousands have entered with the greatest satisfaction into the careers of the two apprentices; following the one from the loom which he plied with sedulous industry, and from the church which he attended with honest reverence, on to the marriage with his master's daughter, and the seat in the Lord Mayor's coach; and the other from his noontide drowsiness and his base ballad of "Moll Flanders," to his dice-throwing on the tombstone, and his felon's death by the gallows. The result in both cases has read like that poetic justice after which the human heart does well to yearn. No stories are more fascinating to the multitude than those which have a similar triumphant ending, as in the adventures of Sir Richard Whittington, and the hardly less romantic adventures of Edward Osborne, the founder of the ducal house of Leeds.

Now in so far as worldly success represents the good qualities of industry, self-denial, and prudence, which frequently lead to success, or is a type of higher gain, the morality in which such success figures conspicuously, is true and sound; but the moment that the representative character of wealth and worldly honour, or the higher gain which it may prefigure, is lost sight of—not to say sacrificed—the morality becomes not only lame and impotent, but tends decidedly to confuse and mislead its disciples. It is but a half morality, a low morality, of this world worldly, and foreign to the spirit of the New Testament.

In proof of this it is very easy to show, from the experience of even the simplest among us, that the rewards of fortune are not always for the worthiest of the sons of men. I am not inclined to go so far as the cynics of modern society, and say that they are always for the unworthiest, but I do say that we have most of us seen the careers of the industrious and the idle apprentice in a measure reversed. We have seen the industrious man whose industry has been misapplied, or his misfortunes persistent, spend his life in struggles and obscurity, and

the idle man, by some single speculation of happy daring, or by what in common phrase is styled "good luck," rise without much merit or trouble on his part, to ease and affluence. I grant, however, that these examples are the exceptions which go to establish a rule.

But I believe something in addition which seems to me to support my view much more strongly than the occasional leap to prosperity of the lazy and self-indulgent. I think that the very industry, admirable as it is, which characterizes, as a rule, the successful man, is often linked to such qualities of general hardness, overbearing will, and inveterate pursuit of an object, as, while they help their possessor to his goal, do not rank high among human qualities, and do not constitute the man who owns them "a kindly man among his kind," far less a Christian gentleman, gentle and generous, as he is strong and brave, and as faithful to the interests of others as he is faithful to his own interests. This is not too high-flown an analysis of a Christian man, else what does the apostle mean by that clause in his definition of duty, "in honour preferring one another?"

On the other hand, I can conceive the parallel case of an "apprentice," not debased and vicious certainly, but unambitious in the sense of worldly ambition, easily contented with, or wonderfully indifferent to, the purely material prizes of money and rank, a little impractical it may be, or diverted by his very social and intellectual gifts, nay, drawn by his very moral and spiritual graces into a hundred lines of full, deep interest apart from the main channel of business to which he is in a degree bound. I can fancy such a man, in place of becoming a great trader, or professional man in such request that his every moment has its golden fee, standing still in, or even retrograding from, his original worldly position—a man who may have many dear ties, cultivated tastes, and beneficent schemes, but who has been in one sense stranded and left behind by his compeers, and who dies a poorer and more obscure man than when he began life. Yet such a man may be a very noble one, and one whose influence falling softly, unheard, and unseen as the dew falls, may have

done more to fertilise a spiritual field in the world than the high-sounding pretensions of many great and prosperous men whose calling it is, no doubt, to fertilise the world's material fields. It may strike my readers that I am stating self-evident propositions, but I hope that they will bear with me, while I say what is even more patent on this point. The greatest men of different nations, such as Dante and Milton, have not been what the world regards as successful men, and great men among pioneers and inventors have been so notoriously the reverse of prosperous, that it would be an impertinence to refer to Jacquard pining in exile; to Hargreaves competing in vain with his limited capital and invalid patent against the workers of other spinning-jennies, of which he had furnished the model; or to Watt and Jenner honoured in their age, but after they had spent from youth well-nigh to the close of middle-life, under a cloud of misconception, derision, and persecution. Such men have to look for other rewards than those of the Lord Mayor's coach, or even Westminster Abbey. Yet what true man would not rather have been Hargreaves or Jenner, than the manufacturers and doctors who grew rich and famous on the fruit of the wisdom and travail of their often sorely beset forerunners?

Would not the wider and more deeply-felt recognition of a higher standard of morality (both for this life and the next), than that of the Industrious and the Idle Apprentice, afford more scope for the development of such men? Would it not afford more scope for the development of men who are like the best and greatest men in all save their extraordinary genius, and who, though they cannot compass revolutions in trade or social life, do by their quiet persistent efforts made in all unselfishness and humanity, supply a still more important element than that of a few leaders in the contest between the powers of nature and the skill of man, and in the still more formidable strife between good and evil, namely, that of a multitude of followers tried and tested to fight their leader's battles under the great Leader of them all to the last great victory?

Moderation or temperance in all things, even in the lawful business or profession which, taken at spring-tide, might carry one man to the life in the Lord Mayor's mansion house, and another to the last sleep in Westminster Abbey, strikes me as the element in which such men must breathe, rise above their lower natures and do God's

work. Yet what element is harder to find in a state of society, the members of which are hurrying on faster and faster in their buying and selling, whether the goods vended be tangible cotton or iron, or intangible wisdom or vanity, in exact proportion to the superior means of traversing the earth's surface afforded by steam and electricity?

To the smallest provincial towns the impulse has penetrated. No man or woman is contented to be what his or her father or mother was; every individual must push and scramble for a higher footing on the ladder, a wider berth in which to exercise his or her calling. It is a strange thing to find a son walking in his father's footsteps, if they were not soaring footsteps, in following his father's line of life, or a daughter marrying as her mother married, and pleased with the portion of goods which were held enough for her mother's early days of wedlock.

A curious illustration of national character occurs to me in reference to this fact. I have heard it said, that, while there are in England generations of clerks who start and finish in life with no thought of being more than clerks, in Scotland no man is a clerk who does not mean to be a master, and who, if he miss his aim, will not look upon himself as so far a foiled and unfortunate man. Yet Scotland supplies at least one singular instance of hereditary constancy and philosophy. Of a county family in Perthshire it is recorded that they have lived from father to son for five hundred years on the same small ancestral estate, and during that long period they have never once either lost or gained an acre.

It would be as idle as it would be unwise to attempt to put an arbitrary check on this tendency of the times to apparent material progress, which has its great uses as well as abuses. But how much is sacrificed to the fever heat of restlessness and effort in which we live! I do not speak here of the sacrifice of old associations and traditions—dear to the heart of the lover of quaintly strong individuality in person and place! I refer to weightier matters. It is no secret that a heavy penalty is paid for our over-exertions, in physical disease and premature collapse and death. Higher aspirations are quenched for want of that rarer atmosphere which belongs to seclusion and contemplation in which higher aspirations have their birth and being. Abstract studies, which lie at the root of all great discoveries, are rendered nearly impossible, since abstract studies can only be pursued in quiet and calmness, when

a man has reached an elevation where all his faculties are free and under command, while his time, attention, and peace are not frittered away hopelessly on a thousand pressing calls, irksome engagements, and wearying worries.

It may be argued, in opposition to this statement, that no such tranquil height is attainable by man, and that experience produces the contrary evidence, that most of the great inventions in mechanics, &c. &c., have been made by busy working men, and actually in the middle of trade troubles and extremities, when distress and anxiety were in the ascendant. But I answer, that if my reader will take the trouble to investigate, he or she will find that these busy working men who are our inventors were men of signal equanimity of temperament, in addition to their thoughtfulness,—men who could secure to themselves rest in the middle of turmoil,—and that the trade troubles and extremities which acted as stimulants to and culminations of invention, acted, as they did act largely, because they served to supply the inventors with the additional time and quiet which were absolutely necessary for the completion of their achievements. It is not given to many of us to be pioneers and inventors for the great temporal good of our fellow-men; but our individual loss, and through our loss that of our neighbour, is not less of its kind, in the overweening, absorbing pursuit of material success which swallows up so much of our nature and existence. We can with difficulty raise our eyes even at stated intervals to heaven; they are so bent on, and engrossed with, the things of earth.

We cannot be considerate of the needs of our neighbour, or scrupulous of his claims, while we are running a headlong race of most vulgar ambition, pride, and vanity, on our own account. We cannot help our neighbour in a thousand subtle ways, because so long as our heart is clogged, fettered, and pricked at every pore by burdensome, piercing cares, how can it be

*"A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize?"*

We may have been endowed or inoculated with some innocent, wholesome, sweet tastes in music, or painting, or gardening, in love of birds, or insects, or stones, or shells, which might have been sources of improvement, of

simple, pure pleasure to ourselves and our fellow-creatures. But if such tastes ask time, space, peace for their perfection, how can we anticipate anything but their gradual or rapid, despairing starvation, leaving a craving blank or an evil substitute where they once dwelt? Some of us do not see the sun set or the moon rise for weeks or months; we are so far removed by circumstances, or so occupied, or so weary, that we do not even care to take the indulgence when we can take it. Nay, we actually stifle the most exquisite tendernesses of our nature, and become strangers to our own flesh; we are so bent on our,—and perhaps their,—fancied promotion in the ranks of the world. Granted all the benefits that wealth and position can confer, and all the luxuries which they can secure, still certainly the game is not worth the candle.

Surely there is an antidote to all this whirl and clamour and madness of worldly competition? And after that first and complete cure, which is won by our looking long enough at our great representative, Master, Brother, Lord, a wayfaring man teaching and healing, feeding and blessing the people by day and by night, going aside upon the mountains to be alone in prayer with his Father, refusing to be made a king, and dying like a malefactor—we should do well to look at other lives which have been brave, true, and kind, after that greatest example—lives of which duty has been the mainspring from first to last, which have paid no great heed to name, fame, power, and glory, even when they have met them in their course, and which have shown an absolute loathing at, and recoil from, the tinsel glitter of mere notoriety.

We ought to recognise in such lives more of the heroic than is usually to be found in the lives of the world's heroes. Such a life has lately been presented to us, after it had passed from us, in colours all the more winning for their manly modesty, by Mr. Hughes in his memoir of that brother who, while he was a generous, God-fearing, English gentleman, faithful servant of his Master, good son, brother, husband, father, master, friend, cared little to be aught beside.

*"For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
We wear out our lives in toiling and tasking.
It is only God we may have if we may,
It is only heaven we can get for the asking."*





"NOVANTIA."

NOVANTIA :

INCLUDING THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF DAVID GROATS, GATEKEEPER.

By C. M. CAIRD.

CHAPTER I.



JOHN PETERS, beadle of St. Peter's, was one of the most consequential members of a consequential profession. The church and all that belonged to it, belonged to him. Even the minister was spoken of by him as "oor man," and occasionally for variety as "oor anc." St. Peter's, though now stranded an ecclesiastical hulk, among lanes and narrow streets, in which (gentility having flowed westward) no quality except bad quality are to be found, is, as every one knows, a place of historic interest, and has had its great preachers and illustrious beades before the days of John Home and "oor anc." As he stood at the church door on Sunday morning, looking out upon the early churchman (one who goes to church betimes)—a variety not to be confounded with High Church, Low Church or Broad Church—or as he paced the wide vestibule of St. Peter's to and fro, impatiently expecting the two elders whose duty it was to attend the "plate," John was conscious of the past and all its grandeur. He was sensible too of his long and meritorious services, of his highly respectable and even venerable appearance, of the greatness of the city and magistracy of which St. Peter's was the property, and finally, and above all, of the dignity and importance of the profession to which he belonged. Other things were accidents of the place—minister, precentor,

elders, seatholders, Bible women, especially these last; he himself was the essential and enduring substance. This gave dignity to his department even when he officiated, as he did very often, at public and private entertainments in the capacity of waiter; it was impossible even then not to see that John had a soul much above his trade, except in so far as his trade was above every trade. It lent dignity especially to his appearance at the church door on Sundays, when he stood, as it were, to receive the congregation, and signify by a grave but bland expression of face that seatholders, especially if respectably connected and well dressed, were quite welcome to enter. His age might possibly be sixty-five, but he showed his threescore years and almost ten in the possession of a white bald head and a whitish glossy skin—valuable property to a beadle or a D.D.—rather than in the loss of any of his bodily or mental powers. With that head and front he would have adorned the door of Canterbury, let alone of St. Peter's. Sunday of course was his great day. What the drummer of a regiment of the line, giving the signal to the band to strike up on the line of march, is to the attendant crowd of rascals, that was John to himself on Sunday mornings. All the services of the day were, so to speak, under his management; it was he who was responsible for them all; they reflected upon him, according as they came off well or ill, either glory or disgrace. A full church, as intimating the continued popularity of the concern, caused his face to shine. A break down of the precentor was felt by him to be a personal humiliation.

Revolving the responsibilities which thus attached to his office, John was at his post as early as usual, and had just compared his watch with the church clock, to see how far wrong the clock might be, and note to what extent the town time, and that of the universe differed from the true time as recorded on his infallible private dial, and farther to ascertain how long he had to wait before the congregation should begin to arrive, when his eye was caught by a slouching figure, which had stopped in the street before the entrance to the back court in which St. Peter's stood, and swung there uncertainly like a ship swinging in the wind to anchor.

It was the figure of a man of something like John's own age, but more bent by years or toil, and though wearing a suit evidently reserved and long preserved for Sunday use, not so much dressed as carrying in obedience to general custom, but under private protest, a quantity of ill-assorted clothes. Having first surveyed the court in which the old church stood, as if to be sure that it had not vanished into space, or been converted into a soapwork or been towed down the river, this first arrival at St. Peter's threw himself into an attitude of repose or reflection—it might be either or both—which was picturesque in its absurdity. As he hung forward upon his staff, with his head drooping, it was as if his body had suddenly shrunk out of his clothes and left them vacant, and his mind had similarly deserted his body, leaving on his face a fixed abstracted look directed downward to an intensely interesting square yard of pavement. It was startling to see one present and absent on so short notice, so visibly present and so manifestly absent. It was all the more so as his head, the baldness of which he exposed to view as he raised his hat to give his temples air, was no common head, but one that with its strong hard lines, softened and weakened about the mouth and chin, with its heavy furrowed brows, and its sallow complexion, might have made not a bad study for a St. Peter.

"Ye'll be a stranger hereabouts," said John, unable to restrain his curiosity long within the bounds of silent observation, and speaking as if he were addressing somebody a long way off, instead of a few yards distant.

No reply.

"I'm sayin' ye'll be a stranger here."

Still no response.

"He's deaf or daft—maist likely baith," muttered the beadle, before making one more attempt to obtain attention to his question, and then coming nearer, shouted in a higher key still, "Ye'll be a stranger here."

"Yes," said the arrival, roused from his reverie or recalled from space. "This is the first time my soles and your pavement hae been acquainted for thirty years or mair," and muttered, as if in continuation of his previous reflections, "no since Chalmers' eloquence roared like a catarack or a lum' on fire in there, in St. Peter's."

"Ye're like enough to be disappointed the day, if that's the case; in partic'lar if ye expect to hear Chalmers again, or onybody like him, for oor man's no at hame—he's nae Chalmers at ony rate, and it's jist a bit

probationer lad that's to preach and it's no many o' them can either preach or pray noo-adays, mair nor the provost or ane o' oor ain elders."

John liked to intimate that he was on a footing of intimacy both with church and state, and that his position in both was not exactly that of a common person, and therefore he sometimes alluded in a disparaging tone, in their absence, to the provost of the city and the elders of the church.

The stranger's small but keen and restless grey eyes twinkled as if the little trait of character which this remark revealed did not escape his notice, but he merely observed that he had come to hear the probationer lad, and for that purpose had walked at least a score of miles; farther than he had done for perhaps a score of years; or would have done at his present age to hear Chalmers.

"Ay weel, I wid na wonner," said John, who in virtue of all his virtues was not free from the insolence of office: "I hae seen the like afore, mair nor ance. Ye'll be a frien', the lad's father like enough, and ye'll be thinkin' nae doot he'll be anither Chalmers."

The stranger made no reply to this, but listened with apparent stolidity, and the beadle continued—

"There was auld Geordie Wheeple, a sma' grocer east by, and he had a son, and richt or wrang wid hae him college bred and brought oot for the Kirk; mony a pun' o' sand dootless he pit in the sugar to be able to do't."

"Ye may be ken auld Geordie?" he interjected, afraid his hearer's attention was flagging or exhausted; but receiving no reply went on with his narrative.

"Weel, Tam Wheeple cam here to preach his first sermon, and I mind his father for fear o' the crood (he was sure it wid be awfu' that day), and no to be ower muckle ta'en notice o', gaed awa' up to the gallery, and when he heard Tam gie out his text he near gaed oot his judgment. Puir Geordie, he was maist the only leevin' soul that was na either snorin' or cursin' lang afore Tam's sermon was dune: Ye wid hae been vexed for him; and if ye're a frien', as I mak nae doot ye are, o' the lad that's tae preach to us the day—his father, maybe, as I was saying—I wid jist say to ye—"

"Spare us yer advice, my auld frien', until ye ken better wha ye're speaking to and what ye're speaking about," interrupted the stranger, and after a hasty stride or two on the pavement, as if returning to the charge with increased mettle, added, "A prophet has

nae honour in his ain country. Ye'll ken as much Scripture as that, from having carried the Bible sae lang; and wi' regard to Tain Wheeple, supposing his father had been in the wholesome line, wi' a big house in the country instead of having his shop and his dwelling-house the ane abune the ither or but and ben in the east end, I wid na wonder but ye and your folk wid hae thoct him anither Chalmers or anither St. Paul. But," he chuckled, "they'll no hae a chance o' fulfillin' the Scripture that way the day at ony rate."

John's dignity, which did not stand altogether upon the immovable foundation of dulness and stupidity, was rather shaken by this unexpected volley, and after adjusting his necktie and muttering, "May be ay, may be no," he found an excuse for disappearing into the interior of St. Peter's.

When he returned "that impudent rascal," as he had privately denominated the first arrival for the day, had disappeared. Not wishing to be indebted to the beadle's courtesy, or not thinking he could calculate with certainty upon any display of it, after what had occurred, he had taken the opportunity to drop his penny in the plate unperceived, slip up stairs, and accommodate himself with a seat in the gallery, where, tired with his long journey, he was soon as sound asleep as if the air of St. Peter's, like that of many modern sacred edifices, were specially favourable to an "exposition" of slumber.

"Deil ane o' oor folk that I ken o'," said John, whose quick eye instantly noticed the solitary penny in the plate before him, "deil ane o' them wid hae pit in as muckle or the half o't. He maun be a karater" (character), "that auld man, for it canna be his son that's to preach the day, and he has na that reason for being sae liberal wi' his coppers."

"I wid na wonner," continued he, lost in thought, and still moralising over the solitary penny in the plate, "but may be he's a Dissenter, for they gie mair to the Kirk nor us. I weel believe it because their elders are suner at the plate nor oors."

As if, however, expressly to refute this plausible hypothesis, one of the two elders who, according to his impatient reckoning, should have been at their post, here arrived—half an hour at least before "the plate" could be supposed to have begun business for the day on any great scale.

"I was just sayin' to mysel', Bailie," (it was Mr. Bailie Gudgcon) observed the beadle, as soon as the new-comer had taken his post,

"that it's maybe because the elders (nae reflection upon you, Bailie, for ye're gae and reg'lar in yer time)—it's maybe, I was sayin', because the elders are suner at the plate wi' them nor they are wi' us that the Dissenters hae sae muckle crawin' about their big collections."

"Noo there, Bailie," lifting the metal plate from its mahogany stand and holding it out at arm's length, so as to bring it close under the nose of the worthy magistrate, "that penny there's the first penny that I hae seen pit in there when there was naebody stanin' here to see't, and I hae been stanin' here near forty year."

"I'm not so sure, John," replied the Bailie with judicial gravity, "that we are really less liberal than the Dissenters. I was told by the minister of a little Dissenting chapel at a small place in the country where I was staying last summer, that after he had been there six months two of his elders came to him and said, 'We're very happy to inform you, sir, that since we got you the seats that were maist empty afore are a' let, and the collection at the door's maist doobled—we're very glad to inform you o' that, sir; and we're very glad o't oorsels, too, for we needed, my neebor and me, during the vacancy aye to pit a penny in the plate to mak ends meet, but for the future we'll no need to put in mair nor a ha'penny.' That's a specimen, I believe," said the Bailie, warming out of his judicial mood, "of Dissenting liberality—wonderful liberality!"

"Ye're richt, Bailie, perfectly richt," said John, who perhaps was aware that an exception sometimes only proves the rule, but who knew his business too well not to be deferential to a magistrate, at least in his presence—"Ye're richt, but I wid na say for a' that but maybe Christian liberality a'thegither, baith oor ain and Dissenters', is a wee like Tammy McLuckie's yet's" (wickets), "they were aye ower wee for the place—ower short and ower narrow, ower wee every way; but Tammy aye maintained they wid work till't, and maybe we'll work till't tae. Howsomever," he continued, "when I'm oot maybe four or five nicht's a week, at this season o' the year, at parties, gae and often amang oor ain members, that maun cost a pound a head or mair, no to speak o' the ladies' dresses may be forty or fifty poun' each, and then when I stan' here on Sabbath mornin' and see the folk that gaed thae parties and eat them, pit'n in maybe a threepenny bit, I canna' but think—"

What he did think on this subject, how-

ever, was lost to the present history and to posterity, in consequence of the arrival at the entrance to St. Peter's of an unfamiliar carriage, which, from the look of the liveries it 'carried on the box, he immediately concluded contained something of special importance inside.

* In an instant, and with a glance at the Bailie which meant "Your seat, I suppose," which was answered with a nod signifying "Certainly," John darted out to attend the carriage and offer it his services.

"I'm sorry," said he, as he marshalled the arrivals—a middle-aged gentleman and two young ladies, apparently his daughters—towards the door of the church—"I'm sorry our minister's not at home to-day himsel'."

"No, but a young man is to preach in his place, is he not?" was the simple, but rather disconcerting reply.

Bailie Gudgeon's seat was the front seat in the gallery facing the pulpit, and to this John conducted the party, walking before them with an air of state and dignity which, unless they were very distinguished indeed, saved them from the necessity of assuming any, and which intimated to the whole gallery and the two side-galleries, now beginning to be pretty well filled, "These are none o' the Bailie's country cousins, don't you suppose such a thing."

This was a sensation for the galleries, such as might have sufficed for one day. Hardly had it begun to subside, however, when it was revived and intensified by Mr. Peters returning with another distinguished party—probably more distinguished still—consisting of two elderly ladies and an aged footman carrying a pair of very large Bibles.

"Lady Mumps and her sister," whispered the younger lady in the Bailie's seat to her sister. "How very odd!" a remark, it is to be supposed, which was made not with reference to her ladyship's personal appearance, though answering indifferently well to the description, but with respect to the singularity of her being seen on the opposite coast of Scotland from that on which she usually resided, and also, perhaps, with a certain latent reference to the fact that her ladyship was quite deaf—so deaf, in fact, as to have given up the use of her ear-trumpet, and transferred it definitively to her butler.

"If the lad that's to preach the day is no something past common," said John Peters, when he again returned to the neighbourhood of the plate and its guardian, "it beats me to understan' how sae mony big folk are

here the day. If they had been a' men instead of havin' sae mony petticoats among them, I wad hae kent better what to mak' o' them."

"How so?" inquired the Bailie.

"I wad hae said, in that case, it was a deputation comin' to hear the lad, and tryin' to mak' us believe they were jist ordinar' casuals."

"Thae deputations," continued John, addressing the Bailie, and at the same time "receiving" the congregation as they came, "are as weel kent in a kirk as the Provost or ane o' you Bailies is in the Exchange. Naeboddy's to suspect, ye see, they're comin' ava. The minister in partic'lar they're comin' to hear is no to hear a whisper o't, but they're to tak' him as Satan does the maist o' us, and as frien's o' ours sometimes tak' my wife on a washin' day, wholly at oonawares, and they're to hear no' ane o' his gran' sermons, but jist ane o' his plain ordinar' discourses. Howsomever, the frien' that has recommended him to them of course gets word o't frae ane o' them and g'ies him the hint, and when they come on the Sabbath mornin', four at ae door and three at anither (I hae seen as mony as a dozen or eighteen o' them), the half o' the congregation kennin' they're comin', pit their heads thegither and whisper, 'There they are;' and the minister himsel', the first thing he does when he's gien' oot the psalm is to look roun' and see if they're a' there."

"May I never draw anither quarter if this is no' ane o' them," John had hardly time to stammer out when an omnibus drawn by four horses, having stopped before the entrance to St. Peter's, six or eight gentlemen who emerged from it hurried forward to the plate, and requested seats in the church.

John was right. It was a deputation. It has come to be a pretty general custom in certain districts of Presbyterian Scotland for ecclesiastical flocks which have had the misfortune to lose their shepherd, and which enjoy the privilege of electing his successor, to appoint a certain number of bell-wethers to traverse the country in search of a suitable pastor. This method of filling up vacancies in churches is thought by many to be a great improvement upon the custom once universal of purely popular election, according to which it was requisite that a number of shepherds should be paraded before the flock on successive Sundays, and submit to the results of a competitive exhibition of their pastoral gifts. The advantages of the new over the old plan are supposed to be numerous.

Particularly, it has been thought, it reduces considerably the chances of division and torn fleeces among the flock, and it gives the electoral bell-wethers the opportunity of observing perfectly unobserved the most likely pastors, and so to choose unerringly the best of them. Be this as it may, however (and it will have been seen that John Peters for one had his doubts on this point), it was a deputation of bell-wethers that had now arrived at St. Peter's. Sunday travelling is not often resorted to by the church-going population of Scotland, especially in so large a machine as an omnibus; but on a business of so much gravity, not to say sacredness, as that of choosing a shepherd, these bell-wethers of Inverside church and parish had, of course, had no scruple about hiring from Mr. Frazer, of the Eagle, himself one of the party, a vehicle suitable to their number, however inappropriate to the day.

CHAPTER II.

BRAIDARDEN is about the bleakest and poorest shire of a poor country. It is true that Mr. George Fox, cousin of Lord Woodcock, used to say that it was out of sight the finest county north of the Tweed, and that he knew no part of Britain in which the county families were more agreeable and refined or the country people more happy and contented. It is also true that the monks of Novantia, the oldest abbey in the county, refer to it often in their chronicles and charters as "a pleasant land, even as Canaan, fair to behold both in summer and winter, and inhabited by a mild and tranquil race." But then Mr. George Fox only came down for a few months to visit his friend, Lord Layton, at Castle Sunbury, and the most that he saw of the county was the spacious, close-shaven grounds and ample woods surrounding the castle, and of course unlimited moors, on which he usually enjoyed such capital sport as to have no leisure to observe that they were not particularly good grazing; and all or most that he knew of the peasantry was what he had learned as an acquaintance of one or two of his lordship's gamekeepers, and as an impartial observer of three or four of his stable-boys. It was the month of August, the most beautiful period of the year in Braidarden, when Mr. Fox paid his annual visit, and as he strolled along the grassy terraces of Sunbury, threaded devious paths through enchanting shrubberies, found California, Australia, Japan, the Himalayas, and the Andes grouped together in their choicest beauties, paused by the side

of the great loch, which, in the middle of so much beauty, reflected it all, and added to it a grace and lustre of its own, he might well be excused for thinking that he had never seen any place more beautiful, especially as in the course of his reflections it was certain to occur to him that the Castle of Miss Hetty Hope, as well as that of Castle Sunbury, was peculiar to this neighbourhood. But Mr. Fox, often as he had visited the county, had never so much as noticed or imagined that beyond the precincts of the castle and its immediate neighbourhood, it was studded with cottages, the abodes of a numerous population. It required a more careful observer than he was to perceive them. A fox-hunter returning from the chase might almost have ridden over a cluster of them in a dark night, and thought he had touched the top of a turnip or potato heap. They stood or crouched in all sorts of hollows and nooks and odd hiding-places. Their great object apparently was to be out of the way of being observed or ridden down or blown over. They lurked behind large turf dykes and strips of fir plantation, in all sorts of positions, making with their thatch roofs and mud gables all sorts of angles with the horizon, as if they were so many capsized and disabled omnibuses, only smaller, some of which had broken down in the front wheels, some behind, and some had canted over merely to suit the ground. A line of low, barren hills, purpled along their ridge with heather, and along their base planted with half-grown pine-forests, forms the chord of a semi-circular stretch of country of some fifteen or twenty miles diameter in its greatest breadth, which, seen from above, appears to be level, but which, as you traverse its winding roads, is found to be not only diversified with numerous fresh-water lochs, but curiously marked with a variety of cup-like hollows, as of smaller lochs gone out of business or waiting to begin. Over the whole of this district of Braidarden the white towers of Sunbury Castle, relieved against the low line of hills immediately behind them, are distinctly visible, and preside with a baronial pomp. But with the exception here and there of a farmhouse, more conspicuous from its stones being still fresh, the eye traverses this district almost in vain in search of human habitations. Its deep basins, with their corresponding mounds, hide from view nearly all the disabled omnibuses which have not broken down or been concealed behind turf dykes or plantations. It was natural, therefore, for a superficial

observer, like Mr. Fox, to regard the district of the Quadrimeer—for so this portion of the county is called—as about the happiest in Great Britain. The white towers of Sunbury were visible from every point of the compass. Hardly another less spacious or comfortable abode was to be seen anywhere.

As for the monks of Novantia, it is obvious that their testimony as to Braidarden and its people, besides being somewhat mouldy with age, was likely to be as open to the suspicion of partiality as Mr. Fox's to that of being hasty and superficial. They were lords of what are now a dozen large estates in the county, and derived from them and the blameless Ethiopians who dwelt on them, ample and indeed princely revenues. Their last abbot, John Lord Grosset, threatened to chastise with his own following the Lords of the Congregation for their insolent bearing to Queen Mary, and disappears, and the whole fraternity along with him, from the page of history in that heroic and bellicose attitude. The abbey, famous once for its size and grandeur, beautiful and imposing now, when much of it is a heap of grass-grown stones, could not have found for itself in Braidarden, or indeed in Britain, a site more beautiful or more obviously intended by nature for the purpose. Its situation alone, apart from its lordly revenues and abbots of noble blood, would have made it famous. One of the numerous lochs of the Quadrimeer, the largest and finest of them all, as you approach it from the west, is seen to be almost cut into halves by a large island, wooded down to the water's edge with ancient elms and beeches. This island is the spot, unrivalled for sweetness, on which stood, and still stands, in its second and artistic existence, the abbey of Novantia. Here, cloistered in a solitude of loveliness, doubly cloistered by the monastery walls and by the broad, deep waters and the lofty woods around them, the monks of Novantia sang their holy song, and lived, it is to be hoped, their holy life, and at any rate now repose—which is well—in holy ground. Is it possible, under these circumstances, that their testimony to the character of the county and the people of Braidarden could be perfectly impartial? Occupying a spot so lovely as their own island, how could they doubt that the whole of the county, and indeed of the solar system, was enchanting? Having so much reason to be grateful to Providence themselves, could they possibly doubt that the people among whom they dwelt were a happy and prosperous, as they were certainly a meek and tith-paying, race?

The truth is, however, Braidarden is a poor county. Much of it is moor or moss, excellent for sport, but bleak to the eye, and impassable to the plough. Much of its soil, where it is cultivated, is light and stony. As a matter of course the peasantry, like partridges, resemble the soil; the ignorance and mental torpidity of the one matching only too well with the sterility and flintiness of the other. In one respect, however, Mr. Fox's testimony to Braidarden is not without foundation. The county families, not to be confounded by town wits with the country people, are singularly polished and agreeable. In point of fact, however it may agree with the newest theories in natural history and political economy, the same causes which narrow the comforts and so tend to degrade the character of the latter, have lengthened the lineage of the former, and, in consequence, refined their manners. It has been equally impossible for ages for the gentry to sell the sorry lands of Braidarden, and for the peasantry to grow fat, then happy, then intelligent and accomplished by cultivating them. The larger estates have long had a value as ancestral so much above their market price as to fix their owners almost against their will, in eternal possession, by an entail of county dignity. Lairds have belonged to the estates rather than the estates to them. Should a more careful observer than Mr. Fox, or one less partial than the monks of Novantia, visit the county, it may strike him, therefore, that the contrast between county people and country people is not altogether unlike the contrast between Sunbury Castle and a disabled omnibus.

In the Quadrimeer, and especially in the parish of Illtafend, which includes within its bounds the two gems of the county,—Sunbury and Novantia, the wisdom and patriotism of some who, though belonging to the county, are not indifferent to the country, threaten soon to lessen materially the violence of this contrast. But, at the time to which we refer, the contrast existed even in Illtafend. It was glaring, if there had been eyes to see it, when the last of the monks of Novantia was laid in holy ground. It is still too obvious when the great question of the day is, who is to be their latest successor?

As the wintry wind howls over Braidarden, booming through its pine plantations, fringing its lochs with bulky beads of white froth, whirling wildly the vanes of Sunbury Castle (all dark and empty), blowing the smoke straight along the thatched roofs of tumble-down cottages—this is the great

question of the time, at least in the parish of Illtafend. For the manse of that parish stands beside the ruins of Novantia, surrounded by its deep waters and its lofty woods, haunted by its holy memories, and the modern house is as empty as its neighbour ruin till a successor be got for the minister whom Providence and a larger stipend have just called away to a town charge. Illtafend is the ancient Novantia, and is now vacant, and the great question is, who is to be the new successor of the monks?

This was the great question of the time in the parish, and while the December gale roared in the smoke-begrimed rafters over their heads, farm-labourers and their wives discussed it slowly and with interruptions and digressions, not as aspiring or claiming to have a voice in the settlement of it, but by way of intellectual treat or pastime after their supper of oatmeal porridge. While the dull peat fire feebly enlightened their cracked walls, and comforted their wearied bodies, the discussion of this question cheered their souls with a distinct sensation of warmth and enjoyment. But nowhere was this question half so keenly debated as in old Mrs. Carvie's cottage, which, as standing at the crossing of two main roads, was a convenient house of call for those who liked to be neighbourly in other people's houses, and at the expense of other people's reputations. The old woman herself, one of the numerous pensioners of the noble family who owned Sunbury Castle, was now too aged and feeble to take her accustomed part in the conversations for which her humble abode was famous; but her daughter Rachel, a middle-aged, rather good-looking woman, was able to render this misfortune almost imperceptible to their numerous visitors by the talent which she showed in collecting news, and the zeal which she displayed in retailing them. Rachel's great feature was her devotion to her mother. It was for her mother she lived. She would, she frequently swore it, die for her mother. This beautiful trait of character attracted to her, as was certain to be the case, though not at all intended, much sympathy from various quarters, especially the highest, and the effect of what was so beautiful in itself was enhanced by a vein of irrelevant piety—irrelevant at any rate in its expressions—which, because it was so inapposite and ungrammatical, seemed to be so artless and so genuine as to impress deeply many persons of superior birth and intelligence. Those of Rachel's own order did not somehow so much appre-

ciate it; perhaps because not so much alive to those grammatical and other mistakes which proved its sincerity. In virtue of the acquaintance which was thus established between Miss Carvie and much of the rank and property of the neighbourhood, she had access to several kitchens, where, in addition to piecrust there were tasty morsels of intelligence to be picked up, by freely distributing which (not the former but the latter) she had grown to be regarded as possessing peculiar and occult means of gleaning all the earliest and most authentic information as to current events. It need not be added that hardly any character could be more influential than this in a district where, among the poor, gossip, what cometh out of the man, is almost the only luxury not beyond their means, and the consequence, which belonged to this character, Rachel enjoyed intensely, only in a pious manner, often remarking that her mother, if it would please God, should be proud when she saw that they were both so much respected both by rich and poor.

Miss Carvie had seldom had more interesting or more authentic news to announce than she was now bursting to communicate to a select circle of her most regular visitors, seated at her cheerful fireside. To heighten the effect of it, however, she delayed imparting it as long as possible. It spurted out in the middle of a sentence.

"If she's nae better than her mither was afore her, no to speak of her twa aunties, but ye have na heard the news, I see, it's a' settled at last."

"Bless us a', is it though?" exclaimed several voices at once, none of their owners having the least idea to what the startling communication referred, but all of them certain from the tone and manner of their informant that it was startling.

"He told us himsel' this very day—that's Mr. Garsegreen—it's a' settled, he's to be our new minister, but, Mrs. M'Rorie, ye need na for a' that gang awa' directly and tell jist the first body ye meet on the road—it's aye the way wi' some folk."

This news, the effect of which was heightened by the caution which accompanied it, and which gave to it a pleasant smack of secrecy, was received with much animated and pictorial gesture among the assembled gossips, after enjoying which, with the satisfied smirk of an artist who contemplates the pose of his last Venus or Adonis (for she was an artist in news), Rachel proceeded:

"I can tell you though who's no pleased, and that's the ladies at Laighlea. I went awa' ower there directly after Mr. Garsegreen was in—Providence is aye kind"—a remark which was perhaps elicited by the recollection of a shilling which the Rev. gentleman had slipped into her hand—"and told James Wright, the butler, and he went awa up directly and tell't the ladies; and when he came back ye could see that he was na pleased a'thegither, for he jist asked me if I was sure it was true, and I jist tell't him that he had it as I had it frae the man himsel', and that I kent nae ill o' him to make me doubt his word, though he did na jist say he was sure o't."

"Sure," said Mrs. M'Rorie, to whose mind James Wright's doubt seemed to suggest another. "Sure and he's not sure uv it, did ye's say? For if his reverence is not sure uv it, it's the same maybe as my Mick when he wanted to get the graveyard. Says he, 'Biddy,' says he, 'I'm as sure uv it as if I was in it, if it was not for that ould man, Sandy Heap, that would be a sight better lying in it nor out of it; but he's got it.'"

Rachel was visibly affected by this slight aspersions cast upon her veracity, and reiterating, therefore, in more positive terms than ever, and with some solemn references to the mysterious ways of providence, the fact of Mr. Garsegreen's appointment, she proceeded to describe the effect of it upon the ladies of Laighlea.

"James Wright, like mysel', is no the man to be telling what's naebody's business but his ain, but his face said just as plain as his tongue could hae done, that the ladies were na pleased, for ye ken James aye thinks just as his mistress and the twa young ladies think; and as sure's your name's Biddy M'Rorie, James was na weel pleased when he let me come awa' hame without askin' for my mither, or sending her a bit sma' token o' Leddy Hetty's kind regards."

CHAPTER III.

MR. DAVID GARSEGREEN, whose succession to the monks of Novantia and to a comfortable though not rich living, was thus heralded by Miss Carvie, was assistant minister in a neighbouring parish, Kirkmawhanp, the son of a pious and intelligent east-country farmer, who had yielded to his wife's judgment and renounced his own in making his son a minister, had come down to the parish with a certain undefined reputation for ability or scholarship or something of the kind acquired at the university, and was on the

whole, as he deserved to be, popular and respected. He was endowed with a splendid physique, of which a small forehead, small eyes, a large mouth, and a fine set of teeth were features; possessed an active though not powerful mind, and, as James Ogg, the schoolmaster of the parish of Illtafend, has been heard to observe, roared his sermons and his prayers like an easterly gale into the four corners of the church—Mr. Garsegreen's accent being that of the east country. To English readers in general, and particularly those of strict Anglican training and High Anglican tastes, unacquainted with a style of Church service of which, in place of the venerable devotions of the Prayer-Book, extempore prayer is a large part—to such readers it may seem incredible or revolting that eloquent prayers should have been as much in request sometimes in the Scotch Church as eloquent sermons; but so it has been—and so also it was, Mr. Garsegreen's *forte*, besides his voice, was prayer—*Vox et præterea aliquid*. Not eminently devout by nature, he was yet eminently successful in this part of public worship—at least as regards the congregation. It required perhaps a greater variety of intellectual gifts than he had at command, or a larger stock of printed sermons than his library contained, to shine uniformly as a preacher; though occasionally he did preach as well as Chalmers himself, and from the very same texts. But the materials for eloquent extempore prayer are abundant and accessible, and a ready and retentive memory enabled him to use these materials with great freedom, and, as has been said, with great effect. One other gift he had of which he was almost equally proud—a great talent for penmanship. In school he was unrivalled in this art. It was the numerous triumphs which he won in it, and the numerous prizes and medals which he carried off in virtue of his proficiency in it, together with a profound reverence for the evangelists as sacred penmen (the Rev. Dr. Tootle's favourite name for them), which among other things chiefly sustained his mother in her determination to give him to the Church. But this minor talent of their "helper" was of course known only to the few, and was even cavilled at by several of these, including the parish schoolmaster, as very minor indeed. It was in prayer he "excelled." The stream of his devotional eloquence roared along, carrying everything before it. Antediluvian scenes and personages, the Israelites in Egypt and the wilderness, the dim types and shadows of the law, Noah's ark, the

ark of the covenant, the brazen sea and the Red Sea and the mercy-seat, were bowled along on the resistless torrent, mixed up with huge blocks of Galatians and Romans, masses of psalms and floating islands of Shorter Catechism and ancient Puritan divinity.

No one could exactly tell how, but somehow Mr. Garsegreen brought with him from college, and still preserved, a character for learning, or genius or something of the sort. The truth was, however, it was like many a reputation, somewhat fortuitous. As a student he was not remarkable either for industry or shining parts, but his mother kept him well

supplied, out of a scanty store, with pocket-money, and part of it at least he invested in a highly commendable way—he bought Latin, Greek, moral philosophy, and especially mathematics and physics, in small quantities at a time; that is to say, purchased, as they were required, from poorer and more diligent students, class exercises in these and other branches of knowledge. Thus, for example, he lent half a sovereign to his friend Richard Henry Virtue, and received from him by way of I O U, or rather of *quid pro quo*, an essay on "The Obligation of Promises," which was prescribed for



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students of the philosophy class of which David and his friend were both members. It is generally understood that it was by this essay, on an interesting and difficult subject, that the foundations were laid of that reputation which it is to be hoped he will never lose. Even when his exercises chanced to be by an inferior hand, his powerful throat commanded attention for them; but in reading this essay he was either so conscious of its merits, or so stimulated by the applause which its first sentences evoked, as to task his voice to stentorian efforts such as it had never before been heard making. The effect

was proportioned to the exertion. Mr. D—— D——, who was earnestly engaged in executing a caricature of the professor on a page of "Dugald Stewart's Outlines," dropped his pencil and winked at several students who had been occupied in observing his artistic labours. There is room for the display of considerable learning in the treatment of such a theme as Mr. Garsegreen's, for it is one of the oldest and most vexed questions in casuistry, whether promises are absolutely and unconditionally binding. It was by originality rather than learning, however, that his treatment of it was distinguished. He

ignored, in fact, altogether the exact terms of his thesis, and discussed promises not at all with reference to their obligation and altogether and at length with respect to their breach, exhibited great ingenuity in determining whether a disagreeable mother-in-law (great cheering), or a plain face (roars of laughter), or a small dowry (great uproar) made much difference in a case of breach of promise; and, finally, whether some promises might not even be better honoured in the breach than the observance; as where, for example, a plain face and a disagreeable mother-in-law, or a disagreeable mother-in-law and a small dowry were combined. During the reading of this latter portion of the essay the scene in the class-room was indescribable. The professor, who, while depreciating the peculiar style of the essay, desired that it should be heard, shouted "Order, order," "Gentlemen, gentlemen," but in vain; the storm of laughter and of miscellaneous noises, in which tongues had the assistance of hands and feet, grew every instant wilder, and a cloud of dust was raised which enveloped the essayist and his audience in a fog additional to that of December. As the tumult grew, however, David's voice tasked itself to greater and unparalleled exertions, his success he felt was the greatest of his lifetime, and he ended in a triumphant burst of which only the words "farthing damages" were distinctly heard. After this the essayist was a man of mark at college, and though leaving it without carrying off any class prizes (except one for Hebrew calligraphy), took with him what is perhaps the greatest prize of all—a vague reputation for something or other, a reputation he is not likely ever to lose, for even if it be somewhat accidental, it is connected with a heart so good and a character so decent, that nobody is interested in showing what is its precise value.

Miss Carvie, however, was not mistaken when she inferred from the old butler's face at Laignlea, that David, in spite of his college reputation, was not popular in that quarter.

"It is perfectly impossible," said the elder of Mrs. Hope's daughters, "that Layton can have presented such a boor. Why the monks of Novantia would rise and mob the doors of Sunbury."

"And conspire," said her sister, "with Lord Edgar's mounted ghost, to set fire to the place."

"Hetty, we are really not in a position to judge of Mr. Garsegreen's qualifications from having heard him preach—and pray

once or twice," Mrs. Hope observed in a tone of reproof, with which at the moment the expression of her fine Grecian face did not exactly correspond. "He is a very good man, I have no doubt, though not polished; and as he has had to wait long in an inferior position, poor man, it is only right, if he is appointed to rule over us, that we should try to put up with him as well as we can. I am not sure," she added, "but it is best for us to be reminded that we have the treasure in earthen vessels."

"But suppose, mother," said the younger daughter, "the vessels are earthen and ugly, and there's no treasure in them?"

"Yes," said Hetty, "that's just where it is, Beatty. I mean, don't you know, that it's no matter about the earthen vessels being plain" (poor Mr. Garsegreen! what a shame to discuss him in this way, as if he were a dinner-party, or rather a dinner-service!), "if the treasure is in them. All the better, perhaps, in that case, as mother says."

What would your reflections and feelings have been, George Fox, if you had been present to listen to this remark, and to hear again the gurgling laugh from the most musical of throats which accompanied it, and to moralise upon the sweetness of the mouth which uttered it? Beauty discussing plainness, and deciding that it don't matter, might have been interesting to you, George Fox—not that you are plain, but that you cannot help thinking sometimes it is much the same for a man to have no money as for a woman to have a red nose or a cast in her eye.

"I am half afraid, Hetty," replied Mrs. Hope, "that we are falling away, as good Dr. Hope would say, from the simplicity of the Gospel, as the effect of reading too many new books, and still more of being left, so much as we are here, to the guidance of our own thoughts, in matters which are puzzling the best and wisest people at the present day. I wish I were better able to advise you on all these subjects, but the more I think of them, the more I seem to be puzzled about them myself. I am very much afraid," she added, in a lower tone, and as if speaking to herself, "poor Mr. Garsegreen will not be able to help us much."

Mrs. Hope and her two daughters, or rather step-daughters, though living at Laignlea, to which they had come two or three years before, belonged to another part of the county. Since the death of her husband, Captain Hope, of Hopeton, whose second wife she was, his estates having passed to

a distant relative, she had had to depend on the somewhat scanty annuity which is often the portion of the dowagers of Braid-arden, the scantier sometimes in proportion to the antiquity of the family, and had therefore been glad to make use of the curious old jointure-house of the family, which, with its long avenues and broad lawns, had somehow contrived to lodge itself in the very heart of Lord Layton's vast estates, and refused stiffly to be bought up. The state of her health, much enfeebled by the care and anxiety entailed upon her by her husband's illness and death, rendered it absolutely necessary that she should live in a quiet place, avoiding all excitement; and this, combining with her desire, if possible, to save from her limited income something to add to the scanty portions of her daughters, to whom she was tenderly, and indeed feverishly devoted, had prolonged her residence here beyond the time to which she originally intended to limit it. And now, what was at first only a kind of shelter, seemed as if it had grown to be a home. No home, notwithstanding that it was shaded by a widow's sadness, could have been happier. If there was a touch of discomfort in it at all, it was owing, not to the scantiness of Mrs. Hope's annuity, or the meagreness of her daughters' portions, but to her restless and almost painful concern for their welfare, and to their continual anxiety as to her health and comfort. At times, even when the fine old beeches in which Laignlea was embosomed were in their prime, and the flowering limes of the long avenues leading up to the house were vocal with birds, Mrs. Hope, who sincerely meant to be thankful for trees and flowers, and wood-notes wild, and all the beauty and joy of nature, forgot them all, and fretted herself with thoughts of how much better it would be for her daughters, and their prospects in life, if, instead of living in solitude in the country, they went to town, and were out in society.

"What marvellous charm, not only of feature but expression," she would mournfully reflect, "is Hetty's! How many moods she has, and each more taking than the other! How bewitching when she is gay and fanciful, how beautiful when she is serious or sad! What gentleness with her wit, what childlike simplicity and unconsciousness in all her ways and thoughts, though so many of them are all her own. And how unlike her, yet how perfectly sweet and pretty, dear Beatrice! And to think of their moping

here all their lives, only just to be with me, and devote themselves to me! It is too sad, it is shameful and sinful. I must really come to some decision about it."

In this kind of trouble, which was the more oppressive to her feeble powers, that Hetty and Beatrice, since, alas, they were not her own children, were no less dear companions, and were more responsible charges from being, by their mother, Lady Sarah, daughters of the grand old house of Merle, famous in song and story—in this kind of trouble, thus aggravated, Mrs. Hope would fall back upon her old religious supports, her theological base of operations in fighting the temptations and trials of an evil world, these being certain familiar texts, and some comforting views of Providence, heaven, and prayer, but reflecting, as she did so, that even these had been attacked, and had now to support a conflict of their own, or were actually in the hands of the enemy (this was the effect of her own and her daughters' reading new books), she was tempted to think her lot grown very hard, wished earnestly for some wise counsellor with whom to advise respecting her maternal duty, and was therefore deeply interested in the question of the appointment of a spiritual guide to the parish in which she had her temporary abode. Thus it happened, no doubt, that old James Wright's face told Rachel Carvie what was told by her as a profound secret to the parish, viz., that there was one quarter in which the news of Mr. Garsegreen's promotion was not well received.

As it had thus occurred to the family at Laignlea to imagine Mr. Garsegreen their minister, so it had happened to him to imagine them his hearers. He could not be said to be ambitious; he was far from being sentimental or romantic; his great aim was to obtain a good living and settle down in it and be comfortable for life and death. But there were two visions that came before his mind and dazzled it as often as he thought of his chances of being minister of Illtafend, the one being the autumnal visit of the noble patron and his family, and the other the constant presence in church of Mrs. Hope and her two daughters. He knew that the latter were as much county people and great people as Lord Layton himself, and indeed related to him and to half the peerage; he had not, in his calmer moments, before this time, imagined himself offering his big fat hand to Miss Hope, but now, and in connection with

his appointment to the vacant parish in which she lived, it occurred to him to think that he had heard or read of the most wonderful things happening in the world, and in particular of lucky fellows in all professions, but especially the clerical, when once they began to get on in the world, getting on ever so far, and marrying heiresses, and even peeresses. At any rate, there would she be, as he said to himself at such moments, with her golden hair and downcast eyes, and there would he be, with his gown and bands, and his great discourse (the Shunammite's son), and it might be the parish would be the prelude to a connection with the peerage, or at any rate the gate of heaven.

When Mr. Garsegreen's meditations, however, had proceeded as far as this, and what was so beautiful a vision appeared to be so likely to pass into immediate reality, it staggered him and unnerved him. He was affected by it with a feeling of trepidation, for if it were true that Miss Hope was as brilliant as she was beautiful and high-

born, it would be not only trying to have to speak to her on the subject of marriage, but awful to be under necessity to be continually bright and polite, and up to everything in high life, in order to please her. It would be dreadful; what was to be done? Excited and agitated by such reflections, the best that Mr. Garsegreen could do to compose himself was to fall back upon his pen, which was to him what a flute or a violin has been to others, a relief to an oppressed soul. Others have carved beloved names upon the bark of trees, or scratched them in feeble characters upon panes of glass. Mr. Garsegreen, after their example, but with superior art, having taken from his drawer several sheets of paper, and spread them before him, proceeded to fill them with the words, "Hetty Hope" and "Laighlea," written in a great variety of the most beautiful hands, and surrounded with an infinite variety of the most exquisite flourishes.

After which, and with the help of a pipe, he was calmer and more comfortable.

"ROUT 'EM OUT, BOYS."

FISHERBOYS' NEW-YEAR'S SONG.*

I.

'TIS New-Year's Day, and here we are,
Both old and young, from near and far,
With pockets wide and mouths agape,
For New-Year's gifts in any shape;
But little sleep we got last night,
For thinking of the day's delight.

*Rout 'em out, boys, rout 'em out,
Let the pennies fly about;
'Tis the first day of the year,
Do not stint the good old cheer!*

II.

The sun is up, 'tis getting late,
It matters not how long we wait,
Till noon no boat will put to sea,
Although 'tis fair as fair can be.
For we shall get a haul on shore
Worth a cast of fish and more.

Rout 'em out, boys, rout 'em out, &c.

III.

We strain our eyes, stand on tip-toe,
Look up and down and high and low,
And shout and sing, but all in vain,
Yet New-Year's morn is come again:
The merriest day of all the year,
The day the fisher lad holds dear.

Rout 'em out, boys, rout 'em out, &c.

IV.

Up go the windows, what a sight,
For pennies brown and shillings white,
And oranges and apples red,
Come bumping down on every head,
And nuts, like hail, are falling round,
And every face is on the ground!

Rout 'em out, boys, rout 'em out, &c.

V.

Such scrambling sure has never been,
And yet no angry face is seen,
For 'tis the rule on New-Year's Day,
That every lad shall have fair-play.
His neighbours' pockets each would fill,
But crams his own with right good will.

Rout 'em out, boys, rout 'em out, &c.

* It is an old custom in Hastings that on New-Year's Day apples, nuts, oranges, &c., as well as money are thrown out of the windows to be scrambled for by the fisher boys and men. The custom is not kept up with the spirit of former days.

VI.

If little Jim a shilling win,
Should Johnnie count it for a sin?
Poor Tom may scramble all the day;
And not a penny bring away,
Whilst Bob may find a crown or more,
And Bob be rich and Tom be poor!

Rout 'em out, boys, rout 'em out, &c.

VII.

No matter if we lose the game,
We'll play it briskly all the same;
We can't avoid each other's toes,
And some may get a broken nose.
Such sport is worth a little pain;
Another year we'll try again!

Rout 'em out, boys, rout 'em out, &c.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

MORE LETTERS FROM H.M.S. CHALLENGER.

I.—FROM THE WEST OF TENERIFFE TO ST. THOMAS.

ABOUT three hundred miles to the west of Teneriffe we sounded in fifteen hundred fathoms, evidently on the top of a ridge. Here the dredge brought up some globigerina ooze, mixed with an infinite multitude of the shells of *Diacria* and *Styliola*, and along with it the broken and dead branches of a large coral resembling the red coral of the Mediterranean in many of its characters, but unfortunately lacking its delicate colour. The axis of the stem was perfectly white, and the outer surface, which was finely striated, was of a glossy black. Some thick laminated incrustations which seemed to be the altered roots of the coral, were also black or dark brown, and on submitting them to chemical tests Mr. Buchanan found to his surprise that both the incrustations and the black varnish on the surface of the coral stems consisted of nearly pure peroxide of manganese.

Attached to the coral there were some splendid specimens of a sponge allied to *Hyalonema*, the glass rope sponge of Japan. The sponge was in crescentic masses, adhering by its long, silky root-spicules, many of which ended in a double hook very much like an ordinary boat-hook in shape, to the branches of the coral,—as we see the tinder-fungus attached to the branches of an old tree.

From this fifteen-hundred-fathom crest the bottom again sloped down rapidly, reaching a depth of two thousand seven hundred fathoms at five hundred, and two thousand nine hundred and fifty at seven hundred and fifty miles from Teneriffe. At the first of these dredgings several living bivalve shell-fish were brought up, but the most remarkable point was that with the increasing depth there was a gradual change in the character of the bottom, which became darker in colour and contained a correspondingly lessening proportion of carbonate of lime,

with an increase of silicate of peroxide of iron and alumina.

This change attains its maximum at a distance of eleven hundred and fifty miles from Teneriffe, where from a depth of three thousand one hundred and fifty fathoms, the dredge brought up a pure smooth red clay with scarcely a trace of carbonate of lime. The material of this deposit was in the finest possible state of subdivision—so fine that when after sifting it we put it into jars to settle, it remained for several days in suspension, giving the water very much the colour and appearance of chocolate, and only sinking down extremely slowly. Here there seems to be but little animal life, the only examples observed in this dredging being a few foraminifera of the arenaceous type, with their tests composed of the fine mud cemented together, and looking when dried like miniature flasks of the finest terra-cotta. From this great depth the bottom gradually rose, and as it did so the grey colour and the calcareous composition of the ooze partially returned. Station 13 of our line, about half-way across, gave us a depth of nineteen hundred fathoms with the ordinary globigerina ooze. This proved to be the summit of an elevation which had already been indicated in the soundings of Lieutenants Lee and Berryman of the U.S. Navy. Captain Nares named it the "Dolphin Rise," after the vessel in which their soundings were conducted. It seems almost certain that it is an extension southwards of the elevated tract which divides the North Atlantic into an eastern and a western trough, rising into the plateau of the Azores and then continuing northwards until it joins the shallow water belt which bounds the North Atlantic basin on the north.

Here the dredge again brought up many animals, chiefly mollusca and crustaceans, among the latter a large cray-fish of a delicate

rose colour, with four very long antennæ and two long chelæ, extremely delicate and elegantly formed, the terminal nippers very delicate and of a pale pink-coral colour veined with red. *Deidamia leptodactyla* is perfectly blind,—she is not only destitute of eyes but of the eye-stalks, the first-paired appendages whose presence is a distinguishing peculiarity of her class. She is not however by any means alone in her blindness. Several decapod crustaceans have now been recovered from the bottom of the deep sea in which organs of sight are absent, and one form, *Astacus pellucidus*, nearly allied to *Deidamia* from the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, is sightless, although morphologically the eyes are not entirely wanting, for two small abortive eye-stalks remain in the position in which eyes are developed in all normal decapods. There can be little doubt that in all these cases blindness is due to the same cause, the absence of the stimulus of light.

At Station 14, a little further on, a trawl with a twenty-two feet beam was sent down to a depth of nineteen hundred and fifty fathoms. The beam was of pine, not so strong or compact as the ash beam previously used, which was unfortunately lost among the volcanic ridges off Teneriffe. The trawl-beam came up broken through the middle, and so compressed that the knots stood out a quarter of an inch beyond the surface of the wood. A piece of it thrown into water sank to the bottom like a stone. This haul was not a successful one, but a few polyzoa and a sponge or two were enough to show that a fauna of a varied character was present.

From this point to within about two hundred miles of Sombbrero the depth gradually increased to three thousand and twenty-five fathoms, and the mud lost its carbonate of lime and resumed its red colour.

The origin of this enormous deposit of red clay is, of course, a question of very special interest. In the section from Teneriffe to Sombbrero it occupies eighteen hundred out of the total two thousand eight hundred miles, and it extends doubtless far on either side of our line of section. To the northwards we afterwards traced it, more or less pure, as far as Bermudas. My first impression was that the last and finest of the mud from the great South American rivers or the ultimate particles produced by the degradation of some of the nearest coast-lines, found its way, borne along by some current to mid-ocean, and there gradually settled

to the bottom. There were some peculiarities about this sediment, however, which seemed scarcely consistent with this explanation. The formation seemed too uniform. Whenever we met with it, it had the same colour and the same character, and it only varied in composition as it contained less or more carbonate of lime. When the globigerina ooze and the red clay passed into one another, it seemed as if on one side of an ideal line the red clay gradually contained more and more of the material of the calcareous ooze, while on the other the ooze was mixed with an increasing proportion of the red clay.

Another singular circumstance at once arrested our attention. I have already mentioned that throughout the whole of the mid-Atlantic the sea swarms with pelagic mollusca, and that the shells of these are constantly mixed with the globigerina ooze, sometimes in sufficient number to make up a considerable proportion of its bulk. It is clear that these surface shells must fall in equal numbers on the red clay, but not a trace of one of them is ever brought up by the dredge in the red clay area. It might be possible to explain the absence of shell-secreting animals living on the bottom on the supposition that the nature of the deposit was injurious to them, but when the idea of a current sufficiently strong to sweep them away is negatived by the extreme fineness of the formation which is taking place, the absence of surface shells appears to be intelligible only on the supposition that they are in some way removed.

All sea-water contains a certain proportion of pure carbonic acid, and Mr. Buchanan believes that he finds it rather in excess in bottom water from great depths. At all events, the quantity present in all sea-water is sufficient to convert into a soluble compound and thus remove, a considerable amount of carbonate of lime. If over a particular area carbonate of lime existed only in small quantity, it is quite conceivable that it might all be thus dissolved; and over the red clay we are led to suppose, from the absence of any number of calcareous foraminifera, that there is little carbonate of lime except what may be derived from the surface. The next question is, were the carbonate of lime dissolved out of these shells, what would be the inorganic residue? An ordinary mixture of the shells of pteropods with calcareous foraminifera, forming a sample of globigerina ooze from near St. Thomas, was carefully washed and subjected by Mr. Buchanan to

the action of weak acid, and he found that there remained, after the carbonate of lime had been removed, about one per cent. of a fine red mud, consisting principally of the silicate of the peroxide of iron and alumina.

On considering the whole matter it seemed to be impossible to avoid the conclusions—first, that the absence of pelagic shells was due to the removal of the carbonate of lime, their principal ingredient, by free carbonic acid, and secondly, that the red clay consisted mainly of the insoluble inorganic matter of surface shells, their “ash” as it were after the removal of both the organic matter and the carbonate of lime, added to, doubtless, by the like “ash” of all the countless things which “shuffle off their mortal coils” in every succeeding layer of the sea.

This red mud, or more probably the circumstances which lead to its deposition, seem unfavourable to the development of animal life. Where its distinctive characters are most marked, no animals which require much carbonate of lime for the development of their tissues or their habitations appear to exist. It is not easy to explain this, but it seems necessary to accept it as a fact. Hitherto the red clay has only been found at very great depths. Our growing experience is, that although animal life is possible at all depths, after a certain depth—say one thousand fathoms—its abundance diminishes. This would seem to indicate that the extreme conditions of vast depth are not favourable to its development, and one might well imagine that the number of shell-building animals might decrease until the supply of lime was so far reduced as to make it difficult for them to hold their own against the solvent power of the water of the sea; just as in many districts, where there is little lime, the shells of land and fresh-water mollusks are light and thin, and the animals themselves are stunted and scarce.

It seems, however, that neither the extreme depth at which the red clay is found, nor the conditions under which it is separated and laid down, are sufficient entirely to negative the existence of living animals even of the higher invertebrate orders, the condition of their life apparently being that they should require little or no carbonate of lime. In several of the hauls we brought up Holothurids of considerable size, with the calcareous neck-ring very rudimentary, and either no calcareous bodies in the test, or a mere trace of such.

Nearly every haul gave us delicate branching Bryozoa with the zooëcium almost mem-

branous. One fortunate cast, about one hundred and fifty miles from Sombrero, brought up from a depth of two thousand nine hundred and seventy-five fathoms, very well-marked red mud, which did not effervesce with hydrochloric acid. Entangled in the dredge, and imbedded in the mud were many of the tubes of a tube-building annelid, several of them three to four inches long, and containing the worms, a species of *Myriochele*, still living. The worm tubes, like the tests of the foraminifera from the same dredging, were made up of particles of the red clay alone.

It seems evident from the observations here recorded that *clay*, which we have hitherto looked upon as essentially the product of the disintegration of older rocks, may be, under certain circumstances, an organic formation like chalk, and that as a matter of fact, an area on the surface of the globe, which we have shown to be of vast extent although we are still far from having ascertained its limits, is being covered by such a deposit at the present day.

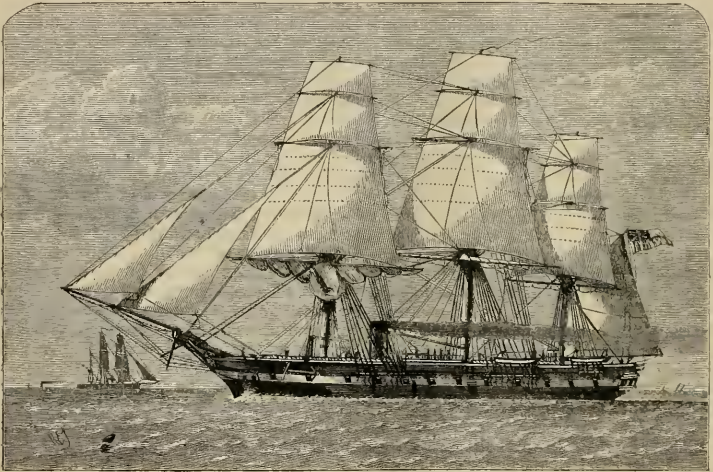
It is impossible to avoid associating such a formation with the fine, smooth, homogeneous clays and schists, poor in fossils, but showing worm tubes and tracks, and bunches of doubtful membranous things, such as *Oldhamia*, siliceous sponges, and thin-shelled peculiar shrimps. Such formations more or less metamorphosed are very familiar, especially to the students of palæozoic geology, and they often attain a vast thickness. One is inclined, from the great resemblance between them in composition and in the general character of the included fauna, to suspect that they may be organic formations like the modern red clay of the Atlantic, accumulations of the insoluble “ashes” of shelled creatures. But if so, what an enormous length of time would be required for their formation! It is already sufficiently bewildering to speculate upon the lapse of time necessary for the accumulation of the huge masses of limestone made up entirely of animal exuvie which recur at intervals in the geological series, and some of the bolder speculators in physics are inclined to object when we vaguely attempt to express our sense of its immensity by speaking of such periods as tens or hundreds of millions of years; our demand for time must increase a hundred-fold if we are compelled to refer the formation of a series of rock-beds, a mile in thickness, to the accumulation of materials which exist in these exuvie to the amount of one per cent. at most.

On the 14th and 15th of March, we dredged in depths from one thousand to four hundred and fifty fathoms off Sombrero Island, in very rich ground, where most of the animal forms were new to us; perhaps the most interesting among them being several additional blind crustaceans; and on the 16th we anchored in the Gregaria Channel, off Charlotte-Amalia, the principal town on the Island of St. Thomas.

We considered that we had every reason to be thoroughly satisfied with our first essay. Certain difficulties which we had encountered

at the commencement of the voyage in accommodating appliances and methods which had been employed previously in small vessels only, to so large a ship, had been overcome; and we found that, in moderate weather, we could count with certainty upon making all the required observations. This experience naturally gave us greatly increased confidence in our future work.

At St. Thomas we spent a few very pleasant days, some of the civilians of our party enjoying greatly their first experience



The Challenger under steam.

of life and scenery within the tropics. M. Gardé, the Danish Governor, by whom we were received with the most friendly hospitality, is a naval man, and was greatly interested in our investigations, while his aide-de-camp, Baron Eggers, had collected and worked out the plants of the island carefully, and was otherwise well acquainted with its natural history.

St. Thomas, like most of the West Indian Islands, has suffered sadly since the emancipation from the difficulty of getting free labour, and most of the sugar estates

formerly in high cultivation and a source of large revenue, are now waste and covered with a second jungle. The comparative prosperity of the island seems to be entirely due to the excellence of the harbour of Charlotte-Amalia, which marks it out as the principal packet and coaling station for that part of the West Indies. On Monday, the 24th of March we left St. Thomas, and proceeded northwards to pick up our old winter again at Halifax, Nova Scotia, taking Bermudas on our way.

C. WYVILLE THOMSON.

LILLIE'S LAMENT.

I.

THE goodliest beech in all the glade,
The smoothest bark and the keenest
blade :

Here is her tree, for here they came,
The noon that he carved and kiss'd her
name.

In ribbon'd coif and a snowy cape,
She watched each letter find a shape—
Is love so scarce that I have none
To do for me what here was done ?

I rose at dawn, and I walk'd a mile,
But none was waiting beside the stile.
Why linger I beneath a tree
Which none will carve and kiss for me ?

II.

Fair Lillie, never flout your star,
Nor think you a slighted lily are ;
Tho' Love and you may be strangers yet,
There is *Lillie* in Love's own alphabet.

December has brought you a bonnie May,—
A bonnie sweetheart is bound your way :
He is coming, altho' you little wot,—
You are waiting, and yet he knows it not !

Then hey ! for a fairer beech than this !
He will carve your name,—your lips he will
kiss.

Happy the sweetheart who so secures
That little flower-sweet heart of yours.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

SISTERS AND ORPHANS.

SOME charitable institutions are, in their history, like the palm, and others like the banyan-tree. The former develop upwards, along one straight shoot, to show a green fruitful crown, benignant, beautiful; the latter strike fresh roots with each new branch put forth—the leafy archways forming one wide, kindly sheltering-place. With these latter, the first stems, from which so much has come, may be hidden and almost unrecognisable, so that we have to search carefully for the first small beginnings—for the parent tree, dwarfed, it may be, by the mightier progeny, in order to appreciate rightly its real character and growth. The Protestant Deaconess's Institute at Tottenham, of which we are about to try to give some account, is one branch—and, as being the most novel, probably the most generally interesting branch—of an institution which certainly belongs to the banyan class, and illustrates how an orphanage and sisterhood may, on strictest Protestant principles, be made to supplement each other.

The name of Edmonton somehow carries with it, to those who know it only in a general way, a rustic flavour of green fields, and pleasant cottages embowered in greenery; its old Bell Tavern of John Gilpin associations quaintly suggesting comfort and good cheer for man and beast. First impressions are proverbially strong, and we are called in honesty to confess that, though we had once or twice passed through Edmonton, our first notions of it had not been entirely removed. But daily residence there at any time during

the last thirty years would have speedily destroyed the fancy-fabric reared thus on first impressions. At all events, this was decidedly the case with the wife of a German physician who, nearly twenty years ago, had settled in Edmonton. A great grief had come to this stranger-pair; they had just buried a much-loved child, and as the mother went about mournfully with an aching heart, her eyes were opened to the terrible destitution that prevailed around. Sweet, rural, suburban Edmonton had its back slums as well as Seven-Dials; its vicious, thriftless, drunken parents and starving children, who, poor things, ran about in such a state as stirred the heart of this stricken mother. She went home and spoke of the matter to her husband, and asked him whether something could not be done to mend matters, and at length proposed that she should open a small school, into which she could gather these little ones,—

“Martyrs by the pang without the palm.”

There were many difficulties in the way—they were foreigners, without influence to make immediate appeal to a large circle for help; and so they agreed to lay the matter before the Master, and wait for his direction. And soon help came, sufficient to be a sign for them. The first gift was from Dublin, a donation of £3, from a lady, a total stranger, who had accidentally met with a friend of theirs whilst travelling, and to whom the scheme had been mentioned. Other small sums followed. A little cottage was rented and opened as a day and Sunday school for ragged

children ; a teacher was engaged ; and on the 7th January, 1856, the work began with sixteen children. "The beginning was very hard, for the dear children had not only to be taught, but previous to that, they were too often compelled to wash and clean them ; some children could not be admitted, for they were almost in a state of nudity, and for others some clothing had to be provided, which oftentimes was sent by strangers to them in answer to prayer."

The work speedily increased ; the little cottage was soon found to be all too small, and many children were excluded. An old dilapidated church was then procured, and was very soon, for one reason or another, found absolutely unfit also, and the necessity of building a new school-house became more and more apparent.

It is very touching to read in Dr. Laseron's simple narrative the account of the struggles and difficulties he and his wife had at this time to go through. The money required for the building was soon collected, but the great difficulty of obtaining a suitable site remained. Twice over a piece of freehold land was offered for sale, but the price asked was so high, that all negotiations had to be abandoned. In this predicament, as he was one day walking along the street, Dr. Laseron was addressed by a neighbour in these words : "You appear to be deep in thought to-day, Doctor." The Doctor told his story. "Why," said the neighbour, "perhaps I can let you have a piece of ground, if it is not too far out of the way." Through a small lane leading off the public road, the Doctor was taken to a large piece of waste ground. There was space enough for ten schools on it. It was situated exactly in the quarter where the poor children were most numerous. The path that led to it from the main road was little better than a dirty gutter between rows of dingy, dilapidated cottages. But, once beyond these, the eye caught a fine prospect, and wandered away over wide fields and meadows to the dark fringe of green that forms the outer edge of Epping Forest. And in spite of the small drawbacks just mentioned, a better place for Dr. Laseron's purpose could not well have been imagined. "And what is the price of it?" asked the Doctor, hesitatingly, fearing it was all beyond his reach. "I give it you," was the reply. Hardly trusting his own hearing, Dr. Laseron asked, "What did you say?" "I give it you, *with pleasure*," was the generous answer.

A simple, square, brick building soon rose on this piece of waste ground—high roofed

and well lighted, with one blind wall for maps and boards, and loose partitions, by which it could be divided, so as to separate the boys from the girls, and the infants from both. The younger ones were taken care of and taught to read and write, some points in the German Kinder-garten system being wisely adopted ; but the elder boys were also initiated into the carpenter's craft, and other industries, while the girls learned to sew and knit. To this a reading-room and a meeting-hall for working men were soon added, and a soup-kitchen established, by means of which, between two and three thousand persons have each year been benefited.

But it happened with Dr. Laseron as it usually happens with reformers—one evil remedied only discovers another. For in this sphere more than in any other, surely the poet's wise words find fulfilment :—

"Be the duty high as angel's flight,
Fulfil it, and another will arise,
E'en from its ashes. Duty is infinite,
Receding as the skies."

Dr. Laseron soon saw that for the successful carrying out of this work other works were requisite. A ragged-school, however well-conducted (and Dr. Laseron had the privilege of being assisted by excellent teachers), was but as a rifle-shot against the heavy battery of the enemy. "Youth is so corrupted in this neighbourhood," he wrote in 1859, "that very few girls can obtain situations ; for girls of thirteen or fourteen years of age are too often already contaminated with the vice of youth. This condition led me, two years ago, earnestly to pray that the Lord would send us a co-labourer, a sister in Christ." This desire was gratified. Means were found to support a female missionary, who visited the families in their homes, and especially devoted her attention to the young girls.

"Through these efforts," Dr. Laseron writes, "I came into closer contact with the people and also with the children ; but how grieved was my spirit when I found that many of these dear young girls, who four years ago had become our scholars, had gone to wreck and ruin, body and soul! Being a medical man, I had perhaps more opportunity of finding out their deplorable state than I should have had in ordinary circumstances ; but the question arose in my mind, How is this evil to be prevented?"

The idea of a house for training poor girls as servants now presented itself to his mind ; "but," he says, "I tried to shake it off, as it appeared beyond my faith." Providence, however, came in here with its own signs and encouragements. Quite of his own accord, the neighbour who had presented

Dr. Laseron with the ground for his ragged school now offered him the adjacent tree-hold on which to build a girls' home. At the same time a Christian sister, who for twelve years had been matron in Mr. Müller's orphan-house at Bristol, acquainted her friends at Tottenham that she was desirous of obtaining in that neighbourhood service in some sphere of missionary labour. This was a very remarkable coincidence. Of all the difficulties connected with starting an establishment of this kind, that of finding a fit person to be head of the household is by far the greatest.

"So God had provided the land," Dr. Laseron writes, "and also a valued and suitable matron, but no means had yet come forth for the building itself; but the day after having obtained the land, I mentioned it as a matter of joy to a highly-esteemed sister in the Lord, and she gave me £100." This liberal gift was soon followed by other donations, and within a few months the Doctor had in his hands the required sum wherewith to begin the building of the Home by the side of the ragged school. The construction of the house was carried out entirely after Dr. Laseron's own plan, which aimed at meeting the various educational purposes of the house by the most simple arrangements. The boys of the ragged school were at once set to work. All the carpenter's work in the building was done by them.

"Each week," says Dr. Laseron, "as the money was required for the workmen, the funds were replenished, so that we had not to stand still. Of course there was much anxiety, for oftentimes we had to wait to the last moment, yea, sometimes the men had already assembled to receive their wages, and there was only a part or no money in the cash box, but yet God often sent it at the last moment, so that we can truly say, we never had to send the men home without their money."

In June, 1862, the house was opened with five girls, and was named the "Industrial Home for Orphans and Destitute Girls."

The idea of the Home, as has been said, was to train orphan and destitute girls to be good domestic servants; but it was soon discovered that the rule which precluded the taking in of quite young children also limited the sphere of training. There being no infants, nursery-maids, who were much in demand, could not be trained. This defect soon forced itself on Dr. Laseron's mind. The first house, which had been built for only forty girls, was meanwhile filled, and applicants were being turned away daily. Dr. Laseron therefore resolved to build a second house, so that infants could be re-

ceived, and this defect supplied. His friends and subscribers came warmly to his aid, and in July, 1865, the foundation-stone of the new Home, for between seventy and eighty girls, was laid by Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., and was almost finished by Christmas that same year.

As was almost to be expected, some of the girls were found to be too weakly to go out to domestic service; and this led Dr. Laseron to the idea of establishing a printing-office in connection with the Home, so that these weaker ones might be employed, and still be under the watchful care of the institution. At this moment five girls are employed in the printing-office, where, besides a printing-press, there is a new Minerva machine, so that work of a superior kind can now be done in that kind at the Tottenham Home.

Applications of another sort now also began to be frequently made. Dr. Laseron was asked to send out some of the elder girls to nurse poor sick persons in the locality; and though he could not see his way to consent to this, it suggested another and a very fruitful and blessed branch of his enterprise—the hospital and nursing sisterhood, which has become perhaps better known than the Home itself, owing to the service done by the sisters in other places, and especially on the field in the Franco-German war; but that, too, has been a plant of gradual growth. Having two spare rooms in the Home, it was decided to open a small infirmary with six beds, to train three Christian women who had volunteered to become deaconesses. Dr. Laseron went to Germany, and brought back with him a lady to train the probationers. But it was soon found that the patients suffered from the noises of the children, and that the two works could not well be carried on in the same building. After some consideration, an eight-roomed cottage was rented, fitted up with twelve beds, and four sisters went from the Orphan Home to manage it. Before three months had passed, not only was the cottage hospital full, but the applications were so numerous that it became clear to Dr. Laseron that an enlargement must be effected. He was the more anxious for this, as he began to see more and more clearly that one of the great wants of the day was trained lady-nurses to work among the poor. Luckily he happened to mention what was on his mind to a gentleman who has ever been ready to aid such enterprises when a fair prospect of good resulting has been made clear to him, and Mr. John Morley generously put £6,000

at Dr. Laseron's disposal for the establishment of a Deaconess's Institution and Training Hospital. In 1868 a suitable house on Tottenham Green, with large grounds and a convenient space on which an hospital could be erected, was bought, and, by means of further generous donations, the house was fitted up and an hospital built to contain fifty beds.

It was our privilege recently to spend a day at the Tottenham Training Hospital and Orphan Home, and if our readers who have now been made aware of the remarkable genesis of these establishments go with us but a little further, we shall describe, as well as we can in a short space, what we saw there. First of all we were taken through the house, which, we regret to say, is far too small and slim for the purpose to which it is devoted, ten sisters being at present resident in it. One of the back rooms on the lower floor, looking out on a large, well-kept expanse of lawn, is used as a sick children's ward. Here there were six or seven children of various ages, one of them a child of some fourteen months, but of size scarce more than that of a few weeks' old infant—one of the neglected little waifs, a look of whom at once melts the heart, so pinched and old and worn are they. One boy had undergone amputation of a limb, a second had had fever, and so on; but a cheerful, hopeful look prevailed in midst of picture-books, pattern paper-cutting, &c., as how could it be otherwise, when the sister who accompanied us did not doubt that even the poor little wasted waif would yet be nursed by them into health and strength?

Then we were conducted to the hospital, which lies close to the right of the house, and saw first the men's ward, one of the patients with both limbs amputated, several cases of fracture, and so on; and then into the women's ward, with about an equal number of beds. No better certificate could be given to doctors and nurses than the fact that there has not been for years a case of pyæmia in the hospital—a point on which some of the greater and richer hospitals do not show quite so well. The wards are not only lofty and well ventilated, but spotlessly clean, and the sisters move about with utmost caution and quietness. A word as to the costume. The light lilac print gowns, with white linen bibbed aprons, and snowy goffered white caps, form a dress which, in its simplicity, is as becoming to the sisters as it must be pleasing to the eyes of the patients; and it gives also to the

sisters a sort of family likeness in keeping with the spirit of the place. For afternoon dress, a brown woollen dress takes the place of the lilac print. In addition to the ordinary duties of the wards, the sisters are trained to dispense medicines, in which department a large community of out-patients, to whom a nominal charge is made, gives them ample practice. During the last year nearly four hundred patients have been received into the wards; but it is much to be regretted that, owing to want of funds, many who applied had to be rejected, the fifty beds having at no time been quite filled up. Nearly ten thousand out-patients have, during the year, been advised and supplied with medicines—a department which, of course, adds much to the expenditure, but the constantly increasing applications show how this service is appreciated by the poor in that district. These out-patients are seen four times a week. All the accompaniments of an hospital are found here in excellent order—drug store, general store, operating rooms, and so on.

After this round, we were conveyed to Lower Tottenham, to the Orphan Home. Here we found the large family of about one hundred girls at dinner. It was a right cheerful spectacle to behold. The managing-sister was present in the large dining-hall for the sake of order, we suppose; but her interference was little needed, notwithstanding that the dinnering of nearly a hundred children is no light matter to superintend. Some of the older girls, we noticed, had in charge the younger ones, and attended to them with the utmost care. Stepping from this hall into a smaller room, we found six infants also at table, under the charge of a young girl, as healthy, cheerful-looking, red-cheeked children as we ever saw, who laughed and chirruped, and waved their little hands with delight when the Doctor made his appearance. And this suggests a very noticeable feature—the evident affection with which Dr. Laseron is regarded by these girls. It is clear he governs by love, and not by fear. We asked him whether he had ever any trouble with them. He at once answered in the negative, and assured us that punishment was very light and seldom administered; consisting of certain reductions of allowance at meals, or solitary confinement in a room for a few hours. A glance into the kitchen afterwards showed an animated scene; for the busy little cooks were in the heat of their work. It was pleasant to see everything so bright and shining.

A walk through the house shows at every

point how carefully sanitary conditions have been considered. Everywhere light and air stream through the lofty apartments. Especially were we pleased with the dormitories, so bright-looking and well-ventilated; with Scripture mottoes here and there on the walls. During our visit, the girls were busy preparing new decorations, and it was easy to see that they had real pleasure in this voluntary work of their leisure time. We must not, however, omit to say, that in each dormitory there are only beds for between fifteen and twenty children, classified according to age; so that the evil of large dormitories is avoided. A lavatory, well supplied, is attached to each dormitory. Close beside the head of each bed is a little wardrobe, where each girl keeps her own clothes, being held responsible for each piece of her dress, and for its mending, cleaning, &c. Thus the girls are accustomed to depend upon their own care and activity, and not, as is the case in many female orphan houses, upon the care of the directress and her officials. A large alarm clock awakens the whole household at six o'clock. Half an hour is allowed for dressing, and prayers commence at half-past six. A girl who comes too late for prayers is punished with the loss of a portion of her breakfast. Should the transgression be committed on three mornings successively the whole breakfast is lost.

It must be borne in mind, that the establishment is not so much intended to be a common orphan-house, as an industrial home. Its object is to train the girls for some useful service or trade. A portion of the day is devoted to teaching them the common elements of education—reading, writing, ciphering, and a few scraps of geography; but by far the greater portion is spent in training them to female handiwork and servants' labour. There are no salaried servants in the house; all the work is done by the girls themselves.

The system of promotion amongst them strikes us as excellent. As soon as a girl excels by her assiduity and conduct, and has reached a certain age, she is raised to the rank of the "promoted ones." She is received into the service of the house, obtains a salary, from which she has to pay for her own clothing; she wears a cap as a sign of distinction, and gets a bed-room of her own. Thus the beneficial stimulus of ambition is applied to keep the girls alive to their duty. And, if we are not mistaken, Dr. Laseron has found amongst these girls one or two of his most efficient deaconesses, which shows us

the many close ties by which the institutions are united, and naturally leads us back to a last glance at the admirable Deaconess's Institute.

The deaconesses are bound by no vows, nor by any sectarian ties. They must profess their faith in Jesus and his atonement, and their conviction that they have a call to the work. They are received from all the Evangelical churches alike. They must not be engaged to be married at the time of entrance; nor must they contract an engagement without the knowledge of the trustees. Dr. Laseron has, however, lost by marriage on an average one sister a year; but, as he says, he consoles himself by thinking, "What useful wives they will be!" They are received as probationers, and must remain so for upwards of a year. Some have, during this period, been found unequal to the office, and have returned to their friends. Altogether there are now thirty-three sisters, and of these, twenty-three are engaged at affiliated stations, namely—four at the Orphan Home; two at the Cork Union Infirmary (Protestant Hospital); seven at the Perth Infirmary; two at the Protestant Hospital for Incurables, Cork; one at the Herbert Convalescent Home, Bournemouth; and seven, in charge of the Infirmary at Sunderland. From all these places have come the highest testimony to the sisters' efficiency. Besides this, Dr. Laseron and four sisters did such service during the recent war, as to win the grateful thanks of the Prussian Government. The total number of patients nursed by the sisters, is nine hundred and thirty-eight, including those at the parent house. "During the past twelve months the applications for sisters both from Hospitals and from private families have been more numerous than on any previous year since the establishment of the institution." The nurses, of course, receive no wages when serving outside; but hospitals pay to the parent house some £14 per annum for each sister, this being about the cost of her clothing, &c., which is supplied from the parent house. Private families, whether rich or poor, pay nothing, though gifts may be made by them to the institution. Much to the regret of the Council, they could not afford help to a majority of recent applicants, especially in answer to those from private families, owing solely to the limited number of the Sisters. From a little paper by one of the sisters, we make the following extracts, as they will bring out some of the leading aims and characteristics of the institution, and the real work and objects of such a sisterhood:—

"I need hardly say that order and punctuality are the basis of the daily routine, and are essential qualities in every one who works in such a sphere as this. I will proceed then to give an outline of our work. We rise at six, and clean our wards before breakfast, by sweeping and then washing the floor with a flannel and broom. We dress the wounds of our patients, take their pulse, respiration, and temperature; give them their meals, and attend to their wants in every possible way. (In the men's ward there is a warder who does for the patients what it would not be suitable for a woman to do.) At a convenient time in the forenoon, we take Bible reading, including the singing of a hymn, and a prayer. This is all that is binding upon us in the way of directly religious duty towards the patients, while every sister is encouraged to speak personally to the patients as she is constrained by the Spirit. But we are especially expected to show the reality of our Christianity in our lives rather than by much talking.

"The sisters also try to cultivate those of the patients who are well enough to learn a little, many of them being ignorant even of reading and writing.

"Another branch of work is the preparing and dispensing of the medicines, which is done by sisters.

"Although it is one of the conditions of entrance that the sisters shall be Evangelical Christians, the principles of the establishment are entirely unsectarian, and all who love the Lord in simplicity are welcomed, of whatever denomination.

"And is it not worthy of the noblest Christian woman (unfettered by home duties) to follow the steps of her Master, who came not to be ministered to, but to minister, who made himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant? Even in the temporal view, she can be wonderfully useful. All doctors acknowledge that their directions are of little use unless carried out by a faithful loving attendant. But—and here one speaks from experience—however great her usefulness may be, she herself is the greatest gainer; and it is true here, if anywhere, that the husbandman enjoys the first-fruits of his labours. Realising this, nay, even looking forward to it, gives strength to overcome hardships which must be met here as in every other pursuit to which it is worth while setting oneself earnestly.

"It may be asked, 'Why should the sisters, who are understood to be enlightened Christian women, more or less educated, as the case may be—why should they be obliged to do all the menial work of their wards themselves, as well as the higher work of attending the patients?'

"For many sufficient reasons.

"1st. If inferior people with inferior motives are admitted to work in the wards, that peculiar calmness and order which the influence of a sister's presence should impart will be broken, and noise and disorder will be the consequence.

"2nd. The patients will love and respect a sister far more if she does everything for them, and about them herself, than if she shows that she thinks herself above doing so, and her spiritual ministry will be far more acceptable to them.

"3rd. The sister herself will derive much good from the variety of occupation, which acts healthily on body and soul, and keeps her in cheerful spirits, though surrounded by so much sickness.

"4th. The ability to do everything oneself, without depending on the help of subordinates, is a very great gain; and if a sister be sent out to nurse in a poor family it is very essential that she should be able to do everything for her patient and about the room with that deftness and skill which come from prac-

tice. Even those sisters who by their higher intelligence and education are likely to rise to the post of *managing sisters* in the hospitals to which this institution may send a body of workers, will be much more able to judge of the work and the time it should take to do it, &c., if they have gone through it themselves."

The dream of Dr. Laseron's life is to send forth five hundred such nursing-sisters, and he desires to build a new house on a portion of the grounds, so that he may be able to carry out his plans. The attainment of this does not to-day look so hopeless as did the building of his little ragged school when the idea first took form in his mind. That such a work should have been accomplished at all is surprising enough, that it should have been done by a foreigner, without wealth, and in a country like ours, is truly wonderful. But no doubt some part of the secret lies in the way in which Dr. Laseron disclaims all personal credit—always calling the work God's work, and not his. His consistency in this regard surely doubles his claim on the wealthy Christian public of our country, on whom he has already conferred so great a good, and only desires to confer yet more good, in training Christian women for a really influential Christian vocation, and in redeeming the wild waifs of the streets and lanes. Dr. Laseron's principle is akin to that of Mr. Müller's, in that he depends from day to day on the gifts of the charitable; but he differs from Mr. Müller in this, that he asks the wealthy to contribute, and thus follows up prayer by personal effort. A considerable debt for building and fitting has now been reduced to a mere trifle; so that with increased help Dr. Laseron will be able largely to extend his operations.

The Home and the Deaconess's Institute are really one institution, although they are under different trustees, of whom Dr. Laseron is himself a host; and, the funds of each being kept account of separately, it is advisable that those sending donations should specify which institution they prefer to benefit. In cases where this is not signified, Dr. Laseron follows the wise plan of dividing the sum equally between the Hospital and the Home. Nothing could be more interesting or heart-stirring than the reports which are annually published from the printing-office at the Home, a glance at which will show how much good can be unostentatiously done with very small means. We only wish it were within our power to increase both the subscriptions and the number of the sisters threefold—nay, thirtyfold.

H. A. PAGE.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

(AT NEW COLLEGE CHAPEL, OXFORD.)

I SHALL find them again, I shall find them again,
 Though I cannot tell when or where ;
 My earthly own, gone to worlds unknown,
 But never beyond Thy care.

I shall find them again, I shall find them again ;
 By the soul that within me dwells,
 And leaps unto Thee with rapture free,
 As the jubilant anthem swells.

"*I heard a voice saying,*" What it says
 I hear. So perchance do they,
 As I stand between my living, I ween,
 And my dead, upon All Saints' Day.

And I see all clear—new heavens, new earth,
 New bodies, redeemed from pain :
 New souls—ah ! not so : with the soul that I know
 Let me find, let me find them again !

Let me walk with them under any sky,
 Beside any land or sea,
 In what shape or make Thou wilt us to take,
 If like unto, near to, Thee.

Let me wander wherever Thou bid'st me go,
 Rest, labour, or even remain
 Lulled in long still sleep in the earth or the deep,
 If I wake, to find them again.

Only at times does the awful mist
 Lift off, and we seem to see
 For a moment's space the far dwelling-place
 Of these our beloved, and Thee.

Only at times through our soul's shut doors
 Come visits divine as brief,
 And we cease to grieve, crying, " Lord, I believe,
 Help Thou mine unbelief."

Linger a little, invisible host
 Of the sainted dead, who stand
 Perhaps not far off, though men may scoff—
 Touch me with unfelt hand.

But my own, my own, ye are holding me fast,
 With the human clasp that I knew ;
 Through the chorus clear your voices I hear,
 And I am singing with you.

Ah, they melt away as the music dies,
 Back comes the world's work,—hard, plain :
 Yet God lifted in grace the veil from His face,
 And it smiled, " Thou shalt find them again."

D. M. CRAIK.

LUTHER.

PART I.

THE life of Luther is a series of storms, and his work had all the power of a storm both for good and evil. The blight of a deep moral corruption had been gradually settling down over the imperial religion of Rome. The world had swept by her. Her remedies had become antiquated, and her doctrine sapless and irrelevant. Her greatest children had made the greatest mistakes. St. Bernard's enormous influence and ability culminated in the irrational and disastrous Crusades; the beautiful piety of St. Francis d'Assisi ended by poisoning the springs of life at their very source under the name of Chastity, Poverty, and Obedience. Each new and misdirected enthusiasm was succeeded by a deeper apathy. In the multitude of scholastic rules, the few simple landmarks of morality and religion disappeared, and the human conscience was left out in the cold. The new learning of the fifteenth century did nothing for the religion of Rome; the new science had no points of contact with her faith; the new commerce made her rich but licentious; and the new art found her a bigot and left her a pagan. But that passion of conscience which is ever urging men to bring their works into some agreement with their beliefs, had never in the darkest ages of ignorance been dead. All through the Middle Ages, and especially in that great burst of conquest and civilisation under Charlemagne—as early as the eighth century, when the priests and bishops of the Christian Church were used by the conqueror to civilise and weld together the several elements of his empire—internal protests against the corrupt practices of the clergy were not wanting. Later on in the beginning of the twelfth century in France, Abelard shook the fabric of dogmatic theology to its very centre with that famous dictum of his, 'that nothing was to be believed which had not first been understood.' In the middle of the fourteenth century John Wickliffe in England declaimed against the Pope as "the proud worldly priest of Rome, the most cursed of clippers and purse-kervers (cutters)," and he left behind him a sect of Lollards, whom it was thought necessary to check by burning (1401) John Sautrey, a clergyman of Lynn, the first martyr of the Reformation in England. At the dawn of the fifteenth century, in the two consecutive years 1415

and 1416, John Huss and Jerome of Prague suffered martyrdom for professing heterodox opinions. In the same century Savonarola came into open collision with the Pope on questions of Church discipline and moral reform, and was excommunicated and afterwards strangled and burnt. But notwithstanding these gusts of heresy, the air remained still dense and heavy with moral blight and doctrinal error—many waited and sighed for the lifting of this obstinate cloud which after every displacement seemed to settle down more dark and impenetrable than before. But silently and surely the time was growing ripe, the hurricane was gathering strength, and when Luther struck the first blow, by nailing his Propositions to the church-door of the castle of Wittenberg, it was only like the clap of thunder which does not create so much as reveal the troubled state of the surrounding atmosphere.

The arms of Luther's father John consisted simply of a hammer. He was a poor miner, but his son, Martin Luther, smote as heavily with the hammer as did ever his father in the mining district. His district was the domain of Rome, and the ore, which after many a hard blow he smote from that ancient rock of St. Peter, was called "Justification by Faith;" as for "Salvation by Works" in every shape, the fragments of it, after he had done his day's work, lay like so much dross about the mouth of the pit.

Let us trace that sturdy figure from youth to age; let us follow the windings of that powerful mind, equally wonderful in its growth and its absence of growth, in its wide sympathy and its narrow dogmatism; let us try and understand the man who swept like a whirlwind through Germany and shook the power of the Pope throughout Christendom, and who succeeded in confining the freest revolt of the modern conscience within the limits of the narrowest dogmatic theology.

Born at Eisleben on the 10th of November, 1483, he was educated at Eisenach, and so poor were his parents that, like other needy students, he sang in the streets for a living. "You know," he would say jestingly, "the psalm says, 'Princes and kings have sung; and the burden of his singing was, *Panem propter Deum*, 'Bread for God's sake!'"—a need which he afterwards felt when at the summit of his fame, for with brief intervals

of comfort and even luxury he had a hard life of it to the end; and of no man could it be said more truly than of Luther, "I was poor and in misery," and, "Without were fightings and wars, within were fears." Luther began early to prepare himself all unconsciously for his great campaign against the World and the Pope. He learnt turning and became a good carpenter, a trade he had to take to afterwards in right earnest. He learnt music, which often cheered and com-

forted him throughout his life; "the only art," he would say, "which, like theology, can calm the troubles of the soul and put the devil to flight." He learnt law, which early gave him that fatal passion for fine distinctions without a difference—a passion developed no doubt by the Nominalist philosophy of the Augustinian friars, to whose order he afterwards belonged.

The depths of Luther's moral nature were early revealed to him. The rough healthy



Luther.

peasant who had already taken in common schooling and tasted law, and might be seen any day about the year 1503 tramping along from Erfurth to Mansfeld with sword and hunting-knife, was already not as other men; and the day came when, in the middle of a thunder-storm, a young friend was killed at his side by a flash of lightning. That flash seemed to light up in Luther undreamt-of abysses; the mystery of his own being, the uncertainty of life, the awfulness of death,

the judgments of God, all seemed to burst upon him at once. He vowed a vow then and there to St. Anne to turn friar. The feeling no doubt was, "I shall be secure then; I shall have all the chances of protection and divine favour that any man can have, for I shall then *merit* salvation." In his own words, "At my first mass at Erfurth my thought was that I was most acceptable; I had no idea I was a sinner." He had been startled—then he had placed

himself in safety—now he was comfortable! But a deep earnest nature could never rest there. "Are you so sad, then, brother Martin?" said his worthy confessor who was bound to make him comfortable and could not. "Ah," says Luther, "yes, I am!" At another time he would cry, "My sins! my sins!" when his confessor would point out to him that he had committed no sins. Well, no; "it was something exceeding the despair of sin;" he tells us so. What was it? It was the feeling which righteous Job had when he cried, "Thou art mine enemy without a cause." It was the Psalmist's cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" "We know nothing of this!" said the monks, his companions. Secure in the routine works prescribed by the Church—regular prayers, regular ceremonies, regular food, regular fasting, regular sins, and regular absolutions! What more was wanting? The inner springs of life to be stirred? The rush of emotion on the heart? The hungering and thirsting after a righteousness not of the law, and an absolution not of Rome? the desire to know God and Jesus Christ whom He had sent? the life eternal? the ebb and flow of heaven in the spirit? Justification in the heart? "We know nothing of this!" said the friars. The gap between the soul and God did not trouble them, but it drove Luther nearly mad. God's perfection and man's imperfection made the gap wide enough; but the schoolmen made it wider by explaining the righteousness of God to mean the active punishments justly due to all men, the best of whom are imperfect and strictly speaking unrighteous; that sort of justice appeared to Luther horrible. "I hated this just God, this avenger of sin." Rome proposed to satisfy this God by applying the virtues of the saints, by good works, by the sacrifice of the mass, in which the merits of Christ were freely used to make up for our demerits. But Luther felt the gap could not be filled up by anything merely external—even the external work of Christ himself left him miserable—apart from some justifying sense of inward activity kindled by God bringing the soul into felt union with God. That activity Luther found to be Faith. Faith is that faculty of the soul by which it lays hold of the regenerating influences of God's Holy Spirit. Then, and then only, it is safe; it is justified because really in connection by an inward act of Faith with that which makes just, and a man thus actually made just in part, though far from perfect or so just as he

might be, is free from wrath because now on God's side, and in real connection with Him. Now the man sides with God in His wrath against himself, and reaches on by faith, *i.e.* by appropriating energy to absorb more and more of what Luther calls the passive righteousness of God, whereby justified as he is but not all just, he may become more just. So Luther, "The righteousness" is now no longer, in the language of scholastic sophistry, explained to mean the just (?) vengeance of God wreaked upon men necessarily (!) imperfect, but "the righteousness of God is that by which the just man through God's goodness lives, that is, Faith, and the gospel reveals a passive righteousness through which the God of mercy justifies us by faith." Let us understand at the outset the real secret of Luther's great doctrine of Justification by Faith, and then we shall be able to view calmly the scholastic and to us narrow and dogmatic form into which he threw the doctrine. What lay at the bottom of his thought, what made him heave that great sigh of relief and feel, as he tells us, "born again," was, in a word, the deep feeling of real sympathy with God. This deepest need of the soul was often expressed by him in a sigh, an aspiration after a righteousness which he called passive because it did not belong to him, but the aspiration towards it set him right with God. God in his mercy imputed to him that after which he strove, helping him to obtain it, yet not accepting him by virtue of what he had obtained, but rather on account of what he strove still to obtain. So he lived by Faith. That passive righteousness which he beheld active in Christ alone Luther claimed by virtue of felt sympathy with God, *i.e.* by faith. This, he said, justified him. "If," he writes, "we were limited to *active* righteousness, we should be lost, for it is defective in all men;" and again, "Theology is summed up in one only point, true faith and trust in Jesus Christ;" and this in the sense of an appropriating aspiration, for he adds in the next sentence, "Our faith is a groan which cannot be uttered."

It is this intense reality of the soul, dealing at first hand with the intense reality of God, which was the power of Luther's system. It was the life-bread for which the human conscience was starving in his day; it is the life-bread for which we are all starving. Luther found it in the Bible from the first page to the last. He held it up before the eyes of the Pope and the people, and whilst the Pope and his followers, content with windy unsubstantial works, sickened at the sight, the people fell

upon it ravenously. Justifying faith was opposed to unjustifying works; passive righteousness was opposed to active righteousness. Savonarola had merely proposed a reform of morals, but Luther touched the eternal springs when he cried out, "Not works, but faith!" Apart from that living union with God, religion was dead to him, and the earth became a horrible pit of despair; but with it the Jacob's ladder was let down, and he beheld the angels of God ascending and descending.

If Luther did not habitually explain his great doctrine as we have explained it, or sometimes forgot to insist as we have insisted upon its intimate connection with the conscience and its power of bringing the soul face to face with God, we must remember that he lived and spoke in a different atmosphere, and that his very phraseology was insensibly affected by the scholastic culture of a bygone age. He was moreover fighting a system, and his schoolman's instinct was irresistible to oppose to the hard and tyrannous dogmatism of Rome, a system of dogma as hard and as unrelenting. This was the way in which the war was waged on both sides. Luther fought indeed a new battle, but he fought it with the old arms. Rome was scholastic, so was he. Rome had a system, so had he. Rome had Church authority, Luther had the Bible, and the plenary inspiration of the book was set up against the authority of the Pope, the righteousness of faith against the righteousness of works, the power of Christ against the power of the priests, and, strange to say, the authority of new dogmas against the authority of the old dogmas. This last point more than any other made the gulf between himself and the Reformers of the New Learning, like Erasmus and Colet, impassable. Uncertainty was intolerable to the German friar. "We do not know everything," was almost the motto of the Oxford scholars.

But we must not anticipate. We hasten back to find Luther where we left him standing, as he describes himself, at the open gates of Paradise. Thrilled through and through with a sense of new life by the sudden revelation of justification by faith, no thought of opposition to Rome had as yet crossed his mind. This would be his contribution to the theology of the holy see. Others must have suffered as he had suffered, and others should be set free. The inadequacy of works must be made clear. The Pope would see that as soon as it was pointed

out to him, but it was necessary to study this question at Rome itself, the fountain head. Full of a new and strange enthusiasm, which in the very moment of rising above rites and ceremonies, by a singular anomaly invested the least of them with an awful and mystic import, more impressionable and earnest than he had ever been, Luther arrived at Rome, the Rome of the Borgias, the Rome of Michael Angelo, the Rome of Pagan art, where the pageantries of religion went hand in hand with open licentiousness, where magnificent temples stood side by side with palaces of sensuality and the priests of the old faith believed in everything, more than in themselves and in their mission. Can we wonder if much that was beautiful in Italian art escaped the notice of Luther? His heart was too full of pain, he saw nothing but corruption and infidelity, the priests sneered at the sacrament and muttered blasphemy as they consecrated the elements. "Bread thou art, and bread thou shalt remain," was the common by-word amongst them. Like Christian, who put his fingers in his ears and hastened on his way, so Luther, sad, indignant, and perplexed, turned and fled from the splendid but abandoned City. The dream of Holy Mother Church was very nearly over. One shock more, and Luther awoke and shook himself free for ever! How could the shepherd sleep when the wolf was stalking abroad? That wolf was John Tetzel. This Dominican friar pushed the sale of indulgences beyond all previous limits. He rode through Germany to collect money for the building of St. Peter's at Rome, declaring that the blackest crimes would vanish into thin air the instant money rattled in the Pope's coffers. This was a question of doctrine, no doubt, but it was also a question of common sense, and it was an outrage upon conscience. That roused Luther, as Professor of Theology at Wittenberg University. He could not sit still and allow people to suppose that Tetzel's money-box justified them. In ninety-five propositions before the University, he publicly censured the extravagant extortion. This was on the 30th of September, 1517. Then he wrote to the Archbishop of Mentz and Magdeburg, on the 31st of October, "This pains me and turns me sick!" and the same day he nailed his famous propositions to the door (still in existence) of the church of the castle of Wittenberg. Luther followed these propositions by a good broad sermon in the vulgar tongue, which, as Michelet says, fell like a thunderbolt upon Germany. In a

moment the whole web of Roman sophistries was rent to tatters—it was the bold protest of the strong moral sense of the Teuton which had been cropping up again and again ever since the days of Tacitus, and confounding the legal subtleties of the great theological manufactory on the other side of the Alps. “You can get rid of sin’s punishment,” said Rome, “by a coin, an Ave, or a Pater.” “No!” said Luther, “you cannot. Sin and its punishment are in nature, they are not only real things, which cannot be fought by fictions, but original things inherent in man’s constitution, not to be rooted out by man. God, not the Pope, can deal with sin; righteousness, not indulgences, is what we want. As to souls in purgatory, who knows whether they would wish to be let out? Perhaps it is better for them to be there, and perhaps they know it. You cannot pay for your sins in money, so you had better keep it, and spend it on something else. The gospel used to be the net which caught rich men, now indulgences are the nets, and they are only spread to catch men’s riches. If the Pope thinks it right to ring a bell and proclaim indulgences, the gospel should be preached with a hundred bells and ceremonies. If the Pope knew the extortions and lies of men like Tetzl, he would rather see St. Peter’s at Rome in ashes than get funds for its completion out of the bones and flesh and fleece of his sheep. The Pope is rich enough, let him build his own church.” Other articles on free-will and predestination follow, but the few we have mentioned summarily, were quite enough to send a shock throughout the whole of the Roman Church, from which it has not, up to the present moment, recovered. And yet Luther had no thought when he thus threw down the gauntlet, of leaving the Church of Rome, or of breaking with the Pope; but there was not much breathing time for anybody. The printers could not print the propositions fast enough. Luther was amazed—shall we confess it, a little frightened?—at his own success. Face to face with the sudden commotion, “I am grieved,” he said, “to see them printed in such large numbers. I myself retain some doubts,” still more falteringly, “I desire to obey,” and then again more bravely, “I had already published them, otherwise I would have softened them down a little.” But the people of Germany did not want them softened down, and soon it became necessary for the Emperor Maximilian to explain to Pope Leo X. that the Augustin Friar was likely to give trouble. Leo noticing that Dr. Eck and

other Dominicans were already in full swing against Luther, shrugged his shoulders with “a squabble of friars!” but he added, with his usual acumen, “Brother Luther is a man of genius!” “I wager,” said Luther, soon afterwards, “the Pope would give three cardinals to have the game still in the bag!” But the enormous prestige of Rome is well measured by the still humble demeanour of Luther, and his disinclination to come to an open breach with the Pope. “Had I,” he said afterwards, “at that time braved the Pope as I now do, I should have looked for the earth instantly to open her mouth and swallow me up.” Though couched in the language of humility, he contrived to write a tolerably smart letter to Leo X., in which he gave him clearly to know his business; but when summoned before his legate, Caietano de Vio, and the Bishop of Trent, under the protection of his good friend and ally Frederic, Elector of Saxony, the friar sank at first on his knees, then abased himself to the ground, and so remained until ordered thrice to rise. But there were immediate points of difference between friar and Pope, which allowed of no real compromise. The Pope insisted on Luther’s appearing at Rome. Luther declined. The Pope required unconditional surrender of opinion. Luther insisted upon being allowed to state his own case. He refused not to yield to authority, but he appealed from the Pope to a real council. But there was a rougher and readier way. “Charles Von Miltitz (the papal emissary) is on his way with three briefs to seize and hand me over bodily to the Pontiff!” His position at Wittenberg was hourly becoming more perilous. “You are all aware,” he said to his congregation, “that I am an uncertain and unsettled preacher. How often have I left you without bidding you farewell! *Should this happen again, and I not return, consider that I bid you farewell now.*” These were ominous words. “The game is about to begin with the priests,” said the Emperor Maximilian to the Elector’s minister, “make much of your friar—we may want him.” “This Pope,” said Luther, “has behaved to me like a knave.” Yet the diplomacy and moderation of the dreaded Miltitz seemed for a moment to soften him, and we cannot say what might have been the result had not matters been soon brought to a crisis by such injudicious papal advocates as Dr. Eck, who soon made Luther lash out in that well-known style which always carried the heart of Germany with him. Up to this time he had

not wholly condemned indulgences, but only the abuse of them. He now cried in the ears of the people, "Indulgences are bubbles devised by the sycophants of Rome." He had never before condemned the papal supremacy, but now we can almost hear him shriek out, "The Pope is the mighty hunter, the Nimrod of the Roman Episcopacy!" He had had thoughts of reforming Rome, but he now spoke out plainly, "We would have healed Babylon, but she is not healed—forsake her!" It was time for him to condemn Rome, for Rome had already condemned him. The Pope at last issued his Bull—the students of Erfurth tore it out of the book-shops and threw it into the river. "Tis a *bullæ* (bubble), let it swim," cried they, and on the 10th day of December, 1520, Luther publicly burnt Pope Leo's Bull against himself, and several other papal documents, telling the people that it was an ancient practice to burn bad books!

Meanwhile the friends of the new movement increased daily, but a good many of them came to Luther, like Nicodemus, by night. The Emperor himself was not sorry to see the rapacity of the priests checked, and the power of Rome itself harassed. The Elector of Saxony, Luther's prince, was throughout his warm supporter, although an obedient son of Rome all the time by profession. His example was followed by several other German princes, and they did but echo the almost universal feeling throughout Germany, viz. that Roman corruption was really too bad, and something ought to be done.

Such was the state of affairs when the irrepressible "little monk" was summoned to appear before the Diet of the Empire that met at Worms. This assembly, in which the bishops sat along with the secular German princes, was not merely an ordinary political assembly which would not naturally take cognizance of ecclesiastical cases, but it was also the provincial council, which would naturally try a case like Luther's.

But Luther had paved his own way. His letter to the Christian nobility of Germany had been eagerly bought up. It had produced a prodigious effect upon the people. "Summon up thy courage, father," wrote one friend. "Laugh at these wild beasts. I see the numbers of thy partisans daily increasing." "God grant that he may not lose heart," said others, who were themselves afraid, "that he may answer stoutly and not give way to fear." "Preach him up to your fellow-citizens," writes a Nuremberg magis-

trate, "there is no greater soul in Germany." Meanwhile, the Emperor Charles V., Maximilian's successor, who had sided with the Pope, and greatly overawed the council, summoned Luther formally. Yet, although he was promised a safe-conduct, no one really expected him to appear. They could not answer him, and they knew he would not yield, so they condemned him unheard before he came, and published far and wide their decision. Useless now to appear? Nay, hardly safe. The sentence was published, Luther's works were burnt, and the very herald who summoned him asked him dubiously if he meant to go. "I will go," said he, "though there be there as many devils as tiles on the roof." Brave words! but Luther tells us afterwards he was terribly afraid. Bucer met him on the way, and tried to turn him back. The Emperor's confessor met him, and told him he was to be burnt at Worms. But nothing could stop him.

He approached Worms in a kind of litter, accompanied by a number of learned men, and a vast crowd of people. Cochläus says that he played upon the harp. At all events, as he approached the city it is said that he stood up and thundered out his famous hymn, "Ein fester Burg ist unser Gott." He was come to judge his judges. Men said he looked pale with care and study, and so emaciated that you could count every bone in his body. He may have been so then, but this is not at all the burly Luther whose portraits have been handed down to us.

He was put up for the night by the Lord of Hirsfeld. The Diet, he tells us, was thunderstruck at his unexpected arrival; but on the morrow he was summoned before the Diet in the Guildhall, where the Emperor and the Electors were assembled. What followed sufficiently explains their disinclination to meet him. We can hardly believe that they had prepared any arguments. The proceedings may be summed up in two words—Firmness on one side, conciliation on the other. First he was asked to disavow his books. "Most Gracious Lord Emperor," said Luther, "some of the writings are controversial, others are doctrinal—of these I neither can nor will retract an iota." The only point he promised to reconsider was the violence of his language against his enemies. They gave him a day and a night. The next day he was asked to rely upon his judges, and to rest assured that they would decide rightly. Luther replied, "that was not likely since they had already condemned him." "At least give up

a few articles to us," they said. It was the last offering of the olive branch. Luther felt it, and the longing to avoid an irreparable breach seems to have come back upon him. "In God's name," he answered, "I do not desire to defend those articles which do not relate to Scripture." Immediately two bishops told the Emperor that Luther had retracted. Luther saw his mistake. He interposed that he never would retract, and to all further remonstrance he said only, "Here is my body and my life." "Martin," said the Chancellor of Treves, "you are disobedient to the imperial majesty: nevertheless you have leave to depart under the safe-conduct you possess." He answered, "It has been done as it has pleased the Lord; and you in your turn consider where you are left." These things were not done in a corner; and to show the ridiculous position the Pope's party had landed themselves in, we need only observe that the Archbishop of Treves being at his wit's end, asked Luther, the prisoner at the bar, what he himself would advise to bring the matter to a conclusion. The friar replied readily enough, "If this work, or this counsel, be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."

Luther was allowed twenty days to reach a place of safety; but was ordered not to preach or excite the people on his journey. He wrote to the Emperor to say he was sorry he could not obey him, but God and God's Word were above all men. He adds one more parting sting, regretting that he had not been allowed to prove his case by scriptural evidences, and adding that he was quite ready to present himself again before any other assembly that might be lawfully convened. It would be strange indeed if Luther had not been a little elated at his sudden and enormous popularity.

Wherever he went the people turned out in crowds to see him pass. "They thronged on foot from Eisenach to us," he writes, "and we entered the city in the evening." Again he writes, "You cannot think how civilly the Abbot of Hirsfeld received me. He sent his chancellor and his treasurer a long mile to meet us from his castle, and waited for us himself some short distance from it with a troop of cavaliers to escort us into the city. The senate received us at the gate. The abbot treated us sumptuously in his monastery, and would make me lie in his own bed."

Amidst these demonstrations Luther may have lost sight of his real danger; but his good friend, the Elector of Saxony, gauged more accurately than he the venom of a Pope at bay, and the displeasure of a thwarted Emperor. Perhaps he remembered that not long ago the Pope was reported twice to have attempted the life of the reformer Hutten, with the dagger and the bowl. He kept his eye steadily on Luther, and took thought for him when he took no thought for himself.

Arrived at Eisenach, Luther hurried across the forest to embrace his father and mother. He had only left them a few moments, and was coming back in company with his brother, when a body of horsemen bore down upon them, and Luther was immediately taken prisoner. They stripped him of his monk's garments, dressed him in the disguise of a knight, and hurried him off through the forest. His brother leapt in terror from the carriage and took to his heels. Luther was conducted to the castle of Wartzburg, where he was made extremely comfortable, and learned that he was a prisoner indeed, but in the hands of his faithful prince, the Elector of Saxony.

And so ends the first act of his eventful life.

H. R. HAWES.

THE CHILDREN'S TRIUMPH.

THE Sunbeams came to my window,
And said, "Come out and see
The sparkle on the river,
The blossom on the tree!"
But never a moment parleyed I
With the bright-haired Sunbeams' call!
Though their dazzling hands on the leaf they laid,
I drew it away to the curtain shade,
Where the Sunbeams could not fall.

The Robins came to my window,
And said, "Come out and sing!
Come out and join the chorus
Of the Festival of spring!"
But never a carol would I utter

In the Festival of May!
But I sat alone in my shadowy room,
And worked away in its quiet gloom,
And the Robins flew away.

The Children came to my window,
And said, "Come out and play!
Come, play with us in the sunshine,
'Tis such a glorious day!"
Then never another word I wrote,
And my desk was put away!
When the Children called me, what could I do?
The Robins might fail and the Sunbeams too,
But the Children won the day!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

THE WRESTLING OF JACOB;

Or, Conditions of Religious Enquiry.*

"And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. . . . And Jacob asked him, and said, Tell me, I pray thee, thy name. And he said, Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name? And he blessed him there. And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel; for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved."—GENESIS xxxii. 24, 29, 30.

THE story of Jacob wrestling with the angel is one which, however we may interpret its literal meaning, has always conveyed, and undoubtedly lends itself in the original, even more than in our translation, to a deeper and more spiritual sense. The vision took place, we are told, in the crisis of Jacob's life. He was returning from Mesopotamia. He was on the eve of the meeting with his brother. Every incident, almost every word, is charged with a double meaning. There are the banks of the Jabbok, the "wrestling stream" (such is the meaning of the word), wrestling, forcing its way through the rocky basins of the deep defile which parted the brothers asunder. There are the earthly "messengers" on whose intercession he relies—there are the heavenly "messengers" who are ranged behind them,—there are the two "bands" or companies of his own tribe, and compared with them are the two "bands" or companies of angels. There is "the face" of his brother Esau, whom he longs but fears to see—there is the "face" of God, which also he fears yet longs to see. It is in the midst of these conflicting images, as in a dream, that he encounters he knows not whom on the mountain-side. The wrestling of the torrent with its tangled thickets and its rocky boundaries, bears a likeness of a yet mightier wrestling of the human soul with its deep perplexities and sorrows. Through the long watches of the night the Patriarch is locked in a struggle as for life and death with the mysterious combatant, and he entreats that he may know his name. But when at last the dawn "rises" (so it is expressed in the original) over the hills of Gilead, he feels that his whole being is transfigured. "He said, "I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved." And he called the name of the place Peniel, "The Face of God." At that moment the twilight of the dawn "bursts" into full sunlight, and he summons courage to descend from the face of the mountain height, and plunges down into the narrow glen, and passes the fatal stream, and prepares himself for the dreaded interview. Always (such was the

belief of his descendants) he bore with him the marks of that mighty conflict, "for he halted on his thigh." It was as though the agony of the conflict had dislocated even his earthly frame. Henceforth "few and evil were the days of his pilgrimage." Nor do we ever lose entirely the recollection of the wily son of Rebekah. But still the grander, nobler part prevailed; the dark, crafty Jacob, the treacherous supplanter of his brother Esau, disappeared and became "Israel," the Prince of God—the Conqueror of God—the founder of the mighty nation which still bears his glorious name. On that day, as it were, in the depths of his spiritual being were born Moses and David, Elijah and Isaiah, and One greater than all, who was indeed the Prince of God, and should prevail for ever.

This encounter, as I have said, has been considered as the likeness, almost without an allegory, of all spiritual struggles. It is the groundwork of one of the finest hymns in our language—that in which Charles Wesley describes the appeal of the struggling human soul to the mysterious Stranger whom it meets on its passage through life—

"Come, O thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see.
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee.
With Thee all night I am bound to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day."

It has been made the groundwork of an interesting discourse by the greatest English preacher of this century, Frederick Robertson. It was the constant burden of a gifted Bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Church, a few months since called to his rest, who, if any one of our day, wrestled with the questions of his time till the fragile frame was broken by the force of the spiritual conflict.

There are indeed numberless experiences of individual existence which the story represents to us. It describes the struggles which every autobiography reveals—the entrance on a new stage of life—the decision of a profession—the inrush of new thoughts—the wrestle with temptations, with circumstances, with sorrows. It represents how the common things of life are to us the indications of the Divine presence. The bands of our friends and companions become

* Sermon preached before the University of Oxford, by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster, being the first of a course as Select Preacher.

to us bands of ministering spirits. In the chime of familiar bells we hear a voice bidding us turn again and take heart. In reading the pathetic scene of another's early trials the young philosopher of our century finds the dried-up fountains of his heart unlocked, and after years of premature hardness is born again as a little child. In the whispering of the mountain torrent, as we find ourselves in some long forgotten, but instantly remembered, scene of former years,

"All along the valley, down its rocky bed
The living voice is to us as the voice of the dead."

It describes also the last struggle of all, it may be in the extreme of age or of weakness, in the valley of the shadow of death. There the soul finds itself alone on the mountain ridge overlooking the unknown future—"our company before is gone"—the kinsfolk and friends of many years are passed over the dark river—and we are left alone with God. We know not in the shadow of the night who it is that touches us—we feel only that the Everlasting Arms are closing us in—the twilight of the morning breaks—we are bid to depart in peace, for by a strength not our own we have prevailed, and the path is made clear before us.

There is also another struggle—another wrestling—that which takes place between the human spirit and the vast mysterious problems by which we are surrounded. In every age this struggle takes place, in some perhaps more than in others, and it may be that such an age is ours. "Such questioning," it has been wisely said, "necessarily belongs to every transition state,* a transition which every age and every soul must make from an unintelligent assent to a traditional creed towards an intelligent assent to a true faith:" not all light nor all darkness, but still, as we humbly trust, from darkness into light. It is on this mental conflict, this incessant asking the name and meaning of the unknown forces within and around us, that I would speak on this occasion. Hereafter, perhaps as heretofore, I may call attention to those truths of religion which, we trust, will come out to us more and more clearly from the darkness "even till the day breaks"—truths which will bear to be wrestled with, and which will prevail whatever else betide.

To many, all such mental struggles will be unknown and unsought. There was no wrestling with God in the early patriarchal days of Abraham and Isaac. Let those, if

such there be, who live in that old ancestral peace continue so to live, only let them not pretend to wrestle when they are in no difficulty. It is very rarely indeed that the sudden changes from church to church, or the adoption of this or that strange practice or form are the results of deliberate doubt or search. They are more commonly the mere change of one fancy for another,—or a leap from darkness into darkness. It is not of these that I would speak. But for those, young or old, who are exercised in any measure on the great problems of Religion and Theology, it may be, I would fain hope, not presumptuous, to suggest four homely maxims, impressed upon us alike by the Bible and by human experience.

1. Any such conflict, whether of mind or spirit, must be serious and in earnest. It must be an anxious endeavour to gain that which we seek. "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." The expression is bold even to the verge of irreverence. But it is not irreverence, because nothing is more reverent than an earnest determination of purpose. It is not playfulness or gaiety of heart that we deprecate—in God's name, keep of that as much as can possibly be had. It is not this that makes a soul unstable or hollow. No. But asking questions without waiting for an answer; talking merely for the sake of victory—treating sacred and important questions as party flags, to be hoisted up or pulled down, according as it suits the ebb and flow of public opinion—all this is no struggle, no inquiry at all. This is levity, this is foolish jesting—mere vanity and vexation of spirit. Whoever repeats the phrases of religion, or of irreligion, merely to astonish or bewilder, or to conceal his ignorance, or to gain momentary popularity—whoever enters on the question of religious thought without a determined intention of doing or saying what is best for his own conscience and for the consciences of others, is a profane person, by whatever name he calls himself. But a man who is possessed with what the French call "the grand curiosity" of knowing all that can be known—he who looks up to the truly great authorities of all ages and countries—to the high intelligences of unquestioned fame and worth that God has raised up to enlighten the world—he has made an effort to enter on the narrow path, and to force his way through the strait gate that leads to eternal life. The very struggle to him is good. The very awe of these great questions produces in his mind the reverence which is the first element of religion. That was a

* Reflections and Reminiscences of John M'Leod Campbell, p. 256. The whole chapter is well worth reading.

true name which the old Greeks used to describe a good man, a religious man—they called him “a man of business”—a man in earnest, a man who felt the gravity of what he was doing and saying. Such a man, no doubt, may get his conscience warped, or may become fanatical or self-deceived; but so far as his seriousness goes, he is right; so far as his seriousness is sincere, whatever be his errors, he is on the right way, and God is not far from him. Not what others think for us, but what we are able to think for ourselves is the true life of our life. Well said the German poet, “The secret of Genius is first, midst, and without end to honour truth *by use*.” Struggle, wrestle with the meaning of the sacred words you employ—take them not in vain—where we cannot find their meaning they are to us as though they were not—we had best not apply them at all. But in all those that are worth retaining—as in all the dispensations of life and of nature—there is what in the story of Jacob is called a “Face,” an aspect, of God, which looks out at us from behind the darkness if we gaze steadily in the right direction.

2. Every such inquiry must be carried on with the conviction that truth only is to be sought. As perfect love casts out fear, so perfect confidence in truth casts out fear. That old proverb of the Apocryphal Book of Esdras is not the less true because it is so familiar, “Great is the truth, and stronger than all things.” “Magna est veritas et prævalebit.”¹ Jacob is described as struggling, wrestling with the unknown mystery. He knew not what to make of it—but it prevailed at last over him and he prevailed with it. It is the very likeness of the search of a sincere soul after Truth. Often the Truth may elude our search, may slip from our grasp, may fling us on the ground,—but if we cling fast to it, some portion of it will be ours at last, and we in its triumph shall be more than conquerors. A venerable divine of the Roman Church, one who in years past swayed the rising generation from this place, has† in our time powerfully described the human intellect under the figure of a ravenous wild beast that has to be driven back by the iron bar of authority, “smiting hard and throwing back the immense energy of the aggressive intellect”—lest it should, as it were, dissolve and devour all things, divine and human, in its insatiable appetite.

This is, I venture to suggest, the exact opposite of the figure presented to us in Jacob's vision or in the Bible generally, and by the highest instincts of humanity. The Truth that is really divine does not smite down its combatant. Nay, rather it allows itself to be embraced, repulsed, embraced again—seized now by this side, now by that,—lifted up, pressed, challenged to surrender. “Come, let us reason together.” “The Lord will plead with Israel.” “We can do nothing against the Truth, but for the Truth.”

The human intellect has had placed before it by Him who made it one object and one only, worthy of its efforts, and that is Truth. Truth, not for the sake of any ulterior object, however high or holy, but Truth for its own sake. We hope, we trust, we humbly believe, that Truth will in the end be found to coincide with goodness, with holiness, with grace, with humility, with all the other noblest aspirations of the human spirit. But if we think and reason on these high matters at all, we must seek and desire Truth even as though it existed by and for itself alone. And the most excellent service that churches and pastors, authorities of State or of Religion, universities or teachers, can render to the human reason in this arduous enterprise is not to restrain, nor to blindfold it, but to clear aside every obstacle, to open wide the path, to chase away the phantoms that stand in the road. Above all, it is the privilege of ancient and national places of learning, of ancient and national churches—it is alike the high calling of true philosophy and Christian civilisation—to rise beyond the reach of the blinding, bewildering, entangling influence of the spirit of party. It was once said by Archbishop Whately that the chief evil of the modern Church of Rome was not Transubstantiation, or the worship of the saints, or Purgatory, or any other of the special opinions held by its members, but the fact that it was “a great party,” inspired by the same motives and guided by the same principles as bind together sects and parties, political or other, throughout the world. So far as the Church of Rome or any other church is not this, even its errors are comparatively innocent; so far as it is this, its very truths become mischievous. “Whatever retards a spirit of inquiry,” said Robert Hall, “is favourable to error. Whatever promotes it, is favourable to truth. But nothing has greater tendency to obstruct the exercise of free inquiry than a spirit of party. There is in all sects and parties a constant fear of being eclipsed. It becomes a point of

¹ Esdras iv. 33. It has been pointed out to me that in the original text it is “Magna est veritas et *prævaleat*.” The change from the present tense, *prævaleat*, “is strong,” to the future, *prævalebit*, “will be strong,” indicates the increasing conviction in Christendom of the ultimate victory of Truth.

[†] Newman's Apology, p. 381, 382.

honour with the leaders of parties to defend and support their respective peculiarities to the last, and, as a natural sequence, to shut their ears against all the pleas by which they may be assailed. If we seek for the reason of the facility with which scientific improvements establish themselves in preference to religious, we shall find it in the absence of party combination." No doubt even the domain of science has not been free from the passions and personalities of party teachers; but the great Nonconformist whom I have just cited had good ground—had, I may almost say, Divine authority—for directing his special warning to the religious world. This spirit of combination for party purposes, and this alone, is what the New Testament calls "heresy." This it is that constitutes the leading danger of synods and councils, which, by their very constitution, become almost inevitably the organs, never of full and impartial truth, almost always of misleading ambiguities which tend rather to darkness than to light, rather to confusion than to union.

3. We must in our inquiry be on the watch as far as we can, not for something to attack, but for something to admire; not for something to pull down, but for something to build up. "Prove all things," says the Apostle, and he almost immediately afterwards adds, "abstain from every* kind of evil," that is, from every kind of evil, however specious, however religious maybe its appearance. This, no doubt, is an important maxim. The negative side of Christianity, the creation of an atmosphere in which whole classes of falsehood have been unable to live, is a merit which has been hardly enough appreciated. But the more direct maxim of the Apostle is still more important, "Prove all things; *hold fast that which is good.*" It has been too often the conventional strategy of theological argument, in dealing with books or persons with whom we differ, to give no quarter; to treat them as wizards were treated in the Middle Ages, as though they were embodied and absolute evil—as if the moment we find ourself face to face with such a book or such a line of argument, the first thing to be done is to tear it to pieces, and pick out all its worst parts, and take for granted the worst possible construction. Far be it from us to deny that there are books so worthless, characters and principles so detestable, that they demand all the indignation of which the human

soul is capable. But surely these are exceptions. Far oftener, when we are perplexed and distressed, the impression is as of the vision of the Book of Job: "Fear cometh upon us and trembling; a spirit passed before me, but I could not discern the form thereof; the image was before mine eyes, and there was silence." But in the larger part of such books, as from their fame and weight demand to be read—as there are none which are equally good, so there are very few which are equally evil. In all we must discriminate. Even the Bible itself has its gradations. The Old Testament, great as it is, is not so divine as the New. The Apocalypse, splendid as are its imagery and its purpose, is not as edifying as the Gospels or the Psalms. It was said of the Koran that it had two faces, one of a beast, to scandalize the weak, one of the seraph, to attract the faithful. That, to a certain extent, is the case even in the Bible; it is the case certainly with all other good books. There is the face of the beast which may terrify; but there is the face of the seraph to delight us, and he is the best inquirer who, while he acknowledges the face of the beast, yet turns away from it to gaze chiefly on the face of the seraph. We are justly indignant with ignorant or foolish scoffers, who in speaking of the Bible speak only of its obscure, harsh, and perplexing passages; who omit the Sermon on the Mount, and speak only of the questionable acts of the Patriarchs; who omit the glory of the 119th Psalm, and dwell only on the curses of the 109th; who speak only of the exceptional anathemas, and pass over the long-suffering love of the Parables in the Gospels or of the Epistles of St. Paul. But we should be no less indignant with ourselves or indignant with others, if, in speaking or reading of books of science, books of philosophy, books of religion, we look at them only to extract the evil, the controversial, the offensive, the frivolous, and overlook the genius, the wisdom, the knowledge, the goodness, which, whilst disagreeing ever so much, we might yet discover in them for our eternal benefit. It is astonishing how vast a loss we sustain for our spiritual life by thinking only how we can destroy, attack, and assail, instead of thinking how we can build up, define, or edify. There is not a book in the world, however great or good, which would stand the test of being taken only in its weaker points. There are very few books of any name or fame in the world which will not confirm our faith or raise our minds if judged not by passion or prejudice, but on their own merits, "according to righteous

* 1 Thess. v. 21, 22 (in the original).

judgment." Jacob wrestled to the end through darkness and light, and in the end he felt that his unknown enemy was no enemy at all, but the same vision of angels he had seen at Bethel, the kind and merciful face of God, the God of his father Abraham, and of his father Isaac.

4. Yet one more rule. Let us enter on these inquiries not in despair, but in hope. There is doubtless enough to discourage. Sometimes we think that we are about to be overwhelmed by a general return of forgotten superstitions—sometimes by a general chaos of incredulity—sometimes our course seems darkened by an eclipse of faith—sometimes by an eclipse of reason. Yet on the whole the history of mankind justifies us in hoping that as in the moral, so also in the intellectual condition of the race, in regard to these higher spiritual truths, our light is not altogether swallowed up in darkness—that the good cannot be and is not altogether lost—that the evil, the error, the superstition, that has once disappeared, even if it returns from time to time, will not again permanently rule over us as heretofore. Christianity itself goes through these struggles. In its divine aspect it wrestles with man. It its human aspect it wrestles with God. It has within it, like the Patriarch, two natures—the crafty, earthborn Jacob—the lofty, heaven-aspiring Israel.

Only we must acknowledge, let us rather say we must insist on, two conditions if we would draw hope from the experience of religious history. First, we must acknowledge the immense changes through which Christianity has passed. It is because there is hardly any one form of Christian truth which has been held "always, everywhere and by everybody," that we seem to see how it may at last assimilate to itself all the good and all the truth which the world contains, and which, though not in it, are yet of it. So far as it has survived the conflicts of eighteen centuries it has been not by adhering rigidly to the past, but by casting off its worse and grosser elements and taking up in each age something of that higher element which each age had to give. It has survived the corruptions and superstitions which it inherited from the Roman Empire, and has carried off in the struggle the elements of Roman civilisation. It has survived the miserable controversies of the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries, and has carried off from its earlier age the first germs of liturgical worship and the memory of the martyrs. It has survived the barbarous fancies and cruelties

of the Middle Ages, and carried off with it the marvels of mediæval art. It has survived the fierce conflict of the Reformation, and has carried off with it the light of freedom, of conscience, and of knowledge. It has survived the shock of the French Revolution, and has carried off with it the toleration and the justice of the eighteenth century. It has survived the alarms which were excited at the successive appearance of Astronomy, Geology, Physiology, Historical Criticism, and has carried off with it a deeper insight into nature and into the Bible. In each of these anxious wrestling matches it has, like the Patriarch, seen the Face of God, and its life has been not only preserved but transfigured. Jacob, the old, treacherous, exclusive Jacob, has with each of these receded—Israel, the princely, the venerable, the loving father of the chosen people, has gradually prevailed.

And there is the second condition, that we must look for the true face of our religion in the face of those who have best represented it. We sometimes claim, and justly claim, as the glory of our faith, that it has attracted to itself the strength of intellects such as Shakespeare and Newton, Pascal and Rousseau, Erasmus and Spinoza, Goethe and Walter Scott. Yes; but do we sufficiently remember what is the aspect of Christianity which commanded the reverential attention of men so different each from each as these? Was it the Christianity of Nicæa, or Geneva, or Westminster, or Augsburg, or the Vatican? No. It was, by the very nature of the case, something of a far more delicate texture, of a far deeper root.

Again we may find an indication of the permanent character of Christianity when we ask what is the form of it defended by its great apologists. The Christianity for which Paley argued in his Evidences, and Lardner in his Credibilia, and Butler in his Sermons and Analogy, and Pascal in his Thoughts, and Channing in his Discourses,—was this the Calvinist, or the Lutheran, or the Wesleyan, or the Tridentine, or the Racovian Creed? No; for to each one of those stout champions of the faith one or other of these forms would have been as revolting as that which they advocated was precious to them.

Again, it is the religion which has inspired the course of states and nations. Read the concise but subtle account given of the influence of Christianity on civilisation by my brother Dean of St. Paul's, or, if you will, the more extended examination of it in the

history of Latin Christianity by his famous predecessor,—read either of these works, or watch, if we prefer it, the gradual development of Christian art, from the Good Shepherd of the Catacombs to the Transfiguration of Raphael, from the majestic Basilica to the soaring lines of the Gothic cathedral. Whilst we acknowledge in them the triumphant progress of what is best in Christianity, shall we not also acknowledge that it is a progress to the Councils, the Confessions, even the Fathers and Schoolmen, have contributed almost nothing, and the general spirit of the race and the faith almost everything?

And is not the religion which animated these higher intelligences and these wider spheres the same which has animated the poor, the humble, the childlike, the saintlike of all persuasions? We do not deny that at particular epochs of excitement, the temporary opinions of particular schools and times may have filled the soul with heavenly fervour, that the doctrines of the "Invention of the Cross," or "the Sacred Heart," or "the Immaculate Conception"—of "Imputed Righteousness," of "Sudden Conversion," of "Episcopal Succession," of "Non-intrusion," may have swayed whole assemblies of men with one common impulse, or lighted up the last moments of departing saints with celestial energy. But these have been the coruscations, the phosphoric crests, of the waves of enthusiasm. The perpetual under-current of devotion has been of another sort. "Pray for me," said an eminent French pastor on his death-bed, "that I may have the elementary graces." Those elementary graces are to be found in those great moral principles which lie at the bottom of the barbarous phraseology in which the sentiments of the poor, living or dying, are often expressed. It was but the other day* that there was recorded the saying of an old Scottish Methodist, who in his earlier years had clung vehemently to one or other of the two small sects, on either side of the street—"The street I'm now travelling in, lad, has nae sides; and if power were given me, I wou'd preach purity of life mair, and purity of doctrine less than I did." "Are you not a little heretical at your journey's end?" said his interlocutor. "I kenna. Names have not the same terror on me they once had, and since I was laid by here alone, I have had whisperings of the still small voice telling me that the footfall of faiths and their wranglings

will ne'er be heard in the Lord's kingdom whereunto I am nearing. And as love cements all differences, I'll perhaps find the place roomier than I thought in times by-past."

And finally the converging testimony rendered by so many different experiences towards the triumph of a higher Christianity is crowned by the testimony of the Bible itself. That the Theology of the Bible is something beside and beyond, something greater and vaster than the theology of each particular church or age, is proved by the fact that on the one hand it has never been found sufficient for the purposes of tests and polemics, and on the other hand, that whenever the different schools of theologians have been brought together on its platform, either for selecting extracts for the public services of the Church or for revising its translations, the points of division fell aside, the points of union came to light, and the points of discussion were such as for the most part had no bearing on the divisions or the theories of Christendom. It is in the various aspects of the theology of the Bible, which is also the theology of European literature, the theology of great men, the theology of the saints, and the theology of the poor and of little children, that we may hope to see the Face of God.

We complain of the unfairness of the German critic who attacked the possibility of a Christian faith by directing his artillery against the coarsest and grossest forms in which that faith has been supported by any of its adherents. But this should be a solemn warning to us to see how far we have ourselves identified it with those forms. We smile at the narrowness of the English philosopher who regarded Christianity as the completest development of human wickedness because he fixed his mind on one particular doctrine sometimes preached in its name. But this should be a solemn warning to us, to see how far such a doctrine is one for which we ourselves have contended as essential to the faith. True Christianity is beyond the reach of such attacks or such defences. Those of us who have watched the effects of sunrise on the Alpine ranges will remember the dark and chill aspect of the wide landscape in the moment preceding the dawn. At last there arose at once in the western and the eastern heavens a colour, a brightness, a lightness—varying, diffused, indefinite, but still spreading and brightening and lightening, over the whole scene. Then, "as in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," the highest

* "Reminiscences of the Pen-Folk," by One who knew Them, p. 41.

summits of the range of snow burst from pale death into roseate life, and every slope and crest became as clear and bright as before they had been dark and dull; and meanwhile the same light was creeping round the mists of the plain and the exhalations of the lakes, and they too were touched by gold, and every shape and form yielded to the returning glow. Such is an image of the rise of true Religion, may we not say of true Theology; shadowy, diffused, expansive as the dawn,—yet like the dawn striking with irresistible force now here, now there, first on the highest intelligences, then on the world at large, till at length the whole atmosphere is suffused with its radiance, and the shades of night have melted we hardly know how or where.

Such is the process by which the great regenerating truths of Religion have made their way, and still make their way into the

heart of man, truths not the less religious, because they have often come from seemingly opposite quarters—truths which gain their place the more certainly because they come not in a polemic, but a pacific garb—not conquering but subduing, not attacking error, but creating a light in which the shadows insensibly flee away. "Falsehood can only be said to be killed when it is replaced." Truth conquers only when it can enlist the religious enthusiasm that is too often the heritage of error. Enthusiasm can only be fully commended when it is enlisted on behalf of the wider and nobler instincts of the good and wise throughout mankind.

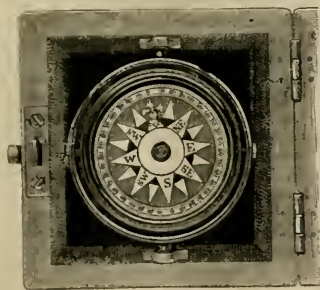
When the struggle is drawing to its end, when the day breaks and the sun rises, may it be ours in some humble measure to have seen the Face of God, and know that through that struggle our life has been preserved.

A. P. STANLEY.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

PART I.

By SIR WILLIAM THOMSON, LL.D., F.R.S.



HUMAN inventions have generally grown by Evolution. Of perhaps no other than the Mariner's Compass can it be said that it came into existence complete in a moment. The person who first having a piece of loadstone or a magnet, so supported as to be movable round a vertical axis, perceived it to turn into one particular direction when left to itself, and who found that the positions thus assumed were sensibly parallel when the suspended magnet is carried about to different places indoors or out-of-doors, near enough to be within sight of one another, invented the Mariner's Compass. There may have been several independent inventors; there can have been but one first inventor. The efforts of historical inquirers have hitherto proved unavailing to fix either time, place,

or person for this invention, not more remarkable for its definiteness as a discovery than for its perennial utility to the human race.

It is generally believed that the compass was known at an early date in China, and used as a guide for travelling by land at a very early period of the world's history. In the English translation (London, 1736) of the *Père Duhalde's* book on China, in the section entitled "Annals of the Chinese Monarchy, a chronological history of the most remarkable events that happened during the reign of every Emperor," the following remarkable statement with refer-

ence to the Emperor Hoang Ti giving battle to Tchi Yeou occurs:—"He, perceiving that thick fogs saved the enemy from his pursuit, and that the soldiers rambled out of the way, and lost the course of the wind, made a carr which show'd 'em the four cardinal points; by this method he overtook Tchi Yeou, made him prisoner, and put him to death. Some say there were engraved in this carr, on a plate, the characters of a rat and a horse, and underneath was placed a needle, to determine the four parts of the world. This would amount to the use of the compass, or

"something very near it, being of great antiquity, and well attested. 'Tis pity this contrivance is not explained, but the interpreters knowing only the bare fact dare not venture on conjectures."

Hoang Ti was the third Emperor. The first date given in Duhalde's "Annals" is that of the death of the eighth Emperor Yao, 2277 years before the Christian era; and it is stated that the number of years from the time of Fohi, founder of the dynasty, and first Emperor, till the beginning of Yao's reign, is very doubtful. Assuming the date of Yao's death to be correct, we may safely conclude that Hoang Ti must have lived some time about 2400 or at the latest 2350 years before the Christian era. Duhalde's work was founded on narratives written by the French Jesuit missionaries who lived in China during the latter part of the seventeenth century, and before publication was most scrupulously revised, and corrected when necessary, by the Père Contancin, who had spent thirty-two years in China. It is impossible to doubt but that the narrative represents accurately the traditions current in China at that time. The instrument which the Emperor Hoang Ti is said to have used cannot possibly have been anything but a compass, as nothing else could have done what it is said to have done. It is then perfectly certain that at the time when the quoted tradition originated, the Compass was known in China. We have thus irrefragable evidence that the Compass was known at a very early time in China, and fairly strong evidence for believing it to have been known there as early as 2400 years before the Christian era.

The directive quality of the magnet, which constitutes the essence of the mariner's compass, was not known to the Greeks and Romans; for in the writings of Homer, Theophrastus, Plato, Aristotle, Lucretius, and Pliny, we find abundant evidence of knowledge of all the other ordinary magnetic phenomena, but not a trace of any knowledge of this most marked property. It is clear that of all those writers, or of the observers and experimenters on whom they had depended for information, not one had ever supported a piece of loadstone, or of magnetised steel, in such a manner as to leave it free to turn round horizontally; or that if any one of them had ever done so, he was remarkably deficient in perceptive faculty.

The earliest trace we now have of the mariner's compass in Europe is contained, according to Professor Hansteen ("Inquiries

concerning the Magnetism of the Earth"), in an account of the discovery of Iceland by the Norwegian historian, Are Frode, who is cited as authority for the following statement:—"Flocke Vilgerderson, a renowned viking, the third discoverer of the island, departed from Rogaland in Norway to seek Gadersholm (Iceland), some time in the year 868. He took with him three ravens to serve as guides; and in order to consecrate them to his purpose he offered up a great sacrifice in Smårsund, where his ship lay ready to sail; for in those times seamen had no loadstone (*leidarstein*) in the northern countries. In Icelandic, *Leid* signifies region, and on this account the polestar is named *Leidstjerna*, consequently *Leidarstein* signifies guiding-stone. According to the testimony of Snarro Starleson, Are Frode was born in the year 1068. This account was therefore probably written about the end of the eleventh century."

We have thus very strong evidence that the mariner's compass became known in the northern countries of Europe between the years 868 and 1100. We have distinct evidences from several different sources that the mariner's compass came to be pretty generally known through Europe in the thirteenth century. A poem by Guiot of Provence, entitled "*La Bible Guiot*," forming a quarto manuscript of the thirteenth century, on vellum, belonging to the *Bibliothèque du Roi* at Paris, contains a description of the mariner's compass and of its employment by sailors, so curious and interesting that it is quoted in almost every historical sketch of magnetism. The following verbatim copy of the old French, followed by a literal English translation, of Guiot's statement regarding the compass, is taken from Barlow's *Treatise on Magnetism* in the "*Encyclopædia Metropolitana*:"—

Icelle estoile ne se mueit
 Une arts font qui mentir ne puet
 Par la vertue de la Manete
 Une pierre laide et brunete
 Ou il fers volenters se joint
 Ont regardent lor droit point
 L'uez c'ueue aguile lout touchie
 Eten un festue lout fishie
 En longue-la mette sens plus
 Et il festui la tient desus
 Puis se torne la point toute
 Contre lestoile sans doute
 Quant il nuis est tenebre et brune
 Con ne voit estoile ne lune
 Lor font a laguille alumer.
 Puiz ne puent ils assorer
 Contre lestoile vers le point
 Par se sont il mariner cointe
 De la droite voie tems
 C'est uns ars qui ne puet mentir.

TRANSLATION.

This same star does not move, and
 They (the mariners) have an art which cannot deceive,
 By the virtue of the magnet,
 An ugly brownish stone,
 To which iron adheres of its own accord.
 Then they look for the right point,
 And when they have touched a needle (on it)
 And fixed it on a bit of straw,
 Lengthwise in the middle, without more,
 And the straw keeps it above ;
 Then the point turns just
 Against the star undoubtedly.
 When the night is dark and gloomy
 That you can see neither star nor moon,
 Then they bring a light to the needle,
 Can they not then assure themselves
 Of the situation of the star towards the point ?
 By this the mariner is enabled
 To keep the proper course ;
 This is an art which cannot deceive.

In this passage, the words, "and the straw keeps it above," imply undoubtedly

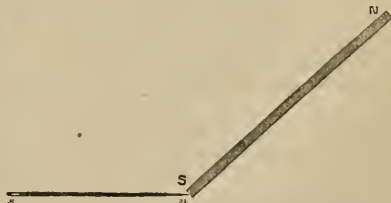
that the needle was to be floated in water by the straw.

The experiment thus described by Guiot of Provence is familiar to the present generation, being taught by "Peter Parley," "The Boy's Own Book," and other eminent scientific instructors of the young, and any reader of GOOD WORDS, having access to a little bar magnet such as that used for attracting *magnetic swans*, may make it for himself. Guiot says "this is an art that cannot deceive," but I doubt whether any one repeating the experiment carefully will agree with him. The mode of support is not satisfactory. Water in an open basin scarcely ever has its surface free enough from dust or other impurities to allow a straw floating on it to turn with perfect freedom ; and it will be found that the needle will sometimes stick in positions sensibly inclined to one definite



line towards which it tends, or at best that it will come very sluggishly into its proper position. A pretty and instructive experiment may, however, be made by deviating a little from the ordinary way of floating the needle. Instead of placing it lengthwise on a straw, stick it transversely through one end of a small round wooden bar. The

smooth round stem of a fine kind of wooden lucifer match sometimes met with answers very well, the head with the inflammable substance being of course cut off ; but the stem of an ordinary match may be taken, one end of it slightly flattened to allow the needle to be pressed through it easily, and the whole thinned away so much that it will just barely



float the needle. The needle must be adjusted so that it will rest horizontally with the wooden bar vertical over it. The bar ought to be longer than half the length of the needle, otherwise there is a difficulty in preventing one end or other of the needle from rising to the surface of the water. If the bar is seen to project even as much

as one-tenth of an inch above the surface of the water, it should be cut shorter ; and the part of it at the surface of the water, when finally adjusted, ought to be nicely rounded. After completing this adjustment, which may require a little patience, pull the needle out from the wooden stem, and steady it upon a table by aid of two fingers. Draw

one end of the bar magnet once along it steadily from point to eye. Replace the needle in its proper position on the wooden stem and float it. It will then be seen to turn into a position not very much different from the true north and south line (unless the experiment be made far north in North America, or far south in the Antarctic regions). If turned out of this position and left to itself again and again, it will turn again and again into the same position, and always with the eye and point similarly situated as to north and south. Suppose, for example, the eye turns to the north and the point to the south. Remove the needle again, and go through the same operation as before, several times running. Replace it in its float, and it will be found to turn decidedly faster into the north and south line than before. Again take out the needle and go through the same operation, only with the other end of the bar magnet from that first employed. Replace it on its float. You will now find it turning much less rapidly into its former position, or possibly turning into the reverse position. Take it out, and repeat several times the last operation, with the bar magnet. After having done this a sufficient number of times, you will find the needle turning its point to the north and its eye to the south. Or, again, the magnetism once given by the little magnet may be reversed by drawing the same end of the same bar-magnet in the contrary direction a sufficient number of

times along the needle. If, however, the needle has been magnetised by a more powerful magnet, it may be found difficult or impossible to reverse its magnetism by the simple operation described above. A convenient way of testing the direction shown by the needle, is to draw a black line on a piece of white paper, and place it below the tumbler or finger-glass. Turn the paper round until the needle, resting in the centre of the glass, is seen to be exactly over the line. Deflect the needle from this position again and again, and you will find it always coming with great accuracy to the same line.

Dr. Gilbert of Colchester, Physician in ordinary to Queen Elizabeth, discovered the true explanation of this wonderful phenomena to be that the earth acts as a great magnet upon the movable needle, and thus founded the science of terrestrial magnetism. But an explanation of this discovery must be reserved for a continuation of the present article. In the meantime, any reader who is sufficiently interested may experiment for himself upon the mutual influence between the bar magnet and the floating needle, and between two needles separately magnetized and floated. He may even readily enough anticipate Gilbert's discovery, and particularly his reasons for marking the poles N and S in the manner illustrated in the preceding sketch, which is at variance with the rule unhappily still followed by British instrument-makers, notwithstanding Gilbert's strong and early remonstrance against it.

FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

I.

OLD year, going 'mid frost and snow,
While loud the norland trumpets blow,
Take our blessings ere you go!

II.

Ye brought us weal, ye brought us woe;
Looked oft the friend, sometimes the foe:
We part as friends:—'tis better so.

III.

The good ye brought us none may know;
The ill hath record here below:
To grasp the chances we were slow.

IV.

Ye brought us out a goodly show
Of fruit that glittered in the glow;
Rich seed around our path did strow.

V.

We seized the fruit both high and low,
That hung so tempting, row on row,—
The seed we trode, but did not sow!

VI.

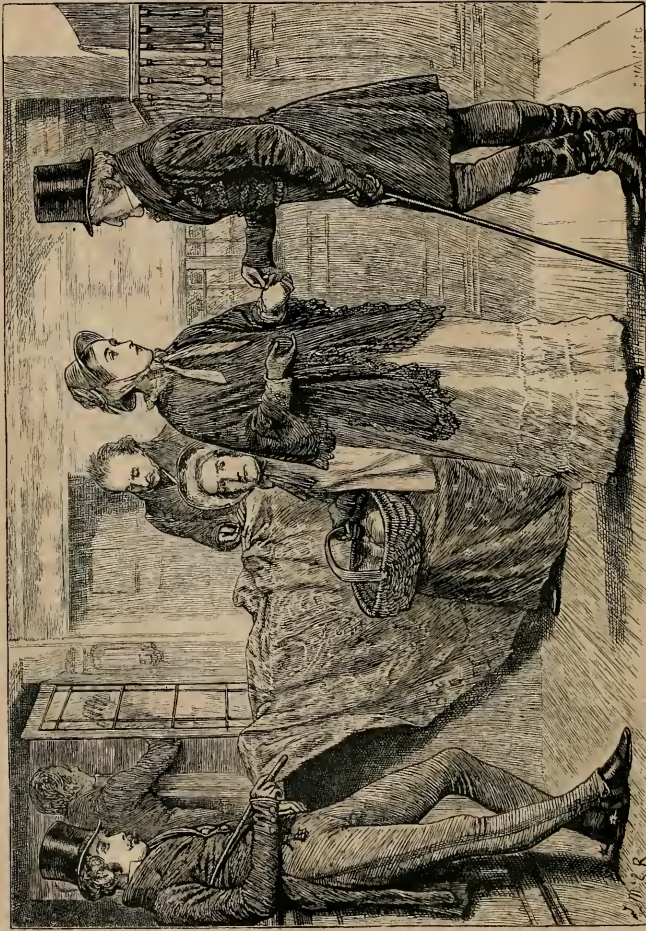
In other years that seed may grow
A shield from sun and driving snow,
Or waving green on the sad grave-row.

VII.

For all the debts the years do owe
Are paid with a hearty overflow,
To them that wrestle and overthrow.

VIII.

Old year, going 'mid frost and snow,
While loud the norland trumpets blow,
Take, take our blessing ere you go!



"MY MOTHER AND I."

MY MOTHER AND I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER III.



THOUGHT
in my
girlhood
—I think
still, that
Bath is
one of
the most
beautiful
cities
in the
world.
Florence,
they say,
is some-
thing
like it;
but I
have never
seen
Florence,

and I love Bath, with that fond, half-sad sort of love, which hangs about particular places, making them seem to us, all our days, unlike any other places in the wide world.

During our short stay there, I had not seen half its beauties, for my mother seemed unwilling to go about more than she was obliged, and it was winter weather; but now as we crept slowly along the high Claverton Road, and looked down on the valley below, where the river and the canal meandered, side by side, and in and out, glittering in the morning sunshine; then coming suddenly upon it, I saw the white city, terraces, crescents, circuses, streets, one above the other, rising up almost to the top of Lansdown Hill—I could not help exclaiming, "How beautiful!"

Mrs. Golding, being a Somersetshire woman, looked pleased. She made the carrier stop his jolting cart for a minute or two that I might get a better view.

"Yes, Bath is a nice place, and there's some nice folks in it—to make amends for the nasty ones."

"Who are they?" I inquired.

"Card-players and ball-goers, and worldlings generally," answered Mrs. Golding. "But they're nothing to you, miss, or me either. And there are good folks besides; though they're not many."

XV—6

I was silent. We had already discovered that Mrs. Golding belonged to a peculiar sect, called Plymouth Brethren, which had lately risen up in the West of England. My mother did not agree with them in their opinions; but she told me that many of them were very good people, and that I must never smile at Mrs. Golding and her extraordinary forms of speech, as if she and her "brethren" were the only children of the Almighty Father, the only receptacles of eternal truth, and accepters of what they called "salvation."

So I forgave her for holding forth a little too harshly on the wickedness of the world, which to me seemed not a wicked world at all, but most beautiful and enjoyable; forgave her too, for keeping me out of the lively streets—Milsom Street, Gay Street, Quiet Street, such quaint names. Patiently I followed her into the narrow and dirty regions at the bottom of the town, where she transacted her business, selling and buying alternately, but always contriving to keep one eye upon her basket and the other upon me.

Little need was there. Nobody looked at me. In this busy quarter of the city everybody was occupied with his or her own affairs. I felt, with some amusement and perhaps a shade of annoyance, that I was being taken for the old woman's granddaughter after all.

Well, what did it matter? Like the Miller of Dee—

"I cared for nobody, and nobody cared for me."

except my mother,—only and always my mother.

It was very dull going about without her, we were so seldom apart. So as soon as Mrs. Golding had done her business, I suggested mine—the shawl, and insisted on getting it at the very best shop in Bath.

Must I confess that even as an elderly lady, I rather like shopping? Even when I do not buy, the sight of the pretty things pleases me, as it did in the days when I could not afford to buy; when rich silks and dainty muslins were tantalizing impossibilities, and my mother and I looked at them and shook our heads with a resolute smile, but still a smile. What was there to sigh over? We never had to go in rags, or even thread-bare, like some people. And when we did enter a shop, money in hand, to clothe our-

selves as elegantly and fashionably as we could afford, how we did enjoy it! Much more, I think, than those who have not to pick and choose, but can buy all they fancy, without considering the cost. And then our buying had one remarkable feature, which we regarded essential—though I have found since that everybody does not so regard it—we always paid.

I took care to let the shopman see my full purse, and was counting my money, rather too ostentatiously and of course awkwardly, when it tumbled down, and one half sovereign rolled right at the feet of an old gentleman who was just then entering the shop.

He stooped and picked it up, though he was rather infirm, but politeness seemed an instinct with him; then looking round, he offered the coin to me, with a half smile and a bow.

I bowed too, and said "thank you," rather gratefully, for I thought it a kind thing for an old man to do. But if old his figure was upright still, and soldierly looking. It made me look at him a second time: my father was a soldier.

He looked at me too, not as young men sometimes looked, with rude admiration, but very intently, as if he thought he knew me, and had half a mind to speak to me. But as I did not know him in the least, I quietly turned away, and gave all my mind to the purchase of the shawl.

I have it still, that dear old shawl, old and worn, but pretty still. Often I regard it with a curious feeling, remembering the day I bought it. What a struggle the buying cost me! a battle first against Mrs. Golding, who wanted a bright scarlet centre, whereas this one was white, with a grey "pine-apple" border, and then against myself, for my mother had given me only three pounds, and its price was three guineas, and I had to borrow.

"Yet it is so lovely, so quiet and lady-like, just after my mother's own taste. She would be sure to like it, only she would say it was too dear."

"Not a bit dear, good things are always cheap," said reassuring Mrs. Golding, pressing the three shillings upon me rather boisterously.

To escape, for I saw the old gentleman was watching us, and our dispute—probably he had nothing better to do—I took the money, at which I fancied he smiled.

Perhaps he had heard all that passed: well, what harm? Supposing he did overhear, he

could learn nothing except that my mother was poor and careful, with lady-like tastes, and that I liked to please her if possible. Nevertheless, his observant eye vexed me, and I turned my back upon him until we went out of the shop.

However, there was great consolation in thinking of the beautiful shawl; how nice my mother would look in it, and how warm it would be.

"And a real Paisley shawl is never out of fashion," added Mrs. Golding encouragingly; then drew down the corners of her mouth, saying "fashion was a snare."

Very likely; and yet I should have enjoyed being dressed like those young ladies I saw walking up and down Milsom Street, in the sunshine. Pleasant as it had been to admire the grand shops in the Corridor and elsewhere, it would have been pleasanter still to be able to go in and buy there whatever I chose. There were scores of pretty things which I longed to take home with me, for myself or my mother, and could only stare at through the tantalizing glass panes. It was a little hard.

Another thing was harder. In spite of Mrs. Golding, who made the fiercest duenna possible, the passers-by did stare at me; idle loungers, who no doubt thought it great fun to inspect a new face, and all the more so because it was under a plain cottage bonnet, and had no protector but an old woman. With a man beside me, a father or a brother, no one would have dared to stare; and if instead of walking I had been driving, it would have been altogether different. Then these young men would have recognised my position, and paid me the same respectful attentions that they offered to other young ladies, to whom I saw them talk and bow, courteous and reverential, while to me—

Was it my lowly condition that exposed me to this rude gaze, or only my beauty? but I hated my beauty since it caused me such humiliation. My cheeks burning, my heart full of angry resentment, I hurried on through the crowded streets, Mrs. Golding trotting after me as fast as she could.

"Where are you going?" she pettishly said at last. "What on earth is the matter with you?"

It was useless to explain, and indeed I hardly knew myself, so I merely replied that I was tired, and proposed that we should go and sit down in the quietest place we could find.

"That will be Marlboro' Fields, if you don't mind the cows. People say, some of

these days, there's going to be a grand park made there for the fine folk to walk in, just as they now walk up and down Royal Crescent. You'll want to go and see them? Of course, all you young folk do like the vanities of the world."

Perhaps old folks too; for though I protested against it, Mrs. Golding, shaking her head in a solemn, incredulous way, took me right into the then fashionable promenade. The high, broad walk in front of the Crescent houses was as full as it could hold of gaily-dressed people, walking up and down, and conversing together, for everybody seemed to know everybody. There were no carriages, but there was a good sprinkling of sedan chairs, in which the old and infirm went about. Some of them were pitiful spectacles, in their apparent struggle against remorseless age, sickness, decay; their frantic clinging to that poor, feeble life, which could no longer be to them either a pleasant or desirable thing.

It made me sad,—me to whom in my strong, fresh youth, life seemed eternal. I looked upon these poor creatures as if their melancholy lot could never concern me, and yet it weighed me down, and I was glad to get out of the crowd into a footpath, leading to the Weston Road. There, in a quiet nook, some kind soul had put up under a shady tree a comfortable seat, where we sat down, and Mrs. Golding took out a huge parcel of provisions. A most ungentle repast, and I was horrified at it, hungry as I felt; but there was no use in objecting, and besides we were quite out of everybody's way, the grand people confining themselves entirely to their walk up and down the Crescent, where they could see and be seen properly.

So we sat quiet and alone. Nothing passed us save one carriage, a very fine one, driving slowly towards Weston.

"Bless us!" cried Mrs. Golding indignantly, "how stuck-up the world is growing! In my time there were only four carriages in Bath, and only the very rich people thought of such a thing."

"Probably the owner of that one is a rich person," said I carelessly; but I followed it with my eyes, for I was very tired, and I thought how nice it would be to be driving leisurely home instead of waiting about here for an hour, and then being jolted back in that horrid carrier's cart.

These half-sad, half-evil musings must have lasted some minutes, for Mrs. Golding, having eaten and drunk her fill, leaned her

head back against the tree in a delicious doze. The same carriage drove past again, and, stopping a little way off, the footman helped out its only occupant, an elderly gentleman, who, after walking feebly a turn or two in the sunshine, came towards the bench much exhausted, though evidently striving hard against his weakness, and holding himself as upright as he could. Then I perceived he was the same old gentleman who had picked up my half sovereign for me in the shop.

Glad to return civility for civility, I made room for him, squeezing myself close up to Mrs. Golding; a politeness which he just acknowledged, without looking at me, sat down, quite exhausted, and closed his eyes.

What a contrast it was—the sleepy half-life of these two old people, one on either side of me, with that strong, vivid, youthful life of mine, full of such an endless capacity for pleasure and pain! Would it ever dwindle down to this? Should I ever be like them? It seemed impossible.

Mrs. Golding's eyes were still peacefully shut; but the old gentleman opened his, and, seeing me, gave a start.

"I beg pardon; I am sure I have seen you before—yes, yes, now I recollect. Excuse me." And he took his hat off, clear off, from his reverend white head. "You will pardon an old man for addressing a strange lady; but I really think I must somewhere or other have had the pleasure of meeting you."

I shook my head smiling.

"Pardon then, a thousand times. You, young lady, may make a blunder sometimes, when you are seventy-three years old."

I said, I made blunders now, and I was only seventeen.

"Only seventeen! You look older. But perhaps you are the eldest of a large family?"

"Oh no! We are only two—just my mother and I."

"A most fortunate pair," said he, bowing; but asked no further personal questions. And indeed though we immediately began talking, and talked straight on, upon all sorts of subjects, for a full half hour, he never made the slightest approach to any topic that could imply any curiosity about me or my affairs. He was equally reticent about himself, keeping punctiliously to the cautious, neutral ground of pleasant generalities—a characteristic, I often think, of well-bred people, and which constitutes the charm of their society; just as the secret of true politeness consists in one thing, unselfishness; or, as

the Bible puts it, "esteeming others better than themselves."

In my short, shut-up life, I had seen few men, fewer gentlemen; none indeed to compare with the characters in my books—Sir Charles Grandison, the Waverley heroes, and even those of Miss Austin; whom I less approved, for they were so like everybody else, and I wanted somebody quite different. Now this old gentleman was certainly different from any one I had ever seen, and I admired him exceedingly.

Nor, recalling him, do I wonder at my admiration, sudden as it was. The fine old head, with its aquiline features, the erect soldierly bearing, the dignified and yet gentle manners, as courteous to a mere "slip of a girl" as if she had been a duchess, the blandly-toned voice and easy flow of conversation, belonging to the period, when conversation was really held as a fine art, and no flippancy or slang was tolerated,—I had never seen any one to equal him. Above all, I was struck by his wonderful tact; the faculty of drawing one out, of making one at ease with oneself, so that one unfolded as naturally as a flower in sunshine. Which quality, when the old possess, and will take the trouble to use it, makes them to the young the most charming companions in the world.

I was deeply fascinated. I forgot how the time was slipping on, and my mother sitting waiting for me at home, while I was enjoying myself without her, talking to a gentleman whom I had never set eyes on before to-day, and of whose name and circumstances I was as utterly ignorant as he was of mine.

The shadows lengthened, the soft rosy twilight began to fade, and the thrush's long evening note was heard once or twice from a tall tree.

"Spring come again!" said the old gentleman, with a slight sigh. "The days are lengthening already; it is five o'clock," and he looked at his watch, a splendid old-fashioned one, with a large P in diamonds on the back. "My carriage will be up directly. I always dine at six, and dislike being unpunctual. Though I have no ladies to attract me homeward; no fair faces to brighten my poor board. Alas! I have neither daughters nor grand-daughters."

A wife, though, he must have had; for there was a thin wedding-ring on the little finger of his left hand, which it fitted exactly, his hands being remarkably small and delicate for such a tall man. I always noticed people's hands, for my mother had told me mine were rather peculiar, being the exact copy of my

father's, with long thin fingers and almond-shaped nails. This old gentleman's were, I fancied, rather like them, at least after the same sort of type.

"You have no grand-daughters! What a pity! Would you have liked to have some?"

And then I blushed at this all but rude question, the more so as he started, and a faint colour came into his cheek also, old as he was.

"Pardon me: I did not mean exactly that—that—But why should I dilate on my own affairs? She is having a good long *doze al fresco*, this worthy nurse of yours." (Then he at least had not concluded Mrs. Golding to be my grandmother.)

"Yes; I suppose she is tired. We ought to be going home. My mother will be so dull; I have hardly ever left her for a whole day alone."

"Is your mother like you? Or, rather, are you like your mother?"

This was the only question he had put that could at all be considered personal; and he put it very courteously, though examining my face with keen observation the while.

"I, like my mother? Oh no, it is my father I take after. Though I never saw him; I was a baby when he died. But my mother—I only wish I were like her; so good, so sweet, so—everything! There never was her equal in the whole world."

The old gentleman smiled.

"I dare say she thinks the same of her daughter. It is a way women have. Never mind, my dear, I am not laughing at your happy enthusiasm; it will soon cool down."

"I hope I shall never cool down into not admiring my mother!" said I indignantly.

"No—of course. Mothers are an admirable institution—much more so than fathers sometimes. But your nurse is waking up. Good afternoon, madam." He was of the old school, who did not think politeness wasted on anything in the shape of a woman. "Your young lady and I have been having such a pleasant little conversation."

"Indeed, sir," said my duenna, bristling up at once, but smoothing down her ruffled feathers when she perceived it was quite an old gentleman—a real gentleman too—who had been talking to me. "But it's time we were moving home. Are you rested now, Miss Picardy?"

The old man started violently.

"What did you say? What is her name?"

His eagerness—even excitement—put Mrs. Golding on the defensive at once.

"I can't see, sir, that a strange young lady's name is any business of yours. You've never seen her before to-day, and you certainly won't after; so I'm not a-going to answer any of your questions. Come, my dear."

But the old gentleman had fixed his eyes on me, examining me intently, and almost shaking with agitation.

"I beg pardon," he said, turning to Mrs. Golding with an evident effort; "you are quite right—quite right; but, in this one instance, if you would allow me to know her name——"

"No, I won't; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking it," cried my angry protectress, as she tucked me under her arm, and marched me off; for, of course, resistance on my part would have been ridiculous.

Presently I ventured a remonstrance, but was stopped at once—

"You don't know Bath ways, my dear. Wait till you get home, and then tell your mother."

"Of course I shall tell my mother. But it was a shame to be rude to such a kind old gentleman—the most charming old gentleman I ever saw."

"Very well. Charming or not charming, I've done my duty."

And she hurried me on, till, just stopping to breathe at the corner of Royal Crescent, there overtook us a grey-headed man, who looked like an old family servant. He touched his hat respectfully.

"Beg pardon, but I believe you are the young lady who was sitting beside my master in Marlboro' Fields? He desired me to go after you, and give you this card."

Mrs. Golding extended her hand.

"No, no, I was told to give it to the young lady herself. All right; good afternoon, miss."

He too looked keenly into my face, and started, even as his master had done.

"Lord bless us! The saints be about us!" I heard him mutter to himself.

But he was evidently an old soldier likewise, who simply obeyed orders, asking no questions; so he touched his hat again, and walked back as fast as he could.

I took the card—an ordinary visiting card—with a name and address printed thereon; a second address, "Royal Crescent, Bath," being hurriedly written in pencil. But the name, when I made it out, caused me to start in intense astonishment. It was—"Lieutenant-General Picardy."

CHAPTER IV.

As was natural, during the whole drive home in that horrid shabby carrier's cart, I thought of little else than the card in my pocket. I had put it there at once, without showing it to Mrs. Golding; who saw I was offended with her, and perhaps recognised that I had some reason to be. But in no case should I have discussed the matter with her. I was very proud in those days, and had no notion of being confidential with my inferiors.

Besides, it might possibly concern us—our own private affairs. The name, Picardy, was such a very peculiar one, that this stranger might turn out to be some relative of ours. What relative? Little as I knew about my father, I did know that he had died the last of his race—so it could not be his elder brother. Perhaps an uncle? Or possibly, no, it was too much to expect!—it would be too like a bit out of a book, and a very romantic book indeed—that this most interesting old gentleman should turn out to be my grandfather.

Yet I clung to the fancy, and to a hundred fancies more; until, by the time we reached home, I had worked myself up into a condition of strong excitement.

It was already dark, but I saw my mother's figure against the blind, and her hand put forward to draw it and look out, as she caught the first rattle of the cart-wheels down the street. In a minute more, I had leaped out, and come face to face with her dear little figure standing at the door—the calm eyes shining upon me—no, shining up at me, for I was so tall, and the cheerful voice saying, in that peculiarly soft tone which rings in my ears even now, when I am sad and alone, "Well, my child?"

A sudden thrill went through me. For the first time in my life, I knew something which my mother did not know, I had a strong interest in which she possibly might not share. For the Picardy name was hers—but the Picardy blood was wholly mine.

"Well, my child, and have you had a pleasant day?"

I could not answer immediately. She saw, quick as lightning, that things were not all right with me, and perhaps imagining I had been annoyed by some difficulty concerning Mrs. Golding, bade me not tell her a single thing that had happened until I had taken off my bonnet, and had some tea.

"Then you will be rested, and can unfold to me all your adventures."

Adventures, indeed! Little she knew! And some instinct made me put off, minute after minute, telling her the strange thing which had befallen me.

"But you have really enjoyed yourself, my darling," said my mother, anxiously, as she folded up my pelisse, for I was so bewildered that I did less for myself than usual.

"Oh yes, very much. And I have bought your shawl; such a beautiful shawl! Shall we look at it now?"

"Not till after you have had some tea, my child. How tired you look! Are you sure you are quite well?"

"Oh yes! But mother darling, something has happened—something so strange. Look here, an old gentleman gave me this card—such a charming old gentleman, who sat beside me on a bench and talked to me, and I talked to him. It was not wrong, was it?"

"No—no," said my mother hurriedly, trying in vain to decipher the card by the dim candlelight.

"And when we left him, he wanted to know my name, and Mrs. Golding was so cross and refused to give it—so he sent his man after us with this card. Look, is it not strange! It is our name, our very own name, 'Lieutenant-General Picardy.'"

My mother sunk on a chair, deadly pale. "Ah, I knew it would come, some day. My child, my own only child!"

She flung her arms about me, and burst out weeping as I had never seen her weep before.

When she recovered herself, I had put the card away, but she asked me for it, and examined it carefully.

"Yes, it must be General Picardy himself. I did not know he lived at Bath—indeed, I doubted if he were living at all. I have not heard of him for so many years."

"But, mother, who is General Picardy?"

"Your grandfather."

I too sank down on a chair, shaking all over with agitation. It was such a surprise. A painful surprise too, for it implied that my mother had had secrets from me—secrets kept for years.

"And you never told me? Surely I was old enough to know something about my own grandfather, whom I always supposed to be dead."

"I never said so. But still I thought it most probable, since if alive he must have been keeping silence and enmity against me for seventeen years."

"Enmity against you, my own best dearest mother! Then I will throw his card into the fire, and never think of him again."

She stopped my hand. "No—he is your grandfather, your father's father, and the nearest relation, after me, that you have in the world. Let us talk about him quietly by-and-by. Come down to tea now, Elma, my child. You know," with a faint struggle at a smile, "you always say, if the world were coming to an end, mother must have her tea." I laughed, and my momentary wrath, first against her, and then against him, passed away. It seems strange, but I was prone to these outbursts of passion when I was a girl, though they never lasted long. They never come now at all. Sometimes, I could almost wish they did, if I had my mother there to soothe them.

"And after tea, mother, you will tell me everything?"

"Yes. I would have told you long ago, but it was a painful story, and one that I thought could not possibly signify to your future, or affect your happiness in any way. Perhaps I judged wrong."

"Oh no, you were right, you always are," cried I impulsively; and when I heard the story, my reason seconded this conviction.

But first, my mother made me tell her my adventure; which I did, concealing nothing, not even my ardent admiration of the old gentleman who was my grandfather—the first real gentleman, I declared, that I had ever seen.

"Yes, I believe he is that," sighed my mother. "So was your father—so were all the family. It is a very old and honourable family."

"I am glad."

Yes; I was glad, and proud also. I looked down on my hands—my pretty hands: then up at my face, where in the old cracked mirror I saw an image—was it not a softened kind of image of that stern old face, with the aquiline nose, firm close mouth, and brilliant eyes? Ay, undoubtedly I was a Picardy.

My mother, if she noticed me, said nothing, but only made me sit down on the hearth-rug at her feet, with my arm across her lap and her soft hands stroking my hair; our favourite position when we had a talk. Then she began telling me the story of the past.

A sad story, though I could see that she intentionally made it as little so as possible. Still, anybody with ordinary perceptions must have felt sure that there had been many painful bits in it, though she glossed them over and did not dwell upon them.

In the first place, my father's marriage with her had evidently been considered by

his father a disgraceful *mésalliance*; for he refused to see him, and would have disinherited him, only the property was entailed. Entailed, however, strictly in the male line, and I was a daughter! My birth, which my father had reckoned on as a means of reconciliation, disappointed him so excessively, that he, in his turn, declared he would not look at me, and died a month afterwards.

Whether in their brief married life he had been to my mother kind or unkind—whether his own untruthness had brought about its natural results (for he had persuaded her that his father had no objection to their union), whether he came to blame her for having believed in him, to reproach her for having loved him, and loved him too when he was an utter wreck in health and fortune—if things were thus or not, I cannot tell. She did not tell me. She certainly did not praise my father, but she never blamed him; and when I began to blame him she laid her hand on my lips, as if to say that, after all, he was my father.

But my grandfather I was free to criticize if I chose, and I did it pretty sharply too. He, a poor soldier, to insult my mother by accusing her of "catching" my father, when she could get nothing by it, not even money, for the family estate did not fall in till after they were married, and it was *her* father they lived upon—her father the tradesman, who, however uneducated, had been an honest independent man, and had educated his child and made her a lady,—quite as much a lady as her husband was a gentleman.

So thought I, and said it too, as far as I dared; but my mother always stopped me, and confined herself to strictly relating the facts of the case.

When she was a widow, and my grandfather was living, solitary and childless, at his newly-gained estate, she thought there might be some relenting, at any rate, towards me; but there was none. Her letter remained long unanswered, and then there came one from the family lawyer, saying that if Miss Picardy—that was myself—were sent to the General at once, she would be received and adopted, on condition that her mother renounced all claim to her, and never saw her again.

"And what did you say?" I exclaimed in passionate indignation.

"I said that my child was my child—that I would neither renounce her, nor connive at her renouncing me, so long as I lived. But that after I was dead—and I thought then that my life would be short—she would

belong legally to General Picardy, and I would leave orders for her to be sent to him immediately."

"That was wrong."

"No; it was right," returned my mother, slowly and softly. "For my own parents were dead, I had no near kindred, and if I had, General Picardy was as near, or nearer. Besides, though hard to me, I knew him to have been always a just, honourable, upright man; a man to be trusted; and whom else could I trust? I was quite alone in the world, and I might die any day—I often thought I should."

"My darling mother!"

"Yes; it was rather hard to bear," she said with a quivering lip. "To feel as ill as I often felt then, and to know that my own frail life was the sole barricade my baby had against the harsh world—my poor little helpless baby—my almost more helpless little girl, who was growing up headstrong, self-willed, yet so passionately loving! No wonder I seized upon the only chance I had for your safety after I was gone. I told General Picardy, that all I asked of him was to educate you, so as to be able to earn your own living—that he need not even acknowledge you as his grand-daughter—his heirship you could not be; for I knew the property passed to a distant cousin. But I entreated him to bring you up so as to be a good woman, an educated woman, and then leave you to fight your own battle, my poor child!"

"But I have had no need to fight it. My mother has fought it for me."

"Yes, so far. Are you satisfied?"

"I should think so, indeed! And now, mother, I shall fight for you."

She smiled, and said, "there was no need." Then she explained that having always in view this possibility, of my being sent to my grandfather and brought up by him, she had never said a word to me of his unkindness to herself—indeed, she had thought it wisest to keep total silence with regard to him. Since if I once began questioning, it would have been so difficult to tell half-truths, and full explanations were impossible to a child.

"But now, Elma, you are no child. You can judge between right and wrong. You can see there is a great difference between avoiding a bad man and keeping a dignified silence towards a good man who unfortunately has misjudged one, under circumstances when one has no power to set oneself right. Understand me, though I have kept aloof from him, I have never hated

your grandfather. Nor do I now forbid you to love him."

"Oh mother, mother!"

I clung to her neck. Simply as she had told her story, as if her own conduct therein had been the most ordinary possible, I must have been blind and stupid not to perceive that it was anything but ordinary, that very few women would have acted with such wisdom, such self-abnegation, such exceeding generosity.

"You don't blame me then, child, for keeping you to myself? I was not keeping

you to poverty—we had enough to live upon, and, with care, to educate you fit for any position which you might hereafter be called to fill; so that General Picardy need never be ashamed of his grand-daughter. For all else, could anything have made up to my girl for the want of her mother?"

"Nothing—nothing! Oh what you have gone through, and for me too!"

"That made it lighter and easier. When you are a mother yourself, you will understand."

"But General Picardy"—for I could not



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say grandfather—"did he answer your letter?"

"No. Still, I took care he should always have the option of doing so. Wherever we lived, I sent our address to the lawyer. But nothing came of it—so of late years, I concluded he was either grown childish—he must be a good age now—or was dead. But I kept faithfully to my promise. I told you nothing about him, and I educated you so as to meet all chances—to be either Miss Picardy of Broadlands, or Miss Picardy the daily governess, as I was slowly coming

to the conclusion you would have to be. Now——"

My mother looked steadily at me, and I at her. I do not deny, the sudden vision of a totally changed life—a life of ease and amusement, able to get and to give away all the luxuries I chose—flashed across my mind's eye. "Miss Picardy of Broadlands," and Miss Picardy, the poor daily governess. What a difference! My heart beat, my cheeks burned.

"Suppose your grandfather should want you? You said he seemed much agitated at

hearing your name; and he must have taken some trouble to inform you of his, and his address too. No doubt he wishes you to write to him."

"I will not. He is a wretch!"

"Hush, he is your grandfather."

"Don't attempt to make excuses for his conduct," cried I furiously, the more furiously for that momentary longing after better fortunes to which I have pleaded guilty. "I will never forgive him as long as I live."

"That is more than I have ever said of him or any human being."

"Because, mother, you are the most generous woman alive. Also, because the wrong was done to yourself. It is much easier, as you often say, to forgive for oneself than for another person. Myself I don't care for; but I can't forgive him for his behaviour to you."

"You ought, I think," was the earnest answer. "Listen, Elma. Unkind as he was, unfairly as he treated me, he himself was treated unfairly too. I could never explain, never put myself right with him. I was obliged to bear it. But it made me tender over him, indeed, rather sorry for him. Never mind me, my child. There is no reason in the world why your grandfather should not be very fond of you."

Here my mother began to tremble, though she tried not to show it, and I felt her grasp tighten over my hand.

"Darling mother," said I cheerfully, "why should we trouble ourselves any more about this matter? I have seen my grandfather. He has seen me. Let us hope the pleasure was mutual! And there it ends."

"It will not end," said my mother, half to herself. She looked up at me as I stood on the hearth, very proud and erect, I dare say, for I felt proud. I longed to have a chance of facing my grandfather again, and letting him see that I had a spirit equal to his own; that if he disclaimed me, I also was indifferent to him, and wished to have nothing in common with him—except the name, of which he could not deprive me; I too was a Picardy. My mother looked at me keenly, as if I had been another woman's child and not hers. "No, no, it will not end."

But when two, three, four days slipped by and nothing occurred—to be sure it would have been rather difficult for my grandfather to find us out, but I never thought of that commonplace fact—the sense that all had ended came upon me with a vexatious pain. I had obstinately resisted my mother's proposal to write to General Picardy.

"No; the lawyer has our London address; he can write there, and we shall get it in time. By all means let him have a little trouble in discovering us, as he might have done any time these seventeen years."

"But the address may have got lost," argued my mother. "Or when he comes to think it over, and especially when he gets no answer to his card, he may doubt if you were the right person. Yet, if he only looked at you——"

However, if I bore my father's likeness in my face, I was all my mother in my heart; as self-contained, as independent, only not half so meek as she. My spirit revolted against my grandfather; bitterly I resented those long years of silence on his part, when, for all he knew, we might have sunk into hopeless poverty, or even starved.

"No, he knew we could not starve," said my mother, when I angrily suggested this. "I told him we had our pension, which doubtless he considered quite enough—for us. You must remember, in his eyes I was a very humble person."

"You, with your education!"

"He never knew I was educated. Nobody ever told him anything about me," added she sadly. "He only knew I was a tradesman's daughter; and that, to persons like General Picardy, is a thing unpardonable. His son might as well have married a common servant; he saw no difference, indeed, he said so."

"Oh mother!"

"It is true—and you will find many others who think so. There are strong class distinctions in the world—only we have lived out of the world; but we cannot do so much longer," and she sighed. "As to ladyhood, an educated woman is everywhere and always a lady. But you are also a lady born."

And then she told me of my long string of ancestors, and how her marriage must have fallen like a thunderbolt upon the family and its prejudices. Why my father ever risked it, I cannot comprehend, except by supposing him to have been a young man who always did what he liked best at the moment, without reflecting on its consequences to himself or to others.

But my mother, my long-suffering, noble-hearted mother—the scape-goat upon whom all his sins were laid—

"Has the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Has the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?"

I repeated these lines to her—half laughing, half crying; vowing that no power on earth

should compel me to have anything to say to General Picardy, unless he fully and respectfully recognised my mother.

But there seemed little chance of this heroic resolution being put to the test. Day after day slipped by; the ring of purple and yellow crocuses under our parlour window dropped their cups and lay prone on the ground, to be succeeded by red and lilac primroses. Soon in our daily walks we found the real wild primroses. I brought them home by handfuls, happy as a child. I had never before lived in the country—the real country—such as I had read of in Miss Mitford's and other books; and every day brought me new interests and new pleasures, small indeed, but very delicious.

However, in the midst of all, I think we were both conscious of a certain uneasy suspense—perhaps even disappointment. No word came from my grandfather. Whether we hoped or feared—I hardly knew which my feeling was—that he would find us out, he did not do it. The suspense made me restless, so restless that I was sure my mother saw it, for she proposed to recommence my studies,

"'Tis better to work than sit idle,
'Tis better to sing than to grieve,"

said she, smiling.

"But I am not grieving; what should I grieve about? I have everything in the world to make me happy," was my half-veiled reply.

And yet somehow I was not quite happy. I kept pondering again and again over the story of my parents, and recalling every word and look of my grandfather, who had attracted me to an extent of which I myself was unaware, until I began to doubt if I should ever see him any more. Whatever his faults might have been, or whatever faults of others, as my mother half hinted, might have caused them, to me he had appeared altogether charming.

Besides, though I should have been ashamed to own these last, with the thought of him came many foolish dreams,—springing out of the Picardy blood, I fancied, and yet before I knew there was anything remarkable in the Picardy blood, they had never come to me—dreams of pride, of position; large houses to live in, beautiful clothes to wear, and endless luxuries both to enjoy and to distribute. Yes, let me do myself this justice—I never wished to enjoy alone.

When we peeped at the handsome old houses walled in with their lovely gardens, as one often sees in Devonshire villages, or

met the inmates, who passed us by of course, they being the "gentry" of the place, and we only poor people living in lodgings, I used to say to myself, "Never mind, I am as well-born as they; better perhaps, if they only knew it;" and I would carry myself all the loftier because I knew my clothes were so plain and so shabby,—for I refused to have anything that summer, lest my mother should feel compunction about her Paisley shawl.

That lovely shawl! it was my one unalloyed pleasure, at this time. She looked so sweet in it—its soft white and grey harmonizing with the black dress she always wore, though she did not pretend to permanent mourning. Though not exactly a pretty woman, she had so much of youth about her still, that she gave the effect of prettiness; and being small, slight, and dainty of figure, if you walked behind her you might have taken her for a girl in her teens instead of a woman long past forty. A lady, indeed!—she was a lady, every inch of her! The idea of my grandfather supposing she was not! I laughed to myself over and over again, as I recalled how I had unconsciously praised her to him. If he expected me to be ashamed of my mother, he would find himself egregiously mistaken.

How did she feel? Was her mind as full as mine of this strange adventure, which had promised so much and resulted in nothing? I could not tell, she never spoke about it; not till, having waited and waited till I could bear it no longer, I put to her the question direct, did she think we should ever hear of my grandfather, and would she be glad or sorry if we never did?

"My child, I hardly know. It may be, as I said, that the lawyer has lost our address, or that General Picardy expects you to pay him the respect of writing first. Would you like to do it?"

"No. And you? You never answered my second question—if we hear of him no more, shall you be sorry or glad?"

My mother hesitated. "At first, I own it was a great shock to know he was so near, and had seen you, because I always felt sure that once seeing you, he would want to have you."

"And would you have let him have me?"

She smiled faintly. "I think, I would have tried to do what was right at the time; what was best for you, my darling. But apparently we are neither of us likely to have the chance. I fear you must be content with only your mother."

Only my mother! Did she imagine I was not content? And had her imaginations any foundation?

I think not. The more I recall my old self, that poor Elma Picardy, who had so many faults, the more I feel sure that this fault was not one of them. I had a romantic longing to see my grandfather again, perhaps even a wish to rise to my natural level

in society and enjoy its advantages; but love of luxury, position, or desire for personal admiration—these were not my sins. Nothing that my grandfather could have given me would have weighed for a moment in comparison with my mother.

So the weeks went by and nothing happened. It was already the end of April, when something did happen at last.

DAYS NEAR ROME.

II.—VITERBO AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.



THE sun was setting as we drove down the long descent of the Ciminian forest and entered Viterbo, and over the gate the great figure of Santa Rosa holding her crucifix stood out stern and grey against the opal sky. Viterbo, which the old

chroniclers called "the city of beautiful fountains and beautiful women," is now rightly known as "the Nuremberg of Italy." Every street is a study. Such wonderful old houses, with sculptured cornices, Gothic windows, and heavy outside staircases resting on huge corbels! Such a wealth of sparkling water playing around the grand Gothic fountains, and washing the carved lions and other monsters which adorn them! The great piazza is so curious, where the houses are hung with stone shields of arms, where two lions on tall pillars guard the way, and where stands the Palazzo Publico, within whose court is such a fine view of the city and the hills beyond. Here, round the little platform, are five Etruscan figures reclining upon their tombs, much like people looking out of their berths in a steamer. In the palace above are preserved the forgeries by which Fra Giovanni Nanni, commonly called Anno di Viterbo, claimed for his native city an antiquity greater than that of Troy, and a marble tablet, inscribed with a pretended edict of Desiderius, the last of the Lombard kings, decreeing that "within one wall shall be included the three towns, Longula, Vetulonia, and Terrena, called Volturna, and

that the whole city thus formed shall be called Etruria, or Viterbum."

On the opposite side of the piazza, raised high against the wall of the church of S. Angelo in Spata, is the sarcophagus tomb of the fair Galiana, whose beauty made her the cause of a war between Viterbo and the Romans, who only consented to raise the siege of her native city on condition of her showing herself upon the battlements, and allowing the besiegers once more to gaze upon her charms.

Though not so old as the mendacious Dominican, Nanni, would make out, there is nothing new, and nothing small, in Viterbo, whose very name, compounded of *Vetus Urbs*, would indicate its antiquity. Every wall, every doorway, every sculpture, is vast of its kind, and every design is noble. Its ancient name would appear from inscriptions to have been Surrina. The Cathedral (of S. Lorenzo) stands in the lower part of the town, on a rising ground, which was once occupied by a temple of Hercules, and which was called "Castellum Hercules" as late as the thirteenth century. Near it is a bridge with Etruscan foundations in blocks of six courses. The cathedral stands in a kind of close, and is almost surrounded by different fragments of the half-demolished palace where the popes of the thirteenth century resided. In the great hall, which still exists, met the conclaves at which Urban IV. (1261), Clement IV. (1264), Gregory X. (1271), John XXI. (1276), Nicholas III. (1277), and Martin IV. (1277), were elected. The cardinals spent six months over the election of the last pope, and made Charles of Anjou, who was then at Viterbo, so impatient, that he took away the roof of their council chamber to force them to a decision, and they, in a kind of bravado, dated their letters of that time

from "the roofless palace." This council-hall is surrounded by memorials of all the popes who were natives of Viterbo and its surrounding villages, or who lived there. Adjoining it is another hall, still roofless, in which Pope John XXI. was crushed to death. His end was looked upon as a direct act of the Evil One. He was contemplating with too great pride the hall which he had built, and burst into laughter; at that instant the avenging roof came down on his head.

There is not much to see in the cathedral, beyond a beautiful font, pictures of several of the native popes, and the tomb of poor John XXI. close to the door. It is chiefly interesting to Englishmen from the murder of Prince Henry D'Almaine, son of Richard Earl of Cornwall and nephew of Henry III. He was returning from the crusades with his



Cathedral, Viterbo.

cousin Prince Edward, and was met here by Guy de Montfort, the hereditary enemy of his family, who stabbed him while kneeling at the altar. The murderer was leaving the church and boasting of his vengeance to his followers, when one of them reminded him that his father, Simon de Montfort, had been dragged in the dust, upon which, returning to the altar, and seizing the lifeless prince by the hair, he dragged him into the piazza. The deed is commemorated by Dante, who sees the murderer in the seventh circle of hell, plunged in a river of boiling blood.

Passing through the detached Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre (beyond the council-chamber), which contains a curious fresco portrait of our Saviour, we may emerge on a terrace below the finest part of the papal palace, a lofty wall pierced with Gothic windows and supported by flying buttresses.

Quite at the other end of the town, close to the Tuscan gate, stands the fine old castle called La Rocca, like all the town-castles in this part of Italy. In front of it is a beautiful fountain approached by many steps. The neighbouring church of S. Francesco has an outside pulpit, whence S. Bernardino of Siena used to address the people. It contains several beautiful thirteenth-century tombs, especially that, resplendent with delicate sculpture and mosaic, of Pope Adrian V., who was one of three popes elected within three years after the death of the holy and wise Gregory X. He was Ottobuoni Fieschi, nephew of Innocent IV. He answered his relations who came to congratulate him on his election, "Would that ye came to a cardinal in good health and not to a dying pope." He was not crowned, consecrated, or even ordained priest, and only lived long enough to choose his name and to redeem his native Genoa from interdict. On the opposite side of the altar is another grand Gothic tomb, that of Cardinal Landriano (1445), with angels drawing a curtain over his sleeping figure. Opposite, is the solemn thought-inspiring picture of "the Solitude of the Virgin," by Sebastian del Piombo,—the Madonna watching the dead body of Christ through the moonlit night. It is a grand subject, grandly carried out, and should be seen in early morning, when alone there is sufficient light in the church to illumine the barren distances of the picture, and reveal figures otherwise unseen.

No one should stay at Viterbo without going to visit the church of Sta. Rosa, to look upon the incorruptible patroness of the town. There was no sign of her when we first entered the church, where the people, in loud voices, were singing "Benediction," but the service being over, we were directed to ring a bell, when a wooden screen drew up, and a nun appeared behind a grille, pointing to a blackened mummy by her side, in a golden shrine and crowned with roses. The dead face still wears a calm, rather touching, expression. A number of country people had flocked to the grille with us, most of whom knelt. We all received from the nun a gift of a small piece of knotted cord—"Disciplina"—which had been laid upon the holy body, and roses were given to those especially favoured.

Santa Rosa was not a professed nun, but a member of the Third Order of S. Francis. In the thirteenth century she was as conspicuous for her eloquence as for her charity, and for the extraordinary moral influence

she exercised over the people of Viterbo. She obtained her position as patroness of the city rather through politics than piety. By her fiery addresses she excited her fellow-citizens to rise against Frederic II. of Germany. They were defeated, and she was driven into exile, but lived to return triumphantly when the Emperor died, and after her death (May 8th, 1261) she was canonised by the Pope she had served, and invoked by the party she had advocated.

At Bagnaja is the palace of Duke Lante, the perfect ideal of a Roman villa. We leave Viterbo by the Porta Romana, close to La Rocca, outside which there is a public garden, crowded towards evening, like the Pincio, with gaily-dressed ladies and cavalry officers in their smart tightly-fitting uniforms.

A straight road, a mile in length, leads from the gate to the famous sanctuary of La Quercia. In the square before it two ancient fairs are held, which are of great antiquity, the first founded in 1240 by Frederick II., beginning on the 22nd of September, and ending on the 6th of October; the second, founded in 1513 by Leo X., beginning at Pentecost, and lasting for the fifteen days following. The front of the great church of La Madonna della Quercia, and its stately tower, are splendid works of Bramante. The monks of the adjoining convent are devoted to education, and when we visited the church its vast aisles were peopled with large groups of children, which the friars in their white robes were teaching. Behind the altar, in a kind of recess, is preserved the famous relic, the Madonna which miraculously grew out of an oak on that spot. The branch of the tree is preserved as evidence! But the great charm of the place is its glorious Gothic cloister and fountain, with the inscription, "He who drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but he who drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." It was in this church that the Père Lacordaire and the Père Requedat made their profession.

Two miles further, a tall tower and a quaint castle guarding a little village announces Bagnaja. The castle was the old residence of the Lante family, and though neglected now and let out to poor families, it still retains much that is interesting in the interior. A steep street leads up to the iron gate of the later villa, which admits one to a glorious garden, designed by Vignola at

the same time with the villa itself. It is a perfect paradise. In the centre of the clipped box-walks is a large fountain with most beautiful Florentine figures—and beyond it a silvery cascade glitters and dances down through the green depths from a series of fern-fringed grottoes. On either side stand the buildings of the villa, one for the family, the other for the guests. They were begun by Cardinal Riario, and finished by Cardinal Gambara. The great hall has fine frescoes by the Zuccheri brothers, and the real comfort and elegance of the rooms attest the frequent presence of the present Duchess, who is of American birth.

Beyond the villa the walks are of indescribable beauty: gigantic plane-trees; terraces, where crystal water is ever sparkling through grey stone channels; mossy grottoes overhung with evergreens; woods of ancient ilexes, which have never known the axe, and which cast the deepest shade in the hottest summer weather; peacocks strutting up and down the long avenues and spreading their tails to the sun; and, here and there, openings towards the glorious mountain distances or the old brown town in the hollow.

But the great object of our stay at Viterbo was to see the Etruscan remains in its neighbourhood, to which three hard-worked days must be devoted, for distance and difficulty make it utterly impossible that any traveller can ever have visited Castel d'Asso, Norchia, and Bieda, on the same day, and gone on to Ronciglione, as is indicated in Murray's Handbook. It is best to make head-quarters at Viterbo, as we did, and drive out each day, for though Vetralla is nearer the scene of action at the two latter places, the inn, a mere tavern, is so dirty and so perfectly miserable, we should not advise any one to attempt it. Castel d'Asso is only five miles from Viterbo, on the edge of the great plain of Etruria, but the place is so little visited, and the track across the fields so constantly changed, that it is most difficult to find. The description in Murray's Handbook, copied from Sir William Gell, is most grandiloquent, saying that "the cliffs of this and the four adjoining valleys are excavated into a continued series of cavern-sepulchres of enormous size, resembling nothing else in Europe, and only to be compared to the tombs of the kings of Thebes," and that "nothing can be more grand or imposing than the ruined fortress of Castel d'Asso from all parts of the valley." It is perhaps only kindly, however, to warn our readers that the highest of the

individual tombs is only about ten feet high, their usual height only six feet (though the cliff above occasionally rises to a height of from twenty-five to thirty feet, and is now and then ornamented with a moulding near the top), so that travellers may not be deterred from visiting Egypt by the imputed resemblance of "the Bibar el Melek of Etruria." While, as for the fortress, it is a small ordinary campagna tower on the edge of the glen, with a few low, ruined walls.

As usual, on all subjects connected with Etruria, the most correct account is that of Mrs. Hamilton Gray, by whom these valleys were first unlocked to the general English public, and who made her way, hatchet in hand, through the brushwood from one memorial to another, encountering and surmounting difficulties, and countless natural obstacles, in a way which none but those who have followed in her footsteps can appreciate. The place does *not* present any one of the sublimities described in Murray's Handbook; it has *not* any of the natural advantages of scenery which render most of the Etruscan sites so attractive, but it is very curious, and the careful antiquarian, and real lover of historical detail, will not find it unworthy of a visit.

The best time for a visit to Castel d'Asso is the winter; in the summer, the tombs (such is their size) are almost entirely concealed by the brushwood. The so-called guides at Viterbo are utterly ignorant, inefficient, and useless.

The road to Castel d'Asso descends into the great plain of Etruria from the Porta Romana, and then turns to the left, at the foot of the hills. It is an excellent carriage-road as far as the hot sulphureous baths of the Bulicame, mentioned by Dante.

Soon after leaving the Baths, the road becomes the merest track in the wilderness, but can still be pursued in a carriage with a careful driver. It is necessary to take almost all turns to the left, and as far as possible to keep in sight the tower of Castel d'Asso. At length one arrives upon the edge of a very narrow side-gorge just opposite the ruin. Here one must leave the carriage, tether the horse, and fight one's way through the thick wild roses and honeysuckle into the main glen. Before we reach it, the tombs begin to appear on the right of the way, and continue to follow the face of the cliffs into the principal ravine, though, perhaps, small as they appear, those at the entrance of the side glen are the best specimens of the whole. The face of the cliffs is everywhere smoothed

away by art, leaving the decorations of the sepulchres in high relief. These decorations are of Egyptian character, each tomb-front being marked by boldly-raised mouldings which seem to denote the outline of a door, the real entrance being deep below. Occasionally the mouldings are engraved with inscriptions, generally only the names of those within, but occasionally with the addition of other words, especially of *Ecasu*, which is sometimes interpreted, "Rest in peace," sometimes "Adieu," though, as the learned Orioli of Bologna says, "we really know nothing about it, and our wisest plan is to confess our ignorance."

The difficulties of finding the way to the sepulchres of Castel d'Asso are not to be compared to those of reaching the famous temple-tombs of Norchia, which is about fourteen



Etruscan Tombs, Castel d'Asso.

miles from Viterbo. A carriage may be taken for about two and a half miles beyond the picturesque mediæval town of Vetralla, which stands finely on an outlying spur of the Ciminian Hills.

The Etruscan sites of Norchia and Bieda are each about four miles from hence. The road to Norchia does not lead one, as Murray says, over "bare moors," but through a forest of brushwood, nor does the eye, when you arrive there, "range along the face of the cliffs and trace a long and almost unbroken line of tombs," for though a vast number of tombs exist, they are at great intervals from one another, and exceedingly difficult to discover. We had taken the guide who is generally recommended from Vetralla to direct us to the temple-tombs, and at first, when we left the carriage, he marched on so confidently, that we had faith in his knowledge. After a long hot walk we reached a little ruined Romanesque church, occupying the end of a promontory between two ravines, and marking the site of an ancient village, called *Orcle* in the ninth century, a name which has been supposed to come from Hercules, who was worshipped by the Etruscans as *Erle*. The church was ruined and the village pulled down at a very early period, when

the place was utterly deserted on account of the malaria, and all the inhabitants removed to Vitorchiano. To our dismay, our so-called guide began to try to persuade us that the ruins of the church were the famous Etruscan monument. He had been here hundreds of times, he said, "this was where all travellers stayed, here they held up their hands in admiration, here they expatiated on the grandeurs of Etruria, all around were the *sarzi* and the *pozzi* of that ancient people; why were we not satisfied?"

Despairing of our "guide," we engaged two *contadini* who were at work in a corn-field, and set out again, struggling through the thick thorns and brambles on the hill-side, sliding down the almost perpendicular banks of tufa, and wading up to our waists in the high corn and grass, reeking with wet below from late thunder-storms, though the sun was pouring down upon us with full force, and the whole valley steaming under its influence. Dismally enough for ourselves, we were so foolish as to follow the only indications which "Murray" gives, and which led us in every direction but the right one. Each little tomb we came upon, generally with the same external mouldings as those at Castel d'Asso, our *contadini* persisted in the celebrated monument, while the guide aimlessly scrambled about amongst the bushes, and tried to mislead us by ecstasies over imaginary discoveries, which often made us clamber up after him, to find nothing whatever.

At last, when we actually found, in the valley to the right of the church, a tomb on which two human heads were sculptured, they would search no further. The *contadini* declared that we must now have seen sufficient of these freaks of nature (*scherzi della natura*), for such they persisted the sepulchres to be, and the guide now changed his tone, and swore that though the temple-tomb had certainly existed—he had forgotten it at first, but remembered it now perfectly—it had fallen down with a piece of the rock years ago, and not a vestige of it remained. For hours we searched, scrambling amid brambles and brushwood, tumbling over broken rocks, making our way over streams by almost invisible stepping stones, till, at last, as though we had lost all faith in each of our companions, we had still some lingering belief in the position indicated by our guide-books, we began to think that the tomb must have perished as the guide said, and, weary and disgusted, we retraced our steps to Vetralla.

Several hours of daylight still remained, so we left the ladies of our party to rest in the carriage at Vetralla, with an old blind musician seated on a chair by its side, playing on the mandolin to a song, each refrain of which ended in an invocation to "Il Dio Cupido," to soften the hearts of the *belle donne*, and two of us set off again for Bieda, taking donkeys, *such* donkeys, who alternately kicked and fought and brayed, and ran away for the whole four miles which separate the two villages, like so many demons. Bieda is much more worth seeing than either Norchia or Castel d'Asso; and though the Etruscan remains are exaggerated, the natural scenery of the place is most beautiful. The road is only a stony, sandy track across rough uplands, with occasional steps in the tufa. After crossing a bridge, it becomes a mere ledge in the face of the precipice, and Bieda is seen hanging, eyrie-like, a nest of old, worn houses on the edge of the cliff, which is furrowed beneath with ranges of rude sepulchres, for the most part mere caves, and devoid of ornament. Deep below, a little stream murmurs through the ravine. As the Etruscan city of Blera, this place was of considerable importance, and though unapproached by any road, it continued to be so through the middle ages. Two Popes, Paschal II. and Sabinianus, were natives of Blera. The town has still an old gateway, and there is a beautiful well with the arms of the great extinct family of Anguillara in its little piazza. The church was once a cathedral, and there were fourteen bishops of Blera who also ruled over Civita Vecchia and Toscanella. Over its west door is a little figure of the local saint, the "Divus Viventius," who was a native of the place, where he officiated first as priest and then as bishop. His shrine is in the crypt (now entered by steps in front of the altar, but once approached by two side staircases), which is supported by curious old fluted marble columns, apparently from a pagan temple. In a side chapel is Annabale Caracci's fine picture of the Flagellation, displaying wonderful power of muscular drawing. In proof of the healthiness of Bieda, the tomb is shown of "Joannes Samius," who died here in his hundred and eighth year, having been parish priest for seventy-eight years. As we came out of the church, three little children were sitting in the old Roman sarcophagus in the portico, pretending it was a boat, and a number of country people were collected round our donkeys, curious to see the unwonted strangers, and forming

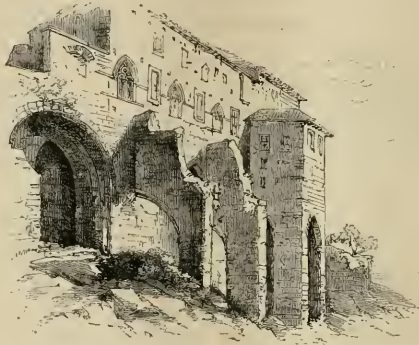
the most picturesque groups with their bright costumes. Several had brought coins and curiosities of different kinds dug up in the neighbourhood, in the hope of selling them. Our arrival had made such a sensation that it was declared to be quite impossible that we could leave without visiting the great person of the place, the Conte di San Giorgio—the very idea raised quite a clamour, and to his palazzo our new friends accordingly accompanied us in triumph. We found the young count in his garden, decorated with beautiful vases and amphoræ, found in his own *scavi*, and with all the shrubs clipped into patterns after the fashion of this neighbourhood. With the purchase of the estates of Bieda, the family of San Giorgio have acquired almost feudal rights in the place, but their tenure obliges them to reside here at least six months of every year, six months of exile from all civilised life, for it was fifteen years, the count said, since any strangers had visited Bieda.

A steep path, a mere cleft in the tufa, leads from the gate near the villa of the Count, to a famous Etruscan bridge, the "Ponte del Diavolo," built of huge blocks of tufa. The bridge is gone, and only its three arches remain, formed of huge stones fastened together without cement. The whole is now overgrown with shrubs, and most picturesquely overhung with smilax and ivy. The cliffs beyond rise to a great height, and the valley is exceedingly beautiful. The rock above a cave close to the bridge is covered with bullet-marks, for by old feudal custom, every inhabitant of Bieda on returning successful from the chase, is compelled to discharge his gun against this rock, in order to warn his lord, the Conte di San Giorgio, who then descends from the height to claim his tithes of the boar's thigh. Without returning into the town, one may follow a path along the hollow, where there

is another old bridge. Here, beneath the houses, the cliff is perfectly honey-combed with tombs, many of them used now as pigsties or cattle-sheds.

We did not reach Viterbo on our return from Bieda till nine P.M. Very early next morning we received a visit from the antiquity vendor of Viterbo, a most grandiloquent gentleman, who declared that he had himself made excavations, and was enthusiastic as to having lately discovered some fine sarcophagi—"mi sono detto, questi sono per l'Inghilterra, così gli ho destinato." He produced a little bronze ornament from a chandelier of the seventeenth century, an amorino, and affirmed that it was "Cupido, the ancient god of the Etruscans, upon

whose image the warriors struck their weapons when they went to battle;" and he protested that some scratches in the metal figure had been left by the clashing of their swords. Nevertheless, as his report of their continued existence coincided with our own opinion, we were beguiled into believing him when he vowed



Papal Palace, Viterbo.

that he knew Norchia intimately, and that he had seen the temple-tombs hundreds of times, and so, tired as we were, we actually ordered the carriage again, and retraced the long fatiguing drive to Vetralla, and on to the copses of Norchia, taking him with us. He roused our hopes by leading us, after we left the carriage, exactly in the opposite direction to that in which we had been the day before.

After long wanderings, we reached the bank of a river, which we had to wade through, and then to follow more valleys in the tufa, half choked up with brushwood. He and all the natives were fully convinced that we had come to Norchia to look for a hidden treasure, of which he fancied we had discovered the whereabouts. "You know, of course you have read in history," he said, "that

the Etruscans, when they emigrated to England, took with them documents (*pergamena*) telling of an immense treasure buried at Norchia, and at intervals ever since the English have come, of course you know it, to seek for these riches." Hour after hour we wandered, vainly affirming that the temple-tombs were all that we cared for; and when at length in despair we insisted that we must be near the place, the guide began, "Oh si, Signori, mi pare che deve essere qui, o almeno deve essere qua," pointing in exactly opposite directions; and it turned out that he knew nothing whatever about it, had never seen the temple-tombs in his life, had not the faintest idea what they meant, and that all he had said was a lie. For hours we searched fruitlessly, sending the so-called guide in other directions, till at length in one of these excursions a shepherd encountered "questa spia," as he called him, and returning with him to us, declared that he really knew of a "facciata sculta" in a distant valley, and could find the way to it. All our hopes were renewed by this intelligence, our fatigues melted away, and we set out again, but it was a long round of six miles altogether.

It was a triumphant moment when, wearied, wet, foot-sore, torn with brambles, and covered with mud, we first came in sight of the famous sepulchres. A featureless glen, smaller than the others, had opened from one of the main valleys; banks covered alternately with fragments of rock, and shrubs of wild pear and cistus, sloped up on either side to the low ranges of tufa rock which separated it from the flat plain around, and here, on turning a corner, we

saw two sculptured Doric sepulchres, which recalled the monuments of Petra in extreme miniature. It is, as it were, a double tomb with two massive projecting entablatures, but one encroaches on the other, which is cut away to receive it, so that they are evidently not of the same date. Both are much alike, and have been covered with sculptures in the boldest relief. Half of one of the pediments has fallen down, but on the tomb and a half which remain, though much worn by time, the forms of warriors are distinctly visible. One figure seems to have fallen, and others are fighting over him; a winged genius is also discernible; and there are

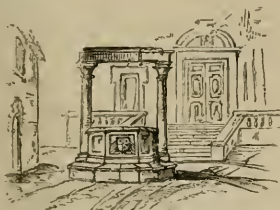
remnants of colour over the whole, the groundwork apparently red. The pediments end on either side in a volute, within which is a gorgon's head. There are traces of pillars having once supported the heavy entablatures. On the mass of tufa below the pediments are traces of more figures, probably once painted, with the armour in low relief. All archæologists are agreed that both architecture and sculpture are imitations of the Greek. Orioli attributes the monuments to the fourth or fifth century of Rome. The interiors of the tombs are quite devoid of ornament, mere chambers hewn in the tufa.

Mutilated and ruined as they are, the massive sculptures of the temple-tombs will ever make them one of the most interesting of Etruscan remains; and in connection with their lost history and their lost language, it is impossible to look upon them without the deepest interest.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.



Temple Tombs, Norchia.



Cathedral and Well, Bieda.



THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

THE more I have contemplated that ancient story of the Fall, the more it has seemed to me within the range of probability, and even of experience. It must have happened somewhere for the first time; for it has happened only too many times since. It has happened, as far as I can ascertain, in every race, and every age, and every grade of civilisation. It is happening round us now in every region of the globe. Always and everywhere, it seems to me, have poor human beings been tempted to eat of some "tree of knowledge," that they may be, even for an hour, as gods; wise, but with a false wisdom; careless, but with a frantic carelessness; and happy, but with a happiness which, when the excitement is past, leaves too often—as with that hapless pair in Eden—depression, shame, and fear. Everywhere, and in all ages, as far as I can ascertain, has man been inventing stimulants and narcotics to supply that want of vitality of which he is so painfully aware; and has asked Nature, and not God, to clear the dulled brain, and comfort the weary spirit.

This has been, and will be perhaps for many a century to come, almost the most fearful failing of this poor, exceptional, over-organized, diseased, and truly fallen being called man, who is in doubt daily whether he be a God or an ape; and in trying wildly to become the former, ends but too often in becoming the latter.

For man, whether savage or civilised, feels, and has felt in every age, that there is something wrong with him. He usually confesses this fact—as is to be expected—of his fellow-men, rather than of himself; and shows his sense that there is something wrong with them by complaining of, hating, and killing them. But he cannot always conceal from himself the fact that he, too, is wrong, as well as they; and as he will not usually kill himself, he tries wild ways to make himself feel at least—if not to be—somewhat "better." Philosophers may bid him be content; and tell that he is what he ought to be, and what nature has made him. But he cares nothing for the philosophers. He knows, usually, that he is not what he ought to be; that he carries about with him, in most cases, a body more or less diseased and decrepit, incapable of doing all the work which he feels that he himself could do, or expressing all the emotions which he himself longs to express; a dull brain, dull senses, which cramp the

eager infinity within him; as—so Goethe once said with pity—the horse's single hoof cramps the fine intelligence and generosity of his nature, and forbids him even to grasp an object, like the more stupid cat, and baser monkey. And man has a self, too, within, from which he longs too often to escape, as from a household ghost who pulls out, at unfortunately rude and unwelcome hours, the ledger of memory. And so when the tempter—be he who he may—says to him—"Take this, and you will 'feel better'—Take this, and you shall be as gods, knowing good and evil:" then, if the temptation was, as the old story says, too much for man while healthy and unfallen, what must it be for his unhealthy and fallen children?

In vain we say to him—

"'Tis life, whereof your nerves are scant;
Oh life, not death, for which you pant;
More life, and fuller, that you want."

And your tree of knowledge is not the tree of life: it is, in every case, the tree of death; of decrepitude, madness, misery. He prefers the voice of the tempter—"Thou shalt not surely die." Nay, he will say at last—"Better be as gods awhile, and die; than be the crawling, insufficient thing I am, and live."

He—did I say? Alas, I must say she likewise. The sacred story is only too true to fact, when it represents the woman as falling, not merely at the same time as the man, but before the man. Only let us remember that it represents the woman as tempted; tempted, seemingly, by a rational being, of lower race, and yet of superior cunning; who must, therefore, have fallen before the woman. Who or what the being was, who is called the serpent in our translation of Genesis, it is not for me to say. We have absolutely, I think, no facts from which to judge; and Rabbinical traditions need trouble no man much. But I fancy that a missionary, preaching on this story to Negroes, telling them plainly that the "Serpent" meant the first Obeah man; and then comparing the experiences of that hapless pair in Eden with their own, after certain orgies not yet extinct in Africa, would be only too well understood: so well, indeed, that he might run some risk of eating, himself, not of the tree of life, but of that of death. The sorcerer or sorceress tempting the woman; and then the woman tempting the man, seems to be, certainly among savage peoples, and,

alas! too often among civilised peoples also, the usual course of the world-wide tragedy.

But—paradoxical as it may seem—the woman's yielding before the man is not altogether to her dishonour, as those old monks used to allege who hated, and too often tortured, the sex whom they could not enjoy. It is not to the woman's dishonour, if she felt, before her husband, higher aspirations, than those after mere animal pleasure. To be as gods, knowing good and evil, is a vain and foolish, but not a base and brutal wish. She proved herself thereby—though at an awful cost—a woman, and not an animal. And indeed the woman's more delicate organization, her more vivid emotions, her more voluble fancy, as well as her more physical weakness and weariness, have been to her, in all ages, a special source of temptation, which it is to her honour that she has resisted so much better than the stronger and therefore more culpable man.

As for what the tree of Knowledge was: there really is no need for us to waste our time in guessing. If it was not one plant, then it was another. It may have been something which has long since perished off the earth. It may have been—as some learned men have guessed—the sacred Soma, or Homa, of the early Brahmin race; and that may have been a still existing narcotic species of *Asclepias*. It certainly was not the vine. The language of the Hebrew Scripture concerning it, and the sacred use to which it is consecrated in the Gospels, forbid that notion utterly; at least to those who know enough of antiquity to pass by, with a smile, the theory that the wines mentioned in Scripture were not intoxicating. And yet—as a fresh corroboration of what I am trying to say—how fearfully has that noble gift to man been abused for the same end as a hundred other vegetable products, even since those mythic days when Dionusus brought the vine from the far East, amid troops of human Mænads and half-human Satyrs; and the Bacchæ tore Pentheus in pieces on Cithæron, for daring to intrude upon their sacred rites; and since those historic days, too, when less than two hundred years before the Christian era, the Bacchic rites spread from Southern Italy into Etruria, and thence to the matrons of Rome; and under the guidance of Pœnia Annia, a Campanian lady, took at last shapes, of which no man must speak; but which had to be put down with terrible but just severity, by the Consuls and the Senate.

But it matters little, I say, what this same tree of knowledge was. Was every vine on earth destroyed to-morrow, and every vegetable also, from which alcohol is now distilled, man would soon discover something else, wherewith to satisfy the insatiate craving. Has he not done so already? Has not almost every people had its tree of knowledge, often more deadly than any distilled liquor, from the absinthe of the cultivated Frenchman, and the opium of the cultivated Chinese, down to the bush-poisons wherewith the tropic sorcerer initiates his dupes into the knowledge of good and evil; and the fungus from which the Samoiede extracts in autumn a few days of brutal happiness, before the setting in of the long six months' night? God grant that modern science may not bring to light fresh substitutes for alcohol, opium, and the rest; and give the white races, in that state of effeminate and godless quasi-civilisation which I sometimes fear is creeping upon them, fresh means of destroying themselves delicately and pleasantly off the face of the earth.

It is said by some that drunkenness is on the increase in this island. I have no trusty proof of it; but I can believe it possible. For every cause of drunkenness seems on the increase. Overwork of body and mind; circumstances which depress health; temptation to drink, and drink again, at every corner of the streets; and finally, money, and ever more money, in the hands of uneducated people, who have not the desire, and too often not the means of spending it in any save the lowest pleasures. These, it seems to me, are the true causes of drunkenness, increasing or not. And if we wish to become a more temperate nation, we must lessen them, even if we cannot eradicate them.

First, overwork. We all live too fast, and work too hard. "All things are full of labour, man cannot utter it." In the heavy struggle for existence which goes on all around us, each man is tasked, more and more—if he be really worth buying and using—to the utmost of his powers all day long. The weak have to compete on equal terms with the strong; and crave in consequence, for artificial strength. How we shall stop that, I know not, while every man is "making haste to be rich, and piercing himself through with many sorrows, and falling into foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." How we shall stop that, I say, I know not. The old prophet may have been

right when he said, "Surely it is not of the Lord that the people shall labour in the very fire, and weary themselves for very vanity;" and in some juster, wiser, more sober system of society—somewhat more like the Kingdom of The Father come on earth—it may be that poor human beings will not need to toil so hard, and to keep themselves up to their work by stimulants; but will have time to sit down, and look around them, and think of God, and of God's quiet universe, with something of quiet in themselves; something of rational leisure, and manful sobriety of mind, as well as body.

But it seems to me also, that in such a state of society, when—as it was once well put—every one has stopped running about like rats; that those who work hard, whether with muscle or with brain, would not be surrounded, as now, with every circumstance which tempts toward drink; by every circumstance which depresses the vital energies, and leaves them an easy prey to pestilence itself; by bad light, bad air, bad food, bad water, bad smells, bad occupations, which weaken the muscles, cramp the chest, disorder the digestion. Let any rational man, fresh from the country—in which I presume God, having made it, meant all men, more or less, to live—go through the back streets of any city, or through whole districts of the "black countries" of England; and then ask himself—Is it the will of God that His human children should live and toil in such dens, such deserts, such dark places of the earth? Let him ask himself—Can they live and toil there without contracting a probably diseased habit of body; without contracting a certainly dull, weary, sordid habit of mind, which craves for any pleasure, however brutal, to escape from its own stupidity and emptiness? When I run through, by rail, certain parts of the iron-producing country—streets of furnaces, collieries, slag heaps, mud, slop, brick house-rows, smoke, dirt: and that is all—and when I am told, whether truly or falsely, that the main thing which the well-paid and well-fed men of those abominable wastes cared for was—fighting good dogs: I can only answer, that I am not surprised.

I say—as I have said elsewhere, and shall do my best to say again—that the craving for drink and narcotics, especially that engendered in our great cities, is not a disease, but a symptom of disease—of a far deeper disease than any which drunkenness can produce; namely, of the growing degeneracy of a population, striving in vain by stimulants and narcotics to fight against those slow poisons with which

our greedy barbarism, miscalled civilisation, has surrounded them from the cradle to the grave. I may be answered that the old German, Angle, Dane, drank heavily. I know it: but why did they drink, save for the same reason that the fenman drank, and his wife took opium, at least till the fens were drained?—to keep off the depressing effects of the malaria of swamps and new clearings, which told on them who always settled in the lowest grounds, in the shape of fever and ague. Here it may be answered again, that stimulants have been, during the memory of man, the destruction of the Red Indian race in America. I reply boldly, that I do not believe it. There is evidence enough in Jaques Cartier's "Voyages to the Rivers of Canada;" and evidence more than enough in Strachey's "Travails in Virginia"—to quote only two authorities out of many—to prove that the Red Indians, when the white man first met with them, were, North and South alike, a diseased, decaying, and, as all their traditions confess, decreasing race. Such a race would naturally crave for "the water of life," the "usque-bagh," or whiskey, as we have contracted the old name now. But I should have thought that the white man, by introducing among these poor creatures iron, fire-arms, blankets, and above all horses wherewith to follow the buffalo-herds, which they could never follow on foot, must have done ten times more towards keeping them alive, than he has done towards destroying them, by giving them the chance of a week's drunkenness twice a year, when they came in to his forts to sell the skins which, without his gifts, they never would have got.

Such a race would, of course, if wanting vitality, crave for stimulants. But if the stimulants, and not the original want of vitality, combined with morals utterly detestable, and worthy only of the gallows—and here I know what I say, and dare not tell what I know, from eye-witnesses—have been the cause of the Red Indians' extinction: then how is it, let me ask, that the Irishman and the Scotsman have, often to their great harm, been drinking as much whiskey—and usually very bad whiskey—not merely twice a year, but as often as they could get it, during the whole "iron age;" and, for aught any one can tell, during the "bronze age," and the "stone age" before that: and yet are still the most healthy, able, valiant, and prolific races in Europe? Had they drank less whiskey they would, doubtless, have been more healthy, able, valiant, and perhaps even

more prolific, than they are now. They show no sign, however, as yet, of going the way of the Red Indian.

But if the craving for stimulants and narcotics is a token of deficient vitality: then the deadliest foe of that craving, and all its miserable results, is surely the Sanatory Reformer; the man who preaches,—and as far as ignorance and vested interests will allow him,—procures for the masses pure air, pure sunlight, pure water, pure dwelling-houses, pure food. Not merely every fresh drinking fountain, but every fresh public bath and wash-house, every fresh open space, every fresh growing tree, every fresh open window, every fresh flower in that window—each of these is so much, as the old Persians would have said, conquered for Ormuzd, the God of light and life, out of the dominion of Ahriman, the king of darkness and of death; so much taken from the causes of drunkenness and disease, and added to the causes of sobriety and health.

Meanwhile one thing is clear: that if this present barbarism and anarchy of covetousness, miscalled modern civilisation, were tamed and drilled into something more like a Kingdom of God on earth, then we should not see the reckless and needless multiplication of liquor shops, which disgraces this country now.

As a single instance: in one country parish of about eight hundred inhabitants, in which the population has not increased one-eighth in the last fifty years, there are now practically eight public-houses where fifty years ago there were but two. One, that is, for every hundred—or rather, omitting children, farmers, shopkeepers, gentlemen, and their households, one for every fifty of the inhabitants. In the face of the allurements, often of the basest kind, which these dens offer, the clergyman and the schoolmaster struggle in vain to keep up night-schools and young men's clubs, and to inculcate habits of providence.

The young labourers over a great part of the south and east, at least, of England—though never so well off, for several generations, as they are now—are growing up thriftless, shiftless; inferior, it seems to me, to their grandfathers in everything, save that they can usually read and write, and their grandfathers could not; and that they wear smart cheap cloth clothes, and frock-coats, instead of their grandfathers' smock-frock.

And if it be so in the country, how must it be in towns? There must come a thorough change in the present licensing system, in spite

of all the "pressure" which certain powerful vested interests may bring to bear on governments. And it is the duty of every good citizen, who cares for his countrymen, and for their children after them, to help in bringing about that change as speedily as possible.

Again, I said just now that a probable cause of increasing drunkenness was the increasing material prosperity of thousands who knew no recreation beyond low animal pleasure. If I am right—and I believe that I am right—I must urge on those who wish drunkenness to decrease, the necessity of providing more and more refined recreation for the people.

Men drink, and women too, remember, not merely to supply exhaustion; not merely to drive away care: but often simply to drive away dulness. They have nothing to do save to think over what they have done in the day, or what they expect to do tomorrow; and they escape from that dreary round of business thought, in liquor or narcotics. There are still those, by no means of the hand-working class, but absorbed all day by business, who drink heavily at night in their own comfortable homes, simply to recreate their over-burdened minds. Such cases, doubtless, are far less common than they were fifty years ago: but why? Is not the decrease of drinking among the richer classes certainly due to the increased refinement and variety of their tastes and occupations? In cultivating the æsthetic side of man's nature; in engaging him with the beautiful, the pure, the wonderful, the truly natural; in painting, poetry, music, horticulture, physical science—in all this lies recreation, in the true and literal sense of that word, namely, the recreating and mending of the exhausted mind and feelings, such as no rational man will now neglect, either for himself, his children, or his workpeople.

But how little of all this is open to the masses, all should know but too well. How little opportunity the average hand-worker, or his wife, has of eating of any tree of knowledge, save of the very basest kind, is but too palpable. We are mending, thank God, in this respect. Free libraries and museums have sprung up of late in other cities beside London. God's blessing rest upon them all. And the Crystal Palace, and still later, the Bethnal Green Museum, have been, I believe, of far more use than many average sermons and lectures from many average orators.

But are we not still far behind the old Greeks, and the Romans of the Empire likewise, in the amount of amusement and instruction, and even of shelter, which we provide for the people? Recollect the (to me) disgraceful fact, that there is not, as far as I am aware, throughout the whole of London, a single portico or other covered place, in which the people can take refuge during a shower: and this in the climate of England! Where they do take refuge on a wet day the publican knows but too well; as he knows also where thousands of the lower classes, simply for want of any other place to be in, save their own sordid dwellings, spend as much as they are permitted of the Sabbath day. Let us put down "Sunday drinking" by all means, if we can. But let us remember that by closing the public-house on Sunday, we prevent no man or woman from carrying home as much poison as they choose on Saturday night, to brutalize themselves therewith, perhaps for eight-and-forty hours. And let us see, in the name of Him who said that He had made the Sabbath for man, and not man for the Sabbath—let us see, I say, if we cannot do something to prevent the townsman's Sabbath being, not a day of rest, but a day of mere idleness; the day of most temptation, because of most dulness, of the whole seven.

And here, perhaps, some sweet soul may look up reprovingly and say—He talks of rest. Does he forget, and would he have the working man forget, that all these outward palliatives will never touch the seat of the disease, the unrest of the soul within? Does he forget, and would he have the working man forget, Who said, Who only has the right to say—"Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest?" Ah no, sweet soul. I know your words are true. I know that what we all

want is inward rest—rest of heart and brain—the calm, strong, self-contained and self-denying character, which needs no stimulants, for it has no fits of depression; which needs no narcotics, for it has no fits of excitement; which needs no ascetic restraints, for it is strong enough to use God's gifts without abusing them. The character, in a word, which is truly temperate, not in drink or food merely, but in all desires, thoughts, and actions; freed from the wild lusts and ambitions to which that old Adam yielded, and, seeking for light and life by means forbidden, found thereby disease and death. Yes, I know that; and know, too, that that rest is found, only where you have already found it.

And yet: in such a world as this; governed by a Being who has made sunshine, and flowers, and green grass, and the song of birds, and happy human smiles; and Who would educate by them—if we would let Him—His human children from the cradle to the grave—in such a world as this, will you grudge any particle of that education, even any harmless substitute for it, to those spirits in prison, whose surroundings too often tempt them, from the cradle to the grave, to fancy that the world is composed of bricks and iron, and governed by inspectors and policemen? Preach to those spirits in prison, as you know far better than we parsons how to preach: but let them have besides some glimpses of the splendid fact, that outside their prison-house is a world which God, not man, has made; wherein grows everywhere that tree of knowledge which is likewise the tree of life; and that they have a right to some small share of its beauty and its wonder, and its rest, for their own health of soul and body, and for the health of their children after them.

C. KINGSLEY.

LETTERS FROM H.M.S. CHALLENGER.

II.—BERMUDAS.

BERMUDAS or "Somers," or, by corruption, "The Summer Islands," seems to have been discovered about the year 1503, by Juan Bermudez, a Spaniard, in the vessel *La Garza*, having on board Oviédo, the well-known author of the history of the West Indies. Oviédo says, addressing the Emperor Charles V., "In the year 1515, when I first came to inform your Majesty of the state of things in India, I observed

that in my voyage when to windward of the Island of Bermudas, otherwise called "Gorza," being the most remote of all the Islands yet found in the world, I determined to send some of the people ashore, both to search for what might be there and to leave certain hogs upon it to propagate. But on account of a contrary wind I could not bring the ship nearer than cannon-shot."

The first English printed account of Ber-

mudas is by Henry May, a sailor who was wrecked there in 1593, in a French ship commanded by M. de la Barbotier. May states that he and the French crew found on the island many hogs, but these so lean as to be unfit for food, and abundance of birds, fish, and turtle. By good luck the chests of carpenter's tools were saved from the wreck, along with some sails and rigging, and May and his companions contrived to build a vessel of considerable size of the native cedar, in which, after remaining about five months on the islands, they stood for the banks of Newfoundland. "Here they met with many ships but none of them charitably inclined towards them, when it pleased God they fell in with 'the honest English barque *Falmouth*,' which received them on board. While in this vessel they 'tooke' a French ship into which Captain de la Barbotier and his seamen were transferred; May himself remaining with the English vessel which arrived at Falmouth in August, 1594."*

The next we hear of Bermudas is from an account by one of her crew, of the wreck of the *Sea Adventure* in the year 1609.

The *Sea Adventure* was one of a small fleet dispatched from London to convey the newly-appointed Governor, Sir Thomas Gates, Admiral Sir George Somers, and some other officials to the young colony of Virginia.

On Monday, July 24th, St. James's day, when they reckoned themselves within seven or eight days' sail of Cape Henry, "the clouds began to thicken around, and a dreadful storm commenced from the north-east, which, swelling and roaring as it were by fits, at length seemed to extinguish all the light of Heaven and leave utter darkness. The blackness of the sky and the howling of the winds were such as to inspire the boldest of our men with terror, for the dread of death is always more terrible at sea, as no situation is so entirely destitute of comfort or relief as one of danger there."

After seeing St. Elmo's fires on the rigging, springing a leak, and undergoing every possible trial, moral and physical, for five days, Sir George Somers at length sighted land, and the wind lulling a little, they ran their ship ashore where she became a complete wreck.

"We now found that we had reached a dangerous and dreaded island, or rather islands, called the Bermudas, considered terrible by all who have touched at them; and from the dreadful tempests, thunders,

and other alarming events prevailing, are commonly named the *Devil's Islands*." Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers and their companions, found the islands totally uninhabited, but capable of yielding abundance of food. Hogs which had been set adrift by some earlier visitors, whose names have been lost, were so numerous that thirty-two were brought in by a party after one day's hunting. Fish abounded on the coasts, and were caught with the greatest ease; and turtles added daily to the luxury of their fare. "It is such a kind of meat as a man can neither absolutely call fish nor flesh; the animal keeps chiefly in water, feeding on sea-grass like a heifer, in the bottom of the coves and bays; and the females lay their eggs, of which we found five hundred at a time on opening a she-turtle, in the sand of the shore. They are covered close up, and left to be hatched by the sun."

The party found the islands so pleasant and so productive, and their ideas about Virginia were so vague, that there was a very general disposition to remain where they were; and for nearly a year, during which they were constructing vessels to continue their voyage, the governor and the admiral had great difficulty in keeping their party together, and in suppressing conspiracies to obstruct their work, and to prevent their further progress.

Early in May, 1610, however, Sir George Somers had completed his pinnace, the *Patience*, and on the 10th of May the little party set out, and about midnight of the 18th they "were sensible of a charming odour from the land resembling that from the coast of Spain near the Straits of Gibraltar."* They reached Fort Algernon in safety, but they found the Virginian colony so badly off for provisions that Sir George Somers volunteered to return to Bermudas for supplies; and during that trip he died near the site of the present town, St. George's, where there is a monument erected to his memory. His nephew, Captain Matthew Somers, carried his uncle's body to England in the old cedar pinnace. Owing to Captain Somers's representations a company was formed in England to colonise Bermudas, and in 1612 the first party of settlers arrived under the charge of Governor Richard More.

Since that time Bermudas has been a British colony, though perhaps not a very successful one, and latterly an important naval and military station. During the earlier part of

* "The Naturalist in Bermuda," by John Matthew Jones, Esq., of the Middle Temple. London, 1859.

* "Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea." London, 1846.

its history Bermudas was intimately connected with Virginia, and the account given of it in Smith's "History of Virginia" is at once so quaint and so generally correct, that I cannot refrain from giving a somewhat lengthy extract.

"Before we present you the matters of fact, it is fit to offer to your view the Stage whereon they were acted, for as Geography without History seemeth a carcasse without motion, so History without Geography wandreth as a Vagrant without certaine habitation. Those Islands lie in the huge maine Ocean, and two hundred leagues

from any continent, situated in 32 degrees and 25 minutes of Northerly latitude, and distant from *England*, West-South-West, about 3,300 miles, some twenty miles in length, and not past two miles and a halfe in breadth, enuironed with Rocks, which to the North-ward, West-ward, and south-East extend further than they have been yet well discovered: by reason of those Rocks the Country is naturally very strong, for there is but two places, and scarce two vnlesse to them who know them well, where shipping may safely come in, and those now are exceeding well fortified, but within is roome to entertaine a



Group of Grugu Palms, Mount Langton.

Royall Fleet: the Rocks in most places appeare at a low water, neither are they much couered at a high, for it ebbs and flowes not past fve foot; the shore for most part is a Rocke, so hardened with the sunne, wind and sea, that it is not apt to be worne away with the waues, whose violence is also broke by the Rocks before they can come to the shore: it is very vneuen, distributed into hills and dales, the mold is of diuers colours, neither clay nor sand, but a meane between; the red which resembleth clay is the worst, the whitest resembling sand and the blackest is good, but the browne betwixt them both

which they call white oecase there is mingled with it a white meale is the best: vnder the mold two or three foot deep, and sometimes lesse, is a kinde of white hard substance which they call the Rocke: the trees vsually fasten their roots in it, neither is it indeed Rocke or stone, or so hard, though for most part more harder than chalke; nor so white, but pumish-like and spungy, easily recieuing and containing much water. In some places Clay is found under it, it seemes to be engendered with raine water draining through the earth, and drawing with it of his substance vnto a certaine depth where it con-

gales; the hardest kinde of it lies under the red ground like quarries, as it were thicke slates one upon another, through which the water hath his passage, so that in such places there is scarce found any fresh water, for all or the most part of the fresh water cometh out of the sea draining through the sand, or that substance called the Rocke leaving the salt behinde, it becomes fresh."

Representative government was introduced in Bermudas so early as the year 1620, and in 1621 the Bermudas Company of London, in whom the government was at that time vested, issued a liberal charter. That charter remained in force only till 1685, when, probably on account of the importance of the islands as a military station, it was annulled by the Home Government; and since that the governors have been appointed by the crown, and the laws of the colony have been enacted by a legislature consisting of the governor and nine members of council appointed by the crown, and thirty-six members of assembly elected by the nine parishes into which the islands are divided. Slavery appears to have existed in Bermudas from the first in a mitigated and patriarchal form. The legislative bodies of Bermudas and of Antigua were the only two among our colonies which abolished slavery without the intervention of apprenticeship. The proportion received by Bermudas of the compensation voted by parliament was £50,584—£27 4s. 11d. for each of 4,203 slaves. The number of the civil population in 1871 was 12,426, of whom 5,030 were white, and 7,396 coloured. The coloured element in Bermudas is by no means entirely African. In the earlier days of the settlement many labourers and slaves were brought from Virginia and other parts of North America; and one may often recognise the aquiline nose and characteristic features of the North American Indian, now, however, except in one or two families, very much masked by negro intermixture.

We sighted Bermudas in the *Challenger* on the 4th of April, 1873. Approaching the islands from the southward, their general effect is somewhat sombre. The land is low, rising nowhere to a height greater than two hundred and sixty feet, and by far the greater part forming gentle undulations at a height of from twenty to sixty feet above the sea level.

Although very valuable crops are raised, it is by a system of market-gardening in isolated patches rather than by agriculture, and the islands cannot be said to be gene-

rally or uniformly cultivated. A great part of the higher land is covered with a natural pasture of inferior grasses, mixed with a low scrub of what they call wild sage, a species of *Lantana* which has been introduced in comparatively late times, and has spread in a wonderful way, so that it is now a perfect nuisance. The whole area of the islands is not more than 12,000 acres, and of these only about 1,200 are under cultivation.

The principal islands are well wooded, but the great preponderance of the Bermudian cedar (*Juniperus bermudiana*), with a close and rigid foliage of the darkest green, gives a gloomy character to the woods; as we got a little nearer, however, and the white houses of St. George's, and the white tents of the encampment on Prospect Hill came into view, and the long fringing-beach of bright coral sand with its outer border of intensely blue water breaking into dazzling white surf, the gravity of the scene was greatly relieved.

As we shall see hereafter, there is a total want of springs and wells of fresh water on the island, and it has become an almost universal custom to roof the houses with thin slabs of white limestone, and, further, to whitewash both roof and walls. The rain-water collected on the roof, and kept clean and fresh by the constantly renewed whitewash, is carefully led into a tank and forms the only supply of pure water. Every house of any pretension is provided with such a tank, also covered with a sloping whitewashed roof, which, while it checks evaporation, adds to the contents of the tank by its own rain-catch. The white roofs are altogether peculiar, and as the houses and cottages of the rural population are scattered over the whole island, so as almost to run into one continuous straggling village, the white squares gleaming among the dark trees produce rather a pleasing effect, and one which is certainly very characteristic of Bermudas.

A pilot came on board off St. George's, and we passed slowly through the intricate and dangerous "narrows" between the reefs, the natural defences of the northern coast which make any artificial fortifications almost unnecessary, and anchored in Grassy Bay in the evening.

Saturday, April 5th.—A lovely clear morning; the sea perfectly smooth, and the sky almost cloudless. It was so early in the season that the temperature (68° F. in the shade) was not oppressive. The view from the ship—the "Camber," the government basin with the floating dock the largest in the

world, and the substantial buildings of the dockyard, and the *Royal Alfred*, the *Terror*, the *Irresistible*, and a number of gun-boats, and the life and music and colour inseparable from a military station, to the west of us; the tortuous channels with which we were soon to be very familiar between the reefs, marked out by divers-coloured buoys and leading among the many islands of the "great sound," to Hamilton, to the south; the north coast of the main island stretching in a succession of shallow bays and wooded knolls and low cliffs, from Spanish Point to the high grounds at the entrance of Castle Harbour, to the east; and the wonderful variety and brilliancy of colour of the sea all around us—was very beautiful.

Captain Nares and I went in the forenoon to pay our respects to Admiral Fanshawe, commanding on the North American station, and to the Governor, General Lefroy. We rowed across the glassy sea clearly mapped out into patches of bright purple and stripes of the most vivid green, by the reefs and the sandy spaces between them. Over the reefs in some places the water was only a fathom deep or less, and we could see the great round masses of brain coral beneath us, and the groves of purple gorgonæ and all kinds of feathery zoophytes, interspersed with yellow sponges and bunches of sea-weed in all shades of olive and bright green and red. Clarence Cove, the landing place for Clarence Hill the admiral's official residence, is an inclosed little bay, with the dark cedar woods coming close down on all sides to the water's edge. A garden rich with the luxuriant foliage—vegetation which suits the climate and the sheltered situation so well, runs along one side of the cove under the hill; and in the garden a little mound marks the grave of a midgy who died, poor boy, on the station, and who was buried in that quiet place in accordance with a not unnatural wish.

A winding path leads through the wood up to the house. Outside the drawing-room window there is a verandah looking down upon another small terraced garden, and commanding a very lovely view over the islands. While we were standing at the window enjoying it, a little flock of birds, some of them bright scarlet, and others of a splendid metallic blue, more like the fancy birds on an old brocade than real pirates of a kitchen garden, alighted on one of the trees below us. The "red bird" (*Guarica cardinalis*), and the "blue bird"—the blue-robin of the States (*Sialia wilsoni*), are pro-

bably commoner and more tame at Clarence Hill than elsewhere, because Mrs. Fanshawe especially protects and encourages them; but they are frequent all over the islands, and they are so very ornamental that various laws have been enacted by the legislature to prevent their extermination.

From Clarence Hill we went on to Mount Langton, the residence of the governor. We were unfortunate in not finding the governor at home on this occasion, but we had the pleasure of seeing him very frequently afterwards, and the kindness with which he did everything in his power to make our visit pleasant and profitable will long be remembered by all of us. We were indebted to Admiral Fanshawe and to Captain Aplin, captain superintendent of the dockyard, for every possible accommodation and assistance in carrying on our work, in addition to the greatest personal kindness; but General Lefroy's time was less occupied with official duty. Himself a trained observer and deeply interested in the welfare of the colony, he was thoroughly acquainted with its physical conditions, and it was chiefly under his friendly guidance that we gathered what information we could during the short period of our stay.

Mount Langton has perhaps the best situation on the island. It stands high near the north shore, and only a mile or so from Hamilton, the principal town. Successive governors have done a great deal in laying out and improving the grounds, and in introducing ornamental and economic plants suitable to the climate; and General Lefroy especially has almost converted it into a *jardin d'acclimatisation*.

We had an excellent view of a great part of the islands from the signal station at Mount Langton. Bermudas is practically an "atoll," or annular coral reef. The reef is about twenty-four miles in length by twelve in width. Its long axis extends from N.E. to S.W. It is situated in a region of variables, but the most prevalent and by far the most violent winds are from the S.W. The portion above the level of the sea stretches along the southern or weather side, and consists of a chain of five narrow islands and a multitude of islets and detached rocks, which raise the number of the elements of the archipelago to over three hundred. The edge of the reef on the lee side is under water, with here and there a ledge showing above it at low tide, and with a single rock, the "North Rock," rising to the height of sixteen feet. There are only two or three

channels through which vessels can come in through the reefs on the north side, and all of these are difficult. The best passage is that round St. Catherine's Point and past Murray's Anchorage, and so on to Grassy Bay, the usual rendezvous of her Majesty's ships. An unbroken reef stretches along the south shore about a quarter of a mile from the land, from one end of the islands to the other. The central portion of the reef forms an imperfect lagoon, with an average depth of seven to eight fathoms.

The general character of this atoll is much the same as that of like reefs in the Pacific, with certain peculiarities depending upon the circumstance that it is the coral island farthest from the equator, almost on the limit of the region of reef-building corals. Accordingly, some of the great reef-building genera, such as *Madrepora*, *Cladocora*, and *Astrangia*, which are common even in the West Indies where the coral fauna is scanty, are absent.

The water over the reefs is extremely clear, and by using a water-glass, a square bucket with the bottom of plate-glass, just lowered so far as to get rid of the ripple and reflections on the surface, every detail can be made out of the economy of the reefs, and that of their inhabitants. The reefs and ledges are of all sizes, and they are separated from one another by channels from a yard to a quarter of a mile in width, floored with white coral sand, the debris of the coral worn down by the action of the waves, mixed with dead shells. The reefs project abruptly above the level of the floors of these passages to the height of six to ten feet. The surface of the reef is covered with massive, branching, and feathery things of very many kinds, octyping it as closely and as irregularly as the various weeds in a fallow field. First we have the growing corals themselves, which may represent the dockens and the thistles, or rather a mass of beautiful marigolds and carnations, and daisies and gazanias, which have been thrown over the hedge in clearing a luxuriant garden, and have taken root and gone on flowering. Most of the Bermudas corals, such as *Oculina diffusa*, *Symphyllia dipsacea*, *Astræa radians*, &c., are like sea-anemones or groups of sea-anemones in every shade of purple, orange, or green. The base or stock of the coral is dead and forms part of the reef; but each of the living branches is tipped with its sea-anemone, and the stars of plates by which its cups are supported are the earthy skeleton of the mesenteric plates which hang

the stomach of the sea-anemone in its body cavity. In most cases the bodies of these sea-anemones, with their ranges of tentacles and their high colouring, are so prominent that they entirely mask the coral; but in a few, as for example in a brain-coral, *Diploria cerdriiformis*, which seems to thrive at Bermudas better than almost anywhere else forming domes six or eight feet in diameter, the animal matter is in comparatively small quantity, and covers the coral with what appears little more than a coating of greyish or yellow mucus. The *Gorgonia*, the *Bryozoa*, and the *Hydroid* zoophytes are like the other more prominent weeds in the field, as abundant and as irregularly distributed, growing in the spaces between the clumps of the different kinds of coral. One form, which has been latterly classed with the Hydroids, *Millepora*, represented by two species, *M. alcionis* and *M. ramosa*, is extremely abundant at Bermudas, where it acts in every way the part of a coral, forming massive additions to the reef of carbonate of lime abstracted from the sea. Beneath these large things there is usually a close felting of an undergrowth, consisting partly of sponges and smaller zoophytes, but chiefly of what are sometimes called lithophytes, sea-weeds of such genera as *Corallina*, *Melobesia*, and *Nullipora*, which like corals take carbonate of lime from the sea-water and incorporate it with their tissues.

All these things living and dying are constantly yielding a fine powder of lime, which sinks down and compacts in the spaces among their roots, and every breaker of the eternal surf grinds down more material and packs it into every hollow and crevice capable of receiving and retaining it. A great order of worms, including the genus *Serpula*, secrete carbonate of lime and form thick and large calcareous tubes, or make galleries through the partially consolidated calcareous mud and harden it and bind it together. So great a part do these worms play in the construction of the reefs at Bermudas that General Nelson, in an admirable paper on the Geology of the Island, published by him in the Transactions of the Geological Society in the year 1834, calls some small circular reefs found everywhere round the shores in the wash of the breakers, and which appears to be due to their agency alone, "Serpuline reefs."

As I have already said, the Bermudas Islands, in common with most other coral islands, are formed by the raising of the weather edge of the reef above the level of the

sea. This appears to be accomplished, in the first place, by the agency of the waves alone. Fragments, many of them with the inherent power of increasing themselves and cementing themselves together through the growth of the living things which invest them, are piled up on one another until they reach the highest point accessible to the sea in storms.

The moment the ridge appears above water a beach of coral sand is formed against it. The top of the beach dries at low water, and the sand is blown on, first among the crevices of the breakwater already formed, which it widens and strengthens, and then over the breakwater to the ledges and reefs beyond, which it tends to raise to the surface. In this way in all coral seas islands have a tendency to form along the windward edges of annular reefs. The windward island then forms a shelter to the leeward portion of the ring, depriving it of the main source of its elevation, the piling up of fragments by the waves, so that on the leeward side we usually have more or less of the reef remaining submerged, and any passages of communication between the central lagoon and the outer sea.

I have little to add to the excellent account of the geology of Bermudas given by General Nelson. The Bermudas of the present day is simply a bank of blown sand in various stages of consolidation. The depth of water increases round the island with extreme rapidity. Seven miles to the north there is a sounding of 1,375 fathoms, and about two miles farther off one of 1,775 fathoms. To the north-east there is water of 1,500 fathoms at a distance of ten miles, to the north-west of 2,100 fathoms at a distance of seven miles, and to the southward of 2,250 fathoms at ten miles. The only direction in which there would seem to be a series of banks is along an extension of the axis of the reef to the south-west. We anchored for a night in 30 fathoms water on this line about twenty miles from the edge of the reef, and a shoal is mentioned at a still greater distance in the same direction. About three hundred miles farther on, however, a sounding is given of 2,950 fathoms, and there seems little probability that there is any connection between the Bermudas reef and the Bahamas. What the basis on which the Bermudas reef rests may be we have no means of telling, in fact its having the form of an atoll precludes the possibility of our doing so. There seems to be little doubt from Darwin's beautiful generalisation, which has been fully endorsed by Dana and other

competent observers, that the atoll form is due to the entire disappearance by subsidence of the island, round which the reef was originally formed. The abruptness and isolation of this peak, which runs up a solitary cone to a height about equal to that of Mont Blanc, is certainly unusual; probably the most reasonable hypothesis may be that the kernel is a volcanic mountain comparable in character with Pico in the Azores or the Peak of Teneriffe.

There is only one kind of rock in Bermudas. The islands consist from end to end of a white granular limestone, here and there becoming grey or slightly pink, usually soft and in some places quite friable, so that it can be broken down with the ferrule of an umbrella; but in some places, as on the shore at Hungry Bay, at Painter's Vale, and along the ridge between Harrington Sound and Castle Harbour very hard and compact, almost crystalline, and capable of taking a fair polish. This hard limestone is called on the islands the "base rock," and is supposed to be older than the softer varieties and to lie under them, which is certainly not always the case. It makes an excellent building stone, and is quarried in various places by the Engineers for military works. The softer limestones are more frequently used for ordinary buildings. The stone is cut out of the quarry in rectangular blocks by means of a peculiarly constructed saw, and the blocks, at first soft, harden rapidly, like some of the white limestones of the Paris basin, on being exposed to the air.

As I have already indicated, this limestone is entirely what General Nelson aptly calls an "Æolian formation." The fine coral sand, which surrounds the islands to a distance of about twenty miles, is washed in by the sea; it is then caught at certain exposed points by the prevailing winds and blown into sand-hills often forty or fifty feet in height. The sand is spread over the surface in a certain sense uniformly, but that uniformity is liable to be interfered with by anything which for a moment affects the direction or force of the wind; for instance, the sand is blown up and heaped round any obstacle, or it may be swept out by irregular gusts into hollows which are afterwards filled up by a secondary series of layers; or a total change may be made on the whole arrangement of the surface by a sub-tropical rain-flood. All the appearances produced with great rapidity by such causes are of course perpetrated in the rock which is formed by the consolidation of the sand, so

that we have often repeated again and again in the distance of a quarter of a mile all the phenomena, denudation, unconformability, curving, folding, synclinal and anticlinal axes, &c., which are produced in real rocks, if I may use the expression, by combined aqueous and metamorphic action, extending over incalculable periods of time. The principal roads, which are extremely good as they are laid out and maintained partly with a view to military operations, frequently pass through deep cuttings and give excellent geological sections, exhibiting an amount of confusion sufficient to perplex the most experienced geologist, if he did not hold the key. The general tendency of the layers of sand to wrap themselves round opposing objects, using the vortices into which the sand itself is thrown by swirls of the wind, as nuclei, if they encounter nothing more prominent or resisting, sufficiently accounts for the prevalence of saddle-back sections.

One phenomenon of these limestones especially gives a false idea of their age and permanence. Every here and there in all parts of the islands, we have long stretches of limestone rock dipping in different directions, but very often towards some northern point, at a constant angle between 28° and 32° . Such beds are often overlaid unconformably by nearly horizontal layers, and they certainly give the idea of having assumed their present position by upheaval. This is not so, however. The sand-hills terminate landwards in a more or less regular glacis, and as the sand advances layer after layer is added uniformly to the face of the glacis, producing a very regular stratification at the angle of rest of dry sand of this particular kind, an angle of about 30° , entirely corresponding with that of the limestone. Although I examined the greater part of the islands very carefully, I never met with an instance of a dip in the limestone at an angle higher than 32° , usually it is several degrees lower.

There is a wonderful "sand-glacier" at Elbow Bay on the southern shore of the main island. The sand has entirely filled up a valley, and is steadily progressing inland in a mass about five-and-twenty feet thick. The day we examined it under the guidance of the Hon. Mr. Gosling there was a light breeze blowing from the southward, and a light haze or dimness lay just over the surface of the sand, and on holding up a sheet of paper perpendicular to the surface and transverse to the direction of the wind, the travelling sand rapidly fell from the

windward surface of the paper and banked up before it. The glacis is very regular. It has partially overwhelmed a garden, and is moving slowly on. When our photograph was being taken the owner of the



Glacis of mass of moving sand.

garden was standing with his hands in his pockets, as is too much the habit of his race, contemplating the approach of the inexorable intruder. He had made some attempt to stay its progress by planting a line of oleanders and small cedars along the top of the slope. A neighbour, a little more energetic or more seriously menaced, managed to turn the flank of the sand by this means just as it was on the point of engulfing his house; but another was either too late in adopting precautionary measures, or perhaps submitted helplessly to his fate, for all that



Remains of a Cottage.

now remains of his cottage is the top of one of the chimneys projecting above the white sand like a tombstone, with a great bush of oleander drooping over it. On its path upwards from the beach, this "glacier" has overwhelmed a wood of cedars. Fire-

wood is valuable in Bermudas, and it is probable that in this case the trees were cut down when their fate seemed inevitable. This is always an unwise step, for sometimes an apparently very slight obstacle will stay the movement of the sand in a particular direction. The only way of stopping



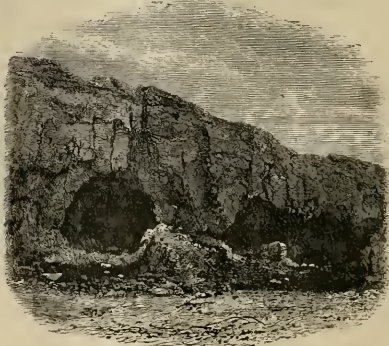
Rocks of Coral Sand.

it artificially seems to be to cover it with vegetation. If planted in large numbers, and tended and watered for a time, it seems that oleanders and the native juniper will grow in the pure sand, and if they once take root the motion of the sand ceases. Some native plants, which form a peculiar vegetation, sending out enormous, long runners or roots—such as *Ipomœa pes-capræ* and *Coccoloba uvifera*, and the crab-grass, *Agrostis virginica*, which is said to have been introduced, but which is now among the most valuable pasture-grasses on the islands, then take hold of it, and it becomes permanently fixed. The outer aspect of the sand-hill of course slopes downwards towards the sea, and whenever its progress landward—its growth—has been arrested the tendency of the incoherent mass is to travel back again by gravitation and the action of rain; accordingly it is not unusual to be told that one of these *coulies* is gradually disappearing.

The process by which the free coral-sand is converted into limestone is sufficiently simple, and involves no great lapse of time. The sand consists almost entirely of carbonate of lime in a state of fine, ultimate subdivision, owing to its having entered into the structure of the skeletons of animals; it is therefore easily soluble in water containing carbonic acid. When rain, which always contains a considerable quantity of carbonic acid derived from the atmosphere, falls upon

the surface of the sand, it takes up a little lime in the form of bi-carbonate, and then, as it sinks in, it loses the carbonic acid and itself evaporates, and it leaves the dissolved carbonate of lime as a thin layer of cement, coating and uniting together the grains of sand. A crust is thus formed, and such successive crusts form lines of demarcation between successive layers of sand, and give the character of stratification and lamination which these wind-rocks always possess. Usually harder and softer layers alternate, indicating the greater or less degree in which the previous layer had been cemented and hardened before receiving the next addition of dry sand. The rocks remain permeable to water and soluble, so that this process of solution and the deposition of cement in the interstices of the stone goes on constantly. The extreme result is the compact marble-like limestone, in which the grains of sand are combined in a continuous magma with stalagmite or travertine.

This dissolving and hardening process takes place irregularly, the water apparently following certain courses in its percolations which it keeps open and the walls of which it hardens, and in consequence of this the rock weathers most unequally, leaving extraordinary rugged fissures and pinnacles, and piling up boulders, the cores of masses



Mode of formation of caves in limestone by the removal of loose sand.

which have been eaten away, more like slags or cinders than blocks of limestone. The ridge between Harrington Sound and Castle Harbour is a good example of this. It is like a rockery of the most irregular and fantastic style, and there seems to be something specially productive in the soil. for every

rock and crevice is filled with the most luxuriant vegetation, massing over the rocks and straining up as tier upon tier of climbers, clinging to the trees and rocks. Frequently the percolation of hardening matter, from some cause or other, only affects certain parts of a mass of rock, leaving spaces occupied by free sand. There seems to be little doubt that it is by the clearing out of the sand from such spaces, either by the action of running fresh water or by that of the sea, that those remarkable caves are formed which add so much to the interest of Bermudas.

Wherever, throughout the islands, a section of the limestone is exposed of any depth, it is intersected by one or two horizontal beds of an ochre-like substance, called locally "red earth;" and this red earth, mixed with varying proportions of decayed vegetable matter and coral sand, forms the surface layer of vegetable soil. As Smith says, when this red earth is pure the soil is inferior; when it is black—that is to say, when it contains much decomposed vegetable matter—it is better, and the best soil of all is probably that which consists of red earth, humus, and coral sand.

The origin of this red earth is a point of great interest, and I think it is sufficiently clear the coral sand does not consist of carbonate of lime solely. According to an analysis by Professor Abel, for which I am indebted to General Lefroy, it contains about

one per cent. of other inorganic substances, chiefly peroxide of iron and alumina, silica, and some earthy phosphates. Now these substances are, to a very small degree, soluble in water charged with carbonic acid, consequently, after the gradual removal of the lime, a certain sediment, a certain ash as it were, would be left. One per cent. seems a very small proportion, but we must remember that it represents one ton in every hundred tons of material removed by the action of water and of the atmosphere, and the evidences of denudation on a large scale are everywhere so marked, that even were some portion of this one per cent. residue further altered and washed away, enough might still be left to account fully for the whole of the red earth. The vegetable soils containing a large proportion of red earth, are accumulated usually to no very great depth, in hollows, the fine ultimate sediment naturally finding its way down to the lowest point. Fig. 3 gives an excellent illustration of the formation of one of the intercalated beds. The soil of the garden, which consists of red earth, mixed with decayed vegetable matter, rests upon limestone. The sand glacier creeps over it, and it is covered by a series of beds, twenty to thirty feet thick, dipping at an angle of 30°. The water percolating through the sandstone gradually removes the organic matter, and the inorganic residue is left.

C. WYVILLE THOMSON.

THE HEALING OF MALCHUS' EAR.

WHEN in the garden, past the brook,
 The hostile band, around our Lord
 Thronged close on Judas' sign;
 "Lord, shall we smite them with the sword?"
 The zealous Peter asked, nor stay'd
 To hear what answer Jesus made;
 But drew forthwith in eager haste,
 And smiting, cut off Malchus' ear.
 Then, prompt to right His servant's wrong,
 And make His love and power more clear
 (Which friend and foe can comprehend,
 And both to harmony can blend),

Christ touched the ear and healed it :
And hence a lesson shineth clear,
From the "beloved physician's" page,
Of caution and of heavenly cheer.
For still the loyal hearts and true
Th' Apostle's error oft renew.

In over haste, or half-taught zeal,
We still outrun the Lord's command ;
Still think to serve His church's need,
With smiting, not with binding hand ;
Using weak wrath, not mighty love,
To spread the kingdom from above.

We pour in vinegar for wine,
In hearts, sin-wounded, that have been
By wayside thieves half slain and robbed ;
And flash the sword of justice keen
O'er some sore-humbled, low-bent head,
Where goodness dies for very dread.

Nor only thus : the heedfullest,
The most intent on other's need,
May wound and slay in blind mistake ;
So hard the close-veiled soul to read,
So fitfully its light gleams out
Through dense earth-mists that hang about.

Take comfort, ye of tender mood,—
The noblest still the tenderest,—
Grieving at failures, yet no less
Oft failing when ye will the best ;
Christ works, who wills and never fails ;
Through your mistakes, His work prevails.

As swift in love, as great in power,
As when He healed that smitten ear,
He follows in His servants' track ;
Still when they err He draweth near ;
No wound so sore, no hurt so small,
But Christ comes after, healing all.



"NOVANTIA."

NOVANTIA:

INCLUDING THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF DAVID GROATS, GATEKEEPER.

PART II.

CHAPTER IV.



THERE was little in the personal appearance of the Rev. Henry Francis, preacher for the day in St. Peter's, to create profound interest in his favour. A Scotch church,

at least of the genuine old Presbyterian type, of which St. Peter's was a specimen, has no furniture, after you pass "the plate," except pews; no decorations except two crimson cushions, one blushing on the pulpit, and the other on the preacher's desk. The officiating minister, dressed in black Geneva gown and bands, is organ pipes, dim religious light, altar, ten commandments, and everything that in an English church fills the eye and helps one to feel the place is sacred because of a presence apart from and superior to the clerk and the incumbent. Accordingly, a Scotch congregation is critical, respectfully but firmly critical, of the minister's personal appearance. Having nothing else to observe or criticize, they studiously observe and severely criticize him. Scotch stories are largely of an ecclesiastical hue (as was to be expected from the intenser life of the nation being so much of that complexion), and some are told on this point, of which one of the least credible happens also to be one of the most authentic. There sits old Janet Dunn, where she has sat every Sunday for fifty years or more (twelve Sundays or so excepted, when as many children were borne by her to James

her husband). There goes up the pulpit stairs young Mr. Doo, a clerical dandy, admired by all the young women for his beautiful jet-black curls, shining with oil, and for his finely-poised empty head. Janet surveys him through her spectacles, wipes the glasses, replaces them on her nose, wipes them again, deposits them on her open big-print Bible, shuts the book carefully, wriggles rheumatically out of her seat, and makes for the front door. No sound view of the fall, or of prophecy, or of justification by faith, or antichrist, or the perseverance of the saints, could come from such a brazen head of vanity. This, perhaps, does not happen every day in a Scotch church, but if it did happen now and then it would only fairly represent the intense scrutiny of which the occupant of a Scotch pulpit is the lonely object.

Mr. Henry Francis, subjected to this searching criticism, was not likely to have offended the particular susceptibilities of Mrs. Dunn, for he was no dandy, but neither was he certain of conciliating censors of other and lighter tastes. Except for a brow of some breadth, curving with a fine arch over hazel eyes in which the darkness was fire and light, his features were commonplace, while his figure was spare, and not over the middle height. Sandy Ronald, handing his snuff-box, as was his custom, to Thomas M'George, whispered, "He's unco wee bookit," to which Thomas replied, "I doot he'll be weak a wee." On the whole, Mr. Francis, before beginning, was not a popular preacher. Not much was expected from him by one or two of the best judges, except those well-worn immortelles which young preachers throw into the grave of the human family; taking, as they always do, for one of their first texts, the melancholy words, "All flesh is as grass."

"Esau, a profane person, found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears;" this was the theme on which on this occasion the preacher chose to expatiate.

"It was impossible," he began, "to mistake the real character of the transaction, stratagem, trick, call it what you like, by which Jacob supplanted his brother in the matter of his father's blessing—equally im-

possible to mistake the real character of the different parties to it. Like figures seen against an Eastern sky, they look close to our eyes in despite of distance. How natural the timid and devout Isaac's preference for Esau, the sailor boy of the desert, frank, fearless, generous, unreflecting, by instinct a hunter as Jacob by birth was a shepherd! On the other hand, how inevitable the preference of Rebecca, fair and false, for the sly, plausible, home-keeping Jacob! Impossible to mistake the characters. Equally impossible to mistake the part which each of them plays in reference to the alienated blessing. Long years before, in one of his foolish and reckless moments, Esau had sold his birthright; had let slip from him, suffered himself to be cozened out of, rights which a good man and a wise man would have better valued. *Then* there was a fault, if not a sin, committed by him. *Now*, in consequence of that sin, or fault, without folly or fault on his part, he was subjected to the cruelest and most irreparable loss that could possibly have befallen him. Somehow, though we are not told exactly how, it was owing to the hunger of the flesh having once prevailed over the suggestions of the spirit that now at the distance of many years, the spirit and the flesh agonized together, and agonized in vain.

"There is a doom upon each of us," moralised the preacher, "in many instances a sad one, as was Esau's—one which we might well with prayers and tears seek to avert or to reverse—which with tears and prayers we do try sometimes, but try in vain to reverse or to avert. It is a doom which we make by our own acts.

'Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.' "

Was it that here the preacher's eye rested for a moment on an unexpected bald head which had slowly risen, and now shone a full moon above the back benches of the front gallery that he hesitated, stopped, and when he went on, did so for a minute or two with a faltering voice? It is very possible. For David Groat, who had recovered from the bewilderment into which his slumbers had plunged him, only, it appeared, to lose himself more completely awake, was now standing up in his pew, or rather leaning forward on the front of it, his mouth open, his eyes shut, unconscious of everything but the preacher's voice, and altogether too conspicuous and remarkable an object not to attract in time the eye both of the congregation and the minister. When the latter

paused and faltered, David opened his eyes, caught himself muttering responsively from his "other Bible," as he called Shakespeare,—

"Foul deeds will rise
Though all the earth should hide them from men's eyes,"

and sat down in as much confusion as if he had been caught red-handed in one of "my uncle's" crimes.

Recovering from his momentary loss, whatever was the occasion of it, and proceeding with his discourse, the preacher argued that the character of the parties to the transaction being so unmistakable, mistakes for that very reason were possible as to the lesson to be drawn from its results. The better man of the two was not the cheat, but the victim, not the crafty and deceitful shepherd, but the silly and sensual huntsman. If then it were supposed, as sometimes it had been, that what was said in the text of repentance referred to Esau's spiritual life and eternal destiny, what we had to conclude was something that marred and indeed demolished the character of God, viz., that He arbitrarily saves and damns without reference to character, or rather in contempt of character; condemns one man to eternal death for a single regretted mistake or error committed in his youth; chooses another man to eternal life in spite of unwept faults and unrepented crimes.

This, however, was not the way in which such a text was to be read. What was said in it was said not of spiritual life or eternal destiny, but of primogeniture—position, and prospects of the eldest son; not with reference to heaven or hell, but with respect to property, and power, and rank in an Arab tribe that was one day to be a nation. In this sense the passage was plain: as the characters were unmistakable, so were their fates. When Esau saw through his tears for the lost blessing the mistake which he had committed years before as to his birthright, he would have repented if he could, would have changed his mind, undone what he had done, but it was too late. His prayers were unavailing. His passionate tears were vain. He was not condemned to eternal impotence and unending woe for a single fault. He was punished for the folly of cheating himself in his youth by the bitterness of being cheated by his born brother in his riper years.

"Thus then," continued the preacher, "stands the case—the worse man gets both the birthright and the blessing; prospers by his brother's folly and his own iniquity; the better man's portion is the sense of

heavy wrong and the misery of unavailing tears. Was this right? Did it consist with eternal justice and eternal love? The answer must be No, if it be always good to get on in the world, and possess wealth and power, and along with these religious privileges. The answer must be Yes, however, if it be that these things are only good to those that are good, evil to those that are evil; while, on the other hand, hardship and sorrow and wrong are not evil to the good, but often good for the evil. Look upon all these things, the seeming good, and the seeming evil, as so much discipline, then the good man's unavailing toil and tears, and the bad man's successful meanness and knavery, may both be harmonized with the eternal order, which is for goodness and against iniquity.

"We see many of God's gifts," said the young moralist, "bestowed where there is no merit, just as we see chastisement befall where there have been no crimes. God gives a man riches and honour, though his soul be as mean and his life as vile as ignorance and selfishness can make them. In the same way He bestows religious advantages upon those who make no use of them, or abuse them, and so discover that they were not worthy of them. No man can tell me why there is an east end and a west end in this city—as far separate from each other as Asia from America—on the one hand, huge dim masses of human beings condemned to life-long brute ignorance and slavish toil, on the other some hundreds or thousands of people born to affluence, comfort, enlightenment. There is apparently no moral rule in all this. It seems as if it happened by chance: comparing east and west, poor good man with rich bad man, Lazarus with Dives, it seems as if it happened because good and evil are deliberately and arbitrarily confounded. But then when I consider how all gifts, and advantages, and privileges whatsoever are after all only means to an end, and that their opposites, privation, misery, wrong, may also and do also prove to be means to the same end; when I consider that money and comfort, and a cushioned seat in church are only good to those who know how to use good things well; and when I consider, on the other hand, that by means of want and misery, possibly even the deepest ignorance and the blackest sin, God has no doubt his own way of revealing himself at last to human souls and of working out his gracious purposes among men—when I consider this and see that to be chosen to the enjoyment of temporal and religious benefits is often to

incur deeper spiritual condemnation (witness the Jews), while possibly to be rejected from participation in such benefits means real and blessed discipline of the heart and life—when I consider all this, how good turns to evil and evil to good, why, though I cannot altogether and in every case account for the prosperity of fool and knave, and the adversities of the true and upright, I am reconciled to it, I see no injustice in it, I dimly see eternal love in it, I believe that it is best for the individual and for the race.

"So," he concluded, "there is no fatality, no baneful fatality for us in acts of God. But our own acts are fatal. We cannot altogether escape from what we have been and what we have done. Sell your birth-right, cheat yourself, stain your youthful life with folly, and long years afterwards, by consequence, direct or indirect, you will be cheated and have to bear it as you can. You will pray and weep in vain. There is a fatality, notoriously, if not pre-eminently, in acts and habits of sensuality and immorality—those sins of the flesh against which the sacred writer quotes the case of Esau as a warning. It lies not in their outward but their inward consequences. They

'Harden a' within,
And petrify the feeling.'

They are lava streams which leave their course marked in lines of imperishable stone."

Of this, the preacher's illustration was a picture of Esau young and Esau old. "Both Jacob and Esau were different men at the end of their career from what they were at the beginning. Because, with all his faults, Jacob had in him something of a soul above what was earthly, his life as he grew older took, it is evident, a higher and a higher tone. How different, too, Esau grown old from the sailor boy of the desert whom his father loved! Those tastes and habits which made him charming at twenty, or even thirty, would make him hideous at seventy. His frolic youth was divine. His sensual age would be detestable. His frugeness was as comely as his courage and frankness and generosity when he was a lad. But if he still preferred his pottage to his soul, his stomach to his honour and his duty in his old age, his appetite then would be as disgusting as the bad lines of his sensual and wrinkled face."

Thus ended the discourse. For though it was continued for some minutes, in order to allude to the prodigal son, and to affirm the unailing possibility and miraculous efficacy of repentance as regards a man's

spiritual life and eternal destiny, it was this picture of Esau's sensual age which remained impressed upon the hearer's mind as the true conclusion of all that he had heard.

CHAPTER V.

It was this impression which David Groats carried away with him as he plodded his weary way, after leaving the city, along the bleak moorland road which he had to travel in order to reach his home. He was miles on his way before he raised his eyes to look round him or bring back the outward world, which had changed places with the unseen. Heavy December fogs rolled steadily along the sides of the hills on either hand, as if marching to battle out somewhere on the distant plains, and their movement deepened the prevailing silence.

"E'en in his very habit as he lived," muttered David aloud, feeling that here no one could overhear him, except the captains of the mist. "David, thou art the man! No that he was thinkin' of me. He's as fond o' me as if he were my ain son. But it was me for a' that. I've seen it every time I've shaved or looked in a glass for a dozen years. Old Esau, ay auld Davie Groats. It was a picture from life and as true's death, and drawn by the hand of a young giant."

He halted and hung forward on his staff, to consider the point, and muttered on—

"There's jist ae thing"—and here his face all at once relaxed from its grim severity—"there's jist ae thing. I was never bonny. Deil tak me, I did na think o' that afore. If I'm il-faured noo, ye crags and peaks, ye rolling mists that saw some o' my earlier years, I call ye to witness, I was ill-faured then. I was aye as ugly as sin. It's no sin atehither that's done it. He kens who kens everything that I hae my faults, plenty o' them, but to say that I'm atehither earthly, sensual, devilish—is no the truth. Man alive," addressing the mist, "what a consolation it is to think that ane was nae beauty in his youth! Ill-faured and auld farrant, my mither used aye to say o' me. Original sin, that's ae thing. Original ugliness, that's anither thing, and I like it better—in my case it's a wee mair like justification by faith."

"As sure's death," he added, after a long pause, and trudged on with weary foot.

The tie between David Groats and the young preacher, whose sermon had thus exercised his mind, was singular. The Rev.

Henry Francis, an Australian by birth, while a student, first of medicine and then of divinity, at the University of —, spent most of his vacation time in the neighbourhood of Greytown, where David occupied the position of gatekeeper at a print-work, part of the property of Cathay, one of the numerous seats of Lord Layton, of Sunbury. The young student early made the acquaintance of the old gamekeeper, in his capacity of librarian to the Mechanics' Institute and Library of Greytown (of which his lordship was, of course, patron), and finding him a man of uncommon intelligence as well as of an odd and humorous type of character, had cultivated intimacy with him. This intimacy was promoted and enhanced by the knowledge which David possessed of all the birds of the air and the flowers of the field, and the delight which he had in expatiating on their qualities and in calling the witness of the poets, especially Shakespeare, into court in favour of their charms; for this not only made it pleasant to ramble over hill and dale with him, but to an eager student and a lover of nature, like his young friend, made it as useful as it was agreeable. On the other hand, not only was David impressed with his companion's abilities, but he was delighted with the freshness of mind, the susceptibility to impressions from nature and human life, which belonged to him as a youth and as a stranger in a strange land; and no less was he pleased with the fine aroma of science and classic culture which he carried with him as a "bred" student. But more than all, as their intimacy grew, it was deepened and intensified by sympathies of a moral kind, and accordant views of religious questions. Often of late years, long after the village was asleep and all its lights extinct, the old gatekeeper and his friend, the one learning to think, the other, as he said himself, hard thinking, paced up and down between the gatehouse and the print-work, and forgot the flight of time, absorbed in some of those old questions of life and after-life of which time seems not to be eternity enough to promise the solution. In these nocturnal and peripatetic dialogues the young student, who had some knowledge to give, had more knowledge to get, and found, as he thought, in David's common sense and irrepressible humour—light and lightning—a greater aid to faith and defence against despair than in the discipline of an ancient college.

After discovering the resemblance between original ugliness and justification by faith, David trudged on, with a lighter heart,

though still with weary foot. Yet the sermon would haunt him, and bits of it which he had forgotten recur to mind. At the recollection of one of them he relapsed into his gloomy vein, muttering, "Could I ever have given him any hint of that old sorrow that has cast its shadow on my life, lengthening with its years? I think no. He kens naething o' that. 'Foul deeds will rise.' Yes. But then there is the story of the prodigal son."

This vein of reflection, whatever might be its reference, was gloomy, and David, whose nature was electric and had its negative and positive, its black and white clouds, always neighbouring each other in the sky, and constantly interchanging their contents, no sooner felt his melancholy return, than he might have been conscious of amusement too. "As sure's death," he muttered, "that auld conceited ass o' a beadle, and the congregation tae, must hae thocht me daft. Faith, if they kent, I'm no sae much fool as knave."

Whether more or less the one or the other, David was now growing desperately weary, incapable almost of further effort. He limped on manfully, but every mile his limp was feebler. It was, therefore, with delight as well as surprise he heard behind him the sound of advancing wheels, and looking back, saw an omnibus coming on at a tearing unsabbatic speed. He had been on his legs too long to stand upon ceremony, so he hailed the driver at once, and was admitted by a friendly hand into what he afterwards described as a "theological Noah's ark or Lord's-day menagerie." This unexpected vehicle was of course the deputation returning from St. Peter's. Its members, after having dined in one of the hotels of the city, were still discussing the spiritual fare which they had enjoyed before, and, having made room for David, took no further notice of him, but proceeded with their talk.

Mr. Frazer, of the Eagle, would just say again as he said before, though it was not for him to speak his mind, considering there were so many first-rate men on the Co—mittee—he would just say, he was pleased and he was na pleased.

"Ye're no a bad judge, Frazer, o' what's spiritual," said the laird of Tuphead, the most important member of the party, "and that's just my opinion too—pleased and no pleased."

"He's ower braid for me," said Mr. Parton, a red-faced little farmer, whose huge shirt-collar seemed in danger of catching fire from the tips of his ears and the middle

of his cheeks, and who purpled with scorn at the idea of anybody's opinion being undecided in such a matter.

"Ower narrow, ye mean," said another member of the deputation.

"He's ower braid wi' his doctrine," said Mr. Parton.

"He's ower narrow wi' his pronounciation," was the reply.

"Yon a clever man!" interjected a large agriculturist, who seemed to be apoplectic with surprise or choler. "He tell't us—did he no?—that ane o' the twa brothers was a sailor and the ither was a yirb."

"Tut, tut, Drumtap, ye're wrong there," said the schoolmaster of the village. "He said nothing of the kind, that I heard, and I slept none since last night."

This was a passing hit, which appeared to take effect upon several persons present, and was received with shouts of laughter by the rest.

"What he said," continued the village pedagogue, determined not to lose the opportunity of showing his gifts, "was that the brothers were Arabs (which I suppose they were), and not 'yirbs' (herbs). As for the sailor brother, that was metaphorical, a figure of speech, as we say."

"A' that I ken," insisted Mr. Parton, "is he does na preach the Gospel."

"Anything that pleases you, Parton, is Gospel," responded from a corner of the ark a hunchbacked little man, with a pale face, and a pair of bright black eyes, "anything ye don't like is popery."

"Gospel or no Gospel," said Drumtap, "he has na a vice like the man we heard the Sunday afore."

"Ye mean Mr. Garsegreen?"

"Ay."

"And what prayers that man gied us! I never heard the like o' them, nor my wife either, she's a second cousin o' his," said another member of the deputation.

"His pronounciation tae is mair distincter and correcter far and awa," added a gentleman opposite to the last speaker.

It was evident, unless the silent members of the party were all in favour of Mr. Francis, and were much more powerful than those who expressed their opinions, that the ark was going to rest on another Ararat than David Groats could have wished; and when he emerged from it on its arrival at Inver-side, this was the reflection with which he proceeded on his journey.

Lady Mumps, after consulting with her sister, was inclined to take a more favour-

able view of the sermon than the Ark had done, but on referring to her ear-trumpet she received advice which caused her to determine, instead of presenting Mr. Francis to the vacant living, of which she was patron, to prosecute her tour of the churches of her native land.

As for Lord Layton, who, of course, was the person who with his daughters had occupied the Baillie's seat, he intimated his opinion of Mr. Francis next day by presenting him to the parish of Illtafend in Braidarden.

In ignorance of this, as he wearily limped the last mile or two of his journey, David Groats composed and conned a speech, which he meant, on the first opportunity, to address to his young friend, and it was in this strain :—

“Your frien’ the professor, in ane o’ his lectures tae his students the ither day, spoke o’ Carlyle’s ‘French Revolution’ as a canonade in three volumes—your discourse the day pit me in mind o’ his remark, it was a fusillade in twa divisions. But ye maun narrow your theology—ye’re ower braid for preaching. I don’t mean for me or the like o’ me, or a great lot o’ readin’ and thinkin’ folk in the big toons, but for the kintra folk—they’ll no stand it jist because they understand it—they maun hae what they’re accustomed to, and that’s what they dinna understand, soun’ without ony sense. I maun keep opinions tae myself, tho’ I’m jist a gatekeeper, and no a gatekeeper o’ the Lord’s house either, but only o’ a print-work, and sae maun ye and mair tae since ye’re a minister, and mair particlarly without a kirk and wantin’ to get ane.”

CHAPTER VI.

So extensive are the ramifications of the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the world, hardly an event of importance occurs to an individual or a family, or affords a momentary subject of gossip to a rural parish, in Great Britain, but it is felt at the ends of the earth, and causes a sensation there. Mr. Henry Francis’s appointment to a parish in Braidarden, for example, was attended with important results to several persons at the antipodes, with whom, for that reason, it is necessary to make some passing acquaintance.

If some step be not taken by one of our antiquarian societies, or by a paternal government, to prevent it, there will soon not be a morsel of *terra incognita*, except ice, left on the surface of the globe—not even a guano island in the mists of the South Pacific, or a half-tide rock in the surge of the Atlantic, to

remind future generations of the large space which it once occupied on the map of the world and in the imagination of mankind; and hence in order to enjoy the mystery and excitement connected in former ages with the idea of penetrating into undiscovered lands supposed to be full of “antres vast,” it will be necessary for adventurous spirits to take flight for Jupiter or Saturn, or some still more distant and yet to be discovered planet. Central Africa and Central Asia will soon be as familiar to all the rest of the world, as Fleet Street and Broadway. Already the pathless Australian forest, with its empty discarded gin-bottle at intervals of a hundred miles marking the last faltering footsteps of civilisation, is trodden ground to the British householder. Books of travel have contributed to this result. It has been facilitated and promoted still more by the labours of that great society for the diffusion of useful knowledge, the Post Office, bringing, as it does, to this country every week innumerable accounts of distant lands written on the spot, and because written there read here with the liveliest interest by friends of the authors. Unlike some other literary societies, the Post Office has a great variety of styles at its command, so many and so diverse as to suit every possible capacity, and convey just and forcible ideas to every conceivable order of mind. Where a description of a country in the usual classical or scientific or mixed scientific and popular language would not be appreciated or understood, this great institution supplies one in some such form as the following :—

“This ‘ere place is mortal ‘ot jiz now. No trees a’most, and them az is no shade on ‘em more nor on a maypole; but abroilin’ all day, and turmented wi varmint o’ nites. A few sarpens, stroipt and brown. Brown’s the worst. Dear father, good wage, and muton 3 times a day, 4 if you loike, and ‘ard work no such thing, but as ‘appy as the day’s long.”

Animated, ungrammatical, incoherent sketches of this kind not only find their way and are welcomed, where books have little currency and less entertainment, but leave a distinct and powerful impression, where books (unless it were the rule for vulgar books not to be written genteelly) would make but a faint and vague impression. Minds that with difficulty grasp any idea, and that certainly would be none the wiser to be informed systematically of the climatology, and natural history and political and social state of a country, gather

from such descriptions a number of distinct ideas; as, for example, that Australia is a country and not a mist; that its sun is hotter than ours; that its woods are less umbrageous than those of England; that its animals and its people are peculiar in their nature and habits.

So it comes to pass that the pathless wastes of Australia are trodden ground to Englishmen, and that it is needless, in referring to the Australian bush, to premise that it is not always bushy. Much of it, as everybody knows, is a treeless plain; more is flat champaign, with trees of great size, immense height, and ridiculously scanty foliage, scattered over it as oaks and elms and beeches are scattered for show over an English park. Denude its trees of all their lower branches and three-fourths of their upper ones, and all but a sorry remnant of their foliage (to fly like a remainder of a tattered flag), then shoot them up into the air to twice or three times their natural height, then flood the sky above them and the earth beneath them with the light of an Italian instead of an English sun, widen prodigiously the horizon, remove the east a long way further from the west, and let the firmament be immensely lifted up as well as illuminated, then scatter clumps and patches of glossy evergreen shrubs among the trees and your English park will be not a bad imitation of the Australian bush. *Lucus a non lucendo* is the frequent reflection of travellers in Australia who have had the advantage in their youth of classical training, of whom there are not a few to be met with, long strangers to classical pursuits—"bush here," says such a traveller to himself, because for the next fifty miles there is not a shrub to shelter a lizard from the stinging ray, and because the next hundred are as open as Greenwich Park.

There are parts of the Australian bush which answer to the name—belts of Mallee Scrub, with its long glossy pointed leaves and straight dark stems (looking like Portugal laurel undergoing severe military drill, or packed alive for exportation); stems too close to admit of branches, scrub impenetrable to foot or horse—groves also of wattle, loading the air with its rich, almost sickly odour, and glorifying a vast landscape, otherwise too flat and neutral in its tint, with its masses of dark green foliage and yellow gold—pine clumps too, where grateful shadows lengthen over the sand for the weary traveller—glens and hollows where there is luxuriant undergrowth, counties and provinces where, wander as

deviously as you will, shining and brilliant avenues of evergreen coppice unwind themselves before you—but perhaps for the most part the bush is not bushier than an open English park surrounding a nobleman's seat.

If bush means anything, in fact, it means not "dense" but "rare"—not trees thick, but men scarce. It means wilderness where kangaroos are numerous compared with men. No solitude, in truth, beats that of the Australian bush. A lighthouse, like the Bell Rock, with one keeper in it (the other having gone overboard in the dark), a big ship in the Atlantic with its crew reduced by scurvy to one man and a single rat in the hold, are the only objects to which a shepherd's hut in some parts of the Australian bush can be compared. Its occupant goes out of it at dawn, returns to it at dusk, and, except when he happens to lie in the route of the waggon which brings provisions to his hut once a fortnight or once a month, hears nothing but the scream of cockatoos and the unsuccessful efforts of rainbow-coloured parrakeets to imitate English wood notes wild, sees nothing but his sheep, the ever-brilliant sky, the wide champaign, the gum-tree, with its striped bark and scraggy foliage (most formal and conventional of trees), an occasional herd of kangaroos hopping for their lives, but appearing in the distance as if they sat motionless on their tails, while the ground, rippling under them before a powerful breeze, bore them swiftly on their way.

In solitude like this, William Francis, father of the Rev. Henry Francis, had lived for many years. He loved it. In order to secure it and enjoy it, he had removed several successive times from one outlandish district where population threatened to increase, to a more outlandish one, where there was no prospect of any settlement besides his own. His present abode was a large, low-roofed, extremely irregular wooden cottage, situated on an eminence close to what was a long and deep natural tank of water in summer and part of a large river in winter—for according to the season of the year most of the Australian rivers, acting upon the principle of give and take, are lengths of water-holes with breadths of sand between each, or floods that, making no account of banks or courses, range and swell over leagues of country. A broad verandah ran round three sides of this building, to afford shade from the almost tropical heat, and a mighty passion-flower, growth of two or three years only, like a gigantic snake trailing among leaves and flowers

instead of grass, lent to the wooden walls the protection of an inner cover. Behind the house were rude sheds for cattle; behind these, scarcely less rude huts for men. Between the house and the river spread the garden and vineyard, the latter a piece of unadulterated sand, but yielding from its numerous regular rows of plants an abundant vintage. Around spread the interminable bush, its broad vistas between the lofty gum-trees lengthening away into space in every direction except where, to the north, an impenetrable natural fence of scrub marked the limit of the property and protected its owner from unwelcome intrusion in one quarter, while it repelled the advance of settlement in other directions. "This is my rest for ever," William Francis had said, when some years ago he had taken up his abode in this solitary place in the solitary wilderness, and in saying so, he meant that the furthest term of a wandering and eventful life was reached.

Solitude is only a more deceitful word than society. For once that it is true that society means a little friendship or even acquaintanceship, it is a dozen times certain that solitude signifies abundance of the best of company. Shepherds in the Australian bush, it is said, become so fond of their solitary life that, but for the misfortune somehow incident to their condition of having to receive wages and spend them in the speediest, which happens also to be the foolishness manner, they would never leave the wilderness even for a few days' dissipation. But very likely, if careful and scientific inquiry were made into the matter, it would appear that even in the case of an Australian shepherd, it is a certain remainder of companionship, not the absence of all society, which is the charm of his solitary life; that it is not because the social instinct has perished and friendships have become distasteful that he is reluctant to quit the wilderness, but because he has learned to find in the company of his sheep and in the humble and devoted attachment and winning ways of his dog, more than a recompense for the loss of selfish acquaintances and dull and ungenerous kindred.

Thus the solitude which William Francis so much enjoyed was composed at present of his daughter Bessy and Jeremiah Tippett, the latter being clerk, overseer, factotum of the estate, and relieving its owner from almost all care and trouble in regard to its management. Heavy eyebrows overhanging soft blue eyes, told of a sensitive and dreamy nature in the man, deeply shaded but not

chilled or contracted by sadness, and the same thing was revealed by his principal occupations,—wandering aimlessly in the bush alone or in company with his daughter, reading again and again a few favourite authors, especially British essayists and poets, Johnson and Addison among the former, Thomson and Cowper among the latter, and above all conversing with himself in the language, plaintive and full of long-drawn-out reverie, of his violin.

It was with concern and sorrow, rather than pride and pleasure, Mr. Francis, in his solitude, heard of his son's appointment to a parish in Scotland. It extinguished fondly cherished hopes as to his family being reunited one day under his roof. More than that, and worse still, taken along with intelligence received only a day or two before, it threatened to deprive him, at least for a time, of the society of his daughter, whose companionship was every day becoming dearer and more indispensable to him.

This latter was an affair in which Jeremiah Tippett had an acute and even painful interest as well as his master. Not that Jeremiah loved Bessy Francis otherwise than as he loved her father, or had any such acute horror of her absence as he would have had if instead of loving himself much he had loved her alone, and if in place of being past fifty, and entirely eugrossed in the practical affairs of life, he had been five-and-twenty and addicted to romance—it was not thus he shrank from the prospect of her absence, but he felt painfully that he was to blame for it if her absence had to be decreed.

For Major McSumph loved Bessy Francis, not as did Jeremiah, but as such prosperous gentlemen at forty or fifty, or even seventy, love girls with laughing eyes, fresh complexion, pretty features, and tall, handsome figures. Thus the Major loved Bessy; on his last visit but one he had avowed his love, and now he was coming to avow it again, though his suit had been discountenanced with outward civility and private disgust, both by Mr. Francis and his daughter. Now it was Jeremiah Tippett, as he himself painfully felt, who was to blame for this and for all that was like to come of it. It was he who had been instrumental in bringing upon his master and his young mistress the calamity of the Major's acquaintance and devoted and disgusting affection.

There was a small bust of Shakespeare, or some other Elizabethan personage resembling the great dramatist, which stood on the top of the library case in the room in which

the Francis family usually sat, and in which Jeremiah often assisted them at evening concerts, at which he was sometimes the whole of the audience and always a very masterly flageolet. He had an extraordinary resemblance to that bust, as Miss Francis, who saw he was pleased with the compliment, often told him. His compact head, bald in front, his peaked beard, longish oval face, light blue eyes, so light

as to look chalky and vacant, were perfectly Elizabethan, and, according to the bust, Shaksperian. This head, however, was set upon a very diminutive but wonderfully animated bust and figure. It was as if there were two souls in Jeremiah, one for the mind and one for the body, he was so preternaturally active both in mind and body.

To this extraordinary activity the present



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painful crisis was directly to be traced, inasmuch as it was the occasion of the Major having any communications with the Francis family. The immense energy and egotism which, along with other marked qualities, better and worse, had been crammed into the little man, and which were far from finding sufficient scope for themselves in his manifold duties as clerk, overseer, factotum of a large

sheep-run, expended themselves in two main directions, of which one was as safe as the other was hazardous, viz., the maintenance of the British constitution and the study and practice of law. As for the former, little harm if not much good could come of it. To be sure, Miss Francis was tempted to smile sometimes when Jeremiah, who was by birth, training, and indeed sentiment, a Presby-

terian, began reading morning service, as he did regularly and punctually on Sundays at ten o'clock, knowing, as she did, that when he addressed her and her father, and half a dozen or a dozen shepherds and labourers with the words, "Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places," he was thinking more of the British constitution and of the necessity, even in the bush, of keeping up the old constitutional connection between Church and State, best symbolized by the Prayer-Book, than of any more expressly religious matters. So also it must be admitted, that when Jeremiah went down in the evening to the hut where bush-tramps (vagabonds who live by looking for work, and planning not to get it) were accommodated with shelter and rations, and, standing at the door, or taking his seat on a bench, declaimed for a quarter of an hour or longer, with infinite gesticulation, on his favourite theme, the effect often was that as soon as he was gone, rogues, who knew the man, (of whom there were not a few) would drink his health out of a gin-bottle, with some such preface as, "Here's to little Jeremier and the British constitootion, and I sez, sez I, Jerry's the boy for good tucker, so never mind the British constitootion, and 'ere goes." In fact, though Jeremiah persisted in trying to do more, there was obviously not much to be done in the bush, after the British constitution was studied and admired, or admired without being studied, but to let it alone. However, as has been said, if he did little good by his exertions to maintain it, he did little harm to himself or anybody else.

But the case was different with the study and practice of law, to which he was still more passionately devoted than to the maintenance of the constitution. This was the delight and solace of many years, and the occasion of several memorable triumphs, but it was also the source of many

troubles, the last of them being the greatest of all. Long before Jeremiah, in consequence of the scantiness of population in the bush, and the difficulty of meeting neighbours, even on the ground of quarrel, had any opportunity of exhibiting practically his proficiency in the study of Blackstone, and other legal authorities, he would pore over cases and precedents with delight which was forgetful of the lapse of time. But from the moment when he obtained a verdict in that great case of sheep worrying, "*Crankey versus Tippett, or Francis,*" in which at the proper moment, and to the confusion of his legal opponents and the admiration of the Bench, he contended (quoting the rule of law in the words of a Scotch judge) that "every dog is entitled to ane worry,"—from that moment his devotion to legal studies and pursuits knew no bounds. Actions and cross actions, pleas and counter pleas, in spite of the protests and entreaties of Mr. Francis, followed in rapid succession, and cultivated and developed Jeremiah's abilities while they afforded abundant scope for his energies. In one respect, and one alone, however, Mr. Francis was master of his servant. He determined without appeal, and in the face of Jeremiah's utmost opposition, where they should live, and persisted in dragging the recalcitrant little lawyer so far into the bush that it was impossible at last for him to do more than quarrel with somebody a hundred miles away and originate an action, while to conduct it was out of the question. Jeremiah some years ago therefore had found it necessary to associate with himself in the legal department of his business Major McSumph, who had the advantage of residing in a township where a district court was held once a quarter, and this had led to that gentleman becoming acquainted with the family, for whom he was retained as counsel, and eventually to his paying his unwelcome addresses to Bessy Francis.

CHARLES BIANCONI:

What a Foreigner did for Ireland.

PART II.

BIANCONI'S service to the public was so great, and it was done with so much tact, that nobody had a word to say against him. Everybody was his friend. Not even the Whiteboys would injure him or the mails he carried. He could say with pride, that even in the most disturbed times, his

cars had never been molested. "Even," said he, "in the time of the Whiteboy insurrection, and when Kilkenny was much disturbed, though he had the carriage of a most important mail, the Dublin mail, for a part of the road, he was never interrupted. He repeatedly passed hundreds of the

people on the road at night, and yet no one asked him where he was going." *

Of course Bianconi's cars were found of great use for carrying the mails. The post was, at the beginning of his enterprise, very badly served in Ireland, chiefly by foot and horse posts. When the first car was run from Clonmel to Cahir, Bianconi offered to carry the mail for half the price then paid for "sending it alternately by a mule and a bad horse." The post was afterwards found to come regularly instead of irregularly to Cahir; and the practice of sending the mails by Bianconi's cars increased from year to year. Dispatch won its way to popularity in Ireland as elsewhere, and Bianconi lived to see all the cross-posts in Ireland arranged on his system.

The postage authorities frequently used the cars of Bianconi as a means of competing with the few existing mail-coaches. For instance, they asked him to compete for carrying the post between Limerick and Tralee, then carried by a mail-coach. Before tendering, Bianconi called on the contractor, to induce him to give in to the requirements of the Post Office, because he knew that the postal authorities only desired to make use of him to fight the coach proprietors. But having been informed that it was the intention of the Post Office to discontinue the mail-coach whether Bianconi took the contract or not, he at length sent in his tender, and obtained the contract.

He succeeded in performing the service, and delivered the mail much earlier than it had been done before. But the former contractor, finding that he had made a mistake, got up a movement in favour of re-establishing the mail-coach upon that line; and eventually induced the postage authorities to take the mail contract out of the hands of Bianconi, and give it back to the former contractor. Bianconi, however, continued to keep his cars upon the road. He had before stated to the contractor, that if he started his cars, he would not leave it, even though the contract were taken from him. Both coach and car therefore ran for years upon the road, each losing thousands of pounds. "But," said Bianconi, when asked about the matter by the Committee on Postage in 1838, "I kept my word: I must either lose character by breaking my word, or lose money. I prefer losing money to giving up the line of road."

Bianconi had also many other competitors to contend with, from coach and car proprietors. No sooner had he shown to others the way to fortune, than he had plenty of imitators. But they did not possess his rare genius for organization, nor perhaps his still rarer principles. They had not his tact, his foresight, his knowledge, or his perseverance. When Bianconi was asked by the Select Committee on Postage, "Do the opposition cars started against you induce you to reduce your fares?" his answer was, "No; I seldom do. Our fares are so close to the first cost, that if any man runs cheaper than I do, he must starve off, as few can serve the public lower and better than I do." *

Bianconi was once present at a meeting of car proprietors, called for the purpose of uniting to put down a new opposition coach. Bianconi would not concur, but protested against it, saying, "If car proprietors had united against me when I started, I should have been crushed. But is not the country big enough for us all?" The coach proprietors, after many angry words, threatened to unite in running down Bianconi himself. "Very well," he said, "you may run me off the road—that is possible; but while there is this" (pulling a flower out of his coat) "you will not put *me* down." The threat merely ended in smoke, the courage and perseverance of Bianconi having long since become generally recognised.

We have spoken of the principles of Mr. Bianconi. They were most honourable. His establishment might be spoken of as a school of morality. In the first place he practically taught and enforced the virtues of punctuality, truthfulness, sobriety, and honesty. He also taught to the public generally the value of time, to which, in fact, his own success was in a great measure due. While passing through Clonmel in 1840, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall called upon Bianconi and went over his establishment, as well as over his house and farm a short distance from the town. The travellers had a very pressing engagement, and could not stay to hear the story of how their entertainer had contrived to "make so much out of so little." "How much time have you?" he asked. "Just five minutes." "The car," says Mr. Hall, "had conveyed us to the back entrance. Bianconi instantly rang the bell, and said to the servant, 'Tell the driver to bring the car round to the front,' adding, '*that will save one minute, and enable me to*

* Meeting of the British Association, held at Cork in August, 1843.

* Evidence before the Select Committee on Postage, 1838.

tell you all within the time.' This was, in truth, the secret of his success, making the most of time.*

But the success of Bianconi was also due to the admirable principles on which his establishment was conducted. His drivers were noted as being amongst the most civil and obliging men in Ireland, besides being pleasant companions to boot. They were careful, punctual, truthful, and honest; but all this was the result of strict discipline on the part of their master.

The drivers were taken from the lowest grades of the establishment, and promoted to higher positions according to their respective merits, as opportunity offered. "Much surprise," said Bianconi, "has often been expressed at the high order of men connected with my car establishment, and at its popularity; but parties thus expressing themselves forget to look at Irish society with sufficient grasp. For my part, I cannot better compare it than to a man merging to convalescence from a serious attack of malignant fever, and requiring generous nutrition in place of medical treatment.†

To attach the men to the system, as well as to confer upon them the due reward for their labour, he provided for all the workmen who had been injured, worn out, or become superannuated in his service. The drivers could then retire upon a full pension, which they enjoyed during the rest of their lives. They were also paid their full wage during sickness; and at their death Bianconi educated their children, who grew up to manhood, and afterwards filled the situations held by their deceased parents.

Every workman had thus a special interest in his personal good conduct. They knew that nothing but misbehaviour could deprive them of the benefits they enjoyed; and hence their endeavours to maintain their positions by observing the strict discipline enjoined by their employer.

Sobriety was, of course, indispensable—a drunken car-driver being amongst the most dangerous of servants. The drivers must also be truthful; and the man found telling a lie, however venial, was instantly dismissed. Honesty was also strongly enforced, not only for the sake of the public, but for the sake of the men themselves. Hence he never allowed his men to carry letters. If they did so, he fined them in the first instance very severely, and in the second instance dismissed them. "I do so," he

said, "because if I do not respect other institutions (the Post Office), my men will soon learn not to respect my own. Then, for carrying letters during the extent of their trip, the men most probably would not get money, but drink, and hence become dissipated, and unworthy of confidence."

Thus truth, accuracy, punctuality, sobriety, and honesty, being strictly enforced, formed the fundamental principle of the entire management. At the same time, Bianconi treated his drivers with every confidence and respect. He made them feel that in doing their work well, they conferred a greater benefit on him and on the public than he did on them by paying them their wages.

When attending the British Association at Cork, Bianconi said that, "in proportion as he advanced his drivers, he lowered their wages." "Then," said Dr. Taylor, the Secretary, "I wouldn't like to serve you." "Yes, you would," replied Bianconi, "because in promoting my drivers, I place them on a more lucrative line, where their certainty of receiving fees from passengers is greater."

Bianconi was as merciful to his horses as to his men. He had much greater difficulty at first in finding good men than good horses, but the latter were not exposed to the temptations to which the former were subject. Although the price of horses continued to rise, he nevertheless bought the best horses at increased prices, and he did not work them overmuch. He gave his horses as well as his men their seventh day's rest. "I find by experience," he said, "that I can work a horse eight miles a day for six days in the week, easier than I can work six miles seven days; and that is one of my reasons for having no cars, unless carrying a mail, plying upon Sundays."

Bianconi had confidence in men generally. The result was that men had confidence in him. Even the Whiteboys respected him. At the close of a long and useful life, he could say with truth, "I never yet attempted to do an act of generosity, or common justice, publicly or privately, that I was not met by manifold reciprocity."

By bringing the various classes of society in connection with each other, Bianconi believed, and doubtless with truth, that he was the means of making them respect each other, and was thereby promoting the civilization of Ireland. At the meeting of the Social Science Congress, held at Dublin in 1861, he said, "The state of the roads was such as to limit the rate of travelling to about

* Hall's Ireland, ii. 75.

† Paper read before the British Association at Cork, 1843.

seven miles an hour, and the passengers were often obliged to walk up hills. Thus all classes were brought together, and I have felt much pleasure in believing that the intercourse thus created tended to inspire the higher classes with respect and regard for the natural good qualities of the humbler people, which the latter reciprocated by a becoming deference and an anxiety to please and oblige. Such a moral benefit appears to me to be worthy of special notice and congratulation."

Even when railways made their appearance, Bianconi did not resist them, but welcomed them as "the great civilisers of the age." There was, in his opinion, room enough for all methods of conveyance in Ireland. Mr. Drummond was appointed Under-Secretary for Ireland in 1835, and was afterwards chairman of the Irish Railway Commission. In that capacity he had often occasion to confer with Mr. Bianconi, who gave him every assistance. Mr. Drummond conceived the greatest respect for Bianconi, and often asked him how it was that he, a foreigner, should have acquired so extensive an influence and so distinguished a position in Ireland?

"The question came upon me," said Bianconi, "by surprise; and I did not at the time answer it. But another day he repeated his question, and I replied, 'Well, it was because, while the big and the little were fighting, I crept up between them, carried out my enterprise, and obliged everybody.'" This, however, did not satisfy Mr. Drummond, who asked Bianconi to write down for him an autobiography, containing the incidents of his early life, down to the period of his great Irish enterprise. This Bianconi proceeded to do, writing down his past history in the occasional intervals which he could snatch from the immense business which he still continued personally to superintend. But before the "Drummond memoir" could be finished, Mr. Drummond himself had ceased to live,—having died in 1840, principally of overwork. What he thought of Bianconi, however, has been preserved in his Report of the Irish Railway Commission of 1838, written by Mr. Drummond himself, in which he thus speaks of his enterprising friend in starting and conducting the great Irish car establishment:—

"With a capital little exceeding the expense of outfit, he commenced. Fortune, or rather the due reward of industry and integrity, favoured his first efforts. He soon began to increase the number of his cars and

multiply routes, until his establishment spread over the whole of Ireland. These results are the more striking and instructive as having been accomplished in a district which has long been represented as the focus of unreclaimed violence and barbarism, where neither life nor property can be deemed secure. Whilst many persons possessing a personal interest in everything tending to improve or enrich the country, have been so misled or inconsiderate as to repel by exaggerated statements British capital from their doors, this foreigner chose Tipperary as the centre of his operations, wherein to embark all the fruits of his industry in a traffic peculiarly exposed to the power and even to the caprice of the peasantry. The event has shown that his confidence in their good sense was not ill-founded. By a system of steady and just treatment he has obtained a complete mastery, exempt from lawless intimidation or control, over the various servants and agents employed by him, and his establishment is popular with all classes on account of its general usefulness and the fair liberal spirit of its management. The success achieved by this spirited gentleman is the result, not of a single speculation, which might have been favoured by local circumstances, but of a series of distinct experiments, all of which have been successful."

When the railways were actually made and opened, they ran right through the centre of Bianconi's long-established system of communication. They broke up his lines, and sent them to the right and left. But though they greatly disturbed him, they did not destroy him. In his enterprising hands, the railways merely changed the direction of his cars. He had at first to take about a thousand horses off the road, with thirty-seven vehicles, travelling two thousand four hundred and forty-six miles daily. But he remodelled his system so as to run his cars between the railway stations and the towns to the right and left of the main lines. He also directed his attention to those parts of Ireland which had not before had the benefit of his conveyances. And in thus still continuing to accommodate the public, the number of his horses and carriages again increased, until in 1861 he was employing nine hundred horses, travelling over four thousand miles daily; and in 1866, when he resigned his business, he was running only six hundred and eighty-four miles below the maximum run in 1845, before the railways had begun to interfere with his traffic.

His cars were then running to Dungarvan, Waterford, and Wexford in the south-west of Ireland; to Bandon, Rosscarbery, Skibbereen, and Cahirciveen, in the south; to Tralee, Galway, Clifden, Westport, and Belmullet in the west; to Sligo, Enniskillen, Strabane, and Letterkenny in the north; whilst, in the centre of Ireland, the towns of Thurles, Kilkenny, Birr, and Ballinasloe were also daily served by the cars of Bianconi.

At the meeting of the British Association, held in Dublin in 1857, Mr. Bianconi mentioned a fact, which, he thought, illustrated the increasing prosperity of the country and the progress of the people. It was, that although the population had so considerably decreased by emigration and other causes, the proportion of travellers by his conveyances continued to increase, demonstrating not only that the people had more money, but that they appreciated the money value of time, and also the advantages of the car system established for their accommodation.

Although railways must necessarily have done much to promote the prosperity of Ireland, it is very doubtful whether the general passenger public were not better served by the cars of Bianconi than by the railways which superseded them. Bianconi's cars were on the whole cheaper, and were always run *en correspondance*, so as to meet each other; whereas many of the railway trains in the south of Ireland, under the competition system existing between the several companies, are often run so as to *miss* each other. The present working of the Irish railway traffic provokes perpetual irritation amongst the Irish people, and sufficiently accounts for the frequent petitions presented to Parliament that they should be taken in hand and worked by the State.

Bianconi continued to superintend his great car establishment until within the last few years. He had a constitution of iron, which he expended in active work. At the age of seventy he was still a man in his prime; and might be seen at Clonmel helping, at busy times, to load the cars, unpacking and unstrapping the luggage where it seemed to be inconveniently placed; for he was a man who could never stand by and see others working without having a hand in it himself. Even when well on to eighty, he still continued to grapple with the immense business involved in working a traffic extending over two thousand five hundred miles of road.

But in his seventy-eighth year a heavy accident befell him which compelled him to

retire. His thigh was severely broken, and he was deprived of the use of both legs for the rest of his life. He then determined to retire finally from business; when he handed over the whole of his cars, coaches, horses, and plant, with all the lines he was then working, to his employées, on the most liberal terms.

Nor was Bianconi without honour in his adopted country. He began his great enterprise in 1815, though it was not until 1831 that he obtained letters of naturalisation. His application was then supported by the Grand Jury of Tipperary. Shortly after, he was elected Mayor of Clonmel, by whose citizens he was admired and esteemed as their greatest benefactor; and he was afterwards, without solicitation, appointed by the Government Justice of the Peace and Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Tipperary.

Bianconi was throughout his life a staunch follower of O'Connell. He joined the Catholic Emancipation movement at a very early period—as early as 1810. He afterwards became more intimately related to O'Connell, one of whose sons married one of his daughters; and the grandchildren of O'Connell are often found about the fireside of Bianconi.

Mr. Bianconi still lives to enjoy the fruits of his forethought, enterprise, and energy. While he amassed a large fortune, he did so by making everybody his debtors. Though he has now, in consequence of his accident, to be lifted into and out of his carriage by two men-servants, and is moved about his house in an arm-chair, he is still as active-minded as ever. He has not lost his pleasure in life, but continues to enjoy it.

My son visited Mr. Bianconi at his residence in Tipperary last summer, and first met him at the Roman Catholic Church at Boherlahan. Close to the church is Bianconi's mortuary chapel, where there is a beautiful bas-relief by Benzoni, the Italian sculptor, in memory of Mr. Bianconi's daughter. From the tower there is a fine view of the rich country which slopes away down to the river Suir, from which it rises again to a gentle elevation, on the summit of which stands the large old-fashioned house of Mr. Bianconi.

As we were leaving the chapel, we passed a long Irish car containing about sixteen people, the tenants of Mr. Bianconi, who are brought at his expense from all parts of the estate. He is very popular with his tenantry, regarding their interest as his own;

and he often quotes the words of his friend Mr. Drummond, that "property has its duties as well as its rights." He has rebuilt nearly every house on his extensive estates in Tipperary.

On our way home, the carriage stopped to let me down and see the strange remains of an ancient fort, close by the roadside. It consists of a high grass-grown mound, surrounded by a moat. It is one of the so-called Danish forts, which are found in all parts of Ireland. If it be true that these forts were erected by the Danes, they must at one time have had a strong hold of the greater part of Ireland.

The carriage entered a noble avenue of trees, with views of prettily enclosed gardens on either side. Mr. Bianconi exclaimed, "Welcome to the Carman's Stage!" Longfield House, which we approached, is a fine old-fashioned house, situated on the river Suir, a few miles south of Cashel, one of the most ancient cities in Ireland. Mr. Bianconi and his family were most hospitable; and I found him most lively and communicative. He talked cleverly and with excellent choice of language for about three hours, during which I learnt much from him.

Like most men who have accomplished great things, and overcome many difficulties, Mr. Bianconi is fond of referring to the past events in his interesting life. The acuteness of his conversation is wonderful. He hits off a keen thought in a few words, sometimes full of wit and humour. He read over to me the memoir he had prepared at the suggestion of Mr. Drummond, relating to the events of his early life; and this opened the way for a great many other recollections not set down in the book.

He vividly remembered the parting from his mother, nearly seventy years ago, and spoke of her last words to him. "When you remember me, think of me as waiting at this window, watching for your return." This led him to speak of the great forgetfulness and want of respect which children have for their parents nowadays. "We seem," he said, "to have fallen upon a disrespectful age."

"It is strange," said he, "how little things influence one's mind and character. When I was a boy at Waterford, I bought an old second-hand book from a man on the quay, and the maxim on its title-page fixed itself deeply on my memory. It was, 'Truth, like water, will find its own level.'" And this led him to speak of the great influence which the example and instruction of Mr. Rice, of the Christian Brothers, had had upon

his mind and character. "That religious institution," said he, "of which Mr. Rice was one of the founders, has now spread itself over the country, and, by means of the instruction which the members have imparted to the poorer ignorant classes, they have effected quite a revolution in the south of Ireland."

"I am not much of a reader," said Mr. Bianconi, "the best part of my reading has consisted in reading *way-bills*. But I was once complimented by Justice Lefroy upon my Books. He remarked to me what a wonderful education I must have had to invent my own system of bookkeeping. Yes," said he, pointing to them, "there they are." The books are still preserved, recording the progress of the great car enterprise. They show at first the small beginnings, and then the rapid growth—the tens growing to hundreds, and the hundreds to thousands—the ledgers and day-books containing, as it were, the whole history of the undertaking—of each car, of each man, of each horse, and of each line of road, recorded most minutely.

"The secret of my success," said he, "has been promptitude, fair dealing, and good humour. And this I will add, what I have often said before, that I never did a kind action but it was returned to me tenfold. My cars have never received the slightest injury from the people. Though travelling through the country for about sixty years, the people have throughout respected the property entrusted to me. They have passed through lonely and unfrequented places, and have never, even in the most disturbed times, been attacked. That, I think, is an extraordinary testimony to the high moral character of the Irish people."

"It is not money, but the genius of money that I esteem," said Bianconi, "not money itself, but money used as a creative power." And he himself has furnished in his own life the best possible illustration of his maxim. He has created a new industry, given employment to an immense number of persons, promoted commerce, extended civilisation, and, though a foreigner, has proved one of the greatest of Ireland's benefactors.

Well might Signor Henrico Mayer say, as he did at the British Association at Cork in 1843, that "he felt proud as an Italian to hear a compatriot so deservedly eulogized; and although Ireland might claim Bianconi as a citizen, yet the Italians should ever with pride hail him as a countryman, whose industry and virtue reflected honour on the country of his birth."

THE DAWN.

ALL the wild waves rocked in shadow,
 And the world was dim and grey,
 Dark and silent, hushed and breathless,
 Waiting calmly for the day.

And the golden light came stealing
 O'er the mountain-tops at last—
 Flooding vale and wood and upland,—
 It was morning—night was past.



There they lay—the silvery waters,
 Fruitful forests, glade and lawn,—
 All in beauty, new-created
 By the angel of the dawn.

* * * * *
 So my spirit slept in twilight ;—
 All was quiet, grey and still,
 Till the dawn of love came stealing
 Over Hope's snow-crested hill.

Then the dim world woke in glory,
 And the iris-dyes grew bright
 On the waves and woods and valleys,
 In a morning-flood of light.

Ah ! the vineyards and the gardens !—
 Ah ! the treasures, rich and rare,
 Full of endless life and beauty,
 Which that dawn created there !

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

THE VISION OF CHRIST TO ST. JOHN.

BY THE LATE NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

REVELATION i. 17-19.

I.—OF THE GLORY OF JESUS.

THIS august description was written by one of the truest and holiest men who ever lived, when in old age and matured in wisdom and experience; by one whose whole education, as a Jew, was almost concentrated in learning the single lesson of profound reverence for the only living and true God; by one living among men in Ephesus who denied the divine majesty of Jesus, and who could therefore well understand the intention and meaning of his words; and by one who realised as no one then could realise what he was himself uttering when he could thus think and write about Jesus Christ. And he who gave this description had also known with equal certainty the *humanity* of Jesus. For who had known that humanity in all its weakness, its infirmities, its "agonies and cries," as that Apostle had done who had followed Jesus in the confidence of friendship since He entered on His ministry, leant on His bosom at the last supper, beheld His sorrows at Gethsemane and during every minute of the solemn hours which immediately preceded the crucifixion, and who alone of all the disciples had stood by the cross and saw Him die? Besides what he had thus himself seen, every fact and feature of His previous life from infancy must have been impressed upon him more than on any other, by that mother who was consigned to his care, and was the inmate of his home. Yet it is this man who so thinks of Jesus of Nazareth! Oh, verily if Jesus was not divine, how dreadful is this blasphemy, and how inconceivable its thought even, much more its utterance! If He is not divine, the mystery becomes deeper, when we remember that it was the special work of St. John to witness to this truth with a fulness and minuteness and reiteration peculiar to himself. It increases when we find that all the apostles use language as strong and as decided. It increases when we find Jesus Himself doing the same, during His life, from His first sermon till the last, and being so understood by friend and foe, to the terror of the one, and the rage of the other. It increases when we know that all this has taken undying root in the faith and the affections of the Church, and has become the life of its life, the ground of its hopes, the substance of its joys, until now

at the name of Jesus every knee bows, and every tongue confesses that He is Lord,—an adoration and a confession which will never cease until it is offered by the whole body of the redeemed, and be expressed in the song from ten thousand times ten thousand voices, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive honour and glory, dominion and power for ever and ever."

II.—"FEAR NOT."

St. John once said, "Perfect love casteth out fear." Why then was he now afraid? This fear, however, was not one that "had torment." It was but the awe of a human spirit which, though still living in the flesh, for the first time gained a vision of the solemn grandeur of worlds hitherto unseen. There must also have been in his case a remembrance of old familiar days of humiliation and sorrow, which being now recalled in the light of this heavenly glory, could not but have filled his soul with an overwhelming sense of the mystery and love and sacrifice of Redemption. He who was thus alive and in such ineffable glory, had been known to St. John as dead and buried. It is no wonder, then, that his awe and fear were so insupportable, that he fell at those feet himself as one dead.

There is often found among professing Christians a lightness of thought, a trifling sentimentality, a conceited forwardness, and an easy and familiar way of talking of the mighty realities with which we are dealing, utterly inconsistent with deep knowledge, or strong faith in the things of God. If true faith and love dispel "the fear that hath torment," they, in proportion to their strength, increase the godly fear and solemn awe which every heart must experience, which at all realises the things said to be believed in. There is a sober gravity of spirit which possesses every one capable of feeling, when at some new crisis of life they are placed in circumstances of serious import. Hence the tears which are often shed at marriages as well as at funerals, at unexpected meetings as well as before long partings. Hence the oppression of heart at all august spectacles, such as when a proclamation of peace is made after a long war, or at the meeting of mighty throngs to welcome some one associated with noble deeds. In these and similar circumstances, we are more inclined to shed tears than to smile. And is it conceivable that a

man shall truly believe in the tremendous verities of his faith, and not be awed thereby? Can he believe that he has offended the living God, that the Almighty has been angry with him, that he has lived in His sight for years as a condemned criminal, liable to judgment at any moment, and not experience awe at the thought of his escape? Can he hope that he is now pardoned by the grace of God through the sacrifice of Jesus, and have no awe under a deliverance so effected? Surely no thoughtful man can look forward even on such an occasion as the beginning of a new year without similar awe arising from the sense of the unknown as well as from what he does know. He knows not, for example, what this year or any one week in it may bring forth, what sickness may seize his mortal body, what torture may rack it, what accident crush it. He knows not what sights he may have to witness in his family or among his friends, or what dreary voids may be made in his beloved circle. The sense of ignorance on such matters is enough to sober any man but the fool who escapes all fear by avoiding all thought. But in addition to the things unknown, are those we do know must come sooner or later. There is the certain death of those who are our earthly life, one by one passing away, until they are lost to memory almost as forgotten graves. And there is our own death which must come, and our own entrance into the world of the dead of all ages—and the era of judgment, and the meeting with Christ, and the mighty vision of the eternal world peopled by all who have ever lived, and the beginning of our own everlasting existence *somewhere*. All this ought assuredly to fill us with thoughtful fear. If any say "We know nothing of all this," how oppressive the ignorance! If any dread its fulfilment, they do so with a fear that hath torment. If any believe and hope and rejoice in its accomplishment, there must also be something of great awe in the very anticipation of perfect being, and of complete union with Christ in God through endless ages. If we only contemplate the things we say we believe, we shall be prepared to receive truly this word of consolation from the lips of the Risen Jesus, "Fear not!"

III.—HE HAS THE KEYS OF DEATH.

He alone therefore determines when a man shall die. The life of each person is absolutely under His control. How long we are each to live, on what day, hour, and minute, it will be said of us by mourning

friends, "he is gone!—my friend, my father, my husband, my wife, my child, my brother or sister, is dead—they died of such a disease, lingering or rapid"—all is determined by Jesus Christ, by the Man Who lived among us, and Who was once the artisan of Nazareth. Every one on the battle field is under His control. Every wave that curls its monstrous head over the mariners struggling to the shore, is held by His hand; the winds and the waves obey Him. The epidemic that seems to be under no law, the mysterious disease which science cannot comprehend or remedy, the fatal accident that hurries men into the unseen, without a warning—the very moment in which each of the thousands who die daily must depart—all obey His command. He opens the gate to each and says, "Enter!" or shuts it and says, "Not yet!" The key of that sombre door is turned by Him alone, as wise men and fools, kings and beggars, masters and slaves, must enter or wait, as He pleases. I do not wonder men should doubt and disbelieve! It is so unlike all we are accustomed to think. But so is it with all God reveals; and in such cases the doubt that springs from a sense of novelty, may be nearer truth than the indifference of merely professed faith.

IV.—HE HAS "THE KEYS OF HADES."

Where is it? How lives therein that society of which our friends form a part? What are they doing just now? what thinking? what remembering? Thus we ask in vain about those who were once to us as a part of our own existence! But so will others perhaps ask, and may be soon, of ourselves. We cannot obtain any reply from the most loving and intelligent. We might as well question the stars about their inhabitants. But nevertheless, how very real is their life in the unseen world! It was not so thoughtful, or earnest, while they lived here. The things which were once to them of importance are nothing to them in that kingdom beyond, except such as are of importance everywhere and in every place. What care they for the money market, or the state of trade, or human opinion, or what this coterie or that thinks or believes? Now Jesus is acquainted minutely with every inhabitant of that unseen world. He was there Himself. For He was once *dead*, and descended into that Hades of which He has the keys. When He said to the thief on the cross, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." He witnessed to a common life, which He shared with every

man for a time in the home of departed spirits!

To all who receive Him, and trust in Him, and take Him for life and death, it is a blessed thought in looking forward to the death of ourselves or others—both of which we naturally dread and shrink from—that Jesus has its “keys.” He, your brother, your friend, bone of your bone, who knows all about you and your family, “was dead,” and knows what death is, and pain, and torture. He knows what it is to part with a mother, with brethren, with friends, with the body. *He* has the keys, and He will not turn that lock and I say, “The time has come, enter,” until it is the best time for you and yours! And surely, amidst the darkness and mystery which shroud the future, amidst all that is so impalpable, and unknown, and beyond the region of our experience, it is everything to know that Jesus is with us. “Nothing can separate us,” says Paul, “neither death nor life!” It is enough to give the believer a calm holy peace, when he is able to say, “Wherever I am, or wherever I go, one thing is certain, He whom I know and love best, and Who knows and loves me best, Jesus Christ, my brother, is the King of the unseen world into which I may at any moment enter. Amen! I will not fear, for Thou art with me! Where *He* is, good must be, and peace, and glory, and all that is worth possessing! That world can be no dead world where the Ever-living is; that unknown region must be blessed even to enter, blessed to live in, when Jesus gives admittance to those whom He loves next to His God!” I am, as a man, deeply thankful for this. For it would be a sad thought, in exact proportion to our affection and our yearning for fellowship, if we could possess and enjoy no greater love than earth affords, though, indeed, its only true riches are the possession of human hearts. There is love, I know, true and genuine

as can be, in these happy unions, when heart beats true to heart, and when in spite of sad partings there are also joyful meetings. Yet death comes, and forms depart, time flows on, and these forms grow dim, and new smiles follow old ones, and gone realities become more and more shadowy, and we never know what the departed think of us now. Anyhow, no messages, like those of old, come; and we do not expect them to-morrow, or to-morrow, as we used to do; and ten, and twenty, or perhaps fifty years pass away, and they become to us dream-like. Is this our ideal of union? Is this our perfection of love? I blame not God’s plans with us, but truly admire them; they are so merciful to us, constituted as we are. But yet the soul longs for knowledge more abiding, more real. Ah! that can be found, but only in Christ, and after Him in others who are like Him. “I am alive for evermore!” That is the only charter in God’s universe for life, love, and eternal union! Blessed be God when we know Him who is alive, when we can give our whole hearts to Him, when we can speak to Him, cling to Him, confide in Him, abandon ourselves to Him! Then only can we ourselves truly *live*. All short of this comes short of true life. For our life is eternal only when its object is so. Then we eat the bread of life, and can never hunger; drink the water of life, and can never thirst! Then shall we be truly united to all whom we can in the end love, and have any fellowship with. And so at the beginning of another year, in which we are to go further on our journey towards death and the unseen world, what a joy it is to be able, in Christ’s name, to offer you all good, and to know that whatever is worth possessing and enjoying for ever is most surely yours, if you will but know and love Jesus Christ, Who loves you and desires your heart, who is the Alpha and Omega, the First and Last, and Who has the keys of Hades and of Death. Amen!

SEA-SONGS.

I.—THE YOUNG SAILOR’S SONG.

HOW merry is the sailor’s life upon the bright blue sea!
I’m sure there’s not a lad on shore who does not envy me.
All day to sniff the ocean breeze and far and wide to roam,
Whilst they remain the whole year round cooped up in towns at home.

Or if perchance their lot is cast amid the trees and flowers,
How narrow must their playground be compared to such as ours!
They climb a little hazel tree and proudly look below,
Aloft we sit on mizen-top and watch our ship go.

When winds are softly blowing and we skim the summer seas,
 How good it is to see the stars like swarms of golden bees ;
 Polaris dear to sailors, Aldebaran too our guide,
 Mild Pleiades, Arcturus red, and many a friend beside !

When autumn gales are blowing and the decks are never dry,
 When waves like thunder roaring surround us mountains high ;
 When moon and stars are hidden and the night is long and drear,
 In God and in our captain we trust and feel no fear.

Who would not be a sailor skilled in the winds and seas,
 Whose paths are in the ocean, whose coursers are the breeze ?
 Who visits unfamiliar lands, a welcome guest to all,
 Who danger scorns and careless lives whatever luck befall ?

I love my home and country, and when I lie awake,
 Would fain be sailing homeward for sweetest mother's sake ;
 But whilst I live may evermore the sailor's lot be mine,
 To sail beneath the Union Jack and sniff the ocean brine !

II.—THE OLD SAILOR'S SONG.

A HARD life is the sailor's, boys, mark well an old man's word,
 Who tells you what has happened to him, not what he's read or heard ;
 For fifty years I've trimmed the sail in climates hot and cold,
 And twice ten lives I've saved or more, for I was strong and bold.

I've always had a gallant ship and captain staunch and true,
 I fain would give the seaman's life the praise that is its due ;
 I've never wanted guineas bright, nor shall I whilst I live ;
 I wear three medals on my breast our Queen was pleased to give.

A pleasant life it is, forsooth, when winds are blowing fair,
 And softly floats the Union Jack upon the summer air ;
 And pleasant 'twas to glide along green hills and flowery lea,
 And oh, how good after long years old England's face to see !

But tempests dire a sailor sees, and awful is the sight,
 If sight it is when skies and seas are black with blackest night ;
 I've seen my comrades snatched by sharks, or helpless watched them drown,
 And many a gallant ship in straits and more than one go down.

One vessel left we burning far out in Indian seas,
 And twenty days we plied our raft scorched by the torrid breeze ;
 Another lay off Chinese coast for days on fearful tack,
 The monsoon blowing in our teeth, the pirates at our back.

I never feared a seaman's death, and when all hope seemed lost,
 I prayed to God for those at home and cheerful kept my post ;
 And now I'm well nigh eighty, God bless you, boys, who hear,
 Serve God and Queen and country, and hold your mothers dear.

M. B.



A GERMAN KINDERGARTEN AT KILBURN.

THERE is a small brass plate on the door of a modest-looking house in Kilburn Square, inscribed with the single word "Kindergarten." To the casual passer-by this word would suggest the idea of a school for children conducted on a special German system; but in the present case nothing of the sort is intended to be implied. It is indeed a "Home" for children, and one that in its origin, progress, and present working has, I think, the strongest claims upon public interest and sympathy. But its foundress, in choosing the inscription for her door, had no thought in her mind of systems or of any plan of worldly education whatever. She meant to express only that here was a garden of young children whom she hoped, with God's blessing, to train for the heavenly garden above; and the reader of the following brief record of a feeble woman's work will judge how far the result has justified her loving expectation.

More than fifteen years ago there came to England a poor German governess, whose object was to earn her livelihood by giving lessons in her own language. Shortly after her arrival in London she met with an accident, which, inflicting severe internal injuries, wholly incapacitated her for work, and obliged her to have recourse to the first medical aid she could obtain. The physician to whom she was recommended—Dr. Prothero Smith—happened to be as noted for his Christian benevolence as for his professional ability. When his new patient made her appearance in his consulting room he looked at her earnestly, and then read aloud the name on the card she had sent in—

"Miss Mittendorff, I believe?"

"Yes," she replied, anxious that he should understand her real position at once,— "Miss Mittendorff. Poor—a stranger—and very ill."

"Then," said the doctor (to her unbounded surprise), "you are most welcome, for the Lord has sent you to me."

And from that hour this good man became the firm friend as well as the medical adviser of the poor, sick, and otherwise nearly friendless German governess.

How far his great kindness, his deep sympathy, and his Christian influence generally went towards preparing Miss Mittendorff for the work she was eventually to take up, it might be difficult to say; but undoubtedly it was the sowing of the first seed in the

tender womanly heart which, in due time, and watered by divine grace, was to bring forth so rich a harvest of love to her more helpless fellow-creatures.

I must give now her own simple account of the actual origin of her Kindergarten.

"After my long and painful illness of nine years I found myself, as it were, suddenly restored to health. While sitting in the waiting room of the doctor who had been during those nine years my kindest friend and benefactor, while he and another physician consulted on my case, I looked over a religious paper lying on the table and read an appeal it contained for some one who would come forward and take up "the very little ones" of outcasts, before they were able to understand the wickedness by which they were surrounded.

"At once I lifted up my heart in prayer to the Lord that He would graciously let me hear through the mouth of his dear servants, the doctors, if I were capable of undertaking this work. Scarcely was my prayer finished when I was summoned to the doctor's room, and my own medical attendant stepping forward said, 'Let us give thanks to the Lord for restoring you to health in his own good time. We both think you fit for any work you may wish to undertake.' And now the desire of my heart was that I might use my renewed strength in the service of my Lord and Master, who had so graciously and wonderfully cared for me, and watched over me so tenderly during my long years of suffering. I looked round me, crying to the Lord, 'What wilt thou have me to do?' waiting for Him to direct me, and soon I seemed to hear his call to take up those poor little outcast infants who were often badly treated and shamefully neglected, even by their own parents."

Being naturally fond of children Miss Mittendorff still feared she might have mistaken her work, and before advancing a single step in the matter, she entreated God to grant her a sign that it was indeed his will that she should begin it. "I asked the Lord," she says, in her earliest report, "to send me some money if I was to go on, and if I received nothing I would take it as a token that He had other service for me to perform." The next morning she received a letter containing five shillings in stamps, and another the same afternoon with these words, "To be used in the Lord's service."

Late at night came a third letter from a lady whom she had not seen for years, and who wrote, "Last night I lay awake and thought about you. I felt constrained to get up and write to you, and I now enclose this pound, which I am sure the Lord wished me to send you."

With no further doubts in her mind, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude, Miss Mittendorff at once began to look for a house, destitute, be it understood, of all means but the trifling sums just referred to, and with no expectations but from the faithfulness of that loving God who had called her to feed his lambs, and who, she well knew, had bread enough and to spare both for herself and all his needy little ones.

At first she met with many difficulties, and some of her best friends raised objections and hindrances, not quite believing, perhaps, that faith can remove mountains, or doubting the quality of the faith possessed by this one weak and still often physically ailing woman.

But God himself was on her side, and all the opposition that could be brought to bear against a human plan could no more hinder *this* plan than a breath of summer air could uproot the giant oak of the forest. Very speedily a house suited for Miss Mittendorff's purpose was found, and sufficient means came in to furnish it, while so many applications on behalf of destitute children were made to her, that she felt painfully how limited as yet were her capabilities of accommodating them. Here again I must quote her own words in reference to the description of little ones it was her chief desire to befriend.

"My object was to take in those poor babes who are worse than orphans, where the father is not known, and the mother is left in the greatest distress, unable to provide for herself and child; and how is it possible that she should regain her character so long as she can find no one to take care of her infant?"

"In order that my Home should never be said to encourage vice, I make the mothers—generally young country girls, and frequently orphans who come up to London without any friends—pay according to the wages they are receiving, in order that they should feel the responsibility and the burden which sin has brought upon them. I receive from one shilling and sixpence and upward per week for a child, for which sum I find it in clothes, medicine, and everything it may need; but out of the twelve children now under my care* I receive only payment

for five; some of the mothers being in Reformatories, where, of course, they earn nothing—two are in Hospitals for Incurables, and others in painful circumstances which render it impossible for them to pay."

Before the Home had been established three years the number of the inmates had so greatly increased that it was necessary to remove into a larger house, and Miss Mittendorff, always seeking the Lord's guidance in everything, was finally led to the one she now occupies in Kilburn Square, where very soon more applications poured in, and children of nearly all ages, beginning at *ten hours*, were added to her Kindergarten.

At the end of little more than three years there were thirty-six children in the Home, and clothes and beds had been provided for them all. Nor was the daily food ever wanting, though often God saw fit to try the faith of his servant and her devoted helpers by leaving them without supplies almost till the last minute. Here is one touching instance, out of multitudes of a similar kind, recorded by herself, and reminding the wondering reader of the experiences of George Müller of Bristol, whose life of faith has been pronounced, even by men of the world, the greatest miracle of modern times:—

"One morning, just after breakfast, when the last of everything had been finished, I called the children in to the usual morning prayers, quite intending to ask our heavenly Father to send in the much-needed supplies; but, looking at their happy faces and rejoicing over the converted ones, I forgot it, and had nothing but praise and thanks to offer to Him. Yet soon my helper reminded me of it. I sent for my little praying band, telling them that if they wished for dinner they must ask their Father for it; and I then inquired, would they be satisfied if nothing was sent? when all answered me they would wait and trust. Well, they went to their bed-rooms, and told the Lord all about it. Soon afterwards they came back to me, and the eldest said, 'We are so happy, and won't mind if we have to wait till evening; we are sure the Lord will remember us.' I confess that their childlike faith and gratitude greatly helped and strengthened me. About twelve o'clock a letter was put in the box containing five shillings in stamps from 'A. B., the Lord's portion for the orphans.' I called my children to me, and how can I describe their joy when they found their prayer had been so soon answered? I let them have the pleasure of changing the

* This quotation is from the report of five years ago.

stamps at the post-office, and of getting bread and potatoes, and before one o'clock we had the potatoes in their skins, with dripping, on the table."

In another place Miss Mittendorff says, "At the spring time, when the summer clothes were wanted, I received, before I had even asked, in one day sufficient means to buy all that was needed. Is it not just like the Lord? 'Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear.'"

It is now five years since the Home was commenced with two babies and one small house. There are at present two houses, adjoining each other, at Kilburn, and a cottage at Bushey, with sixty children and numerous helpers and teachers. These last accept their situations on the understanding that they will be paid their salaries when the Lord sends the money, and if this is delayed, they are *always* content to wait.

The children are all taught reading, writing, and a little arithmetic; those who are quick and intelligent learn, in addition, something of geography and English history. They are likewise trained in every kind of useful household work, and at about sixteen are sent out as superior domestic servants.

More than a year ago Miss Mittendorff was very severely tried by a long visitation of sickness amongst her little flock. Her own labours and night-watching at this time were so incessant that it ended in her being stricken with paralysis, and obliged to leave her Home to the care of a friend, providentially raised up, and to go herself to the hospital for the paralysed in Queen Square. Here the many mercies she received are beautifully and touchingly recorded in the reports to which I have already alluded, and which my readers will do well to obtain at the Home for themselves.

In the autumn of the year Miss Mittendorff, after a short sojourn at the sea-side, for which means had, as usual, been unexpectedly sent her, was once more amongst her dear children, and happy beyond all words to be able to take up her active duties again. Since then she has had many trials, many anxious days and nights, much sickness, and some deaths; but her constant testimony is that the Lord is faithful even above what He has promised; and at the last public meeting in connection with her Home, held in Great Portland Street, though the balance of cash in hand was only five

shillings and tenpence, and the past year's expenses had amounted to more than nine hundred and fourteen pounds, she asked the Christian friends and ministers who presided at the meeting to let praise and thanksgiving be its leading features.

It must be especially borne in mind that Miss Mittendorff's principle is never to go in debt for a single article. Here are her own words on the subject:—

"I do not buy anything if I have not the money in hand, even if the tradesmen are begging me to take what I want, as they will trust me. I find not a text in all Scripture in which it is allowed to go into debt; and therefore, however tempted, I rather wait and suffer want."

It is no less a fixed principle with her not to ask anything of her fellow-creatures, believing that God (to whom she tells all her necessities) will put it into their hearts to give.

In the preface to her last report, written by another kind and constant friend—Mr. J. Weatherley, 51, Gordon Square—the following statement is made:—

"Her method is evidently that of going direct to Him who can move all hearts, but she would deprive us of a privilege and lose an opportunity of honouring God if she was not to inform us of his loving-kindness in supplying *all* her need."

A Christian doctor gives his services to the Home gratuitously, and proves himself in many other ways a valuable friend and adviser to Miss Mittendorff and her children. This is Dr. Picard, who will gladly testify to the value of the Home, and afford any information respecting it.

References are also permitted to Mr. J. Denham Smith, 68, Harley Street, Mr. C. R. Hurditch, 164, Alexandra Road, St. John's Wood, and to the Editor of the *Christian*, 12, Paternoster Buildings. Any persons wishing to see the Home can do so on Tuesday and Friday afternoons from three to five. Miss Mittendorff is at home only on the afternoons of every Thursday.

It is earnestly hoped by the writer of the foregoing feeble sketch that the hearts of many Christian readers will be opened to assist, both by their prayers and their offerings, a work which is so manifestly a "work of the Lord," and *as such* quite certain of imparting a blessing to all who add but a single stone to the building.

E. E. MACKENZIE-DANIEL.

LIGHT FROM WITHIN.

LIGHT from within shone through her happy face,
 Light from the heart-nest of the Holy Dove,
 The consecrated, pure, and pleasant place
 Where Faith keeps watch before the shrine of Love.

That lambent Light through all her features play'd,
 Donor not debtor to the garish day,
 A soul-born sunshine scatt'ring any shade
 Of care or grief that ever round her lay.



Not the dread Light which made the prophet hide
 His God-like face from the dimm'd eyes of men,
 That awe-reflected, they could not abide
 When he from God came back to them again.

But the same Light seen through the softening veil
 Of the humanity which Christ did wear,
 Before whose presence earthly splendours pale,
 And yet whose radiance infant eyes can bear.

God's love incarnate in a mortal's breast
 Humanly fashion'd, yet divinely fair,
 Light from His silver plumage, in the nest
 Of the Great Dove settling for ever there.—JOHN MONSELL.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

A Short Address delivered at the Art Exhibition, Dundee.

IF any one here were to be asked suddenly, why he likes pictures, what is the source of the pleasure they give him, what is the meaning of them, he might possibly for a moment be at a loss for an answer. Perhaps at the first blush he might say that he likes them because he likes everything to be of the best—for the same reason that he likes to see a house filled with the best furniture, or a board spread with the best viands. So pictures show the best that man can make of colours. He likes them, therefore, because they are the best use that the materials they are made of, canvas and oil, can be put to.

To any one who should make such an answer I should not say that he was entirely wrong. Only I would venture to hint that his answer was an imperfect, not to say a common-place one, that there is a higher view of the matter than he has yet reached, that there is something more than he has yet discovered in the painter's art, and that he might perhaps be a happier and wiser man for seeing it.

I shall now try to lay before you a few thoughts on Landscape Painting—such thoughts as may occur to one who, with no knowledge of the special rules of the art, yet loves it, and has tried to reflect on the uses which it serves.

1. The first assertion I should wish to make is that all the imaginative arts, poetry, painting, sculpture, music, if they are really art at all, deal with truth, are rooted in reality. I have heard of a dry humorist, who defined music as 'a collection of disagreeable noises'—poetry as 'a convenient way of talking nonsense.' This is not the view which those who have got together this Exhibition take of these matters. They do not think that poetry, painting, and music are mere tricks, or artifices invented by clever men only to amuse, 'like some game or fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning.' They do not believe that the feelings called up by a noble painting have no real object corresponding to them, or that they are wrought in us by 'what is fantastical, and begins and ends in itself.' No! they believe, and truly, that painting, like all the other imaginative arts, deals with a reality, which exists, outside of us, independent of us, as really as the motions of the heavenly bodies, or the ebb and flow of the tides.

2. What is the object with which the true painter deals, the reality, the outward fact which his eye sees, and which he tries to make us see?

There lies on the surface of the world, a glory and 'a beauty, like light on a human countenance, which addresses itself to all.' This grace, this excellent beauty which beams from the very face of the visible creation, lies open as the day—wide as the air, to be seen by all, learned and ignorant. There it is, accessible to all, go where they will. Not far away beyond the sea, but at our very door, under our very feet, above our heads, visible in the outgoings of morning and evening, in the depth of noon, in the starry sky, in the changeful looks of the earth and of the sea, in the clouds,

"The mists, the shadows, light of golden suns,
Motions of moonlight."

There it is, going on, for ever transacting itself, changing, yet permanent, whether we give heed to it, or whether we forbear. It is high above us, independent of us, asks not our appreciation or applause, but is ever accessible, open to our sympathy, ready to reward all faithful study of it. I do not now ask what it means, or what it hints of regarding the universe in which we dwell. I only say that there it is—that it exists. One who knew it well, and lived long in the light of it, bears this witness. 'I have seen,' he says,

'Beauty, a living Presence of the earth,
waiting upon my steps,
Pitching her tents before me as I move,
An hourly neighbour.'

3. Again, I would remark, in saying that the whole material world is garmented with beauty, I use beauty, or the beautiful, as meaning not only the fair or the lovely looks of things, but in that far wider sense in which it includes also the grand, the terrible, the sublime aspects of nature. And I go on to add that these, as soon as seen and apprehended by any human being, naturally awaken in him feelings of delight, of wonder, even of awe. I say naturally, because these are the feelings which such visions ought to kindle and do kindle in any mind that is healthy and well-ordered. The human heart is so attuned as to give forth these feelings in answer to the aspects of the world, as the Æolian harp gives forth its sighing to the winds. We see this in healthful and happy children, how their hearts leap up to the

outward shows of earth and sky, when they first come to perceive them. We see it in grown men, too, who, though they may have been brought up in crowded cities, if their hearts have been kept unsophisticated, will experience new and undreamt-of emotions, when they have been suddenly transported from the tumult of the marketplace, and set down in the heart of some vast mountain wilderness, where all is solitary, silent, sublime. Such a one feels as if he had all at once become another man. So strange and untried are the emotions stirred within him, that he hardly knows himself, or his own heart.

4. But though this is the right and natural attitude for a man when he stands alone, and undisturbed in the presence of nature, I need hardly say that there are some who never knew such emotions, because perhaps their hearts are too dull to feel them—far more, who, though quite capable of feeling them, and though they may have once experienced them, have long since ceased to do so. Their minds are choked up with other, not higher interests. The world is too much for them. Even those who live in the country—surrounded it may be with nature's most impressive scenes, and with leisure enough to enjoy them, for the most part grow insensible to them. Custom, and dead routine—still more, selfishness and absorption in material interests—quite fill their minds, and will not let 'heaven's harmonies come in.' Still more must it be so with those to whom Providence has denied all opportunity of seeing the world's beauty, those whose lives, from the cradle to the grave, have been

"Barricaded evermore
Within the walls of cities."

If of them it be true that

"The soft blue sky did never melt
Into their hearts—they never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky;

this is their loss, not their fault. How could that soft blue sky ever reach them, when into it is vomited day and night the smoke and foul vapours of a thousand factories? They may know nothing of

"The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

How can they, when from year's end to year's end their ears are grated with the grinding of innumerable cog-wheels, stunned by the crash of miles of machinery?

The result of all this comes to be that to most men, whether they live in town or country, whether they belong to this profession and trade or to that, from whatever

cause, whether from natural dulness, or from the deadening weight of custom, or from the struggle for existence, and absorption in getting life's necessities, or from opportunities being entirely denied them, the beauty which lies on the face of nature is as though it were not. It is there, and it was meant for man, to delight and to elevate him, but men for the most part, whether from choice or from necessity, pass it by and give no heed to it. In doing so, whether from constraint or choice, it cannot be doubted that they suffer loss.

5. But if custom or circumstance has dulled the hearts of most of us, and filmed our eyes, so that we have never seen or have forgotten the beauty that lies all about us, here the artist comes in, meets our need, and renders to his kind a quite peculiar service. Endowed with vividness of soul beyond his fellows, the poet or the painter goes forth into nature, and all that is there of grand or beautiful, which other men may see in some little measure, he sees more clearly, apprehends more keenly, feels more deeply. And then he comes back and reports to others what he has found there. It is not that he makes something of his own, but, by a secret gift of soul and eye, he is enabled to see—to find more of what is already there, waiting to be seen. This is the gift which men call genius, the power in a man to apprehend more vividly than common minds, the truth and the beauty that is in nature, and to frame some record of this experience with which to instruct and delight his fellows. Gazing on the face of nature, so marvellous, so mysterious, his soul is filled with wonder and awe, like a child's. Indeed, this capacity for feeling child-like wonder is one of the surest signs of imagination and genius. As he catches, now and then, quick glimpses into the life of things, he becomes aware of a delight which amounts to exultation—even ecstasy. When the emotion that glows within him reaches the point of white heat, then creation, poetical or pictorial, is the product. As has been said, 'every true work of art is the product of such emotion. And the excellence of each work of art depends on two things, the depth of the emotion, and the power which the will, directed by knowledge of the laws of each art, has over the emotion, not to lessen its heat, but to concentrate it on the end in view.' This high pitch of emotion in the face or in the remembrance of nature, combined with controlling will and knowledge of the materials employed in the art—these must unite in every

true work of creation, whether in poetry or in painting. It may well be that neither in this, nor in any other collection of pictures does what I have said hold true of all the works of art, or even of most of them. But it is true of all the great master-pieces, and the rest must be more or less the result of imitation and of uninspired labour.

6. These great master-pieces which take the heart of the world, are called creative works, or creations. How can they be creations if, as I have said, the painter or the poet only reports what he finds outside and independent of himself? Let me explain myself. Of the artist, whether painter or poet, it is true that he sees but as he feels, sees only that which he brings with him the power of seeing. But he does not reproduce in his work everything that strikes on his mere bodily eye. The world, if it is full of beauty, has here and there traits which are plain and uninteresting, features which are ugly and deformed; though these perhaps are mainly due to man's interference. Every sky is not equally worthy of being rendered in a picture—a dull, colourless, east-wind sky, for instance. Hence the painter must search for the beauty which he will portray, must pass by the deformities and select the beautiful features and aspects in nature. This work of selection is one large part of the artist's business. And this is one of the main differences between painting and photography. This selection, then, helps to make painting a work of creation.

Again, even of the selected features he does not merely copy down faithfully the exact lines and colours as they fall on the retina of his bodily eye. Else painting would still be no more than photography. And photography, if it could add colour, would excel all painting. But in every work of high pictorial genius, there is a part which the mind of the painter adds, and that perhaps, the finest, most exquisite part.

"From worlds not quickened by the sun
A portion of the gift is won,
An intermingling of heaven's pomp is spread
On ground which British shepherds tread."

As we stand before one of Turner's great creations, and gaze upon—

"The silent spectacle—the gleam—
The shadow—and the peace supreme."

we feel that the artist has poured his whole soul into it, and so has gifted one fleeting hour with a sort of immortality.

Is, then, this which the artist has added something wholly extraneous and alien to nature? I think not.

There is a strange and subtle kinship

between the external world and the soul of man. The one is fitted to the other, so that they mutually act and react, with a quite exquisite harmony. When these two powers meet and recognise each other, then are born the moments of highest artistic inspiration. Their blended might produces true creation, and such creations are the most genuine and authentic interpretations of the meaning of nature. But I have touched on a subject too deep to dwell on now. So, commending it to the philosophers, I pass on—

7. And remark, that it is mainly by such penetrating interpretations of nature, as great pictures and great poems suggest, that the perception of the beauty of the world, which so many things keep down, is awakened, renewed, and kept alive among men.

This is the function which the men of vivid soul fulfil—this the peculiar benefit they seem intended to convey to their fellow-men. If our eyes have become filmed by routine or by too much labour, or by sordid worldliness, so that no sweetest look of nature can cheer, no grandest overawe us, these draw near to us and purge our eyeballs as with euphrasy and rue. They send us forth with cleansed eyes and freshened hearts to look on nature for ourselves, and gather from it, according to our measure, some portion of the strength, the enchantment, the elevation they themselves have found in it. For this is the best use of every great picture or great poem, not to make us rest solely in itself, but to send us out beyond itself, to see more truly and enjoy more vividly the truth to which they point.

8. That great outburst of love for nature which, begun towards the close of last century, has gone on deepening and broadening ever since, till all now feel, or at least affect to feel it, to what is it owing? No doubt partly to other causes, but in large part to the great poets, and after them to the great painters, who in this respect have been our teachers.

It began with Cowper in England, with Burns in Scotland; it deepened and culminated in Wordsworth, who has been called the High Priest of Nature. Scott, as has been well said, loved his land not more for its storied past than for its present beauty, and poured forth that love in those poems and romances which have done more to ennoble Scotland in the eyes of the world than anything else has done. It has been said, probably with truth, that Scott has done as much by his writings to enhance

the material value of Scottish soil, as both James Watt and Adam Smith together have done by the combined power of the steam-engine and 'The Wealth of Nations.' And who shall estimate the worth of that imaginative glory with which he has endeared their land to the hearts of Scotsmen, and ennobled it in the estimation of the world?

In the wake of the great poets came the great painters of landscape. Turner—the king among them all—who followed in the track of Scott, and touched with his glorifying pencil so many of the scenes which Scott had already made famous by his pen. And after him MacCulloch and our own Harvey, and a host of others, each with his own peculiar gift of eye and feeling, yet all combining to enrich the associations that cling round our country from Tweed to Cape Wrath.

And all this love of scenery first awoke in the hearts of a few gifted men, poets and painters, and by them was poured into the hearts of their countrymen, to delight, to cheer, to elevate them amid their daily toils.

This passionate love of nature, which began in the sons of imagination, has from them passed on to the universal people, and become one of the finest characteristics of the time we live in—one of the few offsets we have against sordid selfishness, absorbing pursuit of wealth, endless competition, and the embittering divisions of classes and sects among us. In this love of scenery we have a touch of that nature which makes the whole world kin. It is almost peculiar to our time. Single souls in former ages have felt it; never till now has it become a universal passion. The power of it is seen in many ways—in none more than in the great school of landscape painters which it has raised up, a school which is the special glory of Britain, and has almost absorbed the whole power of her pictorial genius.

Hung around these walls you will see not a few of its excellent products. Let each one who has the opportunity select those he likes best, look at them attentively, with no cursory glance, but with steady, patient, persevering attention. Let him study them as he would a wise book, till he has thoroughly apprehended their minutest lines, features, hues, and drank in the one pervading sentiment which every really good picture contains. This done to even one picture of real excellence, will be a step in self-education. The man who has done it will bear away not only a delightful image

impressed on memory to be afterwards enjoyed, but he will have had his perception of the universal beauty of the world which encompasses him quickened and enlarged, so that he will go forth and look henceforth on earth and sky with new and more imaginative eyes. It will be to him as if a new sense had been given him.

9. But I have dwelt so long on the painters of nature, that I have left myself no time to speak of the painters of man.

The portrait painter who portrays for us the features of the men of our own time, if he does his work in a high spirit and with real insight, confers a lasting benefit on his generation. Many of you will remember the words in which the Poet Laureate has described the true functions of the portrait painter. He speaks of the painter who—

"Poring on a face,
Divinely thro' all hindrance hinds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and colour of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest."

Such portraits, even if they are only of ordinary men, have in them no small value. If they are of great men, now living, men who are guiding the thought or the action of the time to high ends, then they become quite a national inheritance.

But more precious still is it to see a really good portrait of any of the great historic men of old. Whenever such an opportunity offers, we should eagerly seize it. For every such portrait is a great lesson in history. We feel when we read in books of the great characters of the past, that they are apt to be unsubstantial shadows to us. We want something that will enable us to set them before our imagination and make them real. This is why we visit with such interest the old ruined castles in which great warriors and statesmen dwelt, or the lowly cottage, it may be, where some genius was born. If these things help us, much more helpful is a portrait. Having seen it, we return and read and learn about the man whom it portrays with an entirely new interest. We feel to him henceforth as to an acquaintance whom we have met. This is why the picture galleries of some of the old historic mansions of England so repay a visit. Such is Warwick Castle, stored as it is with so many portraits of the greatest actors in England's history—Henry VIII., the Earl of Arundel, Strafford, Rupert, Montrose, and that most memorable of all the Vandykes of Charles I., with those features of sad and never-to-be-forgotten beauty. One feels

as if one learnt more history by one day's survey of such portraits, than by whole months or even a year's study of books.

Such pictures there are, a few scattered here and there, in old Scottish houses. I wish we could see not a few family pictures, but a National Portrait Gallery. Edinburgh has the beginning of such a gallery, but only a beginning. Would it not be a worthy object of ambition for Dundee to try to obtain such a national portrait gallery for herself? If good original pictures of the famous men of old could be got, this would be best. But if it is impossible, really good and faithful copies of originals would be great gain.

If those possessed of means should wish at once to instruct, to delight, and to elevate their fellow-citizens, let me commend to their thoughts such a noble and patriotic enterprise.

But I have detained you too long. All around you, in the best of these works of genius, teachers far more penetrating than words of mine are making to you, in every variety of form, their mute but powerful appeal. To all of every age and every station they speak simply as to men. They do not ask are we rich or poor, learned or ignorant, known or unknown. They only ask if we have eyes to see, and hearts to feel. J. C. SHARP.

LUTHER.

PART II.

"FROM the region of clouds;" "From the region of birds;" "From amidst the birds singing sweetly on the branches lauding God day and night;" "From the mountain;" "From the island of Patmos."

Letters bearing these and other fanciful addresses soon reached some of Luther's friends. The excitement throughout Germany was great. What had become of Luther? Was he a prisoner; and whose prisoner? Had there been any foul play? Meanwhile this sudden solitude, these leafy forests, these castle walls, this absence of action, this respite from struggle, fell like a pall over the reformer's spirit. The overstrung nerves gave way. At the very moment when peace and luxury were offered him, he seemed least able to bear them. The break-down was no doubt the direct result of the intense excitement and fatigue that he had lately undergone; but break down he did in mind and body. The collapse astonished and humiliated him. He was physically ill, but his usual firmness forsook him. He wasted his time; he overslept himself; the flesh asserted its claims; his faith grew cool; his energy was wholly relaxed; he was down-hearted and miserable. "I sit the day long drinking and doing nothing. O grief! seldom in prayer, and not venting one groan over God's church. I who was to have been eaten up with the spirit, am devoured by the flesh, by luxury, indolence, somnolency!" Perhaps the sudden change of living was too much for him; luxury, combined with inactivity, indeed, is not good for any one, least of all for Luther. He got thoroughly ill. His sleep was broken; he had put

some nuts in a box and he declared the devil rattled them about all night. "Is it you?" he used to cry out in this unwelcome visitor. "Well, so be it; and I recommended myself to the Lord Jesus!" At one time he would accuse himself bitterly for having relented for a moment at the Diet of Worms. The next he would question whether he had been right to light up such a fire in Christendom; he, a poor lonely monk, against Pope and Emperor and all that was respected and venerable in the Church. But the giant soon passed through this short eclipse, resumed his severe studies, and inundated Germany with letters and pamphlets "From the region of clouds." Now it was a message to Melancthon, a Professor at Wittenberg; now a sharp reprimand to the Bishop of Mentz, on the sale of indulgences; now a commentary or translation of a psalm or epistle.

About this time the question of monastic vows much troubled him; each break with the past was evidently a terrible wrench for the great schoolman—for schoolman, in spite of himself, he remained to his life's end. "The vain beliefs of men still overshadow and perplex me," he writes. Then, again, more firmly, "Every day brings me such fresh proofs of the monstrosities arising from the accused celibacy of the young of both sexes, that no words are more odious in my ears than nun, monk, priest." And about this time appeared his work on "Monastic Vows;" but soon he had to moderate the zeal of his own followers. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "will our Wittenberg folk make even the monks marry? For my part, they will not get me to take a wife"—a

decision which was destined some years later to melt into thin air in the presence of Catherine von Bora.

And now it became clear that what happened to St. Paul and many another reformer, religious and political, was about to befall Luther—the disciples began to outrun the master, and take an ell where he had given but an inch.

Carlstadt, at Wittenberg, aspired in the absence of Luther to lead the Reformation, which he did by carrying out Luther's doctrines to their extremes, with more than Luther's violence and with none of his sound tact. He was to be afterwards Luther's great "thorn in the flesh," siding openly against him with Zuinglius and other Swiss reformers. As evil rumours continued to reach him from Wittenberg, Luther became restless. At last he could bear his captivity no longer, and stole back secretly to the town. Things were worse than he expected. Reformation in the hands of Carlstadt had become revolution. His followers began to break the images and turn out the monks. Luther returned to his castle full of scorn and sadness, but he was soon in Wittenberg again without the Elector's leave. He at once wrote him a letter, giving him three good reasons for his return. Firstly, the urgent entreaties of the church of Wittenberg; secondly, the confusion that had arisen in his flock; thirdly, his desire to hinder the outbreaks which he considered imminent.

If in the leafy solitudes of Wartzburg he had given way to indolence and apathy for a moment, all that was at an end now. The sudden reappearance of Luther made Wittenberg more than ever the great centre of the Reformation, but the great centre was at this time little better than chaos. Men had thrown off the old without knowing how to organize the new. Already there were many divisions in the camp. Carlstadt was not likely to yield without a struggle. Then it was doubtful what view the Elector took of the return of Luther, and the progress of the Reformation; still doubtful how many of the German princes would stand by it. No one could believe the Pope was going to subside like a pricked bubble, and no one knew how the Emperor Charles V. would brook Luther's open contempt of all men and all things, Pope and Emperor included. All this might have perplexed a less resolute soul than Luther's. But the pressure of downright work came to the rescue, the new church must be organized, and difficulties met as they arose. "Take

short views," Sidney Smith used to say, and so Luther began by dealing off-hand right and left with everything and everybody that came before him. Luther, Melancthon, Jonas, and a few other theologians, formed a central committee for the direction of all ecclesiastical affairs. And their decrees, without the slightest legal authority, seem to have been respected by the bulk of believers, Carlstadt and some others (of whom more presently) alone excepted. Luther, in fact, not Leo, was Pope at Wittenberg.

Wittenberg was now the acknowledged centre of the Reformation. At Luther's instance Tyndale translated there the Gospels and Epistles. Amongst the crowds which swarmed into Wittenberg, attracted thither like moths by the great lighthouse of the Reformation, were some pilgrims of an embarrassing description,—numbers of young nuns and homeless monks, who had left their convents without any experience of the world, generally without any money, and in this condition flocked to Luther for advice. He had not bargained for this. What was he to do? What were they to do? At one time he took several nuns into his own house; amongst them was Catherine von Bora, a beautiful young girl of good family, at that time twenty-three years old. Two years afterwards he married her, but in those two years hard battles were to be fought, and meanwhile there was little time for sentiment. "Beg some money for me from your rich courtiers." "Pray the Elector to give some ten florins, a new or old gown, or something to these poor souls, virgins against their will." "The Duchess of Montsberg has escaped from the convent; she is at my house with two young girls." "This hapless Elizabeth Von Rheinsberg has applied to me." "What numbers of nuns have I not supported at heavy expense!"

Wherever the Reformation spread the pastors wrote to Luther for advice; and whilst we fail to recognise in him that power of organization for which Calvin was so remarkable at Geneva, we cannot but admire the superior freedom and geniality which distinguishes his judgments. Intolerant as Calvin in doctrine, he was far more tolerant in his application of doctrine to special cases. His quick sympathy, his wide knowledge of men, his directness of purpose, gave him a wonderful readiness and a wise judgment, which his followers have been slow to imitate, and which they even then trampled under foot. "You are about to organize the church of Koenigsberg. I pray

you in Christ's name change as few things as possible. You have some episcopal towns near you, and you must not let the ceremonies of the new church differ much from the ancient rites." And although one of his most favourite reforms was saying the mass in German instead of Latin, he adds with wise and rare caution, "If mass in Latin be not done away with, retain it. If done away, retain the ancient ceremonial and habit." But the foes in his own household were his greatest grief. Carlstadt, who had been his friend, was now a bitter enemy and rival. He headed the movement already in advance of Luther's movement. He had none of that almost sentimental reverence which moved Luther to save much of the old Roman doctrine and even form, whilst denouncing the moral corruption of Romanism, and the special doctrines which directly lead up to it. Luther allowed monks and nuns to escape, Carlstadt was for driving them out of their cells. Luther permitted confession, Carlstadt forbade it. Luther permitted images in churches, Carlstadt tore them from their niches. Luther believed nothing could be done without faith in the heart. He saw in Carlstadt one who in renouncing Romish ordinances merely imposed new ones as terms of salvation. And lastly, Carlstadt could never see the difference between Transubstantiation rejected by Luther, and Consubstantiation accepted by Luther. In Transubstantiation the bread and wine became the body and the blood; in Consubstantiation, the believer received *along with the bread and wine the real body and blood*. To Carlstadt the real presence was the real presence in one and the other, and he condemned them both, siding with Zuinglius and the Swiss reformers. Luther never forgave him. He procured his expulsion, but the heresy was hydra-headed, and deep-seated, and many-sided, and the Reformer soon began to feel, as Michelet observes, that the Reformation was slipping away from his hands. The more he counselled moderation, the more violent did the Carlstadt sect become.

But a crisis was now impending which shows, more than any other event in his whole life, the real greatness and breadth of Luther. The revolt of the peasants had long been foreseen—the Reformer himself had predicted it, and was accused of fomenting it. The best reply to this charge is, that when it came, both parties looked to him to mediate. That the real evil lay beyond the reach of any mediation was no fault of his. In the proclamation issued by him to princes

and people, he rises into the sublimest exposition of practical Christianity, until, as we read, we are alternately won by his fervid eloquence, and surprised by his moderation, calmness, and sagacity.

In this remarkable document he first turns to the nobles and tells them they have only themselves to thank for this uproar amongst the people; should they conquer this time, other peasants would rise so long as the deep-seated causes remained. He was no friend of sedition, but their authority had been tyrannical and intolerable; if God meant to punish them through the peasants, their cuirasses would not save them; God would change the stones into peasantry. These poor people had a right to their religion, and should be allowed to choose their own pastors; they also had a right to their lives and property; they had been made the tools of caprice and bad passions. Fines on deaths, accumulations of services due, and such-like feudal exactions, were not to be borne. In the articles they had drawn up and presented to the nobles, many of their demands were just. "Do not," cries the prophet, "plunge into a struggle with them; you cannot know how it will end. Employ mildness, you will be no losers. The state of the serf was pitiable. What would it benefit the peasant to see his fields bear as many florins as blades of grass or grains of wheat, if his lord should despoil him, and waste like straw the money he draws from him in dress, castles, and feasting?"

He then turns to the peasants, and in an exhortation twice as long, shows them wherein their own demands were immoderate. He warns them against the prophets of murder that are in their midst. Then he holds up high before them the principles of Christianity, which forbid acts of violence amongst brethren. Let not Christ's name be invoked if they go to war. "What I wish is, that, if unhappily (may God avert it!) if, I say, you come into collision, men may call neither party Christians." He reminds them that many of their claims must be decided by the law; that to the end of time there must be inequality of persons; that if they had their way there would be no longer authority, order, or justice of any kind.

Then, in an eloquent summing up he faces both parties at once, and declares that those who take the sword shall perish by the sword, for so had it happened to Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans before them. Neither shall profit by war, "for as you are both equally involved in injustice, God will

chastise one by the other, and you will but rush to mutual destruction."

Lastly, he advises them to choose certain lords from the nobility, and councillors from the towns to settle their difficulties by arbitration. "On this wise matters will not, indeed, be treated according to the gospel, but they will at least be arranged in conformity with human laws."

But all was of no avail. The prophets of murder in the form of Dr. Munzer, and the famous Goetz of the iron hand, lashed the discontent of the Thuringian and Suabian peasants into madness. A vast horde of savages, bent only on profligacy and rapine, soon joined the cause, laid waste the country with fire and sword, and "exhibited," as Mosheim says, "the most horrid spectacles of unrelenting barbarity." But those who had been slow to listen to the counsels of others soon showed the divisions in their own, and in about a year the movement, exhausted by internal discord and steady external opposition, was crushed in a pitched battle fought at Mulhausen, in which Munzer, the ring-leader, was taken and put to death, in 1525.

In the midst of these commotions Luther, disappointed and baffled, had little sympathy anywhere to fall back upon, whilst he was accused by the nobles of having fomented sedition by preaching Christian liberty, and raved at by the peasants for having attempted to check their insurrection, and withstand their bloody prophets; he was grievously assailed by those whose support he most needed, and whose sympathy had once been given him. In 1525, Erasmus, the king of the literary world, published his book "On the Freedom of the Will." Very bitter was that book to Luther; not only did it sound the parting note of friendship between himself and Erasmus, but it shook his hold over the whole of the learned world, because, whilst raving against it in reply, he could never answer it. The assertion of Free Will seemed to him to limit God's Free Grace. Our safety, he had taught, was to believe that all was of God, nothing of man. This was indeed the magnificent reaction against the Romish machinery of works, which practically taught that religion was an elaborate and triumphant system for coercing God by man's will. God could do nothing but let him off, when he had done certain works. In a word, Rome's logical doctrine was to make God a machine moved by man. Luther's was to make man a machine moved by God. Luther, of course, for himself, saved his doc-

trine from its immoral consequences by representing the grace of God acting through the conscience, but this could not save it from logicians like Erasmus. If not man but God chose or predestinated, if there was no free will, "why doth He yet find fault?" "Erasmus! Erasmus! it is difficult to accuse thee of ignorance, a man of thy years, &c. It is impossible to excuse or think well of thee. It is irreligious, it is superfluous, a matter of pure curiosity, thou sayest, to inquire whether our will is operant as regards everlasting salvation. What! those things are unnecessary without which there is no longer God, or Christ, or gospel, or faith, &c." We have heard this sort of language from more modern disputants. The keen scholar Erasmus treats it as what it really is, a scream, and he argues gravely and weightily, quite unmoved by his writhing adversary. Indeed his arguments were not to be met, and Luther did not meet them. "Why," asks Erasmus, "does not God correct the viciousness of our will, since it is not in our power to control it? If man has no such thing as free will, what is the meaning of precept, action, reward, in short of all language which speaks of repentance?" This calm, clear, but cold style of dissection puts Luther to the torture in his reply. "On the Bondage of the Will," he talks and talks, but feels—and we feel that he feels—that his opponent is not answered; he is pushed to admit the immoral consequences of his own doctrine. He admits, for instance, that Judas could do no other than betray Christ! We could weep for the straits into which the necessities of his scholastic refinements force him, but Luther, whilst condemning the subtleties of Rome, took a dangerous refuge in subtleties which sprung from the very same method of disputation when his own doctrine was attacked.

His book appeared, but his spirit was deeply, incurably wounded, for Erasmus was not answered. A similar fate awaited him in his controversy with Bucer and Zuinglius about Consubstantiation.

Either it was bread and wine, or it was not bread and wine. No, Luther would not admit that. It was not changed *into* the flesh and blood, but it was changed *with* the flesh and blood, not transubstantiated, but consubstantiated. These distinctions seemed nonsense to Zuinglius; but Luther would not give up his point; to do so seemed to him to surrender something sacred belonging to the privilege of lay communion which he had won for the people.

His view of the Bible seems to us equally faulty. St. Paul's words are constantly quoted by him as infallible, whilst St. James is lightly esteemed, and the Revelation made of little or no account; and yet the Bible was held up by him to the people as the infallible word of God.

In all this we perceive the strength and weakness of Luther.

In his views of God, of the sacraments, of the Bible, he was speculatively weak, yet in his appeal to the heart and conscience he was irresistibly strong, and this was his powerful leverage. For in religion men do not first speculate, they feel; and Luther's feeling was profoundly true upon all these points. And so it happened, as it has happened so often, that whilst defeated by the doctors he won the people.

They fled from the tyranny of priestcraft and from dead works to find rest and justification in the mercy of the living God. That was to them the sweet doctrine of free grace and God's eternal decree of predestination in which they were nothing and He was all.

They rejected the sacrifice of the mass as an engine in the hands of the priests, but retained it as a blessed mystery, full of life-giving power and free to all. That was consubstantiation, or the real presence of Christ with his people in the sacrament.

They eagerly fell upon the long-sealed word of God; it seemed to them sharper than any two-edged sword. That in it which was of God found them out. They did not pause to inquire how, if one part could be lightly esteemed by Luther, the rest could be declared infallible. These disputes belonged to another age, when an infallible book was no longer needed to crush an infallible Pope.

And these reflections on the blots in Luther's system bring us to another crisis or pause in Luther's life, a pause full of doubt, tribulation, and misgivings. Indeed, it was a time of almost total eclipse. Forsaken for a moment by the princes, cursed by the peasants, outstripped by his own followers, defeated in controversy, miserably poor, and in bad health, he seems to have once more stuck fast in the slough of Despond. "In this prostration of his mind," says Michlet, "the sun regained its empire—he married."

It was characteristic of Luther, that just before his marriage he wrote to a lover of Catherine's, a young student of Nuremberg, to give him another chance, "If you desire to obtain your Catherine, make haste."

"I follow God's will," he writes to a friend,

"I am not devoured by a burning immoderate love for my wife, but simply love her." But his marriage was a thoroughly happy one, and he ever afterwards speaks of Catherine with the tenderest affection. Poor before marriage, he was poorer after it. He took to carpentering. He planted his garden. He kept a pig-stye, and one servant, who left him to do all the work. "I have tools enough for the present," he says, "except you meet with some newly-invented ones which can turn themselves while my servant snores and stares at the clouds." But the pigs died; and although Luther writes to his old ally, Spalatin, "Come and be crowned with roses," the more substantial pumpkins and melons would not grow all the year round, and Luther, having resigned his religious income, often found himself with his wife on the verge of starvation. This man, before whom Popes trembled and whom the mightiest princes dared not touch, found himself dependent upon a stingy Elector for his daily food. Yet every outcast came to him for help, doubtless supposing that one so powerful must have unlimited means. "Are we here to pay every one," he cries, "and yet no one to pay us?" "You ask me for eight florins; but where shall I get them?" "I have been forced to leave three goblets in pledge for fifty florins." "Lucas and Christian will no longer take my security." Like some other authors, he was abominably treated by his publishers; whilst his works (the first printed works that ever had a large circulation) circulated by thousands, he got nothing for them, except a copy of one or two of his own books now and then. "Even translators," he complains, "receive a ducat a sheet." At one time, however, the publishers offered him a fixed sum per annum for his writings, which he declined.

It is pitiable to read of the small grinding cares: he writes to Spalatin, the Elector's almoner, "God will feed us, if you withhold your alms and some accursed money." Yet many good people sent him presents. "Catherine and myself use your lamps every night. We reprove each other with having nothing to send you." One sent him some beer, another a bit of cloth; and still there seemed no end to disasters. The plague broke out at Wittenberg in 1527. His house was immediately turned into a hospital. His wife was pregnant for the second time, his son was ill cutting his teeth, his two servants were down with the plague. In December his little daughter Elizabeth died. "I am surprised how sick she has left me at

heart—a woman's heart, so shaken I am." He had hardly spirits to read Erasmus's attacks; but braced himself up to write "for the second and last time against the Sacramentarians and their vain words." It was in this year that Luther regained his mental activity, and, together with Melancthon, drew up a body of church laws, at the request of the Elector John of Saxony. These laws related to church government, public worship, the rank, offices, and revenues of the priesthood, and were promulgated by heralds throughout the Elector's dominions.

This was in reality a defiance of Rome; but it was immediately followed by all the princes and states of Germany. At the end of that year Luther fell down senseless in a kind of fit. On reviving he sent for Dr. Bugenhagen to confess him. He had been greatly tried by the devil. Doubts and trials, long since conquered, had come back upon him. He became senseless again; but recovering himself, he made a confession of his faith, for he said, "The world is prone to lying, and there are many who will say I retracted before I died." He prayed with great fervour, "Thou knowest, my God, how cheerfully I would have poured out my blood for thy word; but thou hadst willed it otherwise." In that solemn hour his natural geniality appeared to him almost a crime. "Oiten," he says, "have I resolved for the world's sake to assume a more austere and holier demeanour (I do not explain myself well), but God has not favoured my resolve." Poor Luther! Men would not have loved him so well had he not come to them eating and drinking; but still he was different from the mediæval saint. "Your beer," he had written not long before, "has been happily and gloriously consumed." Yet it is strange, when he thought himself on his death-bed, to see how the old type of sanctity in which he had been born and bred had power with him.

PART III.

A SKETCH of Luther, however slight, calls for some mention of the Anabaptist movement at Munster. It was one of the many great griefs of Luther's declining years. It was traced by his enemies to his direct influence. In fact it was one of those fanatical outbreaks which so often follow the sudden collapse of time-honoured traditions. Men had long been over-bound by false fetters; when Luther relaxed those false fetters, men claimed to be over-free, and in their over-freedom set up a tyranny worse than the one

just pulled down. That was the history of the Anabaptist movement. It began by the preaching of Luther's Reformation, or freedom from Rome; it went on to proclaim community of goods in lieu of papal spoliation; plurality of wives, as opposed to the ideal sanctity of a celibate life; and, worst of all, a despotic king in place of the Pope.

The outrages committed by these unhappy people under the cloak of a liberty which had nothing in common with Luther's liberty but the name, soon brought down a severe punishment. Their king was taken at the siege of Munster, and put to death, after the fashion of the time, with incredible barbarity.

It will be expedient to pass lightly here over these horrors, and fix our eyes once more upon Luther as he might be seen in some of those quiet moments, no longer the polemic, but simply the man of genial active mind surrounded by his friends or conversing with his wife and children. "Be not scandalized," he said at table one day, "to see me so merry. I have heard a great deal of bad news to-day, and have just read a letter violently abusing me. Our affairs must be going on well since the devil is storming so." Although there was a touch of coarseness about many of his utterances, yet his nature was very tender and sweet and simple. "Ah! how my heart sighed after my own when I lay sick at Smalkald! I thought I should never more see my wife or little ones, and how agonizing was the thought!" The smallest incident seemed to give his mind an upward impulse. "Ah!" said the doctor, on seeing two little birds in his garden, who were building their nest, fly away at his approach, "dear little birds, do not fly away; I wish you well with all my heart, if you would only believe me. Even so we refuse to trust in God, who, far from wishing us harm, has given his own Son for us." "Serve the Lord with *fear*, and rejoice with *trembling*." I see nothing contradictory in the injunction. My little John does so with regard to me, but I cannot with regard to God. When I am writing or otherwise, he will begin a little song, and if he sing too loud and I check him, he will go on, but to himself, and with a touch of fear. So God wishes us to be always cheerful, but with awe and reserve."

One day the doctor's little children were standing round the table and looking with eager eyes at the fishes that were being served up. "Ah!" sighed Luther, "would we could look forward to the life to come with the same delight!" He walked out into his garden resplendent in the summer sunshine,

and saw the trees laden with fruit and the masses of blooming flowers, and his heart went out to God. "Glory be to God . . . winter is death; summer is resurrection!" And how often would he look up into his wife's face and thank God for his good and tender Catherine!

His heart was as fresh and gentle and unspoiled to the end as a child's, although his spirit was often saddened, and latterly his bodily ailments made him sigh for death. In 1530 his aged father died, and his grief then seems to have been almost too sacred for an outsider to intrude upon, but Luther was so closely watched and reported that nothing is left unrecorded. "He remained sitting all the day weeping and bemoaning himself. There were with him Doctor Jonas, Master Philip (Melancthon), &c., and he sat amongst them weeping piteously." He was indeed tried in his tenderest affections. His little daughter Madeleine, when about fourteen, fell sick, and even his prayers and exclamations are recorded. "O my God, I love her much; if it be thy will to take her hence I would give her up without a murmur." And when she grew worse and he knew she was dying, "My dearest child," said he, "my own Madeleine, I know you would gladly stay with your father here, and you will equally be ready to go to your Father which is in heaven, will you not?" "O yes, my dear father," said the child, "as God wills;" but the poor father's courage then gave way. "Dear little girl," he continued, "the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak," and his voice broke down; he turned away and kept walking to and fro, trying vainly to struggle with his great grief. "Ah, yes," he said half aloud, "I have loved this dear child too much." When she was on the point of death he threw himself on his knees by her side, and weeping bitterly prayed God to spare her. Then he took her in his arms and she breathed her last. Poor Luther! his Madeleine was no longer there, although he still held her little body. "God's will be done," said he, "my child has another Father in heaven," and he kept on repeating this many times over; it seemed to lull his intense grief. Afterwards, "My poor dear little Madeleine," said he, looking at her as she lay so still and cold upon her bier, "you are at rest now. Yes, dear child, thou shalt rise again, thou shalt shine like a star. I am joyful in spirit, but oh, how sad in the flesh!" And while they were singing, "Lord, remember not our sins of old," he added, "Not only our old sins, but those of

to-day, this day, for we are greedy and covetous; the scandal of the mass still exists," so strangely did the ruling enthusiasms of his life intrude themselves upon his most private and absorbing griefs.

The last years of Luther's life were embittered by the disputes of the princes who were the protectors of the Reformation, and by the onslaughts of new and rising opponents. "Here I am attacked by young men, all fresh and unworked, whilst I am old and worn with great labours and sufferings." He began to feel that his work was done, and that he had lived too long. He now turned wearily and without a particle of hope to the question of a general council which was to settle all disputes and define the relation of the Lutheran Church to the State. Pope Paul III. suggested and actually summoned a council at Mantua, which was protested against as partial and never met. In 1541 the Emperor Charles V. again came to the front in church matters, and Dr. Eck, the Roman champion, disputed with Melancthon for three days in the Emperor's presence at Worms. The conference was afterwards removed to Ratisbon, but the differences were no nearer being removed. Then the long-deferred general council was again spoken of, and Ferdinand, who headed the Pope's party, agreed to a council at Trent. But as this council was to meet on the borders of Italy, though actually on German soil, and to be summoned by the Pope alone, the Protestants were furious and would not hear of it. Their opposition once more raised the wrath of the long-suffering Emperor, and he had this time the singular indiscretion to side with the Pope in an attempt to put down the Protestants by force of arms. Upon this the spirited Landgrave of Hesse, and the Elector of Saxony, levied an army against him, the whole of Christendom was in an uproar, and whilst the struggle was at its height, a struggle which seemed to Luther nothing short of the approaching end of all things, the great Reformer passed away.

Very touching is it to approach the old man who had fought such a good fight, and yet lived to see more of the evil than of the good he had done. The new Church was not after all spotless; it seemed at times, in morals at least, little better than the old. Its selfishness, its greediness, its worldliness oppressed him. He suffered grievously from tooth-ache, he also had great giddiness in his head, which he attributed directly to the devil; he could no longer conduct his prodigious correspondence. "Alt, kalt ungeslalt—old, cold,

and mouldy," he said of himself; but even then, he flashed out with melancholy fire at the thought of Wittenberg, the city of the Saints, the lighthouse of the Reformation. "It is a very Sodom," he cried, "I will not return thither, I had rather pass my life on the high road than be tormented with the sight of the depravity of Wittenberg, where all my pains and labour are thrown away!" How differently could Calvin think and speak of Geneva when he came to die there surrounded by its sorrowing citizens!

Suffering from an accumulation of maladies which would yield to no medical treatment, Luther toiled painfully to Eisleben, where years ago he had been born, and where he had sung "Panem propter Deum" in the streets; but he came there on a different errand now—to reconcile the two Counts Von Mansfeld, whose subject he was born. The poor peasant boy had become the arbiter between princes; but he was little richer than in the early days, and quite worn out with the terrible work he had gone through in the great theological mine. All around him he saw nothing but impending ruin—his own Church disorganized, without any settled status; his Emperor advancing against those whose opposition was due to his own life-long ministry of Reform; his own princes fighting and squabbling amongst themselves, whilst the German kingdom was going to pieces, and the terrible Turks ever threatening invasion from without.

Such was the bed of roses upon which Luther breathed his last. From the 28th of January to 17th of February, although very ill, he joined in all the conferences at Eisleben; but his thoughts were almost entirely in the next world. He spoke much of the future life, recognition of friends, employment of the saints, &c. At last the time had come, and he could go no more to the council. One of the Princes came to see him. "If I could only sleep," he said to him, "I think it would refresh me." He did sleep, and on awaking begged those who watched him to take rest. Soon after he said, "O my God, I feel very bad. I, think, my dear Jonas, I shall remain at Eisleben, where I was born." He tried to walk a few steps, but was soon glad to lie down, and they covered him up with soft cushions. He then prayed very clearly and collectedly out loud, and repeated several times, "In manus tuas," &c.—"Into thy hands I commend my spirit." As he grew almost insensible, Dr. Jonas leaned over and said to him, "Reverend father, do you die in constant reliance on the faith you have taught?" He replied distinctly, "Yes." He never spoke again, and soon afterwards, drawing one long deep breath, he expired.

His body lies in the church of Wittenberg Castle, at the foot of the pulpit. It was that same church door to which he had affixed his famous propositions twenty-nine years before. He was buried on the 22nd February, 1546.

H. R. HAWEIS.

SEVEN ASPECTS OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

"Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity."—2 PETER 1. 5-7.

ON what principle are we to lay out and arrange the several clauses of this remarkable sentence, so as to understand their meaning separately, and to perceive their connection?

Are we to compare this description of Christian character to a ladder, with seven steps, a ladder firmly planted on the ground of "faith," and rising, step by step—first "virtue," then "knowledge," then "temperance," then "patience," then "godliness," then "brotherly-kindness," till at length we reach the high level of "charity?"

Or, when we read this passage, are we rather to be reminded of a rope or cable, where the seven strands—"virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly-kindness, charity"—are united with "faith," in-

tertwined with it, and interwoven with one another, and mutually strengthening one another, so as to form one firm whole?

These are both homely images; but the latter is the more suitable of the two, and more in harmony with the words as they are given to us in the original Greek. Christian character does not grow by successive steps, taken abruptly one after another, so that one is complete before the next is begun, but is formed on the principle of a variety of graces and habits which are in close intercommunion with one another, advancing together to maturity, and reinforcing one another.*

Still, if we are to describe these component

* If we observe the Greek preposition, we see that each of these graces is represented as *involved*, so to speak, in each of the others.

parts of Christian character, we must take them separately, and speak of them one by one: and the best order in which we can take them is, doubtless, that which is given to us here in Holy Scripture.

It will be observed that "*faith*" is the starting-point. Now faith is "the gift of God."² And it is desirable also to carry our eyes and our thoughts back a little further to the sentences which precede. There we find that the whole passage grows, as it were, out of a very strong statement concerning the blessings which we have *already* received from God. It is said that "all things that pertain unto life and godliness" have been "*given*" unto us; and again, that "exceeding great and precious promises" have been "*given*" unto us. This is God's part in regard to the formation of the Christian character. That which we have at present to consider is *our* part in this process. But our part would be hopeless and very helpless, if *God's* part had not been already done.

Having secured our right starting-point—having carefully set *this* before our minds, that whatever is done by us must be done in God's strength, in the use of His gifts, and by the operation of that faith which He inspires within us—we may proceed to the separate examination of each of the seven graces and habits, which, combined together, form *that*, which, if we are true Christians, we all desire to be.

1. And first "*virtue*." This word, as used here, denotes a brave, and manly habit of mind. It is what may be called the soldier-like element in the Christian—that which gives tone, as it were, to the whole man.

It appears not unfrequently to be thought that the Christian character is something weak, soft, womanly, and wanting in proper spirit. This, however, is not the impression we should derive from the account given of it in the Epistles of the New Testament. Thus, to take one very short Epistle, we find these injunctions addressed to one man: "Be not ashamed of the testimony of our Lord; endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ; watch thou in all things, endure afflictions."[†] This is not a poor standard. This is the language of those who set a high value on energy, firmness, and vigour.

And certainly weakness and softness were not the characteristics of the Christians of *early times*, who won the victory of the Gospel for us. It was no easy thing to oppose the established religions of the Pagan world, and to suffer all the horrors of persecution. And

the gentlest were generally the bravest. What should we think now of exposing women to be torn to pieces by wild beasts? Yet this was done when Christianity was winning its way to its final position of victory. Take the case of one of them—a young married woman of high rank and education, who suffered martyrdom in Africa. Her great trial was, not the crowding of the prison, not the insults of the soldiers, not the fear of the wild beasts, but the distress of her aged father, who was not a Christian. She would not sacrifice to false gods to save her life. "He implored her not to die. "Oh, my daughter," he said, "have compassion on my grey hairs! Look on thy brother, on thy mother, on thy child! Do not destroy us all!" Her anguish was great when this appeal was made to her. But she said, "No, I will not do this; I will not deny my Lord!" So she went to her dreadful death with a cheerful countenance, and singing psalms.²

And certainly this temper of mind is not unnecessary now. Persecution, indeed, in the old form, is happily absent. But persecution in the form of ridicule is very common and very formidable. I know no better sign of a brave and Christian habit of mind than the power of withstanding ridicule—not in a rough, conceited, boastful manner—but modestly, firmly, quietly. This, however, is very difficult, especially to the *young*. I could imagine some young person, really desirous of serving God, reading these words at this moment with some uneasiness of mind. You can take a great deal of trouble, you can practise a great deal of self-denial, but there is one thing you cannot do—you cannot bear being laughed at—you do not like to be peculiar. Here is your trial and your danger. Seek for strength in this particular point. Learn to be brave. "Add to your faith *virtue*."

2. And now, if I may still consider myself as speaking particularly to the young, I would ask their very careful attention to the next point, viz., "*knowledge*" or *wisdom*, by which I understand that sound discretion, that good judgment, which is so often spoken of in the Book of Proverbs, and which may be, to a very great degree, absent in a character which, on the whole, is truly Christian. Even where there is *faith*, and *virtue* too, there may be very little *wisdom*.

And I would lay very great stress on this, that sound wisdom does not always come as a matter of course. It depends, to a con-

² Eph. ii. 8.

[†] 1 Tim. i. 8; ii. 3; iv. 5.

² The narrative of the martyrdom of Perpetua is given in Dean Milman's "History of Christianity," vol. ii., pp. 165-172.

siderable extent, upon thought and attention. This wisdom operates by exercising a correct discrimination between one thing and another; and this can hardly be with a careless habit of mind. This is what St. Paul means by "proving what is acceptable unto the Lord."* And again he says, in another part of the same chapter, "Be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is."† And again, in another Epistle, "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God."‡

The very point, for instance, which is brought before us in this last-quoted text—the subject of conformity with the world—how many difficult questions are raised in connection with it, when we come to deal with it practically! How far, for instance, ought a young person to go in the matter of amusement, in associating himself with those who are not truly religious? What is best for his own spiritual health? What is best for his influence over them? Wisdom is absolutely needful for the settling of these questions. And, if I may turn suddenly from the younger to the older members of society, what need of wisdom there is in dealing with the young themselves—in their education, in the training of their minds and feelings and consciences, in the regulation of their amusements, in the choice of their path in life! Our exclamation, when this subject meets us in the face, is, "Who is sufficient for these things?"§ Truly there is much need, whatever be our age and position in life, of adding to our faith, not only *virtue*, but *knowledge*.

3. Perhaps I have unduly limited the meaning of the word "*knowledge*," which may well be taken to include something more than mere practical insight and discrimination in matters of conduct. But I hope to remedy this defect before I close. Let us now pursue St. Peter's series of Christian graces and habits. The next on the list is "*temperance*," i.e. self-restraint,—the power of governing our appetites, our tempers, our tongues, of holding the reins firmly and steadily, so that there shall be no excess in any direction.

In the giving of such a precept it is implied that there is always a risk of excess in some direction or other, if not in more than one. And is it not really so? Is not the risk indeed very great if we hold the reins loosely? Without saying anything at all at present of the coarser sins, such as unclean-

ness and drunkenness, are not the ordinary occurrences of every day to all of us, whether we are older or younger, full of such possible risks? How vexatious are many of the common annoyances of life! What a temptation there is, sometimes, so to speak of our neighbours, as to forget there is such a thing as slander! And, if we confess the truth to ourselves, how ashamed we have reason to be of the power of our bodies over us, in the way of indolence and self-indulgence! This habit of self-government must be firmly combined with what has gone before, to make the Christian what he ought to be. We have good reason most earnestly to pray, not only that we may "perceive and know what things we ought to do," but also may "have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same;" in other words, that we may "add to our *knowledge, temperance.*"

4. We turn now from temperance to "*patience*;" and the difference between the two is this—that the first has reference to government over ourselves, the other to the power of bearing well what is outside of ourselves,—the misfortunes, the changes, the disappointments of life. That has regard rather to the season of prosperity, this to the season of adversity. Both are very needful. And above all it is desirable to notice here, that they are very needful in combination. Each one of the two strengthens the other. The man who has learnt patience during the time of adversity is less likely to fail in temperance during the time of prosperity. He who has maintained control over himself when the inducements to self-indulgence were strong, is well armed against the danger of a fretful spirit when calamities come from without.

This too is, perhaps, the best place for making another remark. I have used the word "habit" more than once. And we cannot too carefully note that these qualities of Christian character are "habits" as well as "graces"—habits on our side to be gradually and carefully formed; graces on God's side, as regards the supply of needful strength for the purpose. And this remark, though applicable to all the seven qualities, is especially so to these two, viz., "temperance" and "patience." The first of the series, "virtue," may be viewed rather as a certain temper and spirit, running through the whole man, and bracing him up for all his duties. The second again, "knowledge," or wisdom, has much to do with the exercise of the *intellect*, and acts often in the way of immediate instinctive perception. So again we might say of the two last, "brotherly-kindness"

* Eph. v. 10.

† Ver. 17.
‡ 2 Cor. ii. 16.

§ Rom. xii. 2.

and "charity," that they belong very largely to the *emotional* part of our nature—that they come within the region of *feeling* quite as much as of mere discipline; while "godliness," which precedes them in the catalogue, presents the whole subject on the Divine side, almost more than on the human side. To that topic we may now proceed.

Only let us remember what we mean by a *habit*. By this word we mean a certain readiness and ease in doing what is to be done, that readiness and that ease having been acquired by practice. Each act that we do in this direction is a stone added to the building, which rises by degrees. Every successful effort to calm down our irritation when we are vexed, to impose silence on ourselves when it is best not to speak, to resist what is very enticing, if we know that it is best not to yield to it—every such act is a step in the formation of the habit of temperance, or the habit of patience, or both.

5. If, however, we were to follow this line of thought too exclusively, there would evidently be a danger of making too much of our own unassisted strength in these matters. And the next word in the series, "*godliness*," calls us away from ourselves, and bids us, as I have said before, to look at the Divine side of the subject, as well as the human. It is quite possible that a man who has very brave courage, very sagacious insight, great power of self-government, great power of patient endurance, may, notwithstanding all these, not have a Christian mind at all. He may be, so to speak, a self-contained, self-supported character; and nothing can be more opposed than this to the real Christian life and temper.

Thus we are most seriously reminded that to the four qualities which have preceded—"virtue" and "knowledge," "temperance" and "patience"—we must add "*godliness*." And this must be a Divine *principle* inserted among those habits, giving them strength, consistency, harmony, and unity.

Yet *godliness* too is itself a habit. It is the habit of referring everything to God. It is that state of mind which makes a man view all the common events of life, not merely in relation to one another—still less in relation to any human interest—but in relation to the Divine law and the Divine honour. And great are the blessings which are promised to this state of mind. "*Godliness* with contentment is great gain." "*Godliness* is profitable unto all things, having the promise not only of this life, but of that which is to come." "The Lord knoweth

how to deliver the *godly*." "The Lord hath set apart him that is *godly* unto himself." *

6. And now, in turning again to what may be called the human side of the subject, we find it next presented to us under a new aspect. Here we have Christian character in the sphere of sanctified human feeling and affection. Without this the condition of the mind and heart would be stiff, hard, and stern. A man might be very courageous, very discreet, very firm in self-government, very strong in endurance, yes, and sincerely godly, too; his life might be really conscientious and honestly spent in the fear of God; but all this put together would still be below the Apostle's standard. There is still the need of friendliness, of cheerfulness, of sympathy, of willingness to undertake works of benevolence. In other words, we must give "all diligence" to add to our other graces both "*brotherly kindness*" and "*charity*."

In these phrases Christian love is exhibited to us as operating both in the narrower circle and the wider circle; and first the narrower.

"*Brotherly-kindness*," as the word is employed in the New Testament, has especial reference to union among the body of Christians, which was then a very small body in the midst of the Jewish and Gentile world. The members of such a community had evidently peculiar claims each upon the other. Such is the spirit of passages which we read elsewhere; as, for instance, "Love the brotherhood," † and again, "Let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." ‡ But now that the profession of Christianity is universal amongst ourselves, we should give the most practical turn to the precept before us, by referring it to the spirit of kindness due to those who evidently, above all others, have recognised claims upon us—namely, those among whom we live in daily intercourse, our own families, and our intimate friends. There is an intensity of sympathy within the smaller circles of life which is not only lawful, but even needful for the accomplishment of God's purposes. Let this intensity of sympathy find its expression in intercessory prayer and mutual help. "Pray one for another, that ye may be healed." § "Bear ye one another's burdens." || Try to make one another happy. Help one another to be good.

7. But we have still, in the last place, to give a thought to the wider circumference

* 1 Tim. vi. 6; iv. 2; 2 Peter ii. 9; Psalm iv. 3.
† 1 Peter ii. 17. ‡ Gal. vi. 10. † James v. 16. || Gal. vi. 2.

over which the Christian's feeling of benevolence is to diffuse itself. He is expressly charged by St. Peter to add to his brotherly-kindness "*charity*."

Now, some persons who are under a great temptation to restrict the exercise of kindly and considerate feeling to their own homes and their immediate friends. With such persons the hearth is kept warm and bright, while frost and snow cover all the world outside; and this, to say the least, is a very imperfect Christianity.

All men have really a claim on our kindness and sympathy, and the more in proportion as we possess opportunities of doing them good. This feeling, however, and this practice, of charity will not come as a matter of course. Many things stand seriously in the way of it. There is the selfishness which is natural to us all; there are the prejudices which we conceive—often on very foolish grounds—against this person and that person; there is the want of thought, the dislike of taking trouble, the keen eye to personal interest, the silly sensitiveness to personal importance. These things are all enemies to charity. Against these things we are bound to be most diligently on our guard; and if we are not on our guard some of them will master us. See where your temptation lies. There are some who care nothing for those who are without the circle in which they themselves are naturally placed, or where they have arbitrarily placed themselves. But St. Peter has drawn for us here two circles, a smaller and a larger. Break through the smaller circle, and exercise "*charity*" freely in the larger. Be not unsociable. Try to have a friendly word and a kind look for those whom you casually meet. Force yourself to take an interest, not only in "*your own things*," but also in "*the things of others*."* And, if you find this hard at first, persevere till it becomes easy. Again let me repeat, that though "*charity*" is a grace, it is also a habit; and it is with these things as habits that we have to do. God will supply the grace if we ask for it, and if we use it. "Unto every one that hath shall be given; and he shall have abundance."†

We have now gone through an examination of the Christian character, taking the seven component parts separately as they are laid out for us by an Apostle. I think it will be admitted that our view of the meaning of the passage broadens and becomes more interesting, as we look carefully

at the several clauses, one by one, and that they combine together into something well worthy of being admired and imitated. The homely images which occurred to the mind at the first appear now very inadequate. There is a completeness and beauty in the whole result, which makes us think rather of some rich music, more elaborate than any music of earth, with a sevenfold harmony all uniting into one. Or another image seems more appropriate still. Those who are acquainted with the science of Optics are aware that light can be divided by a prism into seven rays, each with a colour of its own. In nature, however, all these rays blend together to form that lucid and transparent medium, which is the very purest thing that we can conceive. O for such harmony and purity in these souls of ours! It will not be in this world. But, if begun in this world, it will be made perfect in the next.

And now let one word more be added, that we may mark how St. Peter proceeds. "If these things be in you and abound," he says in what follows, "they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." Mature knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ—this is the great end and aim of the Christian life. I said that something more remained to be said in reference to this word "*knowledge*." All inferior knowledge, even such as that of which I spoke before, is subordinate. It may lead up to this, or it may work this out in practical detail; but it is the personal acquaintance of the soul with Jesus Christ which constitutes its religious life; and here, in the verse which succeeds the passage we have been examining, we have an assurance of prosperous, fruitful growth in this knowledge, just as we had an assurance of all needful grace in the verses which go before.

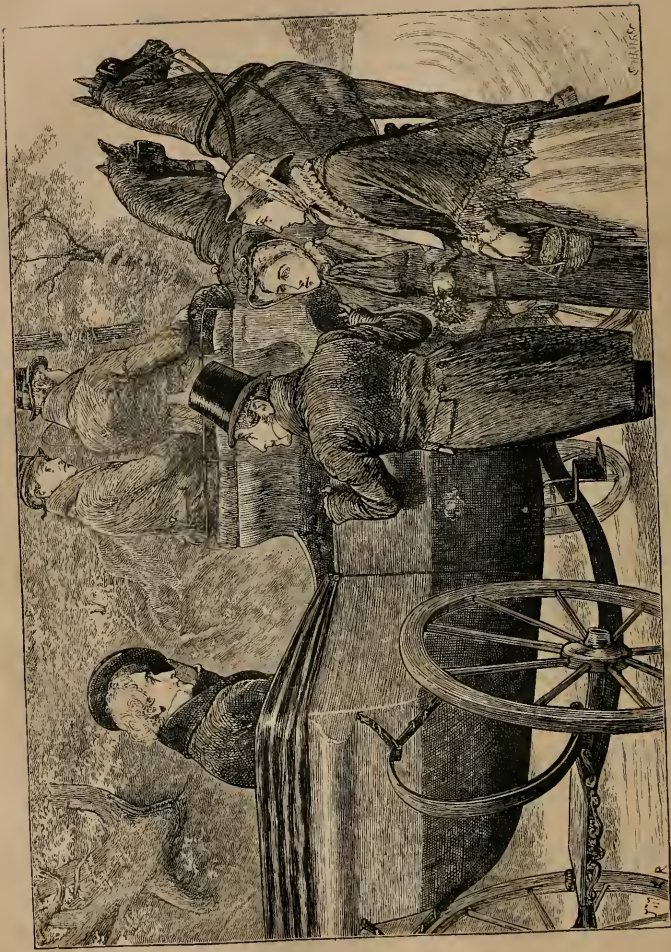
If such are the abundant helps provided for us—if such is the happy consequence to be confidently expected,‡—we are surrounded by the strongest possible motives for exertion, for beginning now, if we never began before, and for persevering, if the beginning has been made, to "give all diligence to add to our faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly-kindness, and to brotherly-kindness charity."

J. S. HOWSON.

‡ We must not overlook the concluding verse of the paragraph,—"*for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly, &c.*"—which, in the original, is connected by a verbal, and clearly intentional, link, with the fifth verse. Bengel represents it in Latin thus: *exhibete—exhibebitur*.

* Phil. ii. 4.

† Matt. xxv. 29.



"MY MOTHER AND I."

MY MOTHER AND I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER V.



E had been taking a long walk, across the Tynning, and down the sloping fields to the deep valley through which the river ran, the pretty river, which

first turned an ancient cloth-mill, and then wound out into the open country in picturesque curves. I had a basket with me, and as we sauntered along between the high banks,—such a treasure-trove of floral beauty! like most Somersetshire lanes,—I filled it with roots of blue and white violets. Even now, the smell of white violets makes me remember that day.

When we got into our little parlour, rather tired, both of us, I set the basket down beside a letter, which I was nearly sweeping off the table. It was not a post letter, but had been sent by hand.

"Stop, what is that?" said my mother.

What was it indeed? I have it still.

It is a long letter, in a firm, clear, but rather small handwriting; no slovenliness about it, neither the carelessness of youth nor the infirmity of age; a little formal and methodical, perhaps—I afterwards learned to like formality and method, at least to see the advantages of both. But the letter.

"DEAR MADAM,—I write by desire of my cousin, General Picardy, who has for several weeks kept his bed with severe and sudden illness, a sort of suppressed gout, from which he is now gradually recovering. His extremely helpless condition, until at last he

sent for me, may account for the long delay in this communication.

"On the day of his seizure, he had accidentally seen and conversed with a young lady whom he afterwards had reason to believe was your daughter, and his grand-daughter. He asked in vain for her name and address, and then gave his own, on the chance of her being the right person. Receiving no answer, he concluded he had been mistaken. But unwilling to trust servants with his private affairs, he waited till I could act as his amanuensis, and get from his lawyer the address you once promised always to give. This we have with difficulty obtained.

"It is of course a mere chance that the young lady whom the General met, and whose name he fancied was Picardy, should be his grand-daughter, but he wishes to try the chance. The bearer of this letter is the old butler who delivered the card, and who declares that the lady to whom he delivered it was the very image of his young master, whom he remembers well.

"Will you, dear madam, oblige me in one thing? Whatever may be your feelings with regard to my cousin, will you remember that he is now an old man, and that any agitation may be dangerous, even fatal to him? One line to say if it was really his grand-daughter whom he met, and you will hear from him again immediately. In the sincere hope of this, allow me to sign myself, dear madam,

"Your faithful servant,

"CONRAD PICARDY."

"Conrad Picardy," repeated my mother aloud. I, reading the letter over her shoulder, was much more agitated by it than she. These weeks of suspense had apparently calmed her, and prepared her for whatever might happen. Her voice was quite steady, and her hand did not shake, as she gave me the letter to read over a second time. "Conrad Picardy. That is certainly the cousin—your grandfather's heir. It is generous of him, to try and discover a possible heiress."

"I thought the estate was entailed."

"So it is, the landed estate; but the General cannot possibly have lived up to his large income. He is doubtless rich, and free to leave his money to whomsoever he chooses."

"To me, probably?" said I with a curl of

the lip. "Thank you, mother, for the suggestion."

"It would be but a natural and right thing," returned my mother gently, "though I do not think it very probable. This Conrad has no doubt been like a son to him for years. I remember, yes, I am sure I remember hearing all about him. He was an orphan boy at school; a very good boy."

"I hate good boys!"

Walking to the window, I stood looking out, in the hope that my mother would not notice the excessive agitation which possessed me. Nevertheless I listened with all my ears to the conversation that passed between her and Mrs. Golding.

"No, ma'am, the messenger didn't wait, though he first said he would; and tied his horse to the palings, and I asked him into your parlour, he was such a very respectable-looking man. But the minute I had shut the door he opened it and called me back, to ask whose miniature was that on the chimney-piece—your dear husband's, ma'am. And when I told him that, he said it was quite enough; he would call for an answer to the letter to-morrow morning, for the sooner he got back to Bath the better. And I thought so too, ma'am," in a mysterious whisper, "and do you know I was not sorry to get him out of the house. For I do believe he was the servant of that impertinent old fellow who——"

"Mrs. Golding," I cried, "speak more respectfully, if you please. That 'old fellow,' as you call him, happens to be my grandfather."

If ever a woman was "struck all of a heap," as she would say, it was Mrs. Golding. She had been very kind to us, in a rather patronising way, as well-to-do commonalty likes to patronise poor gentility—or so I had angrily fancied sometimes; but she had never failed to show us the respect due to "real" ladies. To find us grand folks, or connected with grand folks, after all, was quite too much for her. She put on such an odd look, of alarm, deprecation, astonishment, that I burst out laughing.

Much offended, the good woman was quitting the room, when my mother came forward in that sweet, fearless, candid way she had; she often said, the plain truth was not only the wisest but the easiest course, and saved people a world of trouble, if they only knew it.

"My daughter is quite in earnest, Mrs. Golding; General Picardy really is her grandfather, and my father-in-law; but, as

often happens in families, there has been a long coolness between us, so that when they met they did not recognise one another, until he heard you mention her name. A fortunate chance, and you will not be sorry to think you had a hand in it." (My mother, dear heart! had always the sweetest way of putting things.)

Mrs. Golding cleared up at once. "Indeed, ma'am, I'm delighted. And of course he'll be wanting you immediately. I wish you joy. Such a grand carriage, and miss there will look so well in it! A fine old gentleman he was, a real gentleman, as any one could see she was a real lady. Why, ma'am, the day she and I was in Bath, there was not a soul but turned and looked after us, and I'm sure it wasn't at me! You'll make a great show in the world; but don't heed it, don't heed it; it's a poor world after all, Miss Picardy."

Very funny was the struggle between the old woman's pleasure and pride in this romantic adventure, especially since she too had had a finger in the pie, and her acquired habit of mourning over that "world" which she secretly liked still. But we had no time to discuss her and her feelings; we were too full of our own.

"What must be done?" said my mother, as she and I sat down together, the letter before us. "The man said he should call for an answer to-morrow. What shall I say?"

"Whatever you choose, mother dear."

She looked at me keenly. "Have you really no wish, either way? You are old enough to have both a wish and a will of your own."

"Not contrary to yours. You shall decide."

For I felt that if it were left to me, the decision would be so difficult as to be all but impossible.

My mother read the letter over again. "A very good letter, courteous and kind. Let me see; this Conrad was a school-boy, about fifteen or so when you were born. He would now be between thirty and forty. Probably he is married, with a family to provide for. It is really much against his own interest to help the General to find out a granddaughter."

I laughed scornfully—I was very scornful sometimes in those days. "He may do as he chooses, and so shall I. So doubtless will my grandfather, in whose hands we'll leave the matter."

"No, in hands much higher," said my

mother reverently. "Nothing happens by chance. Chance did not bring us here; nor send you, ignorantly, to meet your grandfather in Bath, twice in the same day. It was very curious. Something will come of it, I am sure." (So, in my heart, was I.) "But whatever comes, you will always be my daughter, my one ewe lamb. I have nobody in the world but you."

She held out her arms half-imploringly, as if she feared she knew not what. As I caressed her, I told her she was a foolish old mother to be so afraid.

"No; I am not afraid. No true mother ever need be. Her little bird may fly away for a time, but is sure to come back to its own safe nest. So will you."

"But I am not going to fly away—not, at least, without you. I never mean to leave you."

"Never is a long word, my darling. Let us content ourselves with settling the affairs of to-day—and to-morrow."

"When we will just send the briefest possible answer—perhaps only your card—to General Picardy; your 'kind compliments and thanks' to Mr. Picardy, this 'good boy' Conrad, and then go a long walk and get more violets."

Alas! I was not quite honest. My thoughts were running upon very different things than violets.

I scarcely slept all night; nor, I think,—for I had my head on her shoulder,—did my mother sleep much either. But we did not trouble one another with talking. Perhaps both felt by instinct that to talk would be difficult, since, for the first time in our lives, we were looking on the same thing with different eyes, and each had thoughts which she could not readily tell to the other. This was sure to happen one day—it must happen to every human being; we all find ourselves, at some point of our lives, alone, quite alone. Still, it was rather sad and strange.

Next morning, after breakfast, when my mother had just said, "Now, child, we must make up our minds what to do, and do it at once," there appeared a grand carriage, with two servants, one of them being the same old man who had followed me with his master's card. He presented it once more.

"General Picardy's compliments, and he has sent the carriage, hoping Miss Picardy will come and spend the day with him at Bath. He will send her back in the same way at night."

A brief message, delivered with military exactitude. The one thing in it which struck

me was, that it was exclusively to Miss Picardy. There was no mention of Mrs. Picardy at all. I wondered, did my mother notice this?

Apparently not. "Would you like to go, my darling?" was all she said; and then seeing my state of mind, suggested we should go up-stairs together. "We will answer the General's message immediately," said she, pointing to a chair in our poor little parlour for the grand servant to sit down.

"Thank you, ma'am," answered he, and touched his forehead, military fashion. Yes; the old soldier at once recognised that she was a lady.

Then we sat together, my mother and I, with our bedroom door shut, hearing the horses champing outside, and knowing that we had only a few minutes in which to make a decision which might alter our whole future lives—my life certainly; and was not mine a part of hers? It had been hitherto—was it possible things would be different now?

"Would you like to go, Elma?—would you be happy in going?"

"In going without you?"

Then she recognised the full import of the message. "I perceive. He does not want me; he wishes you to go alone."

"Then whatever he wishes, I will not go. Not a step will I stir without my mother. Nobody shall make me do it."

"Stop a minute, my furious little woman. Nobody wants to make you. That is not the question. The question is, how far you are right to refuse a hand held out thus—an old man's hand."

"But if it has struck my mother?"

She smiled. "The blow harmed me not, and it has healed long ago. He did not understand—he did not mean it. Besides, I am not his own flesh and blood—you are. He is your own grandfather."

"But he does not love me, nor I him, and love is the only thing worth having."

"Love might come."

I recall my mother's look as she sat pleading thus, and I wonder how she had the strength to do it. I think there is only one kind of love—mother's love, and that not even the love of all mothers—which could have done it.

She argued with me a long time. At last I begged her to decide for me, just as if I were still a little child; but she said I was old enough to decide for myself, and in such an important step I must decide. All this while the horses kept tramping the ground outside; every sound of their feet seemed

to tramp upon my heart. If ever a poor creature felt like being torn in two, it was I at that moment.

For I wanted to go—I longed to go. Not merely for the childish pleasure of driving in a grand carriage to a fine house, but also because I had formed a romantic ideal of my grandfather. I wished to realise it—to see him again, and find out if he really were the kind of man I imagined. If so, how fond of him, how proud of him, I should have been! I, poor Elma Picardy, who never in her life had seen a man, a real, heroic man; only creatures on two legs, with ridiculous clothing and contemptible faces—and manners to match. Not one of them ought to be named in the same day with my grandfather.

Yes; I was thirsting to go to him; but I could not bear to let my mother see it. At last a loophole of hope appeared.

“Perhaps there was some mistake in the message. Let us send Mrs. Golding to ask the servant to repeat it.”

No; there was no mistake. He was quite sure his master expected Miss Picardy only.

Then I made up my mind. I had a mind and a will too, when I chose to exercise them; and the thing in this world which most roused me was to see a wrong done to another person. Here, the injured person happened to be my own mother. Of course I made up my mind!

“Very well. I will answer the message myself. You, mother darling, shall have nothing to do with it.”

And as I spoke I pressed her into an arm-chair, for she looked very pale, and leaning over her, I kissed her fondly. As I did so, it dawned upon me that the time might come, was perhaps coming now, when I might have to take care of my mother, not she of me. Be it so; I was ready.

“Messages are sometimes mis-delivered; write yours,” said she, looking at me—a little surprised, but I think not sorry; nay, glad.

I took a sheet of paper, and wrote in as clear and steady a hand as I could—

“Elma Picardy thanks her grandfather for his kindness; but, as she told him, she has scarcely ever in her life spent a whole day away from her mother. She cannot do it now. She must decline his invitation.”

Then I walked down-stairs, and gave the letter myself to the servant, the old man who had known my father. He must have seen my father in my face, for he looked at me with swimming eyes—big, beaming Irish eyes (have I ever said that the Picardys were an Irish, or, rather, a French family long

Hibernicised?). He held the letter doubtfully.

“Ah, miss, it’s to say ye’re coming, is it? You that are the young mather’s own daughter, and as like him as two peas. The ould mather’s mad to see ye. Sure now, ye’ll come?”

It was my first welcome among my father’s people, and to reject it seemed hard. But I only shook my head.

“No, I’m not coming.”

“And why don’t ye come, Miss Picardy?” said the old man, with true Irish freedom—the freedom of long devotion to the family. I afterwards found that he had dandled on his knee my father and my four dead uncles, and now was nursing his old master with the tenderness of a brother. “Ye’re of the ould stock. Wouldn’t ye like to visit the General?”

“Very much, but—I could not possibly go without my mother.”

The Irish have many faults, but want of tact is not one of them.

“You’re right, miss, quite right, and I’ll tell the General so if he asks me. Good-day. It’ll all come right by-and-by, mark my words, Miss Picardy.”

This was just a little too much. I did not understand people taking liberties with me. I drew myself up, and saw my grandfather’s carriage drive away—standing as still as a statue and as proud as Lucifer. But when it was quite out of sight, and my chance gone—perhaps the one chance in my life of rising to the level to which I was born—the pride broke down, the statue melted—I am afraid into actual tears.

My mother should not see them, that I was determined; so I ran into Mrs. Golding’s empty kitchen and dried them—although, having left my pocket-handkerchief up stairs, I had to dry them on the round towel! This most unpoetical solution of things knocked all the nonsense out of me, and I went up-stairs to my mother with a gay face and quiet heart.

She had said nothing, one way or other, after she told me to decide for myself, but now that I had decided she looked at me with gladdened eyes, and leant her head on my shoulder, uttering a sigh of relief. And once again I felt how proud I should be when we had to change places, and I became my mother’s shield and comforter, as she had been mine. Sometimes, of course, regrets would come, and wonderings as to how my grandfather had taken my answer; but I put such thoughts back, and after all we had a happy day.

The next day—oh! how lovely it was! I remember it as if it were yesterday. Spring had come at last. The sun shone with the changeful brightness of April and the comfortable warmth of June. The palms were all out, and the scent from their opening buds filled the lanes. The woods were yellow with primroses and blue with violets; hyacinths were not in blossom yet. As for sound, what with larks in the sky, linnets and wrens in the hedge-rows, and blackbirds on every tall tree, the whole world seemed full of birds' singing. A day to make old folk feel young again, and the young—why—I felt alive to the very ends of my fingers, with a sense of enjoyment present, a foreboding of infinitely greater delight to come. How can I describe it? the delicious feeling peculiar to one's teens, the "light that never was on sea or shore." No, never was—never could be, perhaps; we only see its dawning. But there may be full day somewhere, beyond this world of pain.

My mother and I were coming home from our long walk. She carried a great bunch of primroses for our parlour; I had a basket of violet roots to plant in Mrs. Golding's garden. I was determined to finish her violet-bed—in spite of my grandfather! indeed, I tried hard to forget him, and to believe that all yesterday had been a dream.

No, it was not a dream, for at that minute we came face to face with a carriage turning round the corner of the solitary Bath road. It was my grandfather's carriage, and he himself sat in it.

That it was he I saw at once, and my mother guessed at once, for she grasped me by the arm. He leaned back, a little paler, a little sterner-looking than I remembered him; but it was not at all a bad face or a mean face. On the contrary, there was something very noble in it; even his worst enemy would have said so. I could have felt sorry for him, as he sat in the sunshine, with his eyes closed, apparently not enjoying this beautiful world at all.

Should we pass him by? That was my first impulse. It would be easy enough; easy also to remain out of doors till all chance of his finding us, if he had really come to call, was over. Pride whispered thus—and yet—

No, it was too late. The old butler or valet, or whatever he was, had seen us; he touched his hat and said something to a gentleman who sat opposite to my grandfather. The carriage stopped, and this gentleman immediately sprang out.

"I beg your pardon; I presume you are Mrs. Picardy?"

He had addressed himself to my mother, taking no notice of me. She bowed; I did nothing; all my attention was fixed on my grandfather, who seemed with difficulty to rouse himself so as to take in what was happening. The other gentleman spoke to him.

"General, this is Mrs. Picardy. Madam, we were going to call. My cousin is too lame to get out of the carriage. Will you mind entering it and driving a little way with him? He wishes much to be introduced to you."

I cannot tell how he managed it—the stranger, who, of course, I guessed was not a stranger, but my cousin, Conrad Picardy—however, he did manage it. Almost before we knew where we were, the momentous meeting was over, and that without any tragic emotion on either side. It was just an ordinary introduction of a gentleman to a lady. My mother was calm, my grandfather courteous. The whole thing was as commonplace as possible. No conversation passed; beyond a few words on the extreme beauty of the day and the length of the drive from Bath; until my mother said something about her regret to find the General such an invalid.

"Yes; I suffer much," said he. "Poor old thing!" patting his swathed leg propped on cushions, "it is almost worse than when I was shot in battle. I cannot walk a step. I am a nuisance to everybody, especially to my good cousin. By-the-bye, I should have presented him to you—Major Picardy, Mrs. Picardy; and, Conrad, this is my granddaughter, Elma."

He said my name with a tender intonation. It was a family name, my mother had told me; in every generation there had been always at least one Elma Picardy.

Major Picardy bowed, and then, as my mother held out her hand, he shook hands with us both. His was a touch rather peculiar, unlike all clasps of the hand I ever knew, being at once soft and firm; strong as a man's, gentle as a woman's. I can feel it still, even as I can still see my mother's smile. His face—it seemed as if I had seen it before somewhere—was of the same type as my grandfather's, only not so hard. He looked about thirty-five, or a little older.

"Major Picardy is visiting me now," said my grandfather. "He is kind enough to say he is not weary of my dull house, where, madam, I have nothing to offer you,

should you honour me with a visit, but the society of two lonely soldiers."

My mother bowed courteously, acknowledging but not absolutely accepting the invitation.

"Major Picardy is not married, then?" said she, turning to him, "I thought—I imagined——"

"No, not married," said he; and the shadow flitting across his face made my mother speak at once of something else, and caused me to begin weaving no end of romantic reasons why he was still a bachelor, this elderly cousin of mine, for to seventeen thirty-five is quite elderly. But he interested me, being the same sort of man apparently as my grandfather, only younger.

General Picardy was entirely of the old school. He called my mother, "madam," and addressed her with the formal politeness of a Sir Charles Grandison. In no way did he betray that there had ever been any anger between them, or that he had ever treated her in any way different from now.

Should I condone his offences? Should I forgive him? Alas! I fear I never once thought of his sins or my condescending pardon. I was wholly absorbed in the pleasure of this meeting, and in my intense admiration of my grandfather.

When the carriage, having moved slowly up and down the village for half an hour, set us down at our own door, he renewed the invitation.

"I will send the carriage for you, madam; and if you will remain the night—a few days—a week—you and this girl of yours—my girl, too"—and he gently touched my hand—"I shall be only too happy. Fix the day when I may have the honour of receiving you; an early day, I trust."

"Oh, mother," I cried eagerly, "let us go, let us go to-morrow!"

My grandfather looked pleased.

"See what it is to have a young lady to decide for us elders. Madam, you must agree. Conrad, you will arrange everything, as far as is possible to us helpless soldiers? Child, if we once let you into our house, I fear you will turn commander-in-chief there, and rule us all."

This speech, implying a future so bright that I hardly dared believe in it, settled the matter. My mother, whatever she felt, betrayed nothing, but assented cheerfully to the plan, and when we all parted it was with the understanding that we should spend the next day and night under my grandfather's roof, "and as many more days and nights,

madam, as you may find convenient or agreeable."

CHAPTER VI.

I DID sleep under my grandfather's roof, but it was not for a week after that, and it was without my mother.

That very night she slipped on the stairs, and sprained her ankle—no serious injury, but enough to make her glad to rest on the sofa, and confine herself to our two little rooms.

"And it would never do to go hobbling helplessly about big ones," said she. "Besides, all gentlemen hate invalids—no doubt, your grandfather does. He is an old man, and you may have to put up with some peculiarities. I think you will do this better, and get on with him better, quite alone."

"You don't mean me to go alone?"

"Yes, my child," said she decisively.

And I found she had already answered affirmatively a letter of his—or rather, of Major Picardy's, begging I might come, and explaining that he had invited a Mrs. Rix, another "elderly" cousin, to stay at Royal Crescent as my companion and chaperon until my mother could join me.

At first I remonstrated vehemently. Either we would go together, or I would not go at all—at least, not to-morrow, as she had arranged.

"But he earnestly desires it. And you forget, my child, that a man over seventy has not too many to-morrows."

"Oh, you wish me to go? You want to get rid of me?"

My mother smiled—a strangely pathetic smile. In a moment my arms were round her neck.

"I'll do anything you like, mammy dear, anything you consider right and best."

"Thank you, my darling. But we will sleep upon it, and see what to-morrow brings."

It brought another urgent letter from my grandfather—that is, his amanuensis, wishing us both to go, in spite of my mother's half-invalid state; but I could not get her to change her mind. Perhaps she was glad of an excuse to stay behind; but chiefly, I fancied, because, thinking always of me, and never of herself, she honestly believed I should get on better with my grandfather alone. Whatever were her reasons, evidently her resolution was taken.

"And now let us pack up, my child; for the carriage" (Major Picardy said it would be sent on chance) "ought to be here directly."

"Put up very few things, mother, for I shall certainly be back in two days," said I, half indignant at her thinking she could do without me so easily.

"You have very few things altogether, my poor Elma; not half what General Picardy's grand-daughter ought to wear," said my mother, with one of her troubled looks.

"Nonsense!" and my passionate pride rose up. "He must take me as I am—clothes and all. It is not *his* doing that I have not ran about in rags these seventeen years."

"Hush! my darling. Let by-gones be by-gones. He wishes this, I am sure. If you had seen the way he looked at you the other day! and you are all that is left to him, the only child of his race and name. He is sure to love you."

"Is he?"

Though I said nothing, in my heart of hearts, I felt that I too could love my grandfather—if he would let me. There was such a world of love in me then—such a capacity for admiring and adoring people. I longed to find creatures worthy of worship, and to make myself a mat for their feet to walk over. Hopeless delusion! not rare in young girls, and costing them many a pang; yet better and safer than the other delusion, that everybody must be admiring and adoring them. After all, I have known worse human beings than poor Elma Picardy at seventeen.

Our preparations were scarcely finished—and I found from the condition of my wardrobe that my mother must have been silently preparing it all this week—when I heard the sound of carriage-wheels. My heart jumped—I could not help it—I was so sorry to go, yet so glad. In truth, I could not understand myself at all.

Major Picardy had said something about fetching me himself; but the carriage was empty. This was a relief; for how could I have talked all the way to Bath with a perfect stranger? A relief also was it that my good-byes had to be so brief. I had no time to think whether I was happy or miserable.

My mother clasped and kissed me fondly, but without tears.

"There is nothing to weep for, my child. Go, and be happy. One only advice I give you—it is your family motto, only put into beautiful Latin,—'Do the right, and fear nobody.' Not even your grandfather."

So she sent me away with a jest and a smile—away into the new, beautiful, unknown world! This bright spring day, with the sun shining, the birds singing, the soft south-west

wind blowing, what girl in her teens would not have been happy—at least, not very unhappy—even though she had left her mother behind for a few days, and was all alone? I dried my eyes, I sat up in the carriage, and looked about me. Ah, yes, it was indeed a beautiful world!

It is so still; even though my eyes have ceased to shine, and, almost, to weep; though my heart beats levelly and quietly; and I look behind rather than before, except when I look into the world everlasting. It is,—yes, thank God! it is still to me the same beautiful world.

Leaving the delicious country lanes, we entered Bath streets. There I saw the admired young ladies and admiring young gentlemen, sauntering idly up and down, looking at one another, and occasionally at me too. I looked at them back again, fearlessly now. Times were changed;—my dreams were realised, my pride was healed. As Miss Picardy, seated in her grandfather's carriage, I met the world on an equal footing, and it was very pleasant.

Will any one blame me—I hardly blame myself now—for enjoying things so much, even though I had left my mother? Was it not a delight to her to see me happy? Had she not desired me to be happy? And, as I descended from the carriage in front of my grandfather's house at Royal Crescent, I really believe I was one of the happiest girls in the world.

That house stands there yet. I passed it the other day; a group of children were on the steps; a modern carriage, very unlike my grandfather's, waited at the door. New people lived in it, to whom, as to the rest of the world, it seemed just like any other house. But it never will seem so to me. To the end of my days, I could never pass it without turning back to look at it—and remember.

I did not enter it without a welcome. My grandfather was still in his room; but my cousin, Major Picardy, stood at the door, and behind him was an elderly lady, Mrs. Rix, whom I may as well describe as I did that night in my letter home, as "nothing particular."

Major Picardy I have never described, and I doubt if I can do it now. Other people I see clearly enough; but to me he never seemed like other people. Perhaps, were I to meet him now, for the first time—but no! it would be just the same, I am sure.

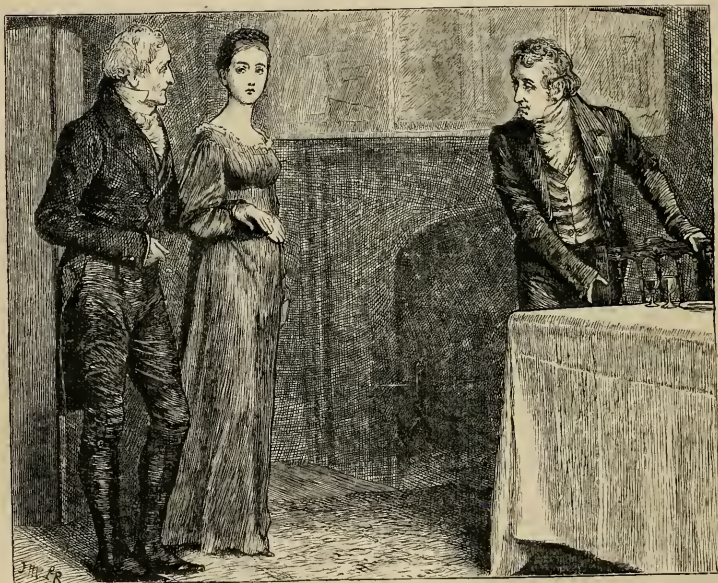
The "good boy" had become a good man—that you saw at once by his face—a hand-

some face, I suppose, since it resembled my grandfather's; but I never remember asking myself whether it were handsome or not. It was *his* face, that was all. He was not a tall man—scarcely taller than I—and his figure was a little bent, being contracted at the chest; but he had great dignity of carriage, and a certain formality of manner, also like my grandfather, which became him as well as it did the General. Both were soldiers, as I have said, and both equally well-born, well-bred, and well-educated.

"Welcome!" he said to me, holding out

a kind, warm hand, "welcome, cousin, to the house of all others where you have a right to be welcome. Mrs. Rix, will you take Miss Picardy up to her room?"

Mrs. Rix, who immediately informed me that she was "born a Picardy," and seemed to have an unlimited admiration, mingled with awe, for the whole Picardy race—led the way to the guest-chamber, evidently the best room in the house, which had been prepared for my mother and me. A charming room it was, with its three windows, set in an oval, looking up the smiling hillside,



where, dotted among the green hills, mansion after mansion, and terrace after terrace, were beginning to climb up to the very rim of the deep circular basin in which Bath is built.

"You will find it quite quiet, being at the back of the house. Do you like quiet, my dear?"

I did not know. But I think I liked everything, and I told my grandfather so when I met him at lunch. He was walking feebly into the dining-room on Major Picardy's arm. At my remark he laughed, and his cousin smiled.

"Away, Conrad, and let Elma see how she likes to be an old man's walking-stick. She is fully as tall as you. Come here, child."

I came, and he leant on me. Does one love best those who lean upon one? I think some do. From that minute I began, not only to admire, but to love my grandfather.

Was he loving-hearted? It was too much to expect sentiment at his age. This first meal at his table almost choked me, for I was so nervous, so full of conflicting emotions, that it was with difficulty I could keep from crying. But he ate with composure and appe-

tite, talking Bath tittle-tattle to the others, and scarcely noticing me. After lunch he called me to him, and took my face between his soft, withered hands.

"Yes, you are like your father, but still more like your grandmother. A beautiful girl she was; you remember her, Mrs. Rix? and you, Conrad? But no—I forgot. My wife—Lady Charlotte Picardy—has been dead these forty years."

He mentioned the fact quite calmly, not omitting the "Lady" Charlotte. It was odd, I thought, for a man to speak of a dead wife in that tone. Still, he had never married again, but had lived solitary for forty years.

"You will turn her head, General, by comparing her to her beautiful grandmother. And yet it is true," whispered Mrs. Rix, looking at me.

I felt that my other cousin was looking too. He rose.

"Come, where shall we go for our afternoon drive? What have you seen, Miss Picardy?"

"Nothing."

At which, as if I had said something funny, they all smiled at me, these three people, all so much my seniors, to whom I seemed already becoming the child of the house. This fact I felt sure of; their manner to me was so kind. Further, I did not consider—indeed, I was thinking so much about them, that it did not occur to me to trouble myself as to what they thought about me.

Shortly we were out in the sunshine; and, oh, how bright the sunshine is at Bath! and how the white city and green country shine together under it, in soft spring days, such days as this! The carriage moved slowly up the steep hill. Mrs. Rix sat beside the General, Major Picardy and I opposite.

"Take care of his arm," said the ever-fidgety Mrs. Rix, as a jolt in the carriage pushed us together. And then I found out that my cousin was invalided, having been shot in the shoulder at some Indian battle.

"But pray don't look so grave about it," laughed he, "it only makes me a little stiff. I have not much pain now, though the ball is still there. I assure you, I am enjoying my furlough extremely, Miss Picardy."

"Call her Elma, she is still a child," said my grandfather, so affectionately that even the pride of seventeen could not take offence. Besides, was I not a child, and was it not pleasant to be so regarded, and so treated, by these three kind people?

They seemed different from any people I

had ever known, especially the two gentlemen. Both were gentlemen, in the deepest sense of the word. I felt it then by instinct, my reason satisfies me of it now. Both being military men, they had seen a great deal of the world, and seen it with intelligent eyes, so that their conversation was always interesting, often most delightful. Not learned, or I could not have understood it, but this talk of theirs I could understand, and feel happy that I could. To show off one's own cleverness does one harm; but to be able to appreciate the cleverness of other people always does one good.

I was so absorbed in listening that I scarcely looked about me, until the fresh wind of Combe Down blew in our faces, and my grandfather shivered. Major Picardy leaned forward to fasten his cloak for him; it had two lions' heads for a clasp, I remember. Moving seemed to have hurt the wounded shoulder; he turned slightly pale.

"Don't, Conrad. You never think half enough of yourself. Let your arm rest. Here, Mrs. Rix, may I trouble you?"

"Will you not 'trouble' me?"

I said it shyly, with much hesitation, but was rewarded by the sudden bright pleasure in my grandfather's face, and not in his alone. It was curious what pains my cousin took to make me feel at ease, and especially with the General.

When I had fastened the cloak,—with rather nervous fingers, I confess,—the old soldier took and kissed them, with that "grand seigneur" air which became him so well;—then lifted them up. "See, Conrad, a true Picardy hand."

Cousin Conrad (I learnt by-and-by to call him so) smiled. "The General thinks, Cousin Elma, that to be born a Picardy is the greatest blessing that can happen to any human being."

Here Mrs. Rix looked quite frightened, which rather amused me. For I had sense enough to see that the secret of Major Picardy's undoubted influence with the old man was that, unlike most people, he was not afraid of him. This spoke well for both parties. It is only a tyrant who likes having slaves; and as I looked at the General, I felt sure he was no tyrant. Under whatever delusion he had so unkindly treated my mother, was, and is still, a mystery to me, one that I can never penetrate, because the secret of it was doubtless buried in a long-forgotten grave. In all our intercourse he never once spoke to me of his son, my father.

We drove down the steep valley below

Combe Down, then re-ascended and came out upon the beautiful Claverton Road. At Claverton Church I exclaimed that "I knew this place quite well."

"I thought you knew nothing, and had never been anywhere. When, my dear, were you here before?"

"The day I first saw you, sir" (I had noticed that Cousin Conrad usually called him "sir," and he had never yet bade me call him "grandfather"), "I drove past here with Mrs. Golding, in the carrier's cart."

"In the carrier's cart! A young lady going about in a carrier's cart!" cried Mrs. Rix agast.

"But how courageous of the young lady to own it!" said Cousin Conrad, and then my grandfather, who had looked annoyed for a moment, brightened up.

"Quite right, quite right. Mrs. Rix, I assure you a Picardy may do anything. Only, my dear Elma, I hope you will not again patronise your friend the carrier, or indulge in any such eccentric modes of travelling."

"Indeed, young ladies should never do eccentric things," said Mrs. Rix, eyeing me with a little curiosity, but evidently not having the slightest idea that I was a "poor relation," and ignorant that there had ever been any "difficulties" between my mother and the General. She had lived all her life in India, and was only a very distant cousin; I felt glad she had not been made a confidante of the family history. But Cousin Conrad knew everything, and I drew courage from his encouraging smile.

"And this was the view you saw from the carrier's cart? Was it a pleasant conveyance?"

"Not very, exceedingly shaky. But I am sure I shall never regret the journey."

"No, I do not believe you ever will," replied Cousin Conrad, suddenly changing into gravity.

We were standing on a tombstone, looking down the valley, he and I only, he having proposed to show me the beautiful little church and churchyard. There we had lingered for ten minutes or more, reading the inscriptions, and stepping from mound to mound,—those green mounds which to me implied almost nothing, except a sort of poetic melancholy, which added a tender charm to life, this bright, hopeful young life of mine. But Cousin Conrad was older.

"I am very familiar with graves," he said, stepping round by one of them; not jumping over it as I did. "All belonging to me are dead; my kindred, and the dearest of my friends. I am quite alone in the world."

"Alone in the world! What a terrible thing!"

"I do not feel it so. I have plenty of work to do. My doctor once told me I was not likely to have a very long life, and ever since I have determined to make it as full as possible."

"How?"

"What a puzzling question! especially as just now you see me living the idlest of lives, having nothing in the world to do but to be a little help to your grandfather."

"That is natural. Are you not my grandfather's heir?"

"Another puzzling question. What a catechist you are! Do you mean to interrogate everybody like this, when you come out into the world?"

"I cannot tell," said I, laughing. "Really, I know nothing of the world. We never lived in it, my mother and I."

"Would you care to live in it?"

"Perhaps. But that would depend upon what my mother wished. She decides everything."

"Tell me more about your mother."

So I described her, in a few brief passionate words, determined that he at least should fully know all that she really was in herself and all that she had been to me. I cannot say what made me do it, or wish to do it, to so slight an acquaintance; but then he never seemed to me a stranger, and he was of my own blood and name.

Also, to speak about my mother seemed to make amends for what was so strange as to appear almost wrong,—that I could be happy, actually happy, away from her.

"But I shall not be away long. If she is not able to come here, I shall go back to her, let me see, the day after to-morrow," said I, very decidedly.

"Could you not enjoy staying awhile with the General? You like him?"

"Yes," hesitating, but only because I doubted how far I could trust my companion. Then looking in his face, I felt sure I might trust him. "Yes, I could like my grandfather very much, if only I were certain he would be kind to my mother."

Major Picardy regarded me earnestly. "You may set your mind at rest on that point, now and always."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. He told me so. And when you know him better, you will find him a man who, whatever his other faults may be, is not given to change—perfectly sincere and reliable. And now let us go back. Be

as good a girl as ever you can to your grandfather. He wishes for you, and remember, he needs you."

"Wishes *me*? needs *me*? Oh, I am so glad!"

I went back to the carriage with a heart as light as the lark's that we left singing over the churchyard. My heart sang too, a happy song all to itself, the whole way back. I had found something new in my life,—my life which had seemed already as full as it could hold, till these fresh interests came, yet I found it could hold them, and enjoy them too. "I must tell my mother all about it," thought I, and began writing my evening letter in my head. But no words seemed strong enough to express my grandfather's attractiveness and Cousin Conrad's kindness.

The dinner hour was six. Mrs. Rix told me she was going to dress, so I dressed likewise, in my only silk gown—a soft, dark grey—with my best Valenciennes collar and cuffs. I thought my toilet splendid, till I saw Mrs. Rix; in cherry-coloured satin, with bare arms and neck, covered only by a black lace shawl. I felt almost like a real "poor relation" beside her; till I met Cousin Conrad's kind smile, as if he understood all about it, and was rather amused than not. Then I forgot my foolish vexation, and smiled too.

As for my grandfather, he took no notice whatever of my clothes, but a good deal of me; talking to me at intervals all dinner-time, and when, that meal being quickly over, a good many people came dropping in, as was the custom in Bath, Mrs. Rix told me, he introduced me punctiliously to everybody as "My grand-daughter, Miss Picardy."

Some of them looked surprised, and some of them, I was sure, made undertoned comments upon me and my appearance; but I did not care. If my grandfather was satisfied, what did it matter?

The guests were not very interesting, nor could I understand how grown-up people should play with such deep earnestness at those games of cards, which at school, when we made up an occasional round game, I always found so supremely silly—sillier even than building card-houses. But I got a little quiet talk with Cousin Conrad, who, seeing I was dull, came up to me. By-and-by the evening was over—this first evening, never to be forgotten.

When everybody was gone, and we were saying good night, my grandfather put his hand on my shoulder, and called Mrs. Rix.

"I do not presume to comprehend ladies'

costume, but it seems to that this is a rather 'sad-coloured robe,' as Shakspeare has it, for so young a person. What say you, my dear, would you not prefer to look a little more—more like other young ladies?"

I winced.

"Yes, indeed, General, she ought," said Mrs. Rix. "I have been thinking all evening, only I did not quite know how to say it, that if Miss Picardy were dressed—as Miss Picardy—that is, if you would allow me to take her to a proper Bath dressmaker—"

But my pride was up. "Thank you; I prefer to wait till my mother comes. It is she who always chooses my clothes."

"As you please. Good night," said my grandfather, shortly, as he took up his candle and disappeared.

Cousin Conrad gave me a look, a very kind one, yet it seemed to "call me to order," almost like one of my mother's. Was my pride right or wrong? What must I do?

"Follow him," whispered Major Picardy, and I obeyed. I hope it is not a startling confession, but there have been very few people in my life whom I either could or would "obey."

I followed the old man, walking feebly down-stairs, and touched him.

"I beg your pardon, I——"

"Pray do not apologize. I merely asked you to give me the pleasure of seeing you dressed as becomes your position—my position, I mean, and you declined. It does not matter."

"It does matter, since I have vexed you. I could not help it. Don't you see, sir, that I have got no money. How can I go and buy new clothes?"

He looked puzzled, but a little less severe.

"Why, child, surely you understood that—but it is of no consequence whether I am pleased or not."

"It is of consequence."

"To me, perhaps. I do not flatter myself it can be so to either you or your mother."

Was this speech ironical? Did it infer any ill-feeling towards my mother? If so, I must speak out. I must make him see clearly on what terms we stood.

"Sir," I said, looking him boldly in the face, "I am seventeen years old, and I never saw you, never even heard of you, till a few weeks ago. My mother has brought me up entirely. I am what I am, my mother's child; and I cannot be different. Are you ashamed of me?"

He looked, not at me, for he had turned

his back upon me, but at my reflection on the mirror opposite,—a figure which startled even myself, it stood so tall and proud.

“Ashamed of you? No.”

“One word more; do you expect me to be ashamed of my mother?”

Here I felt my hand caught with a warning pressure, and Cousin Conrad joined us; coming, with his winning smile, right between my grandfather and me.

“Is it not rather too late at night to begin any unnecessary conversation? The whole question lies in a nutshell, Cousin Elma. A young lady from the country comes to visit her grandfather. She is, of course, a little behind the fashion, and as her grandfather wishes her to take the head of his table” (I started at this news), “he naturally wishes her to be dressed according to *la mode*—is not that the word?—like other ladies of her age and station. He has a right to bestow, and she to accept, this or any other kindness. I am sure Mrs. Picardy would approve. Every wise mother knows that it is unwise for any young girl, in any society, to look peculiar.”

“Do I look peculiar?”

“Very. Quite unlike any girl I ever saw.”

“Is that meant for civility or incivility, Conrad?” said my grandfather, laughing; for, in truth, there was no resisting that charming way Cousin Conrad had of smoothing down people—half in jest, half in earnest. “Then, Elma, we will make you like other girls, if we can, to-morrow. Now, good night.”

A dismissal—decided, though kindly. Evidently my grandfather disliked arguments and “scenes.” He preferred the comic to the tragic side of life—in fact, like most men, he could not endure being “bothered,” would do or suffer a great evil to avoid a small annoyance. So Cousin Conrad that night told me; and so I found out for myself by-and-by.

At present there was nothing for me to do but to creep up-stairs, rather crestfallen, and find Mrs. Rix waiting to conduct me to my room; where she stayed talking a terribly long time, advising me, in elderly and matronly fashion, about the life into which I was about to plunge. She seemed to take it for granted I was to be a long time in Bath; and she

impressed upon me the necessity of doing as other people did, and dressing as other people dressed, and, above all, of trying to please my grandfather.

“For he is an odd man, a very odd man, my dear. I have seen very little of him of late years, but quite enough to find out that. Until he invited me here he never even told me his son had been married, so that to make your acquaintance was a pleasant surprise, Miss Picardy. You must introduce me to Mrs. Picardy. How soon she must have become a widow! And where did she come from? And what was her maiden name?”

“My mother was a Miss Dedman. She was born in Bath,” was all I answered to these and several more inquisitive questions.

“And she will be here, I trust, before I leave? Most likely you will both stay with the General for some time? A capital arrangement. He has lots of money to leave, if he has not left it already to Major Picardy, who gets the landed estate. He is very fond of Cousin Conrad; still, he might grow fonder of you, and if he were to alter his will in your favour—”

“I should despise him!”

I stamped with my foot—my tears burst forth; I could not help it—I had been so over excited that day. And then to be told calmly that I was to stay here in order to worm myself into the old man’s good graces, and supplant Cousin Conrad! What a horrid idea! what a humiliating position! I felt inclined to run away that minute, even though it was the middle of the night—run away back to my mother.

The whole thing was so different from what I had been used to. Mrs. Rix, who talked very little before my grandfather and Cousin Conrad, when she talked to me exhibited her true self, so exceedingly small and worldly-minded, that all my pleasant sensations faded out, and I began to feel as if I had got into an atmosphere where I could not breathe properly. When I shut the door upon her, showing her politely out—not much to her regret, for though I checked them at once, she had been quite frightened at my tears—I threw myself forlornly down upon the bed, and cried like a child for my mother.



LETTERS FROM H.M.S. CHALLENGER.

III.—BERMUDAS (*continued*).

WANDERING about among the pretty hill-and-dale scenery of Bermudas, one is not at first conscious of a singular omission, until all at once it bursts upon him that there is not a drop of water to be seen anywhere—no river, stream, or lake, not even a ditch or a duck-pond. The heavy rain falls upon the porous sand-heap, and runs through it as if it were a sieve. After a heavy shower, it may remain for a little collected in pools along the beaten road, or it may rush down a steep incline, but an hour after the rain is over every trace of it has disappeared. From the whole of the islands about low-water mark being composed of the same porous rock, the sea-water passes through it horizontally as freely as the rain-water passes through it vertically, so that up to high-water mark, and probably considerably above it, on



Unconformable wind-blown beds, Ireland Island.

dry land of Bermudas at one time occupied a space considerably larger than it does at present. Tradition and the accounts of some of the earlier voyagers would seem to corroborate this; but soft though the rocks may be, and rapid the changes which take place in them, in a geological sense, it seems difficult to believe that after they were consolidated, any great change could have taken place in their distribution in the short period during which they had been the subject of tradition. A very careful survey was made in the year 1843, and up to the period of our visit there did not seem to have been the least alteration, even in the depth and extent of the passages among the living reefs, a matter of jealous interest where there are only a few inches to come and go upon, in the question of the entrance of a vessel of a certain draught.

Perhaps even a more satisfactory proof of subsidence was given a few years ago. In preparing a bed for the great floating dock it was necessary to make an excavation in the "camber," extending to a depth of fifty feet below low water. First they came in the cutting, at a depth of twenty-five feet below the surface, to a bed of calcareous mud, five feet thick, forming the floor of the basin, next to loose beds, twenty feet thick, of what has been called "coral crust"—coral sand mixed with detached masses of *Diploria* and isolated examples of smaller corals and of many shells, and passing into freestone, the coral sand cemented together but some-

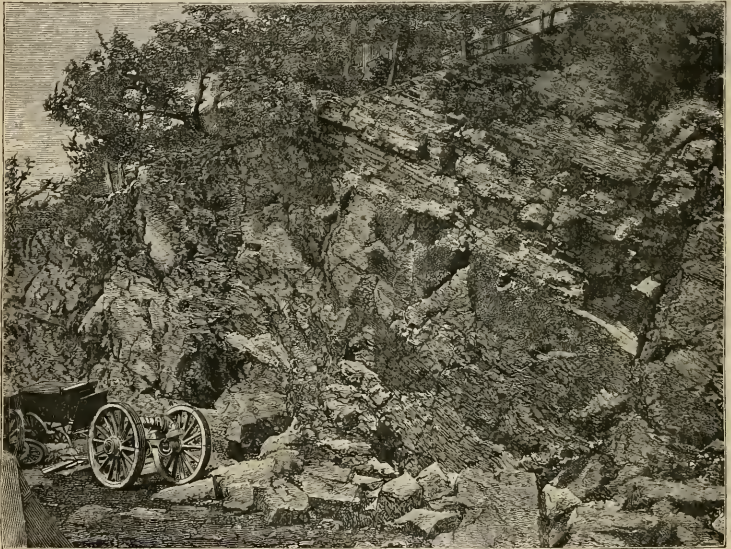
account of capillarity, the rock is completely saturated. There are some marshes and ponds on the main island, the marshes covered with a luxuriant vegetation, but in all of them the water is brackish, and they are all more or less affected by the tide, though the rise and fall is almost imperceptible in those at a distance from the sea. If a well be sunk in almost any part of the island, it is filled with water at once, but it is only the upper layer which is fresh. The water at the bottom of the well is brackish, and is affected by the tide, and the fresh water, which is merely the rain-catch of the surrounding ground, lies on its surface. As there is always a certain amount of mixture, the wells do not yield good drinking-water, and the people trust greatly to their rain-water tanks. The direct evidences of subsidence are everywhere very palpable. The rocks exposed between tide-marks, and now being subjected to denudation, are not reef-rocks formed under water, but are, in most cases, stratified Eolian rocks. The little pinnacle off the shore of Ireland Island has its base composed of the ordinary blown sand of the sand-hills, the middle part is a shred of an old glaciæ, and the top is again horizontally stratified sand which has been laid down unconformably on the cut edges of its laminae, after it had been greatly "denuded" by rain and wind. The North Rock has almost exactly the same structure, so that we can scarcely doubt that the

what loosely coherent. Beneath this, at a depth of about forty-five feet, there is a bed of a kind of peat, and vegetable soil containing stumps of cedar in a vertical position, and the remains of other land vegetation, with the remains of *Helix bermudiensis*, and of several birds; the bed of peat was ascertained by boring to lie upon the ordinary hard "base-rock."

Fossils, or semi-fossils, are very common throughout the islands, and they are generally such as we find associated with sand-hills. One or two species of *Helix*, showing many

varieties, are by far the most abundant; the shells can be picked out of the soft rock in some places in thousands, as at Mount Langton and along the road-side in Somerset Island.

It is difficult to imagine where there has been so much change of level, that elevations, at all events of a local character, should not have occurred from time to time, and yet we could not satisfy ourselves that we had detected any absolute proof of this. The only case in which we felt an approach to confidence, was a rock about ten feet



Stratification of sand-blown limestone, Ireland Island.

above high-water mark on Boaz Island, which seemed to contain *serpula* borings in position. In various places, however, a peculiar kind of calcareous tubing which forms round roots of bushes and grass presents itself under such various aspects, that we may have mistaken this for *serpula*. In many spots, the rock far above high-water contains marine shells, but these seem to be all such as might have been blown along with the sand into their elevated position, or have been carried there by other means. *Turbo pica*, for example, one of the commonest, is too heavy to be carried by the

wind, but it is constantly transported far inland and to any height by the "soldier crab."

In the collection of Mr. Bartram, a very enthusiastic amateur naturalist, living near St. George's, I found a small worn and rounded fossil, which seemed to be the cup of a crinoid allied to *Holopus*. Mr. Bartram kindly gave me the specimen, and we looked most carefully in all subsequent dredgings near Bermudas for some farther indication of the presence of the species, but in vain.

On the 21st of April, we left Bermudas,

crossed the gulf-stream to within a short distance of Sandy-hook and proceeded to Halifax, Nova Scotia, where we remained about a fortnight. We then returned southwards, cutting the gulf-stream along a line four hundred miles to the eastward of our previous section. On the 31st of May we had the pleasure of finding ourselves once more lashed alongside the dockyard at Bermudas.

The weather was now much warmer, the thermometer in the shade ranging from 71° to 77° F., and with the advancing season the appearance of the islands had changed considerably. Even from a distance many additional shades of green might be seen brightening and softening the sombre uniformity of the cedar woods, and conspicuous above all others, brilliant masses of the splendid foliage of the "Pride of India," (*Melia azedarach*), which, during our former visit, showed its delicate trusses of lilac flowers only. I have already referred to the use of the common oleander (*Nerium oleander*) for arresting the progress of moving sand. The plant was introduced into Bermudas in modern times, and appears to have been encouraged partly on account of its value for that purpose, and partly doubtless for its showy flowers. The climate and soil seem to suit it wonderfully, and it has regularly taken possession of the islands. Large bushes, twenty feet high, are everywhere, round the cottages, along the road-sides and in the woods, and thick hedges of great height, planted partly as bounding fences and partly for shelter, intersect the cultivated ground in every direction. Nothing can be imagined more ornamental. There are all the colour varieties, from white through pale rose and lilac, to nearly crimson. The flowers tend to come double or semi-double, and they bloom most profusely. The country round Hamilton and Somerset Island was a perfect blaze of colour in June, and as the flowers come in succession and stand a long time, they would remain so during the greater part of the season. The oleander is not now so popular as it was, and although it is still planted in large numbers in shifting sand, it is suspected that high thickets and hedges near dwellings are not healthy, and lately they have been cleared away in many places.

June 9th.—A party started early in the morning in the galley and the steam pinnace for the Walsingham Caves. We called at Mount Langton for the Governor, who had arranged to join us, and then went on to

"The Flats," the entrance to Harrington Sound. The strait, which is the only communication between this beautiful land-locked sheet of water and the sea, is very narrow, and spanned by a low bridge. The rising tide rushes in through it with great force, and when we arrived the ebbing tide was rushing out with the velocity of a mill-race. We sent on the steam pinnace with the photographer and some of our party by way of Castle Harbour to Walsingham, to try to photograph the interior of one of the caves with the magnesium light, and we warped the galley against the rapids, and she was soon in the still clear water of the Sound. Harrington Sound is a most peculiar basin, and certainly it is extremely beautiful. It is nearly rectangular, a mile wide by about two miles long in the direction of the axis of the island. To the south a low, narrow band separates it from the sea, and on the other three sides the land rises in irregular, richly wooded ridges, forming nearly the highest ground in Bermudas. The sheet of water is thus completely land-locked, and as it is of considerable depth, if there were any good access to it, it would make one of the finest harbours conceivable. It was at one time proposed to cut a canal, opening a communication to the southward, and to make it the Government harbour, but the project was abandoned in favour of the present arrangement at Ireland Island.

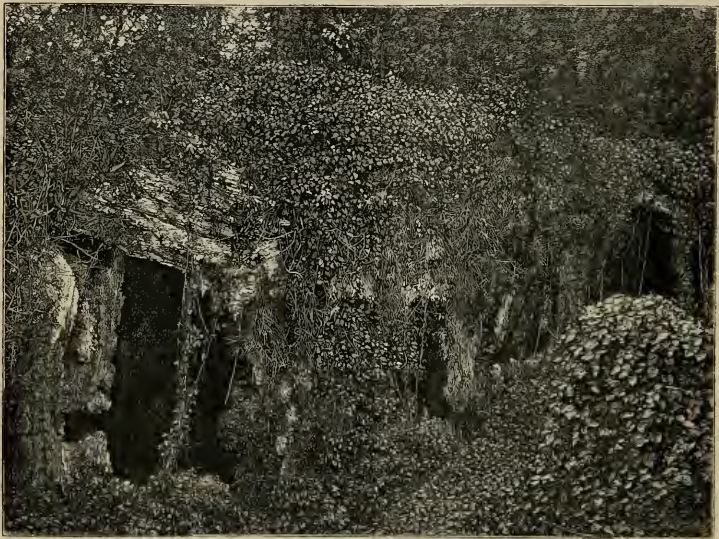
We had taken along with us one of the native fishermen who was in the habit of collecting corals and knew the localities of the different species, and under his guidance we explored some low caves under the cliffs along the northern shore. The roofs of the caves were covered with green algæ, and below the scarcely perceptible line where the air met the still, clear water, there was a complete incrustation of the delicate coral *Mycidium fragile* standing out in undulating purple crescents like some luxuriant lichen. Some of the sailors stripped and dived for it, and soon there was a pile of beautiful specimens in the boat. A colony of tropic birds (*Phaeton athereus*) were building in the cliffs above, and as they sailed over us, their two long, white, tail-feathers gleaming in the sun, their white breasts reflected the colour of the water and they looked as if they had been moulded in pale green glass. We drew slowly round, in full enjoyment, to the corner of the Sound nearest Walsingham, and a few minutes' walk brought us to the caves.

As in all limestone districts, the caves at

Bermudas consist of large vaulted chambers hollowed out in the rock by the removal of its material by running fresh water or by the action of the sea. The process is probably more rapid in a coral island than it is where the rock belongs to one of the older formations. Dana observed similar caverns in Metia, or Aurora Island, one of the western Paumotus, in which the geological structure may greatly resemble that of Bermudas, and he quotes from the Rev. Mr. Williams an account of a cavern in the coral rock of Atiu, one of the Hervey group, in which he

"wandered two hours without finding a termination to its windings, passing through chambers with fretwork ceilings of stalagmite and stalactite columns which sparkled brilliantly with the reflected torch-light."* The entrances are usually small crevices in the rock, often almost masked by vegetation. One, which we passed on our way, called the Convolvulus Cave, is covered with a glorious mantle of *Ipomœa nil*, its ephemeral flowers changing during the day from a brilliant azure to rich purple.

A curious circumstance had given me a



Entrance to the Convolvulus Cave.

particular interest in one of the Walsingham caves. In the year 1819 the late Sir David Milne, at that time commanding in chief on the North American and West Indian station, had a very fine stalagmite upwards of eleven feet in length, averaging two feet in diameter, and weighing three and a half tons, removed from the cave and placed in the Museum of the University of Edinburgh, where the course of circumstances has now placed it in my custody. The stalagmite was sawn over near the floor of the cave, and in the year 1863 Sir Alexander Milne, now first naval Lord of the Admiralty,

and at that time commanding in chief on the same station, visited the cave and examined carefully the stump of the column which had been removed forty-four years before by his father. It had made some attempt at reparation, and in the year 1864 Mr. David Milne Home gave the results of his brother's observations in a notice to the Royal Society of Edinburgh. He observed five drops of water falling on the stump, two at the rate of three or four drops in the minute, the others much less fre-

* "United States' Exploring Expedition," vol. x. Geology, by James D. Dana, A.M., Geologist to the Expedition, p. 67.

quently. At the spot where the two drops were falling two small knobs of calcareous matter had been formed. On the part of the stumps where the three drops were falling, the deposit consisted of only a thin crust. The total estimated bulk of the stalagmite which had accumulated during forty-four years was about five cubic inches. Mr. Milne Home calculated that at that rate it would have taken 600,000 years to form the original stalagmite; but he points out very truly, that it is highly improbable that the supply has been uniform, and that in all likelihood it was very much greater at an

earlier period, and has been steadily decreasing owing to the consolidation of the rock forming the roof of the cavern.

When we examined the stump, which was just about ten years later, the two drops were still falling, but apparently somewhat more slowly, one not quite three times in a minute, the other twice; this must depend, however, in some measure upon the previous weather. The three drops were still falling, and adding silently to their crust. We could not determine that the bulk of the new accumulation was perceptibly greater than when it was measured by Sir Alexander Milne.



Cedar Avenue, Hamilton, p. 163.

We were very anxious to carry away with us a permanent record of the present condition of the stump of the stalagmite, and we twice tried to photograph it with the magnesium light. On the first occasion the picture came out fairly, but most unfortunately in the darkness and the difficulty of conducting such operations it was spoiled. When we tried it again, there was something wrong with the bath, and it was a complete failure.

It then occurred to us that it might be possible to take another slice from the column, showing the amount of reparation during half a century, as an accessory and

complement to the Edinburgh specimen. Our time was too short to allow us to do this ourselves, but Captain Aplin most kindly undertook to make the attempt after our departure, and I have just heard that he succeeded in his difficult task. The roof of the cave at the point whence the stalagmite was removed is at a height of about fifteen feet, and facing the stump there are two majestic columns uniting the roof and the floor, one of them upwards of sixty feet in circumference. They are beautifully fluted and fretted with stalactite, and shone out with a pure white-frosted surface in the magnesium light. Send-

ing the galley on before us we walked along the isthmus which forms the western boundary of Harrington Sound to Painter's Vale, where there was a small detachment of Engineers living under canvas, and another cave.

I think the Painter's Vale cave is the prettiest of the whole. The opening is not very large. It is an arch over a great mass of debris forming a steep slope into the cave, as if part of the roof of the vault had suddenly fallen in. At the foot of the bank of debris one can barely see in the dim light, deep clear water lying perfectly still and reflecting the roof and margin like a mirror. We clambered down the slope, and as the eye became more accustomed to the obscurity the lake stretched farther back. There was a crazy little punt moored to the shore, and after lighting candles Captain Nares rowed the Governor back into the darkness, the candles throwing a dim light for a time—while the voices became more hollow and distant—upon the surface of the water and the vault of stalactite, and finally passing back as mere specks into the silence.

After landing the Governor on the opposite side Captain Nares returned for me, and we rowed round the weird little lake. It was certainly very curious and beautiful; evidently a huge cavity out of which the calcareous sand had been washed or dissolved, and whose walls, still to a certain extent permeable, had been hardened and petrified by the constant percolation of water charged with carbonate of lime. From the roof innumerable stalactites perfectly white, often several yards long and coming down to the delicacy of knitting needles, hung in clusters; and wherever there was any continuous crack in the roof or wall a graceful soft-looking curtain of white stalactite fell, and often ended, much to our surprise, deep in the water. Stalagmites also rose up in pinnacles and fringes through the water, which was so exquisitely still and clear, that it was something difficult to tell where the solid marble tracery ended and its reflected image began. In this cave, which is a considerable distance from the sea, there is a slight change of level with the tide sufficient to keep the water perfectly pure. The mouth of the cave is overgrown with foliage, and every tree is draped and festooned with the fragrant *Jasminum gracile*, mingled not unfrequently with the "poison ivy," *Rhus toxicodendron*. The Bermudians, especially the dark people, have a most exaggerated horror of this bush. They imagine that if one touch it or rub against it he becomes feverish, and is covered with an

eruption. This is no doubt entirely mythical. The plant is very poisonous, but the perfume of the flower is rather agreeable, and we constantly plucked and smelt it without its producing any unpleasant effect. The tide was with us when we regained the Flats Bridge, and the galley shot down the rapid like an arrow, the beds of scarlet sponges and the great lazy trepangs showing perfectly clearly on the bottom at a fathom depth.

Ireland Island, the extreme island of the chain to the westward, contains the dock-yard with the Government basin and the wonderful iron floating-dock, which was made in England, and towed across the Atlantic with so much labour and risk a few years ago. It is covered with Government buildings, and is under strict naval discipline—an appanage and extension, in fact, of the guardship, *H.M.S. Terror*. Boaz Island succeeds, united to Ireland Island by a bridge, and the site of a military hospital and barrack. A short ferry then leads on to Somerset Island, the richest and best cultivated and perhaps the prettiest part of Bermudas. The houses here are numerous and good, and the market-garden style of culture is fully carried out. The soil is excellent; "red earth" with decayed vegetable matter, and "mixed with it a white meale"—that is to say, the large-grained free coral sand. When we arrived in the beginning of April—very early in the season—they were already dispatching to the New York market weekly ship-loads of delicious early potatoes, for which they were getting £17 a ton, onions at 7s. 6d. a box, and the earliest tomatoes—just beginning to ripen—at 3s. a small box. In Somerset the fields and gardens are small, separated and intersected by tall oleander hedges, and all the rugged ground is covered with cedar woods.

Long Island, or Bermudas, extends as a narrow strip from Somerset Island round the great Sound. At the head of the bay, where Hamilton, the principal town, is situated, it widens out, being about two miles in width; it then forms the singular quadrangular frame round Harrington Sound, and ends on the shore of Castle Harbour. The road from Somerset to Hamilton passes Gibb's Hill, two hundred and forty-five feet high, with a lighthouse one hundred and twenty feet, showing a revolving light, brightening up every minute into a strong glare which continues for six seconds. As the height of the lantern is three hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea, the light can be seen for a distance of about

thirty miles. Cottages and patches of cultivation are scattered along the side of the road for the whole distance.

Hamilton is a quaint, rather pretty little town of about two thousand inhabitants. A half-street of irregular houses and stores with green verandas faces the harbour, with a commodious line of wharves and sheds along the shore. The better houses are scattered and a little inland, and some very pretty villas, the residences of the leading merchants and some of the Government officials, occupy pleasant situations round the head of the bay. The suburbs of Hamilton show well the peculiarity of the contrast between the white-roofed houses and the dark junipers. Nearly the best examples of these so-called "cedars" form a fine avenue just behind the town.

St. George's Island, running along the northern shore of Castle Harbour, terminates the series to the north-east. The town of St. George's is the second on the islands, even more prettily situated than Hamilton, and having likewise a good harbour for vessels of moderate size, and a good line of wharves. The streets of the town are, however, close and narrow, and the drainage is bad; so that St. George's, one of the principal military stations, is by no means healthy. St. David Island, Cooper Island, Castle Island, and many smaller islets, form a broken barrier, closing in Castle Harbour to the southward.

General Lefroy has paid great attention to all questions bearing upon the health and the material prosperity of Bermudas, and his reports to the Home Government, and the reports submitted to him by the local authorities, are of high interest. Very charming in many ways, it seems doubtful whether, with the scarcity of labour which followed slave emancipation, Bermudas would be a colony of any value except as a military station. In this point of view, however, it is of an importance, perhaps, second only to Malta. Judging from General Lefroy's careful statistics, Bermudas cannot be regarded as an essentially unhealthy place, or as one possessing a climate unfavourable to the life of Europeans. The death-rate among the white population is about twenty-two in a thousand—nearly the same as the general death-rate of England. The mean of the death-rate among the troops in Bengal for the five years up to 1869 was 23·8 in a thousand, in Bermudas 16·1, in Malta 15·9, and in Canada—an exceptionally healthy station—6·9. During the last thirty years

Bermudas has suffered from four epidemics of yellow fever, and these, with one exception—that of 1856—told severely on the troops; but, setting aside that terrible scourge, it must be regarded as one of the healthiest of our less healthy stations. A good deal can be done, doubtless, to improve the sanitary condition of the towns and of the military establishments; but the root of the evil is in the porous nature of the rock, preventing a full and purifying supply of running water, and rendering anything like effective sewerage extremely difficult.

There is little live stock on the islands; cattle and sheep do not thrive well, probably mainly owing to the want of a plentiful supply of good water. Butcher-meat is almost all imported from America. Horses are not very numerous, and only tolerably good. There are a few mules and asses.

The greatest extent and diversity of land is in Long Island, between Hamilton and the shore of Harrington Sound. The country is undulating and well wooded, with here and there extensive brackish water marshes cumbered with a luxuriant vegetation of palmettos, mangroves, junipers, and ferns, including the common bracken *Pteris aquilina*, *Osmunda regalis*, and *O. cinnamomea*, and *Acrostichum aureum* often seven or eight feet high. It is intersected by good roads, and dotted with white-roofed houses, churches, and school-houses.

The principal crops raised are potatoes, tomatoes, and onions, for the New York market; these are of the very best quality, but they are raised in comparatively small quantity, owing partly to the scarcity of labour and partly to the patchy distribution of fertile soil and the want of a sufficient supply of manure. Arrowroot—the starch of *Maranta arundinacea*—was at one time a principal article of export; but the quantity produced has been steadily decreasing of late years. What is made is certainly excellent, and fetches a much higher price than the West Indian arrowroot which is driving it out of the market. The starch is contained in a long jointed tuber, or rather rhizome or under-ground stem which springs from the crown of the root of the *Maranta*. This, when it is ripe, is a foot or so in length, slightly flattened, and about an inch in diameter. When fresh it is covered with a brownish skin; but this separates in drying from the tuber, which is white and semi-transparent, and little else than a mass of starch. Fragments of the rhizome or small shoots, which are sent off along with the

rhizomes, are planted about the month of May, and they send up a stem three feet high, with handsome iris-like leaves. In about ten months each plant yields ten or twelve, sometimes as many as eighteen or twenty, tubers. These are partially dried and the skin removed, and then, after being carefully washed, they are ground in a mill worked by horses or oxen into a coarse pulp. The pulp is passed, with an abundance of cold water, through sieves gradually diminishing in mesh, until the starch passes through free from fibre or other impurity. The greater part of the water is then poured off, as much of the remainder as possible forced out by a hand-press, and the cake of starch broken up and dried in shallow wooden trays exposed to a current of air, when it falls into the well-known, snowy, glistening powder. The best arrowroot costs at the manufactory from 1s. 4d. to 1s. 6d. a pound; but the crop is a troublesome one, the labour connected with it extending over about a year, and the Bermudians find the culture of the potato, which lies only about one hundred days in the ground, gives much less trouble, and commands a certain and immediate market in America, a more profitable speculation. Maize is grown in small quantity, chiefly as a vegetable for the sake of the green heads. Indian corn is greatly used as an article of food, but it is imported from America. Cassava (*Jatropha manihot*) is common in gardens, and thrives well. It is much used about Christmas-time for making a very favourite dish of the season—"cassava pudding." All the European vegetables grow in Bermudas, and, with care, seem to come to considerable perfection. It is singular that seed potatoes, and garden seeds of all kinds, including those of the onion and tomato, are imported every year, usually from America or Madeira. It is generally understood that seed grown on the islands will yield a deteriorated crop.

Some years ago Bermudas was famous for its oranges; several of the best varieties were cultivated in gardens, and the fruit arrived at wonderful perfection; while the lemon, the lime, and the bitter orange were self-sown, and sprang up everywhere, so that the country lanes and hedge-rows were redolent of the delicious perfume of orange blossom, and the fruit fell off and rotted on the ground.

About the year 1854 a minute insect of the family Coccidæ appeared on the orange-trees, and multiplied infinitely. The leaves, covered with scales, and glutinous with a

viscid excretion from the animal, became yellow and fell off, the fruit dropped before ripening, and finally many of the trees died. Bermudas has never recovered from this plague, and now there is scarcely an orange grown on the islands. The wild lemons and limes still flourish, and perfume the air in the thickets about Walsingham and Painter's Vale; but the cultivated varieties have disappeared from the gardens. Fruit is by no means abundant. The smaller English fruits—gooseberry, raspberry, currant, &c.—run to wood, and do not bear. Strawberries fruit fairly. Bananas are very generally cultivated, and are good, though the varieties are not so carefully selected as they are in Madeira. There are some fine trees of the Avocada pear (*Persea gratissima*), which bear abundantly. The Mangoe has been introduced into some gardens, but the crop cannot be depended upon. The singular-looking Papaw-trees (*Carica papaya*) are seen everywhere, male and female, round the cottages; but the fruit is not much esteemed.

The climate of Bermudas is very genial; the mean annual temperature is 70° F., while that of Madeira, in almost exactly the same latitude, is 65° F. This difference of 5° is due partly to the prevalence at Bermudas of south-west winds blowing directly over the super-heated reflux of the equatorial current, and partly to the position of the islands within the region of the banked-down warm water of the gulf-stream. The temperature of the coldest month (63° F.) is, however, somewhat lower at Bermudas than at Madeira (64° F.), while that of the warmest month is considerably higher (79° F. to 72° F.). This greater summer-heat telling upon the flowering and the ripening of the seeds of plants gives the flora of Bermudas a more tropical character than that of Madeira, and this is undoubtedly increased by the circumstance that while the vegetation of Madeira and the other "Atlantic islands," the Azores and the Canaries, appears to be to a great degree an extension of that of Southern Europe, that of Bermudas, if we except a large number of introduced plants, is in the main derived from the West Indies and the south of North America.

During our two visits Mr. Moseley collected the plants vigorously, and by a kind arrangement of General Lefroy's, he spent a few days at the camp of the Engineers in Painter's Vale in the middle of the best botanical district. He dried about a hundred and fifty species of flowering plants, which

were sent to Kew, and Dr. Hooker, in returning the rough list, expresses his surprise at finding the flora to possess so tropical a character.

It is pleasant to ride of an evening along the green roads in Bermudas. Things are so much alike all over the world, the exigencies of cultivation and traffic requiring everywhere the same palings or hedge-rows or low walls, and nature everywhere encumbering and ameliorating the road-sides with green weeds with blue or white or red or yellow flowers, that one might almost fancy oneself among the green lanes of the middle counties of England. The exotic character of the vegetation of Bermudas is not obtrusive. The universal cedar might be a yew or a dark-foliaged pine, and only here and there a graceful group of tall palmettos rises over a mangrove swamp. *Chamerops palmetto* is the only indigenous palm; the cabbage palm (*Oreodoxa oleracea*), the date palm (*Phoenix dactylifera*), the cocoa-nut (*Cocos nucifera*), and the grugru palm (*Astro-*

caryum aureum), have been introduced, and grow well; but they do not ripen their fruit. The bananas round the cottages look tropical, and so do the stars of scarlet bracts of *Poinsettia* and the stars of crimson flowers of *Erythrina*; but the far more general tamarisks and oleanders are familiar. An exotic cast is given to the undergrowth by the prickly pear, the Mexican yellow poppy (*Argemone mexicana*), the scarlet sage (*Lantana cocinea*), and the wild ipecacuanha (*Asclepias curassavica*), the food of the caterpillar of the finest Bermudian butterfly (*Danais archippus*); but nettles, chickweed, sow-thistles, rapes, clovers, and other cosmopolitan weeds, hold their accustomed place.

We left Bermudas on the 12th of June. Before we steamed out the camber, his Excellency the Governor, his private secretary Captain Trench, Captain Aplin, and a party of ladies paid us a last visit, and we bade farewell with many regrets to friends to whom we were indebted for every possible kindness during our stay.

C. WYVILLE THOMSON.

BEHOLD ALL CREATURES FOR OUR SPORT OR USE.

By LADY VERNEY.

I SAW to-day high up in the air above a large tree in a lonely field, a little cloud of gnats or flies, so far from the ground as to be almost invisible except when the sun shone upon their gauzy wings. They were gyrating in a regular circular dance, following each other in and out and to and fro, in an intricate measure, cutting and crossing and floating round and round, evidently to their own supreme satisfaction. A little farther on in the heart of the wood we met a line of ants marching from their high-piled nest to some object unseen to us,—straight on, determined, not to be interfered with or turned aside. Presently we crossed a streamlet, where in a quiet pool, sheltered by stones, a little company of about a dozen very small brilliant metallic-looking beetles were swimming rapidly in a circle, in and out, with the utmost regularity, never interfering with each other or losing their places,—a "round dance" of exquisite order, dexterity, and grace. It was very pretty to watch, but was going on with certainly not the slightest reference to my pleasure or convenience,—indeed in the strange severance between our races they were evidently as

unconscious of my existence as if we had been in separate planets.

We have an inveterate and extraordinary belief rooted in us that all nature was created with some reference to ourselves—that all plants, birds, and beasts were intended for the pleasure or the use of man; and as to those tribes which by no manner of means can be coerced into this theory, we proceed very summarily, to the best of our power, to do away with them from off the earth as useless.

It is the conviction of a people dwelling much in towns or on cultivated land, of an unimaginative race,—self-involved, proud, unsympathetic,—who have so disciplined their horses and their dogs, their tulips and their currant-bushes, that these have no independent life from their masters,—who recognise no existences beyond themselves and their belongings. But a man who has lived much in the woods and hillsides, alone face to face with nature for any time, becomes aware that he is only one of God's creatures; and that the sunshine and the shade, the early and the latter rain, are probably intended for the use of other organisations besides his

own,—for their pastime, subsistence, and comfort, as well as for that of the human race.

“Each after his kind, and God saw that it was good,” is a beautiful expression of the thought that “this great globe and all that it inhabit” is not intended to be confined to the use of man alone.

Science has been playing of late into the hands of our vanity; the lightning is made to carry our messages, night is turned into day by the gas out of one rock, metals are extracted from the earth, the very refuse and waste from other products are found to be precious, and made to yield valuable dyes, oils, and useful drugs for our omnivorous wants and gratifications, till we have begun to fancy that only time is required to “show a use” for us in all remaining natural productions. Yet when we turn to the infinitely great and the infinitely small,—to telescopic and microscopic wonders, we discover whole worlds utterly independent and unconscious of us and our requirements.

Even among the races where an individual here and there can be made serviceable to man, such as “that great leviathan whom thou hast caused to play,” we can hardly fancy that the special object of the whale’s life is to give us sperm oil, whalebone, and blubber. Mr. Wallace is eloquent upon the birds of Paradise, confined to two or three most remote islands, in a sea scarcely ever visited, and seen only by a few ignorant savages, which are yet the most exquisite, the most original of creations. He tells of what are called by the Papuan natives *Sacaleli*, or dancing parties, where the birds collect at the tops of the trees in the lonely woods, to hover and play for hours, shaking their wings and crests, the long trains of exquisite bright golden feathers erected over their heads, and quivering in the sunshine like a cloud of glory,—their crimson, blue, or green heads shining with metallic brilliancy, evidently showing off for the pleasure of their Quaker-dressed lady friends. A sight which never is or perhaps can be enjoyed by cultivated man. Even our pride cannot conceive the *raison d’être* of the seven hundred and fifty new beetles and flies which Mr. Wallace discovers in three days in the Island of Borneo, to be that one out of their myriad numbers may have the honour of being stuck with a pin on a card in the collection of that distinguished naturalist. There are “many mansions” of life, of use, of beauty,—unknown to each other, living side by side and yet apart in the world, doing each their own work,—com-

pletely unconscious of that of the rest,—children of the same God, having as great a right and claim to a happy life as we ourselves. There was much truth in St. Francis of Assisi’s fantastic reverence for “his brothers and sisters” of the animal creation, which we might often do well to remember. *Mia sorella la vacca* would not suffer as she does on railway trains, *mio fratello l’asino* and the horse would less frequently be ill treated, if we realised their rights in life as well as our own.

No doubt, in one sense, the law is absolute of the “survival of the fittest,” that the lower races will, in time, and where coming into collision with the higher and stronger, give way before them,—e.g. as the world becomes more peopled, there will be no room for organisations like that of the tiger, which requires a whole province to supply himself and his (not large) family with “butchers’ meat;” but this very partially solves the great question of our use and abuse of our position with regard to animals. Indeed the infringing on the liberty of other lives in our own fancied interests, has been proved again and again to be a mistake. Small birds have been supposed to be injurious to grain and fruit, and they have been destroyed without mercy in France and Switzerland. The consequence has been that devouring insects have increased to such a fearful extent and have so damaged the crops of those countries, that solemn decrees have now been issued for the protection of those valuable sparrows, &c., which it is the object of some wise “small bird clubs” in England to destroy. We have not yet even taken pains to make out what are the races which are and which are not useful to ourselves.

Again, the population of the great oceans which cover so large a portion of our planet carries on an existence utterly independent of us. Those billions of billions of *globigerina* which are tranquilly depositing at the bottom of the ocean their infinitesimal portion of a future chalk bed—those innumerable star fish and corallines, a specimen or two of which clings to the filaments of the rope of a dredge from the *Challenger*, of what “use” are they to man? Yet who can doubt that each and all have their object in the vast scheme of the universe.

With regard to the races beyond the ken of our unassisted senses, it is beyond measure startling to watch the inhabitants of a drop of water in a solar microscope,—swallowing each other, pursuing each other, seeking their

prey, their loves, their hates, with the utmost excitement and plenitude of life, fearing us not, seeing, hearing, knowing us not—as utterly unconscious of our existence as we a few seconds before were of theirs. Their very shapes are hideous in our eyes, “portentous,” when thus brought out by the magnifying lens and the light. One carries an enormous head garnished with prongs or spikes, the next seems all paunch, with no head to speak of at all. Legs come out in the wrong (!) places and in unpleasant numbers. One beast wears his eyes in his stomach, another on his back. The proportions of their bodies, their colour, their complexions and manners, are all utterly repulsive to our ideas of beauty. What are we that we should judge? They are not for us or by us,—or indeed in our world at all, but by this accidental glimpse. Yet each atom, invisible to the naked eye, is finished with an exquisite nicety, fitting him to fulfil his position in life with unerring forethought, adaptation, and success.

Then if we turn to the other extreme of remoteness from our world—by distance in one case as by size in the other,—and look through a telescope at the stars on a bright clear night, shining in every variety of size and distance through the vast spaces which separate us from even the nearest of those mighty worlds (the idea of their being unpeopled has long been given up as absurd), and we are chilled with the sense of how utterly indifferent and unconscious are their inhabitants of our existence, our hopes, our fears, our objects,—they would not even be aware of the change if the whole of our planet with its contents were swept away to-morrow.

There is something inexpressibly lonely in the feeling of isolation when we realise how far apart are the different portions of God's creation. It seems as if the more we became aware of its extent and variety, the more we required the rest given by a principle to be reached through a different set of faculties from those used in the scientific investigation of nature,—the belief that all are bound together into one great whole—the dependence upon a Father, the spirit of good—God—the binding together, the religio—under the power

“Which yields the world with never-wearied love
Sustains it from beneath and kindles it above,”

as Shelley has put it, certainly a man not likely to exaggerate the necessity of this link between the Great Spirit, by whatsoever name He be called, and the individual sentient atoms, whether conscious or unconscious of His presence.

The “*Essay on Man*” is no longer regarded with the respect it used to win. Yet it would be difficult to put the idea of the connection of the universe with the Divinity in truer or more beautiful words than Pope's,—after all a variation on the theme, “In Him we live, and move, and have our being” :—

“All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul.
That changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Grows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect in a hair as heart.

.....
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small,
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all.”

A STREET IDYLL.

WIND-SHAKEN lilies, silver-belled and sweet,
Pearls floating down the dusty London street;
Embodied dreams; a resurrection bright
Of some foregone, forgotten, lost delight.

Who drew them from their dusky, cool retreat,
Where they could hear the Spring's first pulses beat
In deep green woods, or by the silvery gleam
Of some slow rippling, forest-shadowed stream?

Where are they drifting in that snowy dress?
To make death tender with their loveliness ;
Or stir within some weary, death-cold breast
Thoughts, which the dull, hard world had laid to rest.



Will they reflect their image clear that lies
In the soft depths of little children's eyes?
Or will those chalices of silver bells
Imprison tears within their fragrant cells?

Oh, myriad-voiced ! beneath the summer sky,
To some a song, to some a bitter cry,
Pass to your mission, while I hear the beat
Of angel footsteps flutter from the street.

C. BROOKE.

PURE WATER;

OR, A SUBSTITUTE FOR LATIN VERSES.

"There was a roaring in the woods all night;
 The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
 But now the sun is rising calm and bright,
 The birds are singing in the distant woods;
 Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods,
 The jay makes answer as the magpie chatters,
 And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters."

WAS he a gloomy and distempered man, who, upon such a morn as that, stood on the little bridge across a certain burn, and watched the water run, with something of a sigh? and who, when the schoolboy beside him lamented that the floods would surely be out, and his day's fishing spoiled, said to him—"Ah, my boy, that is a little matter. Look at what you are seeing now, and understand what barbarism and waste mean. Look at all that beautiful water, which God has sent us hither off the Atlantic, without trouble or expense to us. Thousands, and tens of thousands, of gallons will run under this bridge to-day: and what shall we do with it? Nothing. And yet—think only of the mills which that water would have turned. Think how it might have kept up health and cleanliness in poor creatures packed away in the back streets of the nearest town, or even in London itself. Think even how country folk, in many parts of England, in three months' time, may be crying out for rain, and afraid of short crops, and fever, and scarlatina, and cattle-plague, for want of the very water which we are now letting run back, wasted, into the sea from whence it came. And yet we call ourselves a civilised people."

It is not wise, I know, to preach to boys. And yet, sometimes, a man must speak his heart; even, like Midas' slave, to the reeds by the river side. And I had so often, fishing up and down full many a stream, whispered my story to those same river-reeds; and told them that my Lord the Sovereign Denios, had, like old Midas, asses' ears in spite of all his gold, that I thought I might for once tell it the boy likewise, in hope that he might help his generation to mend that which my own generation does not seem like to mend.

I might have said more to him, but did not. For it is not well to destroy too early the child's illusion, that people must be wise because they are grown up, and have votes, and rule, or think they rule, the world. The child will find out how true that is soon enough for himself. If the truth be forced on him by the hot words of those with whom he lives, it is apt to breed in him that

contempt, stormful and therefore barren, which makes revolutions; and not that pity, calm and therefore helpful, which makes reforms.

So I might have said to him, but did not,

And then men pray for rain—

My boy, did you ever hear the old Eastern legend about the gypsies? How they were such good musicians, that some great Indian Sultan sent for the whole tribe, and planted them near his palace, and gave them land, and ploughs to break it up, and seed to sow it, that they might dwell there, and play and sing to him.

But when the winter came, these gypsies all came to the Sultan, and cried that they were starving. "But what have you done with the seed-corn which I gave you?" "Oh Light of the Age, we ate it in the summer." "And what have you done with the ploughs which I gave you?" "Oh Glory of the Universe, we burnt them to bake the corn withal."

Then said that great Sultan—"Like the butterflies you have lived, and like the butterflies you shall wander." And he drove them out. And that is how the gypsies came hither from the East.

Now suppose that the Sultan of all Sultans, who sends the rain, should make a like answer to us foolish human beings when we prayed for rain—"But what have you done with the rain which I gave you six months since?" "We have let it run into the sea." "Then, ere you ask for more rain, make places wherein you can keep it when you have it." "But that would be, in most cases, too expensive. We can employ our capital more profitably in other directions."

It is not for me to say what answer might be made to such an excuse. I think a child's still unsophisticated sense of right and wrong would soon supply one; and probably one—considering the complexity, and difficulty, and novelty, of the whole question—somewhat too harsh, as children's judgments are wont to be.

But would it not be well if our children, without being taught to blame any one for what is past, were taught something about what ought to be done now, what must be

done soon, with the rain-fall of these islands; and about other and kindred health-questions, on the solution of which depends, and will depend more and more, the life of millions? One would have thought that those public schools and colleges which desire to monopolize the education of the owners of the soil, of the great employers of labour, of the clergy, and of all indeed who ought to be acquainted with the duties of property, the conditions of public health, and, in a word, the general laws of what is now called Social Science—One would have thought, I say, that these public schools and colleges would have taught their scholars somewhat at least about such matters, that they might go forth into life with at least some rough notions of the causes which make people healthy or unhealthy, rich or poor, comfortable or wretched, useful or dangerous to the State. But as long as our great educational institutions, safe, or fancying themselves safe, in some enchanted castle, shut out by ancient magic from the living world, put a premium on Latin and Greek verses, a wise father will, during the holidays, talk now and then, I hope, somewhat after this fashion:—

You must understand, my boy, that all the water in the country comes out of the sky, and from nowhere else; and that, therefore, to save and store the water when it falls is a question of life and death to crops, and man, and beast; for without water is life or death. If I took, for instance, the water from the moors above and turned it over yonder field, I could double, and more than double, the crops in that field henceforth.

Then why do I not do it?

Only because the field lies higher than the house; and if—now here is one thing which you and every civilised man should know—if you have water-meadows, or any “irrigated” land, as it is called, above a house, or even on a level with it, it is certain to breed not merely cold and damp, but fever or ague. Our forefathers did not understand this, and they built their houses, as this is built, in the lowest places they could find; sometimes because they wished to be near ponds, from whence they could get fish in Lent; but more often, I think, because they wanted to be sheltered from the wind. They had no glass, as we have, in their windows; or at least latticed casements, which let in the wind and cold, and they shrank from high and exposed, and therefore really healthy, spots. But now that we have good glass, and sash windows, and doors that will shut tight, we can build warm houses where we like. And

if you ever have to do with the building of cottages, remember that it is your duty to the people who will live in them, and therefore to the State, to see that they stand high and dry, where no water can drain down into their foundations, and where fog, and the poisonous gases which are given out by rotting vegetables cannot drain down either. You will learn more about all that when you learn, as every civilised lad should in these days, something about chemistry, and the laws of fluids and gases. But you know already that flowers are cut off by frost in the low grounds, sooner than in the high; and that the fog at night always lies along the brooks; and that the sour moor-smell which warns us to shut our windows at sunset, comes down from the hill, and not up from the valley. Now all these things are caused by one and the same law; that cold air is heavier than warm; and, therefore, like so much water, must run down hill.

But what about the rainfall?

Well, I have wandered a little from the rainfall: though not as far as you fancy, for fever and ague and rheumatism usually mean—rain in the wrong place. But if you knew what illness, and torturing pain, and death, and sorrow arise, even to this very day, from ignorance of these simple laws: then you would bear them carefully in mind, and wish to know more about them. But now for water being life to the beasts. Do you remember—though you are hardly old enough—the cattle-plague? How the beasts died, or had to be killed and buried, by tens of thousands; and how misery and ruin fell on hundreds of honest men and women, over many of the richest counties of England; and how we in this vale had no cattle-plague; and how there was none—as far as I recollect—in the uplands of Devon and Cornwall, nor of Wales, nor of the Scotch Highlands? Now, do you know why that was? Simply because we here, like those other uplanders, are in such a country as Palestine was before the foolish Jews cut down all their timber, and so destroyed their own rainfall—a “land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills.” There is hardly a field here that has not, thank God, its running brook, or its sweet spring, from which our cattle were drinking its health and life, while in the claylands of Cheshire and in the Cambridgeshire fens—which were drained utterly dry—the poor things drank no water, too often, save that of the very same putrid ponds in which they had been standing all

day long, to cool themselves, and to keep off the flies. I do not say that bad water caused the cattle-plague, of course. It came, by infection, from the East of Europe. But I say that bad water made the cattle ready to take it; and made it spread over the country; and when you are old enough, I will give you plenty of proof—some from the herds of your own kinsmen—that what I say is true.

And as for pure water being life to human beings: why have we never fever here, and scarcely ever diseases like fever; zymotics, as the doctors call them? or, if a case comes into our parish from outside, why does the fever never spread? For the very same reason that we had no cattle-plague. Because we have more pure water close to every cottage than we need. And this I tell you: that the only two outbreaks of deadly disease which we have had here for thirty years, were both of them, as far as I could see, to be traced to filthy water having got into the poor folk's wells. For water, you must remember, just as it is life when pure, is death when foul; for it can carry, unseen to the eye, and even when it looks clear and sparkling, and tastes soft and sweet, poisons which have perhaps killed more human beings than ever were killed in battle. You have read, perhaps, how the Athenians, when they were dying of the plague, accused the Lacedæmonians outside the walls of poisoning their wells; or how, in some of the pestilences of the middle ages, the common people used to accuse the poor harmless Jews of poisoning the wells, and set upon them and murdered them horribly. They were right, I do not doubt, in their notion that the well-water was giving them the pestilence: but they had not sense to see that they were poisoning the wells themselves by their dirt and carelessness; or, in the case of poor besieged Athens, probably by mere overcrowding, which has cost many a life ere now, and will cost more. And I am sorry to tell you, my little man, that even now too many people have no more sense than they had, and die in consequence. If you could see a battle-field, and men shot down, writhing and dying in hundreds by shell and bullet—would not that seem to you a horrid sight? Then—I do not wish to make you sad too early, but this is a fact which every one should know, that more people, and not strong men only, but women and little children too, are killed and wounded in Great Britain every year by bad water and want of water together, than were killed and wounded in any battle which has been fought

since you were born. Medical men know this well. And when you are older, you may see it for yourself in the Registrar-General's reports, in Blue-books, pamphlets, and so on, without end.

But why do not people stop such a horrible loss of life?

Well, my dear boy, the true causes of it have only been known for the last thirty or forty years; and we English are, as good King Alired found us to his sorrow a thousand years ago, very slow to move, even when we see a thing ought to be done. Let us hope that in this matter—we have been so in most matters as yet—we shall be like the tortoise in the fable, and not the hare; and by moving slowly, but surely, win the race at last. But now think for yourself, and see what you would do to save these people from being poisoned by bad water. Remember that the plain question is this—The rain water comes down from heaven as water, and nothing but water. Rain-water is the only pure water; after all. How would you save that for the poor people who have none? There—run away and hunt rabbits on the moor: but look, meanwhile, how you would save some of this beautiful and precious water which is roaring away into the sea.

* * * * *

Well? What would you do? Make ponds, you say, like the old monks' ponds, now all broken down. Dam all the glens across their mouths, and turn them into reservoirs.

“Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings—” Well, that will have to be done. That is being done more and more, more or less well. The good people of Glasgow did it first, I think; and now the good people of Manchester, and of other northern towns, have done it, and have saved many a human life thereby already. But it must be done, some day, all over England and Wales, and great part of Scotland. For the mountain tops and moors, my boy, by a beautiful law of nature, compensate for their own poverty by yielding a wealth which the rich lowlands cannot yield. You do not understand? Then see. Yon moor above can grow neither corn nor grass. But one thing it can grow, and does grow, without which we should have no corn nor grass; and that is—water. Not only does far more rain fall up there than falls here down below, but even in drought the high moors condense the moisture into dew, and so yield some water, even when the lowlands are burnt up with drought. The reason of that you must learn

hereafter. That it is so, you should know yourself. For on the high chalk downs, you know, where farmers make a sheep-pond, they never, if they are wise, make it in a valley or on a hillside, but on the bleakest top of the very highest down. And there, if they can once get it filled with snow and rain in winter, the blessed dews of night will keep some water in it all the summer through, while the ponds below are utterly dried up. And even so it is, as I know, with this very moor. Corn and grass it will not grow, because there is too little "staple;" that is, soluble minerals in the sandy soil. But how much water it might grow, you may judge roughly for yourself, by remembering how many burns like this are running off it now to carry mere dirt into the river, and then into the sea.

But why should we not make dams at once and save the water?

Because, alas! we cannot afford it. No one would buy the water when we had stored it. The rich in town and country will always take care—and quite right they are—to have water enough for themselves, and for their servants too, whatever it may cost them. But the poorer people are, and therefore usually, alas! the more ignorant, the less water they get; and the less they care to have water, and the less they are inclined to pay for it, and the more, I am sorry to say, they waste what little they do get, and I am still more sorry to say, to spoil, and even steal and sell—in London at least—the stopcocks and lead-pipes which bring the water into their houses. So that even keeping a water-shop is a very troublesome and uncertain business, one which is not likely to pay us or any one round here.

But why not let some company manage it, as they manage railways, and gas, and other things?

Ah! you have been overhearing a good deal about companies of late, I see. But this I will tell you: that when you grow up and have a vote and influence, it will be your duty, if you intend to be a good citizen, not only not to put the water supply of England into the hands of fresh companies, but to help to take out of their hands what water-supply they manage already, especially in London, and the gas-supply, and the railroads, and everything else, in a word, which everybody uses, and must use. For you must understand—at least as soon as you can—that though the men who make up companies are no worse than other men, and some of them, as you ought to know, very good men; yet what they have to look to is their profits; and the less water they

supply, and the worse it is, the more profit they make. For most water, I am sorry to say, is fouled before the water companies can get to it, as this water which runs past us will be, and as the Thames water above London is. Therefore it has to be cleansed, or partly cleansed, at a very great expense. So water companies have to be inspected—in plain English, watched—at a very heavy expense to the nation, by government officers, and compelled to do their best, and take their utmost care. And so it has come to pass that the London water is not now nearly as bad as some of it was thirty years ago, when it was no more fit to drink than that in the cattle-yard tank. But still we must have more water, and better, in London, for it is growing year by year. There are more than three million people already in what we call London; and ere you are an old man there may be between four and five millions. Now to supply all these people with water is a duty which we must not leave to any private companies, but which must be done by a public authority, as is fit and proper in a free self-governing country. In this matter, as in all others, we will try to do what the Royal Commission told us four years ago we ought to do. I hope that you will see, though I may not, the day when what we call London, but which is really, nine-tenths of it, only a great nest of separate villages huddled together, will be divided into three great self-governing cities, London, Westminster, and Southwark; each with its own corporation, like that of the venerable and well-governed City of London; each managing its own water-supply, gas-supply, and sewage, and other matters besides; and managing them, like Dublin, Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, and other great northern towns, far more cheaply and far better than any companies can do it for them.

But where shall we get water enough for all these millions of people? There are no mountains near London. But we might give them the water off our moors.

No, no, my lad.

"He that will not when he may,
When he will he shall have nay."

Some fifteen years ago the Londoners might have had water from us; and I was one of those who did my best to get it for them; but the water companies did not choose to take it; and now this part of England is growing so populous and so valuable that it wants all its little rainfall for itself. So there is another leaf torn out

of the Sibylline books for the poor old water companies. You do not understand; you will some day. But you may comfort yourself about London. For it happens to be, I think, the luckiest city in the world; and if it had not been, we should have had pestilence on pestilence in it, as terrible as the great plague of Charles II.'s time. The old Britons, without knowing in the least what they were doing, settled old London city in the very centre of the most wonderful natural reservoir in this island, or perhaps in all Europe, which reaches from Kent into Wiltshire, and round again into Suffolk; and that is, the dear old chalk downs.

Why, they are always dry.

Yes. But the turf on them never burns up, and the streams which flow through them never run dry, and seldom or never flood either. Do you not know, from Winchester, that that is true? Then where is all the rain and snow gone, which falls on them year by year, but into the chalk itself, and into the greensands, too, below the chalk? There it is, soaked up as by a sponge, in quantity incalculable; enough, some think, to supply London, let it grow as huge as it may. I wish I too were sure of that. But the Commission has shown itself so wise and fair, and brave likewise—too brave, I am sorry to say, for some who might have supported them—that it is not for me to gainsay their opinion.

But if there was not water enough in the chalk, are not the Londoners rich enough to bring it from any distance?

My boy, in this also we will agree with the Commission; that we ought not to rob Peter to pay Paul, and take water to a distance which other people close at hand may want. Look at the map of England and south Scotland, and see for yourself what is just, according to geography and nature. There are four mountain-ranges, four great water-fields. First, the hills of the Border. Their rainfall ought to be stored for the Lothians and the extreme north of England. Then the Yorkshire and Derbyshire hills—the central chine of England. Their rainfall is being stored already, to the honour of the shrewd northern men, for the manufacturing counties east and west of the hills. Then come the lake mountains—the finest water-field of all, because more rain by far falls there than in any place in England. But they will be wanted to supply Lancashire, and someday Liverpool itself; for Liverpool is now using rain which belongs more justly to other towns; and besides, there are plenty

of counties and towns, down into Cheshire, which would be glad of what water Lancashire does not want. And last comes the Snowdon mountains, a noble water-field, which I know well; for an old dream of mine has been, that ere I died I should see all the rain of the Carneddts, and the Glyders, and Siabod, and Snowdon itself, carried across the Conway river to feed the mining districts of North Wales, where the streams are now all foul with oil and lead; and then on into the western coal and iron fields, to Wolverhampton and Birmingham itself; and if I were the engineer who got that done I should be happier—prouder I dare not say—than if I had painted nobler pictures than Raffaele, or written nobler plays than Shakspeare. I say that, boy, in most deliberate earnest. But meanwhile, do you not see that in districts where fuel, coal, and iron may be found, and fresh manufactures spring up every day in any place, each district has a right to claim the nearest rainfall for itself? And now, when we have got the water into its proper place, let us see what we shall do with it.

But why do you say we? Can you and I do all this?

My boy, are not you and I free citizens; part of the people, the Commons—as the good old word runs—of this country? And are we not—or ought we not to be in time—beside that, educated men? By the people, remember, I mean, not only the hand-working man, who has just got a vote; I mean the clergy of all denominations, and the gentlemen of the press, and last, but not least, the scientific men. If those four classes together were to tell every government—“Free water we will have, and as much as we reasonably choose,” and tell every candidate for the House of Commons—“Unless you promise to get us as much free water as we reasonably choose, we will not return you to Parliament;” then, I think, we four should put such a “pressure” on government as no water companies, or other vested interests, could long resist. And if any one of those four classes should hang back, and waste their time and influence over matters far less important and less pressing, the other three must laugh at them, and more than laugh at them, and ask them—“Why have you education, why have you influence, why have you votes, why are you freemen and not slaves, if not to preserve the comfort, the decency, the health, the lives of men, women, and children—most of those latter your own wives and your own children?”

But what shall we do with the water ?

Well, after all, that is a more practical matter than speculations grounded on the supposition that all classes will do their duty. But the first thing we will do will be to give to the very poorest houses a constant supply, at high pressure; so that everybody may take as much water as he likes, instead of having to keep the water in little cisterns, where it gets foul and putrid only too often.

But will they not waste it then ?

So far from it, wherever the water has been laid on so, the waste, which is terrible now—some say that in London one-third of the water is wasted—begins to lessen; and both water and expense are saved. If you will only think, you will see one reason why. If a woman leaves a high-pressure tap running, she will flood her place and her neighbours too. She will be like the magician's servant, who called up the demon to draw water for him; and so he did: but when he had begun he would not stop, and if the magician had not come home, man and house would have been washed away.

But if it saves money, why do not the water companies do it ?

Because—and really here there are many excuses for the poor old water companies, when so many of them swerve and gib at the very mention of constant water supply, like a poor horse set to draw a load which he feels is too heavy for him—Because, to keep everything in order among dirty, careless, and often drunken people, there must be officers with lawful authority—water-policemen we will call them—who can enter people's houses when they will, and if they find anything wrong with the water, set it to rights with a high hand, and even summon the people who have set it wrong. And that is a power which, in a free country, must never be given to the servants of any private company, but only to the officers of a corporation or of the government.

And what shall we do with the rest of the water ?

Well, we shall have, I believe, so much to spare that we may at least do this:—In each district of each city, and the centre of each town, we may build public baths and lavatories, where the poor men and women may get their warm baths when they will; for now they usually never bathe at all, because they will not, and ought not, if they be hard-worked folk, to bathe in cold water during nine months of the year. And there they shall wash their clothes, and dry them by steam, instead of washing them as

now, at home, either under back sheds, where they catch cold and rheumatism, or too often, alas! in their own living rooms, in an atmosphere of foul steam, which drives the father to the public-house and the children into the streets; and which not only prevents the clothes from being thoroughly dried again, but is, my dear boy, as you will know when you are older, a very hot-bed of disease. And they shall have other comforts, and even luxuries—these public lavatories; and be made, in time, graceful and refining, as well as merely useful. Nay, we will even, I think, have in front of each of them a real fountain; not like the drinking-fountains, though they are great and needful boons, which you see here and there about the streets, with a tiny dribble of water to a great deal of expensive stone: but real fountains, which shall leap, and sparkle, and splash, and gurgle, and fill the place with life, and light, and coolness, and sing in the people's ears the sweetest of all earthly songs—save the song of a mother over her child—the song of "The Laughing Water."

But will not that be a waste ?

Yes, my boy. And for that very reason, I think we, the people, will have our fountains; if it be but to make our governments, and corporations, and all public bodies and officers, remember that they all—save her Majesty the Queen—are our servants, and not we theirs; and that we choose to have water, not only to wash with, but to play with, if we like. And I believe—for the world, as you will find, is full not only of just but of generous souls—that if the water supply were set really right, there would be found, in many a city, many a generous man who, over and above his compulsory water-rate, would give his poor fellow-townsmen such a real fountain as those which ennoble the great square at Carcassonne and the great square at Nismes, to be "a thing of beauty, and a joy for ever."

And now, if you want to go back to your Latin and Greek, you shall translate for me into Latin—I do not expect you to do it into Greek, though it would turn very well into Greek, for the Greeks knew all about the matter long before the Romans—what follows here; and you shall verify the facts and the names, &c., in it from your dictionaries of antiquity and biography, that you may remember all the better what it says. And by that time, I think, you will have learnt something more useful to yourself, and, I hope, to your country hereafter,

than if you had learnt to patch together the neatest Greek and Latin verses which have appeared since the days of Mr. Canning.

I have often amused myself, by fancying one question which an old Roman emperor would ask, were he to rise from his grave and visit the sights of London under the guidance of some minister of state. The august shade would, doubtless, admire our railroads and bridges, our cathedrals and our public parks, and much more of which we need not be ashamed. But after awhile, I think, he would look round, whether in London or in most of our great cities, inquiringly and in vain, for one class of buildings, which in his empire were wont to be almost as conspicuous and as splendid, because, in public opinion, almost as necessary, as the basilicas and temples: "And where," he would ask, "are your public baths?" And if the minister of state who was his guide should answer—"O great Caesar, I really do not know. I believe there are some somewhere at the back of that ugly building which we call the National Gallery; and I think there have been some meetings lately in the East End, and an amateur concert at the Albert Hall, for restoring, by private subscriptions, some baths and washhouses in Bethnal Green, which had fallen to decay. And there may be two or three more about the metropolis; for parish vestries have powers by Act of Parliament to establish such places, if they think fit, and choose to pay for them out of the rates:"—then, I think, the august shade might well make answer—"We used to call you, in old Rome, northern barbarians. It seems that you have not yet lost all your barbarian habits. Are you aware that, in every city in the Roman empire, there were, as a matter of course, public baths open, not only to the poorest freeman, but to the slave, usually for the payment of the smallest current coin, and often gratuitously? Are you aware that in Rome itself, millionaire after millionaire, emperor after emperor, from Mænius Agrippa and Nero down to Diocletian and Constantine, built baths, and yet more baths; and connected them with gymnasia for exercise, with lecture-rooms, libraries, and porticos wherein the people might have shade and shelter and rest?—I remark, by-the-bye, that I have not seen in all your London a single covered place in which the people may take shelter during a shower.—Are you aware that these baths were of the most magnificent architecture, decorated with marbles, paintings, sculptures, fountains—

what not? And yet I had heard, in Hades down below, that you prided yourselves here on the study of the learned languages; and, indeed, taught little but Greek and Latin at your public schools?"

Then, if the minister should make reply—"Oh yes, we know all this. Even since the revival of letters in the end of the fifteenth century a whole literature has been written—a great deal of it, I fear, by old pedants who seldom washed even their hands and faces—about your Greek and Roman baths. We visit their colossal ruins in Italy and elsewhere with awe and admiration; and the discovery of a new Roman bath in any old city in our isles sets all our antiquaries buzzing with interest."

"Then why," the shade might ask, "do you not copy an example which you so much admire? Surely England must be much in want, either of water, or of fuel to heat it with?"

"On the contrary, our rainfall is almost too great; our soil so damp that we have had to invent a whole art of subsoil drainage unknown to you; while, as for fuel, our coal-mines make us the great fuel-exporting people of the world."

What a quiet sneer might curl the lip of a Constantine as here plied—"Not in vain, as I said, did we call you, some fifteen hundred years ago, the barbarians of the north. But tell me, good barbarian, whom I know to be both brave and wise—for the fame of your young British empire has reached us even in the realms below, and we recognise in you, with all respect, a people more like us Romans than any which has appeared on earth for many centuries—how is it you have forgotten that sacred duty of keeping the people clean, which you surely at one time learnt from us? When your ancestors entered our armies, and rose, some of them, to be great generals, and even emperors, like those two Teuton peasants, Justin and Justinian, who, long after my days, reigned in my own Constantinople; then, at least, you saw baths, and used them; and felt, after the bath, that you were civilised men, and not 'sordidi ac fetentes,' as we used to call you when you were fresh out of your bullock-waggons and cattle-pens. How is it that you have forgotten that lesson?"

The minister, I fear, would have to answer that our ancestors were barbarous enough, not only to destroy the Roman cities, and temples, and basilicas, and statues, but the Roman baths likewise; and then retired, each man to his own freehold in the country,

to live a life not much more cleanly or more graceful than that of the swine which were his favourite food. But he would have a right to plead, as an excuse, that not only in England, but throughout the whole of the conquered Latin empire, the Latin priesthood, who, in other respects, were, to their honour, the representatives of Roman civilisation and the protectors of its remnants, were the determined enemies of its cleanliness; that they looked on personal dirt—like the old hermits of the Thebaid—as a sign of sanctity; and discouraged—as they are said to do still in some of the Romance countries of Europe—the use of the bath, as not only luxurious, but also indecent.

At which answer, it seems to me, another sneer might curl the lip of the august shade, as he said to himself—“This, at least, I did expect, when I made Christianity the State religion of my empire. But you, my barbarian, look clean enough. You do not look on dirt as a sign of sanctity?”

“On the contrary, sire, the upper classes of our empire boast of being the cleanliest—perhaps the only perfectly cleanly—people in the world—except, of course, the savages of the South Seas. And so far from dirt

being a thing which we admire, our scientific men—than whom the world has never seen wiser—have proved to us, for a whole generation past, that dirt is the fertile cause of disease and drunkenness, misery and recklessness.”

“And, therefore,” replied the shade, ere he disappeared, “of discontent and revolution, followed by a tyranny endured, as in Rome and many another place, by men once free; because it will at least do for them what they were too lazy, and cowardly, and greedy to do for themselves. Farewell, and prosper; as you seem likely to prosper, on the whole. But if you wish me to consider you a civilised nation, let me hear that you have brought a great river from the depths of the earth, be they a thousand fathoms deep, or from your nearest mountains, be they five hundred miles away, and washed out London’s dirt—and your own shame. And till then, abstain from judging too harshly a Constantine, or even a Caracalla; for they, whatever were their sins, built baths and kept their people clean. But do your gymnasia, your schools and universities, teach your youth nought about all this?”

C. KINGSLEY.

LYRICS FROM GOETHE.

By PROFESSOR L. CAMPBELL.

I.—THE VIOLET.

A VIOLET in the fields alone,
 In Spring’s creative hour,
 Crouched all unnoticed and unknown:
 It was a heartsome flower.
 A youthful shepherd maiden
 Came tripping there along,
 So freely, so gaily,
 And stirred the fields with song.

“Ah!” thought the violet, “if I were
 But Nature’s favourite flower,
 Gifted with all she hath most rare,
 Ah! for one little hour!
 So might the darling pluck me
 And set me in her breast,
 Just laid there, to fade there,
 A minute there to rest.”

But ah! but ah! the maiden came,
 Travelling in beauty’s power;
 And recked not of the violet’s pain,
 But trampled the poor flower.
 It sank, it died, yet gladly:
 “Yea, though I die,” it cried,
 “’Twas she there, I see there,
 Hath crushed me in her pride.”

II.—EVENING.

CALM is o’er every hill:
 The trees are still:
 Hardly a breath
 Seest thou stir yon pine.
 The thrush is silent in her woodland nest.
 Soon, too, shall rest
 Be thine.



"NOVANTIA."

NOVANTIA :

INCLUDING THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF DAVID GROATS, GATEKEEPER.

CHAPTER VII.



R. TIP-
PETT
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a thing to be avoided. He more than suspected that in the course of that partnership in a variety of speculations existing between the Major and Mr. Francis's eldest son Hubert, of which there had been whispers, the latter had become indebted to the former and by way of security for certain transactions had been allowed to make use of his father's name and credit. Whether this was the case or not, Jeremiah, who decided the most important family affairs as well as all pertaining to the estate, had determined that what was to be done, now that another of the Major's unwelcome visits was threatened, was for him to convey Miss Francis over to her uncle's in the island of Tasmania, and provided Mr. Jamieson were consenting, to send her home for a year to stay with her brother Henry. No other way of ending a disagreeable business seemed so likely as this.

With Jeremiah the execution of a plan followed immediately upon its conception. His feelings promptly submitted to his understanding. The light four-wheeled buggy, which was to convey him and his young mistress to the nearest coach station—fifty miles away—was at the door in the early morning, and he was standing at the horse's

head prepared to start before poor Mr. Francis, who was overcome with grief at the prospect of separation from his daughter, had fairly settled with himself whether it was quite inevitable. Jeremiah meant to say good-bye to him, and to comfort him by suggesting some improbable likelihoods as to his daughter's speedy return. But Miss Francis's silence and her drawn veil as she took her seat beside him, and the silence within the house, from which he waited fully one minute in vain for anybody to come forth, awed and disconcerted him, and he drove off waving a farewell to the open door, in which perhaps there was an unconscious tribute to the majesty of grief. For opposite reasons, or rather in virtue of opposite temperaments, Jeremiah and his master were both superstitious, both fatalists, the one because he believed in himself so entirely that the lightest and most casual of his mental impressions was felt by him to have the certainty of sacred history or inspired prophecy, and the other because he was so much to his own mind the sport of circumstance as to dread always the worst that could happen as certain to befall. Both at any rate felt on the present occasion with a sad clairvoyance that it might be a long time before those who were now separated were again to meet.

Two days and nights of incessant travel, even after joining the coach, were before them, and Jeremiah therefore availed himself of the length of the way to shorten and enliven its first stage for his companion. He talked to her of the road station by station, and endeavoured to interest her mind in the details of his plans for making a long and comfortless journey tolerable and even pleasant. It was settled, for one thing, she should travel inside, so that she might have a chance of sleep. He would get the box seat, and talk with the driver.

Jeremiah was disappointed. He did not get the box seat. It had been taken previous to his arrival. But on the other seat on the top he found the small amount of personal accommodation which he needed, although it also appeared at first to be quite full.

"We can take on any number of these ere gen'l'men if you have 'em to spare," said one of the passengers.

"Guid gear's ay wee bookit," said another,

a sly man with a very large hook nose, whose proverb, if not his accent, showed him a countryman of Jeremiah.

Jeremiah, who was always apt enough at a retort, did not hear these remarks, being engaged at the moment in leaning over the side of the coach to communicate with Miss Francis once more before starting, and assure her again that the first stage was a trifle of twenty short miles. His ordinary loquacity was not therefore checked, as it might have been, by the suspicion that his audience was contemptuous. Ere a quarter of the first stage was got over, Miss Francis could hear that Jeremiah was supreme, taking the lead in the conversation, in fact had the greater part of it to himself. His energy was victorious on the top of the coach, as it was everywhere and always. Besides his admiration of the British constitution, and his delight in analyzing it, Jeremiah had a deep and fervent admiration of another remarkable constitution, as unique, possibly, as that of Great Britain itself, namely, his own; and he had an inexhaustible satisfaction and glee in taking it to pieces to display it for the study and admiration of others. He unpacked himself like a bale of dry goods, and called upon all observers, no matter who they were, to take good note of the extreme excellence and astonishing variety of the contents. This was what he was engaged in doing a couple of miles after starting to his neighbours on both sides, the gentleman with the hook nose being one of them.

"I shall be as fresh," he said, "mark me, at the end of this journey the day after tomorrow as I am at this moment. If I were a horse, how many stages would there be, tell me that?" he asked, with a short chuckle, addressing himself to the sly man.

"If he were an ass," replied the latter in a whisper, which was not intended to reach Jeremiah, but which his quick ear instantly caught.

"In that case," retorted Jeremiah, "the same collar would fit us both, and we could take stage about."

This extinguished the sly man, and gave Jeremiah so much popularity on the top, that he was allowed to rattle on along with the coach almost unobstructed.

"There were thirteen of us," he remarked, proceeding with the analysis of himself, which had been for a moment interrupted, "thirteen in all, and I am the thirteenth, and that's how I account, gentlemen, for the extraordinary energy I possess, and the remarkable

activity of mind and body which is natural to me."

"Deil's dozen," muttered the sly man, but inaudibly.

"There were thirteen of us," repeated Jeremiah, with a resolute glance at the sly man, as if defying him to controvert the statement in the smallest particular, "and all the rest were above middle height, considerably above, but smart and clever all the same.

"Now, you observe, gentlemen, I'm under the middle size, several inches under; and this is what I think, though my friend here beside me, I see, is not going to believe it—this is what I think, indeed am sure of—inquire into these things, and you'll come to conclusions for yourselves, it's what brains are for—this is what I think, and in fact am prepared to stand upon, just the same quantity of brains and energy as any of the other dozen had was put into me, and as I am so much smaller than any of them there's a smaller machine to drive with the same steam, and so it can go farther and faster, and, in fact, never gives in.

"Just the same," he added, "disregarding the titter which this remark created—just the same as if you take the boiler and engines out of a ship of five hundred tons and put them into one of a hundred tons, why it would either make her go like lightning, or—"

"Blow her skoy hoy," remarked an Irishman on the box seat.

"Exactly, precisely, blow her into a thousand pieces," said Jeremiah, who, like many other theorists, was not particular as to the exact nature of the assent which his opinions elicited, or from what quarter it came, provided only it was prompt.

Thus he beguiled the time for himself and for the outside generally, by turning himself inside out. Thus, too, when it was vacated by the lucky Irishman who held it arriving at his destination, the box-seat was appropriated by Jeremiah without a murmur of dissent from any of his fellow-passengers, and he proceeded to make himself comfortable for the night, now coming on, beside the Yankee whip, who at this stage assumed the command of the coach.

Bessy Francis, who had not the advantage of Jeremiah's conversation for beguiling the tedium of the way, found the bush, its brilliant colonnades, its glittering coppice, its evergreen acacias, its sunshine and fresh exhilarating air, tedious for once in her life. Fulfilling Jeremiah's hope, in the absence of his conversation, she fell asleep, but had dozed

only a short hour when she started, hearing, or dreaming she heard, a violent quarrel in progress above her head, in which there was the sound of one familiar voice. The night was dark, and rain, which the setting sun had threatened, was falling copiously, and the wind souged piteously and loudly through the shea-oaks through which the track was winding. But high above the war of the elements there was the commotion of the top. Between Jeremiah and the Yankee driver war had broken out, and it was raging in volleys of indignation which threatened to startle the smoking team in front, and send them off on a mad scamper into the bush.

It was the American constitution which was the cause of quarrel.

"Constitution," Jeremiah had said, at the end of a long and loud discussion, "your constitution, sir, is as like this jolting coach of yours, with its leather springs, as if they were both made by the same maker. It will carry on and go a-head for a while in the dark and through the bush—to destruction; but, sir, our constitution, the British constitution, it combines the strength of a carrier's cart and the polish of a gentleman's gig—it is good for all roads, stands all weathers, time only gives it a new gloss, it is as much for use as show, and as good for show as use. Constitution, sir, your constitution is—like your coach."

To these aspersions of his vehicle and his country the driver of course had replied by raising his whip hand and threatening, after personal correction, to pitch Mr. Tippet headlong into the next shea-oak. He little knew his man, however, if he suspected by such threats to cow the valiant spirit of his diminutive adversary. Threat repelled threat, scorn answered scorn. At last, expecting, as well as threatening extremities, Mr. Tippet started to his feet; then to give himself the advantage he needed in the way of inches, jumped up on the seat, and dared his big adversary, whip and all, to do his worst. This the driver was encouraged as well as defied to do, for the sly man behind, taking advantage of the darkness, was patting him on the back in a way which, even in the dark, could not be mistaken. But just when there was no saying what would actually have taken place in the way of extremities, a lucky or unlucky branch in the way whisked Jeremiah bodily off the coach, and filled his opponent and the whole of the top with alarm lest he had been killed. He was not even hurt. Almost before the coach could be brought to a stop, Mr. Tippet, who

had been carried clear of the wheels in his fall, and picked himself up without loss of time, afraid of losing his passage, had opened the door of the inside, and to her great relief and joy, jumped in beside his young mistress, shouting as he did so to save time and intimate that he was not killed, "All right, go a-head" (in a lower voice) "with your blessed old jingle of a constitution."

There are different kinds of loquacity, at any rate loquacity is the product of different sorts of character. Iago's is one kind, honest Cassio's is another. Jeremiah Tippet was garrulous because being an egotistical little man, and at the same time as honest as daylight, there were none of his affairs which he did not wish everybody to know. The sly man, who after Jeremiah's fall, glided into his seat and took his place in conversation with the driver, was as talkative, on occasion, as Jeremiah, because he dearly loved a plot; and, next to the pleasure of concocting one, relished the enjoyment of afterwards unravelling it—in a manner not quite straightforward.

Adverting to the subject which had given rise to the recent dispute, he proceeded to soothe the wounded feelings of the driver, and at the same time to unburden his own soul. "That chattering magpie down below," he said in a whisper, "chattered about the British constitution, and compared it to a carrier's cart. It was a hangman's cart to some decent people that he knew. He was old enough to remember times when the constitution was put to the test by honest men, especially honest working men, trying to get their rights, or rather to be rid of some of their most oppressive wrongs. The driver had never heard perhaps of a small village called Crawfoot, a moorland hamlet, shrouded in mist most of the year, inhabited by a colony of industrious and intelligent weavers. No. But in that obscure village, a rising, a Radical rising had taken place, and a friend of his had been concerned in it, and could tell him, and did tell him what the British constitution was if people claimed from it either the concession of just rights or the remission of intolerable wrongs. They met—the patriots met, at midnight in a dark cellar under an old deserted distillery. There they arranged their plans for a general uprising of the population of Scotland, resolving themselves to initiate the movement by an armed demonstration on the adjoining moor. Brute force was used to subvert their patriotic plans. The seven faithful men, weavers all of them, who showed themselves

on the moor, were charged by a party of dragoons, and, with the exception of one man, the speaker's friend, were captured and imprisoned. His friend, who was 'secretary and colour-sergeant' to the Crawfoot Contingent, happening to be late, managed to escape, but only to endure for months the sickening fears and the countless hardships connected with outlawry. Fleeing from place to place, he found out at last a moorland hamlet, under the shadow of the Grampians, far from his native home, where he thought he could be safe for a time. Even there, however, his life was a prey to terror, which the buzzing of an unexpected partridge, or the squalling of an unhappy infant converted into torture. He endured a daily martyrdom, which rose to the horrors of the gridiron, when the stage coach passed twice a week through the village. It was the village custom to stand at the door and see the coach pass. Long was the debate in the fugitive's mind as to what was his best policy in regard to that custom. If he stayed within doors he would be suspected and denounced by the villagers. If he looked out he would be recognised by travelling spies and hanged. Between two evils he could make no choice. He stayed in the house one week, and stood at the door the next, trying to look cheerful, six inches shorter than his usual stature, and hunch-backed. At last he could endure his miseries no longer, and managed to get away to America."

"That's the British constitution for you," added the sly man. "That's the way it served my friend and his friends then, and would serve us all still if we would let it."

"He never came over from America this way, I guess, that friend of your'n," said the driver, who had not quite recovered his temper.

"He might or he might not," replied the sly man, "it is so long since he was heard of," and changing the subject, he proceeded to elucidate some other obscure passages in the history of people whom he knew.

Jeremiah and Miss Francis, when the coach halted at Croydon, kept their seats in the inside, declining the opportunity which was given for refreshments. The sly man, taking a sly peep, to assure himself they were still there, here parted company with them, having arrived at his destination.

Major McSump, when this halt took place, unconscious that it made Bessy Francis for a few minutes an inhabitant of the town of which he was coroner and principal mining,

land, and legal agent, sat in his verandah, taking shelter from the oppressive heat, smoking his mid-day pipe, and surveying with small blue eyes an apparently illimitable waste of sand before him. The Major, whose title was a survival of a lost phase of a varied career, or more likely still a tribute of popular respect to his large, square, erect military figure, sat in his shirt sleeves, enjoying his pipe all the better that the black coat which he had worn nearly all his life, and which was now to him a second skin, was for the moment laid aside. That second skin decidedly did not suit the climate. It did not perspire and another had to do its work. But it suited the people, if not the climate. To it, as much as to anything, he attributed the fact that at last, after many ups and downs, he was sitting there in his verandah, decidedly the first man of a considerable and rising township. On a hot day, however, such as the present, the house being in a retired locality, and no one being likely to intrude, it was agreeable to have no more skins than needful. So the Major sat and smoked in his shirt sleeves, gazing with his small blue eyes on the waste of sand before him. If as he did so he had been compared by some person of a lively fancy, to a large sea bird gazing over the Atlantic from the cliffs of his native island of Invermory, the comparison would have been unjust to the stature of the Major, and certainly disparaging to the majesty and beauty of the ocean; but it would have been easily justified, to a certain extent, to any one who happened to have the honour of his intimate acquaintance. There was the same meaning in the Major's small blue eyes as in those of a sea bird, the same look of infinite speculation, of telescopic vision, but also the same actual concentration of sight upon the discovery of what was near at hand and suitable for digestion. The Major's head was that of a philosopher, broad, capacious, powerful; and his eyes, except that they were small, matched the forehead well with their peering seaward gaze; but the truth was a small mind had been put into a large dwelling, and it lived in the window, and its whole ability and occupation was to look out.

One man in his time, especially in a new country, plays many parts, and the Major had been engaged in a variety of callings. It was rumoured he was known in the police force at one period as a promising member of the body. It was said also he had spent some time in the business of a dairyman, and would have made a fortune in the trade if spite had not actuated the Government analyst, in

spite of science, to detect chalk in his milk. It was certain he attended for some time to the bodily ailments of the inhabitants of Puncture in the capacity of M.B., which he translated for his patients "bachelor of medicine," but which otherwise, and with reference to legal requirements and penalties, meant merely "medical botanist." His career as a physician was cut short, however, by that curse of civilisation, professional jealousy, which strains at a gnat as regards the labels put upon human packages, and swallows a camel as regards the contents.

A career so varied had left its traces not only in the position but in the character of the man. In the course of it he had seen not a little of life and of the world, and it had gone to form in his mind some distinct conclusions and some marked characteristics. One of these latter was the Major's morality, which may be said briefly to have been summed up in this—there was so much superfluous naughtiness in the world, useless gratuitous aimless wickedness, that to be no more naughty than was just exactly necessary was on his part to be not bad at all, but "goot, very goot." As for religion, it was another result of the Major's chequered career that he had none at all. He made no profession that way whatever. He was as honest as any other man, but he was not religious. He would say that for himself. The truth is, the Major, when he was M.B., had given up religion. Till then his skin, his black coat, and his religion were inseparable. But he had found as M.B. that religion was not only useless to him, but an incumbrance and even detrimental. How is it that respectability and propriety will tolerate and even patronise the most barefaced quackery in every other profession, pursuit, position under the sun, and will not endure the suspicion of such thing in a medical practitioner? Is it that the lower and fiercer instinct of self-preservation is so much more real than all other and higher feelings, that while a collier Boanerges rants his sermons and prayers to admiring crowds of his own class, and is patronised by the whole genteel evangelical world, is patted on the back as a good man, at any rate nowhere forfeits his character for personal piety by assuming the duties of a clergyman and looking after the salvation of human souls, the moment Mr. McSumph, M.B., not duly licensed by the faculty, takes it upon him to stop a colic, his character is gone, he is placed under the ban of respectable society, he will be laughed at if he professes to be a Christian or a gentleman?

Whatever be the answer to these questions, the fact is certain the Major had discovered for himself that no known or avowed medical quack shall enter into the visible church or be accepted therein. Accordingly, he had given up religion, and had no intention of resuming it. In fact, he was inclined to think there was not much in it after all. He got on very well without it, better than he could have expected. It is possible others whose religion is of the same kind as his might try the experiment of dispensing with it with the same results.

However, the Major's *ne quid nimis* morality together with his extreme honesty in making no profession of religion, it must be admitted, served to some extent the purpose which he had in view when he was a religious man. He had all the air of a man of principle, whose principles are known, in fact of a man who believed in himself and was respectable in his own eyes. And this, in the society in which he mostly lived and moved, was sufficient to give him weight and credit. Hubert Francis was a specimen of this society, that portion of colonial populations on which abounding wealth and the absence of the restraints of older civilisations tell with most effect. Hubert despised the Major's intellect, thought him dull and a bore, but had a certain respect for him.

As the Major sat smoking his pipe in his verandah, not long after the coach had started with Jeremiah now on the top again, Hubert, who spent all his time between Croydon and the capital, was announced, come as the Major supposed to ask for a further supply of money before starting next day on their intended journey, but in reality on a different errand, at least firstly.

"Griffen," said the young man, as the Major slipped on his black coat to receive him with proper dignity—"Griffen has just arrived by coach, and from what he tells me I'm sure Jeremiah Tippet and my sister have gone on to town."

The Major was stupified by the intelligence, and had not recovered from his surprise when Solomon, who had promised to follow Hubert directly, and had followed him at once, was seen hovering at the corner of the verandah, waiting to be taken notice of.

Solomon Griffen was the sly man with the large nose with whom Jeremiah had made a slight acquaintance on the top of the coach. He was also, of course, the eminent patriot who, as the Yankee driver had been informed, had gone to America to escape from the

tender mercies of the British constitution, only North America was in this instance in the Southern Ocean.

No human being could well be more harmless than Solomon Griffen. He was a born conspirator. "Treason, stratagems, and spoils" was printed in large letters on his face. One small eye, beneath its large lid, seemed to be constantly conspiring against the other, taking mean advantage of the prodigious hooked nose between them for the purposes of absolute secrecy. But besides that Solomon was not bloodthirsty by nature, or even without some humane and kindly feeling, he was, though a born and indefatigable plotter, a perfectly harmless man. For in truth the human race, not liking his countenance, was a vast conspiracy against him, and a cruel conspiracy too. Since he had been "secretary and colour-sergeant" to the patriot force at Crawfoot, he had had much experience of the world, and it had been all of one kind—bitter. It was only within the last few months that, taken up by the Major as a sort of occasional clerk and assistant, especially in the legal department of his business, he had found any scope for his abilities or even always a bite for his mouth.

After consulting with Solomon, the Major was satisfied that Hubert was right. What was to be done? Hubert, who wanted money and was much mortified, would agree to anything, but could propose nothing, except to censure fate, which to Solomon, begging pardon, seemed to be slightly unpractical. After reflection and speaking in a low whisper, Solomon was of opinion that it would be well to follow the fugitives, especially if they were bound for the young lady's uncle's in Tasmania, because, as he understood, there was some mystery hanging over the relationship of the parties that Mr. Hubert himself was unable to clear up, and which it might be worth while at any rate to investigate. To this the Major assented at once, and Hubert expressing no objection, it was agreed that Solomon should set out at once on the track of his late fellow-passengers.

Thus it happened that Jeremiah Tippet, as he darted from side to side of the steamer sailing up the broad shining estuary of the Derwent towards the capital of Tasmania, fancied for an instant he had caught sight of a profile somehow familiar to him. But it was immediately withdrawn, and he thought no more of it. He was not an admirer of landscapes himself, but Miss Francis was lost in admiration of the scene before her, and it was his duty and pleasure, therefore, to lend a hand

in the way of observation. He did so with his usual activity and energy, he ducked and dodged and skipped from side to side of the steamer to catch peeps of Mount Wellington nearly five thousand feet high, and a quarter of the horizon in breadth—thus securing views which his young mistress standing motionless must he feared have lost but for his help. For beauty of a certain severe and unadorned style, unadorned by shady glens or foaming waterfalls, or splendid foliage, but in place of being here and there jewelled and ornamented rendered all brilliant and ethereal by the most bewitching of climates, there is not perhaps in the world a scene which excels the view of Hobart Town and Mount Wellington from the deck of a vessel on the Derwent. The city in front, with its white stone English-looking houses, irregular and picturesque as any old English town, circles a loop of the estuary and hiding the mass of its more crowded streets from view, straggles upwards along the lower spurs of the mountain in broken lines of cottages and villas, each planted in its gay green orchard. Withdrawing itself from the river only just far enough to show its full grandeur, Wellington lifts its purple front, fluted with stupendous basaltic columns, out of a vast sea of coppice and timber, in which white decaying stems like white marble columns pierce the sombre mass of foliage. A long outrider from the mountain, rising here and there into rounded peaks and wooded to the top is the frame of the picture, and part of it on one side; on the other bare undulating pasture lands lead the eye away to the distant mountains of the eastern shore.

While Miss Francis, assisted by Jeremiah, was enjoying this unrivalled landscape, it was affording some reflection if not enjoyment to at least another passenger.

"This was the place, was it," he said to himself, peeping from under the cover of the steerage hatchway, "to which, if I had been caught and neither shot on the spot, nor hanged and quartered at leisure, I would have been sent at the expense of my country? It was this island Paradise, was it, that, next to the gallows, scared me, and came between me and my night's rest for weary months? Just like them—just like the blockheads who live by the plunder of their country, and call themselves its saviours and defenders. They make their native land a hulks to honest and well-doing folk, and as a prison for their criminals they choose the sweetest and loveliest spot under the sun. If Mr. Jeremiah Tippet

were banished to the mists of Crawfoot for fourteen years or so, he would return with different ideas of the British constitution and the British lion!"

"British ass!" muttered Solomon, for of course it was he to whom these political reflections had occurred in view of the magnificent landscape.

It was a spot in the interior of the island for which the travellers were bound. After leaving the main road, their way lay for miles and miles along the course of a shallow ravine—which, but that its sides were clothed with evergreen shrubs and blossoming heaths, too delicate to endure the English winter, might have been taken for an English glen—enlivened, as usual with Tasmanian scenery, by a clear and sparkling brook murmuring over a pebbly bottom. Emerging from this glen, they were in sight of their destination, an unpretending, plain stone house, which, plain as it was, however, was the mansion-house of an estate circling away on every side to the distant purple hills. George Jamieson, "Duke George" as he was commonly called, the proprietor of this estate, M.P. for the county of which it was three-fourths, a genial Scotchman, with not much of a Scotchman's shrewdness, and very much of an Irishman's rollicking loud-voiced cordiality, welcomed his niece with a burst of delighted surprise, and after kissing her and blessing her several times, and passing her on to his wife, he would have embraced Jeremiah too, had not the little man dexterously ducked under his arms.

Jeremiah was anxious to make his stay as short as possible, and was not slow to submit the problem which Duke George was to help to solve. The decision was accelerated by a circumstance that occurred while it was under discussion, early in the evening. This was Duke George's overseer requesting his master to go down to the men's huts, a quarter of a mile off, and see for himself whether there was not a particularly suspicious customer among the arrivals for the night. On this errand Jeremiah accompanied Duke George, and on entering the hut where the suspicious individual had taken up his quarters, recognised in a moment the profile he had seen on board the steamer, and his old acquaintance on the coach. Conspirator, spy, rogue, was written on the man's face, and Jeremiah immediately jumped to the conclusion that he himself, or Miss Francis, was the object whose movements had been watched. Under the formal

and searching legal cross-examination to which Mr. Tippet subjected him, aided by certain hints which Duke George threw out in his capacity of J.P., this suspicion was confirmed, or at any rate received so much of a colour of probability, that it had something to do with the determination which was come to on their return to the house, viz., that Miss Francis should go home for a year, to be out of harm's way, and to let light be thrown upon the relations of the Francis family and Major McSumph.

CHAPTER VIII.

"You have not made the acquaintance of many people in your parish yet," said Mrs. Hope, addressing herself to Mr. Francis, who was staying for a few days at Laighlea, while the habitable part of Novantia was being got ready for habitation.

"No," was the reply; "but I have a friend, a very old and intimate friend, here."

"Who may that be? Do we know him?"

"Not likely, I should think. He is gate-keeper at the principal entrance to Sunbury."

"David Groat? How very odd!" interposed Miss Hope. "He is an acquaintance of mine too, and I may say friend, I hope, though it was in an odd way enough our friendship began."

"Tell Mr. Francis how it was," said Beatrice.

"Well, hearing that he was ill, I called to see him shortly after he came to the lodge, intending to ask whether I could be of any little use to him or his daughter; and I found then he was a person worth knowing, a character, in fact, though the word somehow sounds not respectful enough, as applied to him."

"Tell Mr. Francis, Hetty," said Mrs. Hope, "the scene you had with him in regard to your tract. Charlotte—that is Miss Hope's cousin, Lady Best, Mr. Francis—was shocked when she heard it; but you, I dare say, who know David, will not be so much horrified."

"I am not sure it is fair to tell it, even to you, Mr. Francis. I don't think the old man would like to hear I had been publishing it to all the world."

"I promise to keep it a profound secret from all the world."

"Well, then, when I entered the lodge that day, I found the old man very ill indeed, so ill he was only just able to sit up for a little while in bed, propped up with pillows, unwilling or unable to talk much, and evidently preferring to keep his eyes shut, and just be let alone. His daughter

was beside him, and anxious about him. I stayed a few minutes, and had made, as I thought, friends of both by the sympathy which one could not but feel for them; when, unluckily, just as I got up to leave, and after promising to call again, it occurred to me, I suppose from habit, and certainly without thought, to step up to the bedside, and offer the old man a tract."

"Well, how did he take it?" said Mr. Francis, with a smile, which showed that he guessed how it would be taken.

"Take it! I never was so sorry all my life as for having been that once a tract distributor."

"How so? What did he say or do?"

"Let me leave with you a tract,' I said, and I meant to add that it was light, and perhaps he could look at it when he could not be troubled reading any of the volumes which I saw on the chair near the bed. But he interrupted me, with a look of sadness that reminded me of that study of a St. Lawrence or St. Somebody that you were copying for six months, Beatty, last year, a look of the deepest and most inexpressible and most hopeless sorrow, saying—

"A tract, mem, a tract! You and me's strangers to ane anither, or you would na offer me a tract. A tract!' he repeated, growing more like St. Lawrence every moment, 'a tract with a story o' some ruffian, maybe, that cut his mother's throat, and made his peace wi' his Maker in the jail, and kissed the hangman on the gallows. No, mem. A tract's no' exactly in my line. I'm an old man, but naeboddy ever offered me a tract afore. And ye would na hae offered it either, or ye're no what ye look like, if ye had na been mistaken in ane or twa points. A tract!' he repeated, and I would have given the world to have been able to get out at the door decently; 'a tract! I have nae immediate prospect o' dissolution. That's ae thing ye're rather mistaen aboot. It's no every poor man that's a downright out-and-out heathen. That's anither point I doubt ye've not considered well, mem. A tract!' he repeated, 'a tract! A tract, mem, a tract!' he went on, and would have proceeded I don't know how long or how far if he had not become fairly exhausted; whereupon, with an effort, he turned over on his side, and drew the blankets over his head."

"You left then, I suppose?" said Mr. Francis, when his laughter would permit him to ask the question.

"No, not directly. Great as my own confusion was, I could see his daughter's

was greater still; and I stood looking at her, and she at me, for I don't know how long, without saying a word, but meaning a great deal."

"Did the blankets show no sign?"

"Yes, they were thrown off at last, and the old man, to my great relief and joy, wore a different face, though still there was a touch of sadness in it."

"Pardon me, mem,' he said, taking off his red night-cap, by way of salute, I suppose. 'I'm crabbed and touchy at the best, and rheumatism, that is sent to the good to improve their graces, does na mend the temper any more than the joints o' old sinners like myself. I'm sure ye did na mean onything no kind, and if I had na been an idiot, I should just have ta'en your tract and said naething more aboot it, and—'

"Put it in the fire after I have left,' I said, seeing only too well what the old man's humour was, and perceiving for the first time, but very clearly, what a piece of folly indiscriminate tract-giving may prove to be sometimes.

"Weel, no, no exactly, either,' he replied, as, assisted by his daughter, he sat up again. 'Ye're nae common missionary, I can see, and as it's the first visit I ever had from ane, I'll keep the tract for your sake, and may be fram't."

"So you parted friends, then?"

"Oh, yes; we understood each other after that, at least as regards those one or two points which were involved in the 'tract,' and we have ever since been great friends; and Beatrice, I think, is oftener at the lodge than I am, calls every time she passes, and is more intimate with him and his daughter than with anybody in the parish."

"Yes," said Beatrice, "old David is perfectly charming. I used to think the school-master perfection, but the old gatekeeper throws him completely into the shade."

It was David Groats, of course, to whom this conversation referred. His situation at the print-work at Greytown, easy for a younger man, had begun to be arduous for him. He had much to do with the going out and coming in of boys and girls; and though he loved them, even for the tricks which they played him, he would have needed, he used to say, to be either Providence or a boy himself to prevent their going out, when they ought to have come in, and *vice versa*; and what with rheumatism and an increasing limp, he was growing less able every day to contend with youth and winged feet. Besides, his attach-

ment to the place in which he had lived a long time had been loosened, two or three years ago, by the departure of his adopted son, a boy distantly related to his deceased wife, of whom he had taken charge, against his wife's remonstrances; whom he had carefully educated at the parish school, and had got trained as an engineer, in which capacity he was now serving on board a trading steamer in Chinese waters. Hearing something of this, Lord Layton, who, as patron of the Mechanics' Institute, was an old acquaintance of David's, offered him, when it

fell vacant, the lodge at Sunbury; and as it was just after the appointment of his young friend to the parish of Illtafend, and as he imagined it a more suitable, because a less public and noisy sphere for his daughter than the gate of a print-work, he was glad to accept the offer, saying to himself that he was like Ruth, with the exception that he had a bald head, and "nae" beauty, and would say as she said, "Where thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge, and thy people shall be my people."

A good deal of the conversation which



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passed at Laignlea during Mr. Francis's visit, like that part of it which related to David Groats, was of a theological cast, but, like that, not without admixture of elements as foreign to much theology as humour and human life. Not out of studied compliment to him, much less because there was anything in his look or habits to remind them of his profession, but because there were many questions in regard to the Bible and life which had been stirred in their minds, and over which, they had much and long puzzled their heads, Mrs. Hope and her daughters were

delighted to spend the long evenings during his visit in talk, most of which related to these questions. Mrs. Hope had a host of problems to state, which she was sure—so high an opinion had she already of her guest's abilities—he would be able easily to solve for her. She looked upon him as a magazine of the latest religious information, from which almost anything that was wanted could be ordered or specimens obtained on approval. Nor was she altogether wrong. He was able to help her with some of her vexed questions. He had a way of making

light, sometimes in a serious, but more often in a playful and humorous way, of isolated bits of Scripture and difficulties arising out of the letter of the Bible, and of swearing by a few plain truths which clearly appeared to be of the spirit of the sacred volume, that answered, at least to her mind, a great many questions. For this she was abundantly grateful to him. She told her daughters they had not spent so pleasant a time at Laighlea as the short period of Mr. Francis's visit had been. It was fortunate for them, she said, Lord Layton had chosen such a man. She had always affirmed that he never did what was wrong, and when he was right he was more right than anybody else could have been. How strange it was, indeed, that the very man they had been so long thinking of and wishing for should have come to them! It was just as she had always thought and believed, there was a providence in these things.

"It is very providential, mamma," said her youngest daughter; "we think so, but I don't know that Mrs. Corrypeel will just see it in that light. You remember she told us at the church door, the first time she heard Mr. Francis preach, she did not believe he knew a bit about the gospel."

"Yes," said Hetty, "what is providential to one person unluckily is not so to another, though both believe in the same providence. Is not everything happening to us which we wished for very much, and rather thought we should not get, and which we could not have got if we had tried, providential?"

On this point Mrs. Hope and her daughters could not make up their minds, or come to a complete understanding. So it was agreed to refer it to Mr. Francis. Accordingly at the breakfast table, Beatrice, after remarking that as this was his last day with them, they must try to get all their questions asked and settled at once, said to him,—

"Now, Mr. Francis, mamma and Hetty, who always come into my room at night and wait till morning, talking and talking—at least, I think they do so, for I'm often asleep; well, they were in my room last night, and we were talking for a long time about things being providential—one thing I should say rather. Tell us, please, what is providential and what is not. We could not find it out or agree about it, could we, Hetty, and you proposed to refer it to Mr. Francis, and I seconded the motion."

Mr. Francis blushed. He had some intellectual audacity, but his disposition was shy.

Appealed to in this way to settle a knotty point off-hand, guessing too that his competency to discuss it had been the subject of discussion beforehand, he felt as if several pairs of beaming eyes looked through and through his mind, and saw that it was a bare and empty tenement—a house with windows and no furniture. He replied, however, as well as he could, that Providence was a word which evidently referred to God and the system of the universe and human life, and had relation besides to current religion, sermons, and ideas, and these were things not to be disposed of—in the eating of an egg.

"Or put into an egg-shell," said Beatrice.

"Or a nut-shell either, though that's where the philosophers and divines are constantly putting them all."

"I cannot say," he continued, "that providence is one of those subjects of which I have been in the habit of thinking specially, or that I could say what providence exactly signifies. But I suppose one thing is pretty clear, what it does mean to most people is what would be better expressed by another word—in fact, a word of opposite signification."

"What word?" inquired Beatrice, "you don't mean lucky?"

"Yes, that's exactly the word I do mean. Lucky is a heathen word, providential is Christian, or may be so; but people continue in Christian times to be sound heathens, and give to their Christian words the most ancient and most orthodox heathen sense."

"That's just what we were saying last night, was it not?" said Hetty. "That was how we meant providential. We were Christian heathens or heathen Christians."

"Better tell Mr. Francis, Hetty, what it was we thought so very providential," said Beatrice, with a knowing look first at her sister and then at her mother, who both glanced warningly in the direction of the minister.

"I shall suppose, Miss Beatrice, it was something lucky, very lucky; nothing else, I am sure, could happen to you."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Francis. I am not so sure of that; but this that we were speaking of last night I know is providential. Now, Hetty, do tell Mr. Francis what it was."

Mr. Francis felt rather than saw that Miss Hope was looking grave, and to spare her the necessity of a reply he said—

"Some other time, Miss Beatrice, when time has shown whether it is really providential or not, I shall hear of it. You will tell me then yourself, perhaps."

Here he added, after a pause, which was occupied by the whole party in reading the morning letters just brought to the table, "Here is to me a providential event. My sister is on her way here from Australia, and will be in London almost before I can be there to meet her."

"How very providential indeed," said Mrs. Hope, "lucky, as you say, and surprising! And she will probably stay with you for a while?" she inquired, after allowing him a moment to recover from his astonishment.

"She intends, it appears—let me see, I have read the letter and not read it—yes, she intends to remain some months at all events, perhaps for a year. I had no idea there were news of this kind for me in James's post-bag this morning. He comes in always with the same face, whatever his news are."

"Yes, the leather bag and James have about the same variety of expression, however various their news may be," observed Hetty.

"When a thing is all that we could have wished and more than we could have imagined, it is providential, is it not?" replied Mr. Francis.

"I wonder," said Beatrice, as she and her sister were going down-stairs from their rooms to join their guest, who was waiting to accompany them on their afternoon ride—"I wonder whether his sister will be like him?"

"How like him? In what way do you mean?—in face, or mind, or manners, or what?" inquired Hetty.

"Oh, every way," said Beatrice.

"Hush, Beatty," said the elder sister, "you speak so loud we shall be heard down below."

"I don't care," retorted Beatrice; "it would be lucky if he did hear me. I want Mr. Francis to know that we like him so very much, and I hope he will come here constantly, and his sister too, if she is the least like him. But I don't think she will be. Sisters are never as nice as their brothers. It will be providential though."

"Still providential," said Mr. Francis, who could not help hearing the word as he stood at the hall door.

"Yes, still providential," replied Beatrice, mounting with his offered help. "We shall talk of it as we go along."

"No, Beatrice," said Hetty, already mounted, "we have exhausted that subject completely. I am sure Mr. Francis is tired of it too."

"Oh, not I," replied he, jumping into his

saddle. 'Fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute'—we may talk of these, I fancy, a good many miles, as other angels have done, Miss Beatrice, without coming to an end of them. That 'hill retired' on which they sat apart, by the way," he added, "could not surely have been much finer than the present landscape."

"Mrs. Corrypeel's ideas of providence," persevered Beatrice, in spite of the attractions of the landscape and the remonstrances of her sister, "are not so peculiar, then, after all. You told us at breakfast, Mr. Francis, that according to some people anything which happens to us is providential if we like it, if it is agreeable to us."

"Well, yes, I did say something of the sort, and I might have said also perhaps that what is particularly disagreeable to others, damaging and distressing to people we don't like, is equally providential to us. But I beg pardon, Miss Beatrice; tell us, while we go down the avenue, of your friend Mrs. Corrypeel and her views of providence?"

"You will promise not to smile or laugh?"

"Yes; the subject is grave."

"And Hetty, you will promise to tell Mr. Francis afterwards my views of providence?"

"I must know what they are first. When did you confide them to me, Beatty?"

"Oh, as for confiding, I don't know that Mrs. Corrypeel ever confided her views to me or anybody else. You can guess, though, pretty well all the same what they are. You remember what she told us once, Hetty, about the estate. She calls her property the estate always. She has just come here lately to occupy it. It was left to her, you know, by her old uncle. She is such a good woman, so kind, so affectionate. Don't laugh, Hetty, or Mr. Francis will not believe me. You know she is so kind and good and affectionate to every one, she throws her arms about your neck and leans her great weight on your shoulders both when you arrive and when you leave. She wanted to kiss Lord Sunbury, but he was warned beforehand, and as he is six feet, and very straight, being in the Guards, he made himself too tall. Didn't he, Hetty?"

"You know best. He told you himself, did he not? But go on, and tell us Mrs. Corrypeel's views of providence."

"Don't you remember what she told us, Hetty? She was speaking of the estate, and what she was going to do with it, and she said, turning up her eyes to the roof—though it was hardly worth while for her to do that, for the house is so very old and the ceiling so

very low—she said, you remember, Hetty, 'How wonderfully kind the Lord has been to me! There were seven of us in my father's family, four brothers and three sisters, and only ten years ago they were all alive and well, and I, being the youngest of them all and the most delicate too, had least chance of being my uncle's heir; but they have all been removed one by one, and here I am this day in possession of the estate. His kindness to me has been really and truly wonderful!'

"Yes," said Mr. Francis and Hetty simultaneously, "one can see clearly what Mrs. Corrypeel's ideas of providence are."

"What is providence to Mrs. Corrypeel," added Mr. Francis, "is death to others, beginning with six of her near relations."

This conversation brought the party to the end of the avenue. On the opposite side of the road, leading seaward, which was the one they meant to take, was the principal entrance to Sunbury. They halted for an instant to see if David Groats would come out, but he made no sign, and they rode on. David had seen them come walking down the avenue, the horses and themselves flecked with the lights and shadows of the arching limes above their heads. But he was not prepared for a halt at his door, and he did not respond to the invitation which it gave him to come out.

A brisk canter of less than an hour brought them to the head of the bay, along the shore of which their road stretched southward. Hetty and her sister preferred this road, beginning hereabouts, to every other, not because there were none so beautiful in the district, but because it led nearly in the direction of their old home, too far off to be seen even at the end of their longest rides, but brought near by certain distant landmarks coming then into view. They were privileged riders on this road, and when it pleased them left it to scamper over the green domains and along the shaded drives of the various estates through which it passed. The further they travelled, it led them into a region of more intimate acquaintance and earlier and closer friendships.

"You must not suppose, either, that the country is always dull," said Hetty, addressing Mr. Francis, who was admiring the scene before him—a magnificent sweep of white-edged shore-line, curving and tapering like a sea-bird's wing away into distance, smooth and regular at the water's edge, swelling into wooded knolls farther back from the bay, and lighted up with the light of a summer sky

and glancing waves—"You must not suppose the country always dull either, any more than constantly ugly."

"When the Laytons," she added, "come down later, and all these empty houses along the shore are full instead of empty, the place is positively gay. It is Mayfair in Braidarden."

"Mr. Francis will not find it dull at any rate when his sister is with him," said Beatrice.

"No, to be sure," replied Hetty, "I did not think of that."

"Not in the least dull," Mr. Francis protested that he was sure to find the country neither dull nor ugly. He quite believed it was always lively. He liked a country life, and, as Beatrice had said, there was his sister to make Novantia cheerful.

This was saying a good deal for Braidarden. But notwithstanding it is probable his mind was not entirely relieved when all this was said, for on the way back he was sometimes absent.

"What was he thinking of," said Beatrice to herself once or twice. "His sister, I suppose. I do wonder if she is like him."

"You did not come out in the forenoon," observed Mr. Francis in the evening to his friend David Groats, whom he was seldom a day without seeing.

"No."

"You did not see Miss Hope and her sister, I suppose?"

"I saw you and them well enough for the matter o' that."

"And you did what you did deliberately and on purpose to be uncivil?"

"Well, I maun tell ye the truth. I didna like to be a scarecrow. My face nowadays, I think sometimes, is a wee like ane o' thae penny theatres that ye've maybe seen travelling through the country, where they represent awful tragedies and screaming farces, three o' each in the inside o' an hour.

"In thae travelling theatres," he continued, "the scene-shifting is the maist o't; it taks up maist o' the time, short as it is, and it is done w' maist ado; it's all hands to work then, both tragedians and pantaloons. Now as I get aulder and aulder I find my face, either because the muscles are getting stiff, or because I have lost the power o' them I used to have, dinna shift as I would like. If I'm vexed or angry, and I try to be pleased in the inside o' half an hour, it beats me."

"Ay, but how should that have stood in the way of your coming out to see Miss Hope and Miss Beatrice?"

"I'll tell you that, too, for I can keep nothing from you that I have and ye want. Ye were coming down the avenue, as I said, laughing and talking, the big shadows from the limes and big lights through them floating about ye and nacbody being in but mysel, as sure's ye're minister o' this parish, and no wishing to be rebuked for't afore the session, and though it's a long time since I was courting, I gaed three or four skips on the floor, lame as I am, I was sae glad to think that God had made golden lads and lasses to be a sight to auld men in the shade as well as to enjoy the sunshine themselves."

"Well, that's what I was doing," he added, "but jist as I cam down ance on the floor on my lame leg, man, a thought darted into my mind

that was like a stab to me, rather I saw again what I saw long ago."

"In the name of wonder and o' mystery, what?" asked Mr. Francis.

"Weel, it was naething that concerns you, but it came o'er me like a summer cloud. I minded for a minute, as if I saw them before me again, another couple—like you two they were. But it's an old, old story, and has nothing to do with you or you with it; only as I was saying, it shifted the scenes against my will, and when you were standing before the windows they would na shift back again, though I tried as hard as I could for a minute. My face was there. and it was fixed like fate, and I could na come out to her and you wi' a face like that."

DAYS NEAR ROME.

III.—BOLSENA AND ORVIETO.

IT is an interesting drive across the great Etruscan plain to which one descends from the walls of Viterbo, leaving to the east the ruins of the Etruscan Ferentinum, with its stately theatre. The town of Montefiascone is very effective from a distance, crest-



Bell Tower, Orvieto.

ing a lofty hill, and crowned by the handsome dome of a cathedral, designed by San Michaelae and dedicated to S. Margaret. The hill, always celebrated for its wine, probably thence derives its name, — *fiaskone* signifying a large flask. Dennis considers that it occupies either the site of the Etruscan city Cenarea, or that of the Fanum Voltumnae, the shrine where the princes of Etruria met in council on the affairs of the confederation. No Etruscan remains, however, exist, except a few caverned tombs now turned into the hovels of the miserable living inhabitants.

Outside the Roman gate, near the pleasant little inn of the Aquila Nera, at which the *zetturrini* halt, is the principal sight of the place, the wonderful old Church of S. Flaviano, which dates from the eleventh century, but was restored by Urban IV. in 1262. It is a most curious building, and highly picturesque outside, with a broad balconied loggia over a triple entrance. Within, it is quite one of the most remarkable churches in Italy, by no means "subterranean," as Murray

says, nor has it even a crypt, but the triforium is of such breadth, that it almost forms a second church, and contains a second high-altar, and a bishop's throne, approached by staircases on either side of the high-altar which covers the remains of S. Flaviano in the lower church. The pillars are most extraordinary, of enormous size, and with magnificent and very curious capitals sculptured with intricate patterns. Some of the side chapels are almost in ruins. The whole building was once covered with frescoes, which are now only visible where a white-wash coating has been removed. In a chapel on the left of the entrance they are more perfect, and exquisite specimens of Umbrian Art. The chief subject is the Massacre of the Innocents; a beautiful head, probably of the unknown artist, is introduced in the frieze. In the centre of the ceiling is our Saviour surrounded by angels.

An incised grave-stone before the high-altar representing a bishop with a goblet on either side of his head, is interesting as that of Bishop Johann Fugger, one of the famous family who burnt the proofs of the debts of Charles V., and lived in princely splendour in the old palace at Augsburg, now known as the *Drei Mohren*. The bishop loved good wine beyond everything, and travelled over all distant lands in search of it. He was so afraid of the price rising on his advent, that he sent on his valet before, bidding him taste the wine at the places he came to, and if he found it good to send back the

word "Est." The valet came to Montefiascone and found the wine so absolutely enchanting, that he wrote the sign three times—"Est, Est, Est." The bishop arrived and drank so much, that he died that night, desiring with his last breath, that a barrel of wine might annually be upset upon his grave, so that his body might still sop in the delicious fluid, and bequeathing a large sum of money to Montefiascone on this condition. The bishop's wishes were carried out till a few years ago, but the price of the cask of wine is now applied to charities. On the bishop's grave is the epitaph placed by the valet.

"Est, Est, Est
Propter nimium est,
Joannes de Foucris
Dominus meus
Mortuus est."

From the hill above Montefiascone we look down over the lake of Bolsena, which

we have already made acquaintance with from the top of Soracte. It is more than twenty-six miles round, and encircled by low hills. Two rocky islets break the expanse of water; on the larger, Bisentina, is an interesting



At Bolsena.



Castle Gate, Bolsena.

church built by the Farneses to commemorate the miraculous escape of Sta. Christina from drowning: in the smaller island, Martana, may be seen the staircase which led to the prison where the Gothic Queen Amalasontha was strangled by her cousin Theodatus. The lake is full of fish, especially eels: Pope Martin IV. died from eating too many of them:—

"E quella faccia
Di là da lui, più che le altre trapuata,
Ebbe la santa chiesa in le sue braccia;
Dal Torso fu, e purga por dignuno
Le anguille di Bolsena e la vernaccia."
Purgat., xxiv.

As we approach Bolsena the valley is hemmed in to our right by curious basaltic rocks, formed by rows of columns closely imbedded together, as at the Giant's Causeway, and at Dunstanborough in Northumberland. Since railways have diverted the traffic, there has been absolutely no inn in

the little town of Bolsena, though artists may obtain lodgings there. They will find plenty of work in its old streets, full of beautiful doorways, and charming subjects of vine-covered loggias before the old houses, with views of the blue lake beneath the twining branches. Outside the northern gate is a sort of little piazza, round which are ranged some altars and capitals of columns, relics of the city of Volsinii, which the Romans built on the site of the earlier Etruscan city of Volsinium, celebrated in the pages of Livy. Sejanus, the favourite of Tiberius, was born at Volsinii.

That which alone saves Bolsena now from sinking into utter insignificance is the fame of Sta. Christina; for, though her legend is rejected by the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church, her fame continues to be great throughout the whole of central Italy;

and as the little town of Tiro, where she was born, on the shore of the lake, has been swallowed up by its waters, the pilgrimages in her honour are all now devoted to Bolsena, where she is buried.

The beautiful Church of

Sta. Christina stands near the Roman gate. In front of it is a splendid sarcophagus, with Bacchic bas-reliefs. The doors have ornaments by Luca della Robbia. Inside is the shrine of the saint, with three scenes from her prolonged martyrdom: the cutting off of her breasts, her being roasted in a furnace, and her being shot with arrows.

A dark chapel on the left is famous as the scene of the miracle of Bolsena, portrayed by Raphael on the walls of the Stanze, when, to convert an unbelieving priest, the consecrated wafer bled at the moment of elevation. It is in honour of this reputed miracle, following upon the visions of Julienne, abbess of Mont Cornillon, near Liege, that the festival of Corpus Domini was founded by Urban IV. A still greater memorial of it exists in the Cathedral of Orvieto.

Three stones "insanguinati" are enclosed in the altar, and beneath it is another relic,

the stone which was tied to the feet of Sta. Christina, that she might sink in the lake, but which miraculously bore her up like a boat, and on which her holy footmarks may still be seen. In the sacristy is a curious predella telling the story of S. George.

We were amused by the sense of proprietorship manifested by the little children who surrounded us while we were drawing at Bolsena. "You think that those roses in your hand are beautiful, don't you?" said one little child of six years old to another; "you should see the roses in *my* vigna."

"Ah, tu hai una vigna!" exclaimed the little listener with wide jealous eyes.

"Oh, *altro!*"

Most lovely is the ascent from Bolsena into the vine-clad hills, where, between the garlands hanging from tree to tree, one has glimpses of the broad lake with its islands, and the brown castle and town rising up against it in the repose of their deep shadow.

Considerably to the right, but accessible from this road, is the wonderfully picturesque mediæval town of Bagnorea, the ancient *Balneum Regis*, in the midst of a wild volcanic district, and occupying a high hill-top, only approached by narrow ridges across tremendous gulfs which separate it from the table-land. This remote town was the birth-place of Giovanni da Fidanza, the "Seraphic Doctor," who obtained his name of S. Buonaventura from the exclamation of S. Francis, "O buona ventura," when, during a severe illness, he awoke from a death-like trance in answer to the prayers of his great master. He died in 1240, leaving behind him a vast number of mystic works, bearing such names as—"The Nightingale of the Passion of our Lord fitted to the Seven Hours," "The Six Wings of the Cherubim and the Six Wings of the Seraphim," and "The Soul's Journey to God." Dante introduces him as singing the praises of S. Dominic in Paradise:—

"In sen la vita di Buonaventura
Da Bagnoregio, che ne' grandi uffici
Sempre po' posi la sinistra cura."

Par., xii. 127.

Long before reaching Orvieto, you come in sight of the town. It occupies an Etruscan site. On turning the crest of the hills which shelter Bolsena, one looks down into a wide valley filled with the richest vegetation—peach-trees and almonds and figs, with vines leaping from tree to tree and chaining them together, and beneath, an unequalled luxuriance of corn and peas and melons, every tiniest space occupied. Mountains of

the most graceful forms girdle in this paradise, and from the height whence we first gaze upon it, endless distances are seen, blue and roseate and snowy, melting into infinity of space; while from the valley itself rises, island-like, a mass of orange-coloured rock, crowned with old walls and houses and churches, from the centre of which is uplifted a vast cathedral, with delicate spray-like pinnacles, and a golden and jewelled front,—and this is Orvieto.

The first impression is one which is never forgotten—a picture which remains; and the quiet grandeurs of the place, as time and acquaintance bring it home to one, only paint in the details of that first picture more carefully.

We descend into the plain by the winding road, where wains of great grey oxen are always employed for the country work of the hillside, and we ascend the hill on which the city stands, and enter it by a gate in the rocky walls. The town is remarkably clean, but one has always the feeling of being in a fortress. Unlike Viterbo, gaiety and brightness seem to have deserted its narrow streets of dark houses, interspersed with huge tall square towers of the Middle Ages, and themselves, in the less frequented parts, built of rich-brown stone, with sculptured cornices to their massive doors and windows, and resting on huge buttresses. From one of the narrowest and darkest of these streets we come suddenly upon the cathedral, a blaze of light and colour, the most aerial Gothic structure in the world, every line a line of beauty. There is something in the feeling that no artists worked at this glorious temple but the greatest architects, the greatest sculptors of their time; that no material was used but that which was most precious, most costly, and which would produce the most glorious effect, which carries one far away from all comparisons with other earthly buildings—to the description, in the Revelation, of the New Jerusalem. The very platform on which the cathedral stands is purple Apennine marble; the loveliest jaspers and *pietre dure* are worked into its pinnacles and buttresses; the main foundation of its pictured front is gold. A hundred and fifty-two sculptors, of whom Arnolfo and Giovanni da Pisa are the greatest names handed down to us, worked upon the ornamentation near the base: sixty-eight painters and ninety workers in mosaic gave life to the glorious pictures of its upper stories. All the surroundings are harmonious—solemn old houses, with black

and white marble seats running along their basement, on which one may sit and gaze : a tower surmounted by a gigantic bronze warrior, who strikes the hours with the clash of his sword upon a great bell : an ancient oblong palace with Gothic arches and flat windows, where thirty-four popes have sought a refuge or held a court at different times—all serving as a dark setting to make more resplendent the glittering radiancy of the golden front of the temple in their midst.

No passing traveller, no stayer for one night, can realise Orvieto. Hours must be passed on those old stone benches, hours in reading the wondrous lessons of art, of truth, of beauty, and of holiness which this temple of temples can unfold. For Orvieto is not merely a vast sculpture-gallery and a noble building, but its every stone has a story to tell or a mystery to explain.

What depths of thought are hidden in those tremendous marble pictures between the doors! First the whole story of Genesis ; then the Old Testament story which followed Genesis, leading on to the birth of Christ ; then the story of our Saviour's life upon earth ; and, lastly, the lesson of his redemption wrought for us, in the resurrection of the dead to the second life. Even the minor figures which surround these greater subjects, how much they have to tell us ! Take the wondrous angels which surround the story of Christ ; the Awe-stricken Angel of the Salutation ; the Welcoming Angel of the Flight into Egypt ; the Praying Angel of the Temptation ; the Suffering Angel of the Betrayal ; the Agonized Angel (and, oh, what a sublime figure, with its face covered with its hands !) of the Crucifixion ; the Angel, rapt in entire unutterable beatitude, of the Resurrection. Or let us look at the groups of prophets, who, standing beneath the life of Christ, foresee and foretell its events,—their

eager invocation, their meditation, their inspiration, their proclamation, of that which was to be.

Above these lower subjects is a great Mosaic of the Virgin and Child as the centre of the whole, and, on either side of it, the Baptism of Christ, and the Birth of the Virgin, between the bronze emblems of the Evangelists. Next we have the Assumption, between the Annunciation and the story of Joachim and Anna. Then the stupendous rose window, between the Spozalizio and the Presentation in the Temple, and, highest of all, a grand representation of the Coronation of the Virgin.

After seeing the exterior, the interior of the cathedral seems bare and colourless, yet it is full of beauty, though occasionally the effect of the thirteenth-century work is destroyed by later details. The pillars are striped with alter-

nate black and white marble as at Siena, and a strange lurid light is cast by alabaster windows at the west end. The east end is full of colour from early Umbrian frescoes, and has beautiful *Tarsia* work of hermits and sainted bishops, but the statues which stand before the pillars in the nave are of gigantic size, and take away from the effect of height. The chapel on the left of the high-altar is that of the Santissimo Corporale, en-

tirely covered with frescoes relating to the miracle of Bolsena and the institution of the festival of Corpus Domini which resulted from it. The famous relic is preserved in a silver shrine of 1338, ornamented with twelve paintings in enamel by Ugolino Vieri, a goldsmith of Siena.

On the other side of the nave is the more famous chapel of the Madonna di S. Brizio, a glorious gallery of thirteenth-century art. Here one learns to appreciate the tremendous power of Luca Signorelli (1440—1521), the rich man "who lived magnificently and



Lago di Bolsena.



Bolsena.

loved to dress himself in splendid attire," and who, little known elsewhere, here followed Fra Angelico, who painted the lovely group of Christ, the Virgin, and saints upon the ceiling. The frescoes of Signorelli are a regular series,—first, we have the teaching of Antichrist; no repulsive figure, but a grand personage in flowing robes, and with a noble countenance, which at a distance might easily be mistaken for the Saviour, and which bears all his usual pictorial attributes. To him the crowd are eagerly gathering and listening, and it is only when you draw close, that you can discover in his harder and cynical expression, and from the evil spirit whispering in his ear, that it is not Christ. Then we have the Resurrection—the vast angels of the judgment blow their trumpets, and the dead arise, struggling, labouring, out of the earth, to obey a summons which they cannot resist. Then comes Hell, so filled with misery, that the pictured suffering seizes upon your imagination, and will come back at intervals for ever—with the recollection of the fiends of Signorelli, not monsters, but men filled with hatred and vengeance, torturing the naked souls, or floating over them on bat-like wings. And lastly we reach the Resurrection of the Just, where the angelic choirs are welcoming a concourse of rejoicing souls, whose every attitude and expression betokens the most unspeakable bliss.

The Signorelli Chapel should be seen in the colouring of early morning, when the

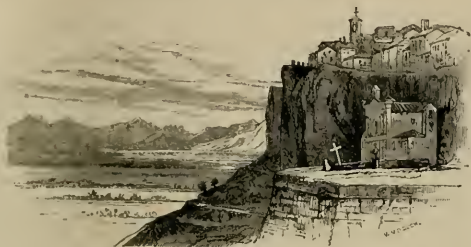
sun streams directly through its windows upon the walls whence the living frescoes arise from the dead gold of their groundwork, and illuminates the polished floor of purple Apennine marble. Then the rest of the church, which is separated from the chapel by a gorgeous wrought-iron screen, is lost in its deep shadows, and one seems to be alone with the spirits and the dead.

Many of the older churches of Orvieto are full of interest, and have been too little noticed. In the Church of S. Bernardino is a

good picture by Sinibaldo Ibi of the Virgin enthroned between S.S. Peter and Paul, the kneeling Francis, and Bernardino. Leaving the more inhabited parts of the town, one must visit, where it stands forlorn and deserted on a grass-grown space, the old Church of S. Domenico, used as a fortress by the Guelphs in 1346, for it contains a grand monument by Arnolfo to Cardinal di Braye, who died in 1282.

Not far from this, at

the eastern end of the town, is the well called Il Pozzo di San Patrizio, made by Sangallo to supply the garrison in case of siege, when Clement VII. and his court fled hither after the sack of Rome in 1527, the last of a long series of popes who have sought a refuge in Orvieto. It is a hollow tower with two staircases of two hundred and forty-eight steps, circling one above the other, one for ascent, the other for descent. The well was commemorated on the reverse of a



Orvieto.



S. Flaviano, Montefiascone.

medal designed and struck by Benvenuto Cellini at the command of Clement VII., who wished it to bear a figure of Moses striking the rock, with the legend, "Ut bibat populus."

And no artist must leave Orvieto without rambling round its walls, with their wide

views over valley and mountains, whose delicate tints contrast with the dark brown of the crumbling houses and solid bastions of the town. The ramparts end in a triangle near S. Juvenalis, a curious old church, much spoilt by whitewash, but covered with beautiful decaying frescoes of the Umbrian school.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

SOLAR RESEARCH.

1.—BEFORE THE SPECTROSCOPE.

OF late years we have rendered the task of the historian simpler than it used to be. The compilation and publication of our national records have given him the opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with the public characters of past times, as well as with their springs of action. He can now obtain a more vivid, as well as a more accurate conception of the men and manners he is about to portray, and he has not been slow to profit by these facilities. It is very much the same in science as in history. The task of the historian of science is very much simplified by the labours of those who gather together what may be called the original literature of the various scientific problems. But in science a compilation of this kind is of immense advantage from a totally different point of view. Original scientific memoirs are so scattered abroad, that very frequently the man of science who is both able and anxious to extend our knowledge in some direction, is unable to find out what has been done before him in his own field of research. There was lately a memorable instance of this when a scientific doctrine was taught in Glasgow, while at the same time it was being independently worked out both in Edinburgh and Heidelberg.

These considerations have induced Mr. J. Norman Lockyer to gather together in one volume the various papers which he has published on the subject of Solar Physics, a most interesting and important branch of inquiry, in which no one has done better work or accomplished more than Mr. Lockyer.* He tells us in his preface that he formed this resolution because his papers were evidently unread by some who were actually engaged, as well as many who were merely interested, in the inquiry. The book is an eminently readable one, and gives an admirable history of our knowledge of the sun

from the earliest times down to the present day.

This knowledge may be divided into two branches: on the one hand, we wish to know the distance, the size, the relative density of our luminary, and the particulars of his motion in space, as well as of his rotation about his axis; while, on the other hand, we wish to investigate his chemical and physical constitution—to determine the nature of the substances which occur on his surface or in his atmosphere, as well as the meteorology of this atmosphere. As might be expected, the first of these branches of knowledge began to prosper before the second, so that we knew a great deal about the astronomical relations of the sun before we knew anything about his physical constitution. Nevertheless, in early ages our conceptions of his distance and size, as well as of his physical constitution, were both grotesquely absurd. It is worth while to reproduce from Mr. Lockyer's first chapter, specimens of the ignorance on these points of the Astronomical Fathers.

It appears that the ideas of Thales, one of the earliest of these, were, in the main, sound; but when we come to Anaximander, we find him explaining the solar phenomena by supposing that the sun and stars were bodies of condensed air containing fire, which escaped through certain apertures.

Heraclitus of Ephesus, who, by the way, had very proper notions of energy, distinguished himself in solar research by supposing that the sun and moon are bowl-shaped hemispherical cavities, with a bright side and a dark one, so that when the dark side of either bowl is turned towards us we have an eclipse. Anaxagoras narrowly escaped death for believing that the sun was a mass of ignited stone, larger than the Peloponnesus, instead of a god, who drove his chariot across the sky. Anaximenes held that the sun was flat, like a leaf; while Empedocles held that there were in reality two suns.

* "Contributions to Solar Physics," by J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

Passing from these early grotesque conceptions down the stream of time to ages in which at least our mode of regarding the sun, if not our definite knowledge of him, came to be more accurate, we find that the great barrier to a true determination of his distance was the want of a sufficiently large base line. Our ideas three hundred years ago regarding the sun's distance were somewhat similar to those of the present day regarding the distances of the fixed stars. The astronomers of that age had already recognised the fact that the sun was very far away, but how far they were unable to tell. Curiously enough, we are still waiting for the transit of Venus, about the end of the present year, to afford us a complete determination of this important element.

If we pass from the astronomical to the physical problem, we find that one of the earliest ideas was that of the immaculate purity of the sun. This idea was, of course, abandoned as soon as the telescope was applied to solar research. Galileo, in October, 1610, and Scheiner the Jesuit, in April, 1611, began to view the sun through a telescope, and at once discovered the existence of *sun-spots*, the true nature of which seems to have been speedily grasped by Galileo, who announces, from observations of them made near the sun's edge, that they are deep and of various depths.

The next great step was one made in 1774, by Professor Wilson of Glasgow, who confirmed the conjecture of Galileo, proving that sun-spots are cavities in a luminous envelope surrounding the sun. Although this theory of sun-spots has been temporarily questioned, yet it may now be regarded as completely established by various independent methods of research.

But if there has been considerable difficulty in grasping the physical meaning of sun-spots, it was soon perceived that they might be used astronomically, in order to afford us a measure of the sun's rotation. Being part of the sun, they partake, of course, of his various motions, and Galileo, in December, 1612, demonstrates from them the sun's rotation, assigning a period not far from that given by recent observations. Approximately speaking, we may say that the sun rotates on his axis in twenty-six days, and that hence a sun-spot takes thirteen days to be carried across the hemispherical disc of the sun from left to right. We may here state that occasionally sun-spots attain a great size, being sometimes sufficiently large to swallow up fifty or sixty worlds like our own.

In connection with the telescopic appearance of our luminary, we have next to consider those portions of the solar surface which are abnormally brilliant, instead of being abnormally black. These are called *facule*, and are generally found to accompany sun-spots, being rather more behind than before as far as the direction of rotation is concerned. As we have strong reasons for supposing spots to be depressions, so we have reasons equally strong for supposing these *facule* to consist of ridges of solar matter existing at a greater elevation than that of the general surface of the sun. Besides sun-spots and *facule*, we have likewise a peculiar *mottled appearance* all over the surface of the sun, which is thus described by the Rev. W. R. Dawes, a very accurate observer:—

“The mottled appearance of the solar surface requires no very large amount of optical power to render it visible. Examined with a large aperture, it becomes evident that the surface is principally made up of luminous masses imperfectly separated from each other by rows of minute dark dots—the intervals between these dots being extremely small, and occupied by a substance decidedly less luminous than the general surface.”

But it is rather the spots and *facule* than the general mottled appearance that have formed the study of solar observers.

One of the earliest and most persevering of these observers is Hofrath Schwabe of Dessau, who for about forty years was engaged in registering, without intermission, the number and size of sun-spots. The scientific results of these long-continued labours are of the utmost importance. It is to Schwabe we owe the proof of the periodicity of sun-spots, for he has shown us that these phenomena are not always equally apparent, but have years of maxima in which there are a great number of spots, and years of minima in which there are very few, the mean interval between one maximum and the next being about eleven and one-sixth years.

Thus we begin to perceive that our sun is, in reality, a variable star, while the small extent of this variation is no doubt a necessary condition of our existence on the earth at this present moment.

Nevertheless, there are decided proofs that we are influenced by this variability, and that the phenomena of the sun's surface are intimately connected with other phenomena occurring on the earth. The earliest observed of these connections is that between the number of sun-spots and disturbances of terrestrial magnetism, the proof of which has

been furnished by the eminent magnetician, Sir E. Sabine. When we add that any considerable disturbance of terrestrial magnetism is accompanied with an outbreak of the Aurora Borealis, it will be at once apparent that this phenomenon is connected with sun-spots. In fact, we have always the most brilliant displays of this meteor in those years when there are most sun-spots. It will occur to many of our readers that 1870 was remarkable for auroral outbreaks, but it may not be so generally known that during this year there were more spots on the sun's surface than at any other time since 1826, when Schwabe first began his observations.

But the most recent bond of union between the sun and the earth, is that between the state of the sun's surface and the meteorological currents of our globe, a connection first traced by Mr. Baxendell, but since brought out in a very prominent manner by Mr. Meldrum, of the Mauritius observatory. The latter has gathered together all the various records of violent storms in the Indian Ocean, and finds that these occur most frequently in those years when there are most sun-spots.

Mr. Carrington followed Schwabe as a solar observer, sketching with great accuracy the various spots, and studying the exact position of each from the beginning of 1854 to the end of 1860. One of the most interesting results of Carrington's observations is the proper motion of spots which appear to travel at different rates, depending upon their distance from the solar equator.

Hitherto we have spoken only of telescopic observations, but we now come to the era of photography, a process which was first applied to the sun by Dr. Warren De La Rue. Under the superintendence of Dr. De La Rue, photographs of the sun were systematically taken at the Kew Observatory, from the beginning of 1862 to the beginning of 1872, and many interesting and important results have been obtained from these pictures by De La Rue and his colleagues in this research. One of these is the physical explanation of a sun-spot. It was soon perceived by the Kew observers that a facula must consist of a current of heated matter carried up, while a spot must be due to a current of comparatively cold matter carried down, an hypothesis which was confirmed by a telescopic observation made by Mr. Lockyer, who saw what may be reasonably described as luminous matter in the act of descending into the trough of a spot. Another interesting result

reasonably well established by the Kew observers, is a curious connection between the behaviour of sun-spots and the positions of the nearer planets, Mercury and Venus. It would appear from these observations that when a sun-spot is carried round by rotation to that position which is nearest Mercury or Venus, it begins to wane; but when, on the other hand, rotation carries it away from either of these planets, it begins to increase; so that spots, as a rule, have their minima when they are in the neighbourhood of these planets, and their maxima when they are exactly opposite.

Before dismissing the subject of photography, we have yet to speak of its application to total eclipses. It is well known to all our readers that during such eclipses strange rose-coloured prominences make their appearance round the border of the sun. For a long time these phenomena puzzled astronomers, nor was it known whether they really belonged to the sun, or were merely caused by the moon's passage across his disc. Professors Grant, of Glasgow, and Swan, of St. Andrews, were among the first to suggest as their explanation the existence of a new solar envelope, of which these appearances formed a part, but yet there was no definite proof of their solar origin.

The subject was in this state when De La Rue was enabled to obtain photographic representations of the total Spanish eclipse of 1860 in various parts of its progress. The following quotation from Mr. Lockyer's work will explain to our readers the nature of the evidence derived from this eclipse:—

"Mr. De la Rue was able to obtain the sun's own evidence of the famous Spanish eclipse in an almost unbroken series of upwards of forty photographs, from the time the moon made her first appearance on the sun, till the time she had entirely crossed it. Just before the sun was totally hid, the prominences became visible in the telescope, and were recorded on the photographic plate; a long line of low ridges being visible when the eastern edge of the moon, which was travelling from west to east, was coincident with the just-hidden edge of the sun. Tops of high prominences were also registered where the moon (which appeared much larger than the sun) extended grossly beyond the sun's edge, especially the western one. Just before the sun began to reappear on the opposite side, and when the western edge of the moon nearly fitted the still hidden western edge of the sun, another low sierra appeared at the western edge, *the one formerly observed being by this time covered up by the moon.* . . . Nothing could be more complete than the proof thus afforded that these appendages belonged to the sun. The prominences were eclipsed and uncovered exactly as the sun itself was; their whereabouts, therefore, could no longer be questioned, and to Mr. De la Rue belongs the full credit of having solved this important question, which had remained *sub judice* for a century and a half."

We have thus endeavoured to bring before our readers some of the most prominent results achieved in Solar Research before the advent of the spectroscope. In our next article we shall discuss the most prominent

results obtained by the spectroscope, which are given very fully in Mr. Lockyer's new work, this being the branch of solar research in which he has himself played a most important part. E. STEWART.

SUGGESTIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL."

II.—GARDEN PARTIES.

AMONG the pleasantest and most picturesque of social entertainments are the garden parties which have lately prevailed in our summer seasons. Happily they have been permitted to descend from the Queen's example in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, down to the modest little copy on the lawn of a suburban villa.

Given a good garden, especially an old garden, which does not consist entirely of geranium beds and riband borders, but offers shade in a clump or two of beeches or English elms (beneath which undisturbed snowdrops, succeeded by periwinkles, primroses, and daffodils, come up of their own sweet will in the spring), or thickets of lilacs and laurels, with here and there a spreading thorn or ancient yew-tree, and you have a fit field for a garden party. Such gardens abound still in the older suburbs of great towns, though, alas! not to such an extent as to render them available to any save the comparatively wealthy among the upper middle classes; nor are the gardens generally the accompaniments of such small houses as those with which Cowley and Mary Russell Mitford saw them associated, when the one wished and the other echoed the wish—

"O that I a small house and a large garden had."

When the old garden is found, let my readers mentally clothe it in its summer green. It may be the tenderly vivid green, which heralds the hawthorn blossom, and is the background to the pure white nodding narcissus (the sweet Nancy of homely Lancashire folks), to the slender brown stalks and dainty freckles of London pride, or to the splendid trails of crimson peonies—a green which seems all vibrating with thrushes and black-birds' songs. It may be the deeper green of hotter summer which throws out the warm blushes of roses and the serene saintliness of the most fragrant of lilies, the lily of the Annunciation, the modern fleur-de-lis of France, and the Lamma lily of Scotland—a green which comes when birds' voices

begin to grow mute in the prevailing sultriness, and when the creamy white butterfly has given place to its gorgeous peacock brother. It may be the brilliantly varied mellow green of autumn, when straw-coloured and purple hollyhocks and dahlias have for the most part taken the place of the red and white roses, and the spotless lilies. But only for the most part. So correctly are roses and lilies the representative garden flowers, that we have them of some kind in all the three seasons of spring, summer, and autumn, from the earliest china and banksia to the last noisette rose, and from the first lemon-coloured jonquil to the last scarlet gladiolus.

Suppose such a garden in the most magical of the twenty-four hours, after the golden sunset has burnt itself out, and is only reflected from the dim orange in the west on the purpled blue in the east

"'Tween the gloamin and the mirk,"—

that balmy suggestive dusk of a fine summer day, which is but lit up by the first star or by a crescent moon. People the garden with flitting, fluttering figures, white, blue, pink and lilac, like the pale sweet colours of spring flowers, with black shadows attendant upon them. The figures have grown tired of croquet-playing, and are passing in and out through the open hall door, or by the balcony stairs from the drawing-room windows. They have eaten in their turn of the chicken or the lamb—the salad, the strawberries, and drunk of the claret cup, either under the particular tree which is the pride of the place, or, if the entertainers are specially prudent and careful of chill dews, in the somewhat humiliating compromise of the dining-room. They have left within—on the balcony or at most in the porch—the sober elders in greys and lavenders and browns, and gorgeous comforting India shawls; while the privileged young people have come to the stage at which they care for nothing, not even for music unless it be some sudden chorus rising from the most out of the way corner—up by the old ivy-

covered tool-house, or down by the disused washing green. They flit here and there like ghosts of pleasure-seekers, in the most aimless fashion, or stand leaning on this or that balustrade, or espalier, or boundary hedge, exchanging murmurs and snatches of conversation, which float in a faint hum all over the garden, amidst the chirp of wakeful birds and the drone of beetles, and the flap of bats' wings. Having seen and watched such a scene, do my readers not agree with me that it is one of the pleasantest, most picturesque specimens of our social gatherings?

Garden parties are not an innovation, they are simply an adaptation of older and more public festivities, and of festivities once confined to the higher ranks. Ancient Rome and mediæval Italy indulged largely in exquisite, luxurious suppers given in the grounds of palaces and villas long become classic. A few centuries back, London especially, and other large towns in their degree, were amply furnished with public gardens belonging to the different guilds and trades, in which the members with their families and friends took their pleasure and sport—temperately or inordinately, as it might be. These gardens, I need not say, culminated in Vauxhall and Ranelagh, of which not only the glories but the very essentials have departed—for such people's gardens as continue to exist in or near London, have no more affinity to Vauxhall and Ranelagh in their better days, than the old fairs which were the great centres of commerce, and were visited without fail by high and low, are represented by modern fairs with a little trade and simple rejoicing, a good deal of excess, and some riot; the whole being confined to the humbler classes. No doubt there was enough and to spare of coarseness and violence in the old world and its demonstrations, whether of business or merry-making, but these were the coarseness and violence of an age, not of a class. At the same time, where such coarseness occurred, it must always have been so far held in check by the felt presence of a higher standard of morals and manners. I cannot make my meaning better understood than by reminding my readers that the old public gardens, like the good foreign gardens of the present day, were the ordinary resort of the best clergymen and moralists, and of the most respectable citizens with their womankind. The very music played in them was of so unexceptionable a character, that Handel was the favourite composer, and accordingly a statue of Handel was erected in the grounds at Vauxhall.

When one sees and hears of German town gardens, with their excellent music, their early hours, their sobriety and simplicity and innocent joviality, where not only family parties go to meet their neighbours, sit and eat their cherries and cakes, drink their beer, read their newspaper and knit and chat and listen to the band, but where all ranks, from the Red Prince downwards, have a common rendezvous and mingle freely, not only without injury, but with benefit of mutual knowledge and sympathy—one cannot help regretting the loss of a standpoint, however slight, against the terrible class exclusiveness and isolation which, with their certain ignorance and antagonism, are the most grievous and alarming signs of the times. But many obstacles oppose themselves to the re-establishment of better class public gardens which should be visited by all classes, and should be under the restraints of virtue, intelligence, and good taste, though the idea is not beneath the attention of the philanthropist, nor is there wanting some faint approximation to the practice in the recent attempts at evening promenades in the Botanical Gardens, which have been attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

But the objections are far too numerous and weighty to be easily if ever again set aside. Our climate is rarely propitious, our hours of business and relaxation are unsuited to open-air festivities, our very inclinations no longer tend to them in any great degree when they take a public character. It may be argued that there can be no material change in our climate since we had public gardens universally patronised; but, on the other hand, there is a material change in the hours of our leaving off business, dining, and supping, when we sup at all. Perhaps there is a still more material change in the tendency that is growing with growing refinement, to retire more and more within ourselves, and take our pleasures within our own circle and our own set, and to shun mobs of every description. Whether the tendency is altogether a wholesome one, whether it ought not to be balanced and combated by broader sympathies, and wider, freer intercourse with our fellows, are considerations which belong to other questions not within the scope of this paper.

In the meantime one example of the reaction from public gardens is to be seen in these private garden parties which began with fêtes champêtres and breakfasts at Richmond in the height of the season, and have come

down to the comparatively homely gatherings of old and young in neighbourly gardens.

One distinction which these parties have held from the first, is that, like Dutch summer-houses, they belong mostly to town suburbs, where their attributes are in broad contrast to the rest of the surroundings. Garden parties have spread to the country, but while they are enviably easy, they are to this day much less common there. I suppose their difficulty and their peculiar charm in the midst of stone and lime, are their greatest recommendation, though, indeed, they require no extraneous recommendation. But it is well known how the love of green fields and blue skies, of wild flowers and birds, which may be but a sober affectation in the country, can become a passion in the town; and one result of the passion may be a fond pathetic clinging to rural mimics, which dwellers in the country, not needing these, are tempted to regard with a mixture of surprise and contempt.

The advantages of garden parties are not far to seek. They include air, space, more rational hours, greater simplicity, which ought to include greater economy, and withal an approach to better taste in higher and purer pleasures. To the many who have languished, groaned, and loudly murmured while they still submitted to the sufferings inflicted by vitiated air and abridged space at dinners and evening parties, I need hardly say a word of the blessed relief afforded by garden parties. The mere relief in cubic inches and oxygen implies a great increase not only of comfort but of cheerfulness—of

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

In the more rational hours rendered incumbent by garden parties we seem to have reached the happy medium between late dinners and later balls, and early kettledrums, which are but broken-down substitutes, seeing that, appointed as they are to take place in the afternoon, they do not serve the working world at all; at best they can but be harmless refuges and resources for idle men and women. But garden parties, which are not mere modified breakfasts or kettledrums, and which are held in the hours of rest and recreation for busy men and women, beginning with set of sun and ending—

"When twilight melts beneath the moon away,"

strike the "juste milieu" of time, neither too early nor too late, neither too brief nor too protracted, for social gatherings.

There is something desirably informal and easy in garden parties. The laws and rules

which custom has laid down for dinners and soirées do not, at least should not, apply to meetings in the open air, for a variety of pleasant purposes, according to the capabilities of the garden and the inclinations of hosts and guests. Greater freedom in the choice of dress, and a more agreeably irregular order of refreshments should be understood to mean something far simpler and more unassuming in both respects. The pity and the evil are when the promoters of garden parties mistake their character, and employ them as a vehicle of display and expense, while the hosts or hostesses vie with each other in racking their brains to bring together costly accessories of hot-house plants, dainties out of season, and a foreign staff of servants.

Such unsuitable accompaniments spoil the harmony of the scene, and detract from, instead of adding to, its pleasures. Garden parties become as ostentatious and extravagant as the most formal entertainment; they are made unattainable to simple folks who could have them, but do not care to have them in a style different from their neighbours, while these same simple folks are still too honest and too wise to incur, as the cost of one evening, expenses which would cripple their limited resources for the rest of the year.

The main intentions of the founders of garden parties, whether these founders were—not to go back to remote antiquity—the lively young arch-dukes and arch-duchesses of Austria at Schönbrunn, Queen Marie Antoinette at Little Trianon, or Queen Victoria in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, consisted in the effort to command greater freedom and simplicity. And if the spoilers of garden parties would but consider that by thwarting these intentions the chance is lost of giving as great a boon to a vain and spendthrift age, in the establishment of a modest and easy entertainment, as the discovery of a new pleasure could have been to a sated emperor, they would perhaps think better of it. In addition, the expulsion of show and prodigality leaves room for better taste and for the expression and development of a higher intellectual standard. Let us hope that our pretty, pleasant garden parties, by not departing too far from a modest ideal, will lead to this welcome result. It would be a still greater gain if we could contrive a mode of gathering together and enjoying each other's society, which should be as apparently unpremeditated and friendly in character, and which should be at the same time available at all seasons of the year.

SWING-SONG.

UP and down, high and low,
 Now rising, now sinking,
 Mid the green and the blue
 We go without thinking.

With the birds and the bees
 We keep going and coming,
 To the tops of the trees
 Mid singing and humming.

Some magician stands by,
 Our throne drops and raises,
 Now our heads touch the sky,
 Now our feet touch the daisies.

We are lost in the swarm
 Of butterflies dancing,
 And we light on the arm
 Of a sunbeam glancing.



We can see as we go
 The corn lying yellow,
 Whilst we scatter below
 The pears large and mellow.

How they tumble about,
 The children run after,
 We can hear how they shout,
 Their tears and their laughter.

We are fain not to share
 Their sport and their rapture,
 We are spirits of air,
 Fearful of capture.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

THE CALCUTTA NATIVES.

I.

THERE are very few Europeans who, on their arrival in India, do not meet with a surprise on their first introduction to native society. They may have heard much of the wonderful changes which the last half-century of British rule has wrought upon the character and intelligence of the people; they may have read of the diffusion of a high culture and civilisation by means of the Government colleges; they may have even seen, and been charmed by, the manners of a Roy, a Tagore, or a Sen in our own country; but all this will scarcely suffice to prepare them for the position which native society now occupies in the great cities of India. To find men who have been scarcely half a century emancipated from barbarism, and who are still shackled by the bonds of the oldest civilisation the world has yet seen, standing well abreast of European progress, and possessing nearly all the appliances of the most advanced societies—a literature, a press, educational and political institutions—is indeed more than most of us expect. And if any one is so matter-of-fact as not to be impressed by the spectacle, let him go half a score of miles out of town and mark what he sees there: he will note that the people are ignorant and idolatrous; that their priests are tyrannical and exacting; he will meet with frequent traces of the debasing influences of the popular creed; he sees the Brahmin as he passes by him on the wayside, fling away the food that had been polluted by the foreigner's shadow; he is shown the evil effects of polygamy, of early marriages, of enforced widowhood, and of the hundred-and-odd grievances of primitive Hinduism. And when he has seen all these, and reflected how recently the Calcutta natives were plunged in a similar degradation, he will be in a better position to appreciate the real progress that they have achieved; or even to condone the feeling that prompts them to put veneration upon that surface of society which is turned towards the English public. Next to the renunciation of the evils of Hinduism, nothing can be more hopeful than to see the natives own themselves ashamed of its tenets.

In describing native society it is very natural that we should take to ourselves the lion's share of credit for the progress that has been effected. But still there is a word to be said on the other side. It is right that we should remember how strong are those prejudices, both national and religious, that we

require them to renounce. We asked them to accept an alien and unwonted standard of civilisation, and they yielded, not like the Poles to the Russian whips, not like the Lombard Italians to the presence of Austrian arms, not even like the French in Alsace and Lorraine at the present moment to the German alternative of "obey or depart," but to purely moral suasion on the part of paramount power. We have dinned into their ears that Caste is a social mistake, and that it is opposed to the laws of nature, and we grumble that they do not all renounce it on the spot. It never occurs to us that we are asking too much, when we advise poor Hurrinath to give up his caste, which, with his descent through twenty generations of unblemished Brahmins, is all the stake he has in society, for the poor man may not have one gold mohur to clink upon another. And in proportion as we lowered Hurrinath we would exalt Ram Lall, the millionaire banker, whose ancestry goes no further back than the money-lender his father and the leather-seller his grandfather—an occupation followed only by the lowest castes of Hindoos,—and yet Ram Lall treats Hurrinath with the respect and deference which Smith and Jones pay to a titled Howard or Cavendish. We do not think, as we contemplate with satisfaction the changes that we have effected in the Hindoo's domestic relations—the abolition of suttee, the re-marriage of widows, and the education of females—we do not think how many mental scruples and misgivings he had to conquer before he could bring himself to submit to these innovations. When, in addition to these considerations, we remember that the Hindoo is naturally the most bigoted and prejudiced of mortals, and that we offer him in many instances only an ideal for a reality, as a reward for his assistance in turning Hinduism upside down, we shall, I think, be better prepared to do him justice for his share in the work of reformation. And when in process of time some future *alumnus* of the Calcutta University writes the history of Hindoo civilisation, he will doubtless complain that we have never comprehended the sacrifices which his countrymen had to make before they could co-operate with the foreigner. We must remember, too, that the masses of Hindoos are still incapable of comprehending how amply the blessings of Christianity can recompense them for any

social sacrifice that they may have to make ; and that the distinctions of caste are after all but a spiritual and social slavery.

My description of the present position of the Calcutta natives will be more intelligible, if I rapidly sketch the chief events in their history. When we first made their acquaintance in the last century they were wholly given up to trade and money-getting. We have little means of conjecturing what learning they had, but it must have been little. They would be able to read and write Bengalee ; most of them would have a smattering of Hindustani or Persian, picked up in their intercourse with the Mussulman merchants of Moorshedabad or Dacca ; a few would have a colloquial knowledge of English ; and still fewer would understand the English method of accounts. The latter would find lucrative employment in the establishments of the English officials, who carried on all their private traffic by *banians* or native brokers. But the wealth of the Calcutta natives was small compared with the fortunes of the English, excepting the Juggut Seths who, in the last century, were the Rothschilds of Bengal. When compensation was wrested from the Mussulmans after the battle of Plassey, for the sack of Calcutta by Suraj-ud-dowlah, the losses of the natives were estimated at only £200,000, while those of the English were set down at £500,000. But in these old trading days many a native fortune was founded by men whose descendants now occupy the first positions in Calcutta society. In fact, commerce was the only profession then open to the Hindoo, for, with the exception of a few posts of trust under Government, and the drudgery of the public offices, the native could look for no other means of advancement. A lucky man like Nobo Kissen, Lord Clive's *munshi*, or interpreter, who founded the house of Sobha Bazar, a family second to none in Calcutta, might now and then come to the front ; but such cases were highly exceptional. It never seems to have occurred to Anglo-Indians of the last century that the natives were good for being anything better than brokers and copying clerks. The Englishman of the old school looked upon the native in his service as a link between the human and the brute, and treated him with a rough kindness, much as he would use a pet dog or horse. But it never dawned upon him that the meek Bengalee possessed an intellect equal to his own. On the contrary, such an assertion would have been regarded as flat blasphemy ; and if any one had been daring enough to predict that the time would come

when a native judge would take his seat among Englishmen on the bench of the highest tribunal in India, or a native would make his way into the covenanted service, such a man would have been clapped into a strait-jacket and deported from India, as a dangerous person, by the first of the Company's vessels that sailed from Calcutta.

But a change was at hand. The generation who remembered the capture of Calcutta and the Black-Hole tragedy, had passed away. More liberal-minded men came out from home, who were rather ashamed of the glee with which the fathers of the settlement would tell how old Job Charnock, the founder of the town, used to soothe himself while dining with the screams of a flogged native, because some of their countrymen had once treated Job himself to the bastinado in the days of his adversity. A better class of clergymen came out from England than the loose-living, money-getting ecclesiastics of the Company's early days ; and something like Christian morals and decency was introduced into the settlement. The good men of those days, the Browns and Buchanans, were not likely to allow their countrymen to ignore the native's claims upon humanity and the gospel. The great literary value of the Oriental tongues was at last recognised, and with the study of them a new chord of sympathy was touched in the English mind. It was impossible to treat with contempt the race that had produced poets like Valmiki and Kalidasa, philosophers like Goutama, Kapila, and Kanada, and law-givers like Manu. It is a fact too generally overlooked, even by the natives themselves, that it was the importance of their classical languages which first procured them any consideration from their English masters. In 1778 a native blacksmith cut, under the direction of Sir Charles Wilkins, the first Bengalee types for Mr. Halhed's Grammar, and this book, the first, I believe, ever printed in Oriental characters in the East, was published in the same year at the little town of Hoogly, about a score of miles above Calcutta. But as yet there was nothing like a popular literature in Bengal. There were a few translations from the Sanscrit of moral and religious treatises ; a few Persian stories like the "Tales of a Parrot" and the "Fables of Pilpay ;" a romance or two founded on the adventures of Vikramaditya of Ougein or Pratipaditya of Bengal ; and a small stock of ballad poetry which the *cottaks* or reciters were wont to spread from village to village. As yet the Bengalee lan-

guage had found no secure basis. The perfection of style was to copy the epigrammatic turn of the Persian, and to employ the greatest possible number of Persian words and phrases, so that the works of the day were as contemptible to learned Mahomedans as they were unintelligible to ordinary Hindoos.

It was not until the beginning of the present century that Bengal had any reason to be proud of its literature. It is to Christian missionaries, who had no other object in mastering the language than to make it a medium of propagating their doctrines among the people, that the Bengalees stand indebted for the present excellency of their language. The establishment of the Serampore press and the appearance of Dr. Carey's translations fixed the compass of the language, purged it from Persian affectations, and infused into it, unconsciously perhaps, a dash of Saxon pith and clearness. It is a remarkable fact that those Serampore publications which were for many a day accounted the classics of Bengalee literature, were either written or edited by Englishmen who knew nothing of the language until their arrival in the country. Once set in motion, the Bengalee mind is too active to slumber; and no sooner had the Serampore pioneers cleared the way than a host of natives were ready to follow. Another great impetus to Bengalee progress was given by Lord Wellesley when he established the college of Fort William; for although the college was not designed to promote native education, it served to impress the natives with the importance of the Oriental tongues. English books were now flowing into the country, and falling in course of time into the hands of English-reading natives, they were greedily devoured, and their ideas digested and set afloat in circles to which the original works could not penetrate. Better schools began to arise in Calcutta, better teachers came forward, who communicated a more liberal instruction than that sanctioned by the Brahminical practice. Above all, missionaries were beginning to overcome the exclusiveness of the Company's government and to make their way among the natives, distributing as they went books and pamphlets which opened up new fields of inquiry to many a Bengalee mind. School books upon European models were framed in the vernacular. In 1817 the Marchioness of Hastings, who took a warm interest in native progress, founded the Calcutta School-Book Society for providing a cheap and wholesome literature to the masses. It was this institution that first afforded substantial encourage-

ment to native writers, who now began to give their countrymen the benefit of that knowledge which they themselves had gathered from the English. But the following year more properly marks the commencement of native civilisation. In 1818 the *Mirror of News*, a small Bengalee journal, issued from Dr. Carey's press, and first gave a marked impulse to public opinion among the Bengalees. There was, it is true, an English press, but its character was little calculated to elevate its native readers, or to do ought else save to impress them with the frivolity and narrowness of English opinion. The appearance of the *Mirror* seems to have taken Bengal by surprise. It revealed to the natives a new and important use to which they might put their mother tongue, and they were not slow to turn the discovery to practical account.

And now that we have seen the seed sown, it may be worth the while to cast a rapid glance upon the soil. The Bengalee intellect is subtle and excitable, subject to strong prejudice, but also keenly susceptible to ridicule, on the whole, lightly impressed by religious principles, as compared with other Indian races, but deeply affected by national sentiments—fond of claiming for themselves, by virtue of its own power, that superiority which the other Indian peoples seek to assert by physical force. Both in character and intellect the Bengalee is the Oriental Celt in almost everything good or bad, except the Celt's bravery. Moreover the school in which the Bengalee intellect had been formed, fitted it more than any other Indian race for the reception of foreign systems of civilisation. The prevalence of the Nyaya system of philosophy, tinted as it is with the liberal tendencies of Budhism, the completeness of its categories, its method of reasoning, its preference of the authority of the senses and intellect to so-called inspirations, and above all its theistic tendencies, as expressed in its doctrine of the Supreme Soul, had done much to pave the way for the reception of western ideas. Then, too, there were men especially fitted, either by nature or by position, for the task of levelling their countrymen from the Egyptian bondage of barbarism, who, in spite of much obloquy and scorn, came forth into the field. And here I ought to mention an incident which, though trivial in itself, has had much to do with the progress of Calcutta. Several centuries ago, in Eastern Bengal, a tyrannical Mussulman governor defiled a number of Brahmins by compelling them to eat the forbidden flesh of kine.

These unfortunates were expelled from caste communion, and forcibly driven from the society of their countrymen. Many in despair took refuge in Mahomedanism, while others purchased, at a great outlay, a partial reinstatement in the Brahminical caste. But an indelible mark of disgrace was affixed to these in the title "Pir-Ali Brahmin," from the name of the Mahomedan by whom they had been degraded, and by this name their posterity is still distinguished. Among some fifty families of Pir-Alis, who removed from the scene of their shame to the English settlement, were persons of the name of Thakoor—which is now so well known under its Anglicized form of Tagore. The Tagores, from the early days of Calcutta, were intimately connected with the English, and we find them at the commencement of the present century occupying one of the foremost places in the native community. Now, as by reason of their ancestors' mishap, the Tagores had but a small stake in the maintenance of Hindoo caste, every liberal movement in Calcutta has received their warm support, and it is owing in no small degree to the assistance of this remarkable family that native society in Calcutta is what it is.

One of the first names we meet with among the Calcutta natives is that of Rammohun Roy, who is perhaps better known to the English public than any other Hindoo of past or present times. Miss Carpenter's memoir of this distinguished reformer is so generally read, that I need not do more than allude to his influence upon Calcutta society in very general terms. His literary career began in 1821, when he launched the *Brahminical Magazine*, in which he attempted to develop the theistical germs of Hindooism, to tone down, and apologize for, its anthropomorphism, and generally to reduce it to conformity with nature. The *Brahminical Magazine* was much disfigured by the ungenerous and petty spirit in which it sought to assail both Christianity and missionaries—a spirit widely different from the catholic tone which its editor assumed when his mind had become more matured, and all the more indefensible because it was by their assistance that he himself had made his way out of superstition. But Rammohun Roy's philosophical essays would have gone little length in unsettling orthodox Hindoos, had not a spirit of scepticism been stirred up in another quarter. Contemporary with Rammohun Roy was David Hare, a shrewd, hard-headed, free-thinking English tradesman, who knew and loved the natives better than any English-

man of his time, and who had just enough of education himself to know its value. Hare had long been sensible of the imperfections of native education, and at last set to work in his quiet way to put the matter to rights; and it was not until he had organized a college, supported by the most eminent natives in Calcutta, with Sir Edward Hyde East, the chief justice, as its president, that this energetic man rested from his labours. This was in 1817. On the college committee we recognise the names of Wallich, the eminent naturalist; Horace Hayman Wilson, the Orientalist; two of the Tagores, Calcutta citizens of weight and position; Ramdul Dey, the Bengalee millionaire, who began life on next to nothing; and Radhakant Deb, the Sanscrit lexicographer, afterwards Rajah and Knight Commander of the Star of India. Rammohun Roy took no part in this great undertaking. He had indeed been the first man whom David Hare consulted on the subject, but while the Englishman insisted upon a sound education, the Bengalee was bent on establishing a society to which he himself might expound his own religious views; and the result was that each took his own. To hear himself harangue is the Bengalee's great weakness, and with all his intellectual power, Rammohun Roy was not exempted from this failing. And so the Hindoo college and the *Brumha Sabha*, or Theistic Society, came into existence together, emulating each other in a worthy rivalry for the regeneration of the Bengalees.

The Hindoo College had many difficulties to overcome at the outset. The conservative natives kept a strict watch upon the masters, and instantly repressed any attempt to encourage free speculation among the students. The course of studies was very limited, qualifying the students for nothing better than a Government clerkship, or the position of a pleader at the native bar. The Government of the day would have the natives stick to Oriental studies; the natives themselves were fain to be educated in English. Then began the battle of the languages which has been carried on to the present hour without much intermission, except when Dr. Duff allayed the contest for a while by proving the success of the Anglo-Bengalee instruction communicated in his mission school. It was under Dr. Horace Hayman Wilson that the college first began to bear fruit. Among the professors was a young East Indian, so young, indeed, that in England he would have been little more than entering upon his university career; and this Mr. Derozio had scarcely

begun to teach when it was remarked that he exercised a wonderful influence over the minds of his pupils. He was a poet of no mean order, as his romance, the "Fakcer of Jungheera," clearly testifies, and he threw the whole force of his fervid, poetic temperament into his teaching. His manners and disposition are said by the few who remember him, to have been irresistibly winning, and he appears to have been gifted with a great capacity for securing the affections of those with whom he was brought into contact. Derozio was no Christian, but he was a bitter opponent of idolatry, and did not scruple to attack the popular religion of the country. The consequence was that he became the leader of all the intellectual youths in Calcutta; and by his eloquence and command of sarcasm did a great deal more to unsettle the belief of his followers in Hindoo orthodoxy than the somewhat long-winded dissertations of Rammohun Roy. Between Derozio and the missionaries there was no good-will lost, and the latter to this day speak with something like bitterness of the time when "Derozio taught Tom Paine in the Presidency College." But while they were well justified in combating his assaults upon Christianity, they never did, and never yet have done, him sufficient justice for his share in the intellectual development of Bengalee society.

It was not long before the bold ideas embedded in Derozio's teaching startled the native managers of the college. A warning was issued, but the enthusiastic young professor was not to be silenced; and the managers soon after resolved upon his removal as "the root of all evil and the cause of public alarm." But though they deprived him of his collegiate status, they could not shut his mouth, and for the short time after, until his death in 1831, at the early age of twenty-two, Derozio continued to be the idol and oracle of thinking Calcutta. But in the meantime a better intellectual training was being prepared for the native mind than either the universal scepticism of Derozio, or the vain attempts of Rammohun Roy to concoct a natural religion out of Vedas and Puranas. In 1830 Dr. Duff opened a mission school under the auspices of the Church of Scotland, which had not been long in existence before it began to direct native thought into new channels. Dr. Duff played a good Roland to Mr. Derozio's Oliver. If the East Indian was brilliant and enthusiastic, so was the Scot; and the latter had on his side the advantages of national solidity, a more thorough education, and a fixed belief. The

establishment of the new mission gave an impetus to the already existing Christian institutions, and the agents of the Church and Baptist Missionary Societies entered zealously into the work of education. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, though wanting nothing in zeal, had its headquarters in Bishop Middleton's fine college, on the south side of the Hooghly, somewhat apart from the city. The new exertions of the Christian teachers roused again the alarm of the guardians of the Hindoo college, ere it had been well appeased by the expulsion of Mr. Derozio. Nothing less than forbidding the students to attend all places where religion was openly discussed would satisfy the managers, and it was not until the public stepped in and showed them that they had no power to exercise such a veto, that the prohibition was suddenly withdrawn. But stolen waters are sweet, and the denunciation of the Hindoo sages only sent the youth of the college in greater numbers to the *Padrees'* lectures. Bishop Dealtry, of Madras, then a chaplain in Calcutta, and Dr. Duff were ready to turn the native curiosity to account, and they gave public lectures upon the Christian evidences, and held friendly discussions with all who were willing to come forward. The spirit of native inquiry was thus forcibly directed towards Christianity, and it was not long before the college Hindoos were as familiar with its history and its teachings as with the intricate legends of their own mythology. It is true that the fruits of this movement were not readily apparent, and that the number of conversions might not be so large as the friends of missions desired; but for all that it bore fruit, and good fruit too, in the spread of civilisation and the check given to idolatry; and it is still bearing fruit to this very day.

About this time one of the most promising students in the Hindoo College was a Brahmin lad named Krishna Mohun Banerjea. While still in his teens he was known as an excellent Sanscrit scholar, and it was difficult to decide when he took pen in hand whether he expressed himself with greater facility in Bengalee or in English. He too was a heterodox Hindoo, though still retaining his caste and his place in Hindoo society. His convictions had been fairly unsettled, and he was struggling to find the truth among the various religious systems around him. His strong intellect and reputation for learning easily enabled him to sway the opinions of the majority of his class-fellows, and made him a leader in "Young Bengal." While Banerjea's mind was still undecided as to religion,

one of those circumstances which, though trivial in themselves, are fraught with great importance to society, determined for him his future career. One day a few of his class-fellows called for him at his father's house, and, finding that he had just gone out, resolved to await his return. They were all sceptics, and full of contempt for the silly restrictions which Hinduism imposed upon its followers. At last one of the party, in a spirit of bravado, proposed that they should amuse themselves by tasting a beef-steak; and the proposal being carried by acclamation, a messenger was despatched to an hotel for the unclean food of the foreigners. The unwonted viand seems to have produced upon these rice-eating Bengalees an effect similar to that which would result from a water-drinker incautiously draining off a pot of strong liquor. They straightway became beef-valiant, and not content with destroying their own caste, they must needs assail that of their neighbours. With the scraps of the steak they next proceeded to pelt a decent Brahmin family, shouting out, that there might be no mistake as to the fulness of the indignity offered, that it was "the flesh of kine." Such disgraceful conduct was not to be tolerated by respectable Hindoos, and so the townsmen took to clubs, and the young infidels were compelled to make out of the way. But the matter did not end here. The "beef dinner" was noised all over Calcutta,

and from the one end of the town to the other there was hardly a Brahmin who did not look for a direct judgment upon Calcutta because of the sacrilege. Were a Roman Monsignore to eat a beef-steak in the Piazza del Popolo on Good Friday before everybody's eyes, the consequent excitement would afford a parallel to the sensation which this incident created in Calcutta. An example was required, and though Mr. Banerjea had not been implicated in the dinner, his irreligious bearing and heretical opinions marked him out as a dangerous person, and it was he who was chosen as the scapegoat. He was offered the alternative of professing his belief in Hinduism, or of being excommunicated from his caste; and, greatly to his credit, he chose to stand by his opinions. Not only his caste-fellows, but his own family disowned him, and for some time he had to fight his way in the world as the editor of the *Enquirer*, a journal in which he represented the views of those natives who, though they had broken with Hinduism, were not prepared to accept either the Christianity of the missionaries or Vedantic theism of Rammohun Roy as a substitute. For a year Mr. Banerjea struggled with his doubts, until Dr. Duff had laid the doctrines of Christianity clearly before him, when he was received into the Church as the first Bengalee of position and high culture that ever embraced the Christian faith.

JAMES ALLARDYCE.

THE EARLY LIFE OF KING DAVID.

BY THE EDITOR.

"THERE never was a specimen of manhood so rich and ennobled as that of David, whom other saints haply may have equalled in single features of his character, but such a combination of manly, heroic qualities, such a flush of generous, godlike excellencies, hath never yet been seen embodied in a single man." So wrote Edward Irving, himself the last who, in modern days, has shown us the ideal of the old prophets, and the last, too, who has opened afresh the fountain of eloquence which flowed in Jeremy Taylor. The character of David, the poet-king, but above all the intensely human hero of the Old Testament, was just such a one as to fire his imagination. His words may seem exaggerated, but closer scrutiny will bear out their truth.

The dimness which rests on the centuries which precede the life of David clears away

when he appears. We can form at the best but a vague conception of the characters of Joshua and of the Judges, of Samuel the prophet, or of Saul the first king. But there is perhaps no life recorded in Scripture, except that of our Lord or the Apostle Paul—certainly none in the Old Testament—with which we are made so intimate as with that of David. For not only are there very full biographical details given of his career in the books of Samuel and of Chronicles, but the very heart of the man is laid bare to us in those psalms whose authorship we are warranted in attributing to him. These Psalms form a unique element in history thus ancient, and afford wonderful material for biographical study. They give us more than any memoir of the outward events or even the recorded "sayings" of a hero of antiquity, for they crystallize the varied move-

ments of the thoughts and feelings experienced by this man who has been dead three thousand years. He himself lives again in these utterances. The cry of agony, the storm of passion, the sigh of penitence, the breathing of desire, the firm note of confidence, the shout of joy, still sound as from his very lips. We can, in the Psalms, watch the subtler turns of feeling, the gusts of noble impetuosity, the lights and shadows of good or evil in continual play. We are thus made acquainted with *the man* in a way quite peculiar, and are proportionately enabled to form a vivid conception of his character.

We propose in this paper to deal only with the earlier life of David, and to trace some of those influences which tended to make him "the man after God's own heart."

That it was by no arbitrary act Saul was rejected, and this boy taken from the sheep-fold, and anointed king over Israel, will be seen from a short consideration of the functions which the earthly sovereign was intended to fulfil in the Theocracy. The true meaning of the history of Israel can be seen only when regarded as a shadow and preparation for that kingdom of God which is to embrace the world. Abiding principles were then revealed by means of exceptional, sometimes miraculous, institutions and events. As the continual government of God in nature was shown by the exercise of divine power, working through natural forces at the Red Sea and in the wilderness; and as His right over property in all ages was taught by tithes and first-fruits;—so His sovereignty over men and nations, above all over His Church, was shown by the way in which the earthly king was at first withheld and then granted to the nation. This people, ostensibly bound by no tie but loyalty to the invisible Jehovah, and whose only law was His revealed will, has educated the world to the conception of the Church united by love and obedience to her glorified Lord. The eternal truth was set forth in the temporary arrangement. As might, however, have been expected, Israel partly succeeded and partly failed in setting forth the conception of a pure Theocracy. She succeeded in so far as she implanted in humanity the *idea* of a nation whose king is Jehovah; but she failed to realise for herself a stable national existence on such a purely spiritual foundation. It is marvellous indeed that she should have preserved her coherence so long, when we recollect that from the days of Moses to the time of Samuel she had no government nor "constitution," properly so called. There

was no national "executive." The "Judges" who rose at different times were little more than distinguished patriots, who commanded temporary obedience by the brilliancy of their achievements. This nation had as her only centre the Tabernacle and the law of God. She was in some respects more democratic than a democracy, for the people were all equal, as children in a family are equal, but in this case the family was without the visible authority of a father. The only national functionaries were the priests, and they, with few exceptions, confined themselves to their ritual. Israel, however, was not without a Head and a King. The invisible Jehovah Who had spoken to their fathers in the desert, and Whose law was in their hands, Whose Holy of Holies was in their tabernacle—He was their King. His voice still spoke in His messengers, and His blessing or His curse, His help or His judgments, followed upon their obedience or disobedience. National unity grew out of national religion. Brother was bound to brother, because each was bound to God. The grand *rôle* which Israel had to fulfil was accordingly that of a people whose strength consisted in loyalty to God. "Some trust in chariots, and some in horses, but we will remember the name of the Lord our God;" "Jehovah is He that fighteth for you;" "The Lord saveth neither by many nor by few," were the grand mottoes of their charter.

When the first king was appointed the relationship in which he was to stand to this Theocracy was a problem full of difficulty. He alone could be the true king in Israel who would recognise the theocratic idea, and whose government would be at once a protest against the caprice of selfish ambition and a witness for the unseen Jehovah. He must be a centre round which the national life would organize itself; but yet not a selfish centre, but such as would uphold the national dependence on God and its pledged obedience to His will. He must be a vicegerent rather than king. This problem Saul utterly failed to solve. In many ways chivalrous and noble-minded, open to generous impulses, and not without a certain capacity for government, he gradually assumed a line of conduct which tended, in a very subtle manner, to the utter overthrow of the Theocracy. He began his reign in a right spirit, but almost imperceptibly diverged into the very sins which the king was called to witness against. Self-will rather than obedience, the authority of the capricious

and jealous despot rather than submission to Jehovah, the pride of the autocrat rather than the faithfulness of the Israelite, were the evils which lurked in his sparing Agag and the Amalekites, and in those rash vows which nearly plunged his own son into ruin. It was no modern sentiment of mercy (the very conception is an anachronism) which made him spare, but the pride of conquest and the desire to rival the triumphs of neighbouring chiefs. In like manner there was incipient superstition of the worst type in his sacrificing at Gilgal. He had waited for Samuel, but, afraid to fight without the preliminary sacrifice, and impatient at delay, he himself offered to Jehovah. He must, in short, purchase God's help by a sacrifice, otherwise he dared not move. The rite of sacrifice had thus become in his hands a kind of charm to secure God's favour, a sort of incantation, such as was used by the heathen, and was characteristic of their most degraded faith. Madness and passion supervened. And Saul, smiting wildly, like a giant fighting in the dark, became the very opposite of what the king in Israel should have been.

Before his sin had fully developed itself, Samuel was sent to Bethlehem to anoint another king in the room of Saul. The visit to the house of Jesse was sudden and startling. Seven noble sons were made to pass before the prophet, each one of kingly bearing, tall, like Saul, and of goodly countenance. But when these were not chosen, a message was sent for the youngest, a shepherd lad, ruddy and of fair countenance, and on him the sacred oil was poured. The significance of the act was probably imperfectly understood by all except Samuel. Astonishment and expectancy seem to have been the only feelings experienced by the others.

There was a human as well as a divine side to this call. The youth selected was the one in Israel best fitted for the office. "God Who looketh on the heart chose David." He saw in him those qualities which were required in the man who should reign in Israel. The anointing was not arbitrary, but a seal put to the character he already possessed, and which it will be ours now to trace in the faith, obedience, and courage of his earlier years.

Bethlehem was on the edge of a great wilderness. Between Bethlehem and the Dead Sea, and away to the south-east there stretched a vast uninhabited district, lonely as the deer-forests in our own Highlands. Lonely, too, as the desert were those bulky

hills whose limestone crests lay white and bare against the blue sky. Here and there a watch-tower or a cave, used as a temporary dwelling, here and there a group of black tents pitched near a well, marked the only haunts of man—all else was silence. Over these wastes, chiefly when spring had clothed the lower uplands and winding valleys with a glorious garniture of grasses and wild flowers, the shepherds wandered then, as the Arabs do now, with their flocks, bivouacking for weeks under the open eye of nature. During the long hot day they went in front of the nibbling sheep, resting them betimes beside a streamlet or under the shadow of the rocks; and at night, stretched under the clear stars, they kept watch and ward over the fold. This kind of life must have had untold influence on the poetic and religious temperament of David. Not only did it charge his imagination with a wealth of imagery, but it gave him manly simplicity, self-reliance, and readiness in resource. Whatever convictions were formed by that solitary boy must have been personal and real, for he had, at every point, to think and act for himself. When sent each day with his flock of brown sheep into the wilderness, he carried but a light staff, a "scrip" or bag with his food, his sling, a leathern bottle of water tied round his waist, and in his hand the rude harp which was his only companion. Many vicissitudes and dangers beset the life of the shepherd which called for bravery and promptitude. Many majestic scenes were vouchsafed to his eye which had an education of the loftiest kind—the mountains flushed with the morning or evening splendour—the grandeur of the storm—the glory of the midnight heavens. And although there were shepherds then who doubtless cared as little for these things as do the stolid Bedawin of the present, we know that it was very different with the boy from Bethlehem. It was then his lot to wander over a region of wonderful natural diversity. Mountain and plain, gorge and open glen, sea and desert lent their different features to the landscape. From the grey heights of Tekoa or Beth Haccerem his eye could command the whole land of Judah, from her rocky fastnesses in the north to the dim levels of Simeon in the south. When he climbed the white precipices of Engedi, he beheld the silver sheet of the Dead Sea spread for miles, like a pure mirror, beneath him, and in front were the Mountains of Moab, their rough faces seamed with water-courses and dappled with floating shadows. There were wild ravines in which

the boy might wander, like the gorge of the Kedron, all gloom and rugged desolation; or rich valleys, happy as summer, abounding in flowers and the songs of birds, like that of *Flortās*, afterwards chosen by Solomon for his "hanging gardens." And the scenery of earth was surpassed only by the grandeur of the heavens—the brilliancy of the flaming dawns and glowing sunsets,—the cloudless canopy of noon, deepening from the pearly horizon to the unfathomable blue of the central dome—the clearness of the starry nights. In solitude David saw and felt it all, and alone with God, amid the quiet hills, he struck his harp, and with sweet young voice poured forth songs to the homeless winds which uttered the very soul of nature and of confidence and joy.

There are two sources which reveal his youthful character, and which tell us the reason of his being chosen as king in Israel.

1. His psalms. There are three psalms, still preserved to us, the eighth, ninth, and twenty-ninth, which are universally attributed to this period. If they were not actually composed at that time (and there is nothing to prevent such a belief), they at all events recall the feelings and impressions which were then experienced. The twenty-third psalm, while thoroughly imbued with the memory of his shepherd life, yet properly belongs to a later date. The eighth psalm and the nineteenth are respectively songs of night and morning. The one celebrates the glory of the starry heavens; the other, the rising of the sun, "as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race." Both psalms are steeped not merely with a consciousness of the presence of God, but with recollections of God's word and law, the one evidently alluding to the Mosaic narrative of creation: the other rejoicing in the righteous "statutes of Jehovah." These earlier psalms, unlike those composed in later years, have no cries "from the depths" of sin or suffering, nor do they speak of the difficulties, dangers, and hatreds of a man struggling with many enemies. They are the soarings of a pure soul into light and joy, which sings for very gladness. The eighth psalm shows us the shepherd boy keeping watch over his flock by night on one of those plains near Beth-lehem where a thousand years afterwards the choir of angels proclaimed to shepherds the birth of the Redeemer. Above him is the viewless depth of sky, gemmed with flashing constellations; around him are the silence of night and the shadows of the

hills. At such a moment who has not felt it? "What is man that thou visitest him?" Yet this boy has nobler thoughts of God and man. He has learnt that, young as he is, he stands toward God as those "sheep and oxen" slumbering around him cannot stand. "Out of the mouth of children and sucklings thou hast ordained strength." He is not crushed into hopelessness by the vast material universe, but speaks to God as a Father, and so can speak also of all living things being put under man's feet, all "cattle and beasts of the field, the fowl of the air, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas." The nineteenth psalm is a lyric in which there is a similar passing from the grandeur of the outward to the glory of the spiritual world.

There is not, perhaps, in human language, a grander anthem of nature than the twenty-ninth psalm. Every line calls forth some new voice from heaven, or earth, or sea, to praise Jehovah. Here is the spirited translation of this psalm which is given in a suggestive modern book:—*

I.
Give unto Jehovah, ye sons of God,
Give unto Jehovah glory and strength!
Give unto Jehovah the honour due unto his name;
Worship Jehovah in holy apparel!

II.
Hark! Jehovah is above the waters,
The God of Glory thundereth,
Jehovah above the water-floods:
Hark! Jehovah is in power:
Hark! Jehovah is in majesty.

Hark! Jehovah—He breaketh the cedar-trees,
How Jehovah breaketh in pieces the cedars of Lebanon
And maketh them to skip like calves,
Lebanon also and Sirion like young buffaloes,
Hark! Jehovah bow He flasheth the flames of fire.

Hark! Jehovah shaketh the wilderness;
Jehovah shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh.
Hark! Jehovah maketh the binds to calve,
And strippeth the forests of their leaves:
While in his temple everything shouteth "Glory!"

III.
Jehovah ruleth above the mighty flood;
So ruleth Jehovah as a King for ever!
Jehovah will give strength unto his people;
Jehovah shall give his people the blessing of peace!

Every line of this magnificent ode is charged with the movement and grandeur of the storm. Its approach is seen in the sky, black with the heavy "water-floods," from whose depths come distant mutterings. When it bursts in power the whole land is enveloped in its majesty. The peaks of Lebanon dance in the flashes of the forked lightning; the desert of Kadesh shakes with the awful roar of the thunder; the tempest leaps upon the mighty cedars, and crashes them in pieces, and strips the whirling leaves

* "The Psalms, Chronologically Arranged, by Four Friends." Macmillan & Co. 1867.

from the forests, while every thunder-peal smites the ear with startling power, in the repeated, "Hark! the voice of Jehovah! Hark! Jehovah is in majesty! Hark! Jehovah is in power!" But in this, as in all his psalms, David has a higher conception of the glory of God than that of mere force. If the "God of glory thundereth," He is also the God "who giveth strength to his people" and bestows the sweet "blessings of peace." This shepherd lad is therefore a true son of Abraham, "the friend of God." Jehovah is a Being to whom he can speak—a personal Father whom he can trust. The Lord is verily his daily Shepherd, and he rejoices in his guidance.

2. Out of such thoughts as these sprang the chivalrous actions of his youth. He was physically powerful and active. He tell us that God had made his feet swift "as the feet of an antelope," and gave him such sinewy arms that "a bow of steel could be broken by his hands." The Holy Land was then infested by wild beasts, most of which are now extinct, and the shepherds had sometimes fierce encounters with these animals such as Amos, the herdsman of Tekoa, describes. But here an unarmed lad, alone in the wilderness, in charge of a flock which it was his duty to protect, suddenly finds himself fronted at one time by a lion, at another by a bear, and, without hesitation, rushes to the rescue of his sheep. These noble deeds were performed where no eye but that of the living God could see him, and done, too, out of simple confidence in God. "He trusted in God, and was not confounded." Now this was just the kind of spirit which God was seeking in him who should reign in Israel. Full of joy in God, simple and heroic in faith, he presents the strongest contrast to the capricious Saul. The confidence of David made him direct in his obedience. The superstition of Saul left him wavering and self-willed. It was this same spirit of valiant loyalty to the living God which David manifested in his combat with Goliath of Gath. The Philistines, recently defeated by Saul and Jonathan, had again assumed a warlike attitude, and gathered in force by the valley of Elah. The scene can be identified. What was then called the Valley of the Terebinth (Elah) is now named the Valley of Acacias (Wady Sumt). It lies about twelve miles south-west of Jerusalem, where the mountains of Judah sink towards Gaza and the plain of Philistia. The valley is nearly a mile wide, separating two parallel lines of

hill and has a water-course in the hollow, its channel thickly strewn with smooth pebbles. On the ridge of the hill to the westward, between the towns of Shocoh (now Shuweikeh) and Azekah, lay the army of the Philistines, and on the opposite ridge was the army of Israel. For forty days they had fronted one another, while one of those Homeric episodes occurred, characteristic of early wars. Goliath, a monster of size and strength, clothed in panoply of brass, presented himself day after day, and defied Israel to produce a hero who would meet him in single combat. From the solitudes of Bethlehem David came on the fortieth day, with a simple present of bread and cheese for his elder brothers, who were in the king's camp. As he reached the barrier of the camp he heard the stirring shout of soldiers in front, intimating that they were in line of battle, and, the warrior soul of the youth kindling at the sound, he left his burden in charge of the guard, and rushed down. But lo! the army stood checked, for in the valley strode the heathen champion, his brazen mail glittering in the sun, his huge shield borne in front of him, and he scorning and defying the recreant Israel. The eager lad learns the confusion of his people. The very king is baffled, offering all rewards to the man who will slay the giant. David is stung with shame. Israel defied by the heathen! Dagon vaunted over the living God, and no one to vindicate His name! All the memory of the past, all the examples of those who had trusted God and were delivered, all his own deeply-rooted convictions and his experiences of the faithfulness of Jehovah, created a fierce tumult in his breast. His repeated questions, his keen hurrying from point to point, reveal his excitement and the struggling of his half-formed resolution, until at last he passes into the presence of the king with the grand determination, "Let no man's heart fail him; I will go and fight this Philistine." The king, startled by the daring of this sunburnt lad from the desert, argues with him of his unfitness; but with touching simplicity David tells the story of the lion and the bear: "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear; and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God."

David here struck the true note, and the king felt it. He, the King of Israel, should

have done more than feel it. This stripping is thus brave because he trusts God. Why did not Saul show, in the sight of the heathen, the grandeur of a similar confidence? "Though an host should encamp against me, in this will I be confident." In the glorious strength of this faith David went forth, and both armies had to witness a combat which has in many forms been repeated in the history of the Church. The giant bestirred himself as he saw the unarmed youth who came as the champion of Israel. "'Am I a dog,' roared the savage, 'that thou comest to me with staves?' And the Philistine cursed David by his gods." But the clear young voice rings out the brave reply, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand, and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee . . . that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's, and He will give it into our hands." So saying, David rushed to meet his advancing foe, and as he ran he dropped a smooth pebble into his sling. Shot with sinewy arm and unerring aim, it crashed into the forehead of the monster. Goliath is down! and in an instant David is on him, and with the huge sword of his stunned enemy he hews off his head as one would hew a tree in the forest. Suddenly, like a vast assembly breaking up after a spectacle, the army of the Philistines streams away in confused flight, and the lines of Israel, with a mighty shout, are launched forward in pursuit—on to Gath and Ekron. The great victory is followed by a

glad triumph. As Saul and David return they are met by a brilliant throng. From all the neighbouring cities come forth the women of Israel, and beating their tabrets high in the air, they danced and sang with joy, praising the victorious warriors. But louder even than the king's name is shouted the name of David. "To Saul they ascribe thousands, but to David ten thousands."

The combat of David and the giant not only tells us why God, "Who looketh on the heart," chose him to be king, but it is one which suggests lessons for ourselves. It is one which has been often fought in the history of the world. When mere bulk and size and physical power—when the strength of ignorant majorities and the prejudices of an age have to be met by the simplicity of truth, then has been repeated the battle of David. St. Paul, going forth in loneliness against the rooted errors of Jew and Gentile; Luther fronting Europe; Carey entering, single-handed against the darkness of Hindostan, and in every true man who quails not before difficulties, but, staying himself on the Lord his God, faces the lie however strong, opposes the error however venerable, we have the courage and glory of David.

Let it be ours to have a similar trust in the living God; and whether it be in the eye of unsympathetic multitudes, or whether it be in the pursuit of our common task, and where no eye sees us but that of God (as when David, in the lonely wilderness, delivered his sheep), let us be simply faithful, and we shall become truly heroic and join ourselves to those children of God in all climes and in all ages, who "through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

A WILD NIGHT.

OUR neighbour the moon always shows her bright side: we never see that which is in gloom, and so it may be said of most people who live in great cities. They know by report, but few practically have seen, the vicissitudes of vast populations; and the method of crime is chiefly estimated by results. It is well therefore that the thin crust separating things "that are of good report" from the "works of darkness" should be occasionally broken, that we may not rest content with any measure of success already

attained in the rescue of our fellow-creatures from misery in this world and the next, but be impelled by personal observation of human ruin to greater efforts for its recovery. The object of the present paper is to narrate the experiences of a night in Glasgow, and to describe a few of the many scenes witnessed among the most debased and profligate of its population, and thereby to draw attention to the rampant evil which exists in a great city.

It was considerably arranged by the chief constable that everything should be shown

to me in the worst haunts, and accordingly under the guidance of a lieutenant and picked escort of detectives, we made a sally from the Central Police Office on two successive occasions. I had done the same thing some years ago, and was curious to ascertain what difference there was between then and now. And before leaving the police office, let me remark what a barometer it is of a city's crime. For a short period there may be comparative stillness, followed by a shoal of cases requiring all possible care and discrimination by the lieutenant and clerks on duty; because we all know how jealously we watch those conservators of the public peace lest they "conserve" too well, to the personal inconvenience of the innocent. Case after case came in, the first a dead man found in the canal, tumbled in when drunk, and there he lay in the "dead house," begrimed with mud and clad in labourer's garb. Then came two old crones—one leaning upon a staff—pictures of decrepitude, but in the knowledge of the police hardened reprobates. From a cell three men were marshalled out for inspection, who were described each as pillars of vice, to whom the "Central" was as well known as a railway waiting-room is to a passenger going to a more permanent abode; for these worthies were on the highway either to the Duke Street Prison or to Perth Penitentiary, and did not seem particularly incommoded by the thought. And why should they if custom robs crime of its horrors? because we were told that there were many who had been a hundred times in the "lock-up," and back they always came and went as a flowing and receding tide.

Leaving crime in the cells, we came down to find misery in the office; for there we saw three little boys "had up" for sleeping on a stair, complaining as they generally do of the wretchedness of home, the cruelty of a step-mother, or the drunkenness of a father. If anything could raise the police in public estimation, it would be the knowledge of the kindly sympathy, and yet withal professional probing with which they examine each particular case. It would not do if "lieutenants on duty" were as soft-hearted as milkmaids; but for all that, from my observation, there was not wanting in them the milk of human kindness. Presently there came in a labouring man who requested to be locked up for the night, of which class there are between three and four thousand persons asking that favour during the year, finding the different police offices of the city

not bad quarters for those who cannot "beat to quarters" for themselves.

Setting out from the Central, with all its admirable system of book-keeping and carefully recorded details of crime, with its telegraphs to every part of the city, its appliances for the detection of every species of guilt, and its means for the suppression of vice, we made for the Candleriggs and its surroundings, and entering the house of a notorious card-sharper, found only his "pal" at home, who showed us an oil painting of her slippery colleague. Everything about the house betokened abomination, and iniquity abounded from the matron downwards—wife she might not be called. Then we went to the Old Wynd, and up many stairs found a den in which were choice specimens of crime and vice—one a convict whom the police described as one of the most dangerous men in the city, "much given to the use of the knife," but mild in appearance and well dressed; and in the same place a pleasant-looking young woman, but one of the most debased of her sex, as evinced by the coarse ribaldry of her language, and the seeming want of all knowledge that she was leading a life of utmost degradation. Here, too, was a family, the father, who had been a blacksmith by trade, having applied his craft to the making of keys for housebreaking purposes, and he and his son being concerned in a case of burglary were both put on trial, when the father from affection to his boy pled guilty, getting ten years' imprisonment, while the boy got only six months—a snowdrop peering out amid winter desolation. In the Bridgegate we entered a close—one of the most dangerous places in the city—but were stopped from going into the rooms because there was in possession a power greater than that of the police and more terrible than the law. Typhus had been reigning. Passing from this "land" we met a woman the very picture of respectability, with a shawl over her head, standing at a corner. She would have passed as a good wife waiting for her husband; but a "nudge" from one of the detectives called my attention to her, when I was told that she was the most notorious resetter in the city, and was standing there waiting to receive stolen property cleverly handed to her by thieves in passing, and which could be at once disposed of in repositories close at hand.

It was curious to observe the recognised position of the police on the one side and the thief of this class on the other. There was

almost a genial bantering between the two, perfectly professional and proper on the part of the detectives, they showing great interest in regard to the state of her trade, while she was equally willing to say whether business was brisk or otherwise; there being a mutual recognition of the fact that it was the duty of the police to catch her, and equally hers to elude them if she could. She got many a kindly but expressive warning, which she returned with a hollow laugh, and we left her watching for her jackals, the lieutenant remarking that she would soon be "run in." Before "closing hours" we inspected whisky shops done up with all the glitter of gorgeous fittings, well-conducted, and supplied with every convenience and comfort which could contribute towards increasing the temptation to drink, and in some cases the boast was made that none but the "respectable" were allowed to enter; but my belief is that comparatively few who systematically use those places long remain reputable citizens; and that the whole system under which the sale of intoxicating drink is licensed will sooner or later require legislative revision. Unfortunately high wages have but increased drinking among the artisan class, and the evil is becoming so appalling that it will arouse the nation to take measures to stay the plague which is demoralising the people, and desolating the households of many of the working men of this country. When the shutters were up we visited a lodging house in which were a dozen men—the worst of characters—sitting round a fire with a very aged woman in the corner, many of them drunk, and some disposed to be rude, but quickly subdued by authority. Leaving this filthy hole, we came to a shebeen, finding it in possession of the police, who had just seized it under a warrant. The inner doors were blocked and admittance was refused until the occupants realised that everything would be forced, when the bolts were drawn and we entered physical and moral darkness. But the "bulls' eyes" soon disclosed a bleared-looking old hag and several men drunk, with a woman having a cheery infant in her arms—the whole scene one of nethermost infamy.

From this we went to see a lodging house, fitted to accommodate over three hundred men, and in which there was about half that number all in bed, for which they each paid on entering threepence per night. Perhaps no sight could be shown more fitly representing the direful effects of intemperance and consequent woe and wail of

humanity than this receptacle of the criminal, the cruel, and the improvident of our population; for they were all more or less bad, and had even to be watched in the morning lest they threw their wretched bed-clothes over the window to pick them up and pawn them when they got down. I observed that they all slept as they were born, and their miserable habiliments, lying in bundles, were probably the only articles in the room which had a night's rest, for vermin abounded. It was truly melancholy to witness such a scene, and to think that the wretched beings struggling hard for life never knew in the morning whether they would be lucky enough to get threepence to pay for their bed at night. Many were very old men, apparently saddened and soured with their long journey of life, and seemingly indifferent to all around them. Several had the cold pipe between their teeth, the last sweet luxury before they fell asleep. Many were very young boys, none of whom would give any account of how they came into such predicament; but there they were, the seed of future evil, worth a supreme effort to rescue. As at a fire, the firemen play for a time upon the structure in full flame, then finding the hopelessness of saving it, they direct their energies to that which is still barely in the heat; so with those in the strife of sinful life, good is rarely accomplished with the old, while there is hope with the young, and those still susceptible to kindly influences.

Thankful to get into the open air—it was now early morning—we did not long enjoy the frosty atmosphere, because we immediately tapped at the door of a low hovel occupied by a vile old woman, a returned convict. Gaining admittance, we found her place a den of iniquity, and loathsome with stench where disease had been. This old woman in scantiness of dress resembled an Ashantee; but probably she had some excuse for her want of toilet, having been aroused from her bed at that early hour. And, by the way, the complacency with which the visits of the police were received did appear to me strange all through that night; in fact the class amongst whom we went appeared to expect them as ordinary people expect afternoon visitors, and many a cheery greeting was given amidst all the gloom and darkness. In this place, however, there was nothing but brazen vice, and the inner chambers had been the scene of many an act of rapine, and were, when we entered them, fit emblems of lust and corruption. The horrid atmosphere of that place made us retreat, and return

only after the outside air had time to play about when the doors were opened. A "wake" had been held the night before, and pestilence would at any time do a great business in such a locality.

Coming up the Gallowgate, we met a clean-shaved, tidy looking man, who told us that he was "enjoying like yourselves the cool air" (it was January). The police advised him to go home, but that was a place with which he did not seem much acquainted, and we left him to the enjoyment of his "night thoughts." Shortly afterwards, however, we met our friend between two policemen, just being the man they "wanted;" and I was told that he was about the cleverest thief in Glasgow; but he was an Englishman. Presently we met a strapping woman whose quickness of step attracted the notice of my colleagues, to whom she was well known. She told us that "Chickaboo," her mate, had shut her out, so the police said they would shut her in; she, too, being "wanted" in connection with a daring robbery committed the previous night. And she was "run in" accordingly.

The last place we visited was a lodging house solely occupied by young girls, mostly thieves. If the one for men was wretched, this was most forlorn and truly saddening; for disease and death were playing like phantoms in every room, and out of the pit of destruction there could not be seen a more woeful evidence of the sinfulness of sin. There were two girls together, one of whom was periodically convulsed with fits, whilst her companion had only lately joined the dreadful sisterhood; and when the latter was evidently relenting under an earnest entreaty that she should return to her home, the former yelled with fiendish delight, "Na, Maggie, you'll ne'er gang hame till you dee." Then there lay on what would soon be the bed of death, a young and not immodest woman, a sight never to be forgotten; her career had been very short, but member by member of her frail tenement was fast decaying, and a voice in that room of withering despair not unkindly said, "Mary is ganging fast." Three young girls were there, the youngest barely fourteen years of age, the oldest not sixteen, and their stories would make every true woman wince that she lived in the same city without holding out a hand to reclaim them. Only can the terrible reality of such cases be felt when a comparison is sustained between the awfulness of their position and that of more favoured ones of equally tender years. It is with no morbid desire to

tell a sensational tale that I allude to these facts at all, but to do what lies in my power to point to a plague-spot where help can be given, and where help will be accepted; and if individuals cannot from circumstances go to the rescue, there are now agencies at work conducted by men and women able and willing to man the lifeboat of relief entrusted to their care.

Retracing our steps, we heard the shrill whistle of the street boatswain, the night watchman, "piping" for assistance from beat to beat: a burglary was being committed. By the time we had got to the "Central," the three gentlemen concerned had been "run in," one of whom, a mere lad, after being in Perth Penitentiary for a lengthened period, had been out only a week. On my asking if he could read and write, he said "certainly;" and on inquiring where he gained those advantages, it was found that he had been taught in prison, which seemed to have been his chronic home. One of the other lads on being referred to as a burglar was most indignant, and on asking what he called himself, he said, "I am what I have always been, a pick-pocket," evidently considering the difference to be analogous to that between a soldier of the "line" and one of the "guards."

The night was closed with a good wash in the police office, and afterwards a look at the albums containing photographs and biographies of all the characters known to the police, who could tell their history as other people do of those of the albums of the social circle.

The state of Glasgow is wonderfully improved of late years—a change brought about, humanly speaking, by three causes: first, the vast superiority of the police system over what it was in former years, and the more extended statutory powers which are being exercised with great judgment and energy by the present chief constable and his staff of assistants; then, secondly, the city improvements carried out under Act of Parliament, have effected most beneficial changes in rooting out rookeries of darkness, filth, and crime; and, thirdly, the iron hand of the railway system steadily ploughing up the worst haunts of the city, and causing old buildings to be pulled down and replaced by improved dwellings in other and more open quarters. The quietness of the streets at night is also more observable; contrasting very favourably with what they were not many years ago. This may fairly be attributed to the vigilance of the police, who are not only a well-appointed body of men, but disciplined

and educated in the knowledge of the great charge committed to their care.

But as regards an influence outside of law, it will, I think, be admitted that whilst the grace of God can do anything, it is not upon the adult criminal population that much can be effected. The master effort must be directed to the young, and every means be used to separate our boys and girls from contamination, because, as the chief constable truly says in one of his reports, "The crop of full-grown and trained criminals has been reduced by thinning the nurseries." Speaking of what he calls the "philosophical view of some well-meaning people" that some things are "necessary evils," I would take this opportunity of strongly denouncing the singing saloons as being unmitigated sources of corruption; and I have the authority of the most experienced officers of the police for stating that, in their opinion, more boys and more girls have been led to ruin through their temptations than probably from any other cause. It surely then lies within the province of Christian people not only to provide religious education for the juvenile population of our cities, but amusements too—healthy, sound, and moral; and if individuals and societies would step out more in this direction, they would witness beneficent results from their endeavours.

Then again a word to the "well off" as regards the matter of giving. I am no advocate for indiscriminate benevolence; on the contrary, I hold that "charity organization" is much to be commended in being a means employed for preventing imposition, and helping the really needy and deserving. But when we come to see the poor and the destitute and the criminal too, prostrated by disease,—which when it invades *their* house of clay is tempered with no palliative or tender care, all the awful accompaniments of the sick-bed being intensified to a degree utterly unknown to those whom Providence has blessed with means to supply their wants, and friends to administer to them—it well behoves Christian philanthropy to give its aid to city missions, or other means employed in our great communities to alleviate such cases of misery and want. And whilst much money is given in our great cities to the cause of charity, yet the givers are comparatively few; there being a mass of people who never allow themselves to think that wealth has been granted to them as a talent for which they must give an account; and in these days, when luxury abounds, and all classes of respectable society are more or

less possessed of riches such as have never before been attained in this or any other country, surely it is the privilege, as undoubtedly it is the duty, of every one who feels that each mercy has been "lent" to the recipient, to give more to the cause of Christian benevolence, thereby enriching themselves by the very act, and being repaid by the blessing which is promised to the "cheerful giver."

It is well that we can look to other agencies at work than law and police for the prevention of crime and for the social elevation of the people; and in a sketch such as the foregoing it is impossible to pass over many institutions which have had a most beneficial effect upon the morals of Glasgow. For instance, there can be no doubt that the Industrial Schools at Mossbank and Rottenrow and similar establishments having for their object the care of our juvenile population, have vastly conduced to that end. Then, again, the *Cumberland* training ship has done what training ships have accomplished wherever they have been organized—cleared our streets of a class of boys who, from their roving habits, could enter on no more congenial occupation than that of a sailor. The encouragement of such institutions cannot be too strongly recommended to all those who desire to give a helping hand to what will best promote the good of the commonwealth. But there is still another agency at work which it is well to consider, because the principle on which it is founded is one which has worked so admirably in Glasgow that it would with great profit be extended to other cities and towns of the empire. This agency is more particularly represented by what is called the Foundry Boys' Religious Society, having originally made its start amongst foundry boys, but now having its ramifications through every class of the working population until the number of the boys and girls exceeds fifteen thousand—the great object of the society being not only the religious and educational, but the social elevation of the boys and girls in the neglected districts of the city, thus getting hold of the youthful population in every phase of their life. Whilst the most zealous efforts are directed to their religious training, in which is combined everything that can give them an interest in what is good by means of missionary and other meetings, at which no dull statistics are given, but every legitimate means used to show the importance of spreading the gospel amongst those who have it not at home and abroad, secular education is pur-

sued with vigour and energy during the week, and with it all there is a succession of innocent amusements organized for the special purpose of providing that recreation which is absolutely necessary in the work of life, and which if ignored will be found elsewhere in a manner detrimental to the souls and bodies of those at whose age amusement is a necessity.

This work cannot be done by churches individually so well or so efficiently as by a great administration specially organized and composed of all classes and all sects of the Christian public, for there are no fewer than fifteen hundred voluntary workers connected with this society, and by their instrumentality a good work has been effected in Glasgow such as has never been attempted in any other great community, but there is no reason why such an institution should not be established in other populous places, because the material of boys and girls is to be found everywhere, and it is one of the happy signs of the present age that there are willing men and women ready to come to the front and engage in such good work, and such has only to be started in other places to produce like good results. There can be no doubt that by the steady application of the great principle of love actuating us in our intercourse with men, women, boys and girls, by means of the different societies now at work in this country, a vast result may be expected, and all the more that it is

not so much money which is to be depended upon, as the vigour and intelligence of young men and young women who do not wish to have it said of them, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" If therefore great good is to be effected, it will be by the action brought to bear upon the youth of our country, who will spring up according to the training they receive; and if in the upheaving of beliefs and the swaying to and fro of contending religious parties we keep steadily to the training of the young upon the principles of the Bible, pure and simple, we shall yet maintain that name amongst the nations which, in the midst of much that is evil, is one of power and "great authority."

Our Saviour "beheld the city and wept over it," and well may those who realise to themselves the evil results induced from the herding together of great populations in modern days be moved to pity; but if they think aright, they will "arise and be doing, and the Lord will be with them," because there can be no doubt that every effort used for the prevention of crime, and every attempt made for the reclamation of the fallen, will be treated by the Almighty as a work of his own, if done from motives actuated alone by the desire to serve Him; but into all such movements there must be instilled that vigour and energy which in all the affairs of life are necessary to compel success to be the reward of determination.

JOHN BURNS.

INSTABILITY.

○ THE dew-drops on the grass,
How they pass—how they pass!
They are but dew, alas!
Though dew is sweet.

○ the splendour of the morning,
Its vanquished shadows scorning,
'Tis gone with scarce a warning—
Gone far and fleet!

So on beauty feed thy gaze
The while it briefly stays,
'Twill strike thee with amaze
To find it past!
So with birds in the young spring
Make no delay to sing,
For youth and song take wing
And fly—how fast!

Yet the splendour of the morning
Its vanquished shadows scorning,
And gone with scarce a warning,
Is not more fleet;
Like the dew-drops on the grass
It doth pass—it doth pass!
It is but love, alas!
Yet love is sweet,

For the mountains steeped in light,
Intolerably bright,
How changed they are at night—
How dull and grey!
For the roses blown in June,
Like snatches of a tune
How swiftly and how soon
They die away!

And if youth and song be dear,
And bird-notes trilling clear,
And spring-time of the year,
And glad sunshine,
And the careless bright June rose,
And mountains' fair repose:
O dearer far than those
Is love divine!

F. CARLYLE.



"MY MOTHER AND I."

S.W.A. 1030

MY MOTHER AND I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER VII.



N spite of my protest that if my mother did not come to me, I should go to her directly, two or three weeks slipped by; she did not come, yet I did not go.

She kept putting me off from day to day, assuring me that till she could walk well, she was far happier in small rooms than large, and Mrs. Golding was most devoted to her, which I could well believe. Everybody loved to serve my mother.

"Besides," she argued, "if your grandfather wishes to keep you, stay. It is your duty, as well as your pleasure, to please him in all possible ways."

Therefore, I found she quite agreed with Cousin Conrad in condemning me for being so proud about accepting kindnesses; she said I ought to wear my new clothes gratefully and gaily, and sent a polite message herself to Mrs. Rix for the care bestowed on my toilet. My dear mother! Not a word of hers expressed or betrayed the slightest pain or jealousy; not a hint ever suggested that, while I was happy and merry, the petted child of the house, for whom everybody was planning enjoyments all day long, she was left alone to spend long, dull days, with little to do, and nothing to amuse her, except reading my letters and answering them.

I have all hers, written daily; an extravagance of postage which was made practicable by Cousin Conrad's providing me with no end of franks. They are almost the only letters she ever wrote me, and I read them over still sometimes, with a full heart.

A little formal they may be—most people wrote formally in those days—but they are charming letters, with her heart, the mother's heart, at the core of all. She told me everything, as I her; so that while our personal separation was hard, there was a strange new delight in reading, as in writing, the visible words of love. Besides, to recount the day's history at night was as good as living it over again.

And what a life it was! even externally; full of endless amusement, with all the attractions of luxury and refinement. I fell into it as naturally as if it had always been mine. "The Picardy blood," I supposed; until Cousin Conrad laughed at me for saying this, and assigning it as a reason for feeling so much at home, as content in a large house as in a small one, with riches as with poverty.

"No," said he gravely and gently, as if he thought he had hurt me, "the real reason is because poverty and riches are only outside things. The true *you*—Elma Picardy—is the same through both, and unaffected by either."

What did affect me, then? What made me feel as if I saw a new heaven and a new earth, where everybody walked up and down like angels? and they were as good as angels, some of them. For me—I never thought if I were good or bad, I did not think much about myself at all. I was happy, but if anybody had asked me why, I could not have told. The strangest thing was, my being happy away from my mother; but then *she* was happy too—she assured me of that—and she knew everything that happened to me, day after day.

It was a curious life, regular even in its dissipation. The only inmates of that large house were my grandfather, Mrs. Rix, and myself. Cousin Conrad lodged in Marlborough Buildings, close by. But he usually met us every morning at the Pump Room, again in the afternoon promenade round Sydney Gardens, or up and down our own Crescent, the most favourite lounge of all. And he always dined with us, he alone generally; for there was little dinner-giving at Bath then, but everybody went out of an evening. Besides small parties at private houses, the Assembly Rooms were thronged every night. There were the ordinary balls, beginning at seven and ending at eleven; and the dress balls, which were kept up an

hour later, when, as twelve o'clock struck, the master of the ceremonies would hold out his watch to the band; instantly the music stopped, and the dancers disappeared, as if over them hung the doom of Cinderella.

At least so Mrs. Rix told me, for I myself did not go to these balls; my grandfather said I was too young. But I was taken to the dancing practice, where, on stated afternoons, the young gentlemen and ladies for miles round came to the rooms, to be instructed in quadrilles and country dances, and those new round dances, now all the fashion, of which Mrs. Rix much disapproved; I too. The exercise was charming; but to have people's arms round my waist was not pleasant,—never could have been, I thought, unless I were dancing with some one very near, and dear, and kind.

On the whole, I liked best the quiet social evenings, at home or abroad, when my grandfather and Mrs. Rix played cards, and I wandered about the room, sometimes alone, sometimes with Cousin Conrad, who, like my grandfather, knew and was known by everybody. Though he was not a great talker, and cared neither for cards nor dancing, he was very popular; and so many sought his company, that I always felt pleased and grateful when he sought mine.

These evenings always ended at ten o'clock, when we went home, in sedan chairs on wet nights; but when it was fine, we walked back to Royal Crescent, cloaked and hooded, as was the fashion of many ladies. Indeed, one ancient dame used to boast that she often marched, with all her diamonds on, attended only by her maid, the whole way from her house in Norfolk Crescent to the Assembly Rooms.

Mrs. Rix was not brave enough for that; so she and the General had each a chair, Cousin Conrad and I walking after them. How pleasantly the fresh night air used to blow through circus and square; how pretty even the common streets looked, with their lines of lamps; and how grandly solemn was the sky overhead,

“Thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!”

He used often to say that line to me, with many others, for he was a great lover of Shakspeare and other old writers, of whom I knew almost nothing. Memory fails me a little for modern poetry, but I think I could remember most of that, even now.

We also used to study a little astronomy, which was a hobby of his, acquired in long night-marches and campings out. I learned

all the constellations and their names, and a good deal besides. There was one particular planet, I remember, which night after night used to rise over Beechen Cliff. I called it “my star,” at which Major Picardy smiled, and said it was Jupiter, the most prosperous star of any, astrologers believed, and that I should have a most fortunate and happy life. I laughed, and believed it all.

As I soon found out, I was, compared with him, exceedingly ill-educated. This was not my mother's fault, but my own. Beyond exacted lessons, I had never cared to study or to read. Now I felt my own ignorance painfully, horribly. My grandfather had a good library, and one day, when Cousin Conrad found me hunting there, he volunteered to choose some books for me. After that, he used to talk to me about them; and many a time, when the young gentlemen of Bath were whispering nonsense to me—which they did pretty often—I used to grow very weary of them, and keep thinking all the time of what I had been reading that morning, and what Cousin Conrad would say about it when we walked home together at night, under the stars.

Those wondrous stars! those delicious moonlights! that cool, scented summer dark, perhaps better than either! I was only a girl then, only seventeen. Now I am—no matter what. But to this day, if I chance to walk home of a May night, after a party, the old time comes back again, and the old feeling—the feeling that life was such a grand and beautiful thing, with so much to do, perhaps also to suffer; only suffering looked heroic and sweet. Especially if borne for some one else. The bliss of making unheard-of sacrifices for those one loved haunted me continually; indeed, self-martyrdom seemed the utmost joy of existence. For instance, I remember one bleak night silently placing myself as a barrier—oh what a feeble one!—between a fierce north wind and—a person to whom it was very hurtful to catch cold. I caught cold, of course; but whether I saved that other person is doubtful. No matter. Some people might laugh at me; I have never laughed at myself.

I record these times and these feelings, because many a girl may recognise them as her own experience too. It is nothing to be ashamed of, though it does not always bring happiness. But, I repeat, there are in life more things—possibly better things—than happiness.

When I say I was happy, it was in a way rather different from the calm enjoyment I

had with my mother. Little things gave me the keenest joy; other things, equally and ludicrously little, the sharpest pain. For instance, one day, when Mrs Rix said at table that I was becoming "the belle of Bath," and my grandfather laughed, and Cousin Conrad said—nothing at all! Did he think I liked it? that I cared for being admired and flattered, and talked nonsense to, or for anything but being loved?—as, it sometimes seemed, they were all beginning to love me at Royal Crescent. Even my grandfather, besides that chivalrous politeness which was his habit towards all women, began to treat me with a personal tenderness very sweet, always ending by saying I was "every inch a Picardy." Which was one of the very few things I did not repeat to my mother.

My darling mother! All this time I had never seen her. Cousin Conrad had. He rode over twice or thrice, bringing me back full news; but though my granddather said "I might have the carriage whenever I liked to go home for a few hours," somehow I never did get it, and was afraid to ask for it. Since, kind as the General was, he always liked to bestow kindnesses, and not to be asked for them.

So time passed. Bath became very hot and relaxing, as is usual in spring; and either with that, or the constant excitement, my strength flagged, my spirits became variable.

"Is she quite well?" I overheard Cousin Conrad asking Mrs. Rix one day; when I answered sharply for myself that I was "perfectly well, only a little tired."

"Of what? Dissipation, or of us all? My child,"—he often addressed me so, quite paternally—"would you like to go back to your mother?"

A sudden "stound," whether of joy or pain I knew not, came over me. I paused a minute, and then said "Yes." Immediately afterwards, for no cause at all, I began to cry.

"She certainly is not strong, and ought not to have too much dissipation," said Mrs. Rix much troubled. "Oh dear me! and it was only this morning that the General asked me to arrange about taking her to her first public ball."

"Her first ball!"

"My first ball!"

Cousin Conrad and I were equally astonished—whether equally pleased, I could not tell.

"Well, it is natural your grandfather should have changed his mind. I don't

wonder that he wishes to see the 'coming out'—is not that what you girls call it?—of the last of his race, to witness the triumph of another 'beautiful Miss Picardy.'"

I looked at him reproachfully. "Cousin Conrad! are you going to talk nonsense too?"

"It is not nonsense. I was merely stating a fact," said he smiling. "But I beg your pardon."

It is strange how often we think lightly of the gifts we have, and wish for those which Providence has denied. Often, when there were a knot of silly young fellows hovering round me, I thought how much better than being merely pretty, would it have been to be clever and accomplished, able to understand the books Cousin Conrad read, and talk with him in his own way. I was so afraid he despised me, and this last remark convinced me of it. My heart sank with shame, and I thought how willingly one would give away all one's beauty—ay, and youth too, only that goes fast enough—to become a sensible, educated woman. Such are really valuable, and valued.

We were all three walking up and down the grassy terrace of a house where my grandfather had come to call, leaving us to amuse ourselves outside, as it was a most beautiful place, centuries old. Everybody about Bath knows St. Katherine's Court. As it happens, I have never seen it since that day, but I could remember every bit of its lovely garden—the fountain that trickled from the rocky hill above, the cows feeding in the green valley below, and the tiny grey church on one side.

"I should like to show you the church. It dates long before the Reformation, and is very curious. Will you come, Mrs. Rix, or would you rather sit still here?"

As Major Picardy might have known she would, which I myself did not regret. She was a kind soul, but she never understood in the least the things that we used to talk about, and so she often left us alone. Very dull indeed to her would have been our speculations about the old carved pulpit, and who had preached in it; the yew-trees in the churchyard, which might have furnished bows for the men who fought at Bosworth Field. I tried hard to improve my mind by listening to what Cousin Conrad said. He had such a kind way of giving information, that one took it in, scarcely fancying one was learning. Soon I forgot my wounded feelings, my fear of his contempt for a poor girl who had nothing to recommend her except her beauty.

Suddenly he turned round and asked me why I had been so vexed with him about the ball. Did I dislike going?

No, I liked it very much.

"Then, why were you offended with me? Was it because I called you 'the beautiful Miss Picardy?'"

He had guessed my thoughts, as he often did, just like a magician. I hung my head. "I thought you were laughing at me, or despising me. It is such a contemptible thing to be only pretty. Oh, I wish I could be ugly for a week!"

He smiled. "But only for a week. You would soon be glad to turn back into your old self again, and so would others. Believe me, beauty is always a blessing, and not necessarily harmful. The loveliest woman I ever beheld was also the best."

Who could that be? His mother, or—no, I had never heard of his having a sister. Still I did not like to ask.

"I would not speak of her to everybody," continued he in a rather hesitating tone, suddenly sitting down. He had a habit of turning pale and sitting down, invalid fashion, though he always refused to be called an invalid, "But I should like to speak of her to you sometimes, for you remind me of her in your height and the colour of your hair; though I think—yes, I am quite sure—that on the whole you are less handsome than she. Still, it is the same kind of beauty, and I like to look at it."

He paused, and I sat still, waiting for what was coming next; so still, that a little sparrow came and hopped in at the church door, looked at us, and hopped out again.

"I do not know if you will understand these things, you are still such a child; but, once upon a time, I was engaged to be married."

I started a little. Since my first romantic speculations concerning him—making him the hero of some melancholy history—Cousin Conrad and his marrying had quite gone out of my head. He was just himself—a gentleman of what to me seemed middle age, five-and-thirty probably—always kind and good to me, and to every young lady he knew, but never in the slightest degree "paying attention" to anybody. And he had been "engaged to be married." Consequently "in love." (For I had no idea that the two things are not always synonymous.) I felt very strange, but I tried not to show it.

"It was before I went to India," he continued. "I was only three-and-twenty, and she was twenty-one. She had everything that

fortune could give; I too, except perhaps money. But she had that as well; so we did not mind. An honest man, who really loves a woman, and gives her all he has to give, need not mind, though she is rich and he is poor. Do you not think so?"

"Yes."

"One only trouble we had; she was delicate in health. I knew I should always have to take care of her. I did so already, for she had no mother. She was an orphan, and had been a ward of Chancery. The lady who lived with her was a sister of Mrs. Rix."

"Mrs. Rix! She never said a word."

"Oh no," with a sad kind of smile, "it is so long ago; everybody has forgotten, except me. I think I am one of those people who cannot forget. Still, I have come to Bath; I have gone over the same walks; I have been to a party at the same house—I mean the house where she lived, and from which she was to have been married."

"Was to have been?" asked I beneath my breath.

"It was only two weeks before the day. We were both so young and happy—we liked dancing so much—we wanted to have a good dance together in these Assembly Rooms. We had it; and then she would walk home. It was May, but you know how sharp the winds come round street corners here. She caught cold; in a week she died."

Died! So young, so happy, so well beloved! Poor girl! Fortunate girl!

I could not weep for her; something lay heavy on my heart, seemed to freeze up my tears. But I sat quiet, keeping a reverent silence towards a grief which he had thought I could not "understand."

Cousin Conrad had told his story very calmly, letting fall the brief words one by one, in the same mechanical tone; so that anybody who did not know him would have thought he felt nothing. What a mistake!

We sat several minutes without speaking; and then, with a sudden impulse of compassion, I touched his hand. He pressed mine warmly.

"Thank you. I thought, Cousin Elma, we should be better friends after this, than even before. You will understand that mine has not been an altogether bright life—like yours, for instance; indeed, mine seems half over when yours is scarcely begun. Nor is it likely to be a very long life, the doctors say; so I must put as much into it as I possibly can. As much work, I mean. For happiness——"

He stopped. I can see him now, sitting

with hands folded and eyes looking straight before him—grave, steady, fearless eyes, with a touch of melancholy in them—but nothing either morbid, or bitter, or angry. Such would have been impossible to a nature like his.

"Happiness must take its chance. I neither seek it nor refuse it. Nor have I been, I hope, altogether unhappy hitherto. I have always found plenty to do, besides my profession."

I knew that. It had sometimes made me almost angry to learn, through Mrs. Rix, the endless calls upon him—his health, his time, and his money—by helpless people, who are sure to find out and hang upon a solitary man, who has the character of being unselfish and ready to help everybody. When I looked at him, and thought of all this, and of the grief that had fallen upon his life, which, falling upon most men, would have made it a blank life for ever, I felt—no, it is not necessary to say what I felt.

There is a quality called hero-worship. It does not exist in everybody; and some people say that it is scarcely to be desired, as causing little bliss and much bale; but to those who possess it, and who have found objects whereon to expend it, it is an ecstasy worth any amount of pain.

Though all the world had seemed to swim round me for a minute or two, and Cousin Conrad's quiet voice went through me, word by word, like a sharp knife—still, I slowly got right again. I saw the blue sky out through the church door, and heard a lark in the air, singing high up, like an invisible voice—the voice, I could have fancied, of that girl, so long dead, who had been so happy before she died. Happy, to an extent and in a sort of way, of which the full sweetness had never dawned upon me till now.

To be "in love," as silly people phrase it—to love, as wise and good people have loved, my mother for instance—I seemed all at once to understand what it was; ay, in spite of Cousin Conrad. And, with that knowledge, to understand something else, which frightened me.

However, I had sense enough to drive that back, for the time being, into the inmost recesses of my heart, and to answer him when, after sitting a minute or two longer, he proposed that we should go back to Mrs. Rix, with my ordinary "Yes." He always laughed at these "Yes-es" or "Noes," which he declared formed the staple of my conversation with him or my grandfather. Only, as

we went out, I said in a whisper, "Would you mind telling me her name?"

"Agnes."

So we went back to the carriage, and drove home; and I think nobody would have known that anything had happened.

But little things make great changes sometimes. When I went into the tiny grey church, Mrs. Rix had laughed at the way I bounded down the hilly terrace, called me "such a child!"—no wonder the General thought I was "too young" to go to the Assemblies. When I came out again, I felt quite an old person—old enough to go to twenty balls.

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE came upon me a great craving to see my mother. Not that I wished to tell her anything—indeed what had I to tell? In writing about that afternoon at St. Katherine's Court, I merely described the house, the garden, and the old grey church. What had passed therein I thought I had no right—I had certainly no desire—to speak of, not even to my mother; and from the complete silence which followed—Cousin Conrad never referred to it again—it seemed after a day or two almost like a story heard in a dream.

But a dream that never could be forgotten. A young girl seldom does forget the first time she comes face to face with a love story—not in a book, but in real life; meets and sympathizes with those who have actually felt all that she has been mistily thinking about.

Whenever Cousin Conrad looked at me, as he did sometimes, in a very tender wistful way, as if seeing in my face some reflection of the one long hidden under a coffin-lid, I used to ponder on all he had gone through, wondering how he had ever borne it and lived. But he had lived up to five-and-thirty a useful and honoured life; and though he had hinted it might not be a long one, probably on account of that sad taint in our vaunted Pearly blood—consumption—still there seemed no reason why he should fear or hope—did he hope?—for its ending. Cheerful he was—cheerful, calm, busy; was he also happy? Was it possible he ever could be happy? Endlessly I used to ponder over him and her, and on the brief time of love they had had together; and then, overcome with an unaccountable sadness, I used to turn to thinking of my mother.

If I could only go to her! lay my head on her shoulder, and feel how entirely she loved me—me only out of the whole world. And it seemed as if I had a little neglected

her of late, and allowed other people to absorb me too much. Had she guessed this? Did she fancy I loved her less? I would soon show her she was mistaken. As soon as ever my grandfather would allow me, I would go back to the two dear little rooms in our quiet village, and be as merry and happy as if I had never gone away—never known anything beyond the peaceful life when she and I were all in all to one another. We were so still, only—

Was there anything in that "only" which made me stop and examine myself sharply? Does there not come a time to the most loving of children when they begin to feel a slight want, when parents and home are not quite sufficient to them? They can no longer lie all day, infant-like, on the mother's breast, and see no heaven beyond her face. Other faces grow pleasant, other interests arise. It seems difficult to content one's self with the calm level of domestic life, with its small daily pleasures and daily pains. They want something larger—grander. They are continually expecting some unknown felicity, or arming themselves against some heroic anguish, so delicious that they almost revel in the prospect of woe.

This state of feeling is natural, and therefore inevitable. If recognised as such, by both parents and children, it harms neither, is met, and passed by.

If I could have gone to my mother! Afterwards, the hindrances to this looked so small; at the time they seemed gigantic. First, Mrs. Rix, with her pre-occupation about my toilette and her own at my first ball, which was to happen in a few days. Then, my grandfather's dislike to have anything suggested to him, even to the use of his carriage, except by Cousin Conrad, to whom the whole household were in the habit of applying in all difficulties, who arranged everything and thought of everybody; but he was absent—gone to London on some troublesome law business, somebody else's business, of course.

"I can't tell why," he said, smiling, "except that it is from my being so alone in the world, but I seem fated to be everybody's guardian, everybody's trustee. Take care; perhaps your grandfather may make me yours, and then, how tightly I shall hold you, like one of the cruel guardians in story-books—especially when you want to marry! No, no, my child, seriously, I will let you marry anybody you please."

"Thank you," I said, laughing. He did not know he had hurt me.

We missed him much out of the house, even for a few days. If he had been there, I should easily have got to see my mother. As it was, there seemed no way, except starting to walk the seven miles alone; and I doubted if either she or Cousin Conrad would have approved of that step: it would have seemed so disrespectful to my grandfather.

Thus it came to pass that a fifth week was added to the four, and still I had not seen my mother.

I wished, though, that she could have seen me when I was dressed for the ball; I knew it would have made her happy. That was my consolation for not feeling quite so happy myself when it came to the point, as I supposed all young girls ought to feel on such an occasion. How she would have admired the white silk festooned with white roses, in which I stood like a statue while Mrs. Rix and her maid dressed me—not half grateful enough, I fear, for their care; for I was thinking of something else all the time—thinking of that girl "Agnes," scarcely older than myself, who, probably in some house close by, had once been dressed for one of these very assemblies. So young, so happy; yes, I was sure she had been happy; and I sighed, and my white silk looked dull, and my white roses faded, and that nameless despondency to which the young are so prone fell upon me like a cloud, till Mrs. Rix said, kind soul! "There now; I wish your mother could see you."

The mention of my mother nearly made me burst out crying. Crying when one is dressed for one's first ball! What a strange girl I must have been!

"Come now, my dear, and let your grandfather look at you."

He quite started when I came into his room, regarded me intently; then made me walk to and fro, which I did—as grave and dignified as even he could desire. I was not shy, but rather indifferent, feeling as if it mattered little who looked at me.

"Yes, that will do, Elma; you gratify me much. All the daughters of our house have been noted for their beauty. This generation will be no exception to the rule. I wish I were well enough to witness the *début* to-night of another beautiful Miss Picardy."

I smiled. There was no uncomfortable flattery in my grandfather's grand politeness; it was the mere announcement of a fact. I said nothing. What value was my beauty to me? except that it pleased him—and my mother.

"Yes, you are quite right, General; and

I am sure the Major would say the same, if he were here ; but I suppose nothing would have persuaded him to accompany us."

"No, Mrs. Rix; you are aware, that he has never been to a ball since the death of Miss Frere."

"Oh, poor Miss Frere! How much he was attached to her, and she to him! My sister has told me all about it. A sad story, Miss Picardy, which I will tell you while we are having our tea, if you will remind me."

Which I did not do.

"Elma," said my grandfather, as he sat watching me, looking more benign than I had ever seen him; "you may like to read this before you go."

It was a letter from my mother, by which I found that he had politely urged her coming to see my introduction into society. She excused herself, but promised, if she felt well enough, to pay her long-promised visit "in a few days."

Then I should have my mother, and I need not go away! In a moment my variable spirits rose, and the confused sense of pain which was so new to me slipped away. As I wrapped my beautiful white cloak round me, and caught sight of myself in the mirror on the stairs, I knew I was, on the whole, not unpleasant to look at! and was glad to please even the three women-servants who came to peep at me in the hall.

There was another person entering it, who stopped to look too. He seemed tired with travelling, but in his face was the familiar smile. Kind Cousin Conrad! everybody was delighted to see him.

"I am not quite too late, I see. All the world seems collected to behold your splendours, Cousin Elma. May not I?"

He gently put aside my cloak. My heart was beating fast with the surprise of seeing him, but I stood quite still and silent for him to examine my dress and me.

"Thank you," he said, with the slightest possible sigh. "You look very nice. Now let me put you into your chair." As he did so, he said gently, "Be happy, child. Go and enjoy yourself."

So I did, to a certain extent. How could it be otherwise with a girl of seventeen, who loved dancing with all her heart, and had no end of partners, some of whom danced exceedingly well? Good and bad dancers was the only distinction between them—to me. For all else they might have been automata spinning round on two legs. Their faces I scarcely looked at. The only face I saw was one which was not there.

How tired Cousin Conrad had looked! Sad too. Had the sight of me in my ball-dress reminded him of old times—of his best-beloved Agnes? All through the whirl of light and music and dancing, I had in my mind's eye the picture of those two as they must have looked, dancing together at their last ball; but I thought of one not wholly with pity,—with envy.

Still I danced on—danced with everybody that asked me. My feet were light enough, though my heart felt sometimes a little heavy, and I rather wondered why girls thought a ball-room such a paradise; until crossing through the crowd of figures, all alike either unknown or indifferent to me, I saw one whom I knew. The slight stoop, the head with its short crisp curls, the grave quiet eyes, and wondrously beautiful smile, how the sight of him changed all the aspect of the room!

It was very kind of Cousin Conrad to come. This sense of his excessive kindness was my first thought, and then another sense of comfort and enjoyment, such as I used to feel when my mother was by. I could not go to him—I was dancing; but I watched him go to Mrs. Rix, and they both stood watching me, I saw, until they fell into conversation, and did not notice me at all. Then I noticed them.

It is an odd sensation, trying to view as with the eyes of a stranger some one whom you know intimately. Many gentlemen in the room were taller, handsomer, younger than Cousin Conrad; but somehow he was Cousin Conrad, just himself, and different from them all.

I wondered what he and Mrs. Rix were talking about; ordinary things probably; she would not surely be so tactless, so cruel, as to wonder at his coming to-night, or to remind him of the last night he was here, when he danced with Miss Frere as his partner—just as one Sir Thomas Appleton (I had good cause to remember his name afterwards) was dancing with me. Oh no! not so. I cared nothing for Sir Thomas Appleton. If I had been dancing with any one I loved, as Agnes loved Cousin Conrad, how different it would have been! Yet he had said I "did not understand."

He was right. I did not understand—not fully. I had no idea whether I was drifting; no more than has a poor little boat, launched on a sunshiny lake without helm or oars, which goes on floating, floating as it can only float, towards the great open sea. There had come a curious change in me, a new interest

into my life, a new glory over my world. It was strange, very strange, but the whole room looked different now Cousin Conrad was there.

Imlac in "Rasselas" says (a trite and often-quoted but most true saying), "Many persons fancy themselves in love, when in fact they are only idle;" and therefore, for all young people, idleness is the thing most

to be avoided, since the sham of love, coming prematurely, is of all things the most contemptible and dangerous. But some people never "fall in love" at all; they walk into it blindfold, and then wake suddenly, with wide-open eyes, to find that all the interest of life is concentrated in one person, whom they believe, truly or not, to be the best person they ever knew, and



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whom they could no more help loving than they could help loving the sun for shining on them, and the air for giving them wherewithal to breathe. This is not being "in love," or being "made love to." It is love, pure and simple, the highest thing, if often the saddest, which a woman's heart can know.

If I had been an angel looking down

from the heights of paradise upon another Elma Picardy, I might have sighed and said, "Poor child!" but I do not know that I should have tried to alter things in any way.

The quadrille over, Sir Thomas Appleton took me to Mrs. Rix, and stood talking with Cousin Conrad, whom he knew; so there was no explanation, save a whisper from Mrs. Rix.

"He says the General sent him. They thought you ought not to be here without some male relative; so he came."

"He is very kind," said I—but I was a little vexed. In those days the one thing that sometimes vexed me in Cousin Conrad was his habit of doing first what he ought and next what he liked to do. I have lived long enough to see that the man who does first what he likes and then what he ought, is of all men, not absolutely wicked, the most hopelessly unreliable.

Cousin Conrad might have come to the ball from duty only, but I think he was not unhappy there. His good heart was strong enough to forget its own sorrows in others' joys. Giving Mrs. Rix his arm, and consigning me to Sir Thomas, he led the way to the tea-room, and made us all sit down to one of those little tables at which people who liked one another's company were accustomed to form a circle to themselves. His pleasant talk brightened us all. Then he proposed taking me round the rooms, and showing me everything and everybody.

"She is so young, with the world all before her," said he to Sir Thomas Appleton. "And it is such a wonderful, enjoyable world."

Ay, it was. As I went along, leaning on Cousin Conrad's arm, and looking at all he showed me, I thought there never was such a beautiful ball. Cinderella's, when the prince was dancing with her, was nothing to it; only, unlike Cinderella, when twelve o'clock struck my white silk did not crumble into rags, my slippers did not drop off from my poor little feet.

"Well, it is over," said I with a little sigh.

"Yes, it is over," echoed Sir Thomas, with a much bigger one. I had been again his partner, by his own earnest entreaty and Cousin Conrad's desire, "that he might be able to tell my grandfather how well I could dance." So I had danced, my very best too, knowing he was looking on, and was pleased with me. It made me pleased with myself, and not vexed, even when I heard people whispering after me, "The beautiful Miss

Picardy." Had not Cousin Conrad said, that the most beautiful person he ever knew was also the best?

I wondered if he were thinking of her now. From a certain expression in his face as he stood watching the quadrille, I fancied he was. Yes, he had truly said he was one of those who "cannot forget."

I also never forget. Many a ball have I been to in my life, but not one incident of this, my first, has vanished from my memory.

It was over at last, and I felt myself in the midst of a crowd of people pushing towards the door, with Cousin Conrad on one side of me and Mrs. Rix on the other. Sir Thomas Appleton was behind.

"See," said he, "what a beautiful night it is; ever so many are walking home; will you walk home, too, Miss Picardy?"

"No," said Cousin Conrad decidedly.

He muffled me carefully up, put me in a chair, did the same thing for Mrs. Rix, and then walked off down the street with somebody, I suppose Sir Thomas; but I really never noticed that poor young man. I doubt if I even bade him good-night. In five minutes more he had gone out of my head as completely as if he had never existed.

So much so that when Mrs. Rix came into my room to talk over the ball, and asked me "what I thought of him?" I answered that I could not tell; I had never thought about him at all.

"Never thought about him! Such a rich, handsome, gentlemanly young man, just come into one of the finest estates in Somersetshire. Well, you are the oddest girl I ever knew."

Was I? How? What could she mean? Surely I had not misbehaved myself, or been uncourteous in any way to this very respectable gentleman? But no; he was Cousin Conrad's friend, and Cousin Conrad had not blamed me in the least, but had met me at the door and parted from me with a kind good night. He was not displeased with me. Then, whatever Mrs. Rix meant or thought did not matter so very much.



THE JEWISH INTERPRETATION OF PROPHECY.*

"The children of Israel shall abide many days without a king, and without a prince, and without a sacrifice, and without an image, and without an ephod, and without teraphim: afterward shall the children of Israel return, and seek the Lord their God, and David their king; and shall fear the Lord and his goodness in the latter days."—HOSEA iii. 4, 5.

THE Jewish interpretation of prophecy supplies an important element in the positive evidence for Christianity; for it is independent, and in some sense antagonistic. It is independent, inasmuch as it dates from an earlier origin than the historic commencement of the Christian Church, and is clearly traceable for more than a thousand years afterwards; and it is antagonistic, so far as it is the testimony of persons who had no bias in favour of Christian interpretation, but were the avowed enemies of the Christian religion and the Christian Church.

But more than this, its value as evidence is to a certain extent independent of its absolute and abstract exegetical truth. It would, no doubt, be very possible to show that many Jewish interpretations of prophecy are not only puerile and false, but also grammatically and logically wrong; but the fact would still remain incontrovertible and unaltered that such and such had been the recognised and authentic interpretation of the Jews. And the results of this method of interpretation, whatever they were, would represent a standard and constant quantity, by which others might be measured and compared. It would matter nothing if it could be shown, as it very easily might, that for the last four or five hundred years there had been a growing tendency among the Jews to adopt other principles of interpretation: this would only prove that they had departed from the traditions of their fathers. What these traditions had been would be matter of history and ascertainable fact. They would be enshrined in the monuments of past ages—the eternal possession of a national literature.

And this is the case with the body of ancient Jewish interpretation of Scripture. The Targums, the Talmud, the writings of the great mediæval rabbis, and the authorised prayers of the Jews, are sufficient evidence to the character of Jewish interpretation and tradition for a period of at least some fifteen hundred years. It is impossible to eliminate from this mass of tradition the prominent

and pervading idea of a personal Messiah. It is impossible to deny that the ancient Jews believed in a Messiah,—that a belief in his advent was a primary and essential element in their creed. Neither is it possible to deny that they got this belief from their sacred books, and maintained it on the authority of them, or else, that the belief being somehow or other characteristic of the nation, became expressed in their sacred books. It is not really of much consequence how we regard this matter, because as a simple fact the belief must have been older than the books, however much it may have been fostered and kept alive by them. The main point to observe is, that the idea became developed and stereotyped in the books, and that while it did the books became regarded as containing the recognised and standard expression of the idea. It is altogether irrelevant, therefore, to affirm that the belief in a Messiah is without foundation in Scripture, because it is this belief itself, and not its foundation upon any one or other particular expression of Scripture, that is the phenomenon to be accounted for. And it is absolutely undeniable that the belief in a Messiah was prevalent among the Jews, and found expression in the writings of their most esteemed teachers for a period of more than a thousand years after the Christian era.

I purpose, then, dwelling upon this fact for a brief space, and seeking to estimate its importance as a collateral evidence of divine truth, and its bearing upon certain aspects of modern thought. And in doing so I shall not attempt to gather together a mass of Jewish traditions and legends of a curious and recondite nature, but shall aim rather at taking only such materials as are in every one's hands, or, at least, within every one's reach, and turning them to profitable account.

It may be as well, then, to enumerate concisely some of the more important evidence in proof of the Jewish belief in a Messiah. For example, the famous words in Gen. iii. 15, are referred in the Targum of Jonathan and the Jerusalem Targum to the "days of King Messiah." The tower of Edar, not far from Bethlehem, is said by the Targum of Jonathan on Gen. xxxv. 21, to be the place from which "the King Messiah shall be re-

* This sermon was preached before the University of Oxford, March 16th, 1873, on the foundation of the late Dr. Machride. It was the first sermon preached before the University by a Cambridge man.

vealed in the end of the days." "Jacob's blessing of Judah in Gen. xlix. is interpreted of "the King Messiah" by Onkelos, by Jonathan, by the Jerusalem Targum, and by Rashi. The Jerusalem Targum on Exod. xii. 42, makes mention of the King Messiah. The Targum of Jonathan on Exod. xl. 9, speaks of "the King Messiah who is to deliver the house of Israel in the end of the days." According to the Jerusalem Targum on Num. xi. 26, Eldad and Medad prophesied in the camp of the destruction of Gog and Magog by the King Messiah. The prophecies of Balaam are interpreted of the King Messiah by the three Targums of Onkelos, Jonathan, and Jerusalem, and also by Aben Ezra and by Rashi. The command in Deut. xxv. 19, to blot out the remembrance of Amalek from under heaven in the Targum of Jonathan runs thus:—"Even to the days of the King Messiah thou shalt not forget it." The promise in Deut. xxx. 4, "If any of thine be driven into the uttermost parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather thee, and from thence will He fetch thee," in the same Targum runs thus: "From thence will the word of the Lord your God gather you by the hand of Elijah the high priest, and from thence will He bring you by the hand of the King Messiah." The last words of David, 2 Sam. xxiii. 3, are interpreted by the Targums and by Kimchi of the King Messiah. Solomon is said in the Targum of Jonathan Ben Uzziel to have prophesied of the kings of the house of David, who should reign in this world and in the world to come of Messiah. No less than fourteen passages of Isaiah are referred by the Targum to the Messiah:—He being the branch of the Lord (iv. 2); the prince of peace (ix. 6); the root of Jesse (xi. i.); the King in whose days the wolf shall dwell with the lamb (xi. 6); the Lord of hosts (xxviii. 5); and the servant of God, whom he hath chosen (xliii. 10); who shall deal prudently (lii. 17). Four times, by the same authority, are the promises of Jeremiah referred to the Messiah: He being the righteous branch who is to be raised to David (xxiii. 5); and the shepherd under whose hands the people are to be gathered (xxxiii. 13). Nine times in the minor prophets does the Targum speak of the Messiah, He being "the branch" in Zechariah, and the ruler of Israel in Micah, "whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." The King who is "fairer than the children of men" in the

Psalms, and he to whom God is to "give his judgments," and "the son of man whom he has made strong for himself," is, according to the Targum, the Messiah; not to mention several other references elsewhere which it is needless and would be tedious to quote.

The Rabbinical commentators, Rashi, Aben Ezra, and Kimchi, who flourished from about the middle of the eleventh century to the middle of the thirteenth century after Christ, are so full of direct references to the Messiah in their commentaries on the prophetic books, that it would be wearisome to enumerate the several instances. The fact is perfectly well known, and is indisputable. And it is singular to observe how in several cases an interpretation with which we are familiar from the New Testament coincides with that given by the Rabbis. For example, "the sure mercies of David," applied by St. Paul to Christ at Antioch, are interpreted by Kimchi, as late as the twelfth century, of the Messiah. St. Matthew's interpretation of Micah's prophecy with respect to Bethlehem has the authority of Rashi and Kimchi. The Second Psalm is interpreted of the Messiah by Aben Ezra; and we have the same high authority for the interpretation of important passages of Zechariah—ix. 9.; xii. 10; xiii. 7. On the words, "Behold, the King cometh unto thee," Rashi says, "It is not possible to interpret them otherwise than of the King Messiah." And the son of man, in Dan. vii., is explained to mean the Messiah by Saadias Gaon, by Rashi, and by Aben Ezra. The Jewish tradition of two Messiahs, the one a suffering, and the other a glorious Messiah, is well known; but when Isaiah says (xi. 13) that "Ephraim shall not envy Judah," Rashi remarks upon his words, that "Messiah the son of Joseph, and Messiah the son of Judah, shall not envy one another," thereby, perhaps, faintly showing how he felt that the two characters must in some way be harmonised.

The subject is one that might be pursued to almost any length, but enough has been said to establish, beyond all question, the fact that the conception of a Messiah was one which was deeply rooted in the Jewish mind, which had been derived from Scripture, which was nurtured by the study of Scripture, and which had the sanction of the greatest of the Jewish teachers to such a degree that, at the end of the twelfth century, it was reckoned by Maimonides among the thirteen fundamental articles of the Jewish faith, one of which he states in these words:—"I believe with a firm and perfect faith

* See also Micah iv. 8, and the Targum.

that the Messiah is yet to come, and though he tarry, yet will I wait for him every day till he come."

Two points are to be observed here—first, that the Messianic interpretations of the Targums, which of course represent the oldest traditions, become in later ages fainter and less decided under the teaching of the rabbis: for example, the 53rd of Isaiah was interpreted by Saadiah Gaon of Jeremiah (Aben Ezra, *in loc.*); the Second Psalm by Rashi of David himself; the ninth chapter of Isaiah by Rashi, and Aben Ezra, and Kimchi of Hezekiah, and the like: and, secondly, that from the fifteenth century downwards the tendency of Jewish thought has been to reject the notion of a Messiah, and to obliterate it as far as may be from the critical interpretation of Scripture. While, however, freely admitting both these facts, it is impossible to deny the other, that for more than a thousand years after Christ the whole current of Jewish tradition was conspicuously Messianic.

And it is obvious that this tendency was not in any degree derived from the Christian Church. The circumstance of the Christian Church having appropriated ancient Jewish prophecies and applied them to Jesus can have exercised no influence of a Messianic character on Jewish tradition, for had it exercised any influence at all, it would rather have been in an opposite direction. Moreover, since from the fifteenth century downwards the Messianic expectation has become weaker, the inference naturally is, that in the earlier centuries it was even stronger than we find it to have been afterwards. And history fully confirms this inference, so that we are warranted in saying that Jewish Messianic expectation was at its height about the time, or shortly after, the commencement of the Christian era. How prevalent and deeply-rooted this expectation was during the first century we see from the Gospels, the Acts, and the chief Epistles of St. Paul. It may be said that the Messianic expectation is exaggerated in their writings, and represented, for obvious reasons, as being greater and more general than it really was. It will, however, not be denied that the authors of these writings, unless, indeed, we except St. Luke, were themselves Jews, and that so far their Messianic prepossessions were such as had commended themselves to Jewish minds; and if, in the case of persons of Gentile origin, like St. Luke, we still find a strong Messianic feeling, that is even more extraordinary than it is in the case of hereditary Jews. It is undeniable, moreover, that the

first Christians were universally Jews, that Palestine, and even Jerusalem, was the birth-place of the Christian Church, and that for a long period there was a strong Jewish element in the Church itself. But it is absolutely certain that all these facts arose from the supposed fulfilment of the Messianic conception in Jesus. The very name which was first given to the disciples at Antioch, and which has clung to their descendants ever since, is an abiding witness to the Messianic character of their belief, and to the way in which they interpreted the Jewish Scriptures. There could have been no Christians without a Christ, and there could have been no Christ but for a previously existing Messianic conception. Whether or not that conception was a groundless delusion, certain it is that it had a definite character, the conditions of which were believed to have been fulfilled in a particular person. That person could never have assumed the character he did, and could not in that character have been accepted by vast multitudes as he was, if the conception of the character, common alike to those who received and to those who rejected him, had not been a fact and an historic reality. Whether or not the conception was based on a delusion, was the result of false logic and inaccurate exegesis, certain it is that it was possessed of inherent life and strength sufficient to generate the Christian Church, itself the greatest phenomenon in history. It is patent, from the mass of early Christian writings, that those who gave in their adherence to Christ did so, not as we might do now, from the sublime beauty of His moral character, but because He suggested to their minds the realisation of a previous idea, the fulfilment of a long-cherished hope which the ancient writings of the Jews seemed when interpreted of Him to make more ardent and more just than ever.

It is, indeed, directly affirmed that many points in the Gospel narrative were fictitiously framed with special reference to current Messianic traditions—such, for example, as the birth of Jesus at Bethlehem, his alleged descent from the family of David, and the like—and that therefore the correspondence of these particulars with the minute details of prophecy has no significance; but it must be borne in mind that the Messianic character of Jesus can by no means be said to stand or fall on any such minute agreement, but much more on the broad and general way in which the conception of the character of Jesus, and the nature and effects of his teaching as exhibited in the earliest

Christian writings, fall in with and more than realise the best and noblest aspirations of prophets and psalmists, and that, in the face of this undeniable fact, there is even a presumption created in favour of that very accuracy of detail which is so unscrupulously and unfairly impugned. And then in this case we are entitled to whatever advantage may be derived from the correspondence of prophetic details and historic incidents in the life of Christ, which, when recorded, would have lacked the power they had already evinced if they had not been true. There was no reason in the nature of things why the Gentiles who believed should be more credulous than the Jews who doubted. Besides, the rejection of Jewish unbelief has everywhere less the character of the scepticism which doubts upon insufficiency of evidence than it has of the hardness of heart which turns away from prejudice.

It appears then, on the whole, perfectly legitimate to arrive at these two conclusions—first, that the Jews, on the authority of their sacred writings, believed in the advent of a Messiah who was to suffer and to die, but who was, nevertheless, to be a glorious King and the Son of God; and, secondly, that the actual phenomena of the commencement of the Christian Church and the Christian faith, as the earliest Christian writings present them to us, could never have been produced but for the prior existence of this ancient Jewish belief, whether in itself it was either false or true. Take away the Jewish belief in a Messiah, and you take away the actual foundation of the Christian Church, without which it could not, as a matter of fact, have existed as we know it to have done. These two ascertainable facts, as we may fairly venture to call them, are absolutely independent of any possible results of criticism. They rest upon a basis of evidence so firm, that it is inconceivable that any future investigations of whatever kind should be able to disprove them.

How, then, are these facts themselves affected by the modern position of hostile criticism, that there is no rational ground in Scripture for the doctrine of a Messiah? They are affected in this way. They are brought into a new relation, wherein they serve as a test to which that position must itself be subjected. It must be admitted on all hands that facts are to be the test of theories; that conjecture must submit to verification. Now, here we have two facts—the existence of an idea, and the supposed realisation of an idea to such an extent as to

produce a result to which there is no parallel in history, the movement, namely, whereby a new religion was communicated to mankind, the most characteristic feature of which appeared to be the fulfilment of ideal functions by an historic personage. I say the most characteristic feature, because had it not been so, there is surely no accounting for the existence of such names as Christ and Christians, by which the founder of the new religion and his disciples were universally known. On the supposition, therefore, that the idea of a Christ, that is, a Messiah, was a delusion, we have to confront this fact—that the most remarkable revolution in all history was occasioned originally and principally by the conviction being produced in men's minds that this imaginary delusion had been more than verified in actual life. Nay, so deep was the conviction, that those who had *heard* only the story of the life were willing to acknowledge the truth of its correspondence with the ancient idea, and to call themselves by a name implying it.

Now, let us assume that in every instance in which the Christ was believed to have been the subject of prophecy there was no ground for this belief, that all cases were completely met by the existence of a present subject, such as David, Hezekiah, or the like, then what follows? First of all this—that in the history of the Jewish people for ages before the Christian era there were undeniable traces of the existence of an onward-looking hope, which had as yet lived only to be thwarted, and was still never extinguished, which hope was centred in a person who was to sit on the throne of David. And, secondly, that for some reason or other, despite the mere primary references which were assumed in all cases of difficulty to account for the language used, the impression that was nevertheless produced by it as a whole on the minds of the Jewish nation (to say nothing of that which is produced on the mind of any careful and impartial student in the present day), was unquestionably favourable to the idea that the materials of a Messianic portrait did exist in Scripture to such a degree as to account for, if not to excuse, the prevalence of the belief as we know it to have been entertained. And then, admitting thus much, as every candid inquirer must admit it, we have to approach the study of the personal life of Jesus, who Himself claimed to be the Christ, the nature of His teaching, the elevation of His moral character, the circumstances of His death, the evidence for His resurrection, and finally the remarkable re-

sults which followed from the whole combined in the rise, progress, and eventual development of the Christian Church. And so close and intimate is the relation between these two series of facts, that it is scarcely possible to regard them separately, while any examination of the latter without reference to the former cannot be less than unphilosophical and unjust. Further than this, in the way of logical evidence we cannot go, but every step of our progress thus far is certain. Of course, if it were possible to prove to mathematical demonstration that Jesus was the Christ, there would not only be an end to all discussion as well as to the need for it, but there would be an end also to the moral discipline which is always implied as being in some way bound up with the acceptance or rejection of the claims of Jesus. It is impossible to supply that amount of evidence which it is the function of Christian faith alone to give—which follows after rather than precedes sincere and devout conviction—but we may truly affirm that the positive nature of this branch of evidence when fairly stated and duly appreciated, is not only complete in itself, but is eminently calculated to make its way with thoughtful and unbiassed minds. If any promise of a Christ was given to mankind, which the analogous teaching of comparative mythology no less than the study of the ancient Jewish records might dispose us to believe, then it can be scarcely needful to hesitate long as to whether or not that promise was fulfilled in Jesus. There is surely no one else whose claims can at all compete with His, still less disprove them. We may determine that we will not have this man to reign over us, but we can find no other who has a better or so good a title; while the history of that people who had the fullest assurance of His coming, but were the first to reject Him when He came, affords no slight confirmation of the validity of His. Indeed, the clearness with which we can see for ourselves that the future of Israel was distinctly foretold in Scripture and as accurately fulfilled in history, is itself a sufficient indication of the deference which is due to the assertion that there is no ground for a Messianic hope therein. Be it so, that the psalmists and the prophets knew nothing of any such hope, and never intended to express it, what are we to say of the long retribution that is clearly reserved for Israel, according to the terrible denunciations of Leviticus and Deuteronomy? It may be possible in argument to deny the force of them, but the time will never come when their truth will not be felt. And yet,

these denunciations have been before the world, on the lowest computation, for five-and-twenty centuries. But does that concession make them more easy to be explained than they are on the admission of their true antiquity of upwards of three thousand years?

Or again, what shall we say of Hosea's language in the text, "The children of Israel shall abide many days without a king, and without a prince, and without a sacrifice, and without an image, and without an ephod, and without teraphim"? At the time when that was written, seven centuries and a half B.C., no human foresight could have dictated it.* And yet the failure alike of the royal line, the national polity, the national worship, and the national proneness to idolatry, could not in ages afterwards have been expressed more vividly. This is a fact which demands some reasonable explanation. I know of none that can be given so reasonable as the simplest and the most obvious. But if that is accepted, the inference is inevitable: it was the spirit of the All-wise that spoke by the prophet, and Hosea's mission was a true one.

But yet, further, this prediction which the verdict of protracted history has declared true, was coupled with another equally definite, no less confident, but of the truth of which we have as yet no other proof or promise than it contains within itself. "Afterward shall the children of Israel return and seek the Lord their God and David their king; and shall fear the Lord and his goodness in the latter days." It is surely not irrelevant to observe that the Targum here runs, "Messiah the son of David their king;" and that Aben Ezra says on this passage of the words, "David their king," as "*This is the Messiah,*" "*and my servant David shall be their prince for ever,*" quoting Ezek. xxxvii. 25. It is well known that "the latter days" is a term frequently applied in Scripture and by the Jews themselves to the times of the Messiah. We have then the testimony of one of their greatest teachers more than a thousand years after Christ, to their own belief that what they themselves denominate their captivity shall come to an end when they return to David their king, who is the Messiah. This, again, is a fact which no criticism can ever disprove or touch. We may disregard it or explain it away, or reject the most natural inferences it suggests—but there it is.

And, what is more, such is the prophet's

* It can hardly be necessary to allude here to the explanation offered by Dr. Rowland Williams, that "the ensigns and practices of a religion which the prophet disapproves are intended throughout."—Hebrew Prophets, i. 109.

language: it also has been before the world for five-and-twenty centuries, but if it should last for five-and-twenty more its significance can never be less; and who shall say that it may not be vastly greater? The past history and the present condition of Israel are such as of themselves to prepare us for some solution and consummation yet future. What these may be I forbear to hint any further than the prophet's words declare them; but to the believing heart that is content to wait the Lord's time, while it trusts His word, they can hardly be called ambiguous, or uncertain, or indefinite. I prefer rather to borrow from a passage such as this, which is insoluble in exegetical criticism, some illustration of the real nature of others more distinctly Messianic. It is obvious then that at the time when Hosea wrote, such a passage as this could have had no meaning. Its deep significance was only to be revealed as time rolled on, and its significance was never greater than it is now, after the lapse of so long a period. What then if it could be proved to demonstration, as it surely cannot, that the prophets or the psalmists wrote only of personal events or of passing circumstances, or that their words are to be interpreted as if they had so written? That supposition by no means explains the phenomenon any more than it exhausts it. For the marvel presented was not the creation of this writer or of that, but was the product of ages, "the long result of time," when the aggregate of the writings being complete, they were found capable of being looked at as a whole. Then it was perceived that isolated expressions, which originally can have had but little or at best a circumscribed meaning, and certainly were not understood, arranged themselves as if they were spontaneously into a consistent whole that wanted only a sufficient clue to its interpretation, which, in process of time, was supplied by history. But no sooner was the clue supplied than it became, comparatively speaking, impossible to question its sufficiency or its completeness. The enigma was solved, and its very solution, while tending to reveal its original obscurity, served also to produce conviction, by the flood of light revealing it. The unknown language was interpreted; and since the interpretation was consistent with itself, and served also to explain some of the greatest mysteries of life,

there was every reason to infer its accuracy. Least of all could the interpretation be proved erroneous on the ground that the unknown language was no language at all. Men had puzzled for ages at the solution of the riddle, and not till after it had been solved for ages did they, grown weary with the solution, reject it, on the pretext that there had never been any riddle to solve. One can understand how children of the stock of Abraham, worn out with the long burden of national degradation, and longing for the revival of the ancient glories of their race, should have rejected with disdain the meek and suffering Jesus when He appeared as their Messiah; but one cannot understand how, with the knowledge of this and similar facts, in full view of the open page of prophecy and the interpretation passed upon it by the Jews themselves, it is possible to throw off the yoke of allegiance to Jesus, on the ground that the conception of the Messiah which He claimed to realise was from the first a dream. Does the recollection of a dream which has passed into a waking reality make the reality itself less real? We have at least a Messiah who can challenge to Himself the fulfilment of many ancient prophecies in a sense far other than was expected, and the light which has been thrown on them by the record of His life and death and teaching, to say nothing of His resurrection and ascension, and by the immediate consequences of His advent, is such as to give a new meaning and significance to what was before obscure, and to render us, comparatively speaking, independent of and indifferent to the first intention of the writers, and the degree of intelligence with which they wrote, inasmuch as we feel that He has opened our understanding that we might understand the Scriptures. And the significance which He has thus imparted to them, and which is all His own, having been once given, has become a possession for ever. It is as much the real sense of what was written by a Moses, a David, a Zechariah, an Isaiah, or a Micah, as if those writers had severally been conscious of His meaning, and the Jewish interpretation of prophecy, which is at once collateral and independent, becomes by no means the least important confirmation of that testimony concerning Jesus which is the true spirit of prophecy.

STANLEY LEATHES.



LAUNCHING THE LIFE-BOAT.

HO! build the Life-boat, heart and hand ;
 Quick! take the many-voiced command!
 The black-winged tempest downward dips,
 Like death, on night-bewildered ships.
 Let wrinkled age and valiant youth
 Close rib it as with ribs of truth ;
 Send home each trusty bolt, for love
 Of man below and God above.

Lo! where it stands, fine-moulded, sleek,
 A thing of truth from stern to beak ;
 No lie in it, but worthy Thee,
 O Pilot of Lake Galilee !
 So bless it, eager lips and leal,
 Each plank and bolt from prow to keel.
 And dash, O maid! the bold bright wine,
 And send it on its course divine !



Ho! man the Life-boat, while the North
 Whistles the bristling tempest forth :
 Bravely, and God will guide the keel,
 Ye hearts of oak and hands of steel !

Now launch it, launch it ; fling it free
 Into the boundless-bosomed sea :
 Pause not, though death pursue amain,
 Death is no end, but endless gain !

WILLIAM FREELAND.

BISHOP BUTLER.

MR. GLADSTONE, when explaining the other day that he had no formulated opinion for or against a certain scientific theory which he was supposed to have condemned, incidentally remarked, "Bishop Butler taught me forty-five years ago to suspend my judgment on things I knew I did not understand. Even with his aid I may often have been wrong; without him I think I should never have been right. And oh that this age knew the treasure it possesses in him and neglects!" In saying this Mr. Gladstone may perhaps have had in his mind some passages in the sermon "On the Ignorance of Man;" but more probably he was thinking of the general spirit and tendency of Butler's teaching. Butler is best known by his famous "Analogy of Religion;" but his "Sermons" may be recommended as a more interesting and profitable study. In the "Analogy" he took up the weapons of the sceptics in order to show them how effectually they might be used against themselves. Addressing those who made Christianity "a principal subject of mirth and ridicule," he undertook to show that it was "not so certain that there was nothing in it," and that, even if one could not be—as he was—satisfied of its truth, it was at least "certain that no one could, upon the principles of reason, be satisfied of the contrary." Few works have produced a more immediate and decisive impression than the "Analogy;" and, indeed, its wonderful success in silencing the particular school of reasoners against whom it was specially directed, sufficiently accounts for its having lost much of its interest. It is now rather an historical curiosity in a museum than a weapon for actual use. In the "Sermons" we have Butler himself, not arguing "upon the most sceptical arguments one can argue upon," but setting forth his own views in his own way, and supporting them by the arguments which had convinced his own mind. It may perhaps lead some to go to the book for themselves, if we endeavour to give a brief account of it, with a few words as to the author.

After the first struggle to get into the right groove, Butler's life was simple and uneventful. His father, a retired linendraper at Wantage, in Berkshire, was a Presbyterian Nonconformist, and was anxious that Joseph, his youngest son, should become a minister of that denomination; but Joseph had other

views. He had early given proof of his independence of judgment by challenging, as an anonymous correspondent, while only twenty-one years of age, some of the propositions of Dr. Samuel Clarke, an eminent writer on metaphysics and theology. He had, he said in his first letter, "made it his business, ever since he thought himself capable of such sort of reasoning, to prove to himself the being and attributes of God;" and Dr. Clarke, in the correspondence which ensued, repeatedly acknowledged his sincerity and acuteness. "Did men," wrote the Doctor, "who publish controversial papers accustom themselves to write with the candour and ingenuity with which you propose your difficulties, I am persuaded almost all disputes might be very amicably terminated, either by men's coming at last to agree in opinion, or at least finding reason to suffer each other friendly to differ." Butler treated Dr. Clarke's opinions with the greatest respect, but assumed the right of criticizing them freely, and of rejecting them when they did not commend themselves to his own mind. In the same way, neither his father's entreaties nor conferences with Presbyterian ministers could shake his resolution not to join their body; and his father at last consented that he should be entered as a commoner at Oriel College, Oxford, in 1714.

He afterwards took orders in the Church of England, and an acquaintance at college with Edward Talbot, second son of the Bishop of Durham, led to his obtaining, when twenty-six years of age, the Preachership of the Rolls in London. This he held till 1726, when he gave himself up entirely to his parochial duties at Stanhope, in the county of Durham, a benefice to which he had been appointed a year or two previously. The traditions of the parish yield nothing more than a vague shadowy glimpse of "Rector Butler riding a black pony," and always riding very fast. He was much loved and respected, lived in great retirement, was very kind and charitable, and, according to a rather doubtful legend, so weak to the importunities of beggars, that he had sometimes to run back into his house in order to escape from them.

Before retiring to Stanhope, Butler published a selection from the sermons which he had preached at the Rolls Chapel, and this at once attracted attention and made a reputation for him. In his rural parsonage he was

for several years so completely out of sight that Queen Caroline thought he was dead, but was assured by Archbishop Blackburne that he was "only buried." It was at Stanhope that he wrote the "Analogy." It was published in 1736, and in the same year the author was called to court and appointed Clerk of the Closet. Next year the queen died, but she did not forget to commend Butler to her husband's notice; in 1738 he was made Bishop of Bristol, and twelve years later was translated to Durham. It is said that in 1747 he was offered the Primacy, but declined it with the remark that "it was too late for him to support a falling Church." It may be inferred that it was modesty rather than fear that led him to shrink from the proffered honour. He probably thought that he was not adapted for the active public life of an archbishop, and that he could serve the Church more effectually in a less conspicuous position. A cross which he erected in the cathedral of Bristol, and a charge which he addressed to the clergy of Durham on the importance of external religion, gave rise to a suspicion of a leaning towards the Roman Catholic Church. All that is known of his character and opinions contradicts the supposition.

Butler has been described as of "a most reverend aspect; his face thin and pale," with "a divine placidness in his countenance which inspired veneration and expressed the most benevolent mind." "His white hair hung gracefully on his shoulders, and his whole figure was patriarchal." In his personal habits he was extremely simple and homely. A visitor of rank, who had accepted an invitation to dine with him at Durham Palace, found that the fare was only a joint of meat and a pudding, and was told by the Bishop that "he had long been disgusted with the fashionable expense of time and money in entertainments, and was determined not to countenance it by his example." On the other hand, Butler was munificent in his expenditure on the embellishment and repair of all ecclesiastical buildings under his charge, and in his contributions to public and private charities. Once when asked for a subscription to some benevolent object he gave £400, all the money then in his steward's hands. There is abundant testimony to the natural modesty of his character and the mildness and sweetness of his temper. Kind and courteous to all, in the intimacy of friendship he was "a most delightful companion." It is evident, however, that he was of rather a depressed

and melancholy temperament, the result of a sickly constitution and broken health. And the effects of this disposition are apparent in his writings. His style has been disparaged as obscure, and has been defended by himself and others on the ground that it is impossible to treat of such matters as he discussed in a light, attractive manner. But the defect of his style is not so much obscurity as heaviness. In one of his sermons he sets before his audience as their most hopeful enterprise to "endeavour chiefly to escape misery," and advises them to propose to themselves "peace and tranquillity of mind, rather than to pursue after high enjoyments." He had apparently no conception of the exhilaration of animal spirits or of a keen, busy life. The idea of making "pleasure and mirth and jollity our business, and constantly hurrying after some gay amusement, some new gratification of sense and appetite," distressed him, not merely because it was a diversion from profitable thoughts and occupations, but because it was also a weariness of the flesh. The pursuit of gaiety can, he says, lead only to disappointment, bitterness, and satiety. This dyspeptic sadness is the weak side of his character and of his writings.

In order to appreciate the ethical philosophy of the "Sermons" it is necessary to bear in mind the views which were prevalent at the time when they were delivered. The writings of Shaftesbury and of Mandeville had renewed the old controversy as to the natural selfishness of human motives. Shaftesbury repudiated the theory of Hobbes that man is purely and intensely selfish, and that all his emotions are only the expression of desires or fears in regard to his own personal happiness; and enlarged the meaning of utility so as to include the delight which is the essence of virtuous sentiments. He held that to be wicked or vicious was to be miserable, and that a man's life ought to be regulated by good taste, moderation, and sobriety, in which alone true happiness was to be found. Mandeville, on the other hand, pushed the doctrine of animal selfishness to its extreme. He sneered at virtue as a delusion, and ridiculed the idea of a fixed standard of moral taste. It was all, he said, a question of changing fashions. One year broad-brimmed hats were all the rage, and next year narrow-brimmed hats. Big buttons came in as little buttons went out. It was the same with religion and morality. Who could tell what was true religion or true morality? Nobody; and there-

fore it was not worth while to trouble oneself about the question. Mandeville's witty heathenism suited the cynical temper of a dissolute and sceptical generation. Butler remarks that it was "very much the distinction of the age to profess a contracted spirit of greater regard to self-interest than appears to have been done formerly;" and it was this contracted spirit which he set himself to expand and elevate. To Hobbes's doctrine, that the affections have their origin in a selfish love of power, he replied that we wish good to others quite independently of our being ourselves the author of it; that we make distinctions between the objects of our goodwill when the love of power would make no difference; and that the love of power would be gratified by doing mischief, and thus cruelty would be exactly the same in the mind of man as good-will. To Shaftesbury's doctrine, that a virtuous life was the only true happiness he added the condition that virtue must include not merely refinement, sobriety, and good taste, but a good conscience.

Butler's ethical system may be broadly summed up thus: First, there are the appetites and passions, each seeking their own gratification. Next comes in a cool and reasonable self-love which regulates them for the general comfort of the individual. This self-love expands into a regard for humanity at large; and, above all, we have conscience as the supreme directing influence. "Every bias, instinct, propension within, is a real part of our nature, but not the whole; add to these the superior faculty whose office it is to adjust, encourage, and preside over them, and take in thus its natural superiority, and you complete the idea of human nature." The supremacy of conscience is the refrain of Butler's discourses; but it has been objected to his system that it affords no answer to the question, "What is the distinguishing quality common to all right actions?" or, "What is conscience?" Butler certainly does not answer this question anywhere in a distinct manner. The whole object of his teaching is, however, to cultivate habits of mind which tend to supply the necessary guidance, and it is this which gives it its great and permanent value.

Butler's general views of life, duty and happiness, will be found summed up in the following passage from his Sermon on the Love of our Neighbour:—

"Now there have been persons in all ages who have professed that they found satisfaction in the exercise of charity, in the love of their neighbour, in

endeavouring to promote the happiness of all they had to do with, and in the pursuit of what is just, and right, and good, as the general bent of their mind, and end of their life; and the doing an action of baseness or cruelty would be as great a violence to *their* self, as much breaking in upon their nature, as any external force. Persons of this character would add, if they might be heard, that they consider themselves as acting in the view of an infinite Being, who is in a much higher sense the object of reverence and of love than all the world besides; and, therefore, they could have no more enjoyment from a wicked action done under his eye, than the persons to whom they are making their apology could if all mankind were the spectators of it; and that the satisfaction of approving themselves to his unerring judgment to whom they thus refer all their actions, is a more continued and settled satisfaction than any this world can afford; as also, that they have, no less than others, a mind free and open to all the common, innocent gratifications of it, such as they are."

The difficulty of ascertaining the rule of right in any case is, Butler holds, very much exaggerated:—"Let any plain, honest man, before he engages in any course of action, ask himself, 'Is this I am going about right, or is it wrong? Is it good, or is it evil?' I do not in the least doubt but that the question would be answered agreeably to truth and virtue by almost any fair man in almost any circumstances." And again:—"In all common and ordinary cases we see intuitively, at first view, what is our duty, what is the honest part;" and in these cases "doubt and deliberation is in itself dishonesty." The great thing is to beware of subtlety and over-refinements, and self-deceit. "That which is called 'considering what is our duty' in a particular case is very often nothing but endeavouring to explain it away;" and this proceeds "from a certain unfairness of mind, a peculiar inward dishonesty, the direct contrary to that simplicity which our Saviour recommends, under the notion of becoming little children as a necessary qualification for our entering into the kingdom of heaven." This plainness and simplicity, this "real fairness of mind and honesty of heart," is what Butler continually insists upon:—

"Let us just take notice of the danger of over-great refinements, of going besides or beyond the plain and obvious and first appearances of things upon the subject of morals and religion. The least observation will show how little the generality of men are capable of speculation. Therefore, morality and religion must be somewhat plain and easy to be understood; it must appeal to what we call plain, commonsense, as distinguished from superior capacity and improvement, because it appeals to mankind. Persons of superior capacity and improvement have often fallen into errors which no one of mere common understanding could. Is it possible that one of this latter character could ever of himself have thought that there was absolutely no such thing in mankind

as affection to the good of others? suppose of parents to their children; or that what he felt upon seeing a friend in distress was only fear for himself; or, upon supposition of the affections of kindness and compassion, that it was the business of wisdom and virtue to set him about extirpating them as fast as he could? And yet each of these manifest contradictions to nature has been laid down by men of speculation as a discovery in moral philosophy which they, it seems, have found out through all the specious appearances to the contrary."

There are three golden rules which Butler suggests for self-examination. First, that those who have never had any suspicion of, and have never made allowances for, self-deceit in themselves, and "have never caught themselves at it," may almost take it for granted that they must have been very much misled by it; secondly, in order to avoid self-partiality, and to get acquainted with our real character, the best way is to keep a steady eye on the suspicious part of it; and, thirdly, that we should apply the principle of doing to others as we would have them do to us. "It is as easy," he says, "to close the eyes of the mind as those of the body; and the former is more frequently done with wilfulness, and yet not attended to, than the latter; the actions of the mind being more quick and transient than those of the senses." As a security for charity and toleration towards others, he advises that we should always reflect in heated controversies that "we ourselves differ from others just as much as they do from us."

One of Butler's most interesting and pithy sermons is that on the Government of the Tongue. He points out that "the bridling of the tongue" which is insisted upon by the Apostle James as an indispensable part of religious duty refers not to falsehood or evil-speaking from malice or dishonesty, but to a more ordinary vice—"talkativeness, a disposition to be talking, abstracted from the consideration of what is to be said, with very little or no regard to, or thought of doing, either good or harm." Those who are addicted to this folly, he says, would probably prefer to confine themselves to trivial and indifferent subjects, and so intend to be guilty only of impertinence; but as they cannot go on for ever talking of nothing, as common matters will not afford a sufficient fund for perpetual continued discourse, when subjects of this kind are exhausted they will go on to defamation, scandal, divulging of secrets, their own secrets as well as those of others—anything rather than be silent. "There are some content merely with talking, with keeping their tongues going, but others are anxious

to command attention, and these, when they have exhausted their stock of facts, are very apt to invent in order to keep up the interest of their talk; and, when they have heard the least imperfect hint of an affair, they will out of their own head add the circumstances of time and place and other matters to make out their story, and give the appearance of probability to it: not that they have any concern about being believed otherwise than as a means of being heard." This unrestrained volubility and wantonness of speech also produces a tendency to intemperate and violent language. Even when they speak well of any one, these babblers do harm, for their exaggerated and fanciful speech "destroys and perverts a certain equity of the utmost importance to society to be observed,—namely, that praise and dispraise, a good or bad character, should always be bestowed according to desert."

Butler was no less remarkable for his meekness than for his wisdom, but we can see that the good man's patience almost forsakes him when he thinks of what he has often had to endure from vain, empty, tiresome talkers, who took advantage of his silence in order to indulge their own loquacity. Butler, for once, is almost bitter and sarcastic:—

"The Wise Man observes, that there is a time to speak and a time to keep silence. One meets with people in the world who seem never to have made the last of these observations. And yet these great talkers do not at all speak from their having anything to say, as every sentence shows, but only from their inclination to be talking. Their conversation is merely an exercise of the tongue; no other human faculty has any share in it. It is strange these persons can help reflecting that unless they have in truth a superior capacity, and are in an extraordinary manner furnished for conversation, if they are entertaining, it is at their own expense. Is it possible that it should never come into people's thoughts to suspect whether or no it be to their advantage to show so very much of themselves? 'O that you would altogether hold your peace, and it should be your wisdom.' Remember, likewise [this is surely a word for himself], there are persons who love fewer words, an inoffensive sort of people, and who deserve some regard, though of too still and composed tempers for you. . . . I am sensible these things are apt to be passed over as too little to come into a serious discourse; but in reality men are obliged, even in point of morality and virtue, to observe all the decencies of behaviour. The greatest evils in life have had their rise from somewhat which was thought of too little importance to be attended to."

In the sermon on the Ignorance of Man there may at first sight appear to be an expression of illiberal contempt for scientific researches; but this, we think, is not really intended. Butler's object is, not to disparage science, but to cultivate a humble and modest spirit of inquiry, and to show that, notwith-

standing the discoveries which may be made from time to time, there will probably remain much that is dark and mysterious in the constitution and government of the world. "Men of deep research and curious inquiry should," he says, "just be put in mind not to mistake what they are doing." Their researches and discoveries are all very well in their way; but they are not the great end of the Christian life. "'The fear of the Lord, and to depart from evil,' is the only wisdom which man should aspire after as his work and business." And "the conclusion is that in all lowliness of mind we set lightly by ourselves," prepared to find that there is much in the world we shall never clearly understand, and submit ourselves in absolute resignation to the methods of God's providence. "The only knowledge which is of any avail to us is that which teaches us our duty or assists us in the discharge of it." Some unpleasant characteristics of scientific literature at the present day certainly suggest that men of science would be none the worse for having some of the principles set forth in this sermon impressed upon their minds. Science itself would doubtless gain by a little

more lowliness of mind on the part of its worshippers, and by their allowing themselves "just to be put in mind not to mistake what they are doing."

There is an old controversy as to whether Butler's style is not unnecessarily dark and obscure. He himself defended it on the ground that the questions of which he treated are abstruse and difficult; but the fact that Secker endeavoured to enliven the "Analogy" a little shows that his friends thought his style defective. Sir J. Mackintosh, on the other hand, surely went too far when he said that no thinker so great was ever so bad a writer. There is a simple earnestness and quaint, homely vigour about the "Sermons" which relieve them to a great extent from this reproach. They are certainly not light reading, and some of the phraseology strikes one as artificial and affected; but after the first plunge these defects become less perceptible, while the reader's admiration for the calm, sober wisdom, the chastened temper, and elevated and fervent piety of the writer continually increases.

J. HAMILTON FYFE.

DAYS NEAR ROME.

IV.—VEII, GALERA, AND BRACCIANO.



Isola Farnese, Veii.

IT is a drive of about an hour and a half from Rome to Veii. At first we follow the Via Cassia, one of the three roads

which led to Cisalpine Gaul, and which passed through the centre of Etruria: Cicero says, "Etruriam discriminat Cassia." It is now one of the pleasantest drives near the city, with its high upland views over the wide plains of the Campagna to Monte Rotondo and Riete, which sparkle in the sun under the rifted purple crags of the Sabina, or down bosky glades studded with old cork-trees, whose rich dark green forms a charming contrast to the burnt grass and poetic silvery thistles. Three miles from Rome, on a bank on the left of the road, is the fine sarcophagus adorned with griffins in low relief, which is popularly known as Nero's Tomb, and is really that of Publius Vibius Marianus and his wife Reginia Maxima. Beyond this, on the right, is the castellated farm-house of

Buon-Ricovero, picturesquely situated with pine-trees upon a grassy knoll.

About ten miles from Rome we reach the dismal post-house of La Storta, where, in *vetturino* days, horses were changed for the last time before reaching the city. Just beyond this the bye-road to Veii turns off on the right. As we wind along the hillsides, we see below us the picturesque little mediæval town of Isola Farnese.

The fortress, which clings more than half dismantled to the crumbling tufa-rock, was built by the barons of the Middle Ages, was constantly taken and re-taken in the Orsini and Colonna feuds, and was eventually ruined by Cæsar Borgia when he took it after a twelve days' siege.

Here we must leave our carriage, and find and engage the custode who opens the painted tomb. A deep lane between high banks of tufa overhung by bay and ilex leads into the ravine, where a brook called Fosso de' due Fossi (from the two little torrents, Storta and Pino, of which it is formed) tumbles over a steep rock into the chasm near an old mill, and rushes away

down the glen to join the Crimera. The craggy hillside is covered with luxuriant foliage and snow-drifted with lauristinus bloom in spring; the ground is carpeted with violets, and blue and white wood-anemones. Beyond the mill, where we cross the brook upon stepping-stones, a small gateway of mediæval times, opening upon a green lawn overhanging the chasm, with the castle of Isola crowning the opposite cliff, forms a subject dear to artists, and many are the picnics which meet on the turf slope, under the shade of the old cork-trees.

From hence we may begin our explorations of the ancient city, and if we are to visit all its principal remains, it is no short or easy excursion which we are going to undertake. The ruins are widely scattered, and the labyrinthine ravines formed by the windings of the Crimera and the Fosso de' due Fossi, which almost surround the city and meet beneath it, are so bewildering, that a guide is necessary. At first it seems quite impossible that these woody valleys, which only echo now to the song of a thousand nightingales, can really have been Veii, the city which Dionysius underrated when he describes it as being as large as Athens, which Eutropius writes of as "civitas antiquissima Italiæ atque ditissima," which was a flourishing State at the time of the foundation of Rome, and which once possessed so many attractions that it became a question whether Rome itself should not be abandoned for its sake.

Gradually as we push through the brushwood, traces of the old walls may be discovered here and there, and of the nine gates to which from local circumstances topographers have assigned the imaginary names of Porta de' Sette Pagi, Porta dell' Arce, Porta Campana, Porta Fidenate, Porta di Pietra Pertusa, Porta dell' Are Muzie, Porta Capenate, Porta del Columbario, and Porta Sutrina.

A long walk through the woods leads to the Porta Capenate, which might easily pass unobserved, so slight are its remains. But beneath it is the most interesting spot in the whole circuit of the city, the Ponte Sodo, where the Crimera or Fosso di Formello, as it is called here, forces its way for two hundred and forty yards through a natural (?) tunnel overgrown with luxuriant bay and ilex. It is necessary to climb down to the level of the stream to enjoy the view through the dark recesses to the light beyond.

Near the Ponte Sodo are remains of an aqueduct of imperial times, confirming the opinion that Veii had a temporary revival

during the reign of Tiberius, whose statue, with several inscriptions of his time, has been found here.

About a mile up the stream from this, passing the Roman bridge called Ponte Formello, we reach the tall Etruscan bridge Ponte dell' Isola, which crosses the river with an arch twenty-two feet wide. About



Ponte dell' Isola, Veii.

the same distance in the opposite direction, descending the river, the remains of a ruined Columbarium are seen in the grey rock on the opposite bank; and a little further, on the slope of the hillside called Poggio Reale, is the "Painted Tomb."

Before the entrance of the tomb, which is sometimes known as the Grotta Campana, are the almost shapeless remains of the stone lions which once guarded it. The custode opens a door in the rock, and admits one with lights to the interior of two low vaulted chambers hewn out of the tufa, and they are well worth seeing. On either side of the outer room are stone benches, on which, when the tomb was first opened, skeletons were seen lying, but crumbled away in a few minutes. With one of these, who had been a warrior, lay his breastplate, helmet, and spear's-head, which still remain, and all around were the large earthen jars and vases which yet stand there. The walls are covered with fantastic paintings of figures, with horses, dogs, leopards, and other animals, all of rude execution, but still fresh in form and colour. The inner chamber is surrounded by a shelf still laden with vases, and curious little cinerary sarcophagi, and in its centre stood the brazier in which perfumes were burnt to purify the air.

These are the sights usually seen at Veii; but if possible another two hours should be devoted to ascending the hill of the Arx, called by the natives Piazza d'Armi, which may be reached by a little path winding through the brushwood above the Columbarium. Of late years this has been decided to be the citadel of Veii, formerly supposed to have occupied the rock of Isola Farnese, which was separated from the rest of the city by a deep glen, so that, had it been the

citadel, Camillus by its capture would not, as Livy tells us, have obtained immediate possession of the town.

These desolate heights, now overgrown with thorns and thistles, amongst which fragments of precious marbles and alabasters may still be found in abundance, formed the citadel whose fourteen wars are matters of history, and which, having been successfully able to resist the whole forces of Rome during an eight years' siege, was at last only taken (B.C. 396) by stratagem.

From this time, with the exception of a brief revival under the empire, the site of Veii has been utterly desolate. In 117, Florus (in allusion to the Etruscan city) wrote, "Who knows the situation of Veii? It is only to be found in our annals."

There are many other points which may be visited in or near the circle of the ancient city. Such is the Scaletta, a staircase of uncemented blocks of masonry near the Porta Fidenate, which attracted much attention twenty years ago, but is now greatly mutilated; and, most especially the Arco di Pino, a very picturesque arch in the tufa, whether natural or artificial is unknown, on the east of the city, near the large tumulus called La Vaccareccia. Many more remains are doubtless still waiting to be discovered, but the place has never been fully investigated.

A little beyond La Storta, the road to Bracciano turns to the right, over a most dreary, thistle-grown part of the Campagna, with here and there a deep cutting in the tufa, and banks covered with violets and crowned with golden genista. There is nothing of interest till the tiny rivulet Arrone, an outlet of the lake of Bracciano, crosses the road, and tumbles in a waterfall over a cliff into one of those deep glens which suggest the sites of so many Etruscan cities, and which here encircles that of the forgotten Etruscan fortress of Galeria, afterwards occupied by the mediæval town of Galera. Those who pass along the high road catch glimpses of its tall tower and ivy-grown walls, but they must cross the fields and descend into its ravine (leaving their carriage at the farm-house called Santa Maria di Galera) to realise that the whole place is absolutely deserted except by bats and serpents, and that it is one of the most striking of "the lost cities of the Campagna."

The situation is wonderfully picturesque, the walls rising from the very edge of a steep lava precipice, round which the beautiful

Arrone circles and sparkles through the trees, and unites itself to another little stream, the Fosso, just below the citadel. In the eleventh century Galera belonged to the Counts Tosco, troublesome barons of the Campagna, against whom in 1058 Pope Benedict X. called in the assistance of the Normans, who were only too happy to ravage and plunder the town. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the place became an important stronghold of the Orsini, who held it by tenure of an annual payment of three pounds of wax to the Pope. Their arms are over the gateway, and they built the tall, handsome tower of the church, which was dedicated to S. Nicholas; but they were unable to defend the town against their deadly enemies the Colonnas, who took it and utterly sacked it in July, 1485. The last historical association of the place is that Charles V. slept there the day he left Rome, April 18, 1536.

Only a short time ago Galera had ninety inhabitants; now it has none. There is no one to live in the houses, no one to pray in the church. Malaria reigns triumphant here, and keeps all human creatures at bay. Even the shepherd who comes down in the day to watch the goats who are scrambling about the broken walls, would pay with his life for passing the night here. It is a bewitched solitude, with the ghosts of the past in full possession. All is fast decaying. The town walls, some of which date from the eleventh century, are sliding over into the thickets of brambles. Above them rise the remains of the fine old Orsini castle, from which there is an unspeakably desolate view, the effect of the scene being enhanced by the knowledge that the strength of Galera has fallen beneath no human foe, but that a more powerful and invincible enemy has been found in the mysterious "scourge of the Campagna." The only bright point about the ruins is the old washing-place of the town in the glen, where the waters of the Arrone, ever bright and sparkling, are drawn off into stone basons overhung with fern and creepers.

Beyond Galera, leaving the convent of Santa Maria in Celsano to the east, the road to Bracciano enters a more fertile district. On the left is passed a marsh, once a lake, called the Lago Morto. Green corn now covers the hillsides, and here and there is an olive-garden. Soon, upon the right, the beautiful Lake of Bracciano, twenty miles in circumference, and six miles across in its widest part, is seen sleeping in its still bason

surrounded by green wooded hills. Then the huge castle of the Odescalchi, built of black lava, and fringed by deeply-machicolated towers, rises before us, crowning the yellow lichen-gilded roofs of the town. We rattle into the ill-paved street, and, between the dull whitewashed houses, we see the black towers frowning down upon us. At last the carriage can go no further, and stops in a little piazza. The steep ascent to the fortress can only be surmounted on mule-back or on foot, and is cut out of the solid rock. On and in this rock the castle was built by the Orsini in the fifteenth century, just after their normal enemies, the Colonnas, had destroyed a former fortress of theirs. So they were determined to make it strong enough. As we enter beneath the gateway surmounted by the arms of the Orsini,

we see that the rock still forms the pavement, and reaches half-way up the walls around us. The rest of these grim walls is of lava, plundered, it is said, from the paving-blocks of the Via Cassia. Gloomy passages, also cut out of the solid rocks, lead into profundities suggestive of the most romantic adventures and escapes. One does not wonder that Sir Walter Scott was more anxious to see Bracciano than anything else in Italy, and set off thither almost immediately after his arrival in Rome.

The inner court of the castle is much more cheerful. It has a gothic loggia and a curious outside staircase, at once descending and ascending, and adorned with frescoes. As we were sitting here to draw, the old house-keeper came out to welcome us. She had been the German nurse of the young Prince Odescalchi, to whom the castle now belongs; we brought her a letter from the Princess-mother, and she was delighted to have the

break in the monotony of her life. She had "told the Princess she wished for repose—she wished to have time to think in her old age—and here she found it, but sometimes the repose was almost too much. The wind whistled through the long galleries louder than was pleasant, when there was no voice to enliven it; and last week in the earthquake—when the castle went crick-crack, and the plaster fell from the walls, and the tiles rattled upon the roof—oh, then it was roba da spaventare."

Of the few mediæval castles in Italy which are still inhabited, Bracciano is one of the largest. The Odescalchi family still occasionally come here in summer, when the vast chambers must be delightfully cool, and the views over lake and town and mountains most enjoyable. On the upper floor is the

Hall of Justice where the Orsini barons, who had the right of appointing magistrates, and being judges in their own persons, used for several centuries to sit in judgment upon their dependants. The Great Hall on the ground floor has some rapidly-vanishing frescoes of Zucchero, and looks like a place where ten thousand ghosts might hold carnival, only perhaps their revels would be hindered by the tiny chapel which opens out of it. In the living apartments are some fine old chairs and carved mo-



Galera.



Orsini Castle, Galera.

dern furniture, splendid beds and wardrobes, and infinitesimal washing-apparatus. One room has family portraits from old times down to the present possessors. These are very proud of their home, though they are not often here. Some years ago, poverty obliged them to sell their castle, but they did so with aching hearts, and when it was bought by Prince Torlonia, a reservation was made, that if the wheel of their fortunes should revolve within a

limited space of years, they should be allowed to buy it back again at the same price which he had given. Torlornia felt secure, spent much time and money at Bracciano, and was devoted to his new purchase. As the time was drawing to a conclusion, all doubt as to the future vanished from his mind, but, just in time, the fortune of the Princess-mother Odescalchi enabled the family to redeem their pledge, and the former possessors returned, to their own triumph and the delight of the inhabitants.

But it is only in the last century that the Odescalchi purchased Bracciano from the Orsini, who were then beginning to fall into decadence, after a splendid historical career of more than six hundred years. Pope Celestin III (1191—98) was an Orsini, and Pope Nicholas III (1277—81), whom Dante sees in hell, among the Simonists.

Having bestowed two popes upon the Church is, however, the least of the glories of the Orsini, and it is their ceaseless contests with the Colonnas, in which they were alternately victorious and defeated, which gives them their chief historical consequence.

The broad terrace immediately under the castle looks down upon the great Lake of Bracciano, which in ancient times was called the Lacus Sabatinus, and is mentioned by Festus. Near the site of Bracciano, says tradition, stood the city of Sabate, which was overwhelmed by the lake long ago, though its houses, its temples, and statues, may still be seen, on a clear day, standing intact beneath the glassy waters. The silvery expanse is backed by distant snow mountains, and here and there a little feudal town crowns the hillsides or stands on the shore and is reflected in the lake. Oriolo has a villa of the Altieri, and its church-porch bears an inscrip-

tion, which shows that it occupies the site of Pausilypon, built by Metia, wife of Titus Metius Herdonius. Vicarello (from Vicus Aureliæ) has the ruins of a Roman villa, and is still celebrated for the baths so useful in cutaneous disorders, which were well known in old times as Aquæ Aureliæ. Many curious Roman coins and vases have been found there. Beyond Vicarello is Trevignano, another Orsini stronghold, picturesquely crowned by their old castle. Lastly we must notice

Anguillara, with a fine machicolated castle, bearing the celebrated "crossed eels" of the famous Counts of Anguillara, of whom were Pandolfo d'Anguillara who built the church of S. Francesco a Ripa at Rome, Everso d' Anguillara, celebrated as a robber chief of the fifteenth century, and Orso d'Anguillara, the senator who crowned Petrarch

upon the Capitol, and lived in the old palace which still remains in the Trastevere. Their country castle, which successfully withstood a siege from the Duke of Calabria in 1486, overhangs the quiet lake, which indeed at one time bore its name, and the town, which is twenty miles from Rome, is well worth visiting, by a road which turns off on the right, not far from Galera.

As we stood on the terrace, looking down upon all these historical scenes, the violet sky suddenly

opened, a rainbow arched across the expanse of waters, and rays of light flitted along the green encircling slopes; lit up one old fortress after another, as with a golden glory, which lasted for an instant, and faded again into the purple mist. It was a beautiful effort of nature, cheering the monotony of a cloudy misty day.

A. J. C. HARE.



Castle of Bracciano.



In the Castle of Bracciano.

A FATHER TO HIS CHILDREN.

WHEN my dear mother died, there came to me
 Sweet words of comfort from her dying bed ;
 For one then wrote to me that she had said,
 Just ere her struggling spirit was set free,
 " He never gave me any grief or pain,
 Save when his duty took him from my side."
 And then I ceased to mourn that she had died,
 And looked out bravely on the world again.
 So live, my darlings, that if Death should cast
 This shadow on your lives, ye may be brave,
 And ever from the darkness of the grave
 A light may gleam on you, so that the Past
 May be a memory of kind words and deeds—
 The perfume of sweet flowers, and no rank weeds.

J. W. K.

SOLAR RESEARCH.

II.—AFTER THE SPECTROSCOPE.

KIRCHHOFF, the well-known German philosopher, although not the first in point of time to announce the principles which underlie spectrum analysis, was yet the first to apply those principles in a systematic method to solar research.

Presuming that our readers are sufficiently well acquainted with the nature of the spectrum, we may state these principles in a very few words.

In the first place, incandescent solid and liquid bodies give out all varieties of light, that is to say, their spectra are continuous. In the next place, the spectra of incandescent gases consist of a few bright lines only, and these lines are different for different gases. And in the third place, a gas when comparatively cold absorbs those very rays which it gives out when heated.

We may exemplify these principles by the conduct of sodium vapour. When this vapour is made use of in an incandescent state as a source of light, it gives out a peculiarly yellow flame, which has the effect of giving everything a very ghastly appearance, and which is called, in the phraseology of the spectroscopist, the double line D.

If, however, comparatively cold sodium vapour be placed between the eye and an incandescent solid or liquid body giving out a continuous spectrum, then we have this same double line D cut off or wanting, on account of the absorbing action of the vapour.

Now, in the solar spectrum this line is absent, and we therefore conclude that some

sodium vapour in a comparatively cold state must exist in the atmosphere of our luminary. Observations of this nature enabled Kirchhoff to assert that the metals sodium, iron, magnesium, barium, copper, zinc, calcium, chromium, nickel, and aluminium were present in the sun's atmosphere, and to these the gas hydrogen was afterwards added. We thus begin to perceive that the sun has, above his luminous surface or photosphere, an atmosphere consisting of hydrogen and metallic gases, at a comparatively low temperature; but by this method of research we do not learn anything about the extent of this atmosphere, or about the manner in which its metallic constituents are distributed throughout its substance.

What Kirchhoff did was to obtain an average spectrum of the solar surface rather than to obtain a spectrum of any particular portion of this surface, and hence it obviously became necessary to supplement his method by one in which each individual portion of the solar surface should be separately investigated. As early as 1866, Mr. Lockyer ("Solar Physics," page 436) had applied his spectroscopist to a sun-spot, and found therein an apparent thickening of the lines, thus denoting increased absorption, and he had also applied his instrument to the limb of the sun, in the hope of detecting the existence of red flames, without the necessity of a total eclipse.

In this last respect he was unsuccessful, the only result of his efforts being an indication that his instrument had not sufficient

power for this purpose. Acting upon this hint, he then procured a more powerful instrument, which was not, however, ready until the 16th of October, 1868. Meanwhile the Indian total eclipse had taken place on the 18th of August of that year, and the results obtained by the Indian observers are thus described by Mr. Lockyer ("Solar Physics," page 119): "The result of the observations in India was decisive as to the nature of the prominences. At last the telegrams came. The two words 'bright lines' were quite sufficient to tell the scientific world that one large part of the problem had been settled. The red flames were really built up of glowing gas or vapour. . . . But of what gas or what vapour? . . . Here the eclipse gave out an uncertain sound. All the observers had observed bright lines, but they were not certain as to the positions of some of the lines, and the accounts were discordant among themselves." In the meantime Mr. Lockyer had received his spectroscope, and on the 20th October he was able, without an eclipse, to see the long-wished-for lines, and to ascertain from the spectral position of these lines that the red flames were composed, in part at least, of incandescent hydrogen.

But while Mr. Lockyer had been busy with his spectroscope in this country, one of the Indian observers—Mons. Janssen—had been also busy in a very similar manner. It had struck him, too, that he might get the lines without an eclipse, and he continued, in fact, to observe them for seventeen days after the eclipse had taken place. It is a curious circumstance that new discoveries very frequently come in duplicate, but unfortunately they are not often accompanied by so strong a friendship as that which exists between the rival discoverers in this instance. Now, it is very easy to perceive why the spectroscope should have proved so successful in detecting these red flames. We have only to reflect why it is that these are not seen by an ordinary telescope on every occasion when the sun is viewed. Clearly because the vast amount of sunlight reflected from the earth's atmosphere overpowers the eye, and prevents it from detecting the existence of the red flames. What we have to do is to get rid of this objectionable element; either the sun must do this for us when we have a total eclipse, or, if we prefer being independent, we must do it for ourselves.

Now the nature of the red flames permits the possibility of this latter alternative, for

the atmospheric glare which surrounds the sun is composed like ordinary sunlight of all varieties of rays, and is therefore dispersed by the spectroscope; while, on the other hand, the light from the gaseous red flames, consisting of only a few rays, is not so scattered.

The result is that those few rays shine out in the spectroscope, if its dispersive power is sufficient to conquer the glare; but if its dispersive power be insufficient, as in the first instrument used by Mr. Lockyer, then no advantage can be gained by using it.

Being thus enabled to view these protuberances whenever the sun shines, we have two great questions to ask regarding them. The one of these is a chemical, and the other a physical question. What are they made of? And what do they mean?

The first of these is the most easy of solution, for the spectroscope informs us that they consist of hydrogen, along with the vapours of iron, magnesium, sodium, and sundry other metals. The physical interpretation of these strange solar appendages is, however, more difficult, and depends upon a very curious principle in optics, which was first stated by Mons. Fizeau, and afterwards applied by Dr. Huggins in his observations of the stars. Let us, for instance, suppose that some luminous body, such as a star, is moving very rapidly towards the earth, and let us further suppose that in such a star the double line D is wanting. Under these circumstances it is found that the position of this double line is slightly displaced, being thrown somewhat nearer to the green or more refrangible side of the spectrum. On the other hand, if the star be moving from the earth, the same line will be slightly displaced towards the red or less refrangible end of the spectrum; and in either case, by measuring carefully the amount of displacement, it will be possible to ascertain the rate of motion of the star, whether it be moving to or from the earth.

At first sight it is difficult to perceive in what way Mr. Lockyer and the other solar observers could possibly apply this principle to the sun. For it is only in the case of very great velocities that we can perceive any visible displacement, and the inhabitants of the earth would have just cause for alarm if they found, some bright morning, that there was a visible displacement in the lines of the solar spectrum. In truth, under such circumstances it would be a matter of comparative indifference whether we were found to be moving rapidly towards the sun or from it; in either case all terrestrial observa-

tions would soon be brought to an untimely end.

Thus it appears that with the old method of viewing the average spectrum of the sun, we cannot expect to recognise any perceptible displacement in the position of the lines; on the other hand, if there should be such things as solar hurricanes, and if these, from a combination of causes, should be very violent, they might be detected by the new method which scrutinizes, by means of the spectroscope, definite portions of the sun's disc.

Such evidence of solar disturbances has been obtained by this method. We find in the solar atmosphere hurricanes of terrific violence, in which the rate of motion is not only one hundred miles an hour, but even one hundred miles a second. The prominences may thus be imagined to represent an uprush, probably cyclonic, of the solar atmosphere, perhaps very similar in character to that which goes on in the heart of a terrestrial cyclone, but only infinitely more violent.

We have thus obtained an explanation both chemical and physical of these wonderful red flames, and the next point is to form some precise idea of the connection that subsists between them and the two other phenomena—sun-spots and faculæ.

Mr. Lockyer is inclined, from his observations, to associate the prominences with the brighter parts of the faculæ. We may perhaps regard a prominence as representing the highest parts of an uprush seen in elevation against the sky, while a facula represents its lower portions, seen projected against the surface of the sun. Spots, on the other hand, must rather be looked upon as the necessary reaction to uprushes, and may, for that matter, represent a downpour of celestial rain or hail, composed, of course, of something else than water.

We cannot undertake, in the limits of an article like this, to discuss all the various points of solar physics; there is, however, one point too important to be omitted, and which Mr. Lockyer has investigated, both in conjunction with Dr. Frankland and also by himself. We allude to the effect produced by pressure upon the spectrum of a gas. It had been previously observed by Plücker and Hittorf, that under increased pressure the green line of the spectrum of hydrogen becomes widened out. Now, when the border of the sun is viewed spectroscopically, this line appears like an arrow-head, protruding beyond the body of the sun as if through a loophole. This peculiarity having

engaged the attention of Frankland and Lockyer, they soon came to the conclusion that the principal, if not the only cause, of the widening of this line was pressure, the line of course being widest at the bottom of the solar atmosphere where the pressure is greatest, and thus presenting the appearance of an arrow-head. It was also seen that many of the absorption lines in the spectrum of a spot are abnormally wide, thus indicating that the umbra of a spot is at a lower level than the general surface of the sun, and confirming other evidence in favour of this view derived from a totally different quarter.

One other remark, and we have done. We have told our readers how the success of the new method was derived from the fact that each individual portion of the sun's image was separately scrutinized, an optical image of it being produced immediately behind the slit of the spectroscope. Thus the step consisted not in applying the spectroscope to average sunlight, but in applying it to scrutinize an image of the sun.

Now Frankland and Lockyer together, and afterwards Lockyer by himself, applied the very same method of treatment to artificial flames and electric sparks; that is to say, they adopted a method which enabled them spectroscopically to examine the various portions of such flames and sparks. Let us, for instance, take a spark between two metallic poles;—the light which we obtain is due to the joint influence of incandescent air and incandescent metal, but there is this important difference between the two: the metallic vapour carried from the pole by the discharge is naturally more dense near the pole than at a distance, because the pole is the source of its supply. On the other hand, the air is of equal density throughout. Now we have seen that thick spectral lines correspond to a greater, and thin lines to a less, dense state of things, and hence it is found that when a spark is taken between metallic poles and examined spectroscopically after the above method, certain lines grow thinner or fainter as we recede from the pole, until at length they vanish altogether. There are, however, other longer lines, not due to air, but to metal, that in some cases extend all the way across. Now these long lines are lines which are comparatively unaffected by density, and which remain even when the distance between the metallic particles is very great. This is the laboratory experiment; the next point is its solar application.

We see in the solar spectrum certain lines reversed, but this reversal is often incomplete.

Thus Kirchhoff remarked that some of the bright lines of the cobalt spectrum were reversed, while this was not the case with other equally bright lines of this metal. Now Lockyer has shown that the reversed solar lines are simply those of which the bright analogues are longest in the spectrum, as obtained by the method now described; that is to say, those lines are reversed in the sun which remain when the distance between the metallic particles is very great. We are thus supplied with a test which enables us to detect the presence of a substance in the solar atmosphere, even when there are only one or two coincidences. Mr. Lockyer has also applied this method of spectroscopic analysis to metallic alloys, with very considerable preliminary success. It even seems quite possible that in certain cases we shall

be able to make quantitative chemical determinations more easily by means of the spectroscope than by the methods at present employed.

Our readers will thus perceive how deep an insight we obtain by the spectroscope into the molecular mysteries of matter, and will no doubt be prepared to assign a brilliant future to a method which has become already so largely developed.

We may safely trust that this line of research will prove to be a very long extended and brilliant one, bridging over the whole space between the poles of human knowledge, and not like certain other lines that Mr. Lockyer tells us of, beginning very brightly, but fading off into darkness only a little distance from their source.

B. STEWART.

KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

BY THE LATE NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

ALL right thoughts about religion begin with right thoughts about God; while true religion itself is to know Him truly. To say, then, that we know not God, is to say that we know not religion; for "this is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Again, all true knowledge of ourselves as immortal and responsible beings, of our duties, of our temptations—the understanding, in short, of the problem of our existence, with our varied relations to persons and things, to time and to eternity—all is derived from our knowledge of God. This is the light which makes all things manifest. Without it, the light that is in us, whatever it be, is darkness. Blessed be God, that He has not left us to discover Him, but has revealed Himself to man; and that while He is ever doing so in ways manifold because He is a living God, and loves to hold intercourse with us in many a different language from within and from without, yet, blessed be His name for that brightest display of His glory "in the face" of Him who came from the bosom of the Father to reveal Him to us.

Now, there is no fact with which we are more familiar than that God *is*, and that His government is absolute over all persons and things, and is unchangeable for ever and ever. But, would that we could grasp this truth with heart, soul, and strength—that we did not so much possess it as a dead truth,

which, with a thousand others, might be laid by uselessly in our minds, but that it possessed us with living power! How it would mould our whole being, and give a meaning to all things! Let us but attach reality to the single fact that our own lives and eternal history, for weal or woe, as also that of all those we hold dear, and the destiny of every inhabitant of every world for ever, are absolutely at the disposal of one living Person. Think of it, ponder over it, till you see intensely its truth—that God, God alone, can do with you now and for ever whatever He pleases; that all creation which has sprung from His simple Will can no more question His right to govern nor resist His power to act as He chooses to act, than an infant can arrest the movements of a man with its uplifted arms. There is a mighty God before all beings and all worlds, a mighty God ruling over all beings and worlds, by Whom all are made, and through which He worketh out His purposes. For ever and ever His kingdom shall be high and uplifted above all thrones. Would that we felt our absolute dependence upon God; that we are not things whirled onwards, the sport of laws, the atoms of chance, but that we ever dwell in the eye of a Personal God; that the very secrets of our heart are open before Him; that He alone can determine how many more beats our heart will give, and how many more hours we shall possess this life, and all that gladdens it or makes it sad to our eyes;

that He alone can determine where and how we are to live after death; and that every attempt to escape from His all-seeing eye, to question His supreme authority, and to resist His absolute disposal of us—all arguments, threats, blasphemies, reasonings—are utterly useless and vain to alter the fact of His complete possession of us and ours, and His right to dispose of us as He thinks proper.

Now, this fact of the government of God, if truly believed in, must give rise to earnest questionings regarding its character. To know merely that a personal God reigns, will by no means of itself make a man happy. For no one could possibly rejoice in the thought, and welcome it, though he were compelled to submit to it, until he knows the moral principles of the divine government, and how these affect the good and happiness of man. Mere power terrifies, and the more irresistible it is, the more terrible, until we know *how* this power is to be exercised. Is it a demon power, or a holy power? Is it eternally and universally on the side of right or wrong? What has love and mercy, justice, goodness, and truth to do with it? Are those its unerring guides, or shall cruelty and injustice move its sceptre? It is when such questions as these become not speculative ones, but questions of life and death, and of such interest to us, that all others fade before them, that the inward ear catches up with joy the words, "The sceptre of thy kingdom is a sceptre of righteousness," "Thou lovest righteousness," and sends them to the heart, where they are clasped as the voice of eternal love; and to the conscience, where they are revered as the voice of eternal right; and to the spirit, where they are adored as the beauty of holiness; and to the hopes and longings of men, where they are rejoiced in as containing the assurance of everlasting good and joy to the universe of God. "The Lord reigneth; let the earth be glad!" For "the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre." "Thou lovest righteousness and hatest iniquity."

God "loves righteousness." God looks upon a man as he is. He deals with living persons—with their words, with their actions. Saints and sinners are naked before Him; and the saint will be tried by the same rule (and by a stricter rule, if possible) as the sinner. God does look on each man just as he is; and He *does* see the sins of the saint—his sins of lip, and of heart, and of temper—just as they are in all their vileness, even as

Jesus looked on Peter just as he was, when He said, "Get thee behind me, Satan," or on that night when Peter "went out and wept bitterly." He will see us as we are in judgment, and He sees us exactly as we are now, even when justified by Christ's righteousness, and accepted in Him. He loves righteousness in us and hates the iniquity. "Let no man deceive you by vain words." Right and wrong are eternal; and Jesus never lived or died in order that sin should be anything else than sin in a good man, or righteousness anything else than righteousness; and no robe of righteousness will so conceal from the righteous God the wrong of a Moses, or of a David, or of a Peter, that He shall not hate it, or so alter the nature of things that He shall not be pleased with what is most delightful to Him.

Further, God rewards righteousness. Here is a word at which some men start; but we have to do not with words, but with facts; and the fact is, that God does "reward us according to our righteousness and the cleanness of our hands," that "in the keeping of God's word there is great reward," that "surely there is a reward for the righteous," that "to Him that loveth righteousness there is a reward." So saith the Spirit of God, and we wonder not that, if He punishes evil doers, He should also reward those who do his will.

How? There is the highest and best of all rewards—His own approval. What a glorious reward is the smile of our Father, the "Well done, good and faithful servant!" His reward is not confined to great acts, but is extended to small ones. "Not a cup of cold water given to a disciple shall lose its reward." Obviously, for inasmuch as God is seeking the heart of love, the small as well as the great may evidence its existence. The tender father values his child's kiss, because it is a gush of love from the child's heart. Thus God approves even of the simple wish when nothing is done, because He sees the heart that desires to do it. "It was well with thee that it was in thine heart," said the Lord to David, with reference to the building of the temple, before a stone of it was laid. How encouraging is this to those who have but the one talent! Wherever love truly exists, it can never want a means of expressing itself in look, or word, or act towards God or towards man. Should language be silent, and eyes closed in weakness, and the feeble hands fall down, He sees the heart feeling righteously towards

himself and all; and verily He smiles upon it, and His approval is a reward. "Thou shalt bless the righteous; with favour shalt thou compass him about as with a shield." He "loveth him that followeth after righteousness."

Again, God rewards righteousness by the peace which ever accompanies it in our spirits. "The effect of righteousness is peace," the work of righteousness quietness and assurance." The apostle speaks of the "peaceable fruits of righteousness." "The voice of rejoicing is in the tabernacles of the righteous." "Light is sown" for them; and they rejoice in the Lord. This is indeed a blessed reward; the calm peace of conscience possessed by the man who, through the power of God, and faith in Christ, seeks to walk rightly towards God and man, and finds himself more and more able to do so. There is a joy of spirit the world knows not of in keeping to a "path of righteousness for his own name's sake." There are no such joyful triumphs as those gained by the spirit over the flesh. No rewards more sweet than are enjoyed by the soul, which, in the eye of God, its sovereign Lord and Holy Father, resists temptation, does battle with the wrong, keeps the tongue silent, and the impetuous passions down, and continues, it may be through many years of suffering in body and spirit, manfully to persevere through obstacles, dangers, and hourly stumbling-blocks, to follow on in the path of righteousness unknown and unheeded by the world; neither courting its smiles, nor fearing its frowns, but ever seeing "Him who is invisible" as its Guide and Comforter, by night and by day. Little does the world understand the peace, the calm joy which dwells in such a soul; but with its Divine Head it exclaims, "O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee!" Indeed, there is no other way of peace but walking in a path of righteousness. Peace is the enjoyment of God's love, the harmony of the soul with God; and this never can be maintained by any mere forms of right thoughts, or right views, or speculations, but only by being right and doing right. "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love, even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in His love." "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." Oh, no wonder that there are so many professing Christians with right views and little peace, when they take so little heed to a righteous walk! How can they expect that peace shall abide in hearts under

the government of unholy, restless desires, and no earnest efforts to overcome them? The righteous God loveth not, but hateth, envy, strife, backbiting, wickedness, covetousness, malice, falsehood, dishonesty, selfishness, ungodliness; and when these are kept, the God of peace departs. It is wonderful what an effect this inner peace has on all things around us. It is the mind itself which casts a "shroud, or a wedding garment," upon the outer world. We in ourselves rejoice; and the gladness of the world is but an echo from our voice. When we are ill at ease with ourselves, and unhappy in the home of our own heart from a bad conscience, or from a life unfaithful to duty, everything takes a complexion from our spirit, mercies cease to delight, friends are no longer friends, nature loses her beauty, our employments their interest, life itself may at last become intolerable, and death be sought as a refuge near and immediate from what is already hell. But where peace reigns, sunshine spreads all around. While Judas went with his silver pieces to hang himself, He Who was being led to the cross exclaimed, "My peace I leave with you!"

Time would fail me to utter in detail all the precious promises made to the righteous. Is it a blessing to have God as the hearer of prayer? "The righteous cry, and God heareth them." Is deliverance from affliction a reward? "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth them out of them all." Is it good to be held up in time of weakness? "The Lord upholdeth the righteous." Does he desire to be guided in perplexity? "Light is sown for the righteous." "The way of the righteous is made plain." Does he need to be watched at all times? "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous." These blessed promises extend to all he has, and all connected with him. "The house of the righteous shall stand." "The rod of the wicked shall not rest on the lot of the righteous." "The righteous shall inherit the earth." "The seed of the righteous shall be blessed," nor shall they be begging bread. And what glorious prospects are set before them! "The hope of the righteous shall be gladness." "The righteous has hope in his death." He has hope also at judgment. "The righteous shall go into life eternal." "They shall shine forth as the sun." Seeing, then, the "righteous God loveth righteousness;" we may well exclaim, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his."

Another reward of righteousness is righteousness itself.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. In other words, the man who loves good shall be filled with it. This at once exposes the ignorant and selfish folly that would associate with righteousness only such external rewards as men receive here for doing good, as the phrase is. If men do the state some service, they expect to be rewarded by some favour or honour. Even if men save the lives of others, they expect a reward. And all this system of rewards, which, begun in school, is continued during life to the boy, by way of stimulating him to a right course of action, is very naturally transferred by the unthinking and the ignorant to the government of God; and thus men associate with doing their duty to God and man, with being righteous, some rewards they know not what, but which will probably mark what good people they have been. Yet, after all, there are hints given us in this world of a different and nobler system of rewards. True love seeks only true love in return. No mother would expect to be rewarded by money for loving or saving her child. It would be an insult to her whole being to insinuate that she was not suf-

ficiently rewarded by having her child's heart to beat responsive to her own; and so, what reward does God offer to love? What but love—Himself! What reward can He hold out to the man who "hungers after righteousness" better than that "he shall be filled" with perfect righteousness; for "the Lord loveth righteousness," and giveth us what He loves. It is true that there are to be "new heavens and a new earth," and a world in every respect suited to meet the wants of man as a sentient, intellectual, active, and social being. I believe that there shall be such lights there for the eye, and such melodies for the ear, such a display of material beauty and magnificence as earth but faintly foreshadows. I believe there will be works given us to do,—works suited to our natures and redeemed powers,—and that the imagination and the intellect of man will then have a grasp and scope for their exercise, to which our present state is as childhood compared to philosophic manhood. I believe, too, that we shall enjoy the society of the good, gathered from all countries and ages; but I also believe that this will be the grand characteristic of the new heavens and the new earth, that "therein dwelleth righteousness."

A SPRING THOUGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL."

THE spring tide flutters to the earth
 From those delightful skies,
 Where, if we did not take our birth,
 I trust our heaven lies;
 For it will be divinely fair
 From thence the lovely hues to fling,
 And with our happy hands prepare
 The glories of the spring.

Yet is it best the world to please
 By work as bright as this,
 Or to receive in happy ease
 The rapture and the bliss?
 Sweet thoughts the poet must employ
 (Poets must have noble hearts),
 But can he ever *feel* the joy
 That he to us imparts?



"NOVANTIA."

NOVANTIA:

INCLUDING THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF DAVID GROATS, GATEKEEPER.

CHAPTER IX.



NOVANTIA was in its later glory (it had one offspring and one of summer, the one more splendid, the other more rich and various) when its new owner came into

possession. To him it was a dream—an island not in water, but in the skies. Exquisite as a picture even to a common eye, to him it was rich in that beauty of association and memory which is the soul of other and more material loveliness. The orchard, with its patriarchal trees, barren now, and overgrown with moss and lichen even to the tips of their tiniest and loftiest twigs, sloped to the rising sun. Here, beyond doubt, did the holy monks walk and talk after early matins in the days of old. By holy hands these trees were planted. Their barrenness to the sense was a harvest to the soul; their grey mosses and lichens were to the imagination apples of gold in pictures of silver. As for the garden, it sloped with a distinctly utilitarian view toward the south; but it had been cultivated doubtless by other than mechanic hands, and with other than sordid thoughts, for ages and ages. To the north and west the foot-path which followed the curvings of the loch wound through elms and beeches of large size, a long leafy cloister. Here no doubt was the evening walk of the prior and his clergy, when the sun, then as now, was gull down in front, and pouring across the dull expanse of water a broad river of gold.

"I wonder," Mr. Francis mused with himself, "whether it may not one day be thought barbarous to have meetings for worship in a church, be it barn or cathedral, when there are these temples not made with hands in which to adore the Infinitely Good and Fair; where, if love can be kindled in human souls by beauty, love must flame and burn; where, if our hearts are tuneless, these chorists of the woods—the thrush, the blackbird, the linnet—pour forth hymns of faith and hope and love in which it is impossible not to join or not be joyous. Would Christianity have stiffened and frozen into some of the forms which it has assumed, if it had been preached always, as at first, in the open air, in presence of the lilies, in competition and in unison with the song of the lark and the thrush? Should not the preaching of sermons be reserved for bad weather and back lanes?"

Ravished with the beauty of the place, thus mused the latest successor of the monks. The place, in truth, was certain to find in the man a fond, if not foolish devotee to its peculiar charms. For it was, above all, a vague, dreamy interest in an old country as old, combined with his desire to enjoy opportunities of education and experience a new country did not afford, which had brought him from his home in the Australian bush to attend a Scotch university, and, as it had happened, to become the minister of a parish in Braidarden. Coming from a country which, happily or unhappily for itself, has no history, no monuments, no Norman Conquest, no ancient aristocracy, no Novantia, and possessing an imagination lively enough to be impressed with the poetic side of these things, he had been thrilled on visiting the scenes of historical events; old keeps and minsters filled him with emotion unknown to their original builders and possessors; he anticipated, with something more than curiosity, the opportunity of seeing and knowing a family like the Laytons, whose escutcheon was centuries old; and it was enough that ivy mantled a huge, misshapen heap of stones, a fragment of a small chapel, and a tottering gable and belfry in the neighbourhood of his new abode, for him to feel that he had come to live in an enchanted neighbourhood, the least part of the beauty of which was its gleaming waters,

glancing through the fringed and tasselled curtain of its woods.

Especially as the time happened somehow altogether to be spring with himself—blushing and flowering spring, such as he had not known before, while to nature and Novantia it was glorious summer, the place was seen by him in its best light. To see summer or Novantia in all its glory, it must be seen thus—in spring, when the heart is young and full. An Englishman who sails into the tropics for the first time, is apt for once to be taken with surprise by the globe of which he has been an inhabitant perhaps for half a century, by the heavens above, and the earth, or rather sea, beneath, with which he thought himself familiar. He has been accustomed to think that when it is December in England it is December everywhere, and that when the sun is struggling at mid-day to surmount the roof of an English farmhouse, he is struggling in the same way in every meridian sky to accomplish a similar feat upon the earth. He has never thought at any rate, perhaps, that at the very moment when black northern gales rend earth and sky and human nerves to home-keeping Britons, dolphins are sporting in halcyon seas, which sleep in perpetual azure beauty beneath tropical skies, the glory of which could only be accumulated in an eternal summer. Mr. Francis, though not an Englishman, knew this. It occurred to him to think of it as, on the first days of his ownership, he walked and mused about Novantia. Living before on frigid shores, he had sailed here into a region of summer of which he had not suspected so much as the existence. He had not thought, even when he had often and studiously compared life in an old country and in a new, that there was life so rich, glorious, thrilling, to be enjoyed anywhere as that which he felt that he was entering here.

One thing which might have had the effect of qualifying this feeling, rather tended to intensify it. Everything, he already knew, was not as sweet and fair as Novantia in his new parish. Only a superficial inspection was requisite to show that it contained few Sunburys, few Laighleas, and many abodes of another kind, where ignorance and sin and misery had had time to make for themselves a secure and even sacred position. It was manifest to him at a glance that his duties would not be light. But this pleased him. Young, and eager, and enthusiastic in his hopes and in his wishes for the good of his fellow-men, he desired just such

a field for his energies as he had found, one that would call them forth and task them. It was odd and suggestive, no doubt, that here was a parish with a modern palace and a ruined abbey in it, home and focus not only of aristocratic refinement and culture, but of spiritual light and power for ages and ages. Yet it was what it was. But was not that simply owing to the want of skill or the want of will on the part of those who had laboured in the vineyard, and let it become a waste in their hands?

Then there were the amiable and enlightened owners of Sunbury to help him in any good work that was to be done. Besides them, there were the Hopes, missionaries and evangelists, as rare and as fair as angels. Not once, except with reference to David Groats and "the track," had Miss Hope referred to it; but he knew, from even a slight acquaintance with the poor of the place, that she was their friend and constant visitor, bringing with her often what was better appreciated, if not better, than tracts. From her mother he had learned—he could not tell exactly whether it was with pleasure or pain—that the effect of his preaching self-sacrifice as he did was, that she was dissatisfied with herself and with the work she was doing, and meant to do more. Too much for her health, Mrs. Hope was sure.

Why was it, however, he asked himself, as the Laytons and the Hopes thus came and went in his imagination, that the nearer it came to the time of the arrival of the former at Sunbury Castle, he was the more doubtful whether he wished it or feared it most? Laighlea, where he found an excuse for being almost daily, was full of that event, as indeed was the whole district. It was the event of the year, at least for every one above the degree of ploughman. Was it because the Hopes anticipated it with so much pleasure, and spoke of it so often, that he, in spite of himself, would not have been sorry to hear of its being postponed; was it because Illtaend was pleasant enough without Sunbury, that he did not wish Sunbury added to it.

This was the truth, and it the conclusion to which it pointed had been as acceptable as it was obvious, it would have relieved Mr. Francis of a difficult question. As things were, it went on debating itself, always taking to itself a little more and still a little more perplexity and vexation. Only one thing was clear, and that was too clear, painfully clear. It was no use thinking of Miss Hope but as a friend. It was not merely foolish

to do so; it was wicked. What would the Laytons, patron, ladyships, half the peerage, not to speak of her mother and near relatives, say to the presumption of receiving the gift of a living, and returning for it directly a proposal of marriage? That, too, was the least of it. The scorn of others might be borne, but how was he to bear his own contempt of himself? Could a man think himself fit to live, not to say teach others to live, who hated wolves in sheep's clothing, delighted for Sunday pastime to tear their borrowed fleeces from their backs; yet would sneak into the favour of women, to be praised by them, enjoy their company, eat dinners at their expense, and marry the wealthy or the pretty daughter, all under the pretence of professional zeal and piety? What—self-sacrifice! the new old gospel of which he was so fervid an apostle, showing itself in his own case, not by a singular patience in carrying a cross on to the bitter end, but by a peculiar aptitude for gaining the world, ay, more than the world! No! Mr. Francis repudiated for himself with scorn intentions of which a gentleman must have been ashamed, and self-sacrifice not according to the gospel. And as it was thus settled that any feeling but that of mere friendship for Miss Hope was out of the question, so it was fixed that it had no existence. It ought not to be the case that Henry Francis loved Hetty Hope. Therefore it was not the case. He was much comforted by this inference, drawn according to a familiar logical figure; and so he walked over to Laighlea, just to say good-bye for the second time before starting for London to wait his sister Bessy's arrival. After his return, he thought, it might be safer and better not to be too much there. But in the meantime, while he was alone at Novantia, it would seem odd if he did not continue to go as often as he had been accustomed to do.

CHAPTER X.

MR. JAMES OGG, the parish dominie, who spent most of his evenings in the society of David Groats and his daughter (it was said by the parish for the daughter's sake, for the dominie had always at least one sweetheart), was at the lodge when Mr. Francis called there on his way home from Laighlea.

"Come along," said the schoolmaster, who was an enthusiast in many things, whist included. "We'll have a game now, we'll finish the rubber that was interrupted by the—deil."

"The deil!" smiled Mr. Francis, who

already knew Mr. Ogg's quaintness and liked him for it.

"Ay, the deil," interposed David; "the dominie's aye making moonshine in the daytime, and the last o' his productions that way, saving your presence, who are our spiritual guide and comforter, is an essay on the deil."

"The deil?"

"Ay, the very same, and he finishes 't up wi' a poem."

"It's not the first on that subject, neither is it the worst I hope, though it would be hard for it to be the best."

"Weel, as for that, if it's no as guid poetry as Burns's, I would na say but it's as guid gospel. But ye'll judge o' that best for yourself; read it to the minister, dominie."

The dominie needed no urging to comply with this request. His face usually wore a peculiar yet unmistakable smirk of self-satisfaction; but when he was particularly elated, his whole countenance was that of a man going to whistle a beautiful and popular air. His mouth rounded itself into a complete circle, his eyebrows, usually slanting at a precipitous elevation, took an almost vertical direction, and gave full effect to a pair of bright blue eyes, set very close to each other, and not free from some traces of a slight squint, as if of peculiar attachment to each other.

With this happy expression, hardly waiting to be asked by Mr. Francis to do so, he pulled his MS. out of his breast pocket and proceeded to read an essay "On the Mental Progress of the Devil," which seemed to have been suggested by a remark of the saintly Rutherford, to the effect that the devil was always getting more expert. The object of the paper, which, apart from the verses with which it concluded, was of a serious and argumentative character, was to show that the greater wickedness of the world in these later ages (this was assumed) was due to the greater skill of the Evil One; the tempter being, as a finite intelligence, necessarily capable of progress in those arts and sciences which he cultivated at the expense of fallen humanity.

"Gie us the poem," said David Groats, before the essay was quite finished, for he saw that the minister was less taken by it than he expected him to be, and in fact appeared absent and inattentive.

Mr. Ogg did what he was bidden, and turned at once from prose to verse, the close-set round bead eyes in his head almost expanding with light and glee so as to threaten

to burst into and inundate each other. The poem was shorter than the essay, but like it began at the beginning, referred to the juvenile inexperience and awkwardness of the person in question, and then indicated the happy results of long practice and experience combined with zeal and determination in his vocation.

"His wings that flapped too loud by far
Are improved. And his head's as clear's a star;
And his wings are noiseless as a hat;
And he hides his horns wi' a satin hat,
And has sorted, they tell me, his ain cluh foot,
And can dance a waltz in a patent boot."

This was followed by an ingenuous appeal to the intelligence of the reader, with the view of clinching the obvious deduction:—

"O reader, just think what ye'd be yourself,
Were your years as many, your pow as bel';
Your baffled schemes, sac oit renewed,
Wi' perseverance as great pursued;
Wi' 'prenticeship o' some thousand years,
And a pair o' average eyes and ears,
And wits made quick wi' many a thwart,
You'd be king o' the black or any art,
And he sic a journeyman, now, it's clear,
As never the like did on earth appear."

And with a hope, curious as a counterpart to the latitudinarian one expressed by Burns as to the final destiny of the great enemy—a hope as to the chances of his victims, the dominie concluded his rhymes:—

"Sae I hope when we've got our scores to pay,
At the end o' the game, at the end o' the day,
Account 'ill he ta'en wi' whom we played,
For nowadays it may well be said
That our wisest carle's a green young cbiel
When matched wi' the auld experienced deil."

Much to the disappointment of the author, David Groats inadvertently prevented judgment being recorded by the minister as to the merits of this effusion, to which he seemed rather more attentive than he had been to the essay, by affirming that the dominie was an old Greek.

"Greek!" said the pedagogue, "I don't know a word of Greek, though I will say, in presence of the minister himself—

'Latin to me's no more difficle
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle,'

and I don't know why, my style being formed chiefly upon Latin models, you should call me Greek."

"I'm not speaking o' style, dominie, at least the style o' your paper, but the style o' man is Greek in you. Ye may be an ancient Greek that way, though it's no more than fifty or sixty years since ye were born."

"Say thirty or forty," said the dominie, adjusting his wig and lowering his eyebrows, with a glance at the gatekeeper's daughter.

"Well, well," said David, "I mean we need na be particular in regard to that, it does na matter that ye were na born two or

three thousand year since—ye're an ancient Greek for a' that; ye look at everything, visible and invisible, in heaven and earth and below the earth tae, wi' sma' reverence and plenty o' curiosity, and I think, if I'm no' misinformed, that's gae an' like' an auld Greek."

"You're an older Greek than I in that way," retorted the dominie, elevating his eyebrows. "What was it you were discussing with me only last night? A more ticklish subject than was ever handled by me either in prose or rhyme."

"Discuss, that's what I did na do, dominie. Don't get me a rebuke from the kirk I don't deserve. I did na' discuss 't. It's ae thing for a thing o' the kind to come into one's head, whether he will or no, and it's a different thing a'thegether to go and deliberately discuss it like a divine (begging the minister's pardon), as weel acquainted wi' heaven as wi' his ain parish, and wi' divine decrees as wi' the session books. No, I did na discuss it. It's no' a thing for discussing."

Mr. Francis had another subject in his mind, and in order to have a chance of bringing it forward, wished this one speedily produced and disposed of.

"In the name of Greek, and of all mystery, what was the subject that David declares he did not discuss? Was it less fit for discussion than the one we have just had before us?"

"A neglected attribute," replied the dominie.

"Attribute?" inquired the clergyman.

"Ay, of the divine nature," archly replied Mr. Ogg.

"The short and the long o't is," interposed David, "the dominie and me were talking about a lot o' things, and ane o' them that came in the way was the ane he means, and since it's been mentioned again, ye may as weel hear what it was, particularly as ye're bound to gie us your best advice in a spiritual cause. But I maun tell ye, first and foremost, how it was I cam to think o't first. I did na tell ye that, dominie."

"But what is it?" inquired Mr. Francis. "You have not even told us that yet."

"Weel, the dominie, as ye've seen, speculates about the deil. I'm no sae presumptuous, I hope, being neither minister nor dominie, as to speculate at a', particularly about him. I'll let him alone if he'll no meddle wi' me. But there's ae thing about the Good Being that has come into my head, and I hope it's no very profane, for I think it's true—humour, it's my opinion, maun be

ane o' his attributes, though it's no jist mentioned among them."

"To assist at the discovery of an attribute," said Mr. Francis, "is still more interesting, if possible, than to watch the progress of mind, eh, Mr. Ogg?"

"Nickle-jarvieston, everybody kens," proceeded David, "is the biggest, dirtiest, ugliest, human anthill in the country, and the Spinnet is the dirtiest and ugliest bit o't. To stand at the corner o' ane o' the streets in the Spinnet, and see at the meal hours the hundreds and thousands, the crowds and swarms o' human beings, men, women, and weans, dirty, tousy, greasy, rushing and fechtin' to get hame first to their parritch or their kail, that pour out the big mills and factories there—it's as bewildering to a stranger (though snow flakes are no' like flakes o' soot) as a snowstorm among the hills. To come to the point though," he continued, not failing to observe that his young friend the minister was showing signs of carefully concealed impatience, "I had business in Nickle-jarvieston, ance or twice. I was seeing George, my son, off to China, and, going through the Spinnet ae Saturday night, I was jammed, sae fou were the streets wi' mill folk, into the society o' twa o' them, and heard what they were saying. It was pay-night, and they had had a gill thegither, to put a flourish, nae doot, to the end o' the week's work. Ane o' them was giein' an account o' himsel' to the other, and it was just ae brag after anither. His neebor, he said, would see he took aff his dram ower there in Frazer's (pointin' wi' his cap to the shop), and never sae much as winket. If it had na been sae near the sabbath day he would wager anither gill that he would walk frae the mill-gate hame ony day a minute and a quarter afore Bob Spiers or Tam Hamilton. Forbye that he would haud his ain wi' ony man at his work, from Monday morning till Saturday night, and beat him tae—if no this week, then the next. Thus they stood in the crowd, the ane bragging to the ither, wi' as much eloquence and mair elocution than our minister here preaches wi' on the sabbath day."

"Ye're forgetting your text though, David," said the dominie.

"Ye're nae preacher, dominie, or ye would ken what I'm giein' ye the noo is the context, aye the big half o' the thing."

"Go on with the discourse," said Mr. Francis, rising to show that he must be going.

"I will," replied David, "and leaving the

practical applications to be made as they should be aye by the audience, finish in what ye call when ye're in the pulpit, a single word. I could na help saying to mysel' then," he continued, rising from his seat to show the minister that he was near the end of his story—"I could na help saying to mysel', standing behind thae Spinnet weavers, it taks mair nor dirty and greasy moleskin, particularly when there's a dram going, to hide human nature."

"In vino veritas," interposed the dominie.

"Ay!" said David, "that's true, though it's Latin; but that's not the point I was coming to. This pair ignorant cratur's blowing aboot himsel', I thought, like an Irish patriot or a soordook (yeomanry) major. But for a' that, there's no muckle harm in the pair soul, no muckle what anybody but a teetotaller would call sin in him—with his Saturday night dram and his bit brag to his neebor aboot himsel'. There's nae sin at a', maybe. I canna think, therefore—this was what I said to mysel'—I canna think o' Him that made him and kens his frailties, glowering at him wi' wrath and indignation or onything o' that kind, like ane o' the Pharisees and Scribes; what way then does He regard him at a'? Is it no maybe as I do mysel' wi' a feeling, no suggested, I hope, dominie, from yon quarter o' yours, that a Spinnet weaver, at an expense o' threepence for half a gill, and wi' the help o' a little conceit o' himsel' that none o' us could do without forgetting, towering ower a' that's dirty and dull and miserable in his existence, and planting himsel' on the heights of human happiness and glory as if he were a born duke or successful general is sae queer a sight that a Good Being when he sees't maun be divertit wi't, mair nor vexed wi't?"

"So you were led to infer the existence of a neglected attribute," said Mr. Francis, sitting down again to hear David out.

"Ay," he replied, lifting up his head with a sudden jerk, as if he were bringing a musket into position, which was his custom when he was much excited—"Ay, I could na but think, thinking o' thae Spinnet weavers, that forbye that justice which pays back ill deeds and thoughts to the last copper, and that kindness that rewards us with heaven for giein' a cup o' cold water to a neebor, there maybe that in Him that made us, that takes note o' what's neither good in itsel' nor ill, and there's a lot o' that in the world and in human nature, and some o't's sae droll the drollness maun, I think, be the very reason it's there at a'.

"To think so, d'ye ken," he added, bringing the musket into position for another shot, "explains to me a deal in the world that would be dark—the puddock when it sits up on its end, and puts oot its tongue, lick, licking, and goggles wi' its big een as if it had specks on at a yellow strawberry, is no bonny, but it's funny. So are lots o' other beings, and their ways human and no human. A being without humour, a' justice or a' mercy, or the like o' that, would never have made them, or would hae small pleasure in them when they were made."

"I should say," remarked the dominie, "that David must be right; he's an example himself of the truth of what he preaches; and, besides that, when one thinks of it, the Being who made us must himself have what He gave to us. Not only so," he added, addressing himself to the gatekeeper, "if there's humour in us, David, then I should say that, in order that He who made us should know what is in man, as we know He does, he must have what man has. But," added Mr. Ogg, with a critical smirk on his face, and several critical shakes of the head, and addressing himself first to Mr. Francis and then to David, "there is one point on which I must beg to disagree with David. Does he mean to tell me that it's not a sin for a disgusting, dissipated brute of a weaver to go and spend his wages in drink, while perhaps his wife and children have not a crust to put in their mouths, or clothes to put on their backs, or a fire to warm them? Why, it's drink, David, which is the ruin of thousands, millions of our operative classes, and what is their ruin I should say is their sin too, and I doubt if you can suppose that their sin and misery is a joke to a Good Being."

"In the first place, dominie," replied David, "I grant a' that, and in the second place I deny it a'. I deny its application to the point in question; for ye see I'm supposin' in the first place my Spinnet weaver is no a drunkard, mair nor you or me or the minister, for we a' take a dram as well as him; I'm supposin' he's no ill to his wife and bairns, but may be has neither ane nor ither, and at any rate has his dram only once a week and in moderation then—that's ae thing I'm supposin'; and anither is—this is mair to the point, and I'm surprised ye need to hae it pointed out to ye, dominie. I tell't ye about my weaver frien' no to haud him up as a moral example, but only just to show how it was I cam' first to think o' what we've been speakin' about. I was na justifyin' the weaver's dram; I was accounting for my

ain idea, how it cam' first into my head, and no sayin' whether it was right or wrong."

"You were speaking as an historian, not as a moralist," said Mr. Ogg, pleased now as always to be able to make a fine distinction, good-humouredly inviting David to go on with his story. In response to which invitation, protesting that he had said all he had to say already, the gatekeeper once more elevated his musket.

"Forbye clearing up what's dark and mysterious, it makes the world bigger, I think, for Him that made it to gie Him humour or something like it. For ye see jist to have a world fou o' so many different creatures, good and evil, or better and waur, is a great thing, nae doot, but it maun be a far greater to compare them among themselves, and see as we see oursels, how droll they are baith where they're like and where they're no like. Thae Spinnet weavers noo, take jist what's serious, sin or no sin, in them and it's little, it's nothing. But take what's queer in them besides, compare 't wi' what's like it in human life, baith high and low, and maybe ither life too; take notice that the trade o' patriotism and the weaving trade dinna pit new stuff into human nature, but gie 't nae end o' shapes and colours. That makes the big world bigger, does it no?"

"A practical application of this subject, therefore," said Mr. Ogg, complacently nodding to the minister, "occurs to me. If this neglected attribute were generally recognised among us, an institution for which I have always had a great regard might have a chance of being revived, after some ages of disuse, viz., court jester. That official would now be useless to the state, the people being king, their representatives are all privileged and enough of them are fools. But he might be attached, it occurs to me, to the church. He might sit in church courts."

"What license would ye gie him?" inquired David.

"He told the king, in old times," replied Mr. Ogg, "what others dared not tell him, and what they could not have told him to the same purpose if they had dared. He changed the current of events in peace and war by a jest or a grimace. If he were attached nowadays, not to the state, but to the church, he might, I think, be as useful and powerful as ever. In ecclesiastical courts and causes men are all kings, whose lightest word must be regarded as inspired and taken as a law for the universe. No one of their own circle has the courage to laugh at the rest where laughter is required, and a jest from an outsider, if he

were privileged, would set things right that long and furious debates only put hopelessly wrong. We want a church fool, don't we?"

Mr. Francis was rising to go. He answered the question by asking one, of which, to tell the truth, his mind had been full all the evening. "What was the exact date at which his lordship and the family were expected?" This question had been answered for him at Laighlea; but he asked it again, and got it answered at the lodge. Then he permitted himself to inquire, though it was a little beyond his intentions to do so, whether much company usually came with the family, to which the dominie replied, that whoever came or did not come, Mr. George Fox was sure to arrive first. This was the very point, with regard to which, in spite of himself, Mr. Francis was fishing for information.

"Who is Mr. Fox, do you know?" he inquired.

"A gentleman," replied Mr. Ogg, "'sans peur et sans reproche,' a perfect and total gentleman, a most absolute gentleman, for he ought to have some profession, having no cash, and he has none whatever. But they say he's such a fine fellow; and one thing I know, he's a splendid man to look at. They say, too, he stays in the neighbourhood, this last year or two, longer than he did because Miss Hope is over the way."

Exactly, thought Mr. Francis, as he walked slowly and thoughtfully home to Novantia. I thought the name turned up very often in conversation over the way. To think of a needy man despising a profession and calling himself a gentleman, or of Miss Hope giving her hand to such a man, only because he is Lord Somebody's cousin.

Mr. Francis felt that he was very unhappy, and, ere he reached home, began to suspect that he was very unjust.

"Is this," he said to himself, as he entered the long avenue leading to the house—"is this what it is to love one's fellow-creatures Christianly, to think of a man with dislike before one has ever seen him or knows anything about him? The tempter, as the dominie argues, grows more and more subtle. When the world, through long culture, has come to be adorned with a woman like Miss Hope, the world is a strange place to live in."

"Besides," he added, trying to force his mind abruptly into the right mood, "she's nothing to me, whether she be nothing or everything to Mr. Fox, or he to her." Which nothingness, as if it had been something, instead of going into the house and going to bed, he proceeded to consider further in a

stroll round the island that lasted till long after midnight.

CHAPTER XI.

To be deliberately critical of one whom we are bound in common duty and decency to love, is to sneak down into the cellars of our earthly house, grope about in the dark for the sacred cords worked into the foundations, huddle them asunder, and begin to calculate whether it is worth while to tie them up again. Henry Francis, waiting for his sister at Plymouth, was not the man to be guilty of anything so mean. But he let himself hope, could not help hoping, his sister would please not himself but others. He felt that others would be critical, and that he would like others to be pleased. He recalled as much as he could of her face and her ways, as she was when she used to be his companion—child companion (for she was several years younger) on many a ramble in the bush. That she was clever and witty, and, for a girl, especially a bush girl, well-read and accomplished, he knew from her letters. On that point he had no doubt or misgiving. Was she, however, with all that, just the companion for Miss Hope and her sister he would like her to be for her own sake? This was the question. No, it was not. She was his sister, and whatever was the style of her face or the quality of her manners, if it were only for the sake of the best and kindest of fathers, whose darling she was, and of a mother whose memory was still as fresh to him as it was sweet, he loved her, longed for her, grudged himself beforehand the enjoyment of her society, since what was his gain was loss to one who needed her companionship still more.

Sixteen thousand miles of salt water stretch between the coasts of England and those of Australia. Yet so does man inhabit immensity, so does his imagination take up worlds and their oceans and sport with them, that enormous breadth of sea which, at a distance from its shores, and when our light is only that of common day, oppresses the mind with the feeling of hopeless separation made by it between friends living in different hemispheres, when we are near to it, when its waters ripple at our feet, when we are within sight of its broad, shining, mysterious bosom, and fancy kindles at the thought that there is nothing but itself between us and those dear to us at the other end of the earth, instead of then separating us from them by an impassable gulf, it brings them nearer to us than if they lived with us in

the same town, and only not in the same street.

Thus, to Henry Francis, the vicinity of the ocean served to abolish space and time, and revive years and scenes that had begun to fade out of mind. He felt a vanished hand laid upon his shoulders, he looked up into a face wan and wasted with long illness, yet sweet and beautiful still. His mother was at his side again, as in her last days, she took his arm and tottered with his aid a few steps towards her accustomed seat in the verandah. There was a mystery of tears in those sweet, sad eyes of hers, not to be divined, once observed never to be forgotten. They were so full of love for him, for his father, brother, sister; yet there was in them a look so intent, wistful, far-off, as of one who had been utterly lonely once, and was unable to forget it. How intent and far-off that look was as she sat there and spoke of him and then she was going to leave, and wished for her husband's and her children's sake it had not been so soon, yet checked herself again to express her submission to His will who had been their Friend and Saviour indeed in dark and awful times.

Then, in that strange chamber of memory, of which the eye is often but the blank window, his father sat beside him as he used to sit for months in the long evenings, speaking not a word, till that sorrow of sorrows had spent itself a little. Or he followed the old man to the spot where they had laid her body (a green sandy knoll, shaded with pines), and met him returning, so as to answer his sad smile with some carefully-conned commonplace.

Thus time passed with Mr. Francis, waiting for his sister, asking himself again and yet again what she was like now; and at last she came. She was leaning over the rail of the poop as the ship swung to anchor, searching for him with her eyes in the fleet of boats around. She waved to him and was not answered; it was not he, but there he was under the stern. She shouted to him, "Henry," and in another moment they were clasped in each other's arms, and looking into each other's tearful eyes.

"You are grown so tall, Bessy, and—" he would have added beautiful, but somehow he felt that she anticipated him, and a humorous smile was coming into her face, and he kept the word to himself.

None the less, as they pursued their journey, or rather voyage, to Braidarden, he was sure she was what at first sight had struck him. She was as unlike Miss Hope

as two young ladies wearing the same style of hair, and much the same style of dress, could be. Still Miss Hope would have been beautiful if she had been another Bessy—very beautiful. What was more and better—never was Mr. Francis so happy as to discover this—her manners, though without style or show, and not the least like Miss Hope's, were as graceful, after their simple unadorned kind, as could have been wished. Yes, she would please. It was delightful to have such a sister to present to such friends, and such friends to show to such a sister. One could bear, supposing one knew it, to be a clown or an idiot himself, but a sister with the style of a solemn dairy-maid, or the giggling airs of a third-rate boarding-school miss, that would have been such an insufferable affliction.

"Henry," said Bessy, interrupting unconsciously this vein of pleasing reflection, while they were leaning over the rail of the steamer, which was now nearing the Scotch coasts, "are these Hopes you speak of rich people?"

"No."

"Poor, they cannot be poor surely, and the girls daughters of an earl's daughter."

"No, they are not poor, but neither are they rich. There are many poor among the great in this part of the world, as there are many rich among the vulgar in other parts. Much is upside down here, too. Nature is odd at home, where we have cherries with the stones outside; there are as odd things here, only in human nature particularly, and human society."

"Is Beatrice as pretty as Miss Hope?"

"Well, you know, it depends upon your idea of prettiness. I should say, for my part, Beatrice is pretty and Miss Hope is not—she is beautiful. Only Beatrice is not quite a woman yet, and Hetty is. But you will judge for yourself when you see them."

"I see, Henry. I could not tell before which of them had made a conquest of you."

"You can tell now?"

"You have just told me that the one is a child and the other is a woman."

"Well, I loved you when you were a child, if I remember."

"Yes; and I suppose, though I am so tall now as you say, you give me a sister's share of your affections still; but then you know these Hopes are my sisters, not yours, and you are my brother, not theirs, which makes a difference. Things are not odd, in that respect, are they, here?"

"Bessy," said Mr. Francis, resuming as well as was possible a measure of gravity, after laughing along with her, "you must not think of anything of that kind. I might as well fall in love with Helen of Troy or Boadicea as Miss Hope, and you will understand that when you see her and know about her."

"I'll understand nothing of the kind, un-

less it's all a mistake about her beauty; but I'll try to please you so far as to say nothing to anybody about your engagement, for I suppose you are really engaged?"

Mr. Francis frowned with real gravity for a moment, and then burst into laughter.

"I wonder," said Bessy, either not noticing the frown, or stimulated by the laugh—"I wonder very much what they are like, these



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friends of yours. You never appear to have had any before—I mean lady friends. Is Miss Hope tall?"

"Not so tall as you, I think; taller, however, than her sister."

"Dark or fair?"

"Fair and blue eyed."

"I know then what she is like exactly, one of those beautiful, shiny, flaxen-haired

dolls, of which I had a pair once, you remember—the one you called Leah, because there was a blemish on one of her cheeks, and the other, because she was perfect, you called Rachel."

"Yes; but Leah or Rachel, or whatever we choose to call her in this case, has wonderful eyes."

"Like all dolls. Of course, all beauties,

especially high-born ones, have wonderful eyes, lustrous eyes; if they are blue, they are sky-blue. If you put Miss Hope into a romance, Henry, don't forget her eyes. The shiny doll will please a good many, and the wonderful eyes all the rest."

"They are wonderful," said Mr. Francis, smiling at raillery which pleased him, because he thought it might have pleased others. "They are wonderful, not because they happen to be blue, like Rachel's and Leah's, but because there is in them sunshine and shadow, both wonderful, both as wide and deep as that blue heaven above us."

"Wonderful eyes, indeed," said Bessy, chuckling. "I wonder if I shall have eyes to see them, or if Rachel's big blue eyes will be small and grey to me."

After reaching home, and when he had leisure to think over his conversations with his sister, Mr. Francis found there was at least one grave drawback to all the pleasure which her arrival had given him. In proportion to that pleasure was his regret as to the occasion of her visit. He could only gather from her in a vague and confused way what that occasion was, but he could see that it was in more respects than one serious. It was clear for one thing that his father's means were in some way or other reduced or precariously held. As he had long suspected, too, it was certain Hubert was on that road to ruin which in new countries is shorter and steeper than elsewhere. What would happen if one so sensitive as his father, so susceptible by nature and in consequence of former griefs, to the shock of misfortune and calamity, old, too, and shaken in health, should find troubles thickening thus upon him in his old age?

To relieve his mind as far as was possible at the moment of the pain which these reflections gave him, he sat down, though there was no mail for a fortnight, and wrote a letter to Jeremiah Tippet, telling him that, without saying anything to his father on the subject, he was to discontinue his remittances, as he was now in a position in which he ought to require no help, and asking him at the same time to look minutely and carefully into the state of affairs at home, but without causing any alarm or anxiety to any one.

Illtafend is not one of the few rich livings of the northern part of Britain, where the richest would only tempt a merchant's or a lawyer's clerk to leave his desk if he happened to have been born with a passion for holy orders. Mr. Francis needed the allowance

which every Christmas till now had brought him fully as much as ever. He had never required, and never been accustomed to live economically. Some of his tastes, creditable to his intellect, were oppressive to his pocket; and for reasons which floated vaguely before his mind, he was particularly reluctant at the present moment to forego expense, as forego it he must if his outlay were to be limited by the amount of his stipend. But it was clear that what it was his duty to do in the circumstances was what he had just done in writing to Jeremiah. One thing further was to be done, or rather left undone. Novantia was but half furnished. More furniture, and according to her tastes and with the help of her judgment, was to be got on his sister's arrival. Beatrice Hope and himself had talked of various articles in various styles, beautiful or uncommon, which it would be quite indispensable or perfectly charming to get. All this was now out of the question. For the present the habitable part of Novantia, like the ruin, must remain a fragment, the only difference being it would be so difficult to get a veil of ivy thrown over it.

When all this was settled, it was with a pang that it was thought over again by Mr. Francis. There are things besides sinful pleasures that won't bear reflection, at least comfortable reflection. Having just done the right thing with enthusiasm, and then sitting down calmly to consider what he had done, Mr. Francis was distinctly conscious of this fact. It would be such misery to feel that explanations were looked for and none could be given as to his proceedings. And this was the least of what was painful in the circumstances. Till now it had been a secret but sublime comfort to him as student and clergyman to feel that the Church was not to him exactly a profession, or at any rate trade. He could acquit himself of vulgar meanness, mercenariness, trafficking in sacred things. As long as his intention was to spend and give rather than receive in the service of the Church, he could easily think of himself as a spiritual knight-errant—a vocation conducive to self-respect. Now it was as if he had dropped down suddenly from knighthood above into the kitchen below; and this was the more disgusting and calamitous that, like the empty rooms in the house, it could not be explained to the public.

The public, no doubt, to Mr. Francis, consisted, as it does to most young men and women at the most interesting period of their lives, of one or two individuals, with

whom it would have been quite easy to communicate on any subject by the penny post. But these one or two persons unfortunately were just the persons with whom he could least of all think of entering on any matters of delicacy.

There was just one thing of which he could be glad, and that was that he had been wise in time, and made that firm resolution of his not to think of Miss Hope but as a friend. But for that what might his misery not have been now! He wished he could have communicated his satisfaction on this point to some one—Bessy or David Groat, but neither the one nor the other could understand or be told the danger there was, so as to appreciate the happy way in which it had been avoided.

As Mr. Francis took another turn in his orchard, to meditate over all this once more, he was astonished to find how dull a man may be when he has convinced himself that he is happy.

CHAPTER XII.

To all the gamekeepers, gardeners, and labourers employed on the estate and resident on it, it was a better sign that the family had returned to Sunbury to see Mr. Fox strolling about with his hands in the pockets of his tweed shooting-coat, than it was to behold the red-and-white flag waving from the clock-tower of the Castle. It was a more palpable and unmistakable sign. To some more reflective minds it was also a more pleasing one, for it was known that Mr. George was poor, poor as Lazarus, yet there he always was, first to come and last to go, in fact best beloved and most welcome of all Lord Layton's numerous guests. Did not that clearly show how good a man his lordship was, besides what it said for her ladyship's goodness? It did not, of course, so readily occur to simple minds who had many reasons for thinking and speaking well of Lord Layton, and considering it a duty to do so, and none for bestowing admiration on Mr. Fox, that it showed likewise Mr. George himself was not a bad fellow.

Every autumn Mr. Fox mused more than he had done before, alone among the parterres and shrubberies. This might have become for him for several reasons an unfortunate because gloomy habit and occupation, for of the few things on which he chiefly meditated some were apt to present themselves in an unpleasant light. But he was blessed with a naturally cheerful disposition, and as his wants, considering his position

in society, were few and moderate, and his hopes, whatever they may once have been, were now mostly harmless ghosts, flitting about in the daylight, and requiring neither food nor raiment, he was on the whole reflective, poor, aristocratic, idle, without being wretched. He kept the even tenor of his way nowhere, not uncomfortably on the whole.

It had been Mr. George's salvation from a great deal of harm into which, notwithstanding his lethargic character, his idle life might have betrayed him, that though not possessing intellect, especially in the form of shrewd understanding, he had a sort of intellectualised temperament, sensitive to beauty, responsive in a commonplace way to goodness. He loved music, flowers, children, good men and women, not passionately, but always, and everywhere, and truly. He humbled himself unconsciously in presence of these things as a little child, very unconsciously, and confessed his sins, especially his want of a profession and want of cash, as another man might have confessed worse faults in more worshipful presence. He was not well adapted now that he was in middle life, without ever having had an aim except for the half of a day, or ever having done a whole day's work in his life, for going into business or taking any step to increase his fortune; but he was at home at Sunbury, not least among the shrubberies, a flowering human weed among the costly exotics.

In the afternoon and evening before dinner especially, Mr. Fox was to be seen in these favourite haunts. He had an aim then—to pass the time till he had to go up the clock-tower to his dressing-room in the right wing of the castle, and get ready for dinner. He sauntered slowly, as if in imitation of time; as he sauntered he smoked, and as he smoked he mused. He was not scientific; he had little of a thirst for information, but he allowed his eyes as he sauntered here and there to glance from the blossoms of the flowering shrubs to the names printed on wooden cards below them. As he did so his reflections spread over the whole earth, from the four corners of which the plants before him had been collected. His philosophy was not perhaps deep, but it was wide.

"Japonica. Ay, that's one of the places I might have been, in the diplomatic line too—a very good line if you get on. China is near Japan. I might have been there too, either twice or thrice, I forget which, the last time with that cross old uncle Ned, rear-admiral of the red.

"New Zealand Flax. Ay, there you are, splendid. How well Cousin George has got on there! I should have been getting on there too if I had thought that it was worth while to get on, or that one can't get on afterwards unless you get on at first. There's nothing like getting on after all. Suppose now one were to go out to New Zealand yet. It might not be too late to come back with some cash, and just call at Laighlea again to see if Hetty is still in the market. I doubt, though, she'd be bid for before one could get as far as New Zealand.

"Ah, Hispaniennis, my old friend, you always remind me of the escape I had—it was an escape—from going into the wine trade. You remind me of Spain, and Spain of sherry, and sherry of Trumpy and Gurgle, Strand. They're down, long ago. I'm as well where I am, and a deal better; only if there was a good opening in that trade now I think I'd go in for it."

Mr. Fox's horticultural reflections being thus mixed up with a variety of personal and historical matters, were unproductive in a scientific aspect, but they served the purpose which he had in view. To dinner the straight road was long, but by way of New Zealand, Spain, Japan, &c., it was short.

There were old friends of Mr. Fox present at dinner, and some new ones; among the former the Hopes, Hetty in white silk with pink ribbons; among the latter, Mr. Francis and his sister. Mr. Francis had paid a visit with Bessy to Laighlea in the morning, and in the afternoon and on their way to Sunbury Castle the Hopes discussed their latest acquaintance with a zest which exhausted and renewed itself several times. She had taken them all quite by surprise. They agreed she was not like anybody else. Yet they concluded, after several attempts to decide, it was not because she was singular and odd, but because she was natural and odd.

"A perfect specimen of a brunette, is she not?" said Beatrice, who had asked the same question twice before, and expected no answer this time, but only wanted to continue the conversation.

"Do you know," said Hetty, "I have only seen anything like her eyes—dark-grey, are they not?—in that pool under the garden, when the afternoon sun peeps into a corner of it under the scaur; and the water ripples black above the rippling light, and you can't tell which is which."

"I have seen eyes as like hers as they are like each other," said Beatrice.

"Whose are they?" inquired Hetty.

"Her brother's."

"I like her laugh as much as her eyes, or more," said Mrs. Hope; "there's such fun in it."

"How tall she is!" said Beatrice.

"And graceful," said Hetty, "though that is not perhaps the first impression she makes on one; for she is not what you call slender, and don't spoil her figure by tight lacing, but when she stands or moves, and you've time to look at her, she's just perfection, I think."

"The pose of her head is perfection, I know," said Beatrice.

"So is the slope of her shoulders," said Hetty.

"So is the way she hangs her arms by her side, like this," said Beatrice; "but it's not so easy to imitate anything so natural, is it?"

"What a capital Greek statue she would make, with short sleeves and high waist!" Hetty imagined.

"I hope you noticed," said Mrs. Hope, "that though she is quiet, and not in the least forward, she is quite at ease, perfectly free, I should say, from shyness. I notice, do you know," she added, "a little of that in her brother, though it did not strike me in him at first."

"We shall see how she gets on at Sunbury this evening," said Beatrice. "I am sure they will like her there. It's such a pity, is it not, that she is only to be here for a year, perhaps not so long—not half a year. I told her in the garden, when I had a chance, that we often talk of going away from here, and that we should perhaps go with her next year to Australia, or anywhere she liked—to Asia Minor, if she pleased—if she would only wait till then. Couldn't she come and stay with us?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Hope, "when she has only just come to her brother, you could not take her away from him."

"Mr. Francis would be glad to come too," replied Beatrice, "and that would be better still, would it not, Hetty? And he could go and visit Mary Reid—it's four miles off, and would take an afternoon—and Miss Francis and I go out riding with Charles Romain, or somebody else, till you come back. Wouldn't it be perfection?"

Hetty could not give or withhold her assent to this proposal before reaching the lodge of Sunbury. As they passed the gate, and bowed to David Groats, who was looking up steadfastly at the tail of the big lion above his head, and took no notice of the polite attentions which were bestowed upon him by

the outside and inside of the carriage, the elder inquired of the younger sister whether she had any of what she called her avenue feeling ("the feeling, you know," Beatrice would often say, "that you have always between the lodge and the house, when you are going to a place to dinner, or on a visit, and don't know who you are to meet").

"Yes," replied Beatrice, "I have, just a little. I don't know who besides the Francises are to be here. I hope not those horrid Argalls. I just hate them."

"Beatrice," said her stepmother chidingly, "those Argalls are not horrid—they have been very kind to us, and are good people, very, and pious. It would be very wrong to be ungrateful to any of our benefactors."

The party at Sunbury was large and brilliant, and included the Argalls, father and son.

"A wonderful man, Mr. George Argall," Mr. Fox remarked to Bessy Francis, taking her in to dinner, "a very clever man!—has got on amazingly—a sort of Napoleon of business, in fact, as one of the newspapers once said of him—one of those illustrated papers that give sketches of public men. By the way," Mr. Fox whispered, "it was said he paid a sum of money for that, though I don't believe it. He's a very good man, Mr. Argall, very civil and obliging."

Mr. Fox was at once charmed by his partner. She was clever, like Miss Hope. Any one could see that from her face, let alone from talking with her. But there was a difference between the two girls—a great difference. Though Miss Hope was so clever, she had such a way of listening and waiting for you, with her beautiful eyes open and her lips parted, as if she thought you were clever too, and had something very good or plenty of some kind to say, when perhaps you had nothing whatever in your head, that she put you out, and the perspiration would almost break on your forehead with the effort not to keep her waiting and listening too long—for ever, in fact. It was like sailing down stream, on the contrary, to talk with Miss Francis. Conversation went on with her famously, of its own accord. What dulness it was usually to have beside you at dinner a girl you had never seen before, especially if she was nervous, as most country girls were in such a place as Sunbury; but it was nothing of the kind in this case. There was a charm about this parson's sister, though one could not tell what it was exactly, except that she was clever and witty, and that was not all—yet, whatever it was, there it was. A

great charm too. Perhaps it was the kind of thing going in Australia. If so, then one might do worse than go out there, even suppose it might be not to see Sunbury or Miss Hope for a long time.

Lord Layton's second son, the Hon. Charles Romain, somehow, without having the advantage of hearing her voice, had come to conclusions in his own mind, about the same time, with regard to Miss Francis, very similar to those which were so soon reached by Mr. Fox. Mr. Romain had just finished his terms at Christchurch, and after the season in Brairdarden, meant to go abroad and see the world. Mr. Fox and he were fast friends. Later in the evening, when they were together in the smoking-room, and compared opinions as to various persons present at dinner, it was found they agreed as to Miss Francis.

"You had not seen her before, of course—you could not have done so?" inquired Mr. Romain.

"No; but you get on with her all the same as if she were an old acquaintance. These Australian girls—I never saw one of them before—are splendid, and I intend to go over to the old Abbey to-morrow and see her again."

"I'll accompany you, if you don't mind," answered Mr. Romain. And this being agreed upon, he asked, after a pause, "What would you think if your former flame, Hetty—for now I suppose this Australian beauty is to take her place—should come to terms with Mr. Richard Argall? You saw, I suppose, there were polite attentions in that quarter. Besides, the Hopes, I am told, have been invited to Tintrae House, and have accepted the invitation."

"When?" inquired Mr. Fox, with his habitual resignation to misfortunes which he knew were inevitable.

"At the end of the season," replied Mr. Romain, "when Tintrae House has a duke in each wing, and four or five earls and as many cabinet ministers crowded into the middle."

Tintrae House or Castle—for it was both, and neither, and sometimes called one and sometimes the other—was the autumn residence of Mr. George Argall, M.P. for the Hempton and Flaxton Burghs. As that gentleman sat beside Mrs. Hope at dinner at Sunbury several centuries (an indefinite number) looked down upon his flat bald head (bald but for the grey wig which imitated the glory of age upon it) from the family portraits on the gilded walls, row on row, the later Laytons and Romains in large size and freshly gilt frames near the floor,

the earlier in small and dusky frames vanishing skywards. Yet though a self-made man, Mr. Argall was not abashed by the centuries which looked down upon him from the walls, or the rank which ate and drank with him at table. He had long been accustomed to such things. Though he had a title still to gain, he had himself long enjoyed all the advantages of rank, high rank, for his enormous fortune had opened the doors of dukes to him, and opened his own to them, and given him the privilege of choosing society for himself almost where he liked in the ranks below ducal, and what more almost could rank have done for him?

His son, Mr. Richard Argall, who had taken Miss Hope in to dinner, had certainly been very marked in his attentions to her during the whole evening. He was a very likely suitor, if he was one, in every respect—character, looks, prospects, he was extremely likely. So concluded Mr. Fox, without a moment's reflection or hesitation. So also thought Mr. Francis, who had a very slight acquaintance with Mr. Argall, but whose eyes, in spite of himself, had frequently wandered to that quarter of the table where he sat with Miss Hope beside him. This fortunate young man, though Mr. Francis had not thought of it before, was a still more objectionable person than Mr. Fox. He had not only been unjust to the latter gentleman, but to think of him at all, as unworthy and aspiring, was most likely a mistake. There were worse things at any rate than idleness and poverty, like those of Mr. Fox, viz., good character and magnificent prospects, like those of Mr. Richard Argall.

This hasty and splenetic conclusion did not yield as much satisfaction as such conclusions often do to those who judge others. After he had formed it, and revised it, and adhered to it, Mr. Francis was still unhappy. On the way home his sister's glee would have charmed away the evil spirit that was in him if anything could have done so, but even that had little effect upon his mood, unless perhaps to add to its bitterness.

"Do you know, Henry," she said, "I thought that we should have spent a very edifying evening, and that it would be exactly like church, only titles and that kind of thing making high-backed pews for one to peep over, and lackeys with powdered wigs and silver salvers acting as beadles to make the solemnity awful."

"I am very glad you enjoyed yourself, Bessie."

"Didn't you, Henry? I really don't think you did. Yet you must surely have done so. Any one would. They are not only so kind and good that you forget they are not common mortals almost at once; but they are so homely, you are friends with them directly. I suppose it's an art of theirs to be so homely. Only fancy Jeremiah looking on and seeing such a party, and the fun and chat that goes on, how it would jumble his ideas of the British constitution—King, Lords, and Commons, as he says; for I do believe Jeremiah thinks Lords are ten feet high, and have eyes in the back of their head. I only wish my father had been there as well as Jeremiah."

"Why?"

"To hear Miss Hope sing that Scotch song of hers. What a rich, luscious voice she has! What poetry she makes of the music, and what music of the words! I don't know how it is, but the rise and fall of her voice quite thrills one; it makes me feel as I did at sea when I had come to be able to enjoy the motion of the ship; its motion after a storm; you remember, Henry, it swims away down, deeper, and deeper, and deeper, till your head feels light, and your feet heavy, and your breath almost goes before it stops. She holds on those plaintive notes of hers sometimes till you have just that sort of feeling. You wish almost she would stop and let you take breath again. If she were not so gentle and dreamy, would you not almost say that there must have been storms to make that voice rise and fall as it does? She's a wonderful creature."

"Wonderful doll, Bessy, eh?"



THE GREAT WEST.

PART I.

TO a citizen of the United States, the Great West means the valley of the Mississippi and the desert beyond. To a Canadian, it means the new province of Manitoba and the fertile belt extending thence to the Rocky Mountains. Canadians, you see, have a standpoint of their own. To them—aware that half the continent is still British—the United States and America do not mean the same thing, as they do in the common speech of Englishmen; and Greater Britain for them is not the English-speaking race indiscriminately, but Great Britain and her colonies to be consolidated into an United Empire. Such an empire was the dream of the American loyalists of 1776. It is more than a dream to the loyalists of to-day. They see clearly that the greatness of the mother-land and their own highest interests depend in large measure on such a political future, and that the old and the new are the complement of each other. They believe that the real British people have no thought of parting with colonies bought with unstinted expenditure of treasure, toil, and blood; and that the object of statesmen should be not to anticipate separation, but to prepare for union.

The dream of 1776 was not fulfilled, and the sybil offers now six instead of nine books. Is the offer to be again rejected? Here is the case stated simply. Britain and Canada are one in sympathy and in fact: should they not be one in rights, responsibilities, and destiny—one, that is, in the bonds of a common imperial citizenship?

Let me state the case more fully. Last summer I travelled four thousand two hundred miles across a colony that is only a week's sail from England. On the eastern side, it is practically nearer London than Edinburgh was last century; and on the west it is face to face with that ancient East where England's interests and honour, trade and duties are concentrating more and more every year. That single colony stretches across a continent. On three sides it is bounded by three great oceans; on the fourth side by a great river, great lakes, and a great desert. Within its ample boundaries is room for all the surplus population of England for the next two or three centuries. In the heart of this dominion are vast breadths of free land, of better quality than any that can now be secured in the United States under the

Homestead or Pre-emption Acts. Not to speak of forest lands, those that are ready for the plough comprised within an arc nine hundred miles long from east to west, with a varying breadth of from fifty to three hundred, were held for two centuries under lock and key by a monopoly of fur traders, the great Hudson's Bay Company; but they were beyond the reach of the ordinary settler until now, even had no monopoly with semi-imperial power existed to keep them as a preserve for buffalo, mink, and marten. This far-west, or north-west, of ours, this back country of Canada, is, however, now thrown open, and is quite accessible; and when filled up with a population of millions, when iron ribs bind the dominion together from ocean to ocean, Britain can have a roadway to her East independent of Suez Canal or Euphrates Valley Railway, or of any possible phases of the Eastern question. The unwisdom of separating Canada from the empire, and of forcing her to gravitate into the arms of another—too often and too readily, alas, a hostile power—will then be unquestioned.

Much of what is now the Dominion has been always unknown country to Canadians as well as to Englishmen. Milton and Cheadle's "North-west Passage by Land," was probably the only book about it generally read till the appearance of Captain Butler's "Great Lone Land;" when the former gentlemen travelled, the prospect of its becoming better known was faint indeed. The north-west then, that is, about ten years ago, was no man's land, and it was nobody's business to open it up, or talk of such a thing as a trans-continental railway. But the prospect is different now. Why so? How is it that Canada has attained recently to almost imperial dimensions, and proposes to undertake among other gigantic public works one greater than any other state, as far as I can remember, ever constructed? What kind of a country is this Great West of ours? Those questions are connected, and an answer to them will involve a series of short articles. I am not without hope that the readers of GOOD WORDS will listen readily to a Canadian writing on them frankly from his own point of view.

Thirty years ago pamphlets were published in British America and in the United States, and public meetings were held in some

cities, to call attention to the importance of connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific by rail; but no decided step was taken till 1853. From that date several well-equipped parties were sent by the United States' Government to explore the western half of the continent. Their reports were on the whole unfavourable. Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, announced that west of the ninety-eighth parallel, or west of the Mississippi valley, the American desert begins; that it extends to the Pacific with the exception of strips along one or two rivers, such as the Platte, and the broader belt of rich land in California and Oregon; and that all that vast extent of country, embracing nearly one half of the entire surface of the United States, might be considered a wilderness unfitted for the use of the husbandman, though in some mountain valleys, as at Salt Lake, the ground could be made to yield food for man by means of irrigation. The traveller by the Union Pacific Railway can now see something of this desert. Eastern Nebraska, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, are—to state the fact in the mildest way—semi-desert. But when did material difficulties successfully oppose the energy of our neighbours? What was too formidable for the government, companies carried through. The railway was constructed, and the Republic would now pay for it twice over rather than be without it.

In the meantime nothing was done in British America except to organize several surveying expeditions, the reports of which, though all less or more favourable, were entombed in Blue Books and forgotten. British America was as much a geographical expression as Italy or Germany, and could do as little. But in 1867, the hitherto isolated provinces of the Atlantic coast and Old Canada were confederated into one dominion; and in 1871 British Columbia—the province on the Pacific—cast in its lot with its great sister. Between those two dates the Dominion had bought up the Hudson Bay Company's rights to the vast intermediate country known as Rupert's Land. As Canada previous to this possessed land and to spare, and desired the country not for herself but for imperial purposes, one would have thought that if purchase money had to be given it should have come in whole or part from the imperial government. But the whole burden was thrown on the Dominion. The company received one twentieth of the country and five hundred acres round each of its

forts, and the sum of £300,000 sterling. Canada paid the money, is paying larger sums, and incurring far heavier obligations, that she may invite the landless of Britain and elsewhere to enter in and take possession of the soil as loyal subjects of the crown.

On July 20th, 1871, British Columbia entered the Dominion. On the same day surveying parties left Victoria, Vancouver's Island, for the Rocky Mountains, and parties were organized all along the line from or to the Upper Ottawa, with the object of finding the most suitable line for a railway.

One of the terms on which British Columbia joined the Dominion was that a railway should be constructed in ten years from the Pacific to a point of junction with the existing railway systems in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. The cost of this undertaking it was proposed to defray in great part by grants of twenty-miles-square blocks of land in alternate sections along the line. But, as immense sums of money also would be required, Canada requested an imperial guarantee for four millions sterling to enable her to get that amount at least, at a low rate of interest. It is unnecessary here to go into all the circumstances connected with this request; to point out that we were entitled to a direct sum from the Home Government, as it, to suit its own purposes, had assumed the responsibility of indemnifying us for the Fenian raids,—to prove that the form of a guarantee imposed no burden on the imperial exchequer, present or perspective, and that the money would have gone to carry out an imperial work, and would have been an inadequate contribution to a work of such magnitude. We simply say that to chaffer over the amount as if the Dominion were trying to overreach or drive a hard bargain, and at last to offer little more than half when whatever was offered had to be accepted, was worse policy on the part of a great nation dealing with a great colony than the bluntest of refusals.

Meanwhile the surveys for the railway were pushed vigorously on. Much had to be done in little time. On the preparatory work to which the United States had given in direct or indirect ways half a century, we could afford to spend only two or three years. It should never be forgotten by those who make comparisons, that the Great Republic, though young by the side of Britain, is old when compared with Canada. It seems but yesterday that the North

American Colonies were only a fringe, scantily peopled, along the St. Lawrence and Lakes Ontario and Erie. The ground beyond was all new to our engineers and public men. None of our politicians had ever looked far beyond the confines of their respective provinces. Each of them had quite enough to do in developing his district, and in fighting the weary and unprofitable battles of the "outs and ins" which responsible government brings in its train.

The country through which the proposed railway was to run may be roughly said to consist of three great sections, the eastern,

central, and western, each distinguished by broadly marked peculiarities, but all three alike unknown in details to ourselves and the world. No white man so far as is known had ever travelled through the eastern part, along the thousand miles of rugged wilderness watershed that separates the vast basins of the St. Lawrence and of Hudson's Bay. There were maps of the country, but they had been made up chiefly from sketches on bits of birch-bark or from the verbal descriptions of Indians. How little to be depended on such rude pictures or reports are, men like Dr. Livingstone alone know. One fact will give



Fort Garry



Near Fort Garry.

some idea of the general ignorance of all this part of the country along which the eastern third of the railway must run. Only forty miles back of Lake Superior is Lake Nepigon that empties into it, a sheet of water so large that when in the centre you are as completely out of sight of land as if at sea; and yet, a few years ago, Professor Bell had to inform a Toronto audience at a public lecture of his discovery of Lake Nepigon, and to tell them all about its size and general features. In a word, the country between Old Canada and the eastern boundary of the prairie, near which runs the Red River of the north, was utterly unknown

except along the line of what is called "the Dawson Road," from Thunder Bay, Lake Superior—a road two-thirds of which is a chain of huge tarns scooped out of granite rock, quite impracticable for a railway. Only the most general instructions could be given to the engineers. They were sent out into trackless regions, to struggle through swamps and icy rivers, over rocks and barrens, to find a line. Sometimes the Indians would serve them, sometimes at the most critical moments desert them. Then there was nothing for it but to carry their salt pork, tents, and instruments on their own backs, do their best, find out all they could, and after months

of hard toil and hard fare, come back and report to their chief.

The central division of the proposed line, or the prairies extending for twenty degrees of longitude west from this eastern part to the gorges of the Rocky Mountains, was better known. Trappers and hunters, tourists, missionaries, and Hudson's Bay Company's officers had spoken and written about the country, but the information they gave referred chiefly to the fauna and flora, the soil and climate; and even on those heads the testimony was not as precise, or did not agree, as well as could have been desired.

Then the western, or Rocky Mountain end was almost as unknown as the eastern. The passes had been explored, but who could tell what they were all the year round, or how deep the snow fell in each, where it accumulated, and where slides might be expected, the general direction of the winds, the intensity of the frost, and the violence of the torrents? Not till such information was obtained, could it be decided which pass was the best for the railway. And even after that, though the labours of the different parties were more concentrated, the work required a patience, forethought, hardihood, and devotion, that few who ride over the road in after years are likely to appreciate. When two or three gentlemen go out to the north-west to hunt buffalo or to cross the Rocky Mountains, the perpetual novelty and the spice of romance, not to speak of the real pleasures of such a journey, atone for all discomforts. They are away from home only long enough to make them anticipate their return from almost the first week after their departure. But to work steadily on the same district of uninhabited mountains for a year or two is a totally different thing. On the Pacific slope, there is scarcely a day that it doesn't rain, except the "whiles when it snaws." To struggle through morasses and sombre silent woods, or clamber up precipices, to which mists ever cling, or wind painfully by the rocky sides of lake or torrent, and get back to camp at nightfall, thankful if a mile and a half instead of the usual mile has been surveyed, is the kind of life that has to be lived. From day to day the work goes on; a few lonely men buried in the mountains, dwarfed into insignificance by the mighty cedars over whose exposed intertwined roots they are constantly tripping, sustained only by the consciousness that in doing their apparently insignificant work they are the pioneers of civilisation; toiling, eating, sleeping; few books, though that

matters little, as they are too tired at night to read; nothing to break the long monotony except a twinge of rheumatism, a festered hand, the arrival of a long-expected pack-train with supplies and letters, the foaling of a mare, or the shooting a porcupine or partridge. The next meal and the Sunday rest are almost the only things looked forward to; and the enjoyment of eating arises entirely from the black sauce each man contributes to his own plate. Fat pork from Chicago needs all the sauce that work and mountain air supply to be welcomed three times a day, week in and week out.

From December to April, the difficulties are multiplied. Field operations suspended, the party prepares winter quarters. Log huts are constructed, half house, half fireplace, muck thawed out with boiling water being used to plaster over the crevices. When winter fairly sets in, a man might as well be shut up in the town jail as in one of those shanties. The snow is from two to fifteen feet deep, according to the height and situation of the pass, and its convenience for drifts. The frost sometimes freezes the ink in the pen, and the colours on the brush at the same moment that the big fire at the back of the writer or artist is burning the tails of his coat. How to keep the men busy, without their knowing that work is "made for" them; how to keep them free from scurvy when bacon, not always sweet, is the chief food, are difficulties of another kind for the leader. So trying are the hardships, so great the burden of care, that I was not at all astonished to read lately in a letter from an engineer in charge of a large party that not for the whole amount guaranteed by Great Britain would he consent to endure over again his last two years' service.

The services of such men deserve public recognition surely as full and ungrudged as that given to the soldiers of the country. It may be said that they do not directly risk their lives; that at any rate there is not in connection with their work that "butcher's bill" by the size of which the British public grimly estimates the importance of military exploits. I am sorry to say that even this item of "risk and loss of life" is not wholly awaiting. Already on the Survey more lives have been lost than in connection with the Red River or the Abyssinian Expedition. Serious risk, from attacks by the Indians, every one at the outset, judging from the experience of the United States Railway Surveys, expected. Some of the tribes are warlike, and nine or ten years ago

a waggon road projected from the Pacific coast across the Cascade range to the Cariboo gold mines had been stopped by the murder of the whole party engaged on it, by the Chilcotin Indians. Those fears have certainly not been justified by the result. The chief engineer testified in his first report, dated April, 1872, "The Indians along the whole route proved remarkably friendly, when the nature and objects of the several expeditions were explained to them. Many of them rendered valuable service in various ways, in connection with the work of exploration." This friendliness has continued up to the present time. Along the line between the upper Ottawa and the Pacific, from twenty to twenty-four different parties have been engaged, and not one of them has been attacked or plundered, or in the slightest degree obstructed by the Indians, and in no case has a military escort been required. Such a contrast with the state of things on the other side of the boundary line is so creditable from a national point of view, that it ought to be made known to the nation. The result is gratifying, whatever the causes; and the probable causes are no less gratifying and honourable. The Indians are patriarchal in their own form of government and in their sentiments. Hence they have a traditional reverence for the Queen, "their great mother," and they profoundly believe that she loves her red as well as her white children. The causes on our side are the general justice and courtesy with which the Hudson's Bay Company's officers had always treated the Indians; the influence of the missionaries, Wesleyan, Anglican, and Roman Catholic; and the considerate policy uniformly enjoined by the provincial and the dominion Governments, and adopted, therefore, by their agents.

But though more fortunate than our neighbours, we have had no Indian wars costing at the rate of one hundred thousand dollars per scalp, the engineer and commissariat parties engaged on the survey have had other foes to fight, and the history of the work has already its dark pages. In the autumn of 1871 a party of five Indians and two "packers"—that is, men whose business is to pack goods for transport on the backs of horses or mules—were surrounded by forest fires at the back of Lake Superior while conveying provisions to the surveyors, and perished. No trace of the poor men could be found. Again, last spring, four fine young fellows, engineers, who had been out all winter doing good work, and had

completed it, embarked in their canoe on the Upper Ottawa to return to the capital and give in their report, but they were never after heard of. In all probability, in shooting some wild rapid, the canoe upset. And last November three were drowned near the southern shores of Georgian Bay. Their boat capsized in the breakers, the wind blowing a gale at the time. Thus the wilderness, the river, and the lake have claimed victims. On the sea coast and amid the mountains there have been several narrow escapes, but no violent deaths. But it is not necessary to give a list of accidents, or of painful cases of sickness and of men badly frozen, to convince any who have given a thought to the subject that the element of danger had to be considered by every one connected with the work. As the progress report simply puts it, "A survey of such magnitude, through a country for the most part uninhabited and destitute of the means of shelter or subsistence, could not be prosecuted without risks and hardships to the individuals engaged."

I have tried to give some idea of what kind of work was involved in the preparatory surveys for such a vast undertaking as the building of a railway across British territory from ocean to ocean. A wilderness of rugged Laurentian ranges, with a wide network of lakes and lacustrine rivers that no man had ever explored, at one end; a "great lone land," fertile, but almost equally unknown, in the centre; and "a sea of mountains," furrowed by river passes, narrow and choked with mighty timber, at the other end;—the dominion had only entered on possession of the country, and the whole thing was to be done at once.

Not having hidden or made light of the difficulties in the way, I can quite understand it being asked, "Was it wise for Canada to undertake so gigantic a public work? Is it necessary? and will it pay?" I do not intend to discuss those questions here. It is more to the purpose to point out that recent political changes in the dominion have shown that all parties are at one on this subject. Is it likely that four millions of frugal and sagacious people have undertaken an impossibility? Last November Sir John A. McDonald's Government, that had been in power since Confederation, was obliged to retire from office; but the leader of the new Government, whose party while in opposition had been suspected of indifference to the great project, lost no time in assuring the country that it would be promptly and

vigorously proceeded with. With great wisdom he also declared that the central and western sections would be commenced first, as the eastern section would be comparatively unproductive. The objects to be immediately obtained are the peopling of the fertile belt and the direct connection of British Columbia with the other provinces. Existing lines through Minnesota to the head of Lake Superior, or by Chicago to Toronto, must be taken advantage of till we are able to finish the work on Canadian soil.

As the central section is to run through the country of most interest to intending emigrants, perhaps I should begin with it, and therefore with the new province of Manitoba. But Manitoba is more than two thousand miles west from Halifax, Nova Scotia, and it is scarcely fair to begin so far from home. Let us begin from the sea.

The expedition I travelled with made Toronto the point of rendezvous for the main journey, and it is a far cry even to Toronto. If you start as tourist or emigrant from Glasgow or Liverpool, the simplest plan is to take passage in an Allan steamer direct to Montreal; but if you would have a glimpse of the maritime provinces of the dominion, land at Halifax. There you have a choice of routes. Either go by railway through Nova Scotia to Picton, and see there the thickest bed of coal worked in any part of the world, a main seam twenty feet six inches thick, surrounded by numerous smaller seams—a sight to gladden the heart nowadays—and take steamer from Picton, up the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Quebec; or you can travel continuously by railway through Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the State of Maine to the Grand Trunk line, and by this course reach Montreal in two days, or Toronto in two and a half from Halifax; or, if you wish to make the journey not only by land, but through British territory, as our chief did, follow him along the inter-colonial railway, on the unfinished part of which—the part that is to connect New Brunswick with Quebec—thousands of labourers are now at work. When this line is completed, the three sea provinces will be linked together by iron bands, and we can then travel through our own country from Halifax to Toronto in two days. Even this first thousand miles of our journey is out of the way of the ordinary tourist, and has many attractions: the scenery of the Cobequid Mountains in Nova Scotia, with their iron and coal mines close enough to each other to ensure in the immediate future the manu-

facture of good and cheap iron in abundance; the deep forests and noble rivers of New Brunswick; the highland scenery of the Baie des Chaleurs and the Restigouche; the mountain gorges of the Matapeia, extending in unbroken beauty all along the stream; and the breezy, healthful shores of the great St. Lawrence, till we come under the beetling cliffs of old Quebec. It is a good omen that Louisburg and Quebec, the two chief historic places of the New World, the places most associated with British arms and British triumphs in the first contests of the empire for the possession of America, should still be ours. But were not those triumphs mistakes, if the new doctrines are sound, if colonies are encumbrances, and trade relationships the only ones that a great country should care about? Past the great Victoria Bridge—ever to be associated hereafter in our minds with Sir George Cartier's reply to her Majesty's request to be informed of its length in yards—"When Canadians build a bridge to be called after your Majesty, we do not measure it in yards, but in miles;" past the broad quays and stately churches of Montreal, our course is still west for more than three hundred miles to Toronto; then a hundred northwards to Collingwood, on the shores of the Georgian Bay—once the northern part of the mighty Lake Huron, where our Pullman palace car pulls up, and we say good-bye to railways for a long time.

Our department of public works now offers to send emigrants from Toronto to Fort Garry, in Manitoba, at the rate of fifteen dollars, or £3 sterling, each. From our experience of the road, it must cost the department three or four times that modest sum; but as the road is improved the expense to the Government per head will diminish, and it is felt desirable that the emigrant should reach his destination *via* British territory, instead of through the State of Minnesota, where land agents are thick as blackberries.

We were a fortnight on the way between Collingwood and Fort Garry; four days in a fine steamer, going the first half or five hundred and thirty-four miles along the Georgian Bay, the St. Mary River, and Lake Superior, to Thunder Bay; and ten days by waggons and canoes, going the remaining five hundred between Thunder Bay on Lake Superior, and Fort Garry on the Red River of the north, where our Great West may be said only to begin. With this second thousand miles of our journey I shall commence my second article. GEORGE M. GRANT.

WORDSWORTH'S "WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE."

A Lecture delivered in St. Salvator's College, St. Andrews.

IT may sometimes be useful to speak of poetry in the abstract; to deal in large, wide-sweeping generalisations, which try to condense into a few broad, pregnant words the pith and marrow of a great poet, or even of a whole poetic era. Such wide generalisations have their use as well as interest, just as it is well to look at any object we wish to know from a distance, and in its relation to surrounding things, as well as by itself and close at hand.

But one must never forget that the wider our conceptions grow, the more empty of content they become, and the farther they are apt to stray from reality. Besides, one soon gets weary of generalities in most things—more especially with regard to poetry, whose home lies in the sensuous and the concrete, and whose highest achievement is to inform that sensuous with the abstract and to combine them into one.

The opposite process, by which we descend to close, minute inspection of each poem, is that which yields, I believe, most both of profit and of delight. If the poem be a really great one—the work of a master of his craft—it is hardly possibly too carefully to dwell on its details, to linger too lovingly over each line and phrase, to trace the thread of thought which binds the parts together—to brood over the poem from end to end,—with too microscopic attention. There are single lyrics one could name, consisting of not more than twenty or thirty lines, over which one might pause for all the time you have to spare now, and even longer, without exhausting half the quality that is in them.

But you might perhaps think it hardly worth your while to come together to hear a poem of twenty or thirty lines discussed for an hour. I shall not so try your patience. But I will ask you to turn your attention for a little to one of Wordsworth's longer poems, consisting of not much under two thousand lines. There is enough in the 'White Doe of Rylstone,' or the 'Fate of the Nortons,' to detain us for a longer time than we have now at our disposal.

The subject of this poem may seem a strange one to be chosen by Wordsworth, whom we generally associate with homely incidents and reflective subjects. It belongs to the feudal period of England's history, just before it passed into the modern era.

In choosing it, Wordsworth would seem to have gone out of his own peculiar domain, and to have trespassed for once on Scott's ground; for on just such an incident might Scott have founded one of his metrical romances. But though the subject is one that might at first sight seem more congenial to Scott than to Wordsworth, this poem, I think, brings out more strongly perhaps than anything else could have done the contrast between the genius of the two poets. The whole way in which Wordsworth handles it, and the peculiar effect which he brings out of it, are so unlike Scott's manner of treatment, are so entirely true to Wordsworth's special vein of thought and sentiment, that this contrast, even if there were nothing else, would make the poem worthy of close regard.

The incidents on which the poem is founded belong to the year 1569, the twelfth of Queen Elizabeth.

It is well known that as soon as our own Queen Mary was imprisoned in England, she became the centre around which gathered all the intrigues which were on foot, not only in England, but throughout Catholic Europe, to dethrone the Protestant Queen Elizabeth. Abroad, the Catholic world was collecting all its strength to crush the heretical island. The bigot Pope Pius V., with the dark intriguer Philip II. of Spain, and the savage Duke of Alva, were ready to pour their forces on the shores of England.

At home, a secret negotiation for a marriage between Queen Mary and the Duke of Norfolk had received the approval of many of the chief English nobles. The Queen discovered the plot, threw Norfolk and some of his friends into the Tower, and summoned Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, immediately to appear at court. It was well known that these two earls kept up a secret communication with Mary, and were longing to see the old faith restored.

On receiving the summons, Northumberland at once withdrew to Brancepeth Castle, a stronghold of the Earl of Westmoreland. Straightway all their vassals rose and gathered round the two great earls. The whole of the North was in arms. A proclamation went forth that they intended to restore the ancient religion, to settle the succession to the crown, and to prevent the destruction of the old nobility. As they marched

forward they were joined by all the strength of the Yorkshire dales, and among others by a gentleman of ancient name, Richard Norton, accompanied by eight brave sons. He came bearing the common banner, called the Banner of the Five Wounds, because on it was displayed the Cross with the five wounds of our Lord. The insurgents entered Durham, tore the Bible, caused mass to be said in the cathedral, and then set forward as for York. Changing their purpose on the way, they turned aside to lay siege to Barnard Castle, which was held by Sir George Bowes for the Queen. While they lingered there for eleven days, Sussex marched against them from York, and the earls losing heart, retired towards the Border, disbanded their forces, which were left to the vengeance of the enemy, while they themselves sought refuge in Scotland. Northumberland, after a confinement of several years in Loch Leven, was betrayed by the Scots to the English, and put to death. Westmoreland died an exile in Flanders, the last of the Nevilles, and with him perished the ancient house of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland. Norton, with his eight sons, fell into the hands of Sussex, and all suffered death at York.

It is the fate of this ancient family on which Wordsworth's poem is founded.

Wordsworth was not the first poet who had touched the theme. Some nameless North England minstrel had before composed a not unspirited ballad upon it, which appears in Percy's 'Reliques,' under the title of 'The Rising in the North.'

Although these incidents might perhaps have contained too little of martial prowess, battle, and adventure to satisfy Scott, yet we can all imagine what he would have made of them; how he would have revelled in the description of the mustering vassals; the hot haste in which they flew from their homes to the standard of the earls; the varieties of armour; the emblazonment of the shields, the caparisoned steeds on which the earls rode; the scene when the army entered Durham and filled the cathedral; the siege of Barnard Castle by the Tees; the counter-march of Sussex; the dismay spreading from the earls among their followers; the retreat and the final catastrophe. What vigorous portraits we should have had of Northumberland and of Westmoreland; nor less of Bowes and Sussex, each standing out distinct in his own individual guise and personality!

Of all this pomp and pageantry of war Wordsworth gives little or nothing. In fact, he hardly attempts to 'conduct the action,' or to bring out the main incidents at all, or to portray the chief personages. So entirely in the poet's thought is the action subordinated to the one pervading sentiment he is intent to convey, that the narrative portion of the poem seems feeble, broken, and ill-adjusted. For not on the main action at all, but on quite a side incident—not on the obvious, but on a more hidden aspect of the story, has Wordsworth fixed his eye.

It is not that the epic faculty was wholly wanting in him. In the song of 'Brougham Castle' he had struck a true epic strain:—

'Armour rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls:—
"Quell the Scot," exclaims the lance—
"Bear me to the heart of France,"
Is the longing of the shield.'

This, if no other of his poems, proves that he was not insensible to the thought that—

'In our halls is hung
Armour of the invincible knights of old.'

But his delights were not with these. Nowhere does this appear more clearly than in the 'White Doe of Rylstone,' where, with such temptation to dwell on one of the latest outbursts of the feudal spirit in England, he turned so remarkably aside to contemplate quite another aspect of things.

What that aspect is—what were the incidents in that rising in the North which arrested Wordsworth's imagination and drew forth from him this poem—we shall see by-and-by.

It is well, in studying any poet, to note at what period of his life each particular poem was written. It is, I think, of especial importance to do so in the study of Wordsworth. For he had at least two distinct periods—perhaps one might say more than two—each of them marked by its own style, both of sentiment and of diction.

The period of his first and finest inspiration reached from about the year 1795 to 1805 or perhaps 1807. This decade is the period of his restoration to mental health and hopefulness, after the depression and despondency into which he had fallen after the wreck of all the hopes he had embarked in the First French Revolution. His mind had just come back from chaos to order, and yet retained the full swing of the impulse it had received from having passed through that great world-agony. To

these ten years belong most of the poems to which men now turn with most delight, as containing the essence of that new inspiration which Wordsworth let in upon the world. There is in them a freshness, an ethereality, 'the innocent brightness' as 'of the new-born day.' Or they are like the re-awakening that comes upon the moors and mountains when the first breath of spring is blowing over them. The best poems of his later era have a quality of their own—a deepened thoughtfulness, even solemnity, but the dew as of the morning is past.

Now the 'White Doe of Rylstone' was composed in 1807, just at the close of this period, though not published till 1815. It was during the summer of 1807, the poet tells us, that he visited, for the first time, the beautiful scenery that surrounds Bolton Priory, and the poem of the 'White Doe,' founded on a tradition connected with the place, was composed at the close of the same year. That tradition as preserved by Dr. Whitaker, in his 'History of Craven,' runs thus:—'Not long after the Dissolution, a white doe, say the aged people of the neighbourhood, long continued to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rylstone over the fells of Bolton, and was constantly found in the Abbey churchyard during the divine service; after the close of which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation.' This is the story which laid hold of Wordsworth's imagination, and to which we owe the poem. The earlier half, he tells us, was composed, at the close of the year 1807, while on a visit to his wife's relatives at Stockton-upon-Tees, and the poem was finished on his return to Grasmere. That year had just seen the publication of the two volumes of 'Lyrical Ballads,' which contained perhaps his highest inspirations and, as it were, wound up the productions of his first great creative period.

The 'White Doe,' therefore, marks the beginning of the transition to his second period, the period of the 'Excursion.' But in the finest parts of the 'White Doe' we still feel the presence of the same ethereal spirit that animated his earlier day. The introduction to the poem, which bears the date of 1815, is altogether in his later vein.

It is time that I should show this. So without talking more about the poem, let me now turn to it and note its contents canto by canto.

The First Canto opens with a Sunday forenoon, and the gathering of the people from the moorlands and hills around the Wharf to

the church-service in Bolton Abbey. This beautiful ruin of the middle age stands on a level green holm down by the side of Wharf, surrounded by wooded banks and moorland hills. From these the people come trooping eagerly, for they are in the first zeal of the Reformation era. The place where they meet for worship is the nave of the old Abbey Church, which at the dissolution had been preserved, when everything else belonging to the monastic house had gone down before the fury of the spoiler. The throng of country people has passed within the church, the singing of the prelude hymn has been heard outside. Then silence ensues, for the priest has begun to recite the liturgy, when suddenly a white doe is seen pacing into the churchyard ground.

'A moment ends the fervent din,
And all is hushed, without and within;
For though the priest, more tranquilly,
Recites the holy liturgy,
The only voice which you can hear
Is the river murmuring near.
—When soft—the dusky trees between,
And down the path through the open green,
Where is no living thing to be seen;
And through yon gateway where is found,
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
Free entrance to the churchyard ground,
And right across the verdant sod
Towards the very house of God:
—Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary doe!
White she is as lily of June,
And beautiful as the silver moon
When out of sight the clouds are driven
And she is left alone in heaven;
Or like a ship some gentle day
In sunshine sailing far away,
A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain.
Lie silent in your graves, ye dead!
Lie quiet in your churchyard bed!
Ye living, tend your holy cares:
Ye multitude, pursue your prayers;
And blame not me if my heart and sight
Are occupied with one delight!
'Tis a work for Sabbath hours
If I with this bright creature go:
Whether she be of forest howers,
From the howers of earth below;
Or a spirit, for one day given,
A gift of grace from purest heaven.
What harmonious pensive changes
Wait upon her as she ranges
Round and round this pile of state,
Overthrown and desolate!
Now a step or two her way
Is through space of open day,
Where the enamoured sunny light
Brightens her that was so bright;
Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
Falls upon her like a breath,
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passes underneath:
Now some gloomy nook partakes
Of the glory that she makes—
High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell
With perfect cunning framed as well
Of stone, and ivy, and the spread
Of the elder's bushy head;
Some jealous and forbidding cell,
That doth the living stars repel,
And where no flower hath leave to dwell.'

I know not any lines in the octosyllabic metre more perfect in their rhythm, and with melody more attuned to the meaning and

sentiment they are intended to convey. They are to be placed side by side with the most exquisite parts of 'Christabel.' If metre has its origin, as Coleridge suggests, in the balance produced by the power of the will striving to hold in check the working of emotion—if it is the union and interpenetration of will and emotion, of impulse and purpose, which metre expresses, I know not where this balance can be seen more beautifully adjusted. As for the description of the ruined Bolton Abbey seen in the light of a Sabbath noon, it may well be compared with Scott's description of Melrose seen while still in its prime, under the light of the moon.

Presently, service over, the congregation pass out, and then begin many questionings and surmises as to what was the meaning of these visits of the doe, renewed every Sunday, to the Abbey churchyard and that solitary grave. First a mother points her out to her boy, but he shrinks back in a kind of superstitious awe—

"But is she truly what she seems?"
He asks, with insecure delight,
Asks of himself—and doubts—and still
The doubt returns against his will.'

Then an old man comes, a soldier returned from the wars, and he has his explanation. It is the spirit of the lady who, in grief for her son drowned in Wharf, many centuries ago, founded Bolton Priory, and now she returns in the shape of this beautiful creature to grieve over her holy place outraged and desecrated.

Then a dame of haughty air, followed by a page to carry her book, opines that the doe comes with no good intent, for often she is seen to gaze down into a vault 'where the bodies are buried upright.'

'There, face by face, and hand by hand,
The Claphams and Mauleverers stand.'

And there is buried the savage John de Clapham, who in the Wars of the Roses

'Dragged Earl Pembroke from Banbury Church,
And smote off his head on the stones of the porch.'

This high dame has the blood of the Pembrokes in her veins, and believes the doe has something to do with the Earl's murderer.

'The scholar pale
From Oxford come to his native vale'

he has a conceit of his own; he believes the doe to be none other than the gracious fairy or ministrant spirit, who in old time waited on the Shepherd-Lord Clifford, when in the neighbouring tower of Barden he gave himself to the study of the stars, and alchemy,

and other such pursuits, with the monks of Bolton for companions of his researches.

At last, after the people have gazed and questioned to their hearts' content, they disperse, and the doe also disappears.

Left alone, the poet turns to give the true version and chant—

'A tale of tears, a mortal story.'

In Canto Second he passes at once from the doe to her whose companion, years before, she had been, the only daughter of the House of Norton. He glances back to the days just before the rising in the North, when there stood in the hall of Rylstone that banner embroidered with the cross and the five wounds of our Lord, which Emily had with her own hands wrought against her will, but in obedience to her father.

'That banner, waiting for the call,
Stood quietly in Rylstone Hall.'

At length the call came, and at the summons Norton and his sons go forth to join the two Earls, who were in arms for the Catholic cause. With eight sons he went; but one, Francis, the eldest, would not go. He, along with his only sister, had received the Reformed faith from their mother long dead, and clung to it, and now look with sorrow and foreboding on the rash enterprise in which their father and brothers are going forth. Francis makes one effort: he throws himself at his father's feet, and though he knew he would be scorned as a recreant, entreats him to hold his hand, and not to join the rising, urging many reasons,—most of all, would he thus forsake his only daughter? In vain—the old man goes out from the hall, and is received with shouts by the assembled tenantry, and all together, squire and vassals, march off to Brancepeth Castle, the trysting-place.

Here was a passage of which Scott would have made much; the gathering around the old hall of the yeomen of Rylstone, their marching forth, and their reception by their confederates at Brancepeth. Of this there is scarce a hint in Wordsworth. He turns aside, and is wholly occupied with the brother and sister left behind.

In their solitude they two meet, and Francis tells his sister of his last interview with their father, and of seeing him and his eight brothers march forth. For himself, though he cannot be one with them, he is determined to follow them, and be at hand to render them what service he may when misfortune comes, as come it must. For he does not try to hide or extenuate the certainty

of the doom that had fallen on their house. He himself was going to share it, and his sister must brace her heart to bear what was impending. Possessed, as by a spirit of mournful divination, he tells her—

' Farewell all wishes, all debate,
All prayers for this cause, or for that!
Weep, if that aid thee; but depend
Upon no help of outward friends.
Ere thou thy doom at once, and cleave
To Fortitude without reprieve.
For we must fall, both we and ours,—
This mansion, and these pleasant bowers,
The blast will sweep us all away,
One desolation, one decay!'

And then, pointing to the white doe which was feeding by, he continued—

' Even she will to her peaceful woods
Return, and to her murmuring floods,
And be in heart and soul the same
She was before she hither came,
Ere she had learned to love us all
Herself beloved in Rylstone Hall.'

Having told his sister thus plainly that no consolation was to be looked for from earthly sources, he commends her to that purer faith which they had learned together. In this he bids her

' Be strong;—be worthy of the grace
Of God, and fill thy destined place:
A soul by force of sorrows high,
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed humanity.'

Having by this solemn adjuration, as it were, consecrated and set apart his sister to fulfil her destiny and become a soul beatified by sorrow, they part, and he follows his armed kinsmen. This consecration, the sanctifying effect of sorrow on the heroine, is, as Wordsworth himself has said, 'the point on which henceforth the whole moral interest of the poem hinges.'

In the Third Canto we have the mustering of the host at Brancepeth Castle on the Were, the seat of the Earl of Westmoreland, the meeting of Norton and his eight sons with the two Earls, his high-spirited address to these

' Brave earls, to whose heroic veins
Our noblest blood is given in trust,'

urging them to rise for their outraged faith and the old and holy Church.

Then follows the unfurling of the banner which Norton's child had wrought, to be the standard of the whole army, the march to Durham, where, after they

' In Saint Cuthbert's ancient see
Sang mass—and tore the Book of Prayer—
And trod the Bible beneath their feet,'

the whole host musters on Clifford Moor,

" Full sixteen thousand fair to see."

But finest figure of all is the aged Squire of Rylstone.

' No shape of man in all the array
So graced the sunshine of the day;
The monumental pomp of age
Was, with this goodly Personage;
A stature, unexpressed in size,
Absent, which rather seemed to rise
In open victory o'er the weight
Of seventy years, to higher height;
Magnific limbs of withered state,—
A face to fear and venerate,—
Eyes dark and strong, and on his head
Bright locks of silver hair, thick spread,
Which a bright morion half concealed,
Light as a hunter's of the field.'

You will see that the incidents of this canto afford much scope for pictorial painting; but this is perhaps the one passage in which Wordsworth has attempted it. There are several speeches, which, though not without a certain quaint homely expressiveness, have nothing of the poetic oratory which Scott would have imparted to them.

The intention was to march direct on London; but news reaches them on the way that Dudley had set out against them, and was nearing York with a large and well-appointed force. Westmoreland's heart fails him; a retreat is ordered, Norton remonstrates in vain. A disorderly march is begun backward toward the Tees, there to wait till Dacre from Naworth, and Howard, Duke of Norfolk, come to reinforce them. Francis Norton, who had followed unarmed, and

' Hath watched the banner from afar
As shepherds watch a loonly star,'

once more throws himself in the way of his father, and beseeches him to retire from these craven-hearted leaders, who by their incompetence and cowardliness were leading so many brave men to sure destruction. He had done his part by them, and was now by their misconduct freed from farther obligation. The old man spurns aside his son, who retires to wait another opportunity. In the narrative part of the poem, though there are many lines of quaint and rugged strength, there is none of the clear, direct forward flowing march of Scott's best narrative poetry. Wordsworth is encumbered, as it were, by reflectiveness of manner; the thought, instead of a rapid easy flow of narrative, keeps ever eddying round itself.

Canto Four. A clear full moon looks down and sees the insurgents beleaguering Barnard Castle on the river Tees. The same moon shines on Rylstone Hall, with its terraces, parterres, and the wild chase around it, all untenanted save by Emily and her white doe. Here is the description of it:—

' And southward far, with moors between,
Hill-tops, and floods, and forests green,
The bright moon sees that valley small
Where Rylstone's old sequestered Hall
A venerable image yields
Of quiet to the neighbouring fields;

While from one pillared chimney breathes
The smoke, and mounts in silver wreaths,
—The courts are hushed,—for timely sleep
The grey-hounds to their kennel creep;
The peacock in the broad ash-tree
Aloft is roosted for the night,
He who in proud prosperity
Of colours manifold and bright
Walked round, affronting the daylight;
And higher still, above the lower
Where he is perched, from yon lone tower
The Hall-clock in the clear moonshine
With glittering finger points at nine.

The gleam of natural loveliness here let in wonderfully relieves the pressure of the human sadness. Indeed, the whole passage from which these lines come, gives so truthfully, yet ideally, the image of an old family mansion seen at such an hour, that I cannot recall any moonlight picture which equals it.

Wandering in the moonlight around her old home, Emily enters by chance a wood-bined bower, where in her childhood she had often sat with her mother. The woodbine fragrance recalls, as scents only can, those long-vanished hours, and—

'An image faint,
And yet not faint—a presence bright
Returns to her,—'tis that blest saint.
Who with mild looks and language mild
Instructed here her, darling child,
While yet a prattler on the knee,
To worship in simplicity
The Invisible God, and take for guide
The faith reformed and purified.'

By that vision she is soothed and strengthened to check her strong longing to follow her father and brother, and to disobey the injunction to passive endurance laid on her by Francis.

That same moon, as it shines on the Tees, sees another sight—the insurgent host, wildly assaulting Barnard Castle, Norton and his eight sons, as they dash recklessly into a breach in the wall, made prisoners, and the whole rash levy scattered to the winds.

In Canto V., an old retainer, whom Emily Norton had sent to gain tidings of her father, returning, finds her by a watch-tower or summer-house, that stood high among the wastes of Rylstone Fell, and tells her the tragic end of her father and brothers. They had been led in chains to York, and were condemned to die. Francis had followed them, got access to their prison, and received the last commands of his father with his blessing.

The banner was, by the cruel order of Sussex, to be carried before them in mockery to the place of execution. But Francis, claiming it as his own by right, takes it from the hands of the soldier to whom it was entrusted, and bears it off through the unresisting crowd. Richard Norton and his eight sons go forth and calmly and reverently meet their doom.

Emily returns to Rylstone Hall to await the coming of her now only brother. But he comes not. As he was leaving York, there fell on his ear the sound of the minster bell tolling the knell of his father and his brothers. Bearing the banner, though not without misgivings as to his own consistency in doing so, he held west over the great plain of York, up Wharfedale, and on the second day reaches a summit whence he can descry the far-off towers of Bolton. On that spot he is overtaken by a band of horse-men sent by Sussex, under command of Sir George Bowes, is accused of being a coward and traitor, who had held aloof from the rising only to save his father's land, and is overpowered and slain. Two days his body lay unheeded; on the third it was found in that lonely place by one of the Norton tenantry, who, along with other yeomen, bears it to Bolton Priory, and there, with the aid of the priest, they lay it in a grave apart from the other graves, because this was not the family burial-place. While they are so engaged, his sister, who was wandering towards Bolton, overhears the dirge they are singing,

'And, darting like a wounded bird,
She reached the grave, and with her breast
Upon the ground received the rest,
The consummation, the whole truth
And sorrow of this final truth.'

But it is in the seventh and last Canto, when all incident and action are over, and suffering, and the beauty rising out of suffering, have begun, that the full power of the poet comes out. Just as in the First Canto the calm contemplation of the ruined abbey, the sabbath quiet, and the apparition of the doe, had prompted his finest tones, so here, the sight of the only sister, sole survivor of her ruined house, left alone with her sorrow, awakens a strain of calm, deep melody, which is a meet close for such a beginning.

Now that Emily Norton knows the full extent of her family's doom, the poet turns and asks,—

'Whither has she fled?
What mighty forest in its gloom
Enfolds her? Is a rifted tomb
Within the wilderness her seat?
Some island which the wild waves beat,
Is that the sufferer's last retreat?
Or some aspiring rock, that shrouds
Its perilous front in mists and clouds?
High climbing rock—low sunless dale—
Sea—desert—what do these avail?
Oh, take her anguish and her fears
Into a deep recess of years!'

And years pass ere we see her again. Neglect and desolation have swept over Rylstone, and in their ancient home the name of Norton is unknown. Many a weary

foot she has wandered, far from her home, which from the day of Francis' burial she has not looked on. At length, after many years, she returns to the neighbourhood and is seen on a bank once covered with oaks, but now bare, seated under one sole surviving mouldering oak tree.

' Behold her, like a virgin queen,
Neglecting in imperial state
These outward images of fate,
And carrying inward a serene
And perfect swav, through many a thought
Of chance and change, that hath been brought
To the subjection of a holy,
Though stern and rigorous, melancholy !
The like authority, with grace
Of awfulness, is in her face—
There hath she fixed it ; yet it seems
To overshadow, by no native right,
That face, which cannot lose the gleams,
Lose utterly the tender gleams
Of gentleness and meek delight,
And loving-kindness ever bright :
Such is her sovereign mien :—her dress
(A vest, with woollen cincture tied ;
A hood of mountain-wool undyed)
Is homely—fashioned to express
A wandering Pilgrim's humbleness.'

That is the nearest approach the poem contains to a visible picture of this daughter of the house of Norton. Yet how little of a picture it is!—her looks, her hair, her eyes, not one of her features are mentioned. She is painted almost entirely from within. Yet so powerfully is the soul portrayed, that no adequate painter would find any difficulty in adding the form and face which would be the proper embodiment of such a character.

There, while she sits, a herd of deer sweep by. But one out of the herd pauses and draws near. It is her own white doe, which had run wild again for years. Now it comes to her feet, lays its head upon her knee, looks up into her face,

' A look of pure benignity,
And fond unclouded memory.'

And her mistress melted into tears,

' A flood of tears that flowed apace
Upon the happy creature's face.'

The doe restored came like a spirit of healing and consolation to Emily Norton. Thenceforth, go where she will, the creature is by her side. First to one cottage in the neighbourhood, then to another, where old tenants of the family lived, she went and sojourned, and the white doe with her. At length she finds courage to revisit all her old haunts about Rylstone—Norton Tower,—that summer-house where the messenger of the sad tidings had found her—near which, years before, her youngest brother had found the doe, when a fawn, and carried it in his arms home to Rylstone Hall. The prophecy of Francis, she thinks, has been fulfilled almost to the letter—in one detail only had

it been falsified—all else was taken, but the white doe remained to her, her last and living friend. With this companion, she dared to visit Bolton Abbey and the single grave there.

So, through all the overthrow and the suffering, there had come at last healing and calm, and with it

' A reascend in sanctity
From fair to fairer ; day by day
A more divine and loftier way !
Even such this blessed Pilgrim trod,
By sorrow lifted toward her God ;
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed mortality.'

At length, after she had returned and sojourned among the Wharfedale peasants, and joined in their sabbath worships, she died, and was laid in Rylstone church by her mother's side.

The white doe long survived her, and continued to haunt the spots which her mistress had loved to visit. But the close, which rounds off the whole with perfect beauty, must be given in the poet's own words :—

' Most glorious sunset ! and a ray
Survives—the twilight of this day—
In that fair creature whom the fields
Support, and whom the forest shields ;
Who, having filled a holy place,
Partakes, in her degree, Heaven's grace ;
And bears a memory and a mind
Raised far above the law of kind ;
Haunting the spots with lonely cheer
Which her dear mistress once held dear :
Loves most what Emily loved most—
The enclosure of this churchyard ground ;
Here wanders like a gliding ghost,
And every sabbath here is found ;
Comes with the people when the bells
Are heard among the moorland dells
Finds entrance through yon arch, where way
Lies open on the sabbath-day ;
Here walks amid the mournful waste
Of prostrate altars, shrines defaced,
And floors encumbered with rich show
Of fret-work imagery laid low ;
Paces slowly or makes halt
By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault,
By plate of monumental brass
Dim-gleaming among weeds and grass,
And sculptured forms of warriors brave ;
But chiefly by that single grave,
That one sequestered hillock green,
The pensive visitant is seen.
Thus doth the gentle creature lie
With these adversities unmoved ;
Calm spectacle, by earth and sky
In their benignity approved !
And eye, bethinks, this hoary pile,
Subdued by outrage and decay,
Looks down upon her with a smile,
A gracious smile that seems to say,
" Thou, thou art not a child of time,
But daughter of the Eternal Prime."

The main aim of the whole poem is to set forth the purification and elevation of the heroine's character by the baptism of sorrow through which she was doomed to pass. Let us hear Wordsworth's own account of it. In one of those reminiscences which he dictated in his later years, after noting that the 'White Doe' had been compared with

Scott's poems, because, like them, the scene was laid in feudal times,—

'The comparison,' he says, 'is inconsiderate. Sir Walter pursued the customary and very natural course of conducting an action, presenting various turns of fortune, to some outstanding point, as a termination or catastrophe. The course I attempted to pursue is entirely different. Everything that is attempted by the chief personages in the "White Doe" fails, so far as its object is external and substantial; so far as it is moral and spiritual it succeeds. The heroine knows that her duty is not to interfere with the current of events, either to forward or delay them; but

"To abide
The shock, and finally secure
O'er pain and grief a triumph pure."

The anticipated beatification, if I may say so, of her mind, and the apotheosis of the companion of her solitude, are the points at which the poem aims, and constitute its legitimate catastrophe—far too spiritual a one for instant and wide-spread sympathy, but not therefore the less fitted to make a deep and permanent impression upon those minds who think and feel more independently than the many do, of the surfaces of things, and of interests transitory because belonging more to the outward and social forms of life than to its internal spirit.'

Such was Wordsworth's account of his aim, given late in life, to the friend who wrote down his reminiscences of his own poems. If somewhat verbose, the description of his purpose we cannot doubt is true.

Writing to a friend at the time of its publication, he says:—

'The "White Doe" will be acceptable to the intelligent, for whom alone it is written. It starts from a high point of imagination and comes round, through various wanderings of that faculty to a still higher—nothing less than the apotheosis of the animal who gives the title to the poem. And as the poem begins and ends with fine and lofty imagination, every motive and impetus that actuates the persons introduced is from the same source; a kindred spirit pervades and is intended to harmonize the whole. Throughout, objects (the banner, for instance) derive their influence, not from properties inherent in them, not from what they actually are in themselves, but from such qualities as are bestowed on them by the minds of those who are conversant with or affected by those objects. Thus the poetry, if there be any in the work, proceeds, as it ought to do, from the soul of man, communicating its creative energies to the images of the external world.'

Such accounts in sober prose of what he aimed at in poetry, are valuable as coming from the poet himself; especially so in the case of Wordsworth, who, though he composed, as all poets must do, under the power of emotion and creative impulse, was yet able afterwards to reflect on the emotion that possessed him, and lay his finger on the aim that actuated him, as few poets have been able to do. Some have adduced this as a proof that it was not the highest kind of inspiration by which Wordsworth was im-

pelled, for such, they say, is unconscious, and can give little or no account of itself. Without going into this question, there is no doubt that Wordsworth had reflected on the workings of imagination more and could describe them better than most poets can. To the later editions of the poem he has further prefixed some lines in blank verse, which are his own comment on the supreme aim of the poem, namely—the total subordination in it of action to endurance:—

'Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
'Tis done, and in the after-vacancy of thought
We wonder at ourselves as men betrayed,
Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And has the nature of infinity.
Yet through that darkness, infinite though it seem
And irremovable, gracious openings lie,
By which the soul—with patient steps of thought,
Now toiling, wafted now on wings of prayer—
May pass in hope, and, though from mortal bonds
Yet undelivered, rise with sure ascent
Even to the fountain-head of peace divine.'

It is an obvious remark that the purifying and hallowing effect of suffering, which is here so prominently brought out, does not belong to suffering merely in itself. There are many cases where suffering only hardens and degrades. If it elevates, it is not of its own right, by its own inherent nature, but by virtue of the primal moral bias—the faith which is embodied in it. Though Wordsworth does not dwell on this, or directly proclaim it, he everywhere implies it. And yet here, as elsewhere in his works, notably in the book of the 'Excursion,' entitled 'Dependancy Corrected,' Wordsworth is perhaps disposed to attribute a greater sanative power to the influences of outward nature, and to the recuperative forces inherent in the individual soul, than experience, I think, warrants, not to speak of revelation. It is not that he anywhere denies the need of direct renewal from above—indeed, he often implies it. But the error, if error there be, lies in not observing the due proportions of things—in giving to nature, and the soul's inherent resources, too great a prominence in the work of restoration; and in marking, with too faint emphasis, the need of a help which is immediately divine.

Late in life, when this characteristic of his writings was alluded to, Wordsworth said that he had been slow to deal directly with Christian truths, partly from feeling their sacredness, partly from a sense of his inability to do justice to them, and to interweave them with sufficient ease and with becoming reverence into his poetic structures. And in one or two passages of his poems, where the defect above noticed was most apparent, he afterwards altered the passages,

and, while he increased their Christian sentiment, did not perhaps improve their poetic beauty. I shall only say that Wordsworth's whole poetry is throughout so thoughtful, yet so healthy, so noble, so hopeful and hope-engendering, that it has been, and will, I trust, continue to be, a most powerful ally to true Christianity. How could it be otherwise, being, as it is, full from beginning to end of powers that make for the things that are true, and pure, and lovely. There are many men, and these not of a common order, who would thankfully testify that this poetry has been to them throughout life not only a refreshment and a strength, and a well-spring of joy, coming to the aid of all the better nature within them; but that they have found it in their experience to be, as it were, an outer court leading directly on into the very inmost shrine of Christian faith.

But to return to the poem. What is it that gives to it its chief power and charm? Is it not the imaginative use which the poet has made of the white doe? With her appearance the poem opens, with her re-appearance it closes. And the passages in which she is introduced are radiant with the purest light of poetry. A mere floating tradition she was which the historian of Craven had preserved. How much does the poet bring out of how little? It was a high stroke of genius to seize on this slight traditional incident and make it the organ of so much. What were the objects which he had to describe and blend into one harmonious whole? They were these:

1. The last expiring gleam of feudal chivalry, ending in the ruin of an ancient race and the desolation of an ancestral home.

2. The sole survivor, purified and exalted by the sufferings she had to undergo.

3. The pathos of the decaying sanctities of Bolton, after wrong and outrage, abandoned to the healing of nature and time.

4. Lastly, the beautiful scenery of pastoral Wharfedale and the fells around Bolton, which blends so well with these affecting memories.

All these were before him—they had melted into his imagination, and waited to be woven into one harmonious creation. He takes the white doe, and makes her the exponent, the symbol, the embodiment of them all. That one central aim—to represent the beatification of the heroine—how was this to be done with power? Had it been a drama, the poet would have made the heroine give forth in speeches her hidden mind and character.

But this was a romantic narrative. Was the poet to make her soliloquize, analyze her own feelings, lay bare her heart in metaphysical monologue? This might have been done by Mr. Browning, but it was not Wordsworth's way of exhibiting character, reflective though he was. When he analyzes feelings they are generally his own, not those of his characters. To shadow forth that which is invisible, the sanctity of Emily's chastened soul, he lays hold of this sensible image—a creature, the purest, most innocent, most beautiful in all the realm of nature—and makes her the vehicle in which he embodies the saintliness that is a thing invisible. It is the hardest of all tasks to make sensuous spiritual things without degrading them. I know not where this difficulty has been more happily met; for you must feel that before the poem closes, the doe has ceased to be a mere animal, or a physical creature at all, but in the light of the poet's imagination has been transfigured into a heavenly apparition—a type of all that is pure, and affecting, and saintly. And not only the chastened soul of her mistress, but the beautiful Priory of Bolton, the whole vale of Wharf, and all the surrounding scenery, are illumined by the glory which she makes; her presence irradiates them all with a beauty and an interest more than the eye discovers. Seen through her as an imaginative transparency, they become spiritualised; in fact, she and they alike become the symbols and expression of the sentiment which pervades the poem—a sentiment broad and deep as the world. And yet, any one who visits these scenes in a mellow autumnal day, will feel that she is no alien or adventitious image, imported by the caprice of the poet, but one altogether native to the place, one which gathers up and concentrates all the undefined spirit and sentiment which lie spread around it. She both glorifies the scenery by her presence, and herself seems to be a natural growth of the scenery, so that it finds in her its most appropriate utterance. This power of imagination to divine and project the very corporeal image which suits and expresses the spirit of a scene, Wordsworth has many times shown. Notably, for instance, do those ghostly shapes, which might meet at noontide under the dark dome of the fraternal yews of Borrowdale, embody the feeling awakened when one stands there. But never perhaps has he shown this embodying power of imagination more felicitously than when he made the white doe

the ideal exponent of the scenery, the memories, and the sympathies which cluster around Bolton Priory.

One more thing I would notice. While change, destruction, and death overtake every thing else in the poem, they do not touch the white doe. So entirely has the poet's imagination transmuted her, that she is no longer a mere thing of flesh, but has

become a creature of the mind, and taken to herself the permanence of an ideal existence. This is expressed in the concluding lines.

And so the poem has no definite end, but passes off, as it were, into the illimitable. It rises out of the perturbations of transitory things, and, passing itself, carries our thoughts with it, up to calm heights of eternal sunshine.

J. C. SHAIRP.

THE MAID AND THE ANGEL.

"WHITE bird, and white bird!" sighed a pensive maid,
Sitting by the sunset in her lattice shade;
Round the trellised roses made a glow and grace,
But th^e fairest thing there was the maiden's face.

Past there went an Angel: "Grievest thou?" he said;
"Yea, I weep the white bird down the thicket fled.
Could I but have caught him I had then been blest;
O my white, my white bird, let me find thy nest!"

From her side the Angel hastened down the land,
Came again, the white bird perched upon his hand.
Laughed the happy maiden, clapped her hands in glee!
"O my pretty white bird, come and live with me!"

"Wild bell, and wild bell!" so she sighed once more,
Sitting in the sunset as she sat before.
Once more came the Angel: "Why that pensive cheek?"
"O I want the wild bell blowing up the peak."

"Where is, then, the white bird?" "Here within his nest.
White bird and wild bell—then I shall be blest."
So he brought the wild bell from the dreadful peak;
Gladness came for sadness in her eye and cheek.

"Pink cloud, and pink cloud!" on the morrow eve
Went the little heart again. "O and still you grieve!"
Said the passing Angel; "what will make you blest?"
"Yonder tiny pink cloud floating in the west."

Then he brought the pink cloud; but when morning came,
From its form had died out all the tender flame.
Like a little smoke-wreath on the air it lay;
Withered was the wild bell, the bird had flown away.

"Bright star, and bright star!" wept the maiden sore.
Then again the Angel stood beside the door.
"Bring me yonder bright star—something from above,
Earth I see has nothing that will do for love."

Down he brought the bright star—O and how it shone!
But before the day rose all its light was gone.
Ay, before the day rose;—in the open day
All the silver bright star was a lump of clay.

When the Angel passed again, she was sitting pale,
Earth and sky had failed her, and her heart must fail ;
Said the Angel, " One thing, one thing giveth rest ;
Who is blest with one thing, he indeed is blest."

" God's love, and God's love," sighed the maid again ;
Waited for the Angel, waited not in vain.
Lo, the gift of God's love bare he to her breast :
" God's love, and God's love !—here at last is rest."

WADE ROBINSON.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR BARTLE FRERE.

FOR some weeks and months past the fate of a single man has divided the attention of many minds with the destinies of kingdoms and the disasters of empires. As, day by day, the news of distant regions arrived in England, the progress of our campaign against the Ashantees, or the gathering gloom of the Bengal famine were among the topics of most general interest, but few would lay down the daily journal without seeing whether it contained any tidings of Dr. Livingstone ; and, wherever men met, for business or for pleasure, every one who was supposed to have any means of information regarding Africa, was sure to be asked, " Do you really think that Dr. Livingstone is dead ?"

It is not often that the fate of a single man in distant lands thus affects multitudes, even of his own countrymen ; but the great Scotch traveller had made himself the benefactor of the world at large, and all mankind, who cared to know the doings of civilised nations, were interested in his fate. At first, we were glad to think the wildly improbable story told untrue ; but day by day brought some new fact to prove it and to confirm our worst fears ; and when, at last, it seemed certain that his body was being conveyed to the coast, we read everywhere tales of his eventful life, and of mourning over his loss couched in language generally reserved for the greatest of mankind.

Nor was the tone in which so much of regret was expressed, in any way unbecoming the event which called it forth. The periods of Milton or of Dryden were not too stately to chronicle what Livingstone had done for mankind, and no poet's fancy could imagine deeds more fitted to be sung in heroic verse ; but, while we await the remains which we believe are now being brought to his native land, let us give a few moments to think soberly over what he has accomplished, and

to glance at the place which his work is likely to fill in future history.

The leading facts of Dr. Livingstone's life are sufficiently well known. We have been told of his birth, fifty-eight years ago, of one of those old Scotch families which, however ill-supplied with worldly gear, always seem to remind their members that they are bound to carry the loftiest qualities of ancient nobility into whatever work they may undertake. All know how, when his mind was first awakened to obey the parting command of his Saviour to preach the gospel in distant lands, while he worked steadily at his mechanical calling that he might not eat the bread of idleness, he devoted every moment of spare time to storing his mind with such knowledge as might fit him to be a preacher of the gospel—how he was called to the ministry, and went forth in the service of the London Missionary Society—how he joined Mr. Moffat's mission, beyond what was then the utmost boundary of European civilisation, north of the Cape Colony—how he married, and worked for years as a minister among the frontier tribes, and perfected himself in that knowledge of the country and people which was afterwards so valuable to him in all his wanderings—all this is well known. We, in India, first heard of him some thirty or forty years ago. The Cape was then a place of great resort for men whose health had broken down under an Indian climate. The young Indian soldier, or civilian, would in those days wander, when his health returned, far beyond the limits of the Cape Colony, and exercise his renewed strength in pursuing the large game which then abounded on the Cape frontier. There he would fall in with Mr. Moffat and his fellow-labourers, and rarely failed to be struck with their simple kindly earnestness and self-devotion.

There are many grey-haired old Indians who can remember how they, or their friends, used to hear of the Scotch missionaries among the Basutos; and often, at an Indian mess-table, while discussing, as young men will, the little prospect of any good ever coming

of attempts to teach the Kaffirs Christianity, they would make an exception, and say, "But if all missionaries were like Moffat or Livingstone, something might be done."

Livingstone's earliest attempts to travel beyond the missionary stations were made



Dr. Livingstone's route is distinguished by dotted lines.

in an expedition to Lake Ngami in 1849, and in 1852 he commenced that wonderful journey which first made his name known throughout Christendom, crossing and re-crossing the continent of Africa from the mouths of the Zambesi to St. Paul de

Loando through regions which it was not supposed that a white man had ever crossed before. He returned home in 1856, and found himself at once famous; and he might have been the greatest lion of the day, but he declined all the hospitalities and indul-

gences offered to him with the simple remark "that he had three pieces of work to do, and he found that he could do none of them without devoting his whole attention to them." He had to write his book of travels, which his kind friend Mr. Murray had promised to publish for him; he had to assist Arrowsmith to reduce to proper form and map down the rough notes of those careful observations, which he had taken during his long and adventurous journeys; above all, he had to work in various ways for his mission, and to obtain the means for further labour in the great work he had undertaken. He made one exception, in accepting the hospitality of his early friend, Mr. Webb, of Newstead Abbey, who had learned to understand and love him while exploring with him the shores of Lake Ngami, and much of his first volume of travels was written in the quiet shades already rendered famous by the memory of Byron.

His work produced an immense effect on thinking men of every class, but especially among those who had at heart the civilisation and conversion to Christianity of the tribes of Africa. His obviously truthful pictures of scenery and manners would have at any time interested the lover of books of travel; but his descriptions of fertile regions which had always been supposed to be barren, of kindly and improvable races which had ever been accounted hopelessly savage, his narrative of Portuguese oppression and misgovernment, but, above all, the prevailing tone of cheerful confidence in the ultimate victory of good over evil, stirred the hearts of his countrymen. They had often been touched before by what Bruce or Mungo Park, Denham or Clapperton, had related, but they had never perhaps been so moved as by the modest record of what Livingstone had, single-handed, accomplished.

Among other results, the great universities of England and Ireland agreed to join in sending out a joint mission to preach Christianity in the countries he had visited, and a high-minded and self-devoted man having been found in Bishop Mackenzie to head that mission, Livingstone undertook to join him in his arduous task, and to lead him and his zealous followers to the lands of promise, to whose redemption from slavery and idolatry they had resolved to devote themselves. Others joined the mission as men of science, and in the hope of aiding to develop the commercial and agricultural resources of the country. Few expeditions have ever been so

well manned and equipped, or started with so fair a prospect of achieving great results.

Livingstone's second book of travels contains the record of this expedition, begun with such high hopes, marked by such zealous self-devotion, but ending in what, for a time, appeared, even to the most sanguine of its projectors, akin to a disastrous failure. The book, which contains the record of this enterprise from 1858 to 1864, was written under great difficulties, for, while recording the disappointment of many lofty aspirations; he wished to avoid anything like blame or disparagement of those who had been his companions in misfortune. Yet the results were in truth by no means disproportioned to the sacrifices made; a vast extent of new country was explored, much useful information and experience was gained, and though the death of Bishop Mackenzie and of Mrs. Livingstone who had subsequently joined them, and of other fellow-travellers, threw a gloom over the expedition from which it did not recover, great real progress was made towards opening the interior of the country to European explorers. The expedition added to the character Livingstone had already established as the most sagacious and intrepid of modern travellers; and when, commissioned by the Government of the day to inquire into and report on the Slave Trade, and accredited as British Consul to the chiefs of Central Africa he again set forth, alone, on the work of African exploration, his countrymen felt that they might rely upon his accomplishing what no other living man could have ventured to attempt.

When his expedition in Africa in 1864 came to an end he found himself at Zanzibar burdened with the lake steamer *Lady Nyassa*, in providing which he had embarked a large portion of such worldly fortune as his writings and the kindness of his friends had enabled him to command. Finding that he could not dispose of her advantageously at Zanzibar, he formed, and immediately executed, his resolution to take her to Bombay; his crew consisted of sixteen negrolads, who had been released by him from slavery, and who, a few weeks before, had never seen the sea; no one but himself knew how to navigate, or to direct the working of the engines; but he started, as he had so often done before, putting his trust in God, with a stout heart and firm will, and arrived at Bombay, where the little craft had been a whole day in the great harbour, before she was discovered by the Custom-

House officers, he having meantime gone ashore to report his proceedings to the Governor, and to seek counsel among his Christian friends.

This visit to Bombay was, in many ways, important to him, for he saw at once the intimate connection between Western India and Eastern Africa, a connection not confined to features of physical geography or climate, but extending to characteristics in the zoology and ethnology of the countries, which led him to think that each might help the other in the race of civilisation and human progress. Among the missionaries in India he met several who not only sympathized with his great objects, but could help him in various ways, and among them, Dr. John Wilson, of the Presbyterian Free Kirk, who had long devoted much of his time and attention to training Abyssinian youths at the excellent educational institution which the Free Kirk maintains at Bombay; and he found, under the charge of the Rev. William Price, of the Church Missionary Society, at Nassick, great numbers of released negro slaves of both sexes, who were receiving a good Christian and industrial education from the Nassick missionaries. Leaving some of the youths whom he had chosen from among his late companions, under the charge of Dr. Wilson, he returned to England, and when he again resolved on visiting Africa in 1865, he took Bombay in his way, where he found some of the youths he had left, much improved by their attendance at the schools of the Free Kirk mission, and selected a number of the Nassick negro youths, who volunteered to accompany him back to their native land. He also took with him some natives of India, Sepoys in the Marine Battalion, who he thought likely to make good fellow-travellers, and a number of buffaloes, of the kind commonly used in India in carrying heavy burdens, thinking they might be of similar service in Africa, and be able to resist the attacks of the Tsetse fly, there so fatal to horses and ordinary cattle. At Zanzibar he added to his party a number of Johannah men, islanders, who had the best reputation of any on that coast, as intelligent, trustworthy voyagers; and, thus equipped, he started on his last journey.

Landing near the mouth of the Rovuma, and travelling in a north-westerly direction towards the lake region, every kind of discouragement awaited him: his buffaloes died, his Johannah men deserted him and returned with false stories of his death, and

the Indian sepoy behaved so badly that he had to send back those who did not run away. But nothing could daunt or stop him; and attended only by Chuma and his two or three companions of the Nyassa men, a few of the Nassick boys, and such porters as he picked up in the country, he continued his ceaseless journeyings on foot in the pathless wilds of the Central African lake region, and was, for many years, never heard of by his countrymen.

At length, two years ago, the world was astounded by the intelligence that Mr. Stanley, a special correspondent of the *New York Herald*, had found Dr. Livingstone just after his return to Ujiji, the farthest post of the coast Arabs, where his wants had been relieved; and that he had again started to prosecute his journeyings, with a fresh supply of goods and six more Christian negro volunteers from Nassick, who had joined him at the call of the Church Missionary Society as soon as it was known that he was within reach. What little we know of the sad history of the later months of his life is too fresh in our recollection to need repeating. He probably died about October in last year; and we are told that his faithful fellow-Christian servants have now brought his remains to the coast, having met on their way the expedition sent in 1872, under Lieutenant Cameron, to search for and relieve him.*

We frequently hear the question asked what were the objects of Livingstone's last expedition. People complain that he embarked upon it without telling the world what he was going to do, and that they are consequently often unable to judge how far he accomplished what he had purposed. When he last stayed with me in India, on his way out to Africa in 1865, I asked him as to his plan of operations, and he then told me that he had purposely abstained from publishing his projects before he left England, and he wished little to be said about them while he was travelling in Africa, because, as he very truly observed, it was certain that he must disappear from European view for many months together, that it was possible after he had disappeared into the heart of Africa that attempts would be made to relieve him, and he was anxious not to encourage such attempts by any mention of his intentions, while he was naturally averse to announce

* For details of his last journeyings I would refer to the "Reports and Proceedings" of the Royal Geographical Society for 1872-73; to the "Ocean Highways;" for the same years; and to an excellent letter from Mr. Finlay in the *Athenæum* for February 28th, 1874.

plans which he might be prevented by unavoidable and unforeseen circumstances from carrying out. But his main object was, he told me, to fulfil the wishes of Sir Roderick Murchison that the limits of the Nile basin should be defined, and he proposed, after ascertaining the water-parting between the Nile basin and other eastern or southern tributaries to the ocean, to follow the watershed round the whole margin of the basin, and thus, if possible, to mark the limits within which future travellers might search for whatever particular streams, of the many thousand affluents, might have the best claim to the honour of being the source of the Nile.

But in this, as in every other of his undertakings, geographical discovery was entirely subordinate to higher objects; he desired to solve the most difficult problem of African geography simply as a necessary preliminary to letting light into the heart of Africa. He knew that the Traveller must precede both the Merchant and the Missionary, but he looked to all he could accomplish as a discoverer, mainly as being useful to the spread of Christianity and civilisation. His uniform object was to elevate the negro race of Africa. The abolition of the Slave Trade and slavery, the progress of civilisation and commerce were subsidiary in his mind to the preaching of the gospel, which he looked upon as the one only effectual panacea for all the ills which have been for so many ages the heirloom of Africa.

This may help us in part to answer another question which is very frequently asked, "why did he not, many years ago, come back to his own country and his family?" The simple answer is, that his work was not done; and, while it remained undone, no yearning for country, no anxiety about himself or his family, which he loved much more than himself, could make him swerve from the prosecution of the work he had undertaken. It is very probable that when we have all the notes of his journeyings before us we may find that he had done much more than he believed himself to have accomplished; that we may discover the missing links to many a chain of communication across the continent; and that when his work is joined to that of the able and accomplished travellers who have followed his example since he first published his narrative of his early wanderings in Africa, the blanks in the maps of those regions may prove to have been filled up to an extent far beyond what we can at present anticipate. But Livingstone could not have known even

what we now know, of the vast amount of work that has recently been accomplished; how, to use a common phrase, the neck of the African difficulty may be pronounced fairly broken, so that a multitude of future travellers may, in a few years, fill up what is wanting in the great outlines which have been furnished by Livingstone and other great explorers of our generation.

But if the letters and journals of his last journeyings contain no more than minor details of what we already know, what a vast amount of work has this one man achieved! In geography it is no exaggeration to say that to him, and to the example he set, may be fairly attributed the filling up of the blank which the maps of the interior of Africa presented to our grandfathers. It derogates nothing from Livingstone's claim to this honour that we are now aware how much was known to Portuguese travellers of a former generation. Their memories must often pay the penalty imposed on them by the reticence of their government and countrymen regarding all that the Portuguese have discovered during the last century in Africa. They wished to exclude all other nations from that continent, and to keep their knowledge of the interior to themselves, and they succeeded but too well. It would be idle to estimate to what extent the misery which Africa has suffered since is due to this policy of concealment; but we may fairly credit those who have done their best to pour light into the darkness, with all the good results which are likely to follow our better acquaintance with the great central home of the negro races.

Geographers may, I think, accept, without reserve, Livingstone's estimate of geographical discoverers as being simply the pioneers of commerce and civilisation. Regarding commerce, exaggeration is simply impossible in speaking of the probable results of Livingstone's labours in opening up the interior of Africa. It may be briefly but truly said, that there are few things which that country can produce which we do not need, and shall not be willing to pay for—few manufactures which Europe, Asia, and America produce which will not find a ready market in Africa. It is clear that the Negroes are far removed from those races in Asia and America, who are found to be incapable of industrial arts, and insensible to the value of foreign manufactures, which they are too ignorant or apathetic to make for themselves. The Negroes, as a rule, are obviously fond of fine clothes, of metal work,

and of that infinite variety of manufactured goods which Europe, Asia, and America can supply. They are also well disposed to labour as far as may be necessary to pay for them, in such things as their country produces in the grain, the cotton and other fibres, the oils, the metals, the timber, the skins, the dyes, and the multitude of other articles which they can send to us. Protection to the trader, and the abolition of traffic in human flesh are the only two requisites to a growth of commerce, which will probably exceed anything witnessed in our dealings with other nations in modern days. It is clearly from no cause, but the want of means to possess themselves of clothing materials, that the Africans generally are content with so little clothing. If they could be once assured that they would be allowed to enjoy the fruits of their own agricultural labour, and that the trader would be protected in dealing with them, all the looms of Europe would not suffice to supply the material which Africa could consume; and so of metal work, and hardware, of earthenware and other manufactured goods, which are even now eagerly bought for raw produce, wherever trade and traders can exist.

We already see that the apparently inscrutable problem presented by the persistent barbarism of the negro races, was mainly due to their practical isolation from all contact with more civilised peoples; and since the country has been opened up by travellers, we may reasonably hope that the same improvement in civilisation will follow which is observable where similar facilities have, in other continents, been afforded to barbarous races for communicating with the civilised nations which touch their frontiers.

Everywhere following close upon the traveller and the trader we find the Christian missionary, and from every point of the compass efforts are now directed by the missionaries of Europe and America, and even of Asia, to carry the light of the gospel into the lands which Livingstone and his followers have discovered.

Men will differ in their estimates of the results of missionary labour among the Negroes, not only according to their varying views of the capacity of the negro races, but according to the different degrees in which they may be themselves impressed by the power of the gospel. Those, however, who are the most sceptical as to our ever being able to make anything of Negroes, or who estimate at the lowest point the power of the gospel to elevate and improve the races of

mankind, must feel that it is physically, morally, and intellectually impossible for the great civilised nations of Europe and America to send men eminent in their own land for energy of character and moral elevation of spirit, to labour in Africa for the improvement of Africans, without their effecting a great change, even in the most hopeless material which presents itself to us in that continent.

Two things are abundantly clear regarding the great mass of the negro race. First, it is a physical impossibility to remove them, as might be thought desirable by some, off the face of the earth. They are so prolific, so full of life, that even a Tamerlane or Gengis Khan would find their destruction impossible in any sense analogous to that which has swept or is sweeping from the face of the earth the Red Indian, the Polynesian, and many other of the races of Europe and Asia. The Negro seems positively to defy physical extinction, and the few years of rest which are imposed on the exterminator by the desolation of the country and by the exhaustion of the conqueror, suffice to repeople the fertile plains of Africa with a race as light-hearted, as careless of all but animal enjoyment, and as prolific as those which seem to have inhabited the same plains from the remotest ages.

On the other hand it is equally clear that even a very imperfect amount of civilisation supplies much that is wanting in the negro character, and converts the weakest and most timid of the negro tribe into races distinctly superior in physical as well as moral characteristics. Witness the changes everywhere effected by the propagandists of Islam. There can be no doubt that wherever Islam has extended itself into negro-land, there the Mussulman Negro is a vastly superior being to the Fetish worshipper. Philosophers may dispute as to whether monotheism, or the law of the Kuran, or the brotherhood of Islam, has the greater share in the change; to the practical observer the results are everywhere the same. The Moslem Negro is everywhere a finer, stronger, more energetic, and a more trustworthy being than the idolater. And however much we may dispute as to the relative civilising power of Christianity as compared with Islam, the practical observer will also come unhesitatingly to the conclusion that, without reference to the superior truth or morality of either system, there can be no doubt that the civilising power of Christianity is vastly greater than that of Islam.

If any one has doubts upon this subject,

let him consider the different teachings of the two religions on only three points, one intellectual, the other two moral or social.

As the civilisation propagated by Islam advances, the intellectual inquirer finds that whatever may be its abstract teachings regarding the value of truth, the pursuit of truth by man's unfettered intellect is prohibited. In some directions of historical research the true believer may inquire at will, and according to the best canons of modern historical investigation; but woe be to him if he applies the same mode of investigation to any part of the history of the Prophet, or of his followers, or their teachings;—he immediately becomes a helpless heretic and infidel. There are not, as in other religions, any two opinions tolerable on the subject. A perfectly free investigation of all historical problems is utterly inconsistent with the orthodox teachings of Islam, so with geography—so with astronomy—so with every branch of physical science. The tyranny of the Syllabus is a cobweb compared with the bonds of Moslem orthodoxy, and the disciple of Islam must either abandon his faith in the Kuran and its teachings, or all hope of free intellectual inquiry.

It is needless to point to the contrast afforded by Christianity. Whatever errors the freest intellectual inquiry may have at times for some very sincere and excellent Christians, there can be no doubt that in the long-run the spread of Christianity has everywhere been marked by a corresponding impulse to intellectual investigation of every kind. The fear of the freest intellectual inquiry prevails only where there has been a deadness or partial paralysis of religious fervour; and every fresh manifestation of religious enthusiasm among Christians has invariably been marked in the history of the last two thousand years by a fresh manifestation of intellectual energy and inventive effort, in every department of human knowledge and progress. We may dispute for ever as to which is cause and which is effect; but that the two results are always as far as possible contemporaneous admits of no doubt, whether we study history in Egypt or Italy, in Spain or Gaul, in England, in Germany, or in the United States.

Nor is the result of the comparative effects of Islam and Christianity at all different when we come to mixed problems of morality and civil policy or social order. There can be no doubt that while the spirit of Christianity condemns slavery and polygamy, the spirit of Islam tolerates both. Either slavery

or polygamy by itself would be quite sufficient to infuse decay into any system of civilisation. This is not so observable when the civilisation of Islam is contrasted with that of some African superstition, for Islam greatly mitigates both the slavery and the polygamy of the unconverted African; but it becomes immediately conspicuous when brought in contrast with the teachings of Christianity. There may be many who still talk of, and some who still believe in the inevitable destiny of the black races to be slaves to all eternity, but there can be but very few who do not recognise that the presence of slavery is incompatible with advancing Christianity, and that either Christianity must stand still and decay, or slavery must be extinguished. So with polygamy. The system may be tolerated in a simple pastoral or agricultural people, where few are rich and where none but the very rich can afford more than one wife; but it is a certain social canker whenever society settles down into civilised forms, and wealth increases. The stagnation and decrease of population, the ruin of aristocracies, and the destruction of dynasties are among the smallest evils of polygamy; but they are inevitable results. And here again the general law of Christendom which allows but one wife, is found in its practical results to be a certain safeguard for social progress.

If, then, as we see proved on every side, the imperfect teachings of Islam immediately and immensely elevate the Negro, may we not hope with Livingstone that the teaching of Christianity will indeed be life to the dead?

Of Livingstone's character it is difficult for those who knew him intimately to speak without appearance of exaggeration. Of his intellectual force and energy he has given such proof as few men can afford. Any five years of his life might, in any other occupation, have established a character, and raised for him a fortune, such as none but the most energetic of our race can realise. His powers of observation and practical sagacity I have never seen exceeded. Both, possibly, were rendered more acute by the life he led; but he had the quickness of eye and the power of judging of forces and results which belong only to the great organizer, politician, or general. Equally remarkable was his knowledge of character and penetration. No flattery could blind him, no allurements could lead him aside; his estimate of men was unerring.

But his great characteristic was his perfect simplicity and single-mindedness. People

might think his object eccentric and unaccountable; but no one could possibly suspect him for a moment of duplicity, or of seeking anything but the object he announced, and seeking it by the most direct and open path. He was not wanting in the cautious reserve and practical sagacity of his countrymen; but no man could be more open in all that he had a right to tell, or in all that his inquirer had a right to ask, and this was one great element of his strength in dealing with uncivilised as well as civilised men. Powerful as was his energy and perseverance, it was the straightness, and directness, and openness of his aim, that constituted his greatest strength.

Next to this I would rank as his prominent characteristic his patience. Some men who had to deal with him, said he had an incapacity and dislike for combined action with other people; the truth undoubtedly was, he felt so strong himself, and so little needed the advice and help which others could give, that he generally found he did best alone, and this sometimes gave an appearance of impracticability to his propositions, and joined to his quick intuition, for which he could not always give full reasons, occasionally brought on him the charge of obstinacy in combined action. But he was rarely, if ever, mistaken; when he had entirely his own way no man could be more safely trusted to lead aright, and however he might differ in opinion from those with whom he came in contact, nothing could be less arrogant than his expression of dissent, however firm and decided. Like all men of iron frame and unbending will, he often seemed intolerant of weakness. When he saw his object clearly within reach, he could not stop to count the cost of attaining it, and the determination which in the general or surgeon would have been at once accepted as the inspiration of genius, was sometimes set down by his fellow-travellers as want of sympathy with their sufferings. To himself Livingstone had long since died, and he expected from all the same self-devotion to his work which had become a part of his very nature.

In his intercourse with the poor or the weak, with children or with women, no pastor could be more gentle or tolerant or more full of the highest characteristics of a Christian gentleman. It was, in fact, his Christian faith which was the mainspring of his character in all its relations. In his courage, in his energy, in his patience, and in his large toleration and unflinching charity

for all mankind, the most superficial observer could not but recognise the devoted follower of his Divine Master and Exemplar. He had no love for theological controversy, little toleration for theological bitterness, but his whole soul was possessed with the spirit of the gospel, and his every thought, word, and deed could be recognised as inspired by the Spirit of Christ.

Men sometimes said he did not give them much the idea of a great missionary. He was full of observation and of quiet humour, and no man enjoyed cheerful society more than he did; but this was mainly due to the fact that he had found the peace which passeth all understanding. If he sometimes seemed to lay less claim to the office of a minister of the gospel than he might have done, it was because he regarded his own office as that simply of a pioneer, to prepare the way for those who should come after him, to teach and preach the gospel in more distinct terms to the millions he might render accessible to it. Had he lived in earlier ages, he might have seen less of hope or joy in what he undertook, and have been more of an ascetic; but though he was full of joy as well as of peace in believing, no man in these days realised more completely the great work of the forerunner who is everywhere needed to go before, to prepare the way for Him who is coming—no man of our time has done more the work of the Baptist in making straight the paths by which shall be brought Him who gives sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, freedom to the captive.

It is not in our day that we can realise the greatness of the work he has accomplished. His life may be written in terms which shall make it the chosen volume of the young and old, like the pages which tell of the daring of Nelson, or the adventures of the shipwrecked hero of Defoe; but it will yet be generations ere our children shall know how vast a work was done by the strong-willed and firm-hearted Scotchman who, in his solitary tramp, traversed for years the forest and marsh that he might open the path for the missionary and the merchant to reach the dusky millions of Central Africa.

No greater proof of his power could be given than that which his followers are said to have now afforded, in bearing his lifeless body back to his fellow-countrymen. Be it remembered these men were not chosen or well-educated specimens of African aristocracy. They were one and all liberated slaves, with nothing to direct them but the precepts, nothing to sustain them but the example and

their memories of one devoted Christian. For a thousand miles and more they have borne coastward those remains which no old African traveller believed any bribe would have induced them, or could have enabled them, to carry a score of leagues. If they succeed in restoring Livingstone's relics to his native land, let no man henceforth ever say that the people of Africa are incapable of acts of the highest and most sustained heroism and self-devotion.

Every one naturally asks, Where shall the remains rest, if we are allowed to receive them? Had Livingstone been consulted, he would perhaps have preferred to be buried where he fell, in the same land which contains the remains of his beloved wife. From the little that I used to hear from him on such subjects it always seemed to me that his hopes were fixed on resting near where she had rested; but he may at the time of his death have felt that this would have exposed his faithful followers to much unmerited suspicion and obloquy, and that it would lead his countrymen to attempt to unravel the mystery which would have still surrounded his disappearance, and thus might risk many valuable lives; and so he may have charged his followers to carry to the coast the only indubitable evidence of his death. None but they who know practically the difficulties of African travel can rightly appreciate the marvellous devotion with which this undertaking has been accomplished.

Many of his countrymen, again, might wish his remains to rest by the side of the parents whom he so loved and revered, or in the old cathedral of the town where he learnt and laboured in his youth; but his remains belong not to Scotland alone, or to any county or kingdom, but to the English empire.

There is one place where for ages past the men of these lands have been in the habit of laying those who have contributed in any conspicuous degree to build up this empire—whether kings or princes, warriors or statesmen, great lawyers, great nobles, or the poets, the orators, and the authors who have helped to perfect our language and literature. That is the only fitting place for him to rest who has opened to the English nation and to all mankind, a quarter of the globe which had for thousands of years remained practically a closed country more jealously shut up from the eye of foreign intruder, by nature and the evil passions of man, than China or Japan. When Dean Stanley wrote from St. Petersburg, as soon as he heard of Dr. Livingstone's death, to offer his remains a resting-place in Westminster Abbey, he rightly divined what would be the feeling of the whole people of the British Empire, and it will be long ere we see received within those walls one of our time and race worthier to rest among the greatest men of these Islands.

H. B. E. F.

March 18th, 1874.

THE EASTER DECORATIONS.

○ TAKE away your dried and painted garlands !
The snow-cloth's fallen from each quickened brow,
The stone's rolled off the sepulchre of winter,
And risen leaves and flowers are wanted now.

Send out the little ones, that they may gather
With their pure hands the firstlings of the birth,—
Green-golden tufts and delicate half-blown blossoms,
Sweet with the fragrance of the Easter earth ;

Great primrose bunches, with soft, damp moss clinging
To their brown fibres, nursed in hazel roots ;
And violets from the shady banks and copses,
And wood-anemones, and white hawthorn-shoots ;

And tender curling fronds of fern, and grasses,
And crumpled leaves from brink of babbling rills,
With cottage-garden treasures—pale narcissi,
And lilac plumes, and yellow daffodils.

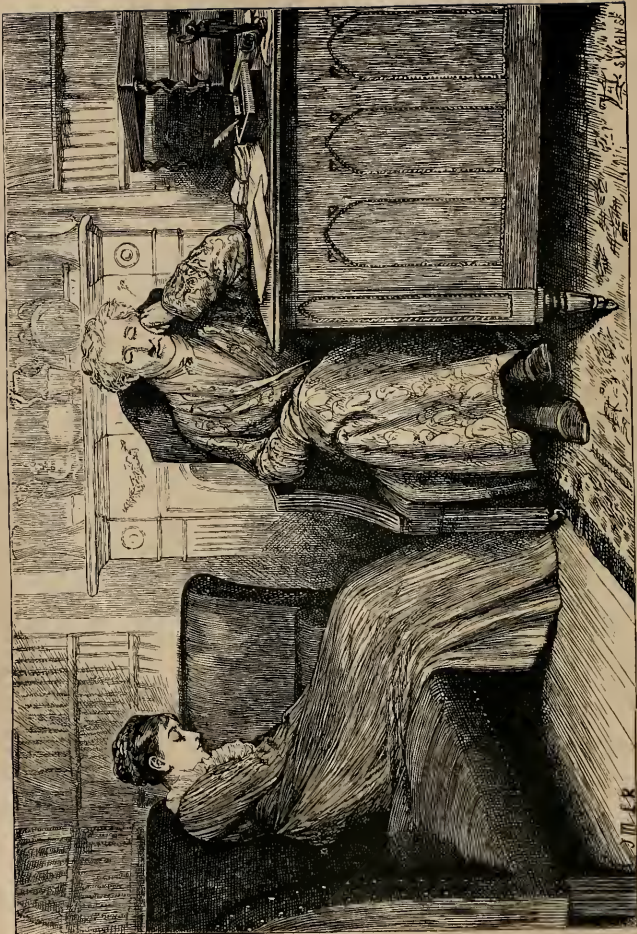
Open the doors, and let the Easter sunshine
Flow warmly in and out, in amber waves ;
And let the perfume floating round our altar
Meet the new perfume from the outer graves.



And let the Easter "Alleluia!" mingle
With the sweet silver rain-notes of the lark ;
Let us all sing together!—Lent is over,
Captivity and winter, death and dark.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.





“MY MOTHER AND I.”

MY MOTHER AND I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER IX.



It was just a week after the ball—a happy week; for, as Mrs. Rix said, all the family seemed happier now. Cousin Conrad had come back.

We had

missed him much. My grand-father was the sort of man who would be always autocrat absolute in his own house; but Cousin Conrad was his prime minister. To him—the heir presumptive, as everybody knew—came everybody, with their petitions, their difficulties, their cares. Far and near, all helpless people claimed his help; all idle people his unoccupied time. His money, too. Moderate as his income was, he seemed always to have enough to give to those that needed it. But he invariably gave cautiously, and in general secretly. So much so, that I have heard people call Major Picardy a rather “near” man. How little they knew!

We missed him, I say, because he was the guiding spirit of the house. Guiding, for he never attempted to rule. Yet his lightest word was always obeyed, because we saw clearly that when he said, “Do this,” he meant, “Do it, not because I say so, but because it is right.” The right, followed unswervingly, unhesitatingly, and without an atom of selfishness or fear, was the pivot upon which his whole life turned. Therefore his influence, the divinest form of authority, was absolutely unlimited.

Besides, as Mrs. Rix sometimes said to me—just as if I did not see it all!—he was “so comfortable to live with.” In him were

none of those variable moods of dulness, melancholy, or ill-temper, which men so often indulge in—moods which in a child we call “naughtiness,” and set the sinner in a corner with his face to the wall, or give him a good whipping and let him alone; but in his papa, or grandpapa, or uncle, we submit to as something charmingly inevitable, rather interesting than not, although the whole household is thereby victimised. But Cousin Conrad victimised no one; he was always sweet-tempered, cheerful, calm, and wise. His one great sorrow seemed to have swallowed up all lesser ones, so that the minor vexations of life could not afflict him any more. Or else it was because he, of all men I ever knew, lived the most in himself, and yet out of himself; and therefore was able to see all things with larger, clearer eyes. Whether he knew this or not; whether he was proud or humble, as people count humility, I cannot tell. No one could, because he never talked of himself at all.

Young as I was, I had sense to see all this in him, the first man with whom I was ever thrown in friendly relations; to see and—what does one do when one meets that which is perfectly loveable and admirable? admire it? love it? No; love is hardly the word for that kind of feeling. We adore.

This did not strike me as remarkable, because everybody in degree did the same. Never was there a person better loved than he. And yet he gave himself no pains to be popular; he seldom tried to please anybody particularly; only to be steadily kind and simply good, to everybody.

Good above all to me, unworthy! Oh, so good!

The one person whose opinion of him I did not know, was my mother’s, though he had ridden over to see her, taking messages from me, almost every week. But she said little about him, and I did not like to ask. One of the keenest pleasures I looked forward to in this her visit was, that she would then learn to know Cousin Conrad as I knew him. Mrs. Rix said, as soon as my mother came to chaperon me, she should go to Cheltenham. Then how happy would we three be, walking, talking together, the best company in the world!

For the first time in my life, I thought without jealousy of my mother’s enjoying anybody’s company but mine. Planning the

days to come, which seemed to rise up one after the other, like the slope after slope of sunshiny green which melted into the blue sky at the top of Lansdowne Hill, I sat at my bed-room window, perhaps the happiest girl in all Bath.

Ah, pleasant city of Bath! how sweet it looked to me then, a girl in my teens! How sweet it looks still to me, an old woman! Ay, though I walk its streets with tired feet, thinking of other feet that walk there no more, but in a far-away City which I see not yet; still dear to my heart, and fair to my eyes, is every nook and corner of that city, where I was so happy when I was young.

Happy, even in such small things as my new dress, which I had been arranging for the evening. We went out so much, that I should have been very ill off had not my grandfather given me plenty of beautiful clothes. When I hesitated, Cousin Conrad said, "Take them; it is your right, and it makes him happy." So I took them, and enjoyed them too. It is pleasant to feel that people notice one's dress—people whose opinion one values. I laughed to think my mother would not call me "untidy" now.

Also, I was glad to believe, to be quite sure, that my grandfather was not ashamed of me. When Mrs. Rix told him how many partners I had, he used to smile complacently. "Of course! She is a Miss Picardy—a true Miss Picardy. Isn't she, Conrad?" At which Cousin Conrad would smile too.

He always went out with us now, though he did not dance; but he kept near us, and made everything easy and pleasant, almost as pleasant as being at home.

But these home evenings were the best, after all. I hoped they would come back again, when my mother was here. Often I pictured to myself how we would enjoy them. My grandfather asleep in his chair; my mother and Cousin Conrad sitting on the large sofa, one at either end; and I myself on my favourite little chair, opposite them. How often he laughed at me—such a big, tall girl—for liking such a little chair! They would talk together, and I would sit silent, watching their two faces. Oh, how happy I should be!

I had fallen into so deep a reverie, that when there came a knock to my door I started.

It was only Mrs. Rix, coming to say that my grandfather wanted me. But she did it in such a mysterious way—and besides, it was odd he should want me at that early hour, and in his study, where few ever went except Cousin Conrad.

"What does he want me for? There is nothing the matter?"

"Oh no, my dear; quite the contrary, I do assure you. But, as I said to the General, 'She is so innocent, I am sure she has not the slightest idea'—oh dear, what am I saying?—I only promised to tell you that your grandfather wanted you."

"I will come directly."

She said true; I had not the slightest idea. I no more guessed what was coming upon me than if I had been a baby of five years old. I stayed calmly to fold up my dress and put my ribbons by, Mrs. Rix looking on with that air of deferential mysteriousness which had rather vexed me in her of late.

"That is right, my dear. Be very particular in your toilette; it is the proper thing, under—your circumstances. But here I am, letting the cat out of the bag again, which the Major said I was on no account to do."

"Is Cousin Conrad with my grandfather?" said I, with a sudden doubt that this might concern him, his going back to India, or something.

"Oh no. He and Sir Thomas went away together—Sir Thomas Appleton, you know—who has been sitting with the General these two hours."

"Has he?" and I was just going to add, "How very tired my grandfather must be!" when I remembered the young man was a favourite with Mrs. Rix; at least, she always contrived to have him near us, and to get me to dance with him. The latter I liked well enough—he was a beautiful dancer; the former I found rather a bore. But then he was an excellent person, Cousin Conrad said, and they two were very good friends; which had inclined me to be kind, kinder than I might otherwise have been, to Sir Thomas Appleton.

Forgetting all about him, I ran down-stairs, gaily too. For second thoughts told me there was nothing to be afraid of. If anything were going to happen—if Cousin Conrad had been returning to India, he would have told me; certainly as soon as he told Mrs. Rix. He had got into a habit of talking to me, and telling me things, very much as a kind elder brother would tell a young sister, whom he wished to make happy with his trust as well as his tenderness. And it did make me happy, more and more so every day. My soul seemed to grow, like a flower in sunshine, and to stretch itself out so as to be able to understand what seemed to me, the more I knew of it, the most perfect character of a man that I had ever heard or read of.

And yet he liked me—poor ignorant me! and I was certain, if he were going out to India, or anywhere else, he would have told me as soon as he told her. So I threw aside all uneasiness, and knocked at my grandfather's door with a heart as light as a child's.

For the last time! It never was a child's heart any more.

"Come in, my dear! Pardon my dressing-gown. If I did not receive you thus early, I might not have caught you at all. You have, I hear, such endless engagements, and are growing the cynosure of every eye in Bath."

"I, sir?" said I, puzzled over the word "cynosure," being, alas! not classically educated, like my grandfather and Cousin Conrad. Still it apparently meant something nice, and my grandfather smiled as if at some pleasant idea; so I smiled too.

"Yes, they tell me you are universally admired," patting my hand affectionately with his soft old fingers. "Quite natural too. One of your friends," he looked at me keenly, "one of your most ardent friends, has been praising you to me for these two hours."

"Sir Thomas Appleton, was it? But he is Mrs. Rix's friend, rather than mine. She is exceedingly fond of him."

I said this, I know I did, with the most perfect simplicity and gravity. My grandfather again looked at me, with a sort of perplexed inquiry, then smiled with his grand air.

"Quite right. The proper thing entirely, in so very young a lady. My dear Elma, your conduct is all I could desire. How old are you?"

"Seventeen and a half."

"My mother, your grandmother—no, she would be your great-grandmother—was, I remember, married at seventeen."

"Was she? That was rather young—too young, my mother would think. She did not marry till she was thirty."

I said that rather confusedly. I always did feel a little confused when people began to talk of these sort of things.

My grandfather drew himself up with dignity.

"Mrs. Picardy's opinion and practice are, of course, of the highest importance. Still, you must allow me to differ from her. In our family, early marriages have always been the rule, and very properly. A young wife is much more likely to bend to her husband's ways, and this—especially in cases where the

up-bringing has been, hem! a little different—is very desirable. In short, when in such a case a suitable match offers, I think, be the young lady ever so young, her friends have no right to refuse it."

What young lady? Did he mean me? Was anybody wanting to marry me? I began to tremble violently—why, I hardly knew.

"Sit down, my dear. Do not be agitated, though a little agitation is of course natural, under the circumstances. But did I not say that I am quite satisfied with you? and—let me assure you—with the gentleman likewise."

It was that, then. Somebody was wanting to marry me.

Now, I confess I had of late thought a great deal about love, but of marriage almost nothing. Of course marriage follows love, as daylight dawn; but this wonderful, glorious dawn, colouring all the sleeping world—this was the principal thing. When one sits on a hill-top, watching the sun rise, one does not much trouble oneself about what will happen at noonday. To love, with all one's soul and strength, to spend and be spent for the beloved object; perhaps, if one deserved it, to be loved back again, in an ecstasy of bliss—these were thoughts and dreams not unfamiliar and exquisitely sweet. But the common idea of marriage, as I heard it discussed by girls about me: the gentleman paying attention, proposing, then a grand wedding, with dresses and bridesmaids and breakfast, ending by an elegant house and everything in good style; this I regarded, if not with indifference, with a sort of sublime contempt. That I should ever marry in that way! I felt myself grow hot all over at the idea.

"Yes, my dear, I assure you Sir Thomas Appleton—"

Now the truth broke upon me! His persistent following of us, Mrs. Rix's encouragement of him, her incessant praising of him to me; and I had been civil and kind to him, bore as he was, for her sake and Cousin Conrad's! Oh me, poor me!

"Sir Thomas Appleton, Elma, has asked my permission to pay his addresses to you. He is a young man of independent fortune, good family, and unblemished character. He may not be—well, I have known cleverer men, but he is quite the gentleman. You will soon reciprocate his affection, I am sure. Come, my dear, allow me to congratulate you." And he dropped on my forehead a light kiss, the first he had ever given me. "Pray be calm. I had wished Mrs. Rix to commu-

licate this fact, but Conrad thought I had better tell you myself."

The "fact," startling as it was, affected me less than this other fact—that Cousin Conrad knew it.

My heart stood still a moment; then began to beat so violently, that I could neither hear nor see. Instinctively I shrank back out of my grandfather's sight, but he did not look at me. With his usual delicacy he began turning over papers, till I should recover myself.

For I must recover myself, I knew that, though from what I hardly did know; except that it was not the feeling he attributed to me. Still, I must control it. Cousin Conrad knew all, and would be told all.

When my grandfather turned round, I think he saw the quietest possible face, for he patted my hand approvingly.

"That is right. Look happy, you ought to be happy. Let me again say I am quite satisfied. Sir Thomas has behaved throughout exceedingly like a gentleman. Especially in applying to me first, which he did, he says, by Conrad's advice, you being so very young. But not too young, I trust, to appreciate the compliment paid you, and the great advantage of such a connection. I, for my part, could not have desired for my granddaughter a better marriage; and, let me say it, in choosing you, Sir Thomas will do equal honour to my family and his own."

It never seemed to enter my grandfather's head that I should not marry Sir Thomas Appleton!

What was I to do, a poor, lonely girl? What was I to say when my answer was demanded? "No," it would be of course; but if I were hard pressed as to *why* I said no—

Easy enough to tell some point-blank lie, any lie that came to hand; but the truth, which I had always been accustomed to tell, without hesitation or consideration, that I could not tell. It burst upon me, while I sat there, blinding and beautiful as sunrise.

Why could I not marry Sir Thomas Appleton or any other man? Because, if so, I should have to give up thinking, as I had lately come to think, in all I did, or felt, or planned,—of a friend I had; who was more to me than any lover in the whole world. A man, the best man I ever knew, who, if twenty lovers were to come and ask me, I should still feel in my heart was superior to them all.

But—could I tell this to my grandfather, or any human being? And if not, why not?

What was it, this curious absorption which had taken such entire possession of me? Was it friendship? or—that other feeling which my mother and I had sometimes spoken about, as a thing to come one day? Had it come? And if so, what then?

A kind of terror came over me. I grew cold as a stone. For my life I could not have spoken a word.

There seemed no necessity to speak. Apparently my grandfather took everything for granted. He went on informing me in a gentle, courteous, business-like way that Sir Thomas and his sister, "a charming person, and delighted to welcome you into the family, my dear," would dine here to-morrow. "Not to-day; Conrad suggested that you would probably like to be alone with your mother to-day."

That word changed me from stone into flesh again—flesh that could feel, and feel with an infinite capacity of pain! I cried out with a great cry, "Oh, let me go home to my mother."

"I have already sent for her. She ought to be here in an hour," said my grandfather, rather stiffly, and again turned to his papers that I might compose myself. And I tried, oh, how desperately I tried, to choke down my sobs.

If I could only run away! hide myself anywhere, anyhow, out of everybody's sight! answering no questions and giving no explanations! That was my first thought. My second was less frantic, less cowardly. Whatever happened, I must not go away and leave my grandfather believing in a lie.

Twice, thrice, I opened my lips to speak—just one word—a brief, helpless, almost imploring "No," to be given by him at once to the young man who was so mistaken as to care for me; but it would not come. There I sat like a fool,—no, like a poor creature suddenly stunned, who knew not what she said or did—did not recognise herself at all except for a dim consciousness that her only safety lay in total silence.

Suddenly there came a knock at the hall-door close by.

"That's Conrad," said my grandfather, evidently relieved. Young ladies and their love affairs were too much for him after the first ten minutes. "Conrad said he would be back directly. Ah, must you go, my dear?" For I had started up like a hunted hare. At all costs I must escape now, at once too, before Cousin Conrad saw me. "Go, then, pray go. God bless you, my dear."

I just endured that benediction; a politeness rather than a prayer; and felt my grandfather touch my hand. Then I fled—fled like any poor, dumb beast with the hounds after it, and locked myself up in my own room.

I am an old woman now. I very seldom cry for anything; there is nothing now worth crying for. Still, I have caught myself dropping a harmless tear or two on this paper at the thought of that poor girl, Elma Picardy, in her first moments of anguish, terror, and despair.

It was at first actual despair. Not that of hopeless love; because if it was love, of course it was hopeless. The idea of being loved and married in the ordinary way by the only person whom it would be possible for me to love and marry, never entered into my contemplations. The despair was, because my mother would be here in an hour, either told or expecting to be told everything. And if I did not tell her, she, who knew me so well, would be sure to find it out. What should I do? For the first time in my life I dreaded to look in the face of my own mother.

She must be close at hand now. I took out my watch; ah, that watch! Cousin Conrad had given it me only a week ago, saying he did not want it, it was a lady's watch—his mother's, I think—and it would be useful to me. I might keep it till he asked for it. I did. It goes tick-tick-tick, singing its innocent daily song, just over my heart, to this day. A rather old watch now; but it will last my time. Laying my forehead on its calm white face—not my lips, though I longed to kiss it, but was afraid—I sobbed my heart out for a little while.

Then I rose up, washed my face and smoothed my hair, trying to make myself look, externally at least, like the same girl my mother sent away from her, only about six weeks since. Oh, what a gulf lay between that time and this! Oh, why did she ever send me away? Why did I ever come here? And yet—and yet—

No, I said to myself then, and I say now, that if all were to happen over again, I would not have had it different.

So I sat with my hands folded, looking up the same sunny hillside that I had looked at this morning, but the light seemed to have slipped away from it, and was fading, fading fast. Alas! the view had not changed, it was only I.

A full hour—more than an hour—I must have sat there, trying to shut out all thought, and concentrate myself into the one effort of listening for carriage wheels, which I thought

I should hear, even at the back of the house. Still they did not come. I had just begun to wonder why, when I heard myself called from the foot of the stairs.

"Is Miss Picardy there? I want Miss Picardy."

The familiar voice, kind and clear! It went through me like a sword. Then I sprang up and hugged my pain. It was only pain; there was nothing wrong in it; there could not be. Was it a sin, meeting with what was perfectly noble, good, and true; to see it, appreciate it, love it? Yes, I loved him. I was sure of that now. But it was as innocently, as ignorantly, as completely without reference to his loving me, as if he had been an angel from heaven.

Now, when I know what men are, even the best of them—not so very angelic after all—I smile to think how any girl could ever thus think of any man; yet when I remember my angel—not perhaps all I imagined him, but very perfect still—I do not despise myself. He came to me truly as an angel, a messenger, God's messenger of all things pure and high. As such I loved him—and love him still.

"Miss Picardy. Can any one tell me where to find Miss Picardy?"

For the second time I heard him call, and this time it felt like music through the house. I opened my door, and answered over the balustrade—

"I am here, Cousin Conrad. Has my mother come?"

"No."

My first feeling, let me tell the truth, was a horrible sense of relief. Ah me! that I ever should have been glad not to see my mother! Then I grew frightened. What could have kept her from coming? No small reason, surely; if she knew how much I needed her, and why she was sent for. But perhaps no one had told her.

Cousin Conrad seemed to guess at my perplexity and alarm. When I ran down-stairs to him, the kind face met me, and the extended hands, just as usual.

"I thought I would give you the news myself, lest you might be uneasy. But there is no cause, I think. Your grandfather only sent a verbal message, and has received the same back, that Mrs. Picardy is "not able" to come to-day, but will write to-morrow. However, if you like, I will ride over at once."

"Oh, no."

"To-morrow, then; but I forget. I have to go to London to-morrow for a week. Would you really wish to hear? I can ride over to-night in the moonlight."

"You are very kind. No."

My tongue "clave to the roof of my mouth," my poor, idle, innocent, chattering tongue. My eyes never stirred from the ground. Mercifully, I did not blush. I felt all cold and white. And there I stood, like a fool. No, I was not a fool. A fool would never have felt my pain; but would have been quite happy, and gone and married Sir Thomas Appleton.

Did he think I was going to do that? I was sure he was looking at me with keen observation, but he made no remark until he said at last, with a very gentle voice—

"You need not be unhappy, cousin, I think you are sure to see your mother to-morrow."

"Yes."

"Good-bye, then, till dinner time, the last time I shall see you for some days."

"Good-bye."

Possibly he thought I did not care about his going, or my mother's coming, or anything else,—except, perhaps, Sir Thomas Appleton!

Without another word he turned away, and went slowly down-stairs. It was a slow step, always firm and steady, but without the elasticity of youth. I listened to it, tread after tread, and to the sound of the hall-door shutting after it. Then I went back into my room again, and oh, how I cried!

CHAPTER X.

WE had a strangely quiet dinner that evening. There were only we four—my grandfather, Cousin Conrad, Mrs. Rix, and I: and, as usual when we were alone, my grandfather, with courteous formality, took Mrs. Rix in to dinner, and Cousin Conrad took me. I remember, as we crossed the hall, he glanced down on my left hand, which lay on his arm; but he did not pat it, as he sometimes did, and he treated me, I thought, less like a child than he had ever done before.

For me—what shall I say? what can I tell of myself? It is all so long ago, and even at the time I saw everything through such a mist—half fright, half pain—with a strange gleam of proud happiness shining through the whole.

I believed then, I believe still, that to be loved is a less thing than to love—to see that which is lovable, and love it. This kind of attachment, being irrespective of self, fears no change, and finds none. If it suffers, its very sufferings come to it in a higher and more bearable shape than to

smaller and more selfish affections. As Miranda says of Ferdinand—

"To be your fellow
You may deny me, but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no."

Ay, and not an unhappy service, though silent, as with a human woman—not a Miranda—it needs must be. I was happy, happier than I could tell, when I had managed that his seat at dinner should be nearest the fire—he loved fires, summer and winter; and that, in the drawing-room, the chair he found easiest for his hurt shoulder to lean against should be in the corner he liked best, where the lamplight did not strike against his eyes. The idea of his wooing or marrying me, or marrying anybody, after what he had told me, would have seemed a kind of sacrilege. But it did him no harm to be loved in this innocent way, and it did me good—oh, such infinite good! That quiet dinner-hour beside him, listening to his talk with my grandfather, which he kept up, I noticed, with generous pertinacity, so that nobody might trouble me; the comfort of being simply in the room with him, able to watch his face and hear the tones of his voice—how little can I tell of all this, how much can I remember! And I say again, even for a woman, to love is a better thing than to be loved.

Therefore, girls need not blush or fear, even if, by some hard fortune, they find themselves in as sad a position as I.

When Mrs. Rix fell asleep, as she always did when we were alone together after dinner, I sat down on the hearth-rug, with her little pet spaniel curled up in my lap, and thought, and thought, till I was nearly bewildered.

Neither she nor any one had named Sir Thomas Appleton. Nobody had taken the slightest notice of what had happened since morning, or what was going to happen to-morrow, except that in Mrs. Rix's manner to me there was a slight shade of added deference, and, in my grandfather's, of tenderness, as if something had made me of more consequence since yesterday. For Cousin Conrad, he was just the same. Of course, to him, nothing that had occurred made any difference.

Sometimes the whole thing seemed like a dream, and then I woke up to the consciousness of how true it all was, and of the necessity for saying and doing something that might end it. For if not, how did I know that I might not be dragged unwittingly into some engagement, some understood agreement that might bind me for life, when I

only wanted to be free—free to think, without sin, of one friend—the only man in the world in whom I felt the smallest interest—free to care for him, to help him if he ever needed it—to honour and love him always.

This was all. If I could only get rid of that foolish Sir Thomas, perhaps nobody else would ever want to marry me, and then I could go back into the old ways, externally at least, and nobody would ever guess my secret, not even my mother. For I had lately felt that there was something in me which even she did not understand, a reticence and strength of will which belonged not to the Dedmans, but the Picardys. Often, when I looked into his eyes, I was conscious of being, in character, not so very unlike my grandfather.

Therefore, nobody could force me or persuade me into any marriage—I was sure of that; and sitting in front of the fire—we had fires still, for Cousin Conrad's sake—idly twisting little Flossy's ears, I tried to nerve myself for everything.

Alas! not against everything; for when the two gentlemen came in, and behind them a third, it was more than I could bear. To my despair, I began blushing and trembling so much that people might fancy I actually loved him.

But, oh! how I hated him—his handsome face, his nervous, hesitating manner!

"I have to apologize. The General brought me in, just for five minutes, to say how sorry I was not to be able to pay my respects to Mrs. Picardy. To-morrow, perhaps to-morrow——"

"We shall all be most happy to see you to-morrow," said my grandfather, with grave dignity, and, turning to Mrs. Rix, left Sir Thomas to seat himself on a chair by my side.

I suppose I ought to have been grateful. Every girl ought to feel at least gratefully to the man that loves her. But I did not; I disliked, I almost loathed him.

Pardon, excellent, kindly, and very fat baronet, whom I meet every year, when you come up to London with a still handsome Lady Appleton and three charming Miss Appletons, who are all most polite to me—pardon! Everything is better as it is; both for you and for me.

It was a wretched wooing. Sir Thomas talked nervously to my grandfather, to Cousin Conrad, to everybody but me, who sat like a stone, longing to run away, yet afraid to do it. For now and then the General cast on me a look of slight annoyance—if so cour-

teous a gentleman could ever look annoyed; and Mrs. Rix came and whispered to me not to be "frightened." Frightened, indeed! At what? At a creature who was more than indifferent—absolutely detestable—to me, from the topmost curl of his black hair to the sole of his shining boots. He must have seen this; I wanted him to see it. Yet still he stayed on, and on, as if he would never go.

When at last he did, and I faced the three with whom I had lived so happily all these weeks—the three who knew everything, and knew that I knew they knew it—it was a dreadful moment.

"I think we had better retire," said my grandfather, rather sternly. "Conrad, I want you for a few minutes. And Mrs. Rix, you who are accustomed to the ways of society, will perhaps take the trouble to explain to my granddaughter that—that—"

"I understand, General. Rely upon me," said Mrs. Rix mysteriously.

And then, with the briefest good night to me, my grandfather left the room.

Mrs. Rix, having her tongue now unsealed, made the most of her opportunity. How she did talk! What about, I very dimly remember, except that it was on the great advantage of being married young, and to a person of wealth and standing. Then she held out to me all the blessings that would come to me on my marriage—country house, town house, carriages, horses, dresses, diamonds—the Appleton diamonds were known all over the county. In short, she painted my future *couleur de rose*, only it seemed mere landscape-painting, figures omitted, especially one figure which I had heretofore considered most important of all—the husband.

What did I answer? Nothing—I had nothing to say. To speak to the poor woman would have been like two people talking in different languages. Besides, I despised too much all her arguments, herself also—ay, in my arrogant youth I actually despised her—poor, good-natured Mrs. Rix, who only desired my happiness. If her notion of happiness was not mine, why blame her? As I afterwards learnt, she had had a hard enough life of her own, to make her feel now that to secure meat, drink, and clothing of the best description for the whole of one's days, was, after all, not a bad thing.

But I? Oh! I could have lived on bread and water; I could have served on my knees; I could have given up every luxury, have suffered every sorrow—provided it were myself alone that suffered—if only I might

never have been parted from some one—not Sir Thomas Appleton.

Mrs. Rix talked till she was tired, and then, quite satisfied, I suppose, that silence meant acquiescence, and no doubt a little proud of her own powers of rhetoric, she bade me a kind good night, and went upstairs.

I crouched once more on the hearth-rug, without even the little dog, feeling the loneliest creature alive. Not crying—I was past that—but trying to harden myself into beginning to endure. *Vincit qui patitur*, my mother's favourite motto, to me had as yet borne no meaning. I had had such a happy life, with almost nothing to endure. Now, I must begin—I must take up my burden and bear it, whatever it might be. And I must bear it alone. No more—ah! never any more—could I run to my mother, and lay my grief in her arms, and feel that her kiss took away almost every sting of pain. At least, so I thought then.

I tried to shut my eyes on the far future, and think only of to-morrow. Then I must inevitably speak to my grandfather, and ask him to give Sir Thomas a distinct No. If further information were required, I must say simply that I did not love him, and therefore could not marry him; and keep to that. Nobody could force out of me anything more; and all reasonings and persuasions I must meet with that stony silence, easy enough towards ordinary persons, whom I cared as little for as for Mrs. Rix. But with my mother?—I felt a frantic desire, now, that everything should be over and done before my mother came. Then, she and I would return to the village together, and go back to our old life—with a difference—oh, what a difference!

It was not wholly pain. I deny that. Miserable and perplexed as I was, I felt at intervals content, glad, nay, proud. I had found out the great secret of life; I was a child no more, but a woman, with a woman's heart. When I thought of it, I hid my face, a burning face, though I was quite alone, yet I had no sense of shame. To be ashamed, indeed, because I had seen the best, the highest, and loved it! Mrs. Rix had said, *apropos* of my "shyness," that of course no girl ought to care for any man until he asked her. But I thought the angels, looking down into my poor heart, might look with other eyes than did Mrs. Rix.

So I was not ashamed. Not even when the door suddenly opened, and Cousin Conrad himself came in. I sprang up, and

made believe I had been warming myself at the fire—that was all.

"I beg your pardon, Elma, but your grandfather sent me here to see if you had gone to bed."

"I was just going. Does he want me?"

"No."

Conrad was so quiet that I perforce grew quiet too, even when he came and sat down by me on the sofa.

"Have you a few minutes to spare?" because the General asked me to speak to you about a matter which you must surely guess. Shall I say my few words now, or put them off till morning?"

"Say them now."

For I felt that whatever was to happen had best happen at once, and then be over and done.

Our conversation did not last very long, but I remember it, almost word for word, even to this day. Throughout, he was his own natural self—calm, gentle, kind. I could see, he had never the slightest idea he was wounding me, stabbing me deep down to the heart with such a tender hand.

"I suppose you know," he said, "what I am desired to speak to you about?"

"I think I do."

"And I hope you know also, that I should not take the liberty—brotherly liberty though it be, for I feel to you like an elder brother—if the General had not expressly desired it, and if I were not afraid of any excitement bringing on a return of his illness. You would be very sorry for that."

"Yes." Yes and No were all the words I found myself capable of answering.

"Your grandfather is, as you perceive, very proud of you, fond of you too. In his sort of way he has set his heart upon your making what he calls a good marriage. Now, Sir Thomas Appleton—"

I turned and looked him full in the face. I wished to find out how far he spoke from his heart, and how far in accordance with his duty and my grandfather's desire.

"Sir Thomas Appleton is not a brilliantly clever man, nor, in all things, exactly the man I should have expected would please you; but he would please almost any girl, and he is thoroughly good, upright, and gentlemanly. In worldly advantages this is, as your grandfather and Mrs. Rix say," he slightly smiled, "a very 'good' marriage indeed. Nor, I think, would your mother disapprove of it, nor need you do so, for her sake. You will be married sometime, I suppose: she knows that. This marriage would

secure to her a home for life, in the house of a son-in-law, who I doubt not would be as good a son to her as he always was to his own mother. Elma, are you listening?"

Of course I was! I heard every word—took in with a cruel certainty that if I said "Yes," it would make everybody happy, most likely Cousin Conrad too.

"You wish me then, you all wish me, to

marry Sir Thomas Appleton, whether I care for him or not?"

He noticed the excessive bitterness of my tone. "No, you mistake. In fact, I must be in some mistake too. I thought, from what they said, that there was not the slightest doubt you cared for him. At least that his love was not unacceptable to you."

"Love!" I said fiercely. "He has



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danced with me half-a-dozen times at a ball, and talked with me at two or three evening parties. How can he love me? What does he know of me? As much as I of him—which is nothing, absolutely nothing. How dare he say he loves me?"

I stood with my heart throbbing and my eyes burning. I wished to do something—to hurt something, or somebody, I was so

hurt and sore myself. And then I fell a-crying. Not violently, but the great tears would roll down. I was terribly ashamed of myself. When I looked up again, I am sure there must have been something in my eyes—he once told me I had deer's eyes—not unlike a deer when the hunter stands over her with his knife at her throat.

"Cousin Conrad, why do you persuade me

to marry your friend, when I don't love him, when I don't want to marry him or anybody, but only to go home to my mother? Oh, why can't you leave us at peace together? We were so happy, my mother and I?"

I broke into one single sob. At the moment my only thought was to hide myself from him and all the world in my mother's arms.

Cousin Conrad looked much troubled. "There has been some great blunder," he said, "and the General must have been utterly misled. I am glad he sent me to speak to you instead of speaking himself; for when he finds out the truth, he will be, I fear, exceedingly—disappointed. And for poor Sir Thomas, was it such a very unnatural and wicked thing to love you?" And he went on speaking with great kindness, touching kindness, of the many good qualities of the man who wanted to marry me—me, simple Elma Picardy, without fortune or accomplishments, or anything to recommend me, except perhaps my poor pretty face. A generous love, at any rate, and I could perceive he thought it so.

It was very hard to bear. Even now, at this distance of time, I repeat that it was very hard to bear. For a moment, in an impulse of sharp pain, I felt inclined to do as many a girl has done under like circumstances—to throw myself, just as I was, into the refuge of a good man's love, where I should suffer no more, be blamed no more; where all my secret would be covered over, and nobody would ever know. And then I looked at the noble good face that from my first glance at it had seemed distinct from every face I ever beheld, except my mother's.

No, I could not do it. Not while he stood there, alone in the world, with no tie that made it wrong for me to think of him as I did. I *must* think of him. I *must* love him. Though it killed me, I must love him, and never dream of marrying anybody else.

So I said, quite quietly, that I should be very much obliged to him if he would take the trouble of telling my grandfather the real state of the case, as I feared this morning I did not make him understand. In truth I was so terribly frightened.

"Poor child! But you are not afraid of me? You know I would never urge you to do anything that made you unhappy? My dear Elma, of course you shall go back to your mother. Believe me, very few of us men are worth giving up a mother for."

He patted my hand. Oh why could I not

snatch it away? What a horrible hypocrite I did feel!

"And now let us see what can be done, for it is rather difficult. I have to go away early to-morrow morning, and shall probably be absent the whole week. In the meantime it will never do for you and your grandfather to talk this over together; he will get irritated with you."

"Oh let me go home to my mother."

"She expressly said you were on no account to go, but to wait till she came or sent for you."

This was odd, but I did not take it much into account then. I was too perplexed and miserable.

"The only way that I can see is for me to tell your grandfather that some difficulties have arisen, and that I have gone to Sir Thomas to beg him not to urge his suit until Mrs. Picardy arrives. The General will accept that explanation, and think no more about it till the week is ended. You know, Elma, your grandfather has one very strong peculiarity; he does not like being 'bothered.'"

And Cousin Conrad smiled, just to win back my faint smile, I thought, and make me feel that life was not the dreadful tragedy which no doubt my looks implied that I found it.

"This is your first pain, my child, but it will soon pass over. I wish I could say the same for poor Appleton."

I hung my head. "Have I been to blame? Have I said or done anything amiss? No, I am sure I have not. When one does not feel love, one cannot show it."

"Some girls can, but not you. No, it is simply a misfortune, and not your fault at all. I will go and tell him the truth. He will get over it."

"I hope so." And I felt as if a load were taken off my heart, all the oppressive love (which I did not very much believe in), all the horses and carriages, houses, servants, and diamonds. I was again Elma Picardy, with her own free heart in her bosom, her heart which nobody wanted—at least nobody that could have it—and her life before her, straight and clear. Sad it might be, a little dreary perhaps sometimes, but it was quite clear.

So we sat together, Cousin Conrad and I, having arranged this unpleasant business, sat in our old way, over the fire, talking a little before we bade good night.

"Isn't it strange," said he, "that I should always be mixed up with other people's love-

affairs—I who have long given up everything of the kind for myself? One would think I was a woman, and not a man, by the way people confide in me sometimes."

I thought it was because of the curious mixture of the woman in him; as there is in all good men, the very manliest of them; but I only said it was "because he was so kind."

"It would be hard not to be kind, seeing how sad the world is, and how much everybody has to suffer. You, too, Elma—I don't expect you will find life a bed of roses. But I hope it will be a reasonably happy life, and not a lonely one like mine."

He paused, looking steadily into the fire, and folding his hands, after his habit.

"Not that I complain—all that is, is best. And no doubt I could change my life if I chose, since, without vanity, women are so good that I could probably get some kind soul to take me if I wished it. But I do not wish it. My health is so uncertain that I have no right to ask any young woman to marry me, and I am afraid I should not like

an old one. So I'll go on as I do, and perhaps finally die in the arms of a Sister of Charity."

He was not looking at me, or thinking of me; probably he was thinking of her who died in his arms, and whom he would meet again one day. Suddenly he turned round and seized both my hands, with his whole aspect changed, the grave composed middle-aged face looking almost young, the sallow cheeks glowing, the lips quivering.

"I hope you will have a happy life. I hope you will find some good man whom you love, who will love you and take care of you, 'wear you in his bosom,' as the song says, 'lest his jewel he should tine.' For underneath that beauty which you despise so, Elma, is a rich jewel—your heart: and I am sure your mother knows it. If you see her before I return, tell her I said so. And good night, my dear child."

He wrung my hands and quitted the room. Miserable girl that I was!—until he named her I had wholly forgotten my mother!

HIGHLAND LOVE SONGS.

[The following are translations of two of the most popular of the Gaelic songs. The Translator has endeavoured to preserve, as may be seen in the last two lines of each verse, the peculiarity of the Gaelic rhythm. These songs are sung in the Highlands to airs of great plaintiveness and beauty.]

I.

(Fhir a Dhata na-hò-ro ay-li.)

FROM the seaward summits peering
Long I wait thy sails appearing:
Wilt thou come to-day, to-morrow,
Or nevermore to console my sorrow?
Sailor love na-hò-ro ay-li,
Sailor love na-hò-ro ay-li,
Sailor love na-hò-ro ay-li,
Their jealous tongues made my love for-
sake me.

No brief season's fitful feeling
Gave I thee—vain all concealing:
Childhood's love will alter never
Till death's dark blow lay me low for ever.
Sailor love! na-hò-ro ay-li, &c.

Fickle-hearted though they called thee,
Not the less thy love enthralled me:
Still in dreams I hear thee speaking,
And still at dawn for thy form am seeking.
Sailor love! na-hò-ro ay-li, &c.

Of't they bid me tear thy semblance
From my slighted heart's remembrance.
But such hopes are now as idle
As ocean's tide in its pride to bridle.
Sailor love! na-hò-ro ay-li, &c.

Evermore in tears I'll languish
Like a lone white swan in anguish,
As her dying notes awaken
The reedy loch, when by all forsaken.
Sailor love! na-hò-ro ay-li, &c.

II.

(Gun bu slan a chi mi.)

HEALTH and joy go with thee,
My own true love for aye,
With thy locks so golden,
Fit theme for poet's lay:
Sweet to me thine accents
In sorrow's dismal day,
Ever as I heard thee
My heart grew light and gay.

Eyes of blue bright-beaming,
 Eyelashes thickly lined,
 Cheek that mocks the rowan,
 Clear-featured face and kind :
 What though liars babble
 That love to slights gave place,
 Year-long seems each season
 Since last I saw thy face.

Sad am I and weary
 To-night upon the sea,
 Sleep forsakes my pillow
 While thou art far from me :

Oft to thee thought wanders,
 Afar from thee I pine,
 What to me life's pleasures,
 If thou canst ne'er be mine ?

Jealous tongues may tell thee
 I left thee in disdain,
 That my love decaying
 Would wake no more again :
 Heed them not, for trust me,
 Till life itself shall pass,
 Thou to me art dearer
 Than dew unto the grass.—J. MACLEOD.

THE ZOOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF DUST.

THERE are very few ordinary readers, who will not hazard a little speculation on reading the title of this article. To associate dust with science, and more especially with a department of natural science which deals with the higher group of living organisms, may well excite some little curiosity in following out the scientific relations of this commonplace subject. The considerations which the ordinary individual may at any time have given to dust, can, with all safety, be included under the two heads of moral and social considerations. Moral, from the fact of its being supposed to be the ultimate constituent of these bodies of ours; and social, from the annoyance it causes us, in ways too obvious to need explanation or comment. Popularly viewed, therefore, there may at first sight seem little to attract or interest us in our present subject. Everyday philosophy associates dust with dryness: let us see if the philosophy of science, cannot teach us the higher and better applications of a very commonplace theme.

It might be thought a comparatively needless observation, to remark the universal presence of dust. We know and admit its occurrence as an indisputable fact: it is present with us at all times and seasons. Yet in this primary consideration, lies a point of importance in our present inquiry. A very simple and in every way homely experiment, demonstrates to us the invariable presence of dust. When we enter a darkened room on a bright summer day, the ray of sunlight streaming through the closed shutters, reveals to us an almost solid mass of dust—"atoms" or "motes," dancing and whirling about in the track of the beam. Imperceptible and invisible to our ordinary senses this dust may be, and undoubtedly is, but its presence is indisputably demonstrated

by the stay-at-home experiment of the sun-beam and the darkened room. We cannot, however, at all times, command the sunlight, nor have we darkened rooms always to hand. And even granted these two necessary conditions, the combination of sunbeams and darkened rooms is by no means well-adapted for scientific investigation. In order, therefore, to see the dust "atoms," at our own times and convenience, we call to our aid lights of exceeding brilliancy, and which for scientific purposes, imitate very well the light of "heaven's great orb." The electric light in particular, and other lights of analogous kind, are now placed at our service, and by means of these we can more conveniently examine the characters and relations of the "motes."

And now two other considerations, besides this preliminary one of the universal presence of the dust-particles, are to be noticed, and with these, our introductory matter may appropriately be concluded. The first of these latter considerations, relates to the *quantity* of the dust thus held suspended in the air. The sunbeam shows us a semi-solid mass of particles, and the thick layer of dust, which in but a very short space of time accumulates in an unused apartment, amply verifies the assertion that this dust is present in the atmosphere to a very great extent. The second and concluding observation has reference to the relation between the dust-particles and the air or atmosphere in which they are held suspended. And it is exceedingly important that this relation be not misunderstood. This floating mass of dust bears no part in the intimate composition of the atmosphere; in other words, the dust is not chemically combined with the gases of the air. Indeed the relations of the two, may not inaptly be compared to those which

exist between the sea, and the things which float upon its surface. The dust-particles are mechanically suspended in the air, just as the floating things are mechanically borne on the surface of the ocean. Constant and unvarying parts of the atmosphere, are the dust-particles, yet having no intimate or chemical connection with the medium in which they are supported. These three points, the universal presence of the dust-particles, the large quantity of dust held suspended in the air, and the relation of the particles to the atmosphere, being borne in mind, we are prepared to trace the further and zoological history of the "motes."

And here the reader will pardon a digression, if we begin at what might more properly be considered the end of our considerations; in other words, we may firstly consider a certain result, and examine the cause afterwards. In the present instance, however, the end justifies the means, and this mode of considering our present subject, will prove the more suitable of the two ways in which, it is said, every story may be told.

The term "infusion" is one which is sufficiently self-explanatory, to obviate the necessity of defining its purport and meaning; and we are all well acquainted with the *rationale* of the operation indicated by the above term. Twice a day—and perhaps oftener in proportion to age, sex, and tastes—we *infuse* that highly exhilarating and popular beverage known as tea, and the process by means of which the dried leaves are made to part with their principle and substance, is a matter of every-day observation and experience. Hot water is poured on the leaves, and the mixture is allowed to stand for a certain time, when the infusion is made and our tea prepared. Suppose, now, that in our scientific investigation, we act up to the foregoing directions, and have prepared our infusion of tea; but that, instead of indulging in "the cup that cheers," we pour the infusion into a cup or other vessel, and allow it to stand for a day or two, in a quiet corner of a room. The day or two may perhaps extend to three or four, accordingly as the weather is colder or the reverse; but at the end of the period, we haste to examine our untouched infusion. We now may perceive that a thin film or scum has formed on the surface of the cold tea, but that below this firmer upper layer the infusion, save perhaps for a little turbidity, appears in a normal and ordinary state. So far, nothing unusual has attracted our attention. But our scientific investigation must be taken up

where an ordinary examination would end; and accordingly we now bring into use our microscope—that wonder glass, which, more perhaps than any other thing, enables us to realise how near the infinitely little approaches to the infinitely great. And on submitting to the scrutiny of our object-glass, a drop or so of our infused tea, we are wonderfully surprised to find that in the liquid, which, save for the presence of a dust-speck or two, we thought to be so clear and lifeless, there exists a host of curious living forms, actively moving about and around their little cosmos, constituted by our drop of tea. Forms these, which we cannot liken to anything we see in every-day life, and which, as we shall presently notice, are, in all their ways and relations, beings of an exceptional kind.

The great majority of these organisms belong to the animal creation, and they are known to the zoologist as *Infusoria*, or *infusorian* animalcules; a term applied to them from the fact of their being found in *infusions* of organic or living material, and, as some recent researches would seem to demonstrate, in infusions of matter which may be considered inorganic also. Indeed, it seems to be a matter of secondary importance, of what material the infusions be made. The infusion of beef, for example, prepared for our sick patient, will produce an overwhelming population of *Infusoria*, if a careless nurse allow it to remain awhile in the heated sick room. And if we use chopped hay or dead leaves, the result will be the same; the animalcules being cosmopolitan in their tastes, so far at least as their choice of a mere *habitat* is concerned. Or, on a more extended scale we may procure *Infusoria*. The stagnant pool in the forest-depths, is but an infusion of dead leaves and plants on a large scale; and the heat of the sun tends to make the progress of decay speed apace, and so to render the infusion still more potent and strong. Thus, in short, wherever we find organic matter exposed to the influence of the atmosphere, as in infusions, we find *Infusoria* to be abundantly developed.

Having examined so far into the mere mechanical details, as it were, of the origin of these *Infusoria*, we may, in the next place, investigate the structure of these animalcules. In size, it is almost needless to state, they are exceedingly minute. The highest powers of our best microscopes have to be employed, in order to investigate, with any degree of satisfaction, the structural relations of these forms: and when we try to form some conception of the twenty-four thou-

sandth part of an inch, and of forms corresponding in size to that minute subdivision of substance, it will readily be seen how minute are the organisms with which we are dealing.

In Fig. 1 (page 857), several of the more common and familiar forms of *Infusoria* are depicted. At *a*, the *Paramecium*, popularly known from its shape as the "slipper animalcule," is seen, and in this form, the general structure and conformation of the group before us may very conveniently be studied. The *Euplotes Patella* (*b*), and *Charon* (*d*), so named from its boat-like shape; *Peranema* (*e*), with its simple lash-like filament; and *Aspidisca* (*c*)—all exemplify familiar members of the *Infusorian* class. The foregoing examples illustrate the free and active *Infusoria*, but the group also embraces forms of somewhat plant-like nature, in that they appear as fixed and rooted organisms. The *Vorticella*, a group of which is seen at *v* (Fig. 2), exemplifies the fixed *Infusoria*, and the *Stentor*, or "trumpet animalcule," (Fig. 2 A), also generally appears in a fixed or attached condition, but at the same time, possesses the power of detaching itself at will, and thus appears at one time as a free, and at another time as a fixed form.

These, and the other examples, will serve to familiarise the reader with the general aspect of the *Infusorian* form; but it must, at the same time, be borne in mind, that the number of distinct and specific forms is very great.

In structure, however, they all present a very close resemblance to each other; and if we select a typical form, such as *Paramecium* (Fig. 1 *a*), we may, from an examination of this one body, gain a very satisfactory idea of the structure of all its neighbours. Despite wide variations in form and shape, we firstly find that the bodies of *Infusoria* are, without exception, composed of a soft, jelly-like substance, to which the various names of "protoplasm," "sarcode," and "bioplasm" have been applied. And simple in nature although this "sarcode" would seem to be, there are yet many intricate problems connected with its relations, and especially with those which exist between it and the vitality or "life" with which it is endowed. So important, indeed, are the points involved in the consideration of the "sarcode," that the scientific world has been divided into two great schools or parties, according to the respective views which have been adopted regarding the relations between protoplasm and life. With the details of the protoplasmic contest, many of my readers will doubt-

less be familiar; and although, in the present instance, we have nothing to do with matters of contention, yet we are brought in our inquiry, face to face with several of these debatable points. Thus we observe a minute speck of this jelly-like material, living, moving, and carrying on in the most perfect manner all the functions of life; and seeing this apparent simplicity of material invested with so wondrous a vital power, we are naturally led backwards to the great point at issue, that of the essential nature of the principle we term "vital force" or "life." The one sect, or school of thought, accordingly maintains the identity of life with the ordinary physical forces which we everywhere, and at all times, see in operation around us. Life, thus viewed, is essentially a mere property of the matter or "basis" it invests. The other school or party, on the contrary, maintains the existence of a vital principle or force, which is to be regarded as essentially separate and distinct from matter. Life, in this latter view, is not a mere property of the sarcode it invests, but a distinct entity, peculiar to itself—a subtle force or principle, the limits, nature, or origin of which we are unable to discover, just as we are powerless to produce or manufacture it. In such researches we seem to reach a point comparable to the dimness of the twilight, whence the region of the unknowable deepens for us into the darkest night.

Sufficient, then, for our present purpose is the due recognition of this "protoplasm" as the material of which the bodies of *Infusoria*, in common with the bodies of all other living beings, are composed. In the *Infusoria*, we see the "sarcode" in its primitive and simple state; whilst in higher forms, we find the primitive structure developed into a complicated organization. Still, between the highest and lowest plant or animal there exists the community of original and, in greater part, of actual structure; the bodies of both being similarly composed of protoplasm. They differ from each other, only in the degree to which development has carried out the ulterior process of organization and elaboration of structures and parts.

Fringing the body of *Paramecium*, we find an arrangement of minute eyelash-like or hair-like filaments, to which the term "cilia" has been applied. The presence of these organs, affords a character of very constant occurrence in *Infusoria*. The cilia constitute the locomotive organs of these forms, and by aid of these filaments, acting like so many oars, we find the creatures paddling

their way through the medium in which they live. Generally, we notice the entire margin of the body to be fringed with cilia; but in some cases (as in *Peranema*, Fig. 1 *e*), we may observe the fringe of cilia replaced by a single lash-like filament, or "flagellum," as it is technically called; and by aid of this appendage, *Peranema* propels itself through the surrounding water, much after the fashion of a screw-steamer and its propeller. Besides this locomotive function, the cilia also play an important part in the function of nutrition, by exciting currents in the surrounding water, and thus drawing particles of food towards the mouth or oral aperture.

Strictly speaking, the sarcode or protoplasmic tissue of which the *Infusorian* body is composed, admits of division into three distinct layers, but for our present purpose it is unnecessary to confine ourselves by anatomical details, and we may therefore content ourselves with the general remembrance of the sarcode nature of the body. If we wish further to watch how the processes of life in the *Infusoria* are carried on, a very simple experiment, first introduced by the venerable Ehrenberg, will serve to render plain most of the chief points in their structure. We can, by the means about to be described, literally feed our *Infusorians*, and see how they seize and digest their food. We powder down some coloured substance, such as indigo or carmine, to a very fine state of division, and then strew some of this coloured powder in the water of our animalcule-box in which the *Paramacium* and its neighbours are disporting themselves. Presently, a piece of our indigo-food is seen to be drawn towards the *Paramacium* by the currents excited in the water by means of the cilia. Quickly, the little particle is swept towards a break or groove in the margin of the body, which we must regard as the mouth, and into this the food-particle is carried, passes down a tube representing a rudimentary throat or gullet, and at last, the little piece of indigo is seen to be engulfed within the soft central sarcode of the body. There seems, thus, nothing incomprehensible in the process of nutrition, which has been compared to the thrusting of a solid body, such as a stone, into the substance of some soft material, such as a mass of dough or clay. And this particle after particle of our coloured material, may be swept within the substance of the body, until the animalcule appears dotted and spotted in a most curious manner. Then as we watch the particles of food-material, we can observe a clear space or "vacuole"

to be gradually formed around each, and the bit of nutriment appears to be dissolved and incorporated with the contents of the body: a general "cyclosis" or circulation of the contents of the central sarcode appearing to take place, more especially after the digestion in this way, of nutrient material. An error in the observation of the above process, led Ehrenberg—to whose labours we are indebted for a solid foundation of knowledge regarding the *Infusoria*—to term these forms *Polygastrica* or "many-stomached" animalcules. He supposed that the little clear spaces or "vacuoles" which form around the food-particles in the process of assimilation and digestion, represented so many distinct stomachs, and from this idea arose the term *Polygastrica*—a name which, by aid of higher microscopic powers and more extended knowledge, we now know to be inconsistent with the structural relations of these forms.

The remaining features of interest that may be noticed in connection with the morphology of the *Infusoria*, are the so-called "contractile vesicles" and the "nucleus." The contractile vesicles (Fig. 1 *c c*), consist of certain clear spaces, situated in the middle layer of the body, and which receive their name from the fact of their exhibiting rhythmical movements of alternate contraction and expansion. From the contractile vesicles some observers have maintained that they can discern radiating tubes or vessels, proceeding to be distributed throughout the general protoplasm of the body; and in this view these vesicles have been regarded as rudimentary hearts, thus representing the first appearance in the animal series, of a circulatory apparatus. Further research, however, is required before the exact function and relations of the contractile vesicles can be said to be fully determined. The term "nucleus" (Fig 1 *n*), is applied to one or more solid particles situated within the middle layer of the body; and the nucleus may have in connection with it a second and smaller particle, known as the "nucleolus." These latter structures appear to be intimately connected with certain forms of the reproductive process, and as such, are to be viewed, as representing the reproductive or germinal centres of the *Infusoria*. Lastly, a brightly-coloured particle, known as the "pigment-spot," occurs in most *Infusoria*. The function of this body is quite unknown, but some observers have theoretically assigned to it some sensory function; most frequently and probably that of sight.

Reproduction in these creatures may take place after three distinct fashions. Thus we may observe an animalcule to spontaneously divide itself into two parts, each part swimming away to form a new and distinct being. This process is known as that of "fission" or "cleavage," and is repeated in *Vorticella* (fig. 2 B), where the flower-like head is seen to gradually divide itself (c), until at length we find two heads borne on the one stalk (d). One of these becomes detached, and swims away (e), becoming thus for a time locomotive, but finally settling down, developing a stalk, and producing the peculiarities of the form, from which it was by this process of fission derived. Then we may observe a second process of "gemination" or "budding," where we have new individuals produced as buds from a parent-body; or lastly, we may find the "nucleus" and "nucleolus" to be the chief agents in effecting reproduction after a third and distinct method.

The reader will now, we trust, have gained a sufficiently clear idea of the nature of those curious members of the animal series known as *Infusoria*. Their *animal* nature has been completely ascertained, whilst the processes of life, as exhibited in their economy, are by no means of the humblest or least perfect kind. We have thus, then, been dealing with organisms of a defined type of structure, and this latter fact is a point which bears very fully on succeeding remarks. Our next and concluding considerations have reference to the origin and mode of propagation of these forms. To simplify the matter, and at the same time to give the reader a main idea to start with, let us retrace our thoughts to the period at which our infusion of tea was prepared. It will be remembered that an important feature in that experiment lay in the fact, that our infusion was allowed to stand for a certain time freely exposed to the air; and further, that it was after so being exposed to atmospheric influences that our examination detected the presence of *Infusoria*. In the due remembrance and appreciation of this circumstance, lies the clue to the proper understanding of the relations between the dust-particles and our *Infusoria*; since these animalcules in all probability are produced from pre-existing germs or spores, which exist in and are borne by the air. In other words, that a great proportion of the so-called dust-particles, motes, and atoms are in reality the germs of living organisms; and that these germs, finding in the infusion a suitable medium in which to exist, there develop into mature and perfect organisms.

The infusion is to the germs what the soil is to the seed. And after this statement of the leading idea in the now well-known "Germ" Theory, our next duty will be to point out the chief points and leading facts, which tend to the support and demonstration of this hypothesis.

That the dust of our atmosphere should consist in great part of the germs of living organisms, is the first point on which proof may be led. This point is proved in various ways. Microscopic research has revealed the presence in the atmosphere of animal and vegetable germs, whilst by chemical experiment, the organic or life-holding nature of atmospheric particles has been indubitably demonstrated. Admitting this fact, then, the conclusions to be derived from it will readily be perceived. The considerations that an infusion of vegetable or animal matter produces, amongst other and lower forms of animal and vegetable life, these higher forms known as *Infusoria*; and further, that these forms are propagated and produced from pre-existing germs contained either in the fluid or derived from the atmosphere, constitute therefore the groundwork on which the germ theory seeks to account for the origin of these living organisms. A belief this, then, warranted not only by scientific inquiry, and in strict accordance with the routine of life and development, but at the same time in accordance with the experience of every-day life. But just as biologists have made the subject of life and its origin, a battle-field and arena of controversy, so has the subject of the origin and mode of development of the lower forms of life, been also made a standpoint of exceedingly hot argument and strife. Nor is the contest of very recent date. Taking its origin with the ancient philosophers, the battle between the two great theories of the origin of the lower organisms has raged from the earliest periods in the history of biological science; and in our day the fight seems to continue as fiercely as of yore. Regarding the origin of our *Infusoria* and allied organisms, we have therefore two great schools of thought. The one, represented by the germ theory, and known as that of the Panspermists, seeks to account for the origin of these organisms, as already explained, by the pre-existence of parent-germs in the atmosphere or in fluids; and this theory not unfrequently, is known by the name of *Biogenesis*. The second theory advocates the idea of the production of these organisms *de novo*, or without the pre-existence of germs; that living beings, in

short, can be produced from dead inorganic or inert material. This latter theory was formerly known as that of "spontaneous generation," but more recently and in contradistinction to the former, as that of *Abiogenesis*. It may not be unprofitable, therefore, to trace very briefly the origin, growth, and progress of these hypotheses, and at the same time to notice and remark the relative merit of each.

The ancient philosophers were certainly the first advocates and originators of *Abiogenesis*, which latter theory has thus the priority in age and origin. The ancients thoroughly believed in the "spontaneous" production of living organisms. The maggots in decaying meat, according to them, were generated by the putrefaction of the meat. They thus arose *de novo*, and without the pre-existence of any parent-being or progenitor. Francesco Redi, in the seventeenth century, was the first who gave an emphatic denial to the "spontaneous generation" theory of his predecessors; and in the simple experiment of placing fine gauze over meat, and so excluding the flies, and preventing the appearance of the larval flies or maggots, proved that the maggots were not generated *de novo* by the decay of the

of *Abiogenesis*, and therefore made him an opponent of the doctrines of Redi. Needham prepared his infusion, and arguing that if the organisms were produced from germs, these latter must exist either in the infusion or in the atmosphere, and therefore were capable of being destroyed by heat, he accordingly boiled his infusion, and then sealing it, boiled again, and allowed his vessels to cool. But notwithstanding the boiling, which he supposed would necessarily be fatal to organic germs, he found that his carefully prepared infusions, on microscopic examination, always

showed the presence of animalcules as before. On these grounds, therefore, Needham declared his belief in the "spontaneous" origin of living organisms; and Buffon's hypothesis of the origin of living beings by "organic molecules" was found as a part result of the experiments of Needham and himself. It is important to here notice the gist of Needham's experiment, since the principles on which it was conducted, are exactly those on which experimenters in our own day still conduct their researches.

The Abbé Spallanzani dealt a severe blow to Needham and his allies, when

he insisted that Needham had not observed due precautions in excluding the air; Spallanzani showing that with sufficient care, and exposure to a higher degree of temperature, the infusion remained barren and unproductive of life—thus proving in a manner the feasibility of Redi's theory, and advancing the doctrine of *Biogenesis* another stage on its way to perfect demonstration. Schultze and Schwann did good service to the cause of the germ theory, by proving that atmospheric air, when filtered through tubes heated to a red heat, or when passed through sulphuric acid, was incapable of developing living organisms

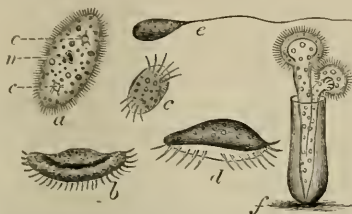


Fig. 1. INFUSORIA. a, *Paramorium curvum*, showing nucleus (n) and "contractile vesicles" (c); b, *Euplotes patula*; c, *Atylaxia lynceus*; d, *Euplotes chara*; e, *Peranema globulosa*; f, *Infusorium crystalline*, showing the sheath into which the animalcules can retract themselves.



Fig. 2. INFUSORIA. A, *Stentor* et "Trumpet-animalcules" in their attached state. B, Group of *Vorticellae*: a, *Vorticella* in a natural and undisturbed condition; b, *Vorticella* contracted in a spiral manner on their stems; c, a feature exhibited when the animalcules are irritated or disturbed; d, an individual undergoing a process of "fission" or "cleavage"; e, further stage of c, two heads being produced by the cleavage of one animalcule; c, one of the heads swimming away after becoming detached from the stalk. This latter will in time develop a stalk and become a perfect animalcule.

meat, but were produced by the flies. Upon the plan and after the model of Redi's simple experiment, succeeding philosophers have similarly attempted to disprove the *Abiogenetic* theory. Redi therefore proved himself no unworthy champion of the doctrine of *Biogenesis*: and his dictum "Omne vivum ex vivo," serves to show how fully he had made up his mind on this important subject. Needham and Buffon, in the eighteenth century, revived the contest. Needham's experiments, since repeated over and over again, won him over as an advocate

in infusions otherwise well suited for their production. Something, therefore, was kept back by this filtering from entering the infusions, and in that something lay the essentials to the development of infusorial life. Schreder and Dutsch, in 1854—59, showed us that to filter the air, it was unnecessary to employ any strong chemical solvents as Schultze and Schwann had done, and further that air simply passed through cotton wool, was similarly rendered incapable of developing life in infusions of organic matter. And leaving Schreder, we come to the researches of Professor Tyndall, whose labours have tended still further to confirm the conclusions arrived at by Schreder and his predecessors. We have now absolute proof that the atmospheric germs are truly "particulate," that is, consist of definite particles of matter, and that they are capable of removal by filtering the air through a simple medium, such as cotton-wool. Previously to Professor Tyndall, M. Pasteur had shown in his investigation that the cause of the *pébrine* or silkworm disease, which well-nigh overthrew, in a manner, the commercial prosperity of France, depended upon the growth and multiplication, within the bodies of the silkworms, of a minute parasitic fungus, and which was propagated by actual contact with the diseased individuals. This latter observation, therefore, tended in a remarkable manner to show that whilst the germs of animal and plant life were actually present in the air, they were also capable of giving rise to certain and specific effects within the bodies of other organisms.

Meanwhile how has it fared with the doctrine of *Abiogenesis*? In the face of the brilliant and apparently conclusive series of experiments above detailed, the supporters of this latter doctrine appear to have confined themselves almost exclusively to picking flaws in the experiments of their opponents; but within the past few months, Dr. Charlton Bastian has added a fresh contribution to the support of *Abiogenesis*, by the publication of his work on the "Beginnings of Life." In an article like the present, it would be impossible, for very obvious reasons, to do more than merely notice this work, which contains much that is novel both in the way of experiments and conclusions. So much so, indeed, that due and careful confirmation of Dr. Bastian's results will require to be afforded, ere a full discussion be permissible on the results of his extended and valuable labours. Still the germ theory may be said to hold its own against the rival doctrine, and it undoubtedly

ranks on its side by far the greater bulk of scientific evidence. Best of all, there is nothing inconceivable or improbable in the germ theory, and the conclusion it involves is one agreeable to the facts elicited by scientific research, and by every-day experience. In the doctrine of *Abiogenesis* on the contrary, and especially in its relations to the production of living organisms *de novo*, or from the mere combination of molecules or otherwise, there must be the tutoring of the mind in a belief as yet unwarranted by scientific investigation, and the admission of many other theories and doctrines from which the bulk of thinkers hold aloof, as unworthy their thought or attention.

And although, therefore, we do not know the limits of the vitality of these atmospheric germs, it is highly probable that they are capable of withstanding an exceedingly high temperature, so that even after an infusion has been boiled over and over again, and otherwise subjected to a long continuance of a high degree of temperature, the vitality of its contained germs may not be in the least degree impaired, and the examination of an infusion so treated, may reveal the characteristic organisms, as if, indeed, it had not been subjected to the ordeal at all. Hence the biogenesisist maintains that the infusorial organisms produced in such a case, so far from being produced spontaneously, are still the result of the development of pre-existing germs, which have not been destroyed or impaired, by the process of boiling to which they have been subjected.

And lastly, we may direct attention to what may very appropriately be termed the social aspect of the subject. The investigations of M. Pasteur into the specific cause of the silkworm disease may already have prepared the reader for the very obvious conclusions to be derived regarding the influence of these atmospheric germs upon the human race. Inhaling, as we do, these germs, continually, into our stomachs and lungs, and receiving them also through the various media of food and drink, the query regarding the possibility of there being specific germs, capable of producing disease within the human organism, assumes somewhat of a highly practical importance. On this footing, therefore, the germ theory of disease seeks to account for the origin and spread of infectious and epidemic diseases, and the theory appears at the outset to be thoroughly tenable and worthy of belief. The little attention which medical science has as yet paid to this subject, has been rewarded by

results far exceeding those which the most sanguine of experimenters could have hoped so shortly to achieve. The terribly real import of the subject will be readily enough estimated. In the Registrar-General's returns, the amount of mortality recorded from epidemic and zymotic diseases may well cause us to bethink ourselves of prevention rather than cure. And the higher and more advanced era of the healing art, will undoubtedly be that of ascertaining (as indeed has been done in the case of small-pox) the

materia morbi, and of preventing epidemic disease by its complete eradication.

Thus briefly, and in some degree imperfectly, have we been enabled to trace the curious relations of our dust-particles. The thinking mind will readily enough extend its thoughts to analogous and still wider considerations; and, best of all, the subject before us may teach us, how true the saying, that there may be more things by far, even in the common run of life, than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

ANDREW WILSON.

THE BROOK RHINE.

SMALL current of the wilds afar from men,
 Changing and sudden as a baby's mood;
 Now a green babbling rivulet in the wood,
 Now loitering broad and shallow through the glen,
 Or threading mid the naked shoals, and then
 Battling against the stones, half mist, half flood,
 Betwixt the mountains where the storm-clouds brood;
 And each change but to wake or sleep again;
 Pass on, young stream, the world has need of thee:
 Far hence a mighty river on its breast
 Bears the deep-laden vessels to the sea,
 Far hence wide waters feed the vines and corn:
 Pass on, small stream, to so great purpose born,
 On to the distant toil, the distant rest.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

A DAY DOWN AT RATCLIFFE.

DURING the year when cholera last severely visited the east of London, a young lady of independent means and good position was suddenly moved by a sense of duty to take her share in the work of nursing the poor. No sooner was the resolve formed than, without consulting a single creature, she at once proceeded to put it in practice, and the guests waited in vain that day for her appearance at the dinner-table. She had instead made her way to the cholera hospital at Wapping—a by no means attractive spot at any time. The building still stands, gaunt and grim, and now unused, and the very sight of it, we fancy, should have proved sufficient thoroughly to

test womanly determination. This lady became a nurse there, and did good service; and when the special cause that had so moved her had passed away, she entered herself at the London Hospital, for the purpose of extending her experience and perfecting herself in her art as a hospital nurse. The young house-surgeon there at the time was a Mr. Heckford, with whom, of course, she was brought into daily contact; and, sharing her ideas as to the nobility of work among the poor, these two were not unnaturally drawn to each other, became engaged, and when they left the London Hospital, they were married, and soon after set themselves to carry out a work which Mrs. Heckford

during her stay, first in Wapping and then in the London Hospital, had convinced herself was loudly called for—a hospital for the sick children of the eastern districts. Till then—in 1868 it was (and let the reader only think of it!)—there was no hospital for sick children in the densest part of the east-end of London. The North-Eastern Hospital in the Hackney Road had only come into existence the year before; but in spite of the best appliances, it could not possibly cope with the terrible array of disease amongst the children in the east. The Ormond Street Hospital had been founded in 1852, but was practically unavailable, because of the distance, for the abounding poor of Poplar, Limehouse, Ratcliffe, and Stepney; the Victoria, at Gough House, Chelsea—so excellent in all its arrangements—was of course still less available, and indeed its powers had been greatly taxed during the few years it had then been in existence, to meet the demands of western London; and as yet the Evalina Hospital in Southwark was not.

The statistics of London show that one out of every three deaths is that of a child under five years old, and the sad disproportion which we thus get as a general result is swelled by the awful infantine mortality of the east, where the poor mothers, strive as they will—and too often even the will is wanting—have but little chance of doing fairly by their children if they fall ill. Bad air and bad water—for it is often conveyed to them through defective pipes and filthy cisterns—noises indescribable, overcrowding, and the throng of other causes, do their deadly work, with such results as the Registrar-General tabulates for us month by month.

Moved by such sad knowledge, Mrs. Heckford, out of her own means, purchased an old house, and sail-loft adjoining, in the unsavoury region of Ratcliffe Cross, at an outlay of a couple of thousand pounds, had them repaired, altered, and put into as good order as possible for the purposes of a children's hospital. They did not seek to do their good works by deputy, this lately-wedded pair. They took up their quarters in the poor squalid corner, whose only amenity almost is, that its back windows look across a dusty yard and dry-dock into the Thames, the view being most often obscured, or improved, according to opinion, by the yards, and other paraphernalia of ships at temporary rest, which shoot across towards the windows, and swing like great lifting-cranes. There was certainly nothing

in the neighbourhood, or in the society, to attract people of taste and education. But the Heckfords soon succeeded in making a society of their own in that dismal Ratcliffe Cross. One floor of the loft was laid out as a first ward, with ten beds, which was speedily filled, while the young couple made themselves a dwelling-place in one of the adjoining rooms, so near to their little patients that through the sounds of conversation, and even of the piano, the cries of the tiny sufferers could easily be heard; there being slight difficulty, in this case, of summoning the "heads of the institution" on an emergency. The wife constituted herself unpaid head-nurse and lady superintendent in one, the husband became resident physician on the same terms; and their unostentatious good works soon drew towards them others who were willing to share their privations. Girls were found by Mrs. Heckford, who were soon trained as nurses, and moved by love of the cause, and the devotion of their superiors, were not over-urgent about wages or ordinary comforts. The dispenser for a while slept on a shake-down; and often the nurses had sick children in their own beds. In a very little time every corner of the rude edifice was utilised. As many as forty-one beds were by-and-by found space for; but this was discovered to press so greatly upon the room reserved for the dwellings of the officers, that they were reluctantly compelled to reduce the number to thirty-five, at which point it now stands. Mr. and Mrs. Heckford laboured on at their self-imposed task till their devotion broke down their health. Residence abroad was tried, with little good result, for, as we were informed by one who knew well, Mr. Heckford could not be *absent* from his hospital, but in distant Italy so longed for the postman with the news of it, that he would weary himself out waiting by the doors. He succumbed on the 14th December, 1871, at Ramsgate, still young, only nine-and-twenty, leaving a gloom upon the hospital which he and his wife had founded in such singular circumstances. Of course the clergymen and others in the district had soon become interested in the work the hospital was doing among the poor sick children, and chiefly in view of such a possibility as this, a committee had been formed to whom Mr. and Mrs. Heckford had transferred the freehold of the buildings and the management of the institution.

Having been greatly interested in what we had heard, in a fragmentary way, of the East London Hospital and its founders, we recently

paid two visits to the institution. There can be no doubt about the genuine work that has been done and is still being done in that little ill-suited block of building. Entering by the main door, and having been met by the indefatigable secretary and superintendent, Mr. Ashton Warner, we take a peep in at a door on the right hand, close to the entrance, at which we had seen several women enter mostly with children in their arms. This is the waiting-room, consulting-room, and dispensary for out-patients in one, the three divisions being little more than railed off from each other. The space for the waiting-women was crowded, every seat occupied, and many poor, pinched, anxious women were standing. They mostly had the look of decent poverty—thin, worn, and languid-eyed, many of them. As to the children, some of them looked out with the patient, pathetic, inquiring look that is so touching, in that it is hardly any longer solicitous of help or sootherment; others rolled their little heads from side to side with that regular movement that strikes such sorrow into mothers' hearts; and others, again, were being stilled in midst of whimpering and fretful cries. We felt that this waiting-room was hardly the place for many of these children; but what could the mothers or the managers of the hospital do better as things still are with them?

Both women and children are prescribed for in this dispensary, which is really the feeder of the hospital. When there are empty beds, the children are drafted in from this motley gathering—sometimes a very difficult matter of decision, we should suppose. Out-patients come now at the rate of over a hundred a day. During the six months ending in October last 4,847 patients were treated. Of this number 3,678 were new out-patients, 1,009 casualty cases, and 160 in-patients. Of the latter, 77 were discharged cured, 62 were discharged relieved, and 21 died—the total figures showing an excess of 945 cases in the half-year over those of the corresponding period in 1872.

Having learned this much from the secretary in the way of figures, we make our way up-stairs. The ready-made look of things is very evident. The floors are uneven; planks and beams jut out here and there awkwardly enough; the staircases lead you right into the wards, as looking round again you now assure yourself. Draughts are thus hardly preventible; but all is done that can be done in such a place by dint of cleanliness, careful ventilation, and assiduous watchful-

ness. And now we are in the boys' ward. Here is a case of hip-joint, nowadays, alas! so ominously common. A little yellow-haired fellow lies on his side stroking down the mane of a toy-horse, on which he is so intent that in childlike forgetfulness he maladroitly replies to your question, how he is, with a "Twite well," as, hardly looking at you, he fondles his toy with more ardour than before. There, beyond him, is a boy who has undergone amputation of a limb; and beside him again, in the corner, a case of infantile paralysis; and beyond, facing us, a case of hopeless hydrocephalus, the little fellow sitting up in red garibaldi, looking vacantly about him; then there is a chest case, and, further on still, one of bronchitis; and so on pretty well through the list of leading child diseases. As you turn away, and look along the row of cots as you are about to enter the girls' ward, you are struck with the odd effect of seeing the fair-faced child-figures in the unwieldy-looking frames and splints that improved surgical processes demand.

The girls' ward, which we now enter through an archway cut in the further end of the wall, is smaller; for a space, we observe, is divided off from it by folding doors, which are thrown open apparently for ventilation. On asking the reason of this, the secretary tells us, with a faint smile which is very significant, that this is all the operating-room the hospital has! We do not need to ask more questions. There, with only these folding-doors closed, all the needful operations are performed—the poor little patients in their beds, within hearing of all that takes place, of which perhaps the cries and screams are not the worst or most suggestive to young minds made morbidly sensitive with pain and weakness. But the pinched yet still beautiful girl-faces gratefully recall us. Here is a child fair and pale, afflicted with fits, her hair shining round her like an aureole; there another with disease of the hip-joint; a third with St. Vitus's dance; a fourth with chest disease, and so on, and we are pleased to observe the grateful look borne by the children. Up-stairs is the infants' ward, which to many would be the most painfully interesting. To us we almost confess it was so. What unwritten stories of vice, poverty, and starvation are there in these still-living, wasted infant records! On the knee of one of the nurses, who is seated before the fire, lies the tiniest mite of an infant we ever saw, not beyond a few pounds' weight (we forget the little total!), the face like a miniature of a worn aged woman, the

flesh wasted away, the skin shrunk, and the expression as pitiful to behold as were the small claw-like hands laid over the narrow breast. We should have fancied there was no hope at all for this little creature; but we were assured by the nurse that it had gained weight in the course of the past day or two to the extent of some ounces; that hope had revived in the heart of its own mother, and that they might yet manage to pull it through. The child's short life had been a sore fight, and one could scarcely say, at the moment, on what side the best wishes for its welfare ought to lie. But the good work of the hospital in its case was plain and undoubted.

As a set-off to this painful phase of hospital life, we see in the corner a group of little convalescents enthusiastically intent on over-driving a white and chestnut skewbald, a handsome animal; and on our meekly representing that it may be injured by such treatment, we are met with the proverbial and most unassailable juvenile, "Oh, oh!" to which of course there is nothing to be said, and as nurse in charge by her smile seems to side with them, we feel hopelessly defeated, and retire. Children's spirits are almost inexhaustible; a little betterness, and some degree of elasticity returns to them in spite of what are unavoidably the somewhat painful surroundings here.

"Marasmus," that mysterious word, which in the medical vocabulary serves to conceal so much, and at the same time to indicate often such woeful fatalities of neglect, ill-food, or even of prolonged starvation, is but too well represented in these wards, and has its due share of victims both amongst the older and the younger of the little patients. It is surely something that the last days of many a neglected waif are cheered by the kindly smile and the tender touch, even when all hope of recovery has vanished. Relapsing fever supplies many cases, and rickets is not wanting with its share; while burnings and scaldings are terribly common, sometimes occurring whilst the children are alone and the mothers away at work; and street accidents of course duly supply their quota.

One point that struck us very favourably was the quiet, cheerful orderliness of the nurses, as they went about in their dark dresses and white-bibbed aprons, with a whispered word for this child, a good-natured smile for that one; a smoothing touch here, a soothing caress there, as the loving heart and quick eye saw was needful, where the

duller masculine mind might not have detected any need. During the absence of the secretary from our side for a moment at an urgent call, Miss Hester Druitt, who has been in connection with the hospital almost from the first, and is now the one unpaid "Lady nurse" of the establishment, informed us of many interesting details connected with it, which, however, would perhaps occupy too much space here; but she spoke of Mr. and Mrs. Heckford with quiet enthusiasm, and one anecdote which she related we think it well to record, as exhibiting graphically the spirit of the founder of the place. One day the doctor had returned late for dinner, when just as he was about to sit down, he saw a man, evidently sick, passing by the window. Somewhat to her annoyance, as everything was ready, he could not be dissuaded from going out to see the man and question and advise him, and this at a time when symptoms of his own illness had begun to make themselves manifest.

As we move about and listen to this lady, whose good-humour is unfailing, we are anew struck with the pleasant look of the wards. In addition to the engravings on the walls, there are many drawings and paintings, some of them of undoubted merit, the work, as we understood, of Mrs. Heckford—some of it done in her leisure moments at the hospital, as a cheerful relief from the work of nursing. Clearly she is a lady of many accomplishments, and as industrious as she is accomplished. At the end of the boys' ward there is a lithographic portrait of Mr. Heckford—gentle, thoughtful, and with a pensive wistfulness on the young well-formed features. Toys and picture-books there are spread about in moderate variety, for most part the gifts of kind friends of the hospital; and we feel that almost all has been done that can be done for the tiny sufferers in the present small and most inconvenient building.

"But why not extend it, and take in three times the number?" asks the reader, with a suppressed sigh. "Ah, reader, that's the rub," say we. A poor crazy house like this, with thirty-five beds, for a vast district numbering close on four hundred thousand inhabitants, does seem almost absurd; but nothing can be done without money, and the money does not come so fast as it ought. It is long since the Committee began to think about a new building, and to use every effort to obtain it. They have now actually bought a block of ground at Shadwell, and this ground is lying useless because they are

not yet in possession of money sufficient for the building, and they are reluctant to go on the bad principle of getting into debt even for a good cause. Towards the erection of the new hospital they have £6,000 in hand, but they still require £9,000, and they earnestly appeal for this amount to enable them to commence the work. A very encouraging circumstance for the Committee is, that just the other day Charles A. Prescott, Esq., of the well-known city banking firm, paid a visit to the hospital, and after looking over the place, and examining the plans of the new building, he said that he would gladly undertake to try to raise the amount necessary to erect the infirmary or department for infectious cases, at a distance from the main building. We sincerely hope that many others may soon follow Mr. Prescott's noble example. In this new building—with all later improvements and appliances—the same staff could do nearly double the work; for it scarcely needed to be pointed out to the present writer that the Ratcliffe premises are far from economical of labour. No water, for instance, is laid on, and it has to be carried to the wards, rendering it almost impossible to keep up the highest standard of cleanliness, and the moving up and down stairs of the nurses on the slightest cause is, from the same circumstances, inevitable, owing to want of room for stores and other necessities conveniently close to the wards. Those who have least acquaintance with the daily routine of an hospital can easily realise the inconvenience that would arise in a private house, where there were no presses, cupboards, or sideboards in the upstairs apartments. But the case of an hospital, situated as the East London is now, is indescribably worse than that, and can only be fully realised by those who have practical hospital experience. We have not the slightest hesitation in declaring that London does not boast a worthier charity, either in the work accomplished, or in the strict economy of its methods. In proof of this let the following fact stand: Though the work has largely increased during the past two years, the expenditure has actually undergone a reduction. Thus, from May to October, 1872, the expenditure amounted

to £1,589, as against £1,459 in the same period of 1873, while at the same time the receipts have undergone considerable improvement—the excess in subscriptions and donations having amounted to £1,204 in the six months of last year. The Board in winding-up their report for 1873 thus comment on this encouraging circumstance: "Your Board cannot but consider these facts very satisfactory, as they show a larger income and a diminished expenditure, while the increased demands upon the resources of the charity have been successfully met. In conclusion, and notwithstanding the success which has attended their efforts up to this point, the Board feel bound to express their earnest hope that the friends of the charity will steadily persevere, as heretofore, in their generous work. A great deal has yet to be accomplished; £9,000 are wanted to make the £15,000, which is the minimum amount necessary to be obtained before the new building can be commenced, the speedy erection of which is now of the first importance. Sick children are constantly refused admittance for want of room; and all the evils arising from the defective sanitary condition of the present hospital premises continue; the Board, therefore, earnestly appeal for donations to make up the sum required."

There are few among us who have not reason to deem the children dear, and from their own losses it will be a sorrowful pleasure for many to gather a lesson of helpfulness towards those who perish for lack of loving tendance. "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these little ones, ye have done it unto me." After what we have said, there is surely little need to make ourselves the advocates of the East London Hospital. The truly Christian work done by it is its own witness. If our readers cannot take our word on trust, and send their support to this hospital, let them but pay it a visit, and we are certain that they will soon make the cheques reverse their own return course, to find glad welcome from the secretary, Mr. Ashton Warner, at the hospital, to whom they should be addressed and made payable.

H. A. PAGE.



THE GOLDEN BEE.

PART I.

WITH precious merchandise well stored, the growth of Indian soil,
 And costly work of Chinese hands, the patient wealth of toil;
 Upon the wave with sails outspread, like white-winged bird at sea,
 There sped a vessel, homeward bound, the gallant *Golden Bee*!

She'd chests of fragrant tea leaves for English social boards,
 And rainbow-tinted silks and scarves, and gold and gems in hoards,
 Grotesque and dainty ivories, carved by the deftest hands,
 For idle money-spenders in rich European lands.

The breeze was fair—the sky serene—the captain's heart was light,
 As on the deck he lingered late and watched the coming night:
 If sweet a homeward voyage after unpropitious sail,
 'Tis sweeter far when Fortune smiles in port and sea and gale.

The captain's manly heart rejoiced, for things had prospered well.
 His home on shore he'd reach ere long with much good news to tell;
 Good news for Parsec merchants, and good news for fair young wife,
 Whose sweet affection made the joy and beauty of his life!

Erelong he'd kiss his bonnie boy, and hold him on his kneec,
 Awhile he'd listen eager-eyed to stories of the sea;
 Erelong he'd kiss his latest born, and then the captain smiled,
 Smiled, father-like, to think of her, his little unseen child.

A tear ran down his sunburnt check, a mild joy lit his eye—
 So sweet the thoughts of love and home—so near they seemed to lie;
 Whilst all his being thrilled with joy so sweet and strong and good,
 That, though he uttered not a word, his prayer was understood.

Then one by one rose tremulous each little twinkling star,
 And bright and cold Polaris gleamed, that guided from afar:
 Alone amid the solitude of starlit sky and sea,
 On glided as a soft-winged bird, the good ship *Golden Bee*.

But hark! what sudden cry is that of sorrow and affright,
 That breaks like tempest unawares the stillness of the night;
 That rouses all from rest and sleep to trouble and dismay;
 That wakes the captain dreaming sweet of home so far away!

Oh, captain, wake! 'tis but a dream—the harbour is not won;
 Thou dost not clasp thy Mary's hand, nor kiss thy little son;
 Thy baby sweetly sleeps ashore, that shore is far from thee:
 Wake, captain, wake, though none but God can save thy *Golden Bee*!

"The ship's on fire!" an awful cry to hear on lonely seas,
 With double danger in the breath of every favouring breeze;
 But calm and ready for the need, the captain gave command,
 Imparting strength with every word unto his little band.

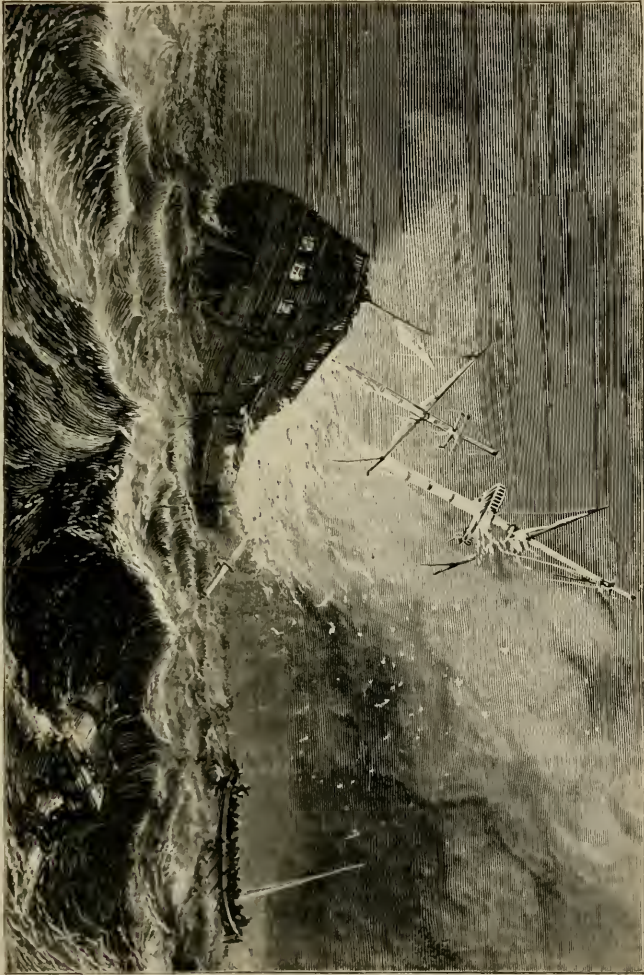
For three whole days the vessel burned. Oh! strange it seemed to be,
 Girt round with fires unquenchable upon the pathless sea;
 For neither skill nor strength availed: the fatal breezes blew—
 Nearer and nearer came the end to ship and gallant crew.

And all was lost. Those gorgeous silks would sweep no palace now;
 Those ivory fans would never feign a breeze for beauty's brow;
 Those aromatic leaves would soothe no weary student's brain,
 Nor freshen lips in fever heats upon a bed of pain.

"Quick, man the boats! the ship is lost!" at last the captain said,
 And no man spoke, but straight and swift the order was obeyed;
 Then one by one the crew stepped forth, but all beheld with tears,
 Their *Golden Bee* deserted, their home of many years.

First had the captain snatched from flame and placed upon his breast,
 A relic of departed days, of all his heart loved best—
 A little prayer-book well worn now, a gift in early life,
 Sweet token from his only love ere yet he called her wife.

Amid a death-like silentness of breeze and sky and sea,
Beneath a brilliant tropic night they left the *Golden Bee* ;
And when they saw the blackened wreck totter amid the wave,
Each sailor breathed a prayer to God, who yet might spare and save.



Then forth upon a lonely sea, six hundred miles from land,
The solitary boats sailed forth with that courageous band ;
Sailed forth as drifts a withered leaf upon the surging tide,
With only hope to be their strength, and only God as guide.

No white sail specked the yellow sky, no cloud or shadow came,
To cool the canopy of light which seemed to be aflame;
No breeze sprang up to aid their oars, no friendly ray of light
Of distant ship shone forth to guide their dreary way at night.

A fearful thing it was to float and helpless drift away
Upon so vast a wilderness day after weary day;
With meagre stores of food and drink, which ere two days had oiled,
They measured out as never yet a miser did his gold.

"Oh, captain!" cried a sailor boy, "I ran away to sea,
And well I know my mother's heart has sorely grieved for me;
Will some one take my parting love? I shall not reach the shore."
And then he smiled a sad sweet smile, but smiled and spoke no more.

They did not weep, but silent stood, and watched the placid deep,
They thought with wistful hearts of him who slept such blessed sleep,
And one, a gaunt and wasted man, sent forth a helpless cry,
"Master, what boots our further toil?—God save us—or we die!"

"Oh, comrades!" cried the captain, "we have mothers, children, wives,
The thoughts of them must give us all the strength of double lives;
Forget not how the widow's cruse, though wasted, filled again;
We've yet the widow's God o'erhead, and yet a little grain.

"Oh! tender wives who live for us, our hearts consent to take
A little hope, a little faith for your beloved sake.
Oh, children of our dearest love! Oh, pleasant home ashore!
Our souls can brave a thousand deaths to call ye ours once more!"

PART II.

Where palaces of merchant kings in marble splendour rise,
And gleam beneath the burning blue of fair Calcutta's skies;
Where orange groves and myrtle boughs perfume the sultry air,
Abode the captain's fair young wife and watched his coming there.

She never heard the ocean waves or saw a ship at sea,
Without a thought of him who steered the stately *Golden Bee*;
She never kissed her babes at night or woke at dawn of day,
Without a prayer that God would speed her sailor on his way.

Days glided by and brought the time when every ship might be
The one for which her soul was sick of wistfulness to see;
Till came a morn when hope grew faint within her patient heart,
When every sudden voice or step would make her pale and start.

She held her children to her heart, and prayed without a word
(Oftimes the breathed unspoken prayer by Heaven is soonest heard);
Or if they heedless played or slept, the passion of her grief
Would spend itself in bitter tears which brought her no relief.

Then, as a calm and peaceful night follows a day of rain,
And drooping plants will feel the sun and ope their leaves again,
For sweetest sake of feeble babes, no helper by, save One,
She learned to lead a widowed life, and say, "Thy Will be done!"

One night, when by her bright boy's crib, her baby on her breast,
She sang her evening cradle-song and hushed the pair to rest,
A ship that bore a foreign flag rode calmly with the tide,
And dropt its anchor in the port by the fair city's side.

Before the mother's voice had ceased its singing low and sweet,
A hasty footstep echoed through the silence of the street;
And when the boy's blue dreamy eye sought for her smile no more,
A figure passed the window panes and paused outside the door.

Then came a low-breathed tender voice: it only murmured "Wife,"
And heart to heart the two were clasped, recalled to new glad life.
For hours they could not speak a word, but shedding blessed tears,
A hymn of thankfulness poured out to One who always hears.

And oft again the captain sped along the ocean ways,
And lived again in memory those fearful shipwrecked days.
And many a sailor knows the tale, and tells as told to me,
What hap befell the gallant crew saved from the *Golden Bee*.

M. BETHAM EDWARDS.

"THEY SANG A HYMN."

BY THE LATE NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

THEY sang, probably, one of the psalms consecrated to the Passover service, as did every pious Jew on similar occasions. To many a family this was, no doubt, a commonplace form, without anything to gratify the senses, without anything to excite such powerful emotions as are produced by magnificent combinations of power and harmony. But though this song was sung by only eleven persons in the upper room in Jerusalem, and those, as far as we know, having no peculiar skill in music, yet we may well believe, that here was no empty form, but words breathing meaning and life, wedded, perhaps, to the ordinary music of the time, but sung with as much musical truth as was possible for the singers, and, above all, sung with perfect truth by One at least Who, as the head of the family, led the choir.

Now in such a fact as this I see, as in all Christ's life, His meek obedience to and sympathy with the will of God His Father, and His humble acceptance of whatever form of obedience He prescribed. To observe the Jewish rites and ceremonies; to partake of the Passover; to follow the usual forms; to sing psalms in the words of David—to do so with a few poor men—all this was God's will as revealed through Moses; and so Jesus honoured God by honouring His revealed will and by acquiescing in those appointments. In everything He fulfilled the law, and made it honourable by so doing, because it was God's law. And yet had the Apostles been composing a story instead of narrating facts, and had they tried to adapt it to meet preconceived views of the greatness of this Jesus, we can easily see how their carnal pride might have easily suggested such apparent inconsistencies as would have induced them either to leave out the fact, or to give it a colouring of their own fancy. Will Jesus, the Holy and the Perfect One, humble Himself to express His joys or sorrows, His holy aspirations, or His thanksgivings in words borrowed from another, even though His royal ancestor according to the flesh, and the sweet singer of Israel? Shall He not rather give utterance to His thoughts at such a time in a sacred song which will be the Song of Songs to His Church until time shall be no more? It was not so. He sang, along with his brethren, in the words of David. He sang what they sang. But if He is to sing

at all, surely He will do it with such music as never was heard on earth before;—such music as will silence every tongue around Him as being unfit to join in it, and will open every ear to catch a part here below of the mighty chorus which rolls around the throne of God and fills the sky? For did not this Jesus tell them that He had come from God and went to God, and therefore had known all kinds of perfect beauty and surpassing glory? Was He not going to prepare a place for them, where there should be such music as was fit only for golden harps and for angelic trumps which could wake the dead? Nay more, when they wrote their Gospels, they certainly then knew that Jesus had made all things, and that without Him was not anything made that was made. If so, they also knew that He was the creator of the music which could carry heavenwards, as in a whirlwind of delight, the soul of him who heard it. Shall *He* then join peasants humbly singing their rude strains? Far be such poetry and song, such poorly expressed thoughts and poorly composed music from Him who created all art and artists, the great Messiah, the eternal Son of God!

Yet what might have been thus anticipated was not what happened—for Jesus sung a hymn. And when was music heard before from heaven or earth so pleasing to God, so grand and beautiful to listening angels? We know not what harmonies from the power of sound the Creator produces for the ceaseless joy of His intelligent creatures who fill the vast amplitudes of the sky. We know not what sublime and to us inconceivable realities are expressed by those descriptions given by that Apostle who leant on Jesus' bosom, and heard with prophetic ear the voice "as of many waters, as of a great thunder, and the voices of harpers harping with their harps;" but sure am I that there was a harmony and glory in this hymn they never heard before. For the beauty of its harmony was moral: it was harmony from the inner spirit of man; it was harmony between man and man, between man in Christ, God in Christ; it was the melody of meekness, of obedience, of peace and joy; it was like the music of law and order from those glittering stars of night beneath which they sung—such a harmony as the character of Christ for ever sounds in the ears of God.

Now the lesson we are to learn from seeing this glory in Christ, is that the presence of a loving, meek spirit is beauty higher than anything which can be seen or heard by the senses. I am not arguing about forms, neither condemning nor defending any. I am condemning only the vanity and the want of real appreciation of the Gospel, in those who make taste the grand standard of excellence; hindering men from making the best of what they have, putting little or no value on what God seeks first of all,—the music and worship of the soul. The servant is not above his Master; and that Master, in washing His disciples' feet, and also in the same night joining in this song of praise, has given us an example which we should follow, of a quiet, meek, and humble spirit whose loving considerateness makes real the ideal, and idealises the real, and which, from a soul glorious within, invests with glory all things without, making the commonplace sublime, because making it minister to the heavenly and eternal.

This hymn was sung on a memorable night in our Saviour's life and in the history of the world. It ended a week of unprecedented solemnity, every hour of which must have been a heavy burden of holy anxiety and deepest grief to the Man of Sorrows. During it His tears had fallen for lost Jerusalem. These sorrows had culminated around this table. In that scene of outward peace His eye beheld the Prince of Darkness, coming as if to fight the last and great battle—entering into Judas, and desiring to sift the disciples as wheat. His ministerial life with His disciples had come to an end. He had bade them farewell. His last parables were spoken, His last commands given, and His last warnings and promises. His last prayer had been offered up. He had, moreover, instituted that Feast as a memorial of His Body broken and Blood shed for the sins of the world. Never more was He to pillow His weary head, or find solace for His weary heart on earth. For it is near midnight, and when the midnight is past the morning begins on which the Son of God is to be crucified. As that hour struck, which shall henceforth mark an epoch in the history of the universe, Jesus was to pass through the valley and shadow of this death of deaths; He was to agonize in Gethsemane; be kissed and betrayed by Judas; be arrested like a thief; and all these terrible scenes follow, implying sufferings for His soul darker than the funeral pall which concealed the mid-day sun. Such a moment as this stands alone. Its like never was, and never

can it be repeated. Yet in the midst of this circle of woe, widening out its circumference beyond the eye of man or angel, this blessed Jesus stands in the awful majesty of power, "the Lion of the tribe of Judah," sustained by the authority of eternal righteousness, by perfect faith in God, and by perfect love. At that hour when Jesus was fully realising what He is to endure according to the Will of His Father, there and then He sings a hymn! No cry of rebellion against God, no expression of impatience escapes from those lips; no sign of cold, enduring pride is seen in that countenance; no trace of hopeless misery destroys that calm; no curses are hurled against man for his horrible cruelty, injustice, and ingratitude; nor does any sense of weakness and fear appear. That hymn expresses but one feeling, joyful thanksgiving; joy in God; thanksgiving for all His appointments. He had already given thanks over the symbols of His broken Body and shed Blood;—thanks because He was to die and give His life for His friends. And now again He sings this hymn of peace and of praise to God.

What a sublime spectacle is this of the mind and spirit of Jesus as He contemplates the will of God His Father with reference to His sufferings and death! He recognises His appointment as a cause for thanksgiving and joy! The deeper ground was such love to His God as made the glory of that God, the manifestation of His character and will, in the one eternal purpose of His heart, and therefore drawing forth the prayer, "Glorify thy Son!"—as if He had said, "Bring out in any way that seems good to thee, the obedience and fellowship of my Sonship towards Thee; let the world see by whatever means, even the most awful, that there is One Who knows Thee, and loves Thee, and will never lose His confidence in Thee, and all this that I may have the joy of being able to glorify Thee as worthy of all love and trust." And now, when God wills that the Son shall glorify Him by obedience unto death; by the greatness of suffering love triumphing over hate, and by a suffering Son, abiding in His Father's love, and in obedience following His righteous will to the cross and the grave, Jesus gives thanks! He sings a hymn! And His thanks never died out in His heart, nor did His song cease until His spirit given up on the cross was received by God His Father on the throne!

Such was Jesus; amidst His sufferings joyful and thankful from His love to God, because they glorified Him. And

love to man also was in that hymn of praise in the midst of suffering. By His broken Body and shed Blood; by Himself as being our Passover; by His passion, cross, burial, He was to save man. There was a joy set before Him by which He endured the cross, and this joy was expressed in singing. Next to the glory of God, the prospect of pardoning the transgressions of men; of reconciling them to God and to one another; of emancipating them from the evil of their own self-bound and corrupt hearts, by inspiring them with His own mind and spirit; the prospect of bringing to humanity the gift of eternal life, and of raising up and glorifying His Church for ever with Himself—this filled His heart with joy, this attuned His lips to praise. Such, again, was Jesus, joyful amidst sufferings which were borne for His brethren!

But how shall we, my brethren, be able to sing one note of such a hymn as this with Jesus? Is He alone to sing it? In one sense alone—alone in the degree of His sorrows, but not in the reality of His sorrows—alone in the mediatorial virtue of His sorrows, but not in the mediatorial results of His sorrows. Alone, too, He was in the perfection of that spiritual union of peace and love in which He sung; alone in the awful joy set before Him; yet not alone in the peace and holiness of spirit we should possess with Him, nor in the joy which is involved in Christ being in us the hope of glory. We have the privilege of sorrowing yet always rejoicing with our Lord.

What, then, should exclude us from singing hymns of praise even amidst sufferings which shall be heard by God in heaven as becoming His own happy children? What should exclude us from joining Christ and His disciples?

Is it from anything in our outward circumstances—such as poverty, want of learn-

ing, or lowliness of station? Here eleven poor, unlearned, and humble disciples joined in it! Is it from manifold imperfections in will and sincerity? Peter joined in it, yea, all joined, though all forsook Him. Who are they that join it now? Multitudes out of great tribulation!

Ah! it is self makes us sorrow without hope; but it is love makes us sorrow and rejoice. Self may lead us, like Judas, to the sorrow of despair, but love leads us to the sorrow and the joy of Christ. And thus have I seen Christian souls in the midst of deepest trouble, from sickness, poverty, and death—bereaved and lonely souls, as if almost with broken body and shed blood, lift up their feeble voices in song, in which there was no art, save the art of holy feeling, no power, save the power of a holy life, much weakness, but weakness in which God perfected strength, sing a hymn that was full of gratitude, yet full, too, of fearful condemnation of the ungrateful, full of joy that condemned yet encouraged the despairing.

May the Lord by His grace, which alone availeth, so teach us that we seeking not our own, desiring that His not our will should be done, may be able to accept with peace whatever He may send us, if thereby we can prove our confidence in Him as our Father, and thereby help all our brethren by our example to share with us the same strength and peace. And soon these hymns, sung with many tears and amidst broken sobs, will cease, and among that multitude, greater than any man can number, which will unite in the "song of Moses and of the Lamb," none will sing with such unspeakable joy as those "who have come out of great tribulation," and their joy will be but intensified when they behold as the object and source of their praise, "as it were a Lamb slain in the midst of the throne!"

THE SCHOOL-BOARD CURRICULUM.

By a RIVER-SIDE VISITOR.

WHETHER School-Board schools are destined altogether to supersede the voluntary schools which have done the bulk, and are still doing a considerable proportion, of the work of the elementary education of the country; and whether, if this should come to pass, it will be a national calamity, are vexed questions which, as they do not materially affect the point in hand, need not be discussed here. But whatever difference of

opinion there may be with regard to these and similar questions, we think it is indisputable that one result will be the approximation of the system adopted in all public elementary schools to that fixed upon by the School Board. The reasons why this should be so are obvious. The resources at the command of Board schools give them a material advantage. Already the "fixed scale" of the Board gives its teachers a con-

siderably higher salary than, as a rule, the managers of voluntary schools can give. The Board thus secures the pick of the teaching profession; and its teachers have a practically unlimited supply of the most approved educational apparatus. Looking at these circumstances, it cannot be supposed that voluntary schools, as a class, could offer a better education than Board schools, and it is scarcely fair to them to expect them to offer as good. It is, however, essential to their very existence that they should give about the same amount of education, should, in homely phrase, "give as much for the money" as Board schools. To give less would be equivalent to committing a "happy dispatch" upon themselves; for, however much the "denominational question" may vex the souls of many worthy persons, we speak from an intimate knowledge of the working-classes when we say that it has not sufficient interest for them to induce them to deviate in this matter of education from the rule which they observe in other practical matters—going where they will get the most and best for their money.

It is well worth while, therefore, to see what the School-Board system actually is. We happen to have to listen to a good deal of comment anent School-Board education, but while we meet with many who take objection to it, we find very few indeed who really know what the curriculum of the Board schools is. The old notions about educating people above their station are by no means extinct. Many there be who will tell you that they "do not believe in these School Boards which go in for teaching a parcel of street arabs a lot of things that will either cause them to be dissatisfied with their position, or only enable them to be cleverer rogues or criminals than they would otherwise have been;" and those of this inclining further profess to believe that another general result of universal education will be that in another generation we shall be without servants or labourers, as by that time education will have entirely "turned the heads" of the classes from which at present servants and labourers are drawn. On this view there is no need to comment. Others, recognising the fact that the School-Board system is the national one, say that it is not sufficiently thorough and comprehensive, that it is not equal to continental systems, is not calculated to put future generations of the artisan class upon an educational equality with the same classes abroad. Some, again, there are who denounce it as godless, and others

object to it because it is not exclusively secular.

And now, what is the system concerning which there is so much talk? It is very clearly set forth in the "Code of Regulations for the Guidance of Teachers" issued by the Board, and acted upon in their schools throughout the metropolis. In junior and senior schools the following subjects are *essential*:—

(a) The Bible, and the principles of religion and morality, in accordance with the terms of the Resolution of the Board passed on the 8th March, 1871.*

(b) Reading, writing, and arithmetic; English grammar and composition, and the principles of book-keeping in senior schools, with mensuration in senior boys' schools.

(c) Systematized object-lessons, embracing in the six school years a course of elementary instruction in physical science, and serving as an introduction to the science examinations, which are conducted by the Science and Art Department

(d) The history of England.

(e) Elementary geography.

(f) Elementary social economy.

(g) Elementary drawing.

(h) Music and drill.

(i) In girls' schools plain needlework and cutting-out.

Domestic economy, algebra, and geometry are classed as discretionary subjects, while natural philosophy, physical geography, natural science, political economy, and languages are ranked as extra subjects, which can only be taught subject to the specific approval of the Board, and to the condition that their being taught does not interfere with the efficiency of the teaching of the essential subjects.

In girls' schools and "mixed" infant schools, needlework is—very wisely, we think—made an important part of the instruction given, and a special set of regulations is issued on this subject. These regulations set forth that, in girls' schools "four hours per week during afternoon school must be devoted to needlework; in infants' schools the number of hours per week must be limited to three." That "the upper classes in all girls' schools must be taught to cut out and to make articles of wearing apparel, especially under-clothing." That "all garments made at the schools at the Board's expense are to be sold to the parents of the scholars at cost price, the money so received must be expended in the purchase of a new stock of calico, holland, flannel, &c." And that

* The Resolution here referred to is to the effect that in giving explanations and instructions in connection with Bible reading, teachers must "strictly observe, both in letter and spirit," those sections of the Education Act which provide that no attempt shall be made to attach children to any particular denomination.

"parents are encouraged to send articles of wearing apparel to the school to be made, mended, patched, or darned; on condition, however, that every article so sent must be scrupulously clean, and labelled with the owner's name, but such work must not interfere with the systematic instruction in this branch." Of these privileges the parents freely avail themselves, particularly of the one of buying the ready-made garments. The expenses to be incurred in the needlework department are strictly defined in the Regulations, and we do not think that even the typical "Indignant Ratepayer," would object to them as extravagant. For every hundred girls in average attendance the Board allows the sum of £2 to meet the first expense for calico, holland, flannel, and print, and the further sum of 16s. for the first quarter, and 10s. for each succeeding quarter to cover the cost of patchwork, scissors, thimbles, needles, &c. Where desired, a further sum of £1 5s. per hundred girls in average attendance is allowed as a first charge only, for work-bags to be made and used by the children themselves.

A noteworthy feature in the Board system of education is the extent to which it aims at educating the children through the eye. The walls of the schools and class-rooms are liberally adorned with maps, diagrams, and pictures: diagrams illustrative of the anatomy of the human frame, and drawings explanatory of the operation of the screw, wedge, lever, and other primary mechanical forces, or of manufacturing processes; pictures showing the distinctions, and affording comparisons between the chief trees and other products of the vegetable kingdom. Separate pictures there are too of many varieties of birds, beasts, and fishes; with larger pictures of animals grouped so as to convey an accurate idea of the relative size of the chief classes of the animal world. Other pictures there are which to the uninitiated would probably appear strangely incongruous. One of these, for instance, is made up of a sheep and lamb, surrounded by a coat, a pair of trousers, a pair of stockings, and a highly-coloured shawl—a picture used in giving a lesson on such a word as sheep or wool. Thus the teacher explains—or extracts from the pupils by questions—that what they see on the back of the sheep is wool, that at a season of the year when the wool is long and the sheep do not stand so much in need of it as in the winter it is shorn off, washed, combed, and sold to manufacturers, who, by means of looms, weave it into cloth which, when dyed, is made into

clothing, or into yarn which is knitted into stockings. All this could, of course, be taught without the picture; but we think it must be obvious that it can be taught more effectively with the aid of the pictures.

As would naturally be expected, it is in the infant departments that this part of the Board system is most largely developed. In these departments many of the children are literally infants, numbers of them being only three years of age, and some of them not that, while the eldest are only seven. Here it is not—in the beginning at any rate—merely a question of teaching the children to read and write. Their general faculties have to be drawn out; they have to be made aware that they have various faculties, and brought to *know*, even if they do not quite *understand*, their uses. In the infant departments of Board schools the German "Kindergarten" or "Child's garden" system of teaching has been adopted. There is no space here to go into details, but it may be described as a system whose apparatus is at once toys and educating machinery, and whose fundamental principle is to educate through what any watchful observer will know to be the first and chief faculty of the child's mind—imitating what it sees, or recognising under varied circumstances forms with which it has been made familiar by sight. By means of such appliances as small cubes and laths of wood, perforated peas with pegs to fit into them, and coloured balls, children are taught to recognise forms, colours and letters, and to understand qualities and numbers. Thus we will suppose the peas and pegs are given out. A teacher standing in front of her class will form the figure of a table with hers, and will ask, What is that? She is promptly answered; for, of course, every child has seen a table. The children then construct tables in imitation of the teacher, who after going through the same process with a chair and other objects of every-day use, forms (say) a letter B. "This," she tells them, "is B, the second letter of the A. B. C.," and after undoing and remaking it once or twice for their benefit she sets them to make their own B's. By close study of their pattern and trying this or that peg they at length accomplish this, and the form of the letter is, in this way, so impressed upon their minds that upon being called on to do so, they will readily point it out on an alphabet card. By means of the cubes they are taught the difference between columns, squares, arches, and other forms; by means of balls they are taught to distinguish colours and the qualities of hard

and soft; while the idea of numbers is given to them by means of that favourite amusement with children—especially girls—threading beads. Thus, they are given a thread and a handful of coloured beads, and are told to thread one black, two red, three white, and so on, and this proceeding, while a lesson in numbers is being given, also serves the girls as preliminary practice for needle-threading. In this way the faculties of the children are drawn out and exercised, and the soil of the mind prepared for the higher and more specific forms of mental cultivation.

The Board have adopted the Tonic Sol-Fa system of music in their schools, and the children of the schools have already, as a rule, made marked progress in this branch. Many of them who, a year or two ago, were running wild about the streets, guiltless of any knowledge that there were such things as an art and science of music, can now with their music-books before them keep excellent time and tune. So much is this the case that we feel quite sure that the music of the united voices of some two or three hundred of these children when engaged in singing one of their favourite songs, would have charms sufficient to soothe the savage breasts even of those who take especial exemption to this portion of the School-Board curriculum, arguing that it is a waste of money to teach music to a lot of little Arabs. Even the children of the class who are generally spoken of as arabs or gutter children, are susceptible to the refining influences of music. The Board have acted wisely in including music in their course of instruction; and while music is refining, drill—against which also many individuals of the Indignant Ratepayer type especially lift up their voices—is smartening the children, taking out of them the slouchiness of gait and air which characterizes many of them on first coming into the schools.

The Board schools have obviously many advantages over other elementary schools, but these all converge in this—their superior apparatus. The establishment of these schools has given a great impetus by creating a new and extensive market for improved appliances. It has led to the great publishing firms of the country turning their attention to school-books, and as a result bringing out "Readers," which altogether put into the shade even the best of what must now be called the old-fashioned Readers. These modern Readers, while a better vehicle than the old ones for mere reading exercises, have their lessons of such a kind and so arranged that they incidentally convey an

amount of *knowledge* that is in itself a fair education. The knowledge is given in an easy and interesting manner, and as the pupil gets into the higher books of a series he has indicated to him the sources, is let taste of the springs, and directed where they lie in case he is minded to drink deeper of them.

Good as the School-Board system undoubtedly is, it of course could—and probably will—be made better. We hope the day is not far distant when that most effective aid to education—a lending library—will be attached to each school; and, seeing that schools are erected at a cost of from five to ten thousand each, we would hope that the slight additional cost of a gymnasium will not for very long stand in the way of each school having such an appendage. Saving the cost, we can see no other objection, while its advantages need not be dwelt upon. To include swimming in the course of instruction, would be a somewhat more difficult matter, still it might be done. Mr. MacGregor tried the experiment at his own expense, in the division of which he is a representative, and it is at least certain that the swimming lessons were immensely popular among the boys who benefited by them, and also among their parents. We remember, however, meeting with one exception amongst the latter: a mother who objected on the ground that her boy had not been used to cold water—a statement that, judging from the appearance of herself and her home, we could very readily believe.

As yet there has not been time to fully judge of the School-Board schools by their fruits, but there is not the slightest reason to fear that those fruits will be other than rich and sound ones. When those who are now being caught young have gone through the full course of the infants and senior schools, and are turned out, it will be found that we have a better educated class of children than the nation has hitherto seen—a class of children we need be neither afraid nor ashamed to compare with the children of other countries; a class, so far as the boys are concerned, who—if the School-Board system is wisely supplemented, as it ought to be, by opportunities for acquiring technical education—will develop into artisans able to hold their own against all the world. In conclusion we would say that to any one taking an interest in the great question of national education, there could be few more interesting sights than one of the School-Board schools at work.



"NOVANTIA."

NOVANTIA :

INCLUDING THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF DAVID GROATS, GATEKEEPER.

CHAPTER XIII.



RACHEL CARVIE'S stock-in-trade, so to speak, was suddenly, in the mysterious ways of Providence—much canvassed in Braidarden among the poor—taken

away from her. Her mother, after lingering between life and death for many years, and having been reported dying and dead several scores of times, as often, in fact, as it was necessary or convenient to cause a little stir and flutter among the numerous acquaintances of the family, at last had fairly gone the way of all the earth. It is perhaps a striking illustration of the wonderful and beneficent law of compensation which prevails in every department of human life, that sickness, which is so grievous a visitor to the poor—especially grievous in Braidarden, the poorest of poor counties—is also pretty commonly looked upon as a visitor no less distinguished than grievous. It is often to them like the return of a cousin who has been fortunate abroad, and come back with a yellow face and enlarged liver and bad temper, to find out his relatives, and spend a few days with them to make a show, giving them a great deal of snash and impudence, but distributing money freely among them. It gives the family importance for a certain period in the neighbourhood. They are talked about in consequence of it. Neighbours, and people from a distance once neighbours, together with acquaintance and friends of neighbours, come and call, and sit

and talk, discussing all the phases and incidents of the illness since it began, freely speculating as to its end, particularly if likely to be fatal, and comparing it with a variety of impossible ailments, or ailments distinguished by impossible features, of which others have been the victims. The minister walks in, carrying his hat before him in his hand, and his gloves in his hat. After him comes the doctor, who has been waylaid and captured on his return from the squire's, and enters with his watch in his hand, ready to tick off the pulse, before proceeding to the factor's; deriving from all this a social consequence to add to his professional importance. A neighbour who has a turn for prayer drops in of an evening, and asks, as he rises to leave, whether a word or two would not be acceptable, and before he can receive a reply, shuts his eyes firmly, and gives the sufferer the benefit of as much incoherent Scripture as he can call to mind at the moment, and as if speaking to the Almighty. There are visits, too, of benevolent ladies, who glide in, bringing wonderful scents with them, and whisper and nod in an anxious and mysterious manner, as if it were their nearest and dearest relative who was lying sick. All this among the poor, especially where sickness is of some duration, or where it is the sickness of an old man past work, or a child of tender years (any one who does not contribute to the support of the household), is felt to heighten for the time being the social position of the family, and in the midst of distress to afford some appreciable comfort. Not that the poor have no feelings. On the contrary, those who know the poor know that their simple and unwritten annals are full of self-sacrifice, more wonderful, in many cases, than that which has made saints and martyrs glorious. But then the poor cannot have (lucky that it is so!) as dainty feelings as if their bed were less hard, and their board less plain and scanty, and their houses less dirty and dismal. They speak of death to a dying friend or in his presence, arrange for his funeral in a way which appears to be shocking; but it is no doubt because death, which is the loss of all, is not to them the loss of quite so much as it is to others, for whom life is pleasanter and richer. And then if it is certain they have feelings, it is no less cer-

tain they have also tastes. They like a little respect when it happens to be shown to them, even if the circumstances are a trifle dolorous.

Rachel Carvie, in these respects, was a fair specimen of the class to which she belonged. She had feelings; but she had also tastes. Her mother's long illness had been an affliction; but it was an affliction attended with a variety of alleviations. It had given her many an hour of subdued but real triumph, as when Lady Layton herself called, and praised her for her kind and dutiful attentions—which on the occasion of her ladyship's visit, and notwithstanding her ladyship's presence, were unremitting; and generally it had elevated her to a position of importance and superiority, which she had now occupied so long that it was impossible she should ever lose it. What was of no less consequence, at least, was the fact that her mother's long illness, besides being an affliction with alleviating circumstances, had been for a long period a livelihood for both, much better livelihood than either had been accustomed to before, more inclusive of wine and pie-crust. Now, the last enemy had ended all this at one fell stroke! Rachel was sorry, very sorry. She wept bitterly. What was a heavy grief to her was, that her mother, for whom she was so sorrowful, was not there to see how sorrowful she was. When Mr. Francis called a fortnight after the decease to condole with her, he was struck with the violence of her grief. He tried in vain by monosyllables to assuage it. His monosyllables intensified it. It was as loud and vehement as when her mother lay just dying; and when Mrs. McRorie, who was present with seven or eight other neighbours, observing that it was increased rather than allayed by the minister's presence, took her by the arm and remonstrated with her, saying, "Sure and you shouldn't be goin' on this way, and your mother receivin' such beautiful attintions from a gen'lman like this." Rachel, disconsolate, had regard to the past. That was beyond recall. She had respect also to the future. That was to be provided for. She would have died for her mother; but seeing that it was her mother who was dead, and herself that was alive, and without a livelihood, what was to be done?

This question was answered for her in a manner which, large as her belief was in Providence, she could hardly have ventured to anticipate, and which at first, to do her justice, was hardly to her taste. Lady Best, widow of Sir Joseph Best, Bart., cousin of

Hetty and Beatrice, who since her widowhood spent the autumn generally in her native county, staying at Laignlea and other houses in turns, and who had made the acquaintance of Miss Carvie while on a visit to Sunbury some years before, together with Mrs. Corrypeel, of Norryway, Mrs. Argall, of Tintrae Castle, Mrs. Slipper, wife of the Rev. Thomas Slipper, of Whistles, and one or two other less noted persons interested in the religious welfare of mankind, especially in Braidarden, saw in Miss Carvie suitable material out of which to make a Bible-woman. They knew or surmised that she was stupid and ignorant; they were aware that she talked in an incoherent and highly ungrammatical manner; but they thought, or were told, that she was well informed in Bible truth; and they were hopeful and desirous that, as on other occasions in the history of the gospel, so now again, the weak things of the world would be seen confounding the mighty. Thus a month or so after her mother's decease, Rachel was installed, with very dim notions as to the nature of her new duties, in the position of Bible-woman in the parish of Illtafend.

It was excellent Mrs. Slipper, who, though not ostensibly the leader of this movement, was really its originator. Before her marriage Mrs. Slipper had been a Latter-day Saint (not of the Mormon species, but another common in Braidarden), and still looked back with humble pride and proud humility to her early connection with that body. It gave her an advantage in spiritual things over her husband, a good-natured, easy-going man, florid in his complexion, still more florid in his manners, but meaning neither good nor evil by the one any more than the other. It was her part to supply any lack of devoted religious service on his side, and generally to take the parish of Whistles pretty well off his hands, and render him and it as ill at ease as those whose spiritual state was not of the highest required to be, or were the better for being. This would have been work enough for any ordinary person. But Mrs. Slipper was not an ordinary woman, and did not wish to be thought one, though she was conscious that her family had been ordinary people, or at any rate drapers, and had kept lodgers, of whom Mr. Slipper while a student had been one. One thing which took her out of the ranks of ordinary people, and translated her higher, besides her personal merits and labours, was her acquaintance with eminent and extraordinary persons, and the respect which they had for her. Lady Layton was one of her

acquaintances, distant, but highly esteemed; Mrs. Argall was another; Lady Best was another. Now the first of these ladies lived, when she did Braidarden the honour of visiting it, in the neighbouring parish of Illtafend, which naturally (and particularly, because her ladyship's family was, like herself, very amiable) gave Mrs. Slipper a great interest in the spiritual welfare of that parish. When, then, it appeared that a young man had (no doubt under some mistake) been appointed to the parish, whose character and doctrine and associates—for these went together, of course—(here David Groats was pointed at, and perhaps the dominie) were not such as became the gospel, it was the part of a friend to the spiritual welfare of the parish in which Lady Layton resided, to be up and doing.

That zeal for the interests of true religion which worked in her own mind, Mrs. Slipper found little difficulty in communicating to the mind of Lady Best, Mrs. Argall, and other ladies, and its result, after much consultation and correspondence, was the appointment of Miss Carvie as Bible-woman. Thus, as Rachel herself said, "a way was opened for her," when the road she had long been comfortably travelling suddenly went over a precipice. It is true that when the office was first mooted to her she was much taken aback. Like some of the very best people in the world, she was privately conscious of short-coming and unworthiness, especially in respect of not being a religious person. Though she had always considered it right, especially in her intercourse with the great, to use as much Scripture as she was familiar with, as being the best of good language and most fitting to be used on great and auspicious occasions, yet she was conscious that of the two classes into which mankind was divided, the religious and the not religious, she did not belong to the former. Among her associates she had made up till this time no pretension that way. It was such a pity. She would have liked either that she had become a religious person before, or that her new office had not been altogether a religious one. However, seeing that the ladies had fixed upon her, it was impossible to go and tell them the truth now, and since there seemed no other way of making a living in the meantime, there was nothing for it but to walk in the way which had been opened up for her by Providence.

"It's a serious thing," she remarked in a select circle of her acquaintance, drawn together partly by the recent decease, and

still more by the more recent accession to office—"it's a serious thing, ye'll a' see that, neebors, as weel as mysel', to have jist ae thing to do every day of the week, and it Sabbath day work. I never thought that the big folk—they were aye kind to my mither and me" (here Rachel wiped the corners of her eyes with her apron)—"would hae put sae much honour upon me as they hae done this day. My mither would hae been a proud woman this day—if she had kent o't she would may be have been living yet, for good news, or ony bit tasty thing that I brought back from ony o' the big houses, it was jist meat and drink to her for twa or three days, and many a time when she would hae deed it kept her living." And then forgetting that she was expressing her delight at the honour which had been conferred on her, she added in a husky voice, and with another application of the apron to the corners of her eyes, "if she was only living yet I would nae hae needed to gang about frae door to door like a beggar wi' thae Bibles and tracts and stickin' plaster" (of which Mrs. Corrypeel had supplied her with a quantity for distribution in urgent cases).

"Keep up your heart, lass," said a sympathetic neighbour, who wished to give good cheer, and remembered occasions on which good cheer was going—"Keep up your heart. Ye'll hae to attend a' the funerals as well as the minister himsel', I'm thinking."

"The minister," said another, "likes better to gang ower to auld David Groats than gang to funerals or coffinings either," and having expected the appointment to the gate at Sunbury, which David had received, she added, "The old man's clean daft or waur."

"Is he though," inquired a chorus of voices, whose owners would have been thankful to hear of anything so serious and painful as lunacy.

"That he is, and gangs about till a' hours o' the nicht looking up to the moon, and nicherin' and lachin' whiles, and whiles swearin'. He's an'awsome karater. Them that kens him tell me he's a forener. He's black in the skin, and has a pair o' burnin' black een in his head, and when he stands ahint the gate wi' his hands ahint his back and lookin' out at ye, ye would think he was a beast in a cage and would jump out and eat ye. Naebody kens, though, whaur he comes frae, and it's my opinion, neebors, he's a body that's done something and had to flee for't."

As Rachel's mission was begun in this manner, not only without large intellectual

resources, but without that enthusiasm for a religious vocation and conscious predestination to it which often go some way to supply deficiencies in that respect, it was not likely to hasten the millennium or be attended with great results. But as among her intimate friends, so in the district generally, it gave rise to much animated discussion. The Hopes were agitated by it, Mrs. Hope having been informed by the originators of the mission what some of its precise objects were.

"As James Wright says," remarked Miss Hope,—“he's not always charitable or just in his judgments, but this time he is both—Rachel Carvie is one of the silliest and stupidest women in the parish. To think of Charlotte and Mrs. Slipper and others setting her up for half missionary, half spy, for that's what it means!”

“All spy,” said Beatrice, “and not a bit missionary.”

“It is very sad indeed,” said Mrs. Hope, who had not seen the thing in the light in which she now saw it when it was first mentioned to her. “I am grieved at it more than I can tell. But you know, dear, what Charlotte says in her letter, that there are Bible-women everywhere now, and one is much needed here among the poor, they are so ignorant and wretched.”

“I would not mind,” said Hetty, “people trying to do good in an ignorant and stupid way; but where they can't begin to do a bit of good till first they have somebody to accuse of a lot of evil, I have no patience with them, particularly when they must travel from home a long road to find good to do in this bad way.”

Hetty turned to look out at the window and to hide the crimson flush which had come to her cheek. As she did so Mrs. Hope thought the beautiful face was never so beautiful as now. This unaccustomed anger flashed new beauty into the curves of the mouth and of the nostrils. But it was so strange as to be startling. Mrs. Hope turned to Beatrice, nodded, and gave the conversation a new turn.

Hetty was beginning to be able to do what she disliked Mrs. Slipper for doing. She had not been accustomed to think evil of people, but it had begun to be possible for her to do it. This was owing, it must be admitted, to the influence of that new teacher and guide whom Providence and Lord Layton had given to Mrs. Hope and her daughters. As a teacher and guide Mr. Francis had acquired over the family, and particularly

over her, an influence and authority which would have more than satisfied him in that capacity if he had been aware of it, or rather which would have been the occasion of some trouble and vexation to him; for being little or nothing of an oracle to himself, he was not desirous of being considered such by others. His “unlimited liability” style of preaching, as Mr. Ogg had called it, was as fresh and delightful to her as it was startling to Mrs. Corrypeel. But what was still fresher and strangely enough still more delightful was the bitter scorn of insincerity and cant and sham in religion and in life in which he indulged, or rather which was part and a great part of him, and often escaped from him. That respect and admiration, much compounded of yearning idolatry and affection which is felt for those who have not only gladdened hours or years of life for us by their presence in the world, but by giving us new faculties for observing it and enjoying it, have widened the world for us, and enriched it, and glorified it—this Miss Hope felt already for Henry Francis. There were moods and feelings new to her which she had by sympathy with him. They were as stirring as new. A fresh zest was given to life by them. That atmosphere of general vague dreamy benevolence in which she had lived till now, and in which she had thought it her duty to live, it had only made everything unreal, good as well as evil, and had narrowed the horizon. One felt so much more certain of nobleness and goodness as good and noble, when one was at liberty to despise and hate meanness and baseness. It made one feel that there was something really true when one could rise up as Mr. Francis did, and scorn its counterfeit and its opposite, however plausible and however popular.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE Rev. Henry Francis could bear pain better than if he had been less sensitive. He had a keen dislike of doing things, and likewise of suffering things, by halves; and if he had occasion to be miserable, he desired to be as miserable as possible, and at once. Since there was nothing for it but to avoid Laighlea, he would avoid it—carefully, and did avoid it, finding a strange satisfaction in considering how much it cost him of wretched self-denial to do so. It was right to shun the place, and it was good to do what is right. But it was better still, or at any rate more satisfactory than even to do what is right, to suffer cruelly when one could not

be inexpressibly happy. However, while, in order to be sufficiently miserable, he denied himself the society of the family at Laighlea, he was anxious his sister should enjoy it; and thus it happened, by way of return for her visits, the Hopes were often in the afternoon to be found at Novantia. On these occasions, even in the absence of the minister (who had resolved to take to hard work as a recreation, and was often absent), the intimacy of the two households was rapidly developed, especially by the efforts of Miss Beatrice, who came primed with questions to be put to Miss Francis as to her country (which Beatrice liked and admired very much purely on her friend's account), her education, her father and Jeremiah Tippett, and in exchange confided to Bessy many interesting bits of information as to Hetty and her mother, father, relatives, to the tenth degree of cousinship and the topmost circle of the peerage. It was just what Beatrice would have thought, suppose she had not been told; but she had to be told a great many times, and in a great variety of ways, how Bessy, when a child, and having no small white companions, used to spend most of the day among the aborigines, camped near her father's house, sharing the games and the food of the black children, and speaking their language as well as her own, or better. Bessy's account, too, of instances of attachment on the part of the blacks to herself and her father and mother, and of the intelligence which they exhibited in the service of any one whom they liked, were fairy tales to Beatrice, because they made her friend a kind of fairy princess. How could those black fellows and their wives and children do anything else than love Bessy Francis? She was so bright and good, so like a picture that one sees in good people's drawing-rooms—Rebekah at the well, or Esther before Ahasuerus, or something of that kind, only not staid and solemn like them—it was impossible not to love her.

Hetty, of course, lived more in the society of absent friends than her younger sister. "When I have on my thinking cap," she said to Beatrice once, "I am surprised people I am thinking of have no voices, till I remember they are fifty or a hundred miles off." In these meditations Bessy Francis had her turn (a frequent one) to appear. Her cheerfulness, what Beatrice called her brightness, was something of a puzzle to Miss Hope. What was the secret of it? It was not levity of character or

frivolity of mind. Neither was it supernatural and exalted piety—at least she had little or nothing to say about religious matters. One would not think of calling her an angel, or anything of that kind; though she was one. She had too much mirth in her eyes and at the corners of her mouth for that. She read and thought for herself as to what she read and saw as few did. But had she to think by herself, alone, a great many thoughts rushing into her mind, and many of them troublesome, haunting ones, that it was impossible to tell any one, or, in fact, altogether shape to one's self? Was it not the secret of Bessy's cheerfulness, of her dimpling cheek and laughing lips and mirthful eyes, that she had none of these thoughts, or somebody to whom she could tell them?

The Hopes were not the only visitors whose visits to Novantia began to be frequent. Mr. Fox called the day after the dinner at Sunbury, and was received with so much cordiality by Mr. Francis (whose conscience still smote him in regard to his visitor), and was still so much taken with Bessy, whom he liked still better in a plain stuff frock than in a highly-founced white satin dress, that he repeated his call soon, and ere long was a constant visitor. Young Mr. Romain, after a time, came with him, sometimes bringing one of his sisters, Lady Cecilia or Lady Mary. Bessy wrote to her father long letters, in which all these visitors and their sayings and doings were sketched (very comically sometimes) for his amusement, prominence being given to Mr. Fox rather than Mr. Romain, as the older man. Happiest hours of all for Bessy were the afternoons, when the Hopes, Mr. Fox, Mr. Romain, and perhaps Lady Cecilia or Lady Mary, starting from the Abbey or from Laighlea, went out on horseback over the country—now going seaward, along the road the Hopes loved above all roads, now across the purple moors, where Mr. Romain could put his horse to the gallop, and tempt Beatrice and Miss Francis to follow him. Mrs. Hope detected in a moment how natural Miss Francis was in that most artificial of all places inside a house—the drawing-room. On Mr. George Fox, though not particularly observant, it dawned in a very short time, and on Mr. Romain at once, that she was curiously natural in that most artificial of all situations in the open air—mounted on horseback. She chatted and laughed, used her bridle-hand, as an index to the geography and the scenery, dropped a word to

her horse between whiles, wheeled round to speak to Hetty or Beatrice, or Mr. Romain, showing her white teeth, her laughing eyes, and straight Greek nose; all with such an easy grace as to make herself, as Beatrice said, a prettier picture than ever: Esther before Ahasuerus, or Rebekah at the well—on horseback.

Mrs. Hope inquired often at her daughters, on their return from these afternoon rides, whether Mr. Francis had been with them. She had noticed for some time that his visits to her were becoming less and less frequent. In fact he was scarcely ever at Laignlea, and when he called seemed in haste to go. But she knew the reason very well; he could not deceive her. She had often intended, and now was quite resolved, to say a word to him, which she hoped he would lay to heart. She had, in fact, cautioned him once or twice before, but evidently to no purpose. He was one of those devoted young men who work themselves out in their youth—make martyrs of themselves. When he came at first, it was doubtful if he was not just if anything too gay and mirthful. How funny he was; what jokes on all sorts of subjects, some of them rather serious subjects, he had! How the girls and he laughed, roared with laughter, till the tears streamed down Hetty's face, at that fireside! Now how completely changed he was! His work, though he had been so short a time at it, and though he did not complain of illness or weariness, seemed to be killing him. It was a most serious thing to have to look after the spiritual welfare of a large parish, with so many poor and ignorant people in it. He might say—it was his jesting way—that a search warrant would be taken out by the parishioners, if he did not take care, to make sure whether he was living in the parish, let alone doing any work in it. But she knew better; he could not deceive her, after she had had the opportunity of becoming really acquainted with him, and thoroughly knowing him and understanding his character. It was very seldom one so gay and brilliant as he was, was as devoted to his work as he. But somehow it was just as she expected, even from the first; for there was earnest somehow about him, even in his jests; he was going to wear himself out before he had been a year in the place. Why could he not do his work and take some recreation besides? Come and see them at Laignlea, for instance, as he used to do. She was sure he must be pleased with her daughters. He could not but see what a brilliant creature

Hetty was. In fact, she knew that he admired her very much; he could not help showing it a little, and he was so anxious to do little things for her, like copying music and translating, and criticizing her pictures, there could be no doubt about it. What was to hinder him, then, from spending an hour or two with them, as he used to do before his sister came? She wanted so much to have a talk with him—now more than ever. There were such fine things in his sermons; it did one so much good, and was so pleasant (because of his fine voice) to hear them; but there were so many of them, and some of them so new, one was apt to get confused, and would like to ask him about them. Was it not possible, too, for him to go too far that way? Must there not be a limit put to what is new, in case nothing true should be left?

Although Mr. Francis's work had become so engrossing as to prevent him from going to Laignlea, he still found opportunity to keep up his intimacy with the dominie and David Groats. When he had not been at the lodge for a day or two, these two worthies, accepting his absence as an invitation, walked over to the Abbey, and were welcomed always by him and his sister with a sincerity that gave Mr. Ogg some notions as to the intentions of both, which were flattering to him in that quarter of his mind where he was the most susceptible of the sweetest of influences. He presented Miss Francis with a copy of his "Poems," containing a dedication to Miss Hope, which he first thought of cutting out, but which he only took pains to point out, in case of mistake, was not meant to be taken quite literally, or as indicating other than poetical sentiments. To Bessy, David Groats was an old and intimate friend from the first; her brother's letters had made him such years before she dreamed of ever seeing him. Thankful for being spared the trouble and embarrassment connected with making acquaintance with her in the regular and tedious manner of people who have never seen each other before, David, on his side, took Bessy into his paternal confidence, and clasped her to his paternal heart at once.

"Blessings on her bonny face," said he, as the dominie walking and he limping, moved along the road towards Novantia. "Summer and winter shall not cease in human nature, and she's a bit of pure summer sunshine. I'm glad she's come here. I'm sorry already she's not to be here long."

"So am I," said the dominie, blushing.

"For it's plain to me," continued David, "that our friend the minister needs her. He's no the man he was six months since, no to speak of six or eight years since. At that time, dominie, ye would hae been for birching him whiles, him and me thegither, first form and last form, first childhood and second childhood; for as true's death a fine evening, flowers, the smell o' a fir plantation, and the shade o't intoxicated the lad then, and me along wi' him; and—don't put yer hand behind your back to bring oot yer tawse—he sung like a mavis, and danced, yes, danced. His sister and he have the same eyes and the same smile—the smile he had then."

"Beautiful smile!" said the dominie, rounding his mouth and elevating his brows. "Beautiful!"

"But every time I see him now," continued David, "in particular when he comes to see me—for he maks an effort to be himself when we came ower this way to see him—he's graver and graver. I would hae said he was taking his colour frae his trade, like the dyer's hand, if I did na ken him ower weel, and if I did na suspect another cause."

"What cause?" inquired the dominie.

"Ane," replied David oracularly, "that, like faith, can remove mountains, and mair nor that—for it's greater than faith—can create and lift up mountains when ther's nane there."

David and Miss Francis, when they met at the Abbey, had frequent conversations, equally interesting to both, in regard to Miss Hope, who was almost a daily visitor of his, sometimes, as he said, just lighting on the doorstep, and flying off again; at other times coming in for what she called a good long gossip.

"Ye ken, Miss Francis," said David, "it's impudent in me to say't or think it, but if she were na ane o' the sweetest o' God's creatures, she would be ane o' the maist ridiculous. There's plenty o' silly women, begging their pardons for speaking o' them in their absence, wi' bonny enugh faces, and they are wise enugh, for the matter o' that, may be, for some o' the lads that get them for wives; but hers is sac bonny a face, its beauty is sac extraordinary, as true's death if she had nae brains, and, as yer brither the minister would say, if she were ane o' the foolish women, she would be clean ridiculous."

"Her face, I think," replied Bessy, "is

not half so wonderful as her brains. There is nothing which she cannot do, and do with such taste and talent, though her sister (and her mother too) says she hardly ever finishes anything she begins, and always leaves her music, and her paints and brushes, and knitting, and books and letters, lying about in admired disorder; so that she has to spend half her time looking for things to work with before she begins to do anything, and all the time appealing to somebody to tell her whether she is not the stupidest, most idiotic, most crazy creature alive."

"I dinna like her the waur for that," interposed David; "thae folk that aye finish what they begin, and gather up their tools at nicht and put them by carefully, are gae and often nae great shakes o' artists, and might just as weel no begin onything as aye finish't."

"My poor mother," continued Bessy, "taught me what she could; she was my only teacher till (this was after her death) I was old enugh to go from home to school for a little. After that, all my education, if you can call it education, was reading with my father and by myself when I had time, and correspondin' with Henry and one or two other relations and friends of mine. I used to think, therefore, most girls I met, who had been at boarding-schools, knew such lots of things of which I was ignorant; but until I came here I had no idea there was such a creature as Miss Hope in existence. One reads about high-born beauties, who are angels at everything; but one needs to see an angel like Miss Hope to have any idea of what an angel is like or can do. Her beauty is nothing; she can't help having a sweet mouth and such soft hearkening eyes, with long lashes veiling their sparkle. I suppose her lovely face is her mother's, and her grandmother's, and great great-grandmother's, the new edition of the beauty that was peeping out at a cottage door and captivated Earl Somebody, Hetty's ancestor. A pretty face comes down, don't it, in families of rank, in that way?"

"Maybe it does—a pretty face; but I should say no Miss Hope's pretty face, for a' that," said David.

"Well, at any rate, she has her beauty by nature, and can't help having it," continued Miss Francis, "it's no merit of hers; but think of all she can do, and how she does it. There's poetry: she writes such beautiful verses. Miss Beatrice has shown me a whole pile of them. She draws and paints like an artist. You should have seen her water-

colour sketch of the Abbey, which she did yesterday, with Beatrice and me under the sycamore that shades the old belfry—Beatrice pulling an imaginary rope attached to an imaginary bell without a tongue, and myself looking down at one of the old grave-stones, the one with a globe carved on the top of it. In the picture, the globe, you know, had a great slice off the lower side, to show that Australia was not part of the world then."

"Does she paint portraits?" inquired David.

"She draws monks' and saints' heads, and what not—beautiful ones, and with such powerful expression in some of them."

"I would like, if she draws heads," said David, "just to get her to take a portrait of the dominie there—the dominie as he would be looking at her and admirin' her, and thinkin' she was admirin' him. It would be ane o' the greatest works o' art o' this or any century."

"Besides all that," proceeded Miss Francis, "she sings and plays more wonderfully still. She talks several languages; I don't know how many, in fact. It's such a treat, too, to hear her talk the language one knows. English is a fine language when she speaks it."

"Well now," she continued, "just to think of a young lady like her getting up early all this summer to do her work, as she calls it, so as to have time to go and see poor and sick people in the afternoon; and not only not doing it to be known, or supposing it would be nice if it were known, but taking all the care she can to prevent anybody but her sister and her mother knowing anything at all about it (Beatrice told me of it as a great secret), for fear people should laugh at her. 'It is so laughable,' she says, 'to be one of your Lady Bountifuls upon ten or twenty pounds per annum.'"

"She's a wonderful creature, as I said to my brother, not long ago," Miss Francis added.

"Did he agree with you when you said that?" inquired David.

"He did not disagree, at any rate."

"Does she ever say anything about him? He's her minister, ye ken, Miss Francis, and a word about him would na misbecome her mair nor a word frae him to her."

"I have heard her refer to his sermons," replied Bessy. "Her mother and sister admire them, and I suppose she too, though she does not as often speak of them. You would not think she's such an actor as she is by-the-bye, among so many other things."

"No, I would not," replied the gate-keeper.

"Speaking of sermons puts me in mind of it. I never saw a play, but I'm sure it's as good as a play to see her act one of your old-fashioned preachers. You know the Hopes don't belong to this part of the county. Their property—the property that did belong to them in their father's time, and is now their cousin's cousin's—is Hopeton. You should hear Miss Hope deliver an address, or what you call it, which she once heard in the parish church of Hopeton, on the occasion of the sacrament. That's a great occasion there, as it appears to be here; and, besides the minister himself, there are several clergymen who take part in the service. Once, I forget who it was, but it was a good old man, a very good man, a regular old saint, who was 'helping,' as you call it, at the sacrament at that place, and something, some time ago, reminded Miss Hope of him; and so she stood up, and, drawing up her sleeve as he did his gown, and grasping her handkerchief in her hand as he did his, she acted him, I am sure, to the life, and gave us the beginning of his address. I am sure it must have been the very tones as well as the very words. Of course, it was not to ridicule the good old man (for he was a dear old friend of hers) or the sacrament either (you will not suppose that), but just to show how odd and inappropriate these table addresses, or whatever you call them, sometimes are in Braid-arden. 'Fancy yourself seated just at the good man's feet,' she said, 'and with your back to him, and you don't see him rising, but only hear a little bustle behind you, and then a voice all at once shouts out, as loud as ever it can bawl (you remember you're sitting at the communion table, and he's addressing you), "When Obadiah hid the four hundred prophets of the Lord in a cave, and fed them upon bread and water." You would not think, would you, she could act like that?'"

"She could play Celia, I am sure, to another's Rosalind, or Rosalind to another's Celia, and no have to go far from hame, or put nature for art," replied David, who often mixed up his acquaintance in society with his friends in Shakspeare.

"He's a queer soul, the dominie there," he continued, pointing to Mr. Ogg as he walked by the side of the minister and peered into his face, expecting assent to some paradoxical proposition or other, "the queerest, maybe, ye've met yet, unless, maybe, the ither side o' the world's mair upside

down than this ane. We were coming along the road, and passing auld Mrs. Carvie's cottage, the auld woman that deed a while since, and we were speakin' about how long she was in the act o' deein'; she was at it at ony rate, by a' accounts, a dozen year or so, and a' that time, nae doot, puir auld soul, sufferin' a great deal. We were speakin' about that on the road, and the dominie says to me, 'I would not have liked to live at ony ither time than just noo, for I should not in that case be living noo; but the time I wou:ld hae liked least of a' to live

was the time afore the flood, when everybody lived as long as he liked.' I asked him how that was. 'Weel,' said he, 'a' things maun hae been in proportion in thae days, the same as the noo, and ae part o' life wou'd be to the ither just what it is noo;—he's a queer speculative soul, the dominie—'if ane had lived then, he wou'd hae been a wean fifty or a hundred years; at school and under the birch—"sour tree of knowledge"—anither hundred; and passin' by the mid part o' life, which might be much the same as the noo, and coming to the last



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acts that end "this strange eventful history," ane wou'd hae been turmentit with a bad cough and the rheumatism for a hundred and fifty year, and wou'd, at the shortest hae been in the pangs o' death anither hundred or hundred and fifty—ower long for the toughness of the human soul.'

"Coming ower the brig there," David went on, "he oot wi' his pencil and began to figure on the white railings to make oot, as he said, by the rule o' three, how long an attack o' chin-cough or measles wou'd hae lasted ane in thae days; and I had to tell

him he was spoilin' the paint before he wou'd stop his calculation.

"Noo, thae things, and a lot o' problems o' the age and questions o' science like them that are goin' the noo," David added, coming to his moral, "may be well enugh for a man like the dominie, no turned fifty, to bother his brains wi'; but as for an auld man there's ae kind o' speculation suits him better. I like to see an auld man that needs his specks to read onything, reading a novel, even if it's trash; and, better than that by far, it's to see an auld man who can

see through his specks bits o' the romance that's aye blooming up, like spring lilies, round about him. Summer and winter, spring time and harvest—no in the fields only, but among human beings—shall not cease. Ye read novels, I've nae doot, Miss Francis?"

Bessy, who was conscious of being, for the third or fourth time, in the middle of "Guy Mannering," acknowledged that she did read novels, and enjoyed them.

"That's right, but it's no sae necessary for you (for it's mair natural) as for an auld man like me. Ane's ain romance is gae often short—no three volumes, but half a volume, and half o' the leaves torn out or spoilt. Besides, ane canna read the maist o't till it's past. But it's a blessin' o' the bounteous heavens above upon the barren ground beneath, that when ane's ain bit romance is long past, others aye bloom up beside us, brighter and bonnier than our ain, and ane's interest in them is a pleasure that is mixed wi' pain, but no wi' regrets. It makes the world aye fresh and young to an auld man to be aye readin' a bit o' the romance o' real life—and Shakspeare."

CHAPTER XV.

IT was easier, Mr. Francis found, to keep to his resolution according to the letter than according to the spirit—a distinction with which his cast of mind, as well as his studies, had made him familiar. It was easy to pass the lodge at Laignlea, but what was the use or the virtue of that effort of self-denial, if he went along the road hoping and praying to meet one of the family? What was the advantage of eschewing the house she lived in, if he did not break off at once, but continue, in a variety of ways, to cultivate the friendship of Miss Hope? He met her almost every day; that was unavoidable, perhaps, in the circumstances. It would have been too absurd to run away from home, or any other place where there was a chance of meeting her; that would have been just as much of a sham as anything could be. Then, as for Bessy and her constant intercourse with the Hopes, it was impossible to put an end to that without making others suffer on his account. Was it needful for him, however, to be as often as he was at Mary Reid's, and other places where he knew Miss Hope was often to be met? Was he not in the habit of going to these places oftener than he was bound to do, in order, not to meet her, but to be heard of by her next time she came? Did

he really feel all that anxiety about Mary Reid, poor hapless girl, purely on her own account?

Then did he not think more of one hearer than all his hearers, in saying what he did say in his sermons sometimes? Were there not things in them which he hoped would be acceptable to her or please her, and which, though he looked in another direction, he meant for her ear?

There were mutterings of coming storms which already reached his ears. Any one who speaks intelligibly on religious subjects is sure to be misunderstood anywhere, and particularly in so theological a country as Scotland; and he did his very best to be plain and simple. He had not learned that the way to preach plain sermons to such an audience as his, is to address to them the abstrusest scholastic theology in the most pompous scholastic terms; for then hearing a familiar sound, and no distinct idea rousing their minds to any effort of consciousness whatever, they sleep or wake, as the case may be, in the comfortable assurance of receiving good gospel. A good few of Mr. Francis's flock, for this reason, were already discontented. He was saying things which they did not quite understand, not having heard or thought of them before, or that sounded doubtful to their ears. He was against many old customs and notions of the place, too, and in favour of change; and all things being so perfect just as they were, they disapproved of that feature of his character. All this, when it came to his ears, as it was sure to do, did not very much disturb him; but the question which he asked himself was whether it would have troubled him at all, or as much as it did, but for Miss Hope, and the chance of its affecting him, one way or another, in her estimation and that of her family?

Altogether, Mr. Francis had taken upon himself a very difficult vow. In point of fact, in consequence of that one difficulty, all the enjoyment he had anticipated from working his work in a fine old historic neighbourhood, where the worker went forth to his labour from the shadow of a grey ruin, memorial of ancient piety, and where his path, coming and going, took him near homes of high-caste culture and refinement—all this anticipated enjoyment had dwindled into something very like the happiness of a Braidarden cottar going out with his team at break of a sloppy winter day.

It was evident to Rachel Carvie and some of her friends, that since her appointment

to the office of Bible-woman, Mr. Francis preached occasionally at her; and in particular that he had done so with the view of bringing her into contempt in the parish, in her official capacity, in a sermon of his concerning St. Paul's hope of a crown of righteousness for himself, mentioned in the Epistle to Timothy. In that sermon he adverted to the similar hopes—similar and yet different—expressed for themselves by religious teachers and Christian workers of all kinds in modern times, and in plain terms pronounced all or the greater number ridiculous who entertained and expressed these hopes, inasmuch as in their case they were mostly hopes, not of righteousness, but happiness, not of the crown St. Paul meant, but of a vulgar reward of blessedness. "It would have been sad, if it had not been ridiculous," he contended, "for an ordinary clergyman or missionary of any kind—a man with the most ordinary abilities, or none at all, with little or no cultivation, except perhaps what might be much more, but also might be much less, than is going at a farmhouse, namely, university cultivation—with little or no cultivation, with little or no energy—and receiving for his work, distressing neither to body nor mind, a remuneration and approbation which he could not half as easily earn in another profession;—it would have been sad, if it had not been ridiculous for such a man to talk of himself as if he were something of a martyr like St. Paul, and deserved heaven for his labours, in addition to his stipend and his glebe. A man," he argued, "deserves no more thanks for working faithfully as a clergyman or a missionary than for labouring honestly as a mason or a ploughman, if he accepts it as his vocation."

Miss Carvie, considering that her stipend was only to be twenty pounds, could not be expected to be possessed of a very acute or cultivated intellect. She could have no idea—cleverer people than she had none—that in saying this, Mr. Francis was not aiming a shaft at her, or at ministers of religion and servants of the Church generally, but merely repudiating, in a distempered way, for himself any idea of claiming merit or reaping advantages on the score of his professional character and services. Rachel Carvie, who did not know what those inward perplexities were, which went so far to shape his public utterances, could have no suspicion of this; and accordingly she was first furious, and then meek and resigned—furious as a woman, and then, as

became a Bible-woman, and at a hint from Mrs. Slipper, meek and resigned. It was obvious he was desirous to blast her character as a missionary, and spoil her prospects. Many people agreed with Rachel. They would not, perhaps, have thought of her themselves for the post which she had got; but when she had just got it, especially considering that her mother was not long dead, it was too bad to preach at her from the pulpit.

Lady Best, who had come to Laighlea from Tintrae Castle to stay with her relatives for a few days, espoused Rachel's side in this quarrel with warmth. She was informed of it by Mrs. Slipper, who was exceedingly sorry for Rachel Carvie, and still more so for Mr. Francis, since he had been so much to blame, and it was so much worse to be the wrong-doer than to be wronged. Lady Best, since the death of her husband, had taken a warmer interest than before in religious matters, but it was not in her nature to be very enthusiastic in affairs of that kind; so that any one who was able to be so was regarded by her as a superior and highly meritorious person. Mrs. Slipper, of Whistles, with her numerous schemes for the religious improvement of ploughmen, dairymaids, and game-keepers, was to her a prodigy of self-sacrifice, and all that is truly and eminently Christian. Now that excellent woman and dear friend, it was evident, was much and deeply grieved at what had taken place—at the unseemly attack which had been made upon the character and usefulness of the Bible-woman. It was such a pity, that good woman thought, that one so young and clever, and no doubt excellent, as Mr. Francis, should begin so soon to show what was in him—a spirit of contempt for humble means of doing good, which had often, in the providence of God, been more blessed than others. Mrs. Argall, too, had taken just the same view of the matter—was equally grieved and distressed by it, though she did not belong to the parish any more than Mrs. Slipper; and besides that, Mrs. Argall was of opinion that there might be something doubtful about Mr. Francis and his sister altogether. Taking Rachel's side in the quarrel, therefore, Lady Best did so with some warmth. Her concern as to the religious welfare of the district was roused; but that was not perhaps her only, or even her deepest anxiety.

"Mr. Francis is a young man," she said to Mrs. Hope, "and it's a pity he should do such things as these—a great pity, for his own sake."

"It is impossible," replied Mrs. Hope,

"Mr. Francis could have been thinking of any one like Rachel Carvie. He was referring to ministers. Poor ignorant people will always turn what they hear upside down in that way, and Mr. Francis is not to blame for that."

"Well," replied Lady Best, "I have no wish to think ill of Mr. Francis; but I do fear, from what I have heard, that it is not quite right for Hetty and Beatrice to be so much as they are with him and his sister, and that there is a want of firmness in permitting it. Mr. Francis is young, and Hetty is young too; and she is so clever, and he, by all accounts, is a kind of genius; and as her religious principles don't appear to be quite fixed, any more than his, by all accounts—in short, it's very likely Hetty may come to like him."

Mrs. Hope, whose delicate health rendered her extremely susceptible to mental shocks, was silent, lost her breath for a few moments, and turned pale. This was a mist which had been looming on the horizon for some time before her. Who would have thought that it might possibly be a mountain? Yes, it was as likely as possible; Hetty might like him, and he her.

Lady Best, noticing the agitation she had caused, paused for a moment; but seeing the colour come back to Mrs. Hope's face, she returned to the charge. It was better, at all events, in the meantime, the visits of her cousins to the Abbey should not be continued. In a month or two Hetty and Beatrice would be off to Tintrae. After that, they might go somewhere else for a few months. The girls would be the better, at any rate, for seeing the world.

Mrs. Hope eagerly assented to the proposition concerning the advantage of seeing the world. That was a point on which she had meditated often. But she really loved Mr. Francis, though puzzled and perplexed, and even grieved and slightly shocked by him sometimes in his ministerial capacity; and she felt that there was something underhand and ungenerous in the bare fact of discussing whether or not he was a person whose society was to be shunned rather than courted. Besides, if she could have discussed such a question by herself or with others comfortably, she felt it was impossible so much as to mention it or hint it to Hetty and Beatrice; and she was afraid of both, because she doted upon both. It was a serious and painful matter, for the first time in her life, to have anything on her mind of importance, or affecting them, with regard to which there

must be no exchange of confidences between her and them. Altogether it was a trying situation, and had turned up so suddenly.

"Charlotte," she said after a pause, during which she tried first to think that the situation and its consequences must be imaginary, and secondly, that there must be some short and easy way out of it, "would it be such a dreadful thing if Hetty was to—to—choose Mr. Francis as her husband?"

"It would be a terrible misfortune for both," said Lady Best.

"He is of good family," urged Mrs. Hope, who was obliged to argue the point instead of deciding it, because she felt that in a matter of this kind, being only stepmother, she must consult and indeed defer to the wishes of Hetty's kindred, and because no one was better entitled to be consulted than Lady Best.

"We know nothing about his family," replied her ladyship.

"Very unfortunately, we don't—I wish we did," said Mrs. Hope, who was easily beaten upon this point; for she knew that Hetty ought not to marry beneath her, and that it was beneath her to marry any one but a peer. Since the situation, then, was real, or likely to turn out so, was there no ready way out of it—none easier than just to go and tell Mr. Francis and his sister, by word or by deed, that any further intercourse between Laighlea and the Abbey was prohibited by order?

"I don't think, myself," she said, replying to this question as it formed itself in her mind—"I don't think, myself, Mr. Francis would think of Hetty for a moment in that way. He is too high-minded."

"You know," replied Lady Best, "how good and kind Mrs. Slipper is, and how very charitable in all her judgments. She is not of your opinion. Any one who sets himself up, as Mr. Francis does, against the authority of the Bible, would not stickle at much. And that's just what Mrs. Slipper thinks, I can see, though she does not say it exactly."

"I am sure," urged Mrs. Hope pathetically, "you do him injustice. When I think of it, now—one gets so confused when one has to argue about anything like this—he never comes here at all. He avoids the place as if it were haunted. It is haunted, but he laughs at the ghost. He used to come every day and stay. He has not been here, as far as I can remember, for a month, for more than just a few minutes."

"Just shows, perhaps," urged Lady Best, inspired by a sense of duty, "that he has some deep views. I will tell you," she

added, "though I was not told to mention it, because I hope it will please you, I am sure another person is going to propose to Hetty."

"Who?"

"Mr. Argall."

"Mr. Argall will be rejected, as sure as ever he proposes—at least if he does so now. The Argalls have been kind to us, but they don't attract her. And if she is going to marry out of her own sphere, I would rather," Mrs. Hope added, rising to her feet in her agitation, "she married a gifted man whom she did like, than a rich man whom she did not."

The decision with which Mrs. Hope thus opposed Lady Best was unusual with her. It was feverish. It was a decision which was the result of very mixed and fluctuating feelings. She liked Mr. Francis, had been fascinated by him from the first in several ways, and seldom had anything been more painful to her, than it had been sometimes to feel that she so much disliked views and opinions of his, or was so much disturbed by them, as to be affected with a certain alienation from him personally. It had been painful to her not to be able to repel on his behalf misgivings of her own mind, accusations originating there. So much the more it was pleasant now to be able to answer and refute objections and suspicions brought from other quarters. She felt with a comfortable vagueness that she was right and somebody wrong, in regard to Mr. Francis, and that, instead of falling in her estimation from being

attacked, he had rather risen. She had agreeably lost sight of doubts and fears which had troubled her as to the clergyman, in seeing and trying to show that suspicions as to the man were unfounded. If all that could be alleged against Mr. Francis was the suspicion of mercenary, mean, dishonourable conduct, that was nothing, for it could not be true. He was not the man to be guilty of that, or indeed guilty of anything wrong, though he was peculiar in his views.

In ignorance of this working of Mrs. Hope's benevolent mind, and only waiting till her agitation a little subsided, Lady Best persisted in her argument. "Mrs. Argall will be Lady Tintrae one day. It was with that view Mr. Richard's father declined the baronetcy offered to him by the Whigs, and it is quite understood they will offer him a peerage very soon."

"Still," answered Mrs. Hope, "that will not make Hetty like Mr. Argall any the sooner, if she likes—but I don't believe it—any one better, or altogether."

"It would be better, at any rate, would it not, that they should not go to the Abbey any more just now?"

"We can wait," replied Mrs. Hope, wearied out of her unusual vigour, "and see what goes on; it is better to wait. I always have said that there is a Providence in these things."

Lady Best would have known what to say to delay; but when there was an appeal to Providence, she had to take time for reflection.

A SONG OF THREE WORDS.

Orare, Laborare, et Cantare.

THREE blissful words I name to thee,

Three words of potent charm,

From eating care thy heart to free,

Thy life to shield from harm.

Whoso these blissful words may know,

A bold blithe-fronted face shall show,

And, shod with peace, shall safely go

Through war and wild alarm.

First, ere thy forward foot thou move,

And wield thine arm of might,

Lift up thy heart to Him above

That all thy ways be right.

To the prime source of life and power

Let thy soul rise, even as a flower

That skyward climbs in sunny hour,

And seeks the genial light.

Then gird thy loins to manly toil,

And in the toil have joy;

Greet hardship with a willing smile,

And love the stern employ.

Thy glory this the harsh to tame,
And by wise stroke and technic flame,
In God-like Labour's fruitful name
Old Chaos to destroy.

Then mid thy workshop's dusty din,

Where Titan steam hath sway,

Croon to thyself a song within,

Or pour the lusty lay;

Even as a bird that cheerly sings

In narrow cage, nor frets its wings,

But with full-breasted joyance flings

Its soul into the day.

For lofty things let others strive

With roll of vauntful drum;

Keep thou thy heart, a honeyed hive,

Like bee with busy hum.

Chase not the bliss with wishful eyes

That ever lures and ever flies,

But in the present joy be wise,

And let the future come!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.



Island off Shieldaig, Ross-shire (from the Inn).

ON THE WEST COAST:

The Record of a Highland Tour.

By CAPTAIN WHITE, R.E., AUTHOR OF "ARCHÆOLOGICAL SKETCHES IN SCOTLAND."

I.

"WELL, sir, I arrived at Glasgow by the Limited Mail this morning, I reckon to get to Inverness to-morrow, on to Edinburgh the day after, and then make tracks for home, and that, I guess, should do Scotland right off." This remark, or something very near it, I once heard from an American on board the Glasgow and Oban steamer, and it gave one an excellent idea of what constitutes the Scotland of the average tourist. A large proportion, indeed, of the visitors to this northern land have less enterprise than the Yankee, who, at all events, had the benefit of the Caledonian Canal; for they pass into the Highlands at Callander, and come out again at Balloch, and this may be said to sum up the extent of their knowledge of Scottish scenery. Now, there is not one word to be said against Loch Lomond and the Trossachs; both are very beautiful and well worth a visit; but the idea that the traveller who has seen them alone, knows the Highlands of Scotland, is very far from accurate.

Many people, again, feel thoroughly contented when the Caledonian Canal has been done, in addition to the other well-worn tracks; and if the Perthshire and Aberdeenshire beats can be added to the list, I admit there is some claim to consider oneself fairly "travelled" in the "land of the mountain and the flood." Yet here, as with the loveliest flowers, what is most worth finding is least easily reached, and certainly, until

the broken storm-furrowed outline of the western coast, with its outlying archipelago, has been seen, the full glories of Scottish scenery have not been realised.

And this brings me to another remark. To the general travelling public the Highlands mean fine scenery only, mountains, brawling streams, silvery waterfalls, and so on; supplemented by what grey old ruins may be seen from the deck of a steamer, or the top of a coach. Perhaps it is well for the much-worked man—fresh from the study, or law-court, or dusty office, toiling, even in his holiday, to compress as much as may be possible into his hardly earned month or fortnight—that he *should* remain unconscious of what is yet hidden. But to him who has leisure, who is bound by no stern necessity, compelling him to be back in bonds by a given date, who can pursue his journey by devious and uncertain ways, or linger about any spot he falls in love with, it may be safely said how much enjoyment the ordinary traveller misses.

Towers, chapels, unhewn monoliths, cairns, charmed circles, tombs of rare sculpturing, stone crosses of exquisite workmanship, full of legends of ancient people and ancient days—these, to be understood, must be studied on the spot, and not just come upon the eye and mind as mere guide-book information.

In the present sketch I shall attempt to carry the reader with me in a summer trip

I lately made with a friend, through a stretch of the Scottish Highlands, probably wilder, less known, worse to get at, and more varied in beauty, than any other part of the kingdom. A rough map, showing the route we took, is given at p. 336 for better illustration. The trip occupied something over three weeks, and the following is the itinerary:—

1st day	Achnasheen to Kinloch Ewe ..	10 miles.
2nd "	Kinloch Ewe to Shieldaig ..	18 "
3rd "	Shieldaig (via Applecross) to Jean-town ..	35 "
4th "	Jean-town to Balmacarra ..	12 "
5th "	Balmacarra to Shiel Inn ..	14 "
6th "	Excursion to Glenelg ..	20 "
7th "	Shiel Inn to Tomdoun ..	24 "
8th "	Tomdoun to Loch Hourn-head ..	17 "
9th "	Loch Hourn-head to Inverey ..	22 "
10th "	Inverey to Arisaig ..	20 "
11th "	Arisaig to Kinloch-Ailort ..	10 "
12th "	Kinloch-Ailort (via Shona Island) to Shiel Bridge ..	16 "
13th "	Shiel Bridge to Tobermory ..	17 "
14th "	Tobermory to Oban ..	28 "

Exclusive of Sundays and wet days. Distances roughly stated, and include sea-trips.

Let us consider ourselves as having left the rail at Achnasheen,* on the Skye Railway, and are about to start by the coach or private conveyance for Loch Maree. Here two roads fork, one continuing with the railway to Jean-town and Skye, the other branching off to Loch Maree and Gairloch, the latter of which we shall follow. Before proceeding, however, one word, to notice a very remarkable topographical feature which is met with about three miles along the other route. It is a spring, bubbling up in the roadway exactly on the summit of a hill, which forms the parting ridge or watershed of Scotland; this watershed being necessarily traversed by a road connecting, as this one does, the eastern and western coasts. The result of the peculiar position of this spring is, that its water flows both ways, part running eastward to the German Ocean, and part finding its way in a westerly direction to the Atlantic. I am aware of only two other such instances of bifurcation, as it is termed, in Great Britain; one a loch in the Isle of Arran, and the other a stream in Perthshire.†

On leaving Ach-na-sheen, there is nothing

* These long names beginning with *ach* are simple enough when turned into English. The prefix *ach* or *anch*, a field, is a well-known one throughout Scotland, in both the Lowlands and Highlands, showing what a wide dominion the Celt once possessed.

† The loch and the Ach-na-sheen spring were noticed in the *Athenæum* some years ago by Sir H. James, Director-General of the Ordnance Survey; an account of the Perthshire stream, by the writer of this article, will be found in the "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society" (Proceedings, vol. xiii. No. 5).

very striking at first, unless (as on this occasion) the weather should be clear enough to afford a glimpse of the magnificent Torridon mountains to the south of Loch Maree, towering up as a background to the glen we are entering. Loch Rusque, three miles long, with its one solitary shooting-lodge, is on our left, to begin with. This little lonely lake is walled in, on one side by the bare steep hillside of "Mulart" (dwarf elder-trees, the name signifies), passing into "Ben Fin," one of the many traditional mementoes of the Finnean or Fingalian giants, who might well haunt such a district as this. This is on the right of our road; and, on the other side, across the lake is the range named "Carn-a-crubie," literally, cairn of fangs. At the further end of Loch Rusque, we enter a district of quartzose rocks, their white out-crops showing clear in the sunshine, or gleaming whiter still out of rifts and veins in the precipices, through the gloom of floating mists. There I began to meet little straggling parties, from three or four to a dozen in each, all men, with bundle on back. These I discovered to be west-country fishermen, bound for Caithness and the north-east coast, to ply their labours in pursuit of herrings, as their own fishing-season terminates about June. Some of these men start in this way, every year, from quite the remotest districts, with light store of food, and a chance barn or out-house, or, in dry weather, the hillside, for night's lodging.

The watershed of this region of Scotland is attained in mounting a steep hill from Loch Rusque. As we ascend, the eye begins to flag, the lochs behind to dwindle, and their forms become more map-like, the stream alongside the road breaks into a succession of musical waterfalls, the last solitary out-sentries of birch and rowan finally disappear, and the dark heath grows darker and barer, when on a sudden there bursts into view a tableau or such surpassing beauty, that one hardly dare venture to describe it. One of those long dreamy vistas crossed by innumerable series of interlocked mountain slopes—spur after spur—the nearer ones all strong greens, browns, and rock-greys, those further on passing into bluer and yet bluer tints, dappled here and here with warm sunlight, till, like a magnificent pearl of purest water, set-in with emerald and sapphire and gold, Loch Maree, the Queen of northern, perhaps of all Scottish lakes, lies beneath you, losing itself in the mist and atmosphere of the far distance. And what an intense impression of absolutely soundless quietude there is about

and then down another on the opposite side of the dividing ridge. In this way the dense network of Scottish mountains is found to be threaded, the threads being the valleys, and, wherever a convenient gap or natural groove cuts through a mountain chain, that is sure to be utilised as a pass (Balloch or "Bealach," so called) to connect two of these valley-tracks, one on either side. Thus the road to Loch Torridon begins with the ascent of a stream, named like one or two others better known, the Garry river. On the right is a mountain mass made up of what may be described as sheets of rock scarcely relieved by a sign of vegetation. Here is one of

those crescent-shaped inlets, called a "corrie," one great battlement of precipices, with the *débris* of ages at its foot heaped up in giant slopes almost as steep as the wall of rock above them. Look at them, those huge heaps of crumbled stone, scarred and mottled with many a line and knot and furrow, the knobs looking from this distance some of them no more than pin-points, things one could fancy of a size to pick up, and fling down the hill, but in reality enormous boulders tons in weight. This loose *débris*, by the way, is the most dreadful walking conceivable, if ever you chance to get on it, utterly fatal to ordinary shoe-leather. Along



The Torridon Range, from Loch Clare.

side our road is the Garry, tumbling and bobbing from one reach to another, with a solitary ancient pine here and there on its banks. As you approach Loch Clare, all round is one network of mountain with, on this day, an indescribable play of mist and gloom and sunshine and tender colouring alternating upon it. After passing the new bridge leading to the shooting-lodge of Coulin, the road curves sharp round to the west, when all at once there opens out before you, with an effect perfectly startling, a new and gigantic mountain-lump, which throws everything else out of sight for the time being. The idea of vastness, felt from

the height and isolation of this mountain, for "hill" would be a very inadequate word to describe it, is extraordinary. The eye is carried up by a series of Titanic steps or terraces of rock to the summit, which, when we first sighted it was partially veiled in mist, a dark head, as it were, looming up above the necklet of clouds below. This majestic object is not, however, what it looks, an isolated truncated cone, but the eastern extremity of a long ridge seen end on. This portion of the ridge is named on Black's large map*

* The Ordnance map of this district not yet being published, I can only take the names from this, probably the best, authority extant.

Ben Eay, the middle portion Ben Deragh (red hill or hill of red-deer), and the western end Ben Liughach (Ben of the maimed limb). The sketch given is from a water-colour taken on the spot, but it can only pretend to convey an idea of the outline of this marvellous scene.

The scene, how can I bring it before any one who has not been there? The great mountain with an undertone of intense bluish grey, a sort of plum-coloured bloom intermingled with just a touch of delicate green streaking in layers the reddish tones of the rock-patches: the nearest peak, one moment wiped out of sight by an over-creep of ghost-like mist, the next standing out sharp in blackness against the white vapour behind; and in the recesses underneath the lowering rolls of cloud an impenetrable gloom, stern, cold, sunless. But look again—here is a bewitching smile beaming out in the lower cliffs, fitting over them with fairy-like speed, and revealing tints of the most exquisite blending. Again, and the smile is gone, and the hard face it illuminated is re-set in funeral grey. Yet a moment more, and life breaks out again as instantaneously to fade. And now sets in a chill breeze, the first drops of the coming squall patter down, and all is blotted out in a dim hazy outline, closing the sketch-book and driving us for shelter to the nearest peat-bog. Then those grand old primeval pines, such as they are at Mar, Rothiemurchus, and Rannoch, so they are here, the wreck of the ancient Caledonian forest that has seen many a right royal hunt of stag, boar, and wolf. Never planted by hand of man, here they are clothing the loch-side, twisted and tortured into every sort of snaky shape, black against the sky, growing, one can hardly tell how, often clinging desperately to the merest fissure of a rock, or rooted to a handful of shallow soil on the very verge of a precipice.

It was getting on in the evening when we left this wonderful spot, and there were yet six or seven miles more to Torridon. But if the scene just sketched out be impressive, I know not what to say of the increasing sense of savageness, absolutely oppressive, which is felt further on after passing some lonesome tarns, and beginning the descent of the pass to the sea. The road, as it advances, winds round the base of Ben Liughach, and the valley narrows to a gorge till the great rolls of mist can be seen almost perpendicularly above you, far up, curling and searching into the rifts and chasms accessible to nought but an eagle, and still

the eye is not yet at the summit, for that is out of sight. All is lonely, savage, *inhuman-looking* in the strict sense of the term. I know of nothing in Scotland so almost painfully desolate, if we except perhaps that loch of chaotic grandeur, Coruisk. Not even Glencoe, which a great historian has painted in such funereal hues, ever impressed me like this "Valley of the Shadow." One felt a real sense of relief when the waters of Loch Torridon came into view, and some traces of humanity appeared in the dozen cottages which cluster up into what may be called a little clachan on the seashore. After some difficulty, and considerable inquiry, we reached the particular cottage dignified by the name of an inn, wet and hungry, in the state of blessedness commended by the Arab proverb of expecting nothing. The inn turned out, however, decidedly better than nothing, and the unprecedented charge of fourpence each for our beds might with propriety be registered in the *Times* as a set-off to the alarming accounts of hotel charges in Scotland which are so frequent, and, it must be admitted, too true. Neither of us ever slept in a fourpenny bed before, but there was nothing to complain of, nor could our slumbers have been better in a four-shilling bed at the hostel of the descendant of Rob Roy in Glasgow.

Next morning, after a run out in the pouring rain and a swim in the salt water, we started by boat for Shieldaig, which is some miles down the loch on the south side. Loch Torridon is literally buried in mountains, but unfortunately on this particular day we could see very little. The Cambrian sandstones of this district are here a very marked feature in the landscape, from their peculiar dull brown or chocolate colour, and from the beds lying nearly level, which gives an effect like a gigantic series of pedestals, or rocky staircases, ascending into lofty peaks on all sides. There was an eight-mile row to be accomplished, which we did in about two hours. The gorge into Loch Tarriff looked fine, and there is a fine stream connecting it with the sea, full as it can hold, so our boatman informed us, of salmon and sea-trout, when there's water enough, that is. This man, by the way, amused us much with his commentary on our swimming powers of the morning, which he and his friends had, it appeared, been carefully watching. "Men! you are good swimmers." was the laconic remark. Another characteristic speech was, "I am sure you will be a Scottish man, I can understand

your English fine." Perhaps this was a delicate way of conveying what is by no means an uncommon conceit with Highland people in out-of-the-way parts, that a Southerner is good for nothing—the nationality, which was the subject of the compliment, being, of course, accepted in its *highest* or Highland sense. We also remarked, and that has struck me with Gaels on many other occasions, that the little English these boatmen knew had a peculiarity of idiom more Biblical than our ordinary colloquial, as if the Scriptures had been their text-book in learning the language, which, I dare say, is generally the case.

It certainly was aggravating to have nothing but one level line of leaden cloud all round, so that the mountain views, which are magnificent, were utterly lost to us. Fortunately, we had had a fair peep at the hills enclosing the loch the evening before. But to compensate, the row was not without its own glimpses of beauty. As we pulled along shore, there were the everlasting reds and greys of the half-clothed rock, stained over with deep rich mossy greens—islets, big and little, here with a patch of vegetation scarcely large enough for standing-room, there a good-sized island with some sheep on it, or, as in one case, the haunt or breeding-place of a colony of herons—promontories of cliff fissured into strange shapes and dark cavernous recesses given up to seals and otters, where the green deep waters seemed to glide with an oily smoothness without sound or wrangle; or again, creeks and channels, out of which the ebb-tide is struggling seaward in many currents, where all is cross-purposes, a clamour of waters, jangling and swirling and eddying. To reach the village of Shieldaig, the best way is to land at a point whence a rough track leads straight to it over an intervening hill of no great ascent, the walk being under a mile in length. Loch Shieldaig, in fact, is an inlet of Loch Torridon, the village being at its head; and this inlet forms, with the larger loch on one side, therefore, a triangular promontory, the pathway representing the third side of the triangle, and the course a boat would have to take the other two. This little bit of walk affords, on a clear day, a grand view of the Torridon and Gairloch hills.

Shieldaig consists of a little line of cottages with a shop or two, an inn, church, and manse, ranged along the sea-edge. Immediately in front, and about two or three hundred yards distant from the shore, is a lovely

rocky island covered with fir-wood. By the time of our arrival here, the rain had cleared off, and it was one of those wondrously still summer afternoons, the air sultry and still charged with clouds, that one experiences in the West Highlands. There was scarcely a stir in the water, and under the island the beautiful greens and local colours were reflected with marvellous distinctness, a duplicate island but a shade more delicately softened. The northern promontory of Loch Torridon, seen from here, has that curious spotty effect, from the rock showing out in patches, which one sees in this class of scenery.

Immediately around Shieldaig, and over a small area on the north side of the loch, comes in the Hebridean gneiss, evidenced by the more greyish hue, and higher crystalline texture of the out-cropping rocks.

The glen along which winds the excellent road—and nearly all Highland carriage roads are excellent—from Loch Shieldaig to Jeantown or Loch Carron, is very picturesque, at least as far as we traced it, that is, for the first mile or so. The sweep of the hills on both sides, their bold scarping towards the summit, and the large extent of rich wood below; the broken variety of foreground with its knee-deep bracken and wilderness of heath-clad boulders, mosses and fox-gloves; the bubbling stream, with many a wind and reach, pool and noisy waterfall—make up into a charming picture. The inn is tidy and comfortable, and the dish of fresh herrings supplied was one to be remembered with gratitude. On the morrow, more rain, which made the row from Shieldaig to Inverban considerably less satisfactory than it might have been. By the time we were abreast of the wooded island, the conical peak which overhangs the village of Shieldaig showed up to great advantage, and it continues to be a conspicuous object all the way down the loch. It is named "Sronnea" in Dlack's map, which is, no doubt, when written correctly, "Sròn nèimh" (literally, nose of heaven), a name very truthfully descriptive of the feature when we come to look into it, as Gaelic topographical names generally are. For this hill is the nose or seaward extremity of a long range running inland; and, rising precipitously, as it does, some sixteen or seventeen hundred feet above the sea level, must be more often than not lost in the clouds.

And here a remark. No one can have much to do with Gaelic topography without being struck with the descriptive power,

careful observation of nature, and often great poetic beauty, embodied in its nomenclature. I could give, if time permitted, innumerable examples of this. The haunts of foxes, badgers, otters, wild cats, eagles—of the old forest boar, the wolf, the stag, the seal, and I know not how many other animals, wild and tame, may be learnt from a study of the names of hills, lakes, and streams in the Scottish Highlands. These very hills, lakes, and streams themselves give rise to a rich variety of terms expressive of minute differences in the objects classed under certain generic titles. For example, under the head of hill, we have the “dun,” or fortified eminence, crag, ridge, stack, lump, bump, knob, steeple, nose, cone, shoulder, and there are many more, each applied in its proper place. This shows what a keen sense the Highlander has of individuality and delicate shades of distinction in the mountain scenery of his country, from the smallest knoll to the grandest pinnacle. Then, again, the same discrimination is exercised in describing colour—colours of birds and beasts, besides the innumerable tints of heath, wood, hillside, and water, in what is pre-eminently the land of colour. And there are oftentimes mournful memories, as, for instance, in those heaps of stones and tender green strips one so often comes upon in solitary glens or along lone seashores—sites of homesteads long since deserted by everything save the name. Or, it may be, a touch of humour comes peeping out of some quaint name when we least expected it. To travellers I would say—treasure up Gaelic names wherever they can be got; and with the help of a dictionary, if you take the trouble to look into them, they will repay you. For much, very much, of the history, character, and interest of every country, markedly so the country of the Celt, lies stored in its names.

To return to our journey. We had got on shore at Loch Shieldaig foot, somewhere this side of a spot marked Ardleshag on the map. From here a bridle track starts for Applecross, very rough in parts, sometimes no track at all, which continues till after crossing the hill and striking the Applecross valley, whence an excellent foot-path now being made takes down the glen to the sea. With every desire to enact the

part of correct pedestrians, my friend and I were not averse to accept the services of a guide and packman to Applecross in the name and on behalf of the odious black bag aforesaid. It happened this morning to be very dark on the hill, that is to say, before we got above half-way up our climb everything was mist, and so (excuse the *mot*) we *missed* nearly everything. The way, moreover, was horribly sloppy, and there is, it must be confessed, under such circumstances a considerable damp thrown over one's feelings. An old woman, past ninety, our guide informed us, met us by the way, plashing through the fog and mist. She had no English, not a word, and after discharging at her the conventional salutation known to the “Sassunach” as “Come a rasher,” my colloquial Gaelic was at an end. But the language of the whiskey flask the old dame at once understood, and what a shower of blessings she poured out upon us after tasting from it! The poor old soul had walked all the way from some place beyond Applecross, and had yet many more miles to go that day. If heartiness and thanksgiving were ever put into a shake of the hand, I believe they were by that old grandam when she parted with the owner of the flask. As for the natives of this west country, it is quite astonishing to what extreme age with comparative vigour and activity both sexes attain, owing, in some way, it is generally thought, to the cool moist climate; and as for walking, they seem to think nothing of distance.

Applecross Glen, and the view over the bay, when you can get one, is a lovely picture as you approach from the Shieldaig side. The sweep of the valley in profile is very fine, and near its debouchment the banks of the river flatten out into a wide tract of rich pasture land beautified by plenty of wood, where the mansion-house, kirk town, and other habitable belongings of the parish are met with. There in the distance, framed in, so to speak, by the steep sides of the glen, are the grand outlines of the Isle of Skye, a mass of blue peaks set on a pedestal in the sea. Such materials cannot fail to make up into a beautiful picture. And in this interesting spot I cannot do better than leave the reader for the present.



FIRST THOUGHTS AT ODD TIMES.

By W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D.

WE are all familiar with that law of motion by which, when a moving body is suddenly stopped, anything that lay loose on its surface is projected forwards, often in the most incongruous fashion. A baker's rolls and loaves flying into the kennel, when his tray has come into sudden collision with a lamp-post; coachmen and horsemen precipitated into hedges or ditches when the carriage is upset, or the horse refuses a leap; portmanteaus and carpet bags pitched into the fields from the roofs of railway carriages when a collision takes place on the line, or passengers driven through the sides of the carriages and jammed into the most frightful of all conglomerates, are familiar examples of this law. There seems to be a similar law in the world of mind, often very curious in its mode of operation. When a train of thought is suddenly stopped by the presentation of some entirely new object, fragments of the arrested train are sometimes carried forward, and mingle, in a very odd way, with what belongs to the new situation. It would seem as if it were as hard to arrest mind completely all at once, as to arrest a material body when in rapid motion. The first thoughts of most people, when they are unexpectedly placed in entirely new situations, are not what it might have been expected they would be. The truth is, there is often a ludicrous element in them that makes people ashamed to confess them. But there is no good reason for this shame. In most cases, the incongruity is caused by some relic of their last train of thought, hurled on, as it were, into the new situation. If the new train be entirely different from that which went before it, the fragment of the old projected into it cannot but seem highly incongruous.

A few years ago, it was my lot to visit Richmond, the fair capital of Virginia, U.S., immediately after a dreadful catastrophe. The ground-floor of the beautiful building termed the Capitol was in wont to be used as the Chamber of the Senate, and the room above as a court-house. One day, when the court-house was densely crowded in expectation of a decision in the course of being given on the claims of two rival mayors, a gallery at the end of the room gave way, and was precipitated with all who were in it into

the court-house, and, dashing through the floor, landed the whole mass of people in the Senate room below, with the exception of the few who were fortunate enough to cling to the ends of the broken rafters. The scene was appalling. Three hundred human beings were thrown into the ruin, about a third of them to be buried alive. Among those submerged was the editor of one of the Richmond papers, who when rescued was found to have sustained but little injury, and was able afterwards to describe all that he felt. Fancying, when the accident happened, that the whole building had fallen, and that all, including the mayors, were involved in one common ruin, his first thought was, what a strange settlement of the claims of the rival gentlemen and their friends! His next was—"I wonder who will write the account of this in my paper to-morrow." After that, he said that he fully realised his situation, and set himself to prepare for death as deliberately as he ever prepared for any transaction in his life. Evidently the first thought was a fragment of what had been just occupying his mind, projected into the new situation. The second was the result of another law, a tendency to view a new situation in the light of what usually fills one's mind or heart most, commonly one's daily occupation. The third was the fruit of a well-disciplined mind, the power such a mind has to dismiss whatever is frivolous or irrelevant, and occupy itself wholly with what is suitable to its position.

A clerical friend of mine was once suddenly placed in a situation of imminent danger, in which nearly the same succession of thoughts was exemplified. In the house of a friend, a considerable distance from his home, he was arguing eagerly on the subject of a sustentation fund, and at the same time very unwisely munching a biscuit. The cleverest of men find it hard to combine earnest talking and eating, and in the case of my friend, a piece of the biscuit got into the windpipe. It seemed to be just of the proper size for closing up the tube. Not a particle of breath could he draw; struggle as he might, the piece of biscuit was immovable. He felt that he was dying. His first thought was, "What a very little bit of sustentation it is that has done for me!"

This was evidently the old current of thought invading the new situation. His next was, "What a shock it will be to my wife and children to hear of this to-morrow morning!" Here was the affection of which his heart was habitually full, his strongest earthly emotion letting itself out, as it were, in the new situation. I cannot doubt that the next and more deliberate thought would have had reference to his own state, in view of the change so apparently imminent, had not certain furious blows planted by his friend upon his back at once dislodged the piece of biscuit, and given him a new subject both of thought and feeling.

It is exceedingly likely that in cases in which a person overtaken by a surprise has had no consciousness of what was previously occupying his mind, the subject will have betrayed itself in the first thought which the new situation has suggested. On that dreadful day when President Lincoln was assassinated, and a frightful attempt was made on the life of Mr. Secretary Seward and his son Frederick, the last-named gentleman remembered quite well (according, at least, to the newspapers) the thoughts that came into his mind when the assassin entered his room. "What a handsome man!" he said to himself; "and what fine cloth his top-coat is made of!" The handsome man presented a pistol at his breast. "It's a navy revolver, and it won't go off," thought Mr. F. Seward, judging from its appearance that it was one of the revolvers furnished by shoddy contractors for the navy. The assassin pulled the trigger; Mr. Seward, hearing and feeling nothing, thought that his conjecture was fulfilled, and that the pistol had not gone off, though in reality a bullet had been driven through his breast. It is easy enough to account for the last thought: contracts supplying pistols not intended to fire, but to sell, would naturally be much in the thoughts of all Government men. Neither was it strange that the handsome figure of the man, very unlike assassins in general, should have attracted a moment's attention. But what could have made the top-coat excite Mr. Seward's interest? Perhaps, not long before, he may have been thinking of something of the kind for himself, and the old thought, projected into the new situation, may have given birth to the singular observation.

I think it is in one of Hans Andersen's stories that a schoolboy is introduced, whose pony, having run off with him, threatened every moment to pitch him over the edge of a precipice. Being asked afterwards what

he thought at the time, he said he could think of nothing but the multiplication table. That I cannot believe to have been true; but nothing is more probable than that the thought of the multiplication table jerked itself, in some form, into his mind during the crisis, if, as is probable enough, it was part of his lesson, and he had been struggling hard to master it.

In some cases, the first thought in a new situation is not determined by what was actually in the mind immediately before, but by its prevailing or ordinary habit of thinking. This is especially the case when the mind is of a superficial, materialistic type, attracted and engrossed only with the outside of things. There is a class of persons of whom some one has said that if they saw an angel their attention would be taken up with his wings and clothing (supposing him to have either), not with the angelic qualities beaming through his face. To anything of the poetical or æsthetic order they are commonly about as impervious as the renowned Bailie Nicol Jarvie, of the Saltmarket, Glasgow, whose impressions, when he first beheld Loch Lomond, were such a contrast to those of his fellow-traveller, Mr. Osbaldistone. It was little wonder that the loch should make a great impression on the latter gentleman, with "his nipperty-tipperty poetry nonsense," as Andrew Fairservice called it; for at any time he would "glow at an auld-wairld barkit aik-snag as if it were a queez maddam in full bearing; and a naked craig, wi' a burn jawing owert, is unto him as a garden garnished with flowering knots and choice pot-herbs." Low though his spirits were when he came on the queen of Scottish lakes, it is no wonder that he felt something soothing in the magnificent scenery, and thought, in the enthusiasm of the moment, that had his faith been that of Rome, he could have consented to live and die a lonely hermit in one of the romantic and beautiful islands amongst which his boat glided. The Bailie's speculations, however, were of a very different complexion, as Osbaldistone found, when, after about an hour's silence, during which he had been mentally engaged in the calculations necessary, he undertook to prove the possibility of draining the lake, and "giving to pleugh and harrow many hundred, ay, many a thousand acres, from whilk no man could get carthly gude e'now, unless it were a gedd, or a dish of perch now and then." Part of the project was to preserve a strip of the lake, deep and broad

enough for a canal, so that coal-barges and gabbarbs might pass as easily between Dumbarton and Glentalloch as between Glasgow and Greenock! Fiction has in this case been a wonderful mirror to truth.

It is said that on one occasion, as Miss Wordsworth, sister of the poet, was passing through a wood, which the stock-dove was filling with its soft music, she fell in with a country woman, who exclaimed, "I am so fond of stock-doves!" "Oh!" thought Miss Wordsworth. "at last I have come on one of nature's poets, with a soul to appreciate the beautiful music of the birds." Very ruthlessly was the dream disenchanted by an explanatory remark of the woman's: "Some likes them in pies, and some likes them roasted; but for my part I think there's nothing like them stewed with onions!"

Even educated men will sometimes betray a singularly materialistic turn of mind on occasions when, if they had anything of soul in them, it might be expected that it would be moved. A powerful but coarse-grained ecclesiastical leader of Scotland was once strolling with a friend through an exhibition of paintings. He stopped to examine a magnificent historical painting, where a great hero might have been seen standing before him in his almost living form. "What grand stuff his waistcoat is made of!" was the sublimely appreciative observation which he made to his friend. A considerable number of years ago, when the "Queen's Drive" had recently been opened round Arthur's Seat, scarping the rock here and there, but opening magnificent views, unexampled in the immediate neighbourhood of a large city, the Prime Minister of the day happened to be in Edinburgh, when the Lord Advocate took him for a drive along the road. At a spot where a view of singular beauty suddenly presents itself the subordinate purposely kept silence, curious to know what his chief would say when he gazed on the scene. "I say, R—, this road must have cost the Woods and Forests a pretty sum," was the characteristic expression of the great man's soul.

Considering the external character of children's minds, the marvellous activity of their senses, and the somewhat undeveloped condition of their reflective faculties, we may naturally expect that in sudden emergencies their first thoughts will often be of a very superficial kind. Two little boys, sons of a landed proprietor near Edinburgh, were pulling apples from a tall tree in the garden, when the elder lost his hold, fell to the

ground, and lay on it stunned and senseless. The younger hastened to the house, and finding his mother, exclaimed, "Mother! Jamie's fallen off a tree and killed himself, and I'll be the laird!" Some mothers would have thought it a very heartless remark, unfeeling alike to the mother and to the brother, but happily, in this case, the mother knew it to be the result of mere thoughtlessness—the first thought, in fact, of a somewhat superficial mind, where beneath the surface there lay a considerable store of affectionate and disinterested feeling. The two brothers, it may be remarked, lived to the age of eighty, the laird prosperous and the other somewhat unfortunate, but both very kindly in their feelings, and as good friends as any two brothers in the world.

In a family where the eldest boy was ill of scarlet fever, a little fellow of three came with an earnest request to his father: "Papa, if J— dies, please do let me go to the funeral." Yet he grew up a particularly kind-hearted boy, and very friendly to his brother.

Such remarks, though not necessarily implying indifference or want of feeling, do indicate a certain tendency to dwell on the outside aspect of things—a somewhat strong proclivity to worldly-mindedness. Perhaps, if bigger people were to tell the truth, the boy's wish about the funeral would be found to be not so very unlike thoughts that have darted into other minds at very solemn times. The thought of the mourning to be worn after the death of a beloved member of the family has sometimes kept hovering about very sincere and heart-stricken mourners. It has been attempted to be driven away, but by a kind of fascination it has returned again and again, to the great distress and self-condemnation of the persons it has haunted. It is not, however, so much as an evidence of want of feeling that the intrusion of such thoughts is to be deprecated; but rather of that superficial, externalistic turn of mind that is unduly occupied with the appearances of things.

The predominance of the external in the minds of children makes it especially difficult for them to form a conception of a purely spiritual state of being. It is difficult enough even for the most educated and disciplined mind; but in the case of children it is simply impossible. A child's notions of heaven are very materialistic. The body is always more or less associated with the spirit in the state after death, and sometimes the ideas springing from the association are most grotesque.

"Mother," said a little girl when her father, a great, heavy, coarse-looking man, was dying, "I think the angels will need to take a rest on the road if they carry up my father to heaven, for he'll be an awful heavy lift."

Very often uneducated minds are the same as children's in their conceptions of heaven, even though in other respects they have attained to more spiritual views. There is a story of a pigeon-fancier who had been converted and lay dying. The poor man was in great delight at the thought of going to heaven, but his ideas took a direction that only a pigeon-fancier would have thought of. "Minister," he said, "shall I gang to heaven? An' 'll I have wings? And will you come to heaven, minister? An' will you have wings? Eh, man, that'll be grand! *I'll fly you for a sovereign!*" The idea of trying a race through the air of heaven with his minister for a sovereign is a sufficiently grotesque one, and might easily be represented as fatal to all right and even reasonable ideas of the place. But we need not condemn this poor man. It was a first thought, projected by the old habit of mind into the new order of things. It was, doubtless, the thought of a superficial, childish mind; yet underneath there might probably have been found indications of a juster and holier feeling, more consistent with a spiritual conception of "the house not made with hands."

It must be owned to be a very hard thing to accustom to spiritual views of religion those whose minds have been trained to a wholly materialistic conception of it. Pagans, for example, cannot be expected readily to get rid of the preoccupation which material thoughts of religion have established in their minds. One really needs to be very patient when rude tribes are receiving their first lessons. It must be remarked, at the same time, that to humour the prejudice by materialistic modes of worship, is not to go forwards, but backwards. If ritual observances are designed to take advantage of the external tendency of the mind, in order to its being impressed with spiritual truth, we apprehend that they are more likely to confirm than to overcome the prejudice. A bold effort must be made to teach even the ignorant and prejudiced "to look not at the seen but at the unseen;" one of the greatest attainments of the soul that conquers the world being to endure "as seeing Him who is invisible."

The entrance of a thought belonging to any of the more ordinary spheres of life into

some higher and more solemn region, often produces a sense of the ludicrous—too often far from profitable, but sometimes not unpleasing. Dr. John Brown tells a story of a lady suffering from what seemed likely to prove a fatal quinsey. Her husband, who was deeply attached to her, was bending over her in the utmost concern. She could swallow nothing. By some strange and scarcely voluntary whim of association, he expressed his wonder whether she could swallow a compliment. The remark so tickled her, that she broke into a laugh; the laugh burst the quinsey, and she owed her recovery to what must otherwise have been pronounced the most unseasonable of jokes. There lived at Dumfries, in a former generation, a minister celebrated for his humour. His wife, to whom he was much attached, having died, the guests assembled at the funeral, and among them the doctor, a well-known bachelor, between whom and the minister many a shaft of wit had flown. The minister's heart was as sad and sore as possible, yet, at the sight of the doctor, he could not refrain from a touch of the old humour. "Come away, doctor, come away, *it will be a long time before I have this to do for you!*"

We do not need to remark that it is usually very perilous to let humour come into the neighbourhood of death, and that when jokes are perpetrated in such circumstances, they are usually most objectionable. Yet there is one class of cases in which we think it may be said that a touch of humour, from dying lips, is not only not wrong, but actually happy in its effects. Provided, in the first place, that no levity can even be suspected, and provided, also, that there is the best reason for believing that it is a case in which death has lost its sting—there is real kindness when, by a light stroke of humour, the dying man relieves the awful tension of a protracted death-bed. If it were a case of rapid death, such a thing would be monstrous; but when a large circle have had all the anguish of watching a death-bed for days and even weeks, it is a kindness to give them something to relieve the terrible strain. We are too uncertain about the spiritual state of Charles II. to smile at his apology for being so "unconscionable a time of dying;" but in the case of Dr. Guthrie, we have more freedom to enter into his little pleasantries. "Haul away, lads," he said to his sons, who were pulling him up on the pillows, "haul away, lads, *I'm no dead yet.*" It was a paraphrase of the words of a poor boy who was entombed

some years ago in the ruins of a house that fell in the High Street of Edinburgh. The men engaged in removing the ruins thought they heard a noise below them, and stopped to listen. A child's shrill voice came up through the crevices, "*Howk awa', lads, howk awa', I'm no deed yet!*" There was unconscionous humour in it as it came from the poor fellow; the humour, as it passed from the lips of Dr. Guthrie, was much greater. Surviving friends have sometimes a sort of morbid dread to let anything of the kind be known, lest it should be interpreted unfavourably. In point of fact, in such a case as we have mentioned, it deserves a thankful recognition; it is the instinctive prompting of affection to change for a moment the long grave lines which it sees in every face around it, and give them that relief, momentary though it be, which results from a slight play of humour. We need not say that it would be little better than mockery, unless the friends of the dying man were able from spiritual sources to think calmly and joyfully of what lay before him. But even a grave solemn joy may need sometimes to be relieved by a lighter element.

The first thought that comes into one's mind in a new and strange situation is beyond the control of one's will, and it would be hard if one were blamed for it. But when the will has recovered from the momentary paralysis of a surprise, it becomes a duty to see to it that alien and unworthy thoughts are not allowed to linger. Candid persons sometimes tell us what strange thoughts have come into their minds in church. The weaver who found himself for the first time in a vast cathedral, so different from the little box in the country to which he had been accustomed, could not be blamed very much when it came into his head to think how many looms could be accommodated in its area. But if he abandoned himself while there to the thought of looms and weaving, the case would have been very different. It is to be feared that we cannot exonerate a well-known Edinburgh publisher of the last generation, who confessed that his most successful speculations, including some very original ideas in publishing, had come into his head in church. These schemes could not be the result of a passing flash, they must have come of secular thoughts deliberately, or at least permissively detained. Whether in a mental or a moral point of view, this habit is surely evil, whatever apparently happy hits it may occasionally lead to. It is surely the property of a well-disciplined

mind to control its thoughts, and not to suffer objects of an entirely different character to mix in it confusedly at the same moment. It is obviously the part of a successful naturalist to concentrate his attention on a single object at any given time—to fasten his microscope on a single plant or animal, or his telescope on a single star. One could not make much progress in science if one allowed the microscope to move on the most dissimilar objects, or the telescope to roam over the whole field of the heavens. The power of giving continuous attention even to what is abstract and uninviting is one of the faculties that distinguish the disciplined from the undisciplined mind. The habit is valuable on its own account, and laxity tolerated at one time makes the faculty less trustworthy at another. Dr. Abercrombie recommends students to pay attention throughout to any address, lecture, or sermon spoken in their hearing, however worthless, in order to prevent the injury which the faculty of attention would otherwise sustain. The habit was in his view so valuable that it ought not to be broken in upon even to save trouble or prevent annoyance.

But if it be valuable, in a merely intellectual point of view, to discipline the thoughts, and not to suffer one subject to jostle another which has lawful possession of the mind, much more is it valuable to maintain this discipline when the secular tries to invade the time set apart for the spiritual. Yet the best of people complain of wandering thoughts in worship. Those who are most earnest in seeking to get rid of them are often those who are most painfully conscious of their perpetual tendency to rush in. Probably to a spiritual mind, remembering that God is a Spirit, and must be spiritually worshipped, and knowing that every secular thought that intrudes is a violation of what is due to Him, the inveteracy with which such thoughts occur is one of the most humiliating evidences of inability to worship God acceptably, "with reverence and godly fear." Most certainly it is one of the clearest proofs that we cannot worship truly unless we worship in the Spirit. The feelings and the fervour of true worship come from a Power far stronger and more spiritual than our own. Indeed it is only when our hearts are made to burn under the breath of the Spirit, and are consciously borne along by His power, that distracting thoughts vanish, and the soul moves in the channel of fervent worship. This gives us the secret of the

control of thoughts. For a young person, or for any person, to drive out of the soul foul thoughts, or other thoughts that come rushing into it with the force of a torrent, and that stick to it as if they were part of its

very substance, is about as difficult as to expel the air from a jar with one's hands. When God fills the heart, the separation is made as thoroughly as when the air is expelled from the jar by its being filled with water.

THE GREAT WEST.

BY THE REV. GEORGE M. GRANT, AUTHOR OF "OCEAN TO OCEAN."

PART II.



Assinibone Indian of the Red River.

WHEN our party of six started from Toronto in July, 1872, none of us knew much of the Great West for which we were bound.

and receive two thousand dollars a building lot for its reserve between Winnipeg and Fort Garry, he would have been called the names given to prophets in their own day.

Even in 1872, we were not sure whether our Great West was a reality or not. In 1869, the French half-breeds along the Red River of the north got themselves worked up into a semi-rebellion, which was and still is something of a mysterious mess. Doubtless they had a political grievance. They had not been consulted in the matter of the transfer of the third of a continent between so many high contracting parties as the Company, the Dominion, and the Imperial Government. Fenian, annexationist, lawless, and other agencies were also present to stimulate the ignorant excitable Métis. They found a head and voice in one of themselves, Louis Riel, who seemed sufficiently capable till he proved himself a fool by a cruel and unnecessary murder. Riel was ambitious; but the direction in which he rode when set on horseback showed his true nature. Because he had outmanœuvred the Scotch half-breeds of the settlements, put his foot on the necks of the small Canadian party in the village of Winnipeg, and plundered Fort Garry, he considered himself entitled to assume the rights of sovereign power, and issue bombastic proclamations to his own ragged regiments and to the north-west at large. His absurd balloon collapsed in 1870, on the mere appearance of Colonel Wolseley's force, and he himself has since had to hover between the borders of Minnesota and the huts of the Métis, trading on the memories of what he was, and gratifying his craze for popularity by getting his countrymen to elect him M.P. for their district, with the knowledge that he dare not appear in Ottawa. Whether or not the Imperial Government extends an indemnity to all concerned in his farcical rebellion, can be of small consequence to Riel as a politician. Pardon or not, he remains a murderer; and a great gulf

save by report. A chief object in undertaking the journey was to ascertain if it was a country fit for men to live in and enjoy life, or only what the French king consoled himself with calling Canada when he ceded it to Britain—"a few miserable acres of snow and ice." For to us dwellers by the sea, the province of Ontario had hitherto been the west; just as Illinois had been to the people of Boston and New York. Even in the discussions in the Canadian House of Commons in 1869, connected with the purchase of Rupert's Land from the Hudson's Bay Company, high authorities openly questioned whether the country was worth being purchased. Presented to the dominion as a gift, it might prove a white elephant; while to pay £300,000 for a breeding ground for buffaloes and fur-bearing animals was political madness. So they argued. Had any one prophesied that in 1873, nearly half the amount of that purchase money would be received for the season's freight to Winnipeg by one express line, and that in the same year the Hudson's Bay Company would ask

is fixed between him and honest men for ever.

The Red River rebellion gave birth to the new province of Manitoba, a parallelogram one hundred and thirty-five miles long by one hundred and five broad,—almost a square, cut out at the threshold of the unknown land, extending from the 96th to the 99th degree of W. longitude, and from the boundary line or 49th degree of latitude for a degree and a half to the north. The first step in our journey as a united party was to get there from Toronto or Collingwood, and then we would be at the beginning of our Great West. That step is for giants, being at least a thousand miles long; the first half usually taken by a steamer along the Georgian Bay and the northern coasts of Lake Superior, the second half chiefly by canoes paddled or tugged over one of those innumerable chains of lakes that cover like network the vast rugged regions between the great basins of the St. Lawrence and of Hudson's Bay. When a railway is built across this country from the Upper Ottawa to the Red River, it will open up incredible lumbering and mineral wealth. Maps executed by our neighbours, however, represented it as impracticable for a railway. As the makers of the maps had never seen the country they described, no one was astonished when competent engineers, who traversed and wintered in it during the last two or three years, pronounced a verdict entirely the reverse. From end to end, as easy a line as the Grand Trunk can be had. Still, the dominion must wait a little before undertaking this section of its proposed trans-continental railway; and in the meantime, immigrants to Manitoba must take the route we took, or use the railways of the United States that extend now almost to the boundary line, within seventy miles of Winnipeg.

To all travellers in search of something out of the way in locomotion, scenery, or living, we can cordially recommend our route; and as the department of Public Works offers to send immigrants, not cumbered with overmuch baggage, from Toronto to Winnipeg for £3 each, many will prefer it to the easier but more expensive way through Minnesota.

All the difficulties of the route are found on the second or western half. The first five hundred and thirty miles by steamer are as easy and pleasant as a sail from one end of Loch Lomond to the other. This part of the route is becoming a favourite summer excursion with Ontarians; and it ought to

be taken by all tourists who wish to see something of our magnificent system of inland navigation, its possibilities as well as the reality. For those who have no hope of seeing our inland seas, perhaps it is not unnecessary to guard against the inaccurate idea of their real character they are apt to get by hearing them called lakes. Why they should be so called when the Baltic, Black, Caspian, Azov, Aral are seas, is perhaps what no fellow can understand. That the former are reservoirs of fresh and those latter of salt water is the only reason assigned. But if saltness and not size entitles water to the name of sea, we have in the north-west a thousand saline lakes, each of which may lay claim to the title. And of all the great lakes, Superior corresponds least to the ordinary conception of a lake. Day after day you can sail in the same direction over its deep crystal waters without seeing land. It breeds rains, storms, and fogs like the sea. It is cold in an American midsummer as the Atlantic. We heard from sailors stories of its strength and fury; but with the exception of a thunder-squall with which it greeted us as we entered between its portals, Capes Gros and Iroquois, our sail along its shores was as delightful as warm suns, bracing air, and cool nights could make it to men escaping from the fierce July heat and the suffocating dust of Montreal and Toronto.

Superior has splendid harbours along its north coast, so that there will be no difficulty in securing a summer terminus for the Canada Pacific Railway. The two favourites for the prospective honour and advantage are Nepigon Bay and Thunder Bay. The scenery of Nepigon is the grandest in Ontario, though perhaps that is not saying much. The bay is shut off from the lake by half a dozen islands, St. Ignace the largest, set there to all appearance to act as breakwaters against the mighty waves of Superior, and form a safe harbour; while inside, other islands are scattered about as if for defence or to break the waters of the bay itself, there being a stretch of thirty miles from the entrance up to the pier where Nepigon river discharges into the bay the waters of a great lake forty miles further inland. All the way up the bay is a succession of superb views. We entered by the eastern and left by the western passage. After entering, a steamer or vessel can take its choice of deep broad channels formed by the long hog's-back ridges of the islands that stud the bay. Bluffs from three hundred to one thou-

sand feet high rise from the water; some of them bare from sea to summit, others clad with graceful balsams or dark fir, the thick wood seamed with land-slides looking like steep highways through the forest. On the mainland, rugged Laurentian ranges that have never been explored extend to a distant horizon in long slopes or boldly broken country. The time is not far distant, I believe, when the wealthy men of the north-west shall have summer residences on those picturesque hills and shores, as the west of Scotland people have their villas "doon the water," along the Frith of Clyde.

Thunder Bay is farther west than Nepigon. It has sprung into note lately as the centre of extensive mining and prospecting. On the way, we pass Silver Islet, an insignificant-looking rock in a bay filled with islets similar in appearance. A wonderful vein of silver—probably the richest in the world—has been struck here, resembling in shape the trunk of a tree, which soon forks into two smaller trunks or branches. We were told that in 1871, thirty men took out from the hole 1,200,000 dollars. More men could not get at it then, but authorities say that the probable value of the mine should be estimated in tens or hundreds of millions. Before its real value was known, the islet was held by a Montreal Company, who offered it for sale in London, but no buyers appearing, it was sold to New Yorkers. However, it may be added for the information of those wishing to invest, there are some shares in the market; the original 50 dollars shares selling for 25,000 dollars. Of course such a find has stimulated prospecting. Valuable leads have been discovered in various places on or near the shores of the lake; and gold, copper, galena, and other minerals, have also been found and are being worked, without the same prodigious development of wild-cat mines which followed the discovery of the Ophir, and the Gould and Curry leads in Nevada.

Thunder Bay is a fine open harbour, with basaltic rock and island scenery second only to Nepigon. In 1870, when Colonel Walseley's force disembarked at a spot called Prince Arthur's Landing, there were only two or three wooden shanties, but now there are one or two hundred, with some good buildings scattered along the shore. The persistent loyalty of Canadians comes to the surface in the names they give to almost every new settlement. The number of Victorias, Prince Alberts, and other royal-family names already in the north-west

promises a good crop of confusions and annoyances in postal matters in the future.

At Prince Arthur's Landing, Thunder Bay, we left the steamer, and commenced the second part of our journey to Fort Garry by "the Dawson Road." The incurable defect of this road for business purposes, or emigrants with much luggage, is that it consists of too many pieces. Look at a map of the country between the north of Lake Superior and Manitoba. The greater part of the distance is the watershed between the basins of the Great Lakes to the south and east, and Lake Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay to the west and north. This watershed is a wilderness of lakes and lakelets, separated from each other by spits, or ridges of granitic or gneissic rock. The Dawson Road across this may be described as consisting of three parts of unequal length; forty-five miles of land at the beginning, and one hundred and ten at the end, and three hundred and eighty miles, chiefly of water, between.

The first part of forty-five miles from Thunder Bay to Shebandowán Lake we drove in one day in waggons light and heavy. The road had an upward ascent, for the difference of level between the two places is eight hundred feet. For the first thirty miles the soil is good and the vegetation luxuriant, but there are not more than half a dozen families of settlers. The general character of the soil is a light sandy loam with subsoil of clay. The country is easily cleared, and it offers great advantages to immigrants. They can get to it or away from it easily, and there is a good market at Thunder Bay for whatever they raise from farm or garden. Miners are indifferent about lodging, but good food and plenty of it they must and will have, no matter what the price.

The second part of the Dawson Road—the lacustrine—will never be forgotten by us for its many novel pleasures. Only those who have enjoyed for successive days the motion of gondolas gliding over the water-streets of Venice, can understand the delights of canoeing. Riding in a carriage mounted on modern springs, over macadamised roads, is not a circumstance to it. Our canoes were four or five fathoms long, and, though fragile looking, each carried nine or ten men—six of them crew, and three or four hundred pounds' weight of luggage. Our crews were chiefly Iroquois Indians from Caughnaw-ága, near Montreal, the best voyageurs known, according to the testimony of

every one who has tried them. The Iroquois made the engagement for the trip, and hired a few Ojibways between Shebandowán and Fort Francis to make up the necessary number. They were as fine-looking, clean-limbed men as one's eye could desire to rest on, punctual, diligent, uncomplaining, and reserving their chief affection for their canoes. As a jockey cherishes his horse and a shepherd his collie, so do they care for their canoe. At every halting-place they turn it gently upside down, and carefully examine it and heal its wounds. The seams and crevices in the birch-bark yield at any extra strain, and scratches are constantly made by sunken brushwood in narrow channels or in shallow parts of the lakes. All such cracks or rents are daubed over with resin obtained from the red pine, which they always carry with them in an iron pot, till the bottom of an old canoe becomes actually covered with a black resinous coat. The more uniform the blackness, the harder the service the canoe has seen.

On the larger lakes the Government has placed little steam-tugs, that towed our line of canoes and two large barges with immigrants. On the smaller lakes the Indians used their paddles, making from four to six miles an hour. Dearly though they love fire-water, they do not carry it with them, and do not expect it from their employers; but a plug of tobacco enlivens them, and brings out snatches of song that break the monotony of the journey. The two chiefs of the canoe are the captain, stationed at the bow, and the steersman at the helm. Ignace Mentour, who had been with Sir George Simpson in many of his marvellously rapid and extended expeditions over the north-west, was the captain of our largest canoe; and Louis, who had been Sir George's cook at one time, was steersman. An English gentleman's household would be well ordered that had Ignace for coachman and Louis for butler. Many a day when we were on the prairies did we miss Louis's nice, clean cooking, and his tidy arrangement of kitchen stuff. We became great friends with all our Iroquois, and could easily understand how it is that an Englishman travelling for weeks together with an Indian guide, invariably contracts a personal feeling amounting to friendship for him. His patience, endurance, and dignity, his fertility of resource and self-forgetfulness, are alike admirable, and can hardly fail to evoke friendship.

When the end of a lake was reached, work as heavy as paddling awaited the Indians. A

portage of wooded rock, from fifty yards to two or three miles in length, had to be crossed to get to the next lake in the chain. Their activity and rapidity of movement at these portages was amazing. They worked as if a storm were coming on or an enemy chasing them. The canoe was drawn up at the landing-place, emptied in a trice, turned up, examined, and if necessary caulked. Two of them would then shoulder it, and set off at a steady trot to the next lake. The others would hoist on their backs as heavy a load as a Constantinople porter is said to carry, and holding it together and in position by a strap passed across their foreheads, set off at a similar trot to the other end of the portage, throw down the load there, and run back for another, without a minute's halt; and so on, till all the luggage was portaged, and everything in readiness for starting on the next lake. The portage strap is broad in the middle, where adjusted to the forehead, and its great advantage to the voyageur is that it leaves him the free use of his arms in going through the woods. I have spoken of the way the Iroquois work when carrying out an engagement. Their enemies say that when the engagement is over, and the pay received, they go into idleness or a three weeks' spree just as heartily. I had no means of testing the truth of the statement, and being very fond of the poor fellows, did not inquire particularly.

The shores of some of the lakes we canoed over had been desolated by fires, and much of their beauty marred. Others are as lovely as lakes can be that have no mountains rising from their shores. The third lake in our chain, "Lac des milles lacs;" and the last, called "Lake of the Woods," or wooded islands, are the most beautiful, and consequently many an Indian tale and tradition is connected with them. To be towed or paddled along those, with the sun shining on innumerable bays, creeks, channels, headlands, and islets of every form, is the perfection of pic-nic or holiday-making. We threaded our way through a maze of wood and water, where we would have pardoned a guide for making mistakes; but we went as surely as if on the king's highway, for an Indian on his own ground is never mistaken. The islets are simply larger or smaller rocks of granite or gneiss, covered with a sprinkling of earth and a coat of moss, and wooded to the water's brink. The timber in most places is good, though not of the largest kind; though how it happens to be so large, when the soil is so scant, is somewhat of a puzzle.

Pine, aspen, and birch are the prevailing varieties. This abundance of wood is important, in view of its comparative scarcity on the great plains farther west.

At and near "the height of land," the streams connecting the lakes are very small, but as we go west they increase in size. The longest and most important is Rainy River, connecting Rainy Lake and Lake of the Woods. It is the boundary line between Canada and the United States for its ninety miles of length. The soil along its banks is exceedingly fertile, and I saw no more desirable place anywhere for a large settlement. Everything essential is in abundance; good wood, water, and soil; easy communication with the world east and west; and the Indian title now extinguished. There is not a single settler yet on the river, as far as I know.

On the Maline River, a short but broad and rapid stream, there are six or seven rapids, which must be shot or portaged round. We preferred shooting whenever it was practicable for our large and deeply-laden canoes.

"To shoot rapids in a canoe is a pleasure that comparatively few Englishmen have ever enjoyed, and no picture can give an idea of what it is. There is a fascination in the motion as of poetry or music. It must be experienced to be understood. The excitement is greater than when on board a steamer, because you are so much nearer the boiling water, and the canoe seems such a fragile thing to contend with the mad forces, into the very thick of which it has to be steered. Where the stream begins to descend, the water is an inclined plane, smooth and shining as glare ice. Beyond that it breaks into curling, gleaming rolls, which end off in white seething caldrons, where the water has broken on the rocks underneath. On the brink of the inclined plane the motion is so quiet that you think the canoe pauses for an instant. The captain is at the bow, a broader, stronger paddle than usual in his hand, eye kindling with enthusiasm, hand sure, and every nerve and fibre of his body at their utmost tension. The steersman is at his post, and every man is ready, knowing that a false stroke, or too weak a turn of their captain's wrist at the critical moment, means death. A push with the paddles, and, straight and swift as an arrow, the canoe shoots down right into the mad vortex, now into a cross current that will twist her broadside round; but every man fights against it, and she steers right on to a rock, up to which she is being resistlessly sucked, and against which she will be dashed to pieces, but a rapid turn of the captain's paddle at the fit moment, and she rushes past, riding gloriously as a racehorse. The waves boil up at the side threatening to engulf her; but nothing except a little spray or the cap of a wave gets in. On she speeds into the calm reach beyond, and all draw long breaths, and hope that another rapid is near."*

The third part of the Dawson Road consists of one hundred and ten miles of

low-lying, level land, from the north-west angle of the Lake of the Woods, to Fort Garry. Eighty miles of this are through woods growing either on marshes of rich deep black loam, or on light sandy and gravelly ridges and level tracts. Then we enter the province of Manitoba, the eastern boundary of which is the eastern verge of the prairies, extending thence west to the Rocky Mountains.

None of us are likely to forget our first view of the prairies. It is almost as great an event in a lifetime as the first sight of the ocean. We had arrived late at night, or rather at two o'clock in the morning, at Oak Point, the first post on the prairie, two miles in from the woods. Wet to the skin, maddened by black flies, overpowered by fatigue and sleepiness, we came on the only building that was to be seen, a half-finished store of the Hudson's Bay Company. Untackling the horses, and letting them wander at their will to feed on the rich prairie grass, we entered an open door, barricaded un-



Calumet smoked in 1871 by Head-chief Miskokanew (Red Eagle), Les Grandes Ombelles, Yellow-Oull, and others, on the one side, and Governor Archibald on the other, about three feet long.

pleasantly with paint-pots, boxes, chips, and all sorts of things, and climbing up a rickety ladder to the second story, threw ourselves down on the floor, and slept heavily beside a crowd of teamsters whom no amount of shaking and kicking had been enough to awake. The first noise in the morning that roused us was the joyful cry of the botanist of our party. "Thirty-two new species already! it's a perfect floral garden." We jumped up to see him with face all a-glow and arms full of treasures, and then looked out. A boundless sea of green, sprinkled with white, yellow, lilac, and red extended all around. You might put a plough into the ground and run a furrow all the way west to the Red River and north to Lake Winnipeg. In the hollows the grass was from three to four feet high; on the level prairie from six inches to a foot. The orders best represented in the flora were the Leguminosæ, Campanulacæ, Rosacæ, and Compositæ, the last especially, which is everywhere the characteristic order of the American flora. Asters and solidagos of all kinds were in greatest profusion. Tall, bright-yellow French marigolds and golden-rods in frequent clumps

* "Ocean to Ocean through Canada," pp. 42-3.

over the vast expanse gave a brilliant golden hue to the scene; and wild roses of all colours, blue and hare bells, asters, and other plants then unknown to us, thickly bedded among the green grass, made up the most bright and beautiful carpet our eyes had ever looked upon.

We had reached the eastern boundary of Manitoba, the latest-born of the sisterhood now included in the dominion of Canada, and our first glance at her rich soil was reassuring. The Great West was a reality.

A drive of thirty miles over the prairie brought us to the Red River, a broad, deep, muddy-coloured stream, winding sluggishly through a land fat and level as Holland, till it empties itself into the great Lake Winnipeg to the north. Crossing the river in a scow, we drove through the village of Winnipeg to Fort Garry, the residence of Governor Archibald, having gladly accepted his hospitality for the two or three days we were to spend in his province.

The journey from Toronto to Fort Garry had taken us a fortnight; four days in the steamer, and ten in waggons and canoes. It can be made now in ten or eleven days, during the open season from May to the end of October, as the Dawson Road has been much improved. In 1870, it took Colonel Wolsley about three months. With a similar force now he could move as quickly as we. The days, with one or two exceptions, were cool, bright, and sunny; the perfection of weather for travelling, in which existence was felt to be a blessing. At nights we pitched tents on soft, open slopes, surrounded by thickwood, or on picturesque islets. After a long swim, and supper on hot, frizzling ham, that smelled wondrously savoury, and newly-made bread, washed down with incredible libations of tea, we threw ourselves on a floor of fragrant spruce boughs or rushes, to sleep the sleep of the just. One of the voyageurs generally kept the fire burning all night, but his movements were so quiet that no one was ever disturbed. In the grey dawn, or a little before it, a cry of "Lève, lève" from the watchman brought us all to our feet. A look outside, first at the fire, which seemed to be smouldering at the stage at which it had been left six or seven hours before, a glance at the eastern sky, a hasty toilet, a hearty first breakfast, and we were once more in our canoes, gliding quietly down the mist-covered river, or over the shining waters of the lake. The woods and waters were silent; a few flocks of wild

pigeons or ducks, and an occasional small band of Ojibway Indians, the only living creatures we came across tenanted those vast spaces.

The Ojibways of those lakes and woods between Lake Superior and Manitoba are pagans, with very distinct conceptions of the great Manitou, and a spirit-land beyond the setting sun. They are dirty in person and habits, unclean livers, cowardly, and even as compared with their brethren to the east, west, or south, low in the scale of civilisation. Many of the lakes teem with fish, and as there is little soil to cultivate, except near Lake Superior, Rainy River, and a few other favoured spots, and little game in the woods, fish is their staff of life. Not that they would of themselves take to the cultivation of the soil, no matter how fertile and easily worked it might be. The Indian has never settled down to agricultural life, except under outside, that is, missionary influence. He is a nomad by nature, and the old nature crops out after years, I might say generations, of foreign teaching and customs alien to those of his forefathers. And these Ojibways in particular are hard to reach. They are never together in large bodies, except for a few days at some religious ceremonial or grand *pow-wow*, when food has to be provided for them, and when the amount they eat is determined simply by the amount provided. The amount they can eat is, I believe, still an unknown quantity. Government has never had resources at hand sufficient to test their capacity. At all other times, each family or group is left pretty much to itself. The tribal relationships are vague and ill-defined, and the authority of the chiefs nominal, when not sustained by popular personal gifts. Usually a few families settle together on the banks of a lake or river where pickerel and white-fish are abundant, live there till their camp gets too dirty, even for them, and then move off in their canoes to fresh woods and pastures new—and clean. No pent-up Utica confines them; they are free to roam wherever they can canoe; for what the big canvas-covered bullock-waggon is to the emigrant on the plains, his canoe always is to the Ojibway. In it he carries wife and child, dog and musket, fishing-gear and pot. With these household gods he is independent of the great world. When on the march he lives in his canoe by day, he sleeps under it when it rains by night, and he carries it on his shoulders from lake to lake, as the snail carries his house on his back wherever he goes. Valueless, agricul-

turally, as the land is, compared with the rich prairies to the west, the Ojibways are tenacious of their rights to it; and greater difficulty has been experienced in getting their consent to the extinguishing of their title than was experienced in dealing with their tribesmen or the Swampy Crees in Manitoba. Theoretically, of course, their land belongs to the Queen; the title is vested in the Crown; but practically it belongs to the Indians, and, what is of most consequence, the Indians everywhere believe in their own rights. Their fathers lived, fought, wandered, and died on it; and though it takes at the rate of forty or fifty square miles to maintain a family according to their ancient style of living, there are estates as large, which nobody proposes to

take from the owners, in Britain, where too the quantity of land is by no means so unlimited. The cheapest as well as the most honest way is to purchase their rights, to have the bargain confirmed by solemn treaty and all the etiquette they love so well, and then see that it is faithfully kept by our agents. A little fair play, and a good deal of politeness, would have averted very many of those Indian wars that the history of America is so full of from the time of the Pilgrim Fathers to the Modoc war; would have saved thousands of lives and millions of dollars; and saved our modern Christianity the reproach that it can find no way of improving an inferior race save by improving it off the face of the earth. Anglo-Saxons are apt to sneer at French politeness.



Buffalo Skin Lodge, near Red River.



Cree Squaw with Papoose, Red River.

I verily believe that the chief reason why the French have always succeeded better than we with the North American Indians was in virtue of that same politeness of theirs. The ordinary Briton seems incapable of understanding that a "nigger"—that is, with him, any man whose skin is not white—has exactly the same rights, and pretty much the same feelings, that he has. Superior to all prejudices himself, why should he respect those of the redskin? But "prick him and he'll bleed," just as if he were white and a Christian.

Low in the scale as these Ojibways are, they belong to a noble race. They speak a flexible, sonorous, musical language, and are generally well-developed physically. They are more given to oratory than other Indian tribes, and their chiefs seem to be partially

selected for their oratorical powers. Has not their fish diet something to do with their inferiority of character to the Indians who live on buffalo-meat? When they cannot get fish they starve, or, in a few cases, turn cannibals; but a *windigo*, or cannibal, is said to be shunned by his fellows for ever after.

On the 30th July, we reached Fort Garry, built on an angle formed by the junction of the Assineboine with the Red River. That my readers may not be taken in at any time, now or hereafter, by the high-sounding title of fort, it is only fair to say that a Hudson's Bay Fort is a square of wooden houses or shanties—the houses of the agent and servants, the store, blacksmith's shop in some cases &c., surrounded by a paling or stockades fifteen to five-and-twenty feet high; and

sometimes with small bastions at the angles to afford flanking defence. Although such have, as a rule, been sufficient to afford protection from Indians, it is hardly necessary to add that they would excite the laughter of any modern Dugald Dalgetty, there being often a Drumsnab near, from which artillery, if the Indians only had it, could play on the doomed fort with deadly effect. However, there is no Drumsnab near Fort Garry. Far and wide the unbroken prairie extends away from the two rivers. Besides, as the head-quarters of the Hudson's Bay Company, the *dépôt* for pemmican and furs, it was surrounded with walls of masonry, and at the more exposed angles, circular towers; while over the gateway two six-pounders were mounted. Looking in the

direction of the little village of Winnipeg, that had struggled into existence half a mile out in the prairie to the rear of the fort. But all those defences amounted to precisely nothing when the Métis rose. Riel and his followers walked into the fort, despite the verbal protests of the officer in charge, and lived at free quarters all the winter, as they had never lived before. Had not Wolseley come on the scene, there they would probably have remained as long as the tea, flour, and pemmican lasted.

Before 1869, Winnipeg was considered a mere adjunct of Fort Garry, like a village that had grown up under the shadow of a castle in the middle ages, and which gradually passed from dependence into defiance. Since the collapse of the rebellion, and the



Charging Buffaloes.

organization of the province of Manitoba (Angl., "the God that speaks,") it has grown with the customary rapidity of western towns, till it already calls itself a city. The fort has sunk to be the mere store or warehouse of a wealthy corporation, and a temporary Government House. Two years ago Winnipeg had a population of about five hundred. Now it has between three and four thousand. Order reigns throughout the province of which it is the capital. A government like that of the older provinces is in good working order; courts of justice are established; the land difficulties of the half-breeds have been adjusted; the Indian title extinguished; a common school system well endowed with land; and now immigrants are invited to come in by thousands and tens of

thousands, and take up free grants of rich virgin prairie soil.

Though the rebellion was contemptible, important results either way hinged upon it, for the Red River may be considered the key or the door to the north-west. Had it gone, the whole would have gone, or been inaccessible except through the United States. To have shoved a wedge up along the river, from the boundary line to Lake Winnipeg, would have been just as easy and a good deal worse in its effects than the wedge shoved up into the heart of New Brunswick by "the Ashburton Capitulation."

What I have to say on Manitoba, especially as a field for emigrants who do not object to a cold winter, I shall reserve for another article.

THE MISSION OF THE TRAVELLER.

[THE following sermon was preached on Sunday, April 19, being the day after the interment of Dr. Livingstone's remains in the nave of Westminster Abbey. The Gospel of the day from which the text was taken was John x. 7—16, and the Lessons which fell in their regular course were Numbers xxi., describing the wanderings of Israel in the Desert, and Ephesians iii., describing the mission of St. Paul to the Gentile world. The 16th and 23rd Psalms were chosen especially for the occasion, as well as the anthem from the 35th chapter of Isaiah.]

"Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd."—JOHN X. 16.

If a visitant from another planet were to look over the surface of this earth; nay, if we ourselves cast a glance at the map of the globe, it might seem as if it was a vast system of impassable barriers; walls of partition mountains high, reaching to the clouds; rivers which have become the very type of the gulf of death itself; oceans with their illimitable, "dissociable" expanse of waters—all the varieties of climate, race, customs, which make every change irksome, every step in advance a peril. Add to this the deeply-rooted instinct of the human mind, which binds each man to his family and his country, which attaches him to the haunts of his childhood, to the tombs of his fathers, to all the endearing associations and ennobling glories that make "home" one of the most sacred of human words, and patriotism one of the most exalting of human virtues.

Yet, as if to meet these natural difficulties, to enlarge these contracted feelings, there is a countervailing instinct planted in the heart of man, which has proved sufficient not only to surmount all obstacles, but, in surmounting them, to give birth to new virtues—to link the human race together by bonds as much stronger than the barriers which keep them asunder as spirit is stronger than matter, as knowledge is stronger than ignorance, as love is stronger than hatred. "Behind these mountains there are also people like ourselves," is the unconscious cry (as expressed in the German proverb), even of the unreasoning savage. "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold," is the same thought, expressed in the highest form of human and divine compassion. That in-

stinct, in its simplest expression, takes the form of the world-wide ambition of the traveller; in its loftiest development it is the world-wide beneficence of the missionary and the philanthropist. The result of this divinely implanted instinct in the sphere of knowledge is written in the noble sciences of Geography, of Comparative Philology, of Ethnology; in the spiritual sphere, it is the great philosophical and Christian doctrine of the unity of mankind, of the Holy Universal Church, of the gathering of "one flock* into one fold under one shepherd."

Let me in a few words trace through its various stages this glorious mission of the Traveller.

I. First, we shall speak of the simple, natural desire of exploring new regions, of visiting famous scenes, of breathing a new atmosphere, of traversing new experiences. Let no one think scorn of this noble passion. Well said the wise man of old, "It is the glory of God to conceal a matter, but it is the honour of kings to search it out."† It is the glory of God to stimulate search after truth, and enkindle chivalrous enterprise by "determining for the nations their appointed times and the bounds of their limitation."‡ It is the glory of kings, and kinglike men, to discover the secrets of his Providence, the treasures of his grace, the infinite variety of nature and of man. Who is there that has not felt at times the glow of that sacred fire, the enthusiasm of that heaven-sent inspiration? No doubt the poet spoke truth when he sang—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land?"—

Yes, but it must also be added, "Breathes there the man with soul so dead," who has not felt a new life within him, when he has for the first time left his native village and seen the great cities of mankind,—when he has for the first time crossed the silver streak of sea, and landed on the continent of Europe,—when he has for the first time mounted the barrier of the Alps, and descended upon the sunny regions of the South,—when he has for the first time passed into the silent pathways of the frozen North, or the ancient splendours of the East, or the teeming activity of the virgin West? Is it not true (if we may so far enlarge the saying

* The word translated "fold" properly means "flock" in the last clause of John x. 16.

† Proverbs xxv. 2

‡ Acts xvii. 26.

of the Emperor Charles V.), that each one of us becomes a new man not only with every new language he acquires, but also with every new land he traverses? Who can ever forget, that has once felt it, the exhilarating sense of his first glance at the eternal snows, or his experience of the boundless liberty of the desert, or the sublime solitude of the ocean?

And if this be so with ordinary travellers, how much more in those nobler spirits in whom it has become a high vocation to unveil the mysteries which none before have known! What moment is there of more thrilling interest in the earth's history, than when Columbus saw the lights of the New World, of which for years he had dreamed? What purer thirst of knowledge than that which, on the lonely Cape of St. Vincent, or in the exquisite chapel of Belem on the shores of the Tagus, fired the Portuguese voyagers for their manifold discoveries? What more touching devotion to the cause of duty and science combined, than the grave of Franklin and his gallant companions in the icy sepulchre of the Polar seas?

Even in this, its simplest form, the glory of the traveller is one of the glories of our race; nay, we may add, one of the glories of our religion. It has its sanction in our earliest sacred associations. Who was the first of the long line of those adventurous spirits who have "got them out of their country and their kindred and their father's house, not knowing whither they went?"* It was Abraham, the Father of the Faithful. What was the education of the youth of the Chosen People? It was a perpetual journey, marching and countermarching through a "great and terrible wilderness," through mountain passes, through deep ravines; their leader dying in sight of the good land which he was not to possess; the parable to every subsequent age of the pilgrimage of life, the wilderness of the world, the prelude to the promised rest. Who was it that planned the first voyage of discovery which brought back the sandal-wood of Malabar, the peacocks of Hindostan, the ivory tusks and the apes of Africa, the gold of the unknown Ophir?† It was the wise king the son of David. Whose life is it that, as a famous writer expresses it, is one vast itinerary; as another calls it, the Christian Oaysey following on the Christian Iliad; hurrying from continent to continent, from island to island, "in shipwrecks often, in journeyings often, in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in perils by

the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings and fastings, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness?"‡ It is Paul of Tarsus, the Apostle of the Gentiles. And what,—if we may, with reverence, ask—what was one of the chief aspects of the Foremost Figure of all which our Sacred Books present? It is not of a recluse hermit fixed in the Jordan Valley, nor yet of a teacher stationary in the schools of Jerusalem, with no thought for those beyond the limits of his native land. It is of One whose eye was turned to "the many who should come from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south,"§ before whose glance had once been unrolled, as in a map, "all the kingdoms of the world."¶ It is of One who, in his actual life on earth, was constantly moving to and fro, often not having where to lay his head; an hungered and thirsty wayfarer who, from Galilee to Samaria, from Samaria to Judea, on the hills beyond the Jordan, and on the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, on the snow-clad heights of Hermon, "went about doing good."§

"Querrens me sedisti lassus;
Tantus labor non sit cassus."

"Thou in search of me didst sit,
Wearied with the noontide heat;
O may all that toil and pain
Not be wholly spent in vain!"

Such is the origin, such, at least in part, the ancestry and likeness that we claim for the noble army of Travellers. And this leads me to speak of the place which they fill, or may fill, in the divine economy of the world. I have already glanced at the light which they have thrown on the secrets of the Universe. No one who feels how sacred a thing is this earth as the handiwork of the Creator, as the expression of His will, can be indifferent to the holy privilege of those who assist in unveiling any part of that handiwork, in revealing any part of that will, to the eyes of men. The whole of it, if we believe in its derivation from one Supreme Mind, hangs together, and so long as any corner of its recesses remains unknown, we have not done our utmost to learn our Father's whole mind toward us. It was the generous expression of a wish, hopeless perhaps to any one individual, that was once uttered by an enthusiastic student of Geography—"I should be miserable, if I thought that there was a single land that I should never visit, or a single language that I should never

* Gen. xii. 1; Heb. xi. 8.

† 1 Kings x. 22.

‡ Cor. xi. 25—27.

§ Matt. iv. 8.

† Luke xiii. 29.

‡ Acts x. 38.

know." But what in the case of one man is impossible, is possible for the whole race of men, through its more energetic members. There is no land which ought to remain unvisited, there is no language that ought to remain unlearned, if we really desire to follow the true Vestiges of Creation, the true Footsteps of the Creator. "If we take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall His hand lead us, and His right hand shall uphold us."* But it is not only in the accumulation of knowledge, that the Traveller discharges a heavenly mission. It is also in bringing together, and in drawing upwards towards a common centre, "the children of God that are scattered abroad" in every race and clime. The instinct which inspires the adventurous explorer is, in its root, the same as that which inspires the devoted missionary. It is the feeling that Mankind is one; it is the sense of kindred even with the most alien, the most perverse, the most degraded forms of humanity—it is the sense that in races most unlike to ourselves there are capacities of improvement, of superiority, of excellence, of which, till we had seen them, we were almost unconscious. And as the Traveller by the nature of the case is almost always the representative of a more civilised nation, of a more refined religion than those into whose haunts he wanders, he becomes almost perforce a missionary—a missionary either for good or for evil. A missionary it may be for evil. It is unfortunately true that the liberty of a traveller has sometimes been the mask of license, that the indifference, the profaneness, the self-indulgence, of the European are the only characteristics of himself, which he by his example imparts. Of all the crimes against our common humanity, few are deeper in guilt or more widespread in their consequences, than that of the man who thus coming in the guise of an angel of light transforms himself into an angel of darkness, who takes to himself the vices of the savage and gives in return the vices of civilisation. But this is not the true Traveller—this is not the genuine seeker after truth—this is not the faithful messenger to "the other sheep that are not of this fold." Far oftener, we would fain believe, the Traveller rises to the height of his lofty calling, and awakens to the new responsibility which his new position lays upon him. The humblest wayfarer in the far East or the farther South has it in his power, by fairness, by kindness, by justice, to leave

* Psalm cxxxix. 10.

behind him his stamp on those who in him, perhaps for the first and the last time, have the chance of knowing what is meant by a European, by an Englishman, a Christian. The Explorer, even in the most purely scientific pursuits, becomes accessible to the catholic tendencies of pure Religion, to the reverent sense of a watchful Providence, such as men in their ordinary lives can hardly experience. What lessons of faith and wisdom are those read to us by that passage in the life of Mungo Park, when, naked and alone in the desert, he was recalled to hope and perseverance by his reflection on the care of God, as displayed in the leaves of the little plant which he saw before him not bigger than his finger's end! And when, besides the effects of personal example and personal experience, there is added the assurance that, through every pathway which the Traveller opens, civilisation, commerce, and religion will follow, and that thus alone the waste places of the earth can become redeemed and cultivated,—then we see how, as if by an undesigned, or shall we not rather say a designed, coincidence, the special obstacles of all but inaccessible lands are met by the rare faculties of special men. If we may so far venture to invert the ancient proverb, "God's extremity is man's opportunity." At home, no doubt, Charity begins. "He who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen," how can he love the distant savage, whom he hath not seen? But, nevertheless, it is the very will and purpose of our Creator, and of our Redeemer, that "His voice shall be heard" even by those most remote from the fold of our own religion, from the fold of our own civilisation. It is the very burden of the prophets of old that not only the near, but the far distant, horizon, shall share in the promised regeneration. "The kings of Tarshish and Arabia, Ethiopia stretching out her hands unto God,"* were not in the grand prophetic view of the world, out of mind, because out of sight. They occupied, we may say, the constant background of the picture. It is in the furthest and most unlikely regions that the most signal triumphs of truth and goodness were expected to be felt. Not the crowded city only—not the peaceful hamlet only—but "the wilderness and the solitary place" shall be glad for them: not the garden and the vineyard only, but "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose, and the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water, and an highway shall be

* Psalm lxxviii. 31; lxxii. 10.

there, and it shall be called the way of holiness.*

II. And now let us turn to the occasion which has led to these thoughts.

I have spoken of the gracious allotment by which the Ruler of the world has brought the inborn sentiment of curiosity and benevolence in the more highly-favoured parts of the earth to bear on the darkness and isolation of the more remote and obscure. It would almost seem as if, by a yet further distribution of the same merciful Wisdom, particular tracts of the world had become the vent, the sphere for the energy of particular nations, which have acquired a kind of special parental interest in these neglected lands—these Foundlings, as it were, of the human family. Such has been the singular lot of Africa. That vast, impenetrable continent has been, for the last hundred years, the peculiar subject of the inquiry and the philanthropy of England, as in early ages it was to the civilised world of Greece and Rome. The grand secret of geography—the course of that mysterious and beneficent River which has for ages veiled its head, and provoked the curiosity of mankind from Herodotus downwards—has laid a special hold on the imagination of this remote island, of which Herodotus hardly dreamed. The forlorn condition of the African races has awakened a sympathy in English hearts which no Greek or Roman ever knew; and this Abbey teems with the memorials of those who have laboured in the cause of the negro and the slave.

Such was the sphere to which, in its double aspect, was devoted the life of him who has been adjudged by competent authority the greatest African traveller of all time.

In few men has been developed in a stronger, more persistent form, that passion which we just now analyzed for penetrating into the unknown regions of the earth. His indomitable resolution has revealed to us, for the first time, that vast waste of Central Africa which, to the contemplation of the geographer, has literally been transformed from a howling wilderness into “the glory of Lebanon.” The parched ground has, in his hands, “become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water.”† The blank of “Unexplored Regions” which, in every earlier map, occupied the heart of Africa, is now disclosed to us, adorned with those magnificent forests; that chain of lakes, glittering (to use the native expression) like “stars” in the desert; those falls, more splendid, we are

told, even than Niagara, which no eye of civilised man had ever before beheld—where, above the far-resounding thunder of the cataract and the flying comets of snow-white foam, and amidst the steaming columns of the ever-ascending spray, on the bright rainbows arching over the cloud, the simple natives had for ages seen the glorious emblem of the everlasting Deity—the Unchangeable seated enthroned above the changeable. To his untiring exertions, continued down to the very last efforts of exhausted nature, we owe the gradual limitation of the basin within which, at last, must be found the hidden fountains that have lured on traveller after traveller, and hitherto baffled them all. We trust that those way-worn feet now rest not unfitly on the dust of Rennell, the most illustrious of the founders of African exploration. We cannot but rejoice to think how the aged chief of geographical science in our own day, if he could not welcome back alive, would have welcomed back dead to this his last repose the friend in whose existence his own seemed to be bound up.

But there was yet another feeling—deeper than the thirst for knowledge, however insatiable, or the love of adventure, however indomitable—that drew him forth, to those distant wilds. There was implanted in him, as there have been from time to time among the sons of men,—not merely the love of human kind at large, but the love for that particular race of mankind, which by colour, by long oppression, by persistent resistance alike to the inroads and the influence of civilisation, has alternately repelled and attracted the more privileged children of Shem and Japheth. “My practice,” he said, “has always been to apply the remedy with all possible earnestness, but never allow my own mind to dwell on the dark shades of sin’s characters.* I have never been able to draw pictures of guilt as if that could awaken Christian sympathy. The evil is there. But all around in this fair creation are traces of beauty, and to turn from those to ponder on deeds of sin cannot promote a healthy state.” Most noble and wholesome sentiment—noble and wholesome—not only in Africa but in Europe—not only in heathendom but in Christendom; in dealing both with Christians and with heathens, how often neglected, and yet for any hopeful, energetic action, how indispensable! He loved to dwell on their individual acts of kindness!† He reite-

* Isaiah xxxv. 7, 8.

• Isaiah xxxv. 8.

* i. p. 209.

† i. p. 506.

rated his assurance that their moral perceptions of good and evil are not essentially different from our own.* And out of this sense of his fellowship with them as children of the same Heavenly Father and of the possibility of embracing them within the fold of the same Heavenly Shepherd, there rose as he wandered on amongst them, the passionate desire, ever mounting to a higher and yet a higher pitch of burning indignation, of fierce determination to expose and by exposing to strike a fatal blow at that monster evil, which by general testimony is the one prevailing cause of African misery and degradation,—the European and Asiatic Slave-trade. He grappled with it, as with the coils of a deadly serpent, and it recognised in him in turn its most formidable foe. Each strove to strangle each—and in and by that struggle he perished; too soon, alas! for him to know how nearly he had succeeded—not, we trust, too soon for us, to secure that his success will be accomplished; and that the work, which in its commencement and its continued inspiration was the brightest side of the name of Wilberforce, shall in its completion shed the chief glory on the name of Livingstone.

Such he was as an Explorer, such as a Philanthropist; what was he as a Missionary? I have, in part, already answered this question; for all these callings spring from the same root in human nature, from the same inspiration of the Providence of God. But we should miss one of the chief lessons of the Wanderer's course, if we did not in few words indicate his peculiar place in the glorious company of those who have devoted their lives to the spread of the Christian faith. It was a peculiar place. He was a missionary, not only as ordained for that work by the hands of a small group of faithful ministers, some of whom yet live to see how he followed out the charge which they intrusted to him, but as fashioned for the work by special gifts of the Creator. Preacher he was not, teacher he was not; his was not the eloquence of tongue or pen. His calling was different from this, and by that difference singularly instructive. He brought with him to his task an absolute conviction not only, as I have said, of the common elements of humanity shared alike by heathen and Christian, but of the common elements of Christianity shared by all Christians. Himself born and bred in one of the seceding communions of Scotland, allied by the nearest domestic ties, and by his own missionary

vocation, to one of the chief Nonconformist Churches of England, he yet held himself free to join heart and soul with all others. For the venerable Established Church of his native land—for the ancient Church and Liturgy of this country, with one of whose bishops he laboured, as with a brother, through good report and evil; even for the Roman Church of Portugal, and the disciples of Loyola,† from whom in theological sentiment he was the furthest removed, he had his good word of commendation. If he freely blamed, he also as freely praised. He remained faithful to the generous motto of the Society which sent him forth. "I never," he said—strange and rare confession—"I never as a missionary felt myself to be either Presbyterian, Episcopalian, or Independent, or called upon in any way to love one denomination less than another."‡ Followed to his grave by the leading Nonconformists of England and the staunchest Presbyterians of Scotland, yet we feel that all the Churches may claim him as their own; that all English-speaking races may regard him as their son; not only those who nurtured his childhood and his youth, but those who beyond the Atlantic strove, in his later days, with characteristic energy and with marvellous success, to search out the clue of his wanderings, and to bring back the latest assurance of his lost existence.

Yet, further, he was penetrated, as years rolled on, through and through and more and more with the sense that the work of a missionary is confined to no order or profession of men. As even from his early youth he steadily refused to recognise the opposition between religion and science,‡ so in his later years, he hailed the evangelisation effected by the trader, the traveller, and the legislator, no less than that effected by the professed evangelist. When, in one of his latest utterances, he expressed with enthusiastic gratitude his conviction that "Statesmen are the best of missionaries," he taught a truth which all Churches, and all societies, not least in our day, may well ponder and plead. But the most powerful missionary agency, as proclaimed both by his teaching and his example, is that of individual character. Most impressive in itself, and in its transparent simplicity, is that testimony which he rendered years ago. "No one ever gains much influence in Africa without purity and uprightness. The acts of a stranger are keenly scrutinized, by both old and young. I have heard women

* i. p. 158; ii. 277—301.

* i. 3, 393, 396, 453, 410, 611, 676.
† i. 6, 118. ‡ i. 4, 5.

speaking in admiration of a white man because he was pure, and never was guilty of secret immorality. Had he been, they would have known it, and, untutored heathen though they be, would have despised him everywhere."*

When he first came among them, he was revered as a man born in the depths of the sea; clothed with a lion's mane, controlling the rains of heaven. But, after he had long dwelt among them, he was revered on far higher grounds. They then learned to appreciate the true above the false supernatural—he was loved and feared not as a magician or a spectre, but as a just and kind benefactor, before whose strong will they bowed, and by whose faithful affection they were subdued. And when, in after times, the passing stranger shall look on his grave in this church, and shall be told that it contains the bones of a wayfaring man who perished in the remote wilds of Africa, that grave itself will be felt to be the most enduring monument of his greatness, because the very fact of his burial here in the heart of England, is, as it were, the footmark and finger-print of the plighted faith and awe-struck veneration which inspired the reverent care alike of heathen Mussulman and Christian around the solitary death-bed; because it shows, by the most indisputable tokens, the devotion which must have sustained that small band of African youths in their arduous enterprise of carrying, through six long months, in spite of all the obstacles of climate, all the inborn prejudices of ancient superstition, all the machinations of hostile tribes, the last relics of their departed master.

III. And now one word in conclusion. Those African boys have done their duty. What is ours? We are told that the last words of the mighty traveller in his lonely hut were, "I am going home." Home in both senses—his spirit to the home of his Father which is in Heaven—his mortal remains, they doubtless felt, to the home of his fathers in the land of the distant north. He is come home to us, cosmopolitan, catholic, almost African as he had become, yet let us not forget that he was bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. He never forgot his Scottish birthplace, or his English friends. As his predecessor, Mungo Park, beguiled the solitary night of travel by repeating the dear lays of the Border minstrelsy, so David Livingstone delighted to see in the strange scenes of Central Africa

an enlarged likeness of the vale of his native Clyde, a reminiscence of the Campsie Hills, and of Arthur's Seat. He was one of us;—he was, if there be amongst my hearers artisans or craftsmen from the loom or the factory, he was especially one of you. Like Tompson and Graham, like Telford and Stephenson, by whose side he now lies, he was the builder of his own fame and of his own character. What he was and what he became, that by God's grace and your own stout hearts, you may be and you may become. What boy is there that may not be inspired by the example of that vigilant industry by which in his youthful days, amidst the roar of machinery, he picked up sentence after sentence from the book which his spinning-jenny was made to support? What man is there that may not be at once humbled and encouraged by the record of that patient, almost painful perseverance, with which in declining years, counting the obstacles of time and space for nothing, he toiled, through ceaseless hardship, through ever-multiplying infirmities of body and mind, with the sickening sense of loneliness, desertion, and disappointment, towards the attainment of the work which he had set himself to do or die? Who is there that may not be nerved to the performance of duties, high or low, by the sight of the life-long comment on that homely maxim treasured up by him as the family legacy of his rustic ancestor—"Be honest;" or those other words addressed to him from the death-bed of a poor Scottish peasant—"Now, lad, make religion the every-day business of your life, not a thing of fits and starts; for if you do not, temptation and other things will get the better of you."

English lads of every degree, remember that such a one as yourselves has achieved this famous career—has won this memorable name. "Strengthen the weak hands; confirm the feeble knees."* "Be strong; fear not." Such deeds as these are the Alpine summits and passes of life; these are the safety-valves even of our insular eccentricities. And when we consider the ends for which his life was given—the advancement of knowledge to the uttermost parts of the earth—the redemption of a whole continent and race of mankind from the curse of barbarism and heathenism, and from the curse of the wickedness of civilised men more hateful than any savagery or idolatry, then from his grave there arises not only to us as individuals, but to our whole nation—I will even say to all the nations of

* i. 513, 553; ii. 495.

* Isaiah xxxv. 2, 4.

the civilized world—the last prophetic words which, in the fulness of his vigour, he addressed to that English University which paid special honour to his labour: “I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country which is now open—do not let it be shut again. I go back to Africa to make an open path for commerce and Christianity. Do you carry out the work that I have begun. I leave it for you.” He

leaves it for you, statesmen and merchants, explorers and missionaries, to work out the wise fulfilment of these designs. He leaves it to you, adventurous spirits of the rising generation, to spend your energies in enterprises as noble as his; not less noble because they were useful; not less chivalrous and courageous because they were undertaken for the glory of God and the good of man.

A. P. STANLEY.

IN MEMORY OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY.”

MOST mournful his dying seems;
Yet glorious and good his death;
For meanings and hopes beyond our dreams
Breathe from his dying breath.

With consciously failing force,
Yet steadfastly forward face,
Still pressing on to the hidden source,
To rescue and raise a race.

On to the mystical hill
Whence* flow the four rivers of old,
Failing through years, yet following still
As the Father of History told.

Not only the riddle to read
Which had baffled the world from its youth—
Of science the foremost van to lead,
And widen the bounds of truth;

But the fetters of ages to break,
To wipe out the world's disgrace,
Through the mighty river he hoped to make
The channel of life to a race.

He found not the source he sought—
Finished not what he hoped to do;
The shadows fell deeper o'er heart and thought:
No sign from his friends broke through.

Still on o'er the pestilent plain,
True, though all seemed untrue.
The shadows fell deeper o'er heart and brain,
Till scarcely a gleam broke through.

Forsaken of country and friend,
Forgotten, unanswered, unheard;
Whilst England was roused from end to end
To her noblest work at his word.

Dying, the world he moved;
As he crept alone through the land,
By tens of thousands the race he loved
Were saved from the spoiler's hand.

Dying, the race he served
Which, loving, he loved to the end.
Dead, he their hearts to service nerved
True as friend renders friend.

Who would not die in the dark
And the loneliness, as he died,
To help the world on to its noblest mark,
And stem, as he stemmed, the tide?

For once we can pierce the cloud
O'er this fragment of life below,
And see the shrine through the veils which shroud,
As he sees it ever now.

Beyond the clouds that brood
Ever this dim earth o'er;
Misunderstanding, misunderstood,
Forgotten, alone, no more.

Led by the Hand he knew
To the fountains of life and bliss,
Where those who have served the Faithful and True
Their goal shall never miss.

B. C.

* In his later years he was stimulated by a constantly recurring report of a mountain which contained the sources of four great rivers.







“ MY MOTHER AND I.”

MY MOTHER AND I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XI.



H A D
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If I were asked at what period of a woman's life she is capable of the intensest love, the sharpest grief, I should say it was in her teens, when she is supposed too young to understand either, and late in life, when people think she ought to have done with both. Chiefly because, when young, we can scarcely take in the future; when old, we know that for us the future exists no more. Therefore I am much more sorry for girls and middle-aged women, when "in love," as the phrase is, than I am for those in the prime of life, to whom that very fact brings strength and compensation.

Falling asleep that night, or rather next morning, for it was daylight before I lost consciousness of myself and what had happened to me within those thirty-six hours,—I was a changed creature. Not a miserable creature at all, not in the least broken-hearted, only changed.

I knew now that for me woman's natural lot, to which my mother looked innocently forward, was not to be. I should never marry, never give her the grandchildren that she used to laugh about, or the son-in-law that was to be the staff of her old age. For me, and for her through me, these felicities were quite at an end. Yet I did not grieve. I felt rather a kind of solemn contentment,

a peaceful acceptance of everything; my lot, if not happy in the ordinary sense, would be very blessed, for I should never lose him; he would never marry; nobody was likely ever to be a nearer friend to him than I. And I might, in my own humble way, come very near to him. The chances of life were so many, that to a faithful heart, continually on the watch to do him good or to be of use to him, innumerable opportunities might arise. Nay, even if I were quite passive, never able to do anything for him, I might still watch him from a distance, glory in his goodness, sympathize in his cares, and feel that I belonged to him in some far-off way that nobody knew of, to the end of my days.

That sad word he had let fall about the end of *his* days being so uncertain, did not affect me much. At my age, to one who has never come near it, death seems merely a phantom, often more beautiful than sad—a shadow that may fall upon others, but does not touch ourselves. To me, with my heart full of new-born love, death seemed a thing unnatural and impossible. I never remember thinking of him and it together, no more than if he had been immortal, as to me he truly was.

Thus, after our conversation that night, I was quite happy, happier than I had ever been in my life before. My feeling was, in a dim sort of way, almost that of a person betrothed, betrothed to some one who had gone to a far country, or whom she could not possibly marry; yet having a sense of settled peace, such as girls never have whose hearts are empty and their destinies uncertain. Mine was, I believed, fixed for ever; I had no need to trouble about it any more.

And though I was so young, not yet eighteen, what did it matter? My grandmother was married at eighteen. So, in a sense was I. I took one of my mother's rings (the very few she possessed she had given me when I left her) and placed it on the third finger; now nobody need attempt to marry me any more.

Three days passed by—three perfectly quiet days. My grandfather was not well, and kept his rooms. Mrs. Rix never said a word to me about Sir Thomas Appleton, or anything. She was a little distant and cold, as if I had somehow done a foolish or

naughty thing, and thereby made myself of much less value than I was a few days before; but that was all the difference I found in her. It was Cousin Conrad, I knew, who had smoothed matters down for me, even when absent, though how he managed it I never knew.

The letter I had expected from my mother did not come, nor she herself either. It surprises me now to remember how calmly I took this, and how easily I satisfied myself that, being quite unaware of the reason she had been sent for, she was waiting patiently till my grandfather sent for her again. Also though I watched the post daily, with an anxiety that I tried hard to conceal, it was not entirely for my mother's letters.

Cousin Conrad had said that he should probably send me a line from London. A letter from him—a bit of his own handwriting, and for me! No wonder I waited for it, and rejoiced in it when it came, with a joy the reflected shadow of which lingers even now.

The merest line it was:—

“DEAR COUSIN ELMA,—Tell your mother I have procured the books she wanted, and hope to bring them to her next week, if she is not with you, as I trust she is. No more, for I am very busy, but always

“Your affectionate friend,

“CONRAD PICARDY.”

My “affectionate friend!” It was enough, enough to make my life happy until the end. So I believed then; perhaps I do still. The heart of life is the love that is in it, and the worthiness of the person loved.

I wrote to my mother, giving Cousin Conrad's message, and scolding her gaily for not having come or written. I said, if she did not appear to-morrow, I should most certainly come and see her. Only come and see her; I did not suggest coming home for good. I reasoned with myself it would be so very much better for her to come here.

All my happy dreams revived, all my plans concerning her and him, and how they would care for one another, and I for them both. As to myself, I must try to make myself worth caring for; try to cultivate my mind, and even to make the most of my outside beauty, which he had told me I “despised.” He did not; he liked beautiful people, and owned it. Was not Agnes beautiful, and, as he had said, just a little like me?

Once or twice, by ingeniously guiding the

conversation, I had got Mrs. Rix to talk of Agnes; for I loved her almost as if she had been alive—loved them both together, for, in a human sense, both were equally distant from me—distant, yet so near. The thought of him was now never absent from me for a single minute, not displacing other thoughts, but accompanying them like an under-current of singing birds or murmuring streams; or rather, it was most like what I have heard nursing mothers say when they went to sleep with a baby in their arms: they were never afraid either of harming or forgetting it, because, waking or sleeping, they were always conscious it was there. So was I. My last sigh of prayer at night was for him; my first feeling in the morning was, how bright and happy the world seemed, since he was in it! A world without him, a day in which I could not wake up to the thought of him, appeared now incredible and impossible.

I know there are those who will smile, and call such a love, such a worship rather, equally incredible and impossible. I do not argue the point. That it was a truth my life has proved.

The third day after that day, so full of startling pain, yet ending in solemn content, I was sitting peacefully sewing in my bedroom, whither, on any excuse, I was glad to creep. To be alone was the greatest bliss I knew. My watch, ticking on the table beside me, was the only sound that broke the quietness. I looked tenderly at its pretty white face, and thought of Cousin Conrad's mother, and what a happy woman she must have been, and how I would have loved her had I known her.

Then seeing it was near post-time, I listened, but not anxiously. It was unlikely he would write again before he came back on the following Wednesday, three days hence. Then he would be sure to come. One of his characteristics was exceeding punctuality and dependableness. If he had promised to do a certain thing at a certain time, you might rely upon him that no whim, no fancy, no variable change of plan, nothing, in short, but inevitable necessity, would prevent his doing it. Down to the smallest trifles, he was the most conscientious person I ever knew. Once when I told him so he laughed, and said “life was so full of work that if one did not take some trouble to make it all fit in together, like the wheels of a watch, the whole machinery soon went wrong.”

But I am wandering from my actual story—wandering away to linger over this

picture of a perfect life. For his was an almost perfect life. Some women's destiny is to love down, excusingly, pityingly. Thank God! mine was to love up.

I sat thinking of him, and wondering how he had settled that troublesome business in London which he had told me of—other people's business, of course—sat as happy as I could be, as unconscious of the footstep of coming sorrow as (mercifully, I often think) we generally are until it knocks at our very door. Thus, for the second time, under Mrs. Rix's fingers it knocked at mine.

"Come down at once to the General; he has got a letter."

"From my mother?" But though I said "my mother," I thought not of her alone, and if I turned sick with dread, my fear was not wholly on her account.

"No, my poor dear girl, not exactly your mother. The doctor——"

"Oh, she is ill! she is ill!" And pushing Mrs. Rix aside, I ran down-stairs like lightning and burst into my grandfather's room. He gave me the letter at once.

My darling mother! Her week of silence, her not coming to Bath, as well as her anxiety to prevent my coming home, were now fully accounted for. Small-pox had been very much about in the village, and at last she had caught it—not dangerously, the doctor said hers was a mild case; still she had been very ill, and it would be some time yet before she was able to write. He wrote, by her desire, to my grandfather, explaining all, and entreating that I should be kept from coming to her. She had all the care she needed—himself, Mrs. Golding, and a hospital nurse—and nothing must be risked for her child. On no account was I to come near her.

"Cruel! cruel!" sobbed I, till I met my grandfather's look of amazement. "No, it is not cruel; it is just like herself—just what she always told me she would do in such a case. She used to say that she should have lived alone but for me, and she could die alone, even without one sight of me, rather than harm me. Oh, mother! mother!"

I think my grandfather was touched, and that if he bore any grudge against me in the matter of Sir Thomas he forgot it now. His tone and manner were extremely kind.

"Comfort yourself, my dear; you see all has gone well so far; Mrs. Pearly is apparently out of danger, and no doubt will soon be convalescent. She was quite right to act as she did; I respect her for it, and shall tell the doctor so, desiring him to pay

her all attention, and send news of her every day."

"News every day!" For in spite of all my mother's prohibitions I had no thought but how fast I could get ready, and imploring for once to have the carriage, go home immediately.

"Yes, every day, or every other day, as he says it is a mild case," continued my grandfather, looking a little wearied of my tears; "and if Mrs. Rix could suggest anything to send her—wine or jelly, perhaps—provided we run no risk of infection. Pardon me, but I have a great horror of small-pox. In my young days it was an actual scourge. Two young ladies I knew had their prospects blighted for life by it; but your excellent mother is neither very young nor——"

"She is beautiful—beautiful to me!" cried I indignantly. "She is everything that is sweet and precious to me. Oh, if she had only told me she was ill—if I could have gone to her days ago!"

"You do not mean to say you are going now?"

Had I meant it? I cannot tell. I was silent.

"Such a step," my grandfather continued, "would be most imprudent. She herself forbids it, and I respect her for doing so. You could not benefit her, and you might destroy your prospects for life."

Destroy my prospects for life! Probably because he, too, considered that my face was my fortune, and the small-pox might spoil me and prevent my being married by some other Sir Thomas Appleton! That thought settled my mind at once.

I said, with a quietness that surprised myself, considering the storm of grief and rage within me, "I do not care for my prospects. Since it is for my sake only that my mother forbids my going to her, I mean to disobey her, and go."

Then, for the first time, I saw what my grandfather could be when he was contradicted. Peace be to him! I had rather not remember anything he said, nor recall the expression of his noble and handsome old face, as I saw it just then. He must, as I found out afterwards, have built many hopes and plans upon poor me, the last of his direct line, and it was hard to have them disappointed.

"You will understand one thing," said he at last, his wrath turning from a red into a white heat, equally powerful and more dangerous, "when you quit this house against my will, you quit it for ever. All

that I mean to give you I shall leave to your Cousin Conrad. You hear me?"

"Oh yes!" And I was so glad!—glad that he should have all, and I nothing, that in any way my loss should be his gain. But the next minute I heard something more.

"Now, Elma, I will detain you no longer. If you have your vexations, I have mine. Only this morning Conrad writes to tell me he is going back to India immediately."

I have heard people, who have suffered sudden anguishes, say that it is like a gunshot wound, which at first does not hurt at all. The struck man actually stands upright a minute, sometimes with a smile on his face, before he drops. So it was with me.

Had my grandfather seen me, I believe there would have been nothing to see; but he put his hand over his face, and spoke querulously rather than angrily.

"So make up your mind—if any woman ever could make up her mind. Stay; and I will send daily for news of your mother. Go, and though it is a fool's errand, my carriage shall take you there in safety. But, remember, you do not return. Adieu now. In an hour let me have your decision."

He rose, and bowed me out of his study with cold politeness—me, a poor girl whose mother was dying!

But I did not believe that; indeed, I must have accepted blindly the doctor's statement that it was a mild case, and the worst over, and I must have deluded my conscience in the most extraordinary way as to the sin of disobeying my grandfather, as well as my mother. Still, looking back, I can pity myself. It was a hard strait for a poor girl to be in, even without that other thing, which nobody knew of.

But I knew it. I, the inner me, was perfectly well aware that my worst struggle was with another pang, and that the difficulty of choice sprang from quite another motive than the dread of vexing my grandfather, or even of saving myself—my own young life and my pretty face, which had, nevertheless, grown strangely dear to me of late.

If I went back to my mother, and Cousin Conrad went to India in a month, I should not see him again—perhaps never in this world. For even if he wished to come to bid me good-bye, my grandfather would prevent it. I, too, perhaps. Of course I should treat him exactly as my mother had treated me, and shut the door of our infected house upon him, even though it broke my heart. Therefore, if I went away to-day, I

should never look upon his face, never hear the sound of his voice—never any more!

Oh, my God! my God!

I believe I did instinctively cry out that—cry upon Him, conscious for the first time in my brief life that He has it in his power to take away the desire of our eyes at a stroke. My mother—Cousin Conrad—I might lose them both. Nay, by holding to one I should infallibly lose the other. What must I do?

I did that which we are all so prone to do—I temporised. I said to myself that for a girl like me to fly in the face of her grandfather and her mother was very wrong; that if I literally obeyed them, whatever followed, they could not blame me. At any rate, I would obey till Wednesday, when I should see Cousin Conrad, and could ask him, whose judgment of right and wrong was so clear and firm, what I ought to do.

Oh, sad sophistry! trying with vain arguments to reason myself into doing what I wanted to do, following the compulsion of an emotion so overwhelming, an agony so sharp and new, that I could not comprehend it, or myself. Even with my mother in my heart all the time, wretched about her, longing to go and take care of her, I felt that at all risks, at all costs, I must stay and look on that other face, the only face that ever came between me and hers, just once more.

Within an hour I knocked at my grandfather's door, and told him I would stay, at any rate, for one day more—I dared not say two days, lest he might guess why. But no, he seemed almost to have forgotten what I came about till I reminded him.

"Certainly, certainly; we will send a messenger off at once to inquire, and I hope your mother will be quite well soon; she is sure to agree with me, that you have acted wisely. And for myself, I am much gratified by your remaining with me. When Conrad is gone, I shall have only you left to be a comfort to my old age."

He patted my hand almost with tenderness. Oh, what a hypocrite I felt!

Most of those two days I spent in his study. He seemed to like to have me, and I liked to be there. It was easier to busy myself in doing things for him than to sit with my hands before me, thinking or listening to Mrs. Rix's terrible flow of talk. Poor woman, she was so torturingly kind to me;—helped me to pack up the basket of good things, giving strict injunctions that it should be dropped outside the door, and that the messenger should on no account go in. She hovered over me while I wrote the letter

that was to accompany it, sympathizing with my torrents of tears, yet telling me no end of stories about families she knew, who had been swept off wholesale by the small-pox, or made hideous for life.

"If it were anything but small-pox, my dear, I should say, go at once. A mother is a mother, you know. When mine was in her last illness I sat up with her night after night for three weeks. The last forty-eight hours I never left her for an instant—not till the breath was out of her body. I closed her eyes my ownself, my dear, and thankfully too, for she had suffered very much."

"Oh, be quiet! be quiet!" I almost screamed; and then the good woman kissed me, with her tears running down, and was silent—for about three minutes.

Her next attempt to change the subject was concerning "poor Major Picardy" and his sudden return to India, wondering why he went, when he could so easily have retired on half-pay or sold out; in the course of nature it could not be very long before he came in for the Picardy estate. "The property he must have; and though, as I told you, your grandfather can leave the ready money to anybody else—you, perhaps, since he is much vexed at the Major's departure. Besides, India doubles the risk of his health, and if he dies, where is the estate to go to?—not that he is likely ever to be an old man. Still, he might pull on with care, poor fellow! for a good many years. But I suppose he thinks it does not much matter whether his life is long or short, seeing he has neither wife nor child. He said as much to me the other day."

I did not believe that, it was contrary to his reticent character; but I believed a great deal. And I listened—listened as a St. Sebastian must have listened to the whizz of each arrow that struck him—until I felt something like the picture of that poor young saint in the National Gallery, which my mother and I used to stop and look at. She was rather fond of pictures in the old days.

Ah, those days! Three months ago I would no more have thought of keeping away from her when she was ill, had she commanded it ever so, than of not pulling her out of a river for fear of wetting my hand! Sometimes, strangely as I was deceiving myself about the duty of obedience, and so on, there flashed across me a vivid sense of what a cowardly, selfish wretch I was, even though my motive was no foolish fear for my pretty face, or even my poor young life, the whole preciousness

of which hung on other lives, which might or might not last.

Once, on the Tuesday evening, when I was taking a walk with Mrs. Rix, who had benignly given up a card-party; when the birds were singing their last sleepy song, the sky was so clear and the earth so sweet, I had such a vision of my mother lying sick in her bed, all alone, perhaps neglected—at any rate without me beside her, me, her own daughter, who knew all her little ways, and could nurse her as no one else could—that a great horror seized me. Had it not been night, I believe I should have started off that minute and gone to her, even had I walked the whole way.

With difficulty Mrs. Rix got me to go in and go to bed—Mrs. Rix, the poor dear woman whose arguments I despised; yet I yielded, saying to myself, "It is only twelve hours to wait."

Wait for what? The message from my mother or the one more look at Cousin Conrad's face, the one last clasp of his hand, and then it would all be shut up in my heart for ever—the love he did not care for, the grief he could not see. I should just bid him good-bye, an ordinary good-bye, and go back to my mother, to begin again the old life—with a difference. But the difference only concerned myself. Nobody else should be troubled by it. If I were careful, even she should not find it out.

So, with a kind of stolid patience and acceptance of whatever might happen, without struggling against it any more, I laid me down to sleep that Tuesday night, and woke up on Wednesday morning—a very bright sunshiny morning, I remember, it was—much as those wake up who, in an hour or two, are to be led outside their prison walls to feel the sunshine, to see the blue sky, just for a few minutes, and then, in their full young strength, with every capacity of enjoyment, "aimer et d'être aimé" (as wrote a young Frenchman, Roussel, who thus perished, in the terrible later revolution that I have lived to see), be placed blindfold against a wall and—shot.

CHAPTER XII.

I SPENT most of the Wednesday morning in my grandfather's study, reading aloud his daily newspaper, writing some letters, and doing other little things for him which Cousin Conrad was used to do.

"But you may as well begin to learn to help me; there will be nobody else to do it when he is gone," said the old man sadly.

One quality, which my mother used to say was the balance-weight that guided all others, she often thought me sorely deficient in—self-control. I think I began to learn it during those last days, and especially that Wednesday morning.

Several times my grandfather praised me quite affectionately for my “quietness.” “One might suppose you were two or three and twenty, my dear, instead of not yet eighteen.”

Not yet eighteen! What a long, dreary expanse of life seemed before me, if I took after him and the family (the Picardys, save during this last generation, have been a long-lived race), and attained to the mysterious threescore years and ten! Yet, in a sort of way, he was happy still.

But I—I shivered at the prospect, and wondered how I should ever bear it all.

Now I wonder no more. I think it will be so. Like him, I shall probably live to extreme old age; the last leaf on the tree: very lonely, but not forlorn. For I accept the fact, and do not complain. God never leaves any life without brightness while it can find its sunshine in His smile.

Cousin Conrad had not said what time he should arrive, and I thought every ring at the hall-bell was his. When at last he came, it was without any warning. He just walked in as if he had left us yesterday, and all things were the same as yesterday.

“General! Cousin Elma! How very cosy you look, sitting together!” And he held out a hand to us both.

Then he sat down, and he and my grandfather fell into talk at once about his going to India.

I would have slipped away, but nobody told me to go away, or seemed to make any more account of me than if I were a chair or table. So I took up a book and stayed. It would have been dreadful to have to go. Even a few additional minutes in his presence was something. Of my own affairs nobody said a word, and for the moment all remembrance of them passed from me. I only sat in my corner and gazed and gazed.

He looked ill, and perhaps a shade graver than usual; but the sweet expression of the mouth was unchanged, and so was the wonderful look in the eyes, calm, far-away, heavenly, such as I have never seen in any human eyes but his.

At that moment, ay, and many a time, I thought,—if I could just have died for him, without his knowing it! died and left him happy for the rest of his life; yes, even though

it had been with some other woman—how content I should have been!

My grandfather and he began talking earnestly. To all the General’s arguments he answered very little.

“No, I have no particular reason for going—at least, none of any consequence to anybody but myself. As you say, perhaps I am weary of idleness, and there lies work which I can do, and come back again in a few years.”

“To find me in my grave.”

“Not you; you will be a hale octogenarian, and that young lady,” turning to look for me, “will be a blooming young matron. By-the-bye, Cousin Elma, did you give my message to your mother? I hope she is quite well.”

I could bear no more. I burst into violent sobs. He came over to me at once.

“What is the matter? What has happened?” Then in a whisper, “Surely my little jest did not offend you?”

Evidently, he knew nothing; but my grandfather soon told him all.

“What! her mother ill, and Elma still here?”

This was all he said. Not in any reproach or blame, but in a kind of sad surprise. At once, as by a flash of lightning, I saw the right and the wrong of things; how I had acted, and what he must have thought of me for so acting.

“She is here, because I would not allow her to go,” said my grandfather, hastily and half apologetically, as if he, too, had read Cousin Conrad’s look. “Mrs. Picardy herself, with extreme good sense, forbade her coming. Think what a risk the girl would run. As a man of the world, Conrad, you must be aware that with her beauty—”

“Yes, I am aware of everything; but still I say she should have gone.”

It was spoken very gently, so gently that even my grandfather could not take offence. For me, all I did was frantically to implore Cousin Conrad to help me, to persuade my grandfather to let me go. I would run any risks. I did not care what happened to myself at all.

“I know that, poor child. Hush! and I will try to arrange it for you.”

He put me into an arm-chair, very tenderly, and stood by me, holding my hand, as a sort of protection, if such were needed. But it was not. Either my grandfather had seen his mistake, or did not care very much about the matter either way, so that he was not “bothered;” or else—let me give the

highest and best motive to him, as we always should to everybody—before many more words had been said, he felt by instinct that Cousin Conrad was right.

"Elma has shown her good feeling and obedience to me by not going at first," said he with dignity. "Now, if you think it advisable, and if, as I suppose, the risk is nearly over——"

"No, it is not over. Do not let us deceive ourselves." Was it fancy, or did I feel the kind hand closed tighter over mine? "For all that, she ought to go."

At that moment Mrs. Rix came in, looking very much troubled. She had met the messenger returning with the news that "Mrs. Picardy was not quite so well to-day."

"Order the carriage at once," said my grandfather abruptly.

Then there was a confused hurrying of me out of the room, packing up of my things, talking, talking—poor kind Mrs. Rix could do nothing without talking!—but in spite of all the haste, at the end of an hour I was still standing in my bed-room, watching stonily everybody doing everything for me. Oh, they were so kind, so terribly kind, as people constantly are to those unto whom they think something is going to happen; and they gave me endless advice about nursing my mother and saving myself—I who knew nothing at all about small-pox or any kind of illness, who had never in my life been laid on a sick-bed or stood beside one. They were sorry for me, I think; for I remember even the little kitchen-maid coming up and pressing a little bag of camphor into my hand.

"Take care of yourself, miss; oh, do take care of your pretty face," said she; but I paid no attention to her or anybody.

The one person who did not come near me was Cousin Conrad. I thought I should have had to go without bidding him good-bye, when I saw him standing at the drawing-room door.

"Here, Mrs. Rix, I want to consult you."

And then he explained that he had fetched a doctor, whose new theory it was that second vaccination was a complete preservative against small-pox—that everything was ready to do it if I would consent.

"You will not refuse? You think only of your mother. But I—we—must think also of you."

"Thank you," I said, "you are very kind." He could not help being kind to any creature in trouble.

Without more ado I bared my arm. I remember I wore what in those days was

called a tippet and sleeves, so it was easy to get at it; but when the doctor took out his case of instruments I began to tremble a little.

"Will it hurt much?—Not that I mind."

In truth I should not have minded being killed, with his hand to hold by, and his pitying eyes looking on.

"Do not be frightened. It hurts no more than the prick of a pin," said Cousin Conrad cheerfully, "only it leaves a rather ugly mark. Stop a minute, doctor. Mrs. Rix, push the sleeve a little further up. Do not let us spoil her pretty arm."

The doctor called for somebody to hold it.

"I will," he said, seeing Mrs. Rix looked frightened. She said she could not bear the sight of the smallest "surgical operation." "Not that this is one. But if it were," added he, with a look I have never forgotten, never, through all these years, "I think I should prefer nobody to hurt you but me."

There was a silent minute, and then the doctor paused.

"I forgot to ask if this young lady is likely to be in the way of small-pox just at present, because, if so, vaccination might double the risk instead of lessening it. She ought to keep from every chance of infection for ten or twelve days."

I said with strange quietness, "It is of no consequence, I must go. My mother may be dead in ten or twelve days."

Cousin Conrad stopped the surgeon's hand. "If it be so, what are we doing? In truth I hardly know what I am doing. Let me think a moment."

I saw him put his hand to his head. Then he and the doctor retired together, and talked apart. I sat still a minute or two, and followed them.

"I cannot wait—I must go."

"You shall go, poor child," said Cousin Conrad. He was very white—long afterwards I remembered this too—but he spoke quietly, soothingly, as to a child. "Listen; this is the difficult question. If you are vaccinated, and go at once to your mother, you have no chance of escaping the disease; if you are not vaccinated afresh, there is just a chance that the old protection may remain. He does not say you will escape, but you may. Will you try it? If you must go, you ought to go at once. Shall you go?"

"Of course I shall."

He drew a deep breath. "I thought she would. Doctor, you see."

"She runs a great risk," said the old man, looking at me compassionately.

"I know that—nobody better than I. Still, she must go. Come, Elma, and bid your grandfather good-bye."

He drew my arm through his, and we went down-stairs together, Mrs. Rix following us. She was crying a little—kind, soft-hearted woman!—but I could not cry at all.

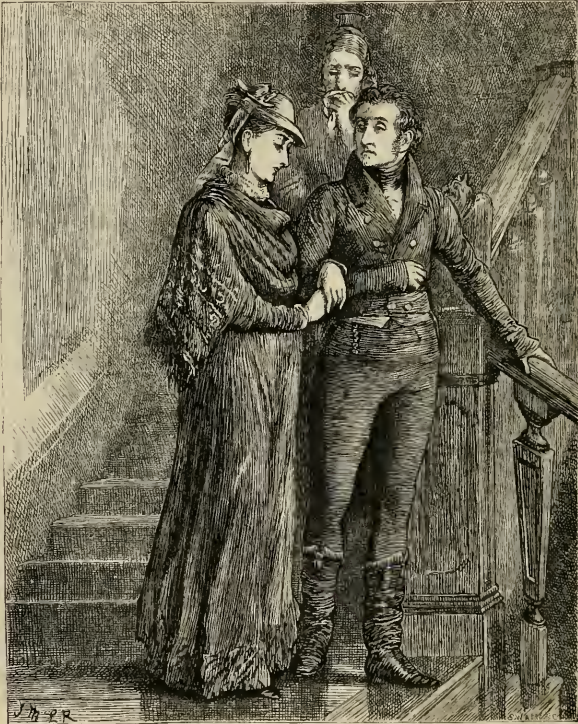
My grandfather, too, was very kind. "A sad departure, Elma. We shall all miss you

very much, shall we not, Conrad? Such a bit of young bright life among us old folks!"

"Yes," said he.

"Good-bye, my dear, and God bless you. Kiss me."

I did so, clinging to the old man as I had never clung to anybody except my mother. My heart was breaking. All my cry now was to go to my mother. Indeed the strain was



becoming so dreadful, minute by minute, that I was longing to be away.

"Is anybody going in the carriage with you?" said my grandfather.

Eagerly I answered that I wanted nobody, I had rather be alone; that I wished no one to come near our house, or to run the slightest danger of infection. And then they praised me, my grandfather and Mrs. Rix,

for my good sense and right feeling. One person only said nothing at all!

Not till the very last moment, when I was in the carriage and he standing by it—standing bare-headed in the sunshine, looking so old, so worn. And oh, what a bright day it was! How happy all the world seemed, except me!

"If I do not come with you, it is not

from fear of infection. You never thought it was?"

"No."

"That is right. And now think solely of nursing your mother and taking care of yourself. Take all the care you can. You promise?"

"Yes."

"Then good-bye, and God bless you, my dearest child."

He said that—those very words. Confused as I was, I was sure of this.

A minute more, and I was gone. Gone away from him, from the sound of his voice and the sight of his face; gone away into darkness, anxiety, and pain. How sharp a pain I did not even then sufficiently recognise.

For there was remorse mixed with it—remorse that, in my passionate exaggeration of girlhood, felt to me like "the worm that dieth not, the fire that is never quenched." From the moment that the glamour passed away, and I got into the old familiar scenes—even before I entered the village—the gnawing pain began. There was no need of Mrs. Golding's bitter welcome, "So, Miss Picardy, you're come at last, and high time too!"—no need of her sarcastic answer that my mother was "going on quite well, and perfectly well attended to," to smite me to the very heart.

"Beg your pardon, miss, but as nobody expected you, the parlour isn't ready; and of course you won't think of going up-stairs."

I never answered a word, but just began to feel my way up the narrow staircase. After Royal Crescent, how narrow and dark it seemed, and how close and stuffy the whole house was! Yet here my mother had been lying, alone, sick unto death, without me; whilst I—Oh me, Oh me! would God ever forgive me? She would, I knew; but He? Or should I ever forgive myself?

I think the sharpest conscience-sting of all is that which nobody knows of except oneself. Now, no creature said to me a word of blame. Even Mrs. Golding, after her first bitter welcome, left me alone; too busy to take the slightest notice of me or my misdeeds. She and all the house seemed absorbed in their nursing. There could be no doubt how well my mother was loved, how tenderly she had been cared for.

But I—I was made no more account of than a stock or a stone.

"You can't go in," said Mrs. Golding, catching hold of me just as I reached the familiar door. "Nobody sees her but the nurse and me. And she doesn't want you.

She begged and prayed that we wouldn't tell you; and when you was obliged to be told, that we'd keep you away from her. Bless her, poor dear lady, she might have saved herself that trouble."

I groaned in the anguish of my heart.

"Hold your tongue, or she'll hear you. She can't see, but her ears are sharp enough. For all she said about your not being allowed to come, she's been listening, listening every day."

"I must go in—I will go in."

"No, you won't, Miss Picardy."

And without more argument, the old woman pushed me into the little room beside my mother's, shut the door, and set her back against it.

"Here you are, and here you may stop; for you're not of the least good anywhere else in the house. I'm sorry the room's so small—after them at Royal Crescent—and dull, for a young lady as has been going to dancing-parties and card-parties every night; but it's all we can do for you just at present. By-and-by, when your mother gets better, if she does get better, and God only knows—"

But here even the hard old woman grew softer at the sight of my despair.

Does anybody know what it is—the despair of having forsaken a mother, and such a mother as mine?

In all her life she had never forgotten me, never ceased to make me her first object, first delight; and now, in her time of need, I had forgotten her, had put her in the second place, had allowed other interests and other enjoyments to fill my heart. And when it came to the point, I had taken advantage of her generous love, seized upon every feeble excuse to stay away from her, left to strangers the duty of nursing her; ay, and they had done it, whilst her own daughter had contented herself with mere superficial inquiries, and never come near her bedside.

This, let people pity and excuse me as they might—and Mrs. Golding, to soothe me, did make some kindly excuses at last—was the plain truth of the matter. However others might be deceived, I could not deceive myself. If, as they hinted, my mother were to die, I should never be happy again—never in this world.

And there I was, bound hand and foot as it were; close to her, yet unable to go near her, or do anything for her; shut up in that tiny room, afraid to stir or speak, lest she should find out I was there, which, in her critical state, both the nurse and the doctor

agreed might be most dangerous. I spoke to them both, and they spoke to me, those few meaningless, encouraging words that people say in such circumstances; and then they left me to pass hour after hour in listening for every sound within that solemn, quiet sick chamber.

All the day, and half of the night, I sat there, perfectly passive, resisting nothing, except Mrs. Golding's efforts to get me to bed. "What was the use of my sitting up? I was no good to nobody."

Ah! that was the misery of it. I was "no good to nobody!" And with my deep

despair there mingled a mad jealousy of all those who were any good, who were doing everything they could think of for my darling mother, while I sat there like a stone.

Oh, it served me right—quite right. Everything was a just punishment, for—what?

I did not even ask myself what. I gave no name to the thing—the joy or the pain—which had been at the bottom of all. From the moment I had crossed this threshold, my whole life at Bath seemed to pass away—like a dream when one awakes—as completely as if it had never been.

KNOWLEDGE AND LOVE.

I KNOW Thee!—from my infancy Thy light
Hath been the air in which my spirit moved;
I love Thee!—for the life-long pure delight
Of feeling that I am by Thee beloved.

And yet my heart how languid! and how slow
Beat its dull pulses from its inmost core!
How poor my knowledge! and my love how low!
I want to know Thee, and to love Thee more.

How shall I stir the longings of my soul
Into the passion of a holy love,
Till its great wave of worship upward roll
And break in praises at Thy feet above?

O could I only see Thee as Thou art
Where angels wait, archangels veiled adore,
Thy glory! it might pierce *my* veiled heart,
Seeing Thee clearer, I might love Thee more.

Ah! vain conceit! That glory with its light
Could do the work of sorrow with its shade,
That Faith's high triumphs could be won by sight,
Or man without the cross be God-like made.

Deep in the shadow of the cross there lies
A glory hidden from our grosser view,
Such revelation as self-sacrifice
Gives to the heart that can to truth be true.

Our Lord without its passion could not win
For us the broken heart and binding vow,
Nor from our souls lift off the load of sin
Save with His torn hands, and bleeding brow.

So must we follow—surely not unmeet
With the Great Master sorrowing on before,
In duty's path rough hands and wounded feet
Will make us know Thee, Lord, and love Thee more.

JOHN MONSELL.

THE CALCUTTA NATIVES.

II.

ABOUT the same time that Mr. Banerjee was received into the Church the reforms of Lord William Bentinck began to tell with great effect upon native society. The substitution of Bengalee for Persian as the law language of the province, not only did away with much corruption in the courts, but held out to the natives another inducement for the cultivation of their mother tongue. The blot of Suttee was now wiped from Hindoo society, in spite of the groans of the orthodox Hindoos, who cried out that their salvation was perilled if they might not roast their widows. The Brahmins had laid down that apostasy from Hinduism incurred the penalty of civil death, and was a bar to inheritance, but the Governor General passed an enactment limiting the application of the Hindoo and Mahomedan laws to the actual adherents to these creeds; and a serious disability was thus removed from native Christians and Theists, before the Brahmins had opened their eyes to the fact. But it was chiefly by his resolution, throwing open the judicial service to natives of all castes and creeds, that Lord William Bentinck earned the gratitude of the Calcutta Hindoos. For the first time in his history, an honourable and a lucrative career was opened up to the Bengalee, for under the Mogul domination he had been held the cheapest of all the natives in India. To enter the public service now became the highest aspiration of the young student. He might indeed have made more money had he taken to commerce, but the possession of a subordinate judgeship or deputy magistracy, carried with it a social position in native eyes, which lakhs of rupees could not have purchased. The prospect of pension, too, was an irresistible temptation to the Bengalee, who is anxious beyond all other races to secure a competency for his old age. The consequence was, that every vacancy in the service attracted a host of candidates, many of whom would have a private income double or treble what they would receive in Government employ. Many of the men who first availed themselves of Lord William Bentinck's resolution, rose to high offices in the administration, some even attaining to seats in the legislature of the province, and it was not long after they had obtained this concession, that the natives began to sigh for admission to the charmed circle of the covenanted service.

In the meantime, native society was fast assuming its present form. A strong vernacular press was springing up, the influence of which extended far beyond the capital, creating public opinion and stirring up a public spirit among all classes of natives. Every shade of religion and politics was represented; almost every native of note in Calcutta had his organ for the promulgation of his own particular views. Native journals now criticized the proceedings of Government, with a freedom which, ten years before, would not have been permitted to an Anglo-Indian editor. The censorship of the press still remained, but Lord William Bentinck allowed it to become inoperative, and Sir Charles Metcalfe, during his brief administration, wiped the blot off the Indian statute-book. The orthodox Hindoos had raised a considerable agitation against Lord William's interference with Suttee, and a society for the conservation of the faith called the *Dharma Sabha* was formed, which still exists in opposition to Hindoo progress; but it is as the rivalry of the pebble to the acorn. The conservative *Chandrika* vituperated the liberal *Kaumadi*, and the *Kaumadi* retorted with sneers at its "senile contemporary," in exactly the same fashion as the English journals of the day were wont to bandy compliments. But the discussion of reform was no longer confined to the higher and educated classes. The Bengalees who, notwithstanding Lord Macaulay's assertion to the contrary, are great ballad-mongers—as witness their song on the execution of Nand-kumar, and, still later, their ballad upon the "fire-coach of the railway"—had got hold of the beefsteak story, and were singing it in a ballad all over the town. It may be worth the pains to reproduce a few lines from Dr. Tytler's translation, which happily conveys a notion of the original jingle:—

"In all our town there's nought but sights and raree shows to see, man;
But how shall I, or any, tell what sort of sights they be, man?
A Brahmin's son, brought up with all a Brahmin's holy rites, man,
Has left his caste, and printed hooks of politics indites, man.
He once believed the holy Veds and all their ancient stories;
The heretic forsakes them all to talk of Whigs and Tories:
His penances, his holy water, and his long head-roll, man,
He stops—and stops the masses for his pious father's soul, man."

The conservative Hindoos were not alone in their derision of the reforming natives. There were many Englishmen who failed to

perceive that the movement had any depth or vitality, and who sneered at "Young Bengal" as a set of silly speculators, that had little other aim than to hear themselves "spout," and to see their names in the newspapers. There were also others, well-meaning but narrow Christians, who would have been the first to recognise and assist native progress, had it taken the direction that they thought the right one, but who turned the cold shoulder upon the young men who refused to be guided by any other light than that of their own intellect. Moreover, the course which "Young Bengal" adopted was not always the most judicious one. His preaching was far in advance of his practice; he both talked and wrote a great deal more than was good for him; and he made himself ridiculous by aping English fashions, which sat but awkwardly upon an Oriental. The leaders of the movement wrote very passable English upon the model of Johnson, just as the natives of our day copy the style of Macaulay; but there were Bengalees who, with the merest smattering of the language, insisted upon writing and speaking in English, exposing not only themselves but their better-educated countrymen to Anglo-Indian ridicule. But, in spite of all its imperfections, and hollowness, and veneering, native society had taken a wonderful stride during the twenty years that had elapsed from the foundation of the Hindoo college, to the organization of the Bethune Institute.

In 1838, five natives invited the assistance of their townsmen to aid them in the establishment of a "Society for the Acquisition of General Knowledge." They confessed that in no department of learning was the education of the Bengalees more than superficial; and they pointed to the fate of their debating societies and the puerile character of native publications as a melancholy proof of how much such a society was wanted. One of the leading promoters of the society was a young merchant named Ramgopal Ghose, whose great business talents were then just beginning to attract public notice. His letters in a Bengalee paper upon the abolition of Octrois and Inland Transit Dues had considerably influenced the policy of Government upon the subject; and he was well known as an eloquent and fluent speaker. Ramgopal had been one of Derozio's pupils, and one of the first to cast from him the cords of Hinduism. But although he was known to be an eater of beef and a drinker of *brandy-pani*, he had a great command over all classes of his countrymen. The leaders of liberal Hindu-

ism do not appear to have lent their assistance to the movement, and the society, though supported by Mr. Banerjea, by the Duttas, a family of poetical Bengalees, by Gyanendro Mohun Tagore, subsequently a professor of the London University, and by Pearly Chand Mittra, the Bengalee novelist, languished for a few years and then died of inanition. Great public events were going on in India, and the attention of both Anglo-Indians and natives were diverted from social questions. While the Afghan struggle lasted, we could scarcely afford a thought to native progress; and a series of conquests in Sindh, Gwalior, and the Punjab, closing with the annexation of the latter province, followed in rapid succession. But education was rapidly doing its work. Rammohun Roy's "*robur et as triplex*" had broken through the prejudices of his countrymen, and ventured upon the long and weary voyage to England by the Cape. The Indian reformer was not destined to resume his work in Calcutta with a mind enlarged by his English experiences, but his principles of Vedic Theism found a congenial soil in the Tagore family. Dwaskanath Tagore was fighting the battle of his countrymen against English exigencies, as well as English prejudice, and his patriotism was soon about to carry him likewise to England. The revision of the Company's charter was approaching, and the Bengalees were agitating their claims to office. Religious progress was almost at a stand-still except among the youth who came under the influence of the missionary institutions. The covenanted service was the summit of the Bengalees' ambition, and all the energy of the educated natives was directed towards the opening of it. Politics seldom fail to breed ill-feeling; and the eagerness with which the Bengalees pushed their claims, gained them many enemies among the old Haileybury civilians, who had come to look upon their "service" in the light of an inviolable caste.

During all this time missionary work was making sound progress—all the more sound that it was not showy. Inspired by Dr. Duff's example, the missionaries of all denominations had thrown their whole energies into the work of education, wisely judging that, without a good soil in which to sow the seeds of Christianity, it would be folly to expect a good crop. The Government institutions were doing much for Bengalee culture: the missionary colleges still more, for in addition to the intellectual training, the latter incultured the elements of a moral and religious

education. It was not only converts won over to Christianity that exemplified the superiority of a Christian training. There are men still living in one or other form of Hinduism, who, by their upright and conscientious character, have proclaimed through all their lives the principles instilled into them by their Christian instructors. There is an unfortunate tendency to measure a missionary's success by the number of his converts, and there could not well be a more deceptive gauge. Conversions are certainly the highest end of all missionary enterprise, but not unfrequently a native who has never professed Christ carries the ethics of Christianity into the very heart of Hindoo society, where being diffused they render far more real assistance to the cause of Christianity, than could be afforded by an individual addition to the number of the direct assailants of Hinduism.

In 1850, Dr. Mouat, the late inspector-general of prisons, who was then the secretary of the Council of Education, revived the defunct society, and enlisted the support of all the liberal natives. Mr. Drinkwater Bethune, of the civil service, who was president of the council, enjoyed a great popularity among the educated natives, and was willing to stand godfather to the new institution. The Bethune Institute has been a fortunate exception to the ephemeral character of Calcutta native undertakings. It was fortunate at the outset in securing the services of Dr. Mouat, who was only too glad to devote his great energies to the cause of native improvement. Dr. Mouat's exertions in behalf of Bengalee education, and the part he took in the establishment of the Calcutta university, have only been too much overlooked both by Europeans and natives. There were others whose names deserve a place in a sketch of native progress. Mr. Richardson, who was for some time at the head of the Hindoo College, was a well-known Anglo-Indian *littérateur*, a graceful versifier and a keen critic, and his teaching and example did much to diffuse literary tastes among his pupils. The educational service of Government was gradually being filled by a higher class of men from the English universities, whose learning did as much to raise the standard of education, as their manners contributed to give a good tone to college circles. But while the metropolitan natives were thus being cared for, the rest of the province remained in educational destitution. There were a few rural colleges, and schools for Anglo-Vernacular teaching were being opened in the *zillah* or county towns; but, for

the masses scattered over the smaller towns and villages, there was no training but what the hedge schoolmaster could afford. It was clear that the funds at the disposal of Government were insufficient for the work, and the great question was, where were the funds to come from? The land was held under Lord Cornwallis's "permanent settlement," which freed the landlords from all future obligations not in force at the time when the enactment was passed. The landlords, many of whom were non-residents living in Calcutta, knowing nothing of their estates and having no sympathy with their tenants, refused to assess themselves for this purpose; and thence a controversy arose, which has been carried on with much acrimony on both sides until the present moment, and in such discussions, in much talk, and in some real progress, did the time pass in Calcutta, until the whole country was thrown into convulsions by the outbreak of the sepoy mutiny, when the Calcutta natives soon became sensible of their stake in the maintenance of British power. From being the weakest and most despised of the Hindoo nationalities, the Bengalee had risen to the foremost place in the estimation of his new rulers. In a revolution designed to restore the old Moghul anarchy, he had everything to lose and nothing to gain. When might became right again, the Bengalee could hold no place among the warlike races of the upper provinces, and the cultured, peace-loving Baboo trembled at the thought of once more becoming a slave to the high-handed Muhammedan. The mutiny was fraught with terrible lessons to all, and the Calcutta natives had no difficulty in applying to themselves the moral of the insurrection. They had covered reams of paper with high-flown exordiums about patriotism and independence, and had wasted much precious time in inveighing against the imperfections and injustice of their English rulers. But now they saw things in a new light. Who were the patriots—the men who were disgracing humanity at Cawnpore and Delhi, and carrying ruin through the country, or those who sought to save India from bloodshed and lawless men, and to preserve the peace and prosperity that had flowed all over the land from the British protection? The British Government might have its faults, but what were its errors compared with the atrocities which were being perpetrated by their countrymen under the name of native authority? No: better that the civil service should remain for ever closed against natives; better that the "shoe question" and the *salami* grievance were both forgotten;

better that every other complaint, whether real or fanciful, which they had ever laid at the door of British administration, were abandoned, than that such fiends as the Nana or Bahadur Shah should have dominion over them. So the Calcutta natives hastened to throw in their lot with the British, and to disclaim all sympathy with the brutal crimes that were being committed in the north-west. Still, it cannot be doubted that the progress of the mutiny was regarded in native circles with sentiments that could not well have been expressed to the public. But it would profit little to attempt a nice analysis of native feeling during that terrible crisis. It is enough to say that the educated natives of Calcutta afforded an intelligent, and in many cases an enthusiastic, support to the British administration, and that the exceptions were too contemptible to detract from the loyal character of the generality.

And they soon had their reward. The transfer of the Indian empire from the Company to the Crown, was the beginning of a new era for the natives. The old Anglo-Indian exclusiveness that had grudged to the sons of the soil every post worth a European's acceptance, that had tried to depreciate their capacity and trustworthiness, to sneer down their education, and to ridicule all their attempts at self-improvement, now grew untenable. The natives soon began to make themselves heard upon all public questions, and the coteries in the presidency towns soon became transformed from debating societies into political clubs. The first of these that deserves notice is the British Indian Association. This body was called into existence for the protection of native interests during the stormy discussion that preceded the last renewal of the Company's charter, and it has been for the last twenty years the most influential political faction that native society has yet produced. It is supported by all the leading natives in the capital, and its resolutions have, in a measure, the weight of a provincial assembly's. The class character of the Association, however, detracts much from its utility. The mass of its members are non-resident landlords, who take little interest in the improvement of their estates, and none whatever in the welfare of their tenants. I speak in general terms, for there are, I am happy to say, a few exceptions. But being thus constituted, the Association has proved to be no trustworthy guide upon questions where landlord and tenant, or aristocrat and plebeian, were brought into conflict. In social questions the influence of the Associa-

tion has been strictly conservative, and not unfrequently factiously detrimental to the cause of progress. Still the body has a considerable public value. Not only has it done much good in curbing the political extravagance of Young Bengal, but it has frequently filtered down European projects of reform, which had been at the outset too crude and sweeping, into useful and practicable measures.

The condition of the Bengal peasantry was one of the first subjects that claimed public attention after the country was reduced to peace. Many of the largest land-owners were non-resident; their estates lay at the mercy of grasping agents; rents were raised according to the avarice or exigencies of the landlord, not according to the value of land or the ability of the tenant; and eviction was remorselessly carried out to a serious extent. The missionaries labouring in the rural districts were the only persons who could realise the Bengalee peasant's pitiful condition, and so they took up his cause and fought, and are fighting to this hour, a stout battle against the landlords and the British Indian Association. The contest has assumed many shapes, but the principles at issue continue unchanged—the peasantry wishing to participate in the blessings of British administration, the landlords determined to make no concession except upon absolute compulsion. Lord Cornwallis's Permanent Settlement of 1793, which made the land-holders the actual owners of the soil upon a tax fixed in perpetuity, and provided for the security of occupants only in general terms, gave the landlords a very strong position, of which they did not fail to make the most. The courts, however, came to the rescue, and by a series of decisions conferred occupancy rights upon all tenants who could prove twelve years' uninterrupted possession; and in 1859, an act of the legislature defined the tenant's position, and laid down rules for determining the rental. The best effects have attended this enactment. The peasant has acquired a freedom and an independence altogether unknown to him before, while the landlord's legitimate interests in his property have been sufficiently protected. But the British Indian Association never forgave the missionaries their share in bringing about this important revolution, and their most disinterested efforts for the elevation of native society have been too frequently met by the non-resident landlords in a spirit of petty and spiteful hostility.

For the last quarter of a century, the missionaries have never ceased to urge upon

Government the necessity for educating the masses of Bengal in a knowledge of their mother tongue. The Bengalee landlords have little sympathy with such a project, especially as a proportion of the cost must necessarily fall upon their own shoulders. Moreover, many of the city natives owe their position and influence to education alone, and they look with true Brahminical horror at the placing of so divine a gift as knowledge within the reach of the vulgar, and are jealous of all attempts at raising the masses to their own level. The great champion of popular education was the Rev. James Long, of the Church Missionary Society. Mr. Long is one of the very few men who thoroughly understand and can thoroughly sympathize with the Bengalee peasantry, and he has never ceased by tongue and pen to plead the cause of the dumb masses. To him, more than to any other individual, the vernacular press of Bengal is indebted for its present respectable position and wide field of utility. It was Mr. Long's representations that mainly led Lord Canning to appoint an official reporter upon vernacular newspapers, and this appointment gave the first great impetus to Bengalee journalism. It was Mr. Long's arguments also that at last induced Sir John Lawrence to take action in the education question, and in spite of the outcry of landlords, and the indifference of Bengal officials, to impose a cess upon the land for village schools and other local improvements. The agitation is still going on, and the British Indian Association is exerting itself in every direction to obtain a repeal of the new impost. But any opposition that would involve the relinquishment of popular education must,

sooner or later, recoil to the injury of the landlords themselves. They may cry out that the Permanent Settlement has been infringed, but if it be found that the Permanent Settlement obstructs popular education, I seriously fear that public opinion will pronounce against the former.

But though the British Indian Association has little sympathy to lavish upon the peasant when he claims his rights at the hands of his landlord, it is not slow to redress his wrongs when this can be done at the expense of a third party. The famous *Nil Darpan* case is an example of this. A year or two after the Mutiny there were loud complaints of oppression among the tenants of English planters in the indigo districts. These outcries were, doubtless, greatly exaggerated, but there were many serious evils inevitable under the system pursued by the planters. The Bengalee peasant is improvident and needy, and does everything upon advances. Long before it is sown, his crop of indigo is hypothecated to the planter, and if he is either unable or unwilling to implement his bargain, violence is too often employed to coerce him. Besides, the tenant may often wish to sow a crop that would be less troublesome and more remunerative. But his landlord, the English planter, will allow him to grow nothing but indigo. The natives about the capital took up the cause of their countrymen, and they were aided by the missionaries, who, true to their Christian principles, sought to succour the defenceless and relieve the oppressed, in spite of the odium which such a course would procure for them among those of their own race and creed.

A. ALLARDYCE.

TWO LOTS.

"POOR Nellie," then a sigh, a careless kiss, and she flutters away,
 Lovely and young and well-beloved, and as light of foot as a fay;
 And I sit here lone, crippled and weak, like the wasted willow-tree
 That grew by the brooklet where we played in days that have ceased to be.
 O little brook, are you singing
 Ceaselessly glad as ever,
 While violets nod on your grassy banks,
 And restless aspens shiver,
 And you go gaily wandering on
 To join the mighty river?
 O say, do you gleam in the sunlight now as you did long ago,
 Would waters that mirrored my joy relentlessly mirror my woe?

Or would the glad face of my childhood gaze up as it used to gaze,
 From your cool depths where ripples gleam as they gleamed in these far-off days?

Alas the vain thought! it could never be so:
 Right weary the poor face would be;
 For your waters can only mirror, sweet brook,
 The image of what they can see;
 That child is a fay of a far-away day,
 Whom no one remembers but me.

Why did the shadow fall on my life?
 Why did the sunshine darken for me?
 Why must I sit in a captive cell,
 In a world so joyous and free?

• • • • •

Ah, suffering heart, the air is laden
 With moans of like misery ;
 Some have wept—some must weep—
 Till we reach the glad Eden ;
 "The thing that hath been is the thing that
 shall be."

Some are born to flit in the sunshine and some to pine
 in the shade,
 And yet in the longest summer-day the sunshine, I
 ween, will fade,
 In darkness we all must slumber at last, and sure
 when day is done,
 As sound they sleep who pined in the shade as they
 who joyed in the sun.

* * * * *

"Poor Nellie!" her sister said and sighed, and kissed
 her and went her way
 Down to the beach where her lover stood watching
 the ships in the bay,
 Idly watching the wavelets break on the wave-worn
 stones of the pier,
 Idly musing on life and love, unwitting that Nettie
 drew near.

Beautiful golden-haired Nettie, she noted with trou-
 bled surprise
 The absent, dreamy, far-away look that dwelt in her
 lover's eyes,
 As gavelly gazing on all around he stood in the
 eventide,
 Forgetting to watch for the coming of his own beau-
 tiful bride,—



Forgetting to watch for her coming, yet thinking of
 her the while,
 Hearing her voice in the wavelets, in the sunbeams
 seeing her smile,
 Thanking God in his heart for the beauty of earth
 and of heaven,
 Yet pondering why so few may share the bliss that
 to them had been given,—

Why gladness, beauty, and love are showered a fairy
 shower upon one,
 Another eye goes droopingly till the dreary life-day
 be done,
 Till the sore heart-hunger be stilled in the grave
 where they hunger not,
 Where toils and task-work, groans and sighs, for ever
 and aye are forgot.

There in the glow of the sunlight, he sighed for the
 souls in the shade ;
 Yet as he sighed a joyous smile in his dark eyes
 glimmering played,
 How could he sorrow in sympathy while Nettie was
 drawing near,—
 How could he sorrow in sympathy while her gay
 voice rang in his ear ?

Chiding the high grave phantasies that in poet souls
 grow apace,
 Clothing earth and air and sea and sky with a sadly
 tender grace,
 Idle and vain to her they seemed, for though she was
 loving and fair,
 Ne'er a thought of his noblest thoughts did the
 golden-haired beauty share.

* * * * *

THE FALL OF DAVID.

BY THE EDITOR.

DAVID was about fifty years of age when he fell into that terrible sin which involved so many tragic consequences. Twenty years had passed since the death of Saul, and about thirteen years since his nephew Joab had scaled the rocky fastness of Jebus. These twenty years had made a vast change in the condition of the kingdom. David was no more a dweller in tents, but had in Jerusalem the stately palace erected by the skilled workmen of Tyre, and around him an organized court, with the various officers of a settled state. He had also brought the sacred Tabernacle and Ark of Jehovah within the walls of his capital, and a mighty array of priests and levites, and thousands of musicians and singers were employed in giving an outward majesty to the service of God, which had been unknown before. The narrow limits of the kingdom had likewise been marvellously enlarged. In a series of decisive campaigns he had shattered for ever the Philistine power, completely reduced Moab, subdued Edom, and taken the proud "City of the Rock." Moab had indeed become the "wash-pot," or basin, in which he had plunged his feet, Edom his slave to whom he had "cast his shoe," over Philistia he had "shouted" in triumph.

Still further, he had in one or two decisive battles vanquished the Ammonites, Syria, and the great kingdoms lying far to the eastward, so that, with the exception of one fortress, his dominion swept in an unbroken line from Damascus to the Euphrates, and round by the east of Moab and Edom, to the desert which separated Palestine from Egypt. The strong city of Rabbah, where Joab had shut up the Ammonite king and the remnant of his army, was the only spot where his power was resisted. David recognised the difficulty of capturing Rabbah. Not only was every available man employed down to his own body-guard, but the Ark of God, which had never been permitted to go out to battle since the fatal day when old Eli died, was also sent to the front as a visible pledge of the tremendous issue at stake. The king's body-guard consisted of the old heroes who had stood by David in his wanderings. Every officer in it was distinguished by some famous exploit, and among these was Uriah, the Hittite, of heathen descent, though he had become a proselyte of Israel. The siege of

Rabbah lasted two years, and the sin of David was committed probably about the time of its commencement.

He had indeed attained a splendid position. He was not only beloved by his subjects for that fascinating grace which he possessed from his youth—for "everything that the king did pleased the people"—but he had become identified with every national achievement. The virtual founder of the new state, the victorious monarch who had established a dominion undreamt of before, he was also their religious teacher and the organizer of their new worship. Some of his grandest psalms had been already composed and given for the service of the sanctuary—so that, as poet and musician, as well as Prince, it was his joy to hear his own majestic hymns daily lifted to the very gates of heaven by thousands of voices, accompanied by the peal of trumpets and the clash of cymbals. And in these psalms he was more than poet—he was the great religious instructor of his people. He had taught the people to identify religion with purest morality. "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing of the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation." Of himself and of the spirit in which he worshipped, he had been able to say, "Judge me, O Lord, for I have walked in mine integrity. Examine me, O Lord, and prove me, try my reins and my heart, for thy loving-kindness is before mine eyes, and I have walked in thy truth. I will wash my hands in innocence, so will I compass thine altars."

When thus mature in years, and when he had attained the highest reputation for wisdom and sanctity—when he, if any man, seemed safe—suddenly he fell. The terrible history of sin given by St. James found in him a sad illustration. A passing temptation "set fire to lust, lust, when it conceived, brought forth sin, and sin, when it was finished, brought forth death." Alas, what cunning sparks of hell are mingled with what is best in every heart! This man, half divine in the grandeur of his aspirations, wallows, beast-like, in the mire of pollution. He who had sung songs fit for the choir of

seraphim, falls like another Lucifer into the abyss of evil. First, into adultery—and that the basest—with the wife of a tried officer, fighting for him in a perilous war. The strong, rich man robs his poor retainer of his one beloved possession. And that is not enough; but as one sin ever leads to another, so when conscience reproved him, and when his dread of exposure haunted him, and when with David the saint as with the poorest wretch who enters on a wrong course. Oh, what devices and wretched contrivances then suggest themselves in order to escape detection! Anything rather than confession! For when a man, especially if he has a great reputation to sustain, gets involved in a single crime, there is no undreamt-of baseness which does not then become possible. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this?" is the natural question at the beginning of a course ending in deeds of infinitely deeper dye. And so this David, rather than humble himself before the man he had wronged, and before the people who esteemed him as a father, makes despairing efforts to conceal his fault. This sinner on the throne became the meanest schemer. The noble bearing of the simple soldier throws into darkest contrast the vile attempts made by his master to entrap him. There is nothing too low for the king to descend to. He feigns kindness to Uriah, flatters him, makes him drunk—anything, if he can only accomplish his purpose. But when all these devices fail, the last shocking remedy suggests itself—let Uriah fall in the war. And so he wrote to Joab, and makes this honourable soldier the bearer of his own sentence—and such a sentence!—"Set Uriah in the front of the battle, and retire from him, so that he perish." Joab understood the letter only too well. The tried officer is ordered to lead a rash assault. The king's will is accomplished. David has succeeded. At last he breathes more freely. Bathsheba is brought to the palace, and the child is born. All seems now covered up, and there is not a whisper uttered nor a finger pointed against the king.

So it seemed; but if we look into the heart of this man during these miserable months, we have a terrible revelation. He, doubtless, might have pleaded the temptations of his position, or screened himself by a comparison with the habits of other despots. But no such excuses availed him against his own conscience. An awful change had happened. He could not now pray, "Try my reins and my heart." The heavens had be-

come to him like brass, and his own heart as iron. There were now no pure psalms rising from a soul rejoicing "under the shadow of God's wings." The picture he draws of that time is frightfully real. When he "kept silence," God's hand was heavy on him—heavy on conscience, heavy on heart night and day—intolerably heavy. He was in a fever. "His moisture was turned into the drought of summer." "The arrows of God stuck fast in him, and God's hand pressed him sore." Then, when he seemed hardening as he progressed in this life of falsehood and rebellion, when all the freshness of his heart was withered like grass, Nathan came to him. In the spirit of the true prophet he first touched the better nature of the king by the exquisite parable of the rich man and the poor—the many flocks of the one, and the single ewe-lamb of the other, which "grew up with his children and ate of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter." The utter baseness of the deed which he related roused the nobler instincts of the king. His old warmth of heart burst forth in a gush of generous passion, and when all the stony apathy was thus melted for an instant into feeling, Nathan shot home the barbed arrow, "Thou art the man!" and left it there fixed for ever. In one rapid sketch he revealed David's history—all God's mercy, all his own crime. The hell into which he had fallen was lit as by a lightning flash. "I have sinned," he moans in words short as the prayer of the publican, and still more intense—and then, when Nathan was gone, he fell before God in that cry which has been the cry of the broken-hearted penitent in all ages, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness; according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions."

It was verily not because David was faultless that he was "the man after God's own heart." Sensualist and murderer, he had fallen into a lower abyss of evil than ever did any so-called "servant of God," whose life is recorded in Scripture for our instruction. Let us, however, take heed lest we confound two matters essentially distinct. It was not his sin, but *his struggle with sin*, which makes his history remarkable. He certainly fell—as many a criminal has fallen, whose life is happily forgotten—under the power of vilest passion, and yielded to base and murderous cunning. Were this all we knew, we might easily dismiss him

with some hard words of indignant revulsion. But we dare not do this with a man to whom sin was agony. The vehemence with which this broken-hearted penitent cries from the depths, tells us at once of a self-loathing bitter as death, and of a love to God which was truer to him than all the evil. It was this which met the mind of God, and it is this which makes his life be in all ages a treasury of help for the fallen, showing the hell and horror of sin, and the hope there is in God for the very worst. When in this light we study the psalms of penitence, especially as connected with his subsequent history, we shall discover what a complete response there was in David to the mind of God. For there is no attempt to excuse himself. He holds his sin steadily in the light, and confesses that he is but "one pollution." "I have sinned," "I was born in sin," "Mine iniquities are gone over my head," "Thou art clear in judging me." Nor does he try any escape from the reality of evil by some arbitrary use of Jewish ritual. "Thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it. Thou delightest not in burnt-offering." "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit—a broken and a contrite heart, O Lord, thou wilt not despise." And so, like a true man, he does not ask for escape from the mere consequences of sin, so much as deliverance from sin itself. "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew within me a right spirit." This was surely a genuine meeting of the will of God—something far nearer the truth of things than could ever have been attained by the self-righteous moralist whose shallow soul has never fought for very life against evil. Verily "there was no guile" in this man. Once he had acted falsely and covered up his life; but in the truth of his penitence he lays it all bare now, and though king on the throne, he gives the nation in the fifty-first Psalm the cry to God of their fallen monarch for mercy. And his faith is as remarkable as his contrition. He had often before this trusted God in hours of danger and difficulty, but never did he show such confidence in the divine goodness—such an appreciation, if I may use the term—of the Divine Fatherhood as when, sin-stained and utterly polluted, he did not turn away in despair, but cast himself on the "multitude of God's mercies."

There were two chief requests made by David. He asked forgiveness, and for "a clean heart." He received the forgiveness at once, for Nathan pronounced his pardon as soon as the king made confession. But

the full nature of his sin was taught to him, and taught to the world by the common, but no less divine, lesson of consequences. David had been guilty of impurity, of virtual murder, and of rebellion against his Father in heaven. He had now to see these sins in another light when reproduced among his own children, and still more personally when they could in a measure be traced as indirect effects of his own iniquity. First his sweet daughter Tamar utterly ruined, her royal robe torn, her hands filled with dust and clutched over her head—the dust streaming down her tearful cheeks—passes like a ghost through the city, uttering the wild eastern cry of mourning. Months pass, and murder follows incest. Amnon is assassinated by the hand of his brother Absalom. Last of all Absalom rebels, and the king is driven from Jerusalem.

It is thus the Bible teaches us. It answers the question, "What is this that thou hast done?" not by moralising, but by the history of sin.

One of the bitterest fruits of David's fall is seen in the change which passed over his own character. He became timid and irresolute. Instead of himself punishing the crimes of his children, and purifying his court of those elements which were sapping all law, human and divine, he became quite incapable of firm action. The consciousness of his own evil seems to have paralyzed his will. It was this feebleness which gave occasion to the intrigues of Absalom. David's slowness to avenge Tamar suggested to him the design of involving the royal family in a universal massacre, and when this failed of being completely accomplished, his father's hesitancy—banishing and then recalling him, neither punishing him nor yet receiving him into favour—afforded him too good an opportunity for further conspiracy. No policy could have been worse for such a man as Absalom. Not trusted, yet left strong, he was thrust into the atmosphere where seditious plots were most likely to be hatched. And this weakness in dealing with the sins of his family was conjoined with a tendency to shrink into private life, and with a preference for such duties as preparing materials for the future Temple rather than for those of active government.

And Absalom was just the man to profit by these opportunities. With a strong dash of Arab blood in his veins, he was quick, cunning, and thoroughly unscrupulous. His good looks and noble bearing—"for in all Israel there was none to be so much praised

as Absalom for his beauty"—were joined to an insinuating and courteous address. His ambition was unbounded, and his desire for "preserving his name" a passion. He was a man who could scheme deeply, bide his time patiently, and then strike with decision and daring. Accordingly, presuming on the gentleness and forbearance of the king, Absalom set himself steadily to undermine his throne. He surrounded himself with a little court whose brilliancy formed an intentional contrast to the retirement of his father. With consummate art the handsome prince stole the hearts of the people. Sitting at the gate as a judge, he became the confidant of every litigant—the would-be vindicator of every wrong. And in all this Absalom had a skilful ally in the grandfather of that Bathsheba whom David had wronged. Ahithophel, the vain, but wise and unscrupulous traitor, was both counsellor of the king and the promoter of his son's treason.

The great change which had come over David was never more manifest than on the outbreak of the rebellion. The spirit of the warrior, which of old used to rise in proportion to the greatness of the danger, seems utterly gone. Broken-hearted, he sees in every event a just retribution on himself. If conscience did not make a coward of him, it certainly unfitted him for any bold move. It is thus we notice a crushed, unselfish humility under disaster which is most touching. He appears unwilling that any one should run unnecessary danger on his account; he begs Itai, the foreigner, not to imperil his safety by accompanying him; he orders the priests to carry back the ark; and when Shimei curses him he forbids his punishment, saying, "Let him curse; because the Lord hath said unto him, Curse David."

There are few incidents in ancient history more vividly portrayed than the confusion and panic of that day; the rapid mustering of friends outside the walls; the flight of the king; the movement of the procession down the deep gorge of the Kedron and up the rough road which, to the present day, breasts the steepness of Olivet. First went the guard, and as the glitter of their spears disappeared over the crest of the hill, there followed the long line of fugitives, their wild notes of eastern mourning, shrill and sad, sounding near and far away, and last of all went the king with bared feet and his head wrapped in his mantle, weeping as he went.

Many of his psalms refer to this critical time. The deep sense he had of wrong when

he found himself betrayed by a man to whom he had shown such kindness as to Absalom "when he was in calamity," is uttered in the thirty-fifth psalm; which describes also the extent to which society had been undermined, and how widely disaffection had spread:—

"For it is not an enemy that reproacheth me, then I could hear it;
Neither is it he that hateth me that magnifieth himself against me.
But thou—a man mine equal,
My familiar and well-known friend,
We were wont to take sweet counsel together,
And go to the house of God among the festive throng.
His words were softer than butter,
Yet war was in his heart;
His words were smoother than oil,
Yet were they drawn swords."

Eminently characteristic of the man are the sudden bursts of passionate indignation. He who a few weeks afterwards charged his officers to "deal gently with the young man, even Absalom," now calls on God to destroy his enemy. "Plead my cause, O God, with those that strive with me. Take hold of shield and buckler, and stand up for my help. Let destruction come upon him at unawares." Still more characteristic of his poetic soul are those outbursts of purest longing. "Oh that I had wings like a dove; then would I fly away and be at rest. Lo! then would I wander far off; I would lodge in the wilderness. I would hasten my escape from the stormy wind and tempest." Very lovely, too, are the evening and morning hymns which belong to the time of his flight. "There be many that say, Who will show us any good? Lord, lift Thou the light of Thy countenance upon us . . . I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for Thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety." "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me! Many there be which say of my soul, There is no hope for him in God. But Thou, O Lord, art a shield for me. I laid me down and slept; I awaked, for the Lord sustained me."

For weeks, perhaps for months, David remained on the other side of Jordan, at Mahanaim, amid the pastoral hills of Gilead. It was there, among a people whose wealth consisted in flocks and herds, and whose country lay amid the "park-like forests" and green uplands of Bashan—and where there was so much to recall the associations of his boyhood that David sang his twenty-third psalm—"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." Youth and age mingle their different lights. The sweet confidence of childhood is crossed by the shadows of bitter experience. The stillness of Mahanaim, the greenness of the pastures, the sweet murmur of its many waters, are contrasted

with the dark gorge of the Jordan valley, "the valley of the shadow of death," where the forces were mustering for battle. But even in the presence of his foes God had prepared a table for him. So he would fear no evil. "Goodness and mercy," he is assured, "will follow him all the days of his life," and he will "dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

David had no heart for this unnatural warfare. And when the decisive day arrived—although at first the old fire flashed for an instant, yet when compelled to remain at Mahanaim and his army defiled past him—the reaction of feeling was deep and sad. When he realised the purpose for which they were marching, the heart of the father yearned for his child, and he charged his officers, "Deal gently with the lad for my sake."

When that evening the soldiers returned, wearied and soiled with battle, there was no king to give them welcome. The shadow of death was over the place, and the tower

above the gate was ringing with the loud wail of a broken-hearted man. "My son Absalom! my son! my son! would God I had died for thee!"

It was wise and politic in Joab to rebuke him; but it is ours to pierce through these trappings of state and gaze on the moral spectacle which that hour revealed. What elements of grief were then mingled! This noble son dead, and through his fault; a fault that might be traced. It was the ending of a bitter family history, whose every sorrow was linked to the father's blame. When David returned to Jerusalem he carried a heart which was indeed purified by chastisement. He sings no more songs of victory, for he is the downcast, gentle old man, desiring no one to be punished—not even Shimei. And thus through the discipline of events—the stern avengers of wrong—his prayer was answered, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew within me a right spirit."

LETTERS FROM H.M.S. CHALLENGER.

IV.—AZORES.

ALTHOUGH the two remote little archipelagos out in the Atlantic have many things in common, the first impression of the Azores is singularly different from that of Bermudas. Long before the white cottages, straggling in broken lines almost round the islands on the top of the sea-cliff, or grouped in villages round their little churches—white, quaintly edged with black, like mourning envelopes—in the mouths of richly-wooded ravines, have become visible, the eye has been dwelling with pleasure on the bold outline of the land, running up everywhere into magnificent ridges and pinnacles, and has sometimes been almost startled by the sudden unveiling of a majestic peak, through a rift in the clouds far up in the sky.

As the islands draw nearer, the hazy blues and purples give place to vivid shades of green, and these, at first, blending and indistinct, gradually resolve themselves into a rich and luxuriant cultivation, filling up the valleys with dense woods of pine and sweet chestnut, covering the slopes, wherever it is possible to work, with orange-groves, vineyards, and fields of maize and wheat, and even where work is scarcely possible, mitigating the nearly precipitous cliffs and rendering them available by means of artificial terraces and slopes.

The Azores are situated between lat. 39° 45' and 36° 50' N., and long. 25° and 31° 20' W. They consist of three groups, two small islands, Flores and Corvo, to the extreme north-west; Fayal and Pico, separated by a narrow and shallow channel and forming geologically one elevation in the centre, and associated with these, spreading to the north-eastward, San Jorge, Terceira, the former seat of government, and Graciosa; while the third group, nearly a couple of hundred miles to the south-westward, consists of San Miguel, the richest and most important of the islands, and the seat of the present capital, San Maria, and two curious little patches of native rocks, the Formigas and Dollabarat. The climate of the Azores is mild and equable. In summer they are touched by the south-east trades, or rather they are just in the fine-weather edge of the variables. In winter they are subject to heavy gales from the south-west. Their climate is doubtless influenced to a certain extent by the southern deflection of the gulf stream, and they are near the northern border of the Sargasso Sea. The mean annual temperature of Ponta Delgada in St. Michael is 63°·8 F., 1°·6 higher than that of Palermo, 2°·5 lower than that of Malaga, and 1° lower than that of Funchal. The

mean winter temperature of Ponta Delgada is $55^{\circ}5$ F., $3^{\circ}2$ higher than that of Palermo, and $4^{\circ}8$ lower than that of Funchal; and the mean summer temperature is $69^{\circ}2$, $2^{\circ}3$ lower than that of Palermo, and $0^{\circ}3$ lower than that of Funchal. The mean temperature of the warmest month at St. Michael is $72^{\circ}8$ F., and that of the coldest $54^{\circ}1$, the range between the extremes is therefore only about 18° .

All the islands are volcanic, and their structure recalls, in every respect, that of such comparatively modern volcanic districts as those of the Eifel or Auvergne. The high rugged crests which everywhere take the form of more or less complete amphitheatres, are the walls of ancient craters, the centres of earlier volcanic action. The bottom of the old crater is now usually occupied by a lake, and in it, or round its edges, or outside it on its flanks, there are often minor craters, frequently very perfect in their form, which indicate eruptions of later date, efforts of the subsiding fires. The rocks which everywhere stretch down in great undulating masses from the sides of the craters to the sea, are lavas of different dates, some of them not much more than a century old; the wooded ravines are sometimes the natural intervals between lava streams, deepened by rivulets which have naturally followed their direction; more frequently they are valleys of erosion, worn by torrents in intervening accumulations of loose scoriæ; and the splendid cliffs, which form an inaccessible wall round the greater part of most of the islands, show, in most instructive sections, the basaltic, trachytic, and trachydoleritic lavas, and the rudely or symmetrically stratified sub-aërial or submarine beds of tufa and ashes, the products of successive eruptions. As a rule, soil formed by the wearing down of volcanic rocks is highly favourable to the growth of plants. It is wonderful to see how the coulees of lava and the mounds of pumice and ashes, formed by even the most recent eruptions—of many of which we know the dates, such as those of 1512, 1672, 1718, and 1722—are now covered with cornfields and vineyards, and, in inaccessible places, with a luxuriant native vegetation.

The first we saw of the Azores was the island of Flores, lying like a light grey cloud on the northern horizon, on the 30th of June, while we were dredging in a thousand fathoms water about fifty miles to the south of it, probably on a southern extension of the rise which culminates northwards in

Flores and Corvo. One of the most remarkable differences between the Azores and the Bermudas is that, while the Bermudas spring up almost like a spire from a great depth, the Azores seem to be simply the highest points of a great plateau-like elevation, which extends for upwards of a thousand miles from west to east, and appears to be continuous with a belt of shallow water stretching to Iceland in the north, and connected probably with the "Dolphin Rise" to the southward—a plateau which in fact divides the North Atlantic longitudinally into two great valleys, an eastern and a western. The three previous soundings, the first three hundred and thirty miles from Fayal, had already shown that we were passing over the gradual ascent, and this dredging, although not very fruitful in results, gave indications by the presence of some comparatively shallow-water northern species, of a northern extension of its conditions.

Next day we sounded in thirteen hundred and fifty fathoms, about twenty miles west of Fayal, in the depression which separates the western from the central group, and during the afternoon the fine bold island approached us, alternate cloud and bright sunshine bringing out the full effects of its contour and colouring. The south coast of Fayal is bounded by an abrupt cliff, perhaps from one to two hundred feet in height, intersected every here and there by deep valleys, and showing where the cliff is too precipitous to support vegetation, sections of lava streams of various colours, and of beds of irregularly stratified scoriæ and ashes. The main road runs along the top of the cliff, and at intervals, usually at the point of intersection of a wooded gorge, a village of low white cottages clusters round a black and white church, surmounted by a large black cross. From the road the land slopes gradually upwards, passing into wide valleys terminating in ravines in the side of the Caldeira, a peak upwards of three thousand feet in height, with a fine crater at the top of it, not far from the centre of the island; or running up abruptly into the many secondary cones and mounds of scoriæ which are scattered in all directions. On this side of the island wheat is chiefly cultivated, except in the valleys, where there are a few vineyards and fields of maize upon the slopes. The wheat was already yellowing for the harvest. The fields were small, separated by walls of dark lava, built, as we were afterwards told, partly as shelter from the high winds, and partly as the easiest means of

stowing the lava blocks, which have to be removed from the ground in the process of clearing. Another very effective addition to the fence serves also a double purpose, a hedge of the common reed (*Arundo donax*) is usually planted within the wall, and runs up to a height of twelve or fifteen feet, adding greatly to the shelter, and producing a long, straight, light cane, which is used in many ways. Split up, it answers the purpose of laths for supporting plaster, and the round canes bound together, and often fitted in neat patterns, may often be seen in the peasants' houses, forming partitions, cupboards, or light odds and ends of furniture. These tall reed hedges, at this season bearing large, feathery, flower-heads on this year's shoots, while the stems of last year, now becoming hard and woody, bear on side branches a crop of small leaves like those of the bamboo, form quite a peculiar feature in the landscape. The Caldeira itself, the father of the family of craters, and evidently the centre of the first and most powerful outburst of volcanic action, remained invisible to us—shrouded all day under a thick canopy of cloud.

In the evening we steamed into the channel between Fayal and Pico, and anchored in the roadstead of Horta, the chief town of Fayal. Here we were visited by the Portuguese officer of health, who, while making strict inquiries as to the presence of contagious disease in the ports which we had previously visited, said nothing about the health of his own town, and it was with extreme chagrin that we learned from the British Vice-Consul, who came on board shortly afterwards, that Horta was suffering from an epidemic of small-pox, which had latterly been rather severe, especially among children. Under these circumstances Captain Nares judged it imprudent to give general leave, and on that evening and on the following morning one or two of us only took a rapid run through the town and its immediate neighbourhood, to gain such a hasty impression as we might of its general effect.

Horta is a pretty little town of ten thousand inhabitants, situated in a deep bay which opens to the westward, and looks straight across to the island of Pico, distant about four miles. The bay is bounded to the north by a bold lava promontory, Ponta Espalamarca, and on the south by a very remarkable isolated crater, with one half of its bounding wall broken down and allowing the sea to enter, called Monte da Guia, a very prominent object when entering the bay

from the southward. Monte da Guia is almost an island, and apparently at one time it was entirely detached. It is now connected with the land by a narrow neck composed chiefly of soft scoriae and pumice, in the middle of which there juts up an abrupt mass of dark rock called "Monte Queimada," the burnt mountain, formed partly of stratified tufa of a dark chocolate colour, and partly of lumps of black lava, porous, and each with a large cavity in the centre, which must have been ejected as volcanic bombs in a glorious display of fireworks at some period beyond the records of Azorean history, but late in the geological annals of the islands.

A long straggling street follows the curve of the bay and forks into two at the northern end, and cross streets ending in roads bounded by high sheltering walls, many of them white, tastefully relieved with blue or grey, simple frieze-like borders, run up the slope into the country. The streets are narrow, with heavy green verandahs to the houses, and have a close feel; but the town is otherwise clean and tidy, the houses are good in the ordinary Portuguese style, and some of the convent churches, though ordinary in their architecture, are large and even somewhat imposing. The church of the monastery occupied by the Carmelites before the suppression of the religious orders, overlooking the town, with its handsome façade surmounted by three Moresque cupolas, is the most conspicuous of these; and the Jesuit church, built somewhat in the same style, a little farther back from the town, is also rather effective. The suburbs abound in beautiful gardens; but they are surrounded by envious walls, and the unfortunate circumstances of our visit prevented our making the acquaintance of their possessors, or whose friendly hospitality we had heard much.

Pico, facing the town at the opposite side of the narrow strait, is at once a shelter to Horta and a glorious ornament. The peak, a volcanic cone of 7,613 feet in height, rivals Etna or the Peak of Teneriffe in symmetry of form. The principal cone terminates in a crater about two hundred feet deep, and nearly in the centre of the great crater a secondary cone, very perfect in shape, and composed of scoriae and lava, rises to a height of upwards of two hundred feet above its rim. This little additional peak gives the top of this mountain a very characteristic form. The top of the mountain is covered with snow during the winter months, but it has

usually entirely disappeared before the end of May. The sides of the mountain, alternately ridged and deeply grooved, and studded with the cones and craters of minor vents, are richly wooded, and the lower and more level belt sloping down to the sea-cliff, produces abundance of maize, yams (*Calocasia esculenta*), and wheat. The other islands depend greatly upon Pico for their supply of vegetables, fruit, and poultry. The morning we were at Fayal a fleet of Pico boats, two-masted with large latteen sails, loaded with green figs, apricots, cabbages, potatoes, and fowls, crossed over in time for early market. Formerly Pico was the vineyard of the Azores. Previous to the year 1853 from twenty to thirty thousand pipes were exported

from the island of a dry, rather high-flavoured wine, which commanded a fair price in the markets of Europe, under the name of "Pico Madeira." In 1853 the wretched *Oidium tuckeri* devastated the vineyards and reduced the population of the island, who depended mainly on their wine production for their subsistence, to extreme misery. Nothing would stop the ravages of the fungus; in successive years the crop was reduced to one-fourth, one-eighth, one-tenth, and then entirely ceased, and the inhabitants emigrated in great numbers to Brazil and California. Some few attempts have been made to restore the vines, but up to the present time there is practically no manufacture of wine in the Azores.



Orange Groves near Ponta Delgada.

We left Fayal the morning after our arrival, and had one or two hauls of the dredge in shallow water, from fifty to a hundred fathoms, in the channel between Fayal and Pico. Everywhere the bottom gave evidence of recent volcanic action. The dredge came up full of fine dark volcanic sand and pieces of pumice. We were surprised to find the fauna varied and abundant. As in the case of plants, it seems to take but little time for animals to spread in undiminished numbers over an area where every trace of life must assuredly have been destroyed by the rain of fire and brimstone. In the evening we passed eastward through the channel between Pico and San Jorge, and greatly enjoyed the fine scenery of the

latter island, which rises inland into a bold mountain ridge, and presents to the sea a nearly unbroken mural cliff, ranging to upwards of five hundred feet in height.

On the evening of the 4th of July we anchored in roadstead of Ponta Delgada, the capital of San Miguel, and the chief town of the Azores. We were a little anxious about Ponta Delgada, for we had been told at Fayal that small-pox was prevalent there also; and although our information was not very definite, and we were in hope that it might prove incorrect, it was with great satisfaction that we heard from the quarantine officer that they had had no cases for a year past. Leave was accordingly freely given, and we all prepared to make the most of our

stay, which could not be extended beyond five days at the farthest if we hoped to hold to our future dates.

Ponta Delgada is very like Horta. It curves in the same way round the shore of a bay, and gardens and orange-groves clothe the slope of a receding amphitheatre of hills; but there is more space about it, and apparently more activity and enterprise. One of the first things we saw was a locomotive steam-engine bringing down blocks of lava, to satiate, if possible, the voracity of the sea, and enable them to finish in peace a very fine breakwater, for whose construction every box of oranges exported has paid a tax for some years past. The wild south-westerly storms of winter pull down the pier nearly as fast as it is built, and the engineer has adopted the plan of simply bringing an unlimited supply of rough blocks, and leaving the waves to work their wicked will with them and arrange them as they choose. In this way the blocks seem to be driven into the positions in which they can best resist the particular forces to which they are exposed, and they are subsiding into a solid foundation on which the building work is making satisfactory progress. Ponta Delgada is much larger

than Horta; the streets are wider, and there are many more good-sized houses. The churches are numerous and large, but commonplace and immemorial; the only one which has any claim to a monumental character is an old church near the centre of the town, which was formerly attached to a Jesuit convent.

The market at Ponta Delgada does not appear to be very good, and particularly in the short supply of vegetables and fruit, it seems to suffer from its distance from Pico.

On the morning of Saturday, the 5th of July, a merry party of about a dozen of us started from Ponta Delgada to see the celebrated valley and lake of the Furnas.

As the crow flies the Furnas village, the fashionable watering-place of St. Michael, where the hot springs and baths are, is not more than eighteen miles from Ponta Del-

gada, but the road is circuitous and hilly, and the entire distance to be gone over was not much less than thirty miles. We engaged four carriages, each drawn by three mules abreast and warranted to take us the whole distance, if we chose, without drawing bridle.

The first part of our route lay through the long drawn-out suburbs of the town, past one or two churches without much character, very like those in second-class towns in Spain and Portugal. We then turned towards the interior, and walked up a long ascent, not to harass our *mulos* so early in the journey.

The road was dreary and tantalizing. We knew that it was bordered by lovely orange groves, the last of the fragrant flowers just passing over, and the young fruit just beginning to swell, and usually about the size of a hazel-nut; but of this we saw nothing, our laborious climb was between two hot, black walls of rough blocks of lava, nine to ten feet high. As a partial relief, however, a tall hedge of evergreen trees, planted close within the walls, rose high above them, and threw enough of shade to checker the glare on the dusty road beneath. In the Azores at one



English Church at Ponta Delgada.

time the orange trees, which seem to have been introduced shortly after the discovery of the islands, were planted at a distance from one another, and allowed to attain their full size and natural form. Under this system some of the varieties formed noble trees.

The wind-storms are, however, frequently very violent in winter, and often when the fruit was nearly ripe, the best part of a crop was lost, and the trees themselves greatly injured and broken, by a south-westerly gale. Experience has now shown that largerc rops may be procured with much greater certainty by dwarfing and sheltering the trees, and it has now become a nearly universal practice to surround rectangular orchards or gardens, there called "quintas," with a lava wall; and further, to break the wind still more effectually, to plant within the wall a hedge of quickly-growing evergreen trees,

which is allowed to overtop it by twenty feet or so, and to scatter tall evergreens wherever there is a clear space among the orange trees, which are pruned and regulated so as to keep well below their level.

These tall hedges, intersecting the country in all directions, have a peculiar but rather agreeable effect. Almost all the hedge-plants are of a bright lively green. The one most used is *Myrica faya*, a native plant, which grows very abundantly on all the uplands, and seems to be regarded as a kind of badge in the islands, as its relation *Myrica gale* is in the west highlands of Scotland. Two other native plants, *Laurus canariensis* and *Persea indica*, are sometimes employed, but they are supposed to affect the soil prejudicially. Of late years a very elegant Japanese shrub, *Pittosporum undulatum*, which was originally introduced from England, has become widely used as a shelter-plant, and an allied species, *Pittosporum tobira*, is found to thrive well in quintas exposed to the sea-breeze.

It is needless to say that the culture of the orange is the main industry of St. Michael, and that the wonderful perfection at which the delicious fruit arrives has been sufficient to give the island an advantage over places less remote, and to ensure a reasonable amount of wealth to the owners of the ground. The cultivation of the orange is simple and inexpensive. The soil formed by the wearing down of the volcanic rocks is, as a rule, originally rich. It is inclosed and worked for a year or two, and young plants of good varieties, from layers or grafts, are planted at distances of eight or ten yards. Strong plants from layers begin to fruit in two or three years. They come into full bearing in from eight to ten years, when each tree should produce about fifteen hundred oranges. The orange trees are lightly pruned, little more than the harsh spring shoots being removed. The surface of the ground is kept clean and tidy with a hoe, and it is manured yearly, or at longer intervals, by a method introduced in old times into Britain by the Romans—Lupins, which send up a rapid and luxuriant growth, and produce a large quantity of highly nitrogenous seed in the rich new soil, are sown thickly among the trees, and then the whole, straw, pods, and seeds, dug into the ground. This seems to be sufficient to mellow the soil, and any other manure is rarely used for this crop.

The oranges begin to ripen early in November, and from that time to the beginning

of May a constant succession of sailing vessels, and latterly steamers, hurry them to the London market. The fruit is gathered with great care, the whole population, old and young, assisting at the harvest, and bringing it down in large baskets to the warehouses in the town. Each orange is then wrapped separately in a dry maize leaf, and they are packed in oblong wooden boxes, four to five hundred in the box. They used to be packed in the large clumsy cases with the bulging tops, so familiar in shops in England in the orange season; but the orange case has been entirely superseded during the last few years by the smaller box. About half a million such boxes are exported yearly from St. Michael, almost all to London. The prices vary greatly. Oranges of the best quality bring upon the tree 8s. to 15s. a thousand according to the state of the market, and the expenses of gathering, packing, harbour dues, and freight may come to £1 a thousand more; so that counting the loss which with so perishable a commodity cannot fail to be considerable, each St. Michael's orange of good quality delivered in London, costs rather more than a halfpenny. The price increases enormously as the season goes on. Several varieties are cultivated, and one variety ripens a comparatively small number of large fruit, without seeds, towards the middle of April, which bring sometimes ten times as much as the finest of the ordinary oranges in the height of the season.

At length, at an elevation of six hundred feet or so, the walls of the quintas were passed, and we emerged into the open country. The island is divided into two somewhat unequal portions, an eastern and a western. To the east we have high volcanic ridges, surrounding the picturesque valley of the Furnas, and stretching, in rugged peaks and precipitous clefts, to the extremity of the island. The western portion culminates in the Caldeira (or crater) of the Sete Cidades, probably one of the most striking pieces of volcanic scenery to be seen anywhere.

Between the two there is a kind of neck of lower land, beds of lava and scoræ and a congregation of small volcanic cones, wonderfully sharp and perfect, and with all the appearance of being comparatively recent. It is across this neck that the road passes to Furnas, and as it wound among the wooded dells between the cones, we had a splendid view of the northern coast with its long line of headlands—lava flows, separated by deep bays—radiantly blue and white under the sun and wind,—and passing up

into deep wooded dells. Beneath us, at the point where the road turned along the northern shore, lay the pretty little town of Ribeira Grande, the second on the island.

This middle belt of lower land is, perhaps, with the exception of the land immediately round the towns, the best cultivated part of the island. The volcanic cones are covered with young growth of *Pinus maritimus*, with here and there a group of poplars, or of *Persea indica*. These, and particularly the first, are the trees which furnish the wood for the orange boxes, and on our way we saw several picturesque groups of bronzed, scantily-clad Azoreans, cutting down the trees, reducing the trunks to lengths suitable for the different parts of the boxes, and binding

up the branches and unavailable pieces into scarcely less valuable faggots of firewood.

Every yard of tolerably level ground was under crop, maize chiefly, with here and there a little wheat, or a patch of potatoes or of tomatoes, or more rarely of sweet potatoes, for here *Convolvulus batatas* seems to have nearly reached its temperature limit. Many fields, or rather patches—for each crop usually covers a small space which is not separated from the contiguous patches by any fence—are fallow, that is to say, are under a luxuriant crop of lupin, sown to be dug down bodily as manure, so soon as the plant shall have extracted the maximum of assimilable matter from the water and air.

C. WYVILLE THOMSON.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S PUBLIC LIFE.

THEORISTS have tried to prove that Bismarck's career exhibits a striking dramatic unity, that he had planned the successive stages of his history in years long previous, and that the culminating point in his greatness is the fulfilment of a scheme the end of which had been discerned by him from the beginning. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Circumstances combined to fashion the future author of German unity for his great task; but he was himself long unsuspecting of his destiny. Bismarck was never any mysterious child of destiny to himself. During the years of his early life he was too much the sport of seeming accident, allowing his life to unroll itself as it might, without greatly caring for the future. He was, however, susceptible to the teaching of events, and as his nature was steadied, and the currents of his being deepened in the serene atmosphere of domestic life, the superabundant restlessness of character which used to flame forth in wild outbursts was mastered and set bounds to, becoming the central heat that nourished and quickened the whole life. It was necessary there should be such concentration and the self-collection of all his energies and capabilities, if he was to do the work to which he was called. Gradually, as the years went on, he gained clearness and insight as to what that was. But his course, to outward seeming, has not been a self-consistent one. Experience has been his teacher, and supplied the materials which determined the direction of his growth. At different times, under varying conditions, his attitude towards the same institutions has

varied. He has himself admitted as much over and over again. He was no longer, he said in 1867, the same man as in 1848; his experiences at Frankfort were the source of a political revolution within him; for he found that "the political world looked very differently behind the scenes from what it did before the footlights." He began his diplomatic career as the friend of Austria. A short time of probation sufficed to strip him of his illusion, and led him to discover that he had been cherishing an idol; for the Austria on which he counted did not exist. It was not so much that Bismarck changed, as that there was a new Austria to be dealt with—the Austria no longer of Metternich, but of Schwartzberg. He entered the arena of politics as a Junker, and was long the trusted leader of the Prussian Conservatives. They supported him loyally through the hard struggle against the Parliamentary Liberals (the *Fortschritts partei*) in order that the Prussian King and State might have an army fit for the tasks before them. Bismarck long continued to be looked upon as the Conservative chief. The time came when it was his duty to break wholly with the Conservatives. But here again, as before with Austria, the change lay not so much with him as with the circumstances of the country. The hour arrived when the work requiring to be done for the security of King and Fatherland necessitated collision with interests and principles with which Prussian Conservatism had been identified. Bismarck did not hesitate. The service of his monarch and his country was his end;

all else were but means to that end. When, in the recent struggles over Prussia's educational and ecclesiastical policy, and over the Districts' Organization Bill, by which self-government has been introduced in the eastern provinces, the Conservatives opposed what Bismarck believed to be essential to the national well-being, he did not hesitate to turn to the Liberals to seek support from them. At the present moment the majority which supports the Government, both in the German Parliament and the Prussian Diet, is mainly composed of the various sections of the Liberals. The Conservative party has been shattered, and has suffered this fate at the hands of its old leader.

Other instances of a like character might be adduced; but these two, from the earlier and the later phases of the Chancellor's career, suffice to illustrate the point we desire to make plain. Bismarck's public life exhibits many apparent inconsistencies, and offers much that, on a merely external view, is irreconcilable with steady adhesion to a definite political creed. Yet, throughout all such changes, not only in spite, but by means of them, Bismarck has been true to himself and to the fundamental convictions which impart unity to his life and character. We said before that his life from the opening of his career has been one of conflict. He began fighting for the King against the Revolution and for the consolidation of Prussia in opposition to Prussian Parliamentary Liberalism. He early saw that Prussia required other physicians than Liberal Constitution-mongers, and other medicine than their vague phraseology. If the nation was to take its proper place, it must be made strong. And he sought to make it strong by developing its character as a nation, and therefore as a monarchy under the Hohenzollerns. Loyalty to King and devotion to country were Bismarck's watch-words from the first, and have been his guiding principles since. Tenacious in maintaining the ends he saw before him, he was comparatively indifferent to the means. He has not scrupled to violate the forms of Constitutional law and freedom, if thereby he might make sure of the substance. As the successive objects to be attained have presented themselves at the main epochs of his life, he has acted as he has done, and fulfilled the purposes that seemed revealed to him, because he must. His life has been determined by the conditions of the time, which does not mean that he subordinated principle to interest, but that he learned the

path of duty from the teachings of experience. Never was man less of a transcendentalist or idealist than this clear-sighted, sturdy Pomeranian nobleman. Yet never has man helped to the realisation of a higher ideal than that unity of Germany which has been the object of so many aspirations of the noblest of her sons, but which, up till a few years ago, appeared destined to remain incapable of realisation. The great deeds that may be accomplished through simple fidelity to duty have rarely been set in such brilliant relief as by the nobleman who only sought to do the work assigned him, because, like Luther, he could do no otherwise.

In tracing the character of Bismarck's early years we saw how the period of his youth was a time of moral training. He was making ready for his parliamentary and diplomatic career, his "Lehr und Wanderjahre." This stage of preparation lasted from 1848 till 1862, and during it the task he was to perform was made clear to him. These fourteen years gave him the opportunity he needed of observing what passed behind the scenes. At Frankfort, at St. Petersburg, and at Paris he gathered the knowledge of men and events which he was enabled to apply after he became Minister-President of Prussia. That happened in 1862, and then commenced the fight with Liberalism and the fictions of the Parliamentary system—fictions at least in Prussia at that time, as they would have sapped the strength of the country, but would never have concentrated and consolidated its resources. This stage was of four years' duration, and included the time of the Danish and Austrian wars. It ended in the Peace of Prague and the indemnity gladly granted at last by Parliament, for all the illegal—or extra-legal—acts by which the military strength of Prussia was nursed, till she became fit to strike down the greatest military Powers of Europe. Last stage of all, and assuredly not the least important or eventful, there is the epoch extending from the time of the indemnity till the restoration of the German Empire, the achievement of German unity, through the overthrow of France. To this task all that went before was leading up. Bismarck, to use his own words, has "set Germany in the saddle." He is now teaching her "how to ride," and is forced to sweep from her path those who would fain dismount her from her steed. The battle for civil liberty and State autonomy against hierarchical aggression and Papal usurpation is the heritage of the creation of the empire.

His work is not completed, though already the Minister-President of Prussia and Chancellor of the German Empire has accomplished many mighty things. He was necessary to Prussia and Germany, and both have long ago now, after many misunderstandings, come to recognise that he was the instrument fitted by Providence to accomplish what, but a few years ago, seemed an idle dream, but has revolutionised the face of Europe and infused a new spirit into the European Statesystem.

When Bismarck first turned his attention to public matters the policy of Metternich and Nesselrode was in the ascendant. Central Europe was secured by the Holy Alliance against aggressions from France, as well as against internal dissensions. The Bundestag associated the various States of Germany in a Federal Union, the object of which was to check the ambition of any one State through the power of the whole. The outburst of the Revolution of 1848 disturbed the prevalent tranquillity, and dissipated many illusions. At that time we find Bismarck actively exerting himself in Berlin in forming a royalist party. But though personal loyalty to the sovereign was a ruling impulse, it is a mistake to suppose he was without liberal aspirations. He had been taught in early youth to share the enthusiasm which in France made sacred the rights of man. "The people" to Bismarck, however, meant not the whole mass of units composing the nation—a mere haphazard crowd of individuals—but the community as an organized State capable of reflection and action. He held that the highest authority of such a State was not founded on the arbitrary will of the populace, but was rooted in the nature of things. The crown was the centre of gravity, and while he strove to reconcile the royal power as an effective force with constitutionalism, he refused to admit the Landtag to be in place of the crown. A strong Prussia was his object, and he would not sacrifice that even to German unity; "Prussians we are, and Prussians we shall remain," was his declaration, and more than once he put away the temptation to build up German unity at the expense of Prussia. In the first united Landtag of Prussia there were three parties—the Reactionary Royalists, the Constitutional Royalists, and the Radicals. The last sought to secure the ascendancy of Parliament at the expense of the royal prerogatives. Bismarck was their sturdy opponent, and, standing on the ground of monarchical constitutionalism,

he stoutly opposed the influence of what he regarded as the empty formulæ and mere phrases of the Radicals. "Down with words, so that the reality may be saved," has been his motto from 1847 to 1874. With Moltke and others, he held that a strong ruling power was essential to the State; and therefore that to guard the throne was to fight for the Fatherland. The solid freedom of the people was only possible through the unity of the State resting on the authority of the Government. This doctrine is the opposite to the individualism which was the spirit of the industrial political system represented in England by the doctrines of the so-called Manchester Liberals, who regarded Mr. Cobden as an international man who had formulated the principles that were to realise the millennium through the triumphs of international trade. Bismarck's efforts to form a royal party in 1848 plunged him into the heart of the political current, and brought him into personal contact with many with whom afterwards he was to serve his king and country.

On the 26th January, 1849, both Chambers of the Landtag were opened in Berlin, and Bismarck was welcomed as a valued ally by such men as Count Arnim, Boitzenburg, and Minister von Manteuffel himself. Democracy was no longer so threatening as it had been shortly before, and the offer of the imperial dignity by the Frankfort Parliament to Frederick William IV. (though refused) proved that the idea was gaining ground in Germany, that it was to the Hohenzollerns, rather than the Hapsburgs, that she must look for the satisfaction of her aspirations. During the debates on the constitution Bismarck contested the right of the Landtag to hold the purse-strings irrespective of the crown. This question soon became the source of innumerable conflicts. At this time—during the winter of 1849 till 1850—Bismarck lived with his family in Berlin, where his second son, Herbert, was born. It was the period of Prussia's greatest humiliation. Forced to give way before Austria, incapable of coping in arms with that Power, supported as it was, not only by the German States, but by Russia, it sealed its degradation, inevitable, but none the less galling, by the submission of Olmütz. "A true patriot will least desert his king when he suffers humiliation," exclaimed Bismarck as he defended the policy which all the while filled his soul with inward wrath; but Prussia was powerless because destitute of military strength. Bismarck became a diplo-

matist, thus fulfilling what had been the dearest wish of his mother, though under painful and agitating circumstances. The danger of the Fatherland and the necessities of the King had made him a politician; the day of Olmütz made him a diplomatist, though he had had no training in the diplomatic service.

The idea of entrusting Bismarck with the post of ambassador at Frankfort to the Diet was founded (Hesekiel says) on the assumption that he would be a *persona grata* to Austria; for Prussia then desired to cultivate good terms with that country. The King personally selected his ambassador, and "expected great things at his hands." They were realised differently from what Frederick William IV. had then any idea of. Here commenced Bismarck's practical experience of affairs. Here he learnt really to know the Austria he had been wont to regard as the stay of Conservatism and the royal cause, to recognise her as the enemy of Prussia, anxious to destroy its influence in Germany, and make it subordinate in all things to the Austrian hegemony. By the Crimean war of 1854 an end was brought to the long peace of Europe, and a preponderant position won by Napoleon III., who was not long in manifesting that thirst for the Rhine, which was ultimately to prove his ruin. The Vienna Treaty of 1815 being broken, why should not France regain the old control over the historic stream? In June, 1855, Bismarck visited Paris, and had opportunities of intercourse with Napoleon. When the Paris Peace Congress ended in July, 1856, France was at the height of its power and glory, and seemed in a position to give law to Europe. Again, in the spring of 1857 Bismarck visited Paris, and had long interviews with the Emperor. At that time people said he was a pupil of Napoleon's; but the pupil was teaching the master. If Napoleon had then attacked Prussia, France must have gained the Rhine; but he made up his mind to humiliate first the larger States of Europe. Russia had been disposed of; it was now Austria's turn; and by creating a strong kingdom in the south, bound to France through gratitude, he would checkmate the Hapsburg, and make Austria powerless. We do not know how far Bismarck encouraged Napoleon in his scheme, but he doubtless saw its bearings. Little did the French Emperor dream that in humbling Austria he was paving the way for the overthrow of the Papacy; that in creating Italy he was leading towards German unity, which

was to seal the doom of imperial France. From Villafranca to Sedan was a long step; but the one prepared for and made possible the other.

All the while Bismarck saw more and more distinctly that Prussia must be a military Power, if she was to exert influence in Europe. "Behind the scenes" he learnt to know Austria as his enemy, and France as the would-be divider of German territory. He saw also that in the circumstances of Prussia foreign policy was all-important. Only through her foreign policy could she rise from her impotence, and regain her true position, and in order to an effective foreign policy she must have a powerful and well-organized army. The maxim of Napoleon, who made foreign war depend on the state of things at home, was reversed by Bismarck. The present Emperor of Germany early saw that the domestic policy of Prussia must be conditioned by its foreign; Prussia must first be powerful before a united Germany could become possible. The knowledge that this conviction was shared by Bismarck led King William to appoint him to the Foreign Office hardly three weeks after entering the Cabinet. Bismarck made use of the domestic struggle that was excited in Prussia as a veil under which to make ready the policy of the future, which alone would settle all controversies. To what impotence Prussia had declined may be estimated from the fact that in the spring of 1863 a member of the Diet expressed his conviction that it was hopeless to dream of going to war with Denmark, as a happy issue from it was not to be looked for. By this time, however, Bismarck and the faithful men who worked along with him, Von Roon, Von Moltke, and others, had made some progress in the work of military organization. The Danish war was skilfully turned to account by Bismarck for asserting Prussia's equality with Austria. Only on the footing of such equality, he intimated to Count Karolyi, could the two Governments work together. The effect of the Danish war was great. A national German victory had been won, and, for the first time since the war of freedom, the Prussians were filled with patriotic pride and satisfaction.

We cannot linger over Bismarck's diplomatic work in St. Petersburg and Paris. Both places were eminently serviceable to him. It was a fortunate incident in his life, remarked a German statesman, that he was enabled to take a wider and freer view of the moving forces of *la haute politique* than

was possible at Frankfort. How averse he was to leave that town is well known. So true is it that often, quite independently of the will of great historical personages, what seem chance causes give their impulse to the full development of their latent strength. If everything had proceeded as Bismarck himself wished, he would have gone straight to the Minister-Presidency from the comparatively narrow sphere of Frankfort politics without the valuable diplomatic training he received at St. Petersburg and Paris.

Bismarck became Premier, or Minister-President, of Prussia in 1862. His apprenticeship was over, and his hour of action had arrived. His king had need of him, and he did not require to call on him twice. King William had found all efforts unavailing to bring to a peaceful issue the conflict with the Electoral Chamber of the Diet. Liberals and Conservatives were, nevertheless, alike unable to carry on the government, and in the hour of danger the monarch's thoughts turned to Bismarck, then in Paris. A man of energy and firmness was needed as well as one of circumspection; for the King was resolved not to give way. The choice of Bismarck, the Hotspur of the Junker party, as he was still deemed by those who knew not that he had through his Frankfort training ripened to a statesman, seemed a direct defiance of the Diet.

Bismarck responded at once to his master's call, and, imposing no conditions, simply set himself to serve his sovereign. Opposed to him were the Progressists and Liberals, and with him only the Conservatives, and the battle was deemed a hopeless one. It only remained, it was thought, for the champions of the Prussian monarchy to win the respect of their antagonists and die fighting. The victory of the Parliamentary system was sure; but there were some who preferred death to the defeat of the old monarchy. Bismarck was one of these. Several times at this period he said, "Death on the scaffold, under certain circumstances, is as honourable as death on the battle-field," and, "I can imagine worse modes of death than the axe." Such words may seem to echo an idle terror now, but there was real occasion for it ten years ago.

Prince Bismarck entered with resolution and courage on the conflict; and it was a hard one. It was during the struggle in regard to the Budget at this period that he used the expression, since become famous, "The great

questions of the day were not to be decided by speeches and majorities—this had been the error of 1848 and 1849—but by iron and blood." Of course the saying was misunderstood then, and is in some quarters still; but it expressed the truth. "Blood and iron" alone could solve the problems Prussia had shaped for herself under the guidance of her rulers. The four years' conflict was a weary and a bitter one. Over and over again the heart of Bismarck seemed to sink within him. The future was uncertain; the present was full of difficulty and doubt.

By-and-by came the entanglements of the Danish war, and after these were over came the Austrian war to add to the minister's troubles. As the probability of war with Austria came into view, it added immensely to Bismarck's growing unpopularity, for the temporary elation caused by the Danish war had ceased. All this while the load of responsibility he bore pressed heavier upon him. His enemies were numerous, and the slightest halt or hesitation might have given them their opportunity. Bodily sufferings added their pressure to mental anxieties, and Bismarck's lion heart must sometimes have quailed within him.

At this time occurred an incident which changed the situation as if by magic. When returning on the afternoon of the 7th of May, 1866, from an interview with the King, and proceeding up the centre walk of Unter den Linden, he was suddenly shot at by young Blind—the stepson of Karl Blind. Bismarck's quickness and courage in seizing his assailant and diverting his aim, in all human probability saved his life. His escape had a marvellous effect on the public. The hatred which seemed before to wait on him like a menial changed into love. Every one rejoiced over his escape, and sympathy rapidly took the place of the old antipathy. The Austrian war followed, and in an inconceivably brief space Austria was defeated, and peace restored. There could be no doubt then about Bismarck's popularity. He had saved Prussia and made her powerful, and Prussia at last knew it, and was grateful. He had put her on the way, the only way, to safety and strength, and now both were secured. Austria was no longer to be dreaded—was no longer even a rival. Prussia was paramount, and the German Empire in its first stage, as the North German Confederation, came into view.

It is unnecessary to follow events further.

From the triumph of 1866, which secured German unity, under Prussian leadership, north of the Main, on through the incidents of the next four years, till the war with France was declared in July, 1870, their course is familiar to the ordinary newspaper reader. Bismarck secured the indemnity for the government for its extra-legal acts immediately after the close of the war with Austria. The King did not greatly relish the admission of the necessity for an indemnity; but he was induced, on Bismarck's advice, to acquiesce in it. Then followed the formation of the North German Confederation and the settlement of the new constitution. In this work, as later in settling the imperial constitution, Bismarck made it plain that, though he built no extravagant hopes on popular representation, he was by no means afraid of it. Universal suffrage has no terrors for a statesman of Bismarck's calibre. He does not shrink from appealing to the judgment of a renovated and revived Germany, which he has so powerfully contributed to call into existence.

At what precise moment in Bismarck's career the thought of securing German unity became a reality to him, it is impossible to say. Certain it is, that while, in 1849, he turned with unconcealed aversion from all schemes for merging Prussia in a wider Germany, from 1862, when he became Minister-President, onward till January, 1871, when the German Empire was proclaimed at Versailles, he adopted the policy and the means which alone could have realised that great end. While Napoleon III., the Child of Destiny and Eldest Son of the Church, took the sure course, by the Italian war, of breaking down the Papal system,* and drove the Jesuit-inspired Curia upon the desperate resort of re-asserting the absolute authority over human thought they had begun to feel was escaping from the hands of the Roman Catholic Church, Prince Bismarck has quietly gone on his way doing the duty before him, and the "Providence which shapes our ends, rough hew them how we may," has

made the designs of his enemies to serve him. We believe it will be found to be the same in the near future as in the recent past. The struggle with the Papal hierarchical system, forced on Germany by the Jesuit councillors of the Church of Rome, will, instead of breaking up and dissolving the German Empire, weld its several parts more firmly together. The sympathies of the educated Catholic laity of Germany are not with their bishops and priests in the resistance these offer to laws designed to secure a loyal and scientifically educated clergy, and to prevent the abuses of clerical power, resulting from the attempt to enforce, even by civil means, the dogma of Papal infallibility upon a reluctant people.

Prince Bismarck has doubtless suffered much in the long period of conflict, stretching from the opening of his public life in 1848 to the present time. He is not an old man even yet, though the work he has achieved is so great. But his nervous force has been cruelly drawn upon, and both body and mind have been exposed to severe strain. The nervous affection which so painfully afflicts him at intervals, and makes sleep a stranger to his eyelids, has been intensified by the constant vigilance required to be ceaselessly exercised through long years against wary diplomatists, calculating politicians, and scheming priests. He has done his work, and set Germany in the saddle under the efficient leadership of the Hohenzollern dynasty. At the present moment he stands unrivalled in Europe, the greatest statesman of the age, who has brought to nought the schemes of the astute Napoleon, and won brilliant success in every important enterprise he has undertaken. Between Bismarck and his imperial master the relations are of a peculiarly touching character. The filial devotion, tempered by loyal reverence to the sovereign to whom he owes fealty, and whom he has served with all the energy of his powerful individuality, is repaid with perfect confidence and absolute trust by the latter. Germany has reason to be proud of her Emperor and his Chancellor.

J. SCOT HENDERSON.





“NOVANTIA.”

NOVANTIA:

INCLUDING THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF DAVID GROATS, GATEKEEPER.

CHAPTER XVI.



THE Tarn, which feeds Loch Novantia from springs in the upland moors, is a serious little river, pursuing its way for miles between banks as bare and almost as stony

as its bottom; but in one place, four or five miles from the loch, it takes holiday, and goes off into sport and play, forming one of the sweetest if also the tiniest of glens, where, between the honeysuckle trailing on the stream below and the bare shoulder of the hill above, larch, oak, beech, and ash mingle their colours and twine their arms to form a picture worth going far to see. To Glen Tarn, Miss Hope undertook to be guide to Miss Francis. She meant, besides exhibiting the beauties of that spot, which she was sure Miss Francis would appreciate, to call at a cottage by the way, where she had often been lately herself, and where she thought it might (she was not sure) be interesting for her friend to be too, at least once.

"That," said Miss Hope, as they neared Glen Tarn, pointing up the steepest part of the road, "that is a regular Braidarden cottage, or rather hut. Would you like to see the inside of it? I know the people, if you would like."

And she pointed with her parasol to what appeared to be the top of a large beehive, the crown burned out of it, peeping above the large turf dyke overgrown with furze by the roadside, this beehive being the chimney of the hut in which Mary Reid lay dying.

Passing through a gap in the dyke, and descending the hill a few steps, you arc at the back of the hut and see its thatch roof, in consequence of the slope of the ground, springing almost directly from the earth, while in front and at the sides walls of mud rise six or eight feet; and above the thatched roof the chimney—a conspicuous object consisting of upright stakes, straw, and binding straw ropes—indicates the presence of architectural genius by the severe consistency of its style with that of the rest of the building. Other edifices of various descriptions often get on well, in an architectural point of view, as far as the chimney, but there they break down. You see Italian villas with what must be French chimneys and chimney-pots; but a Braidarden hut, of which this on the slope of the Tarn Hill was a specimen, with its burned-out beehive for chimney, is in its way, and in an artistic point of view, perfection.

"The door might be in the roof," said Bessie as they passed the gable, "only I suppose the thatch would hardly stand hinges."

"There's a young woman, such a nice creature, dying of consumption," whispered Hetty.

Mary Reid was sitting up in bed when they entered. Six persons lived in the house along with her, of whom she was the youngest. Her bed, an open truckle, occupied the space between the chimney and the back wall, so that by day she was baked and boiled along with flour-scones and potatoes and porridge, and at night, the fire being out, suffered much from cold. On the opposite side of the apartment there was a similar space between the fire and the front wall, occupied by a table and boxes, and one or two stools and blocks of wood by way of chairs. Placed lengthwise across the foot of Mary's bed, and pressed close to it, there was another bed with curtains, which, besides accommodating two or three of the family in their sleep, formed the only partition in the house, and divided between the kitchen and the "room." In the room, which was of the same size as the kitchen, the space was occupied, almost fully occupied, by a bed, a small table, and one or two rickety chairs. Overhead, in both apartments, there was the thatch, bronzed and japanned black with smoke, except where, just above Mary's

bed, either there had been once a ceiling, of which fragments remained, or some odd pieces of deal had been put up to dry.

Mary's mother was baking scones, and the peat fire therefore blazed fiercely on the hearth, so that the day being hot as well as the hearth, notwithstanding the open door and fine old bronzed roof with its unlimited ventilation, there was an oppressive and stifling air in the kitchen, and the poor sick girl's cheeks seemed as red as the glowing embers. Some geraniums, which Hetty had brought two days before, were drooping miserably over the edge of a small jug placed on a chair close to the bed.

"I have brought the minister's sister to see you, Mary," said Miss Hope; and seeing that it was an effort for the poor girl to sit up or talk, she did not wait for a reply, but turned to her mother: "Very warm to-day, Mrs. Reid. Your cottage is close in this weather, for an invalid like Mary."

"Ay," replied Mrs. Reid, brushing the flour with a bunch of feathers off the scones on the hot girdle on the fire, "it's warm wi' us whiles up here; and ye see her bed's no far frae the fire, and that gaes her the cauld whiles, for she's ower warm ae time and ower cauld the ither."

"She could not be removed to the room, I suppose?" said Miss Hope.

"No, mem, your leddyship, James and me was thinking o' that mair nor ance, and we tried it, but it's damp ben there, for a' there's a guid enough roof, wi' nae fire bein' in't, and that's no for her complaint either, mair nor ower muckle heat. Ower muckle damp or ower muckle heat's baith bad for her, and we dinna ken vera weel what to do wi' her; but we're muckle obleeged to your leddyship for aye comin' to see her."

Then the good woman turned to Miss Francis, while Miss Hope was thinking whether there was anything more to be said, "Yer brither the minister's vera kind tae, for her leddyship's no awa' mony minutes' whiles till he's here; ye'll meet him maist every day on the road, I mak' nae doot. He's a guid man, though Rachel Carvie and a when o' them clash aboot him ahint his back."

Miss Hope's face, as she stood in front of the fire grew almost as red as the sick girl's. She bent over towards Mary, whispered to her a little, and then with a promise of returning soon, led the way out, taking leave of good voluble Mrs. Reid at the gap in the dyke.

"Rachel Carvie is the Bible-woman, is she not?" inquired Miss Francis, as they proceeded upwards to Glen Tarn.

"Yes, and parish missionary," replied Hetty, the blush still burning fiercely in her cheek.

"I wonder how Henry has incnrred her displeasure," said Bessy; "but indeed I don't wonder, for Bible-women, I should suppose, are serious subjects, and he's apt to treat serious subjects and sacred persons, some of them at any rate, as if they were good fun."

"One can't help thinking sometimes," said Hetty, whose indignation at one offender rendered her blind, perhaps, to the gravity and the comprehensive scope of her indictment—"one can't help thinking sometimes that it was never intended Christianity should make rapid progress in the world, or else not one in a score, perhaps, of those who have been employed to preach it and propagate it would ever have been allowed to meddle with it."

"I suppose," said Bessy, whose slight vexation was rendered superfluous by her companion's warmth, "Henry has said something to her half in jest, and she took it for whole earnest. I should not wonder if he addressed her as 'reverend sister,' or something of that kind, meaning to laugh at himself along with her. He has many tricks of that kind."

Hetty smiled faintly, but made no reply, and offered no explanation. She was taking up, before his sister, Mr. Francis's quarrel with more than a sister's zeal, which had not been her intention. After a pause to take breath and survey the landscape, she turned back, therefore, to Mary Reid.

"What a place it is to live and die in, to be snre! Your brother told me once—I asked him a question on the subject—he thought it not unlikely the idea that Mary Reid, or her class generally, had of heaven, was probably that it was a long row of those cottages, only higher in the roof and with a variety of other improvements. But I was going to say a girl like that has a great deal to teach one. It's a good long road to come, if you don't happen to have some other errand; but it's worth while coming to see her, just to have a talk with her. Not that she's wonderfully clever; but she's dying, and it's such a place she's dying in; she sees things and thinks of things in such an odd way. Shall I tell you about her, or are you tired of her, or rather me telling you about her, for you would not get tired of her easily?"

"Do. I liked her face."

"Don't be afraid of a sermon. Have you ever, by-the-bye, heard from your brother how David Groats was visited once by a

tract-distributor, and how he received me—for it was me? I am nervous ever since about sermons and tracts and all that. Beatrice alleges that I turned pale on seeing something like a tract lying on the road a few days ago, and that even my horse, knowing my weakness, shied at it. But I'll tell you about Mary Reid. She had to come home here from a place where she was servant. She was not ill then, but she was in trouble. After her child was born and died she fell into consumption; for, like many families here, hers is of a consumptive turn. There she is, then, a child-less mother dying at eighteen."

"Eighteen?"

"Yes; is it not sad?"

"No; it's terrible; it's incredible."

"I did not know until now; but, strange and dreadful as it is, it appears Mary Reid's story is common in this district—all except her dying so young."

"She's very ignorant, poor girl, I suppose," said Miss Francis.

"Yes, but not so ignorant as you might suppose. I spoke to the doctor about her, and he said she was bright and clever, like many consumptive girls. She is brighter, certainly, than most of her class; for their work is coarse, their food coarse, their clothing coarse, and coarseness must be in them by nature as well as by habit. That's why I asked mamma to ask your brother to come and see her, and he has been exceedingly kind to her.

"What a deal," she continued, "one knows about things, especially religion, till one begins to think of what one really knows! There are words and things that one knows as well as one's own face, until some one perhaps looks you in the face and puts a question to you, as Mary Reid put one to me the other day. It shows what a girl like her has to teach one, if one would only take the trouble to come and learn. She was speaking about all that she had to be thankful for in the prospect of death—poor girl, she speaks quite freely and thankfully on that subject—and she suddenly asked me whether it would not have been a bad time to live, or rather die, just when Christ was in the world himself? I was not prepared, of course, to answer the question, and asked her why she asked it; and she told me it was because she had been thinking that when He was here He would not be there, and consequently if she had died then she would have gone to the other world, but not to Him.

"I suppose," argued Miss Hope, "it's simplicity of mind and having few things

to think of that makes a girl like that have such thoughts—original thoughts. I don't remember her words exactly, but I have told you what she meant. Perhaps your brother may have told you before; for of course, when I was at a loss myself, and did not know what to say, I told her to mention the matter to him."

"There are no Mary Reids, perhaps, among Australian savages," said Miss Francis; "but if I had to choose, I think I should elect to be one of them in preference to living in a Braidarden hut. People always say here (do they not?) that the Australian is the lowest of the human race. We Australians don't think so. But at any rate even an Australian savage is better off in many respects, especially as regards a house, than poor people are here; for though the mi-mi (it is made of bark, you know) is not so big as that hut down there, considering the climate it is more comfortable and commodious; and when it becomes dirty its owner has only to shift from it to the next big gum-tree, and in an hour build him a new house, fresh papered and painted, warranted free from smoke and damp, smelling delightfully of gums; whereas I suppose the dirt of one of these cottages here may, from the look of it, be a hundred years old, and the flakes of soot that hang from the rafters and blacken the thatch may be the same that tickled the lungs of Mary Reid's great-great-grandfather."

"You have lived so much among the savages, of course you like them," said Miss Hope, smiling and imitating great-great-grandfather Reid's cough.

"If you are kind to them they instantly and constantly love you, and are devoted to you—like your black shadow, in fact, follow you and wait upon you; and there is so much about them that is simple and natural, or queer and mysterious; besides, there is so much really loveable about them—I mean that when they are good, they are good; when they are grateful, they are grateful—that you find always some new charm in friendship with them. Besides, I suppose there is something romantic and charming in having some of one's friends clothed in black skins. Your savages here—it's wrong to call names, but there are no ears hereabouts, except our own—are better Christians, no doubt, but they are not so amusing friends and neighbours as our savages."

"I wish," sighed Hetty, "with all my

heart, our savages were Christians—good Christians. They are as Christian as savages can be, I suppose; and, in fact, they need, perhaps, to be better savages than Christians in order to live where they do and as they do. But though it is uncharitable to say so, and though there are many exceptions, no doubt, our savages are, I fear, Christians as regards going to church chiefly, and as for the rest they are very ignorant and very superstitious; only, if you lived among them you would like them too; they are such good friends if one is only a little friendly with them."

This conversation—frequently interrupted and renewed before reaching Glen Tarn, and on the way home—brought them to one of those new stone cottages by which Lord Layton, beginning at the centre of his estate and going out to the extremities, was gradually displacing the old mud edifices of the reigns of former owners. Here Miss Hope halted—

"You must be tired at any rate—it is exactly three miles from Mary Reid's cottage to this one—and you have still a good long way to go. Would you mind going in here, just for a minute, to rest and see, not another Mary Reid, but a regular old Braid-arden man? He's dying too, I am afraid."

Bessie was not tired, but she had no objection to going in. When they entered, old Peter More was lying in bed, with his right foot held out in the direction of a visitor who had been in for an hour, and had been treated, as every one entering was, to a sight of the disease (gangrene), which was spreading rapidly, and with terrible torment to the patient, up the leg. That visitor was Mr. Fox. Lady Mary Romain had caught him going out for his afternoon stroll, and had made him the bearer of some comforts for old Peter. Once in the cottage, Mr. Fox, if he had wanted to get out immediately, could only have done so with rudeness foreign to a less gentle nature than his. He had to listen to the praises of Lady Mary, Leddy Hetty, and others. He had to see the foot and listen to the history of it, extending back fifteen years, when old Peter had a pain in his back, which might have something to do with the disease from which he was now suffering. Then, and above all, he had to hear Peter's religious history, a pretty long and intricate one; for though the facts were few, the reflections were numerous. Peter had just begun this when the young ladies entered; and, only allowing them time to salute Mr. Fox and to inquire for himself,

he resumed what was past and proceeded with the sequel.

"I was jist tellin' this gentleman here—that's Mr. Fox; we all ken him weel here, Leddy Hetty, though I never spoke to him afore in my life; many a time I've seen him smokin' in the shrubberies in his grey coat and breeks—I was tellin' him jist when ye came in, yer leddyship (I tell't yer leddyship afore, but nae matter), it's a good thing for me this day that I heard Mr. Soorock nine-and-twenty years since. He was lecturin' in Matthew, and he gaed on and on for, I think, five year, till he got till the fifteenth chapter and the eleventh verse, and then he was called away tae Nickle-Jarvieston—tae a big kirk there, and a hunder a year mair. It's a good thing for me this day that I heard that man; he was the first ane that opened my een to understan' the Scriptures. I could read the Bible a wee afore, but I did na read it. Now it's a' my comfort in the nicht watches."

Mr. George Fox was much affected listening to this narration, particularly as old Peter, in the middle of it, groaned and ground his teeth at intervals, in utter agony with his foot.

"It's a' my comfort," continued Peter, "I was waur the nicht afore last than I ever was afore, jist after a veesit frae the minister, yer brither; and I could scarce thole the pain, and I did na ken what to do. So I took up the Word (ye see I hae't aye here in the bed wi' me), and I opened it—it opened itself, mind that, it opened itself—at that chapter in Deuteronomy (ye mind it weel, Mr. Fox, nae doot, it's the third chapter and the twenty-sixth verse) where Moses, the man o' God, was wantin' to gang in and see the promised land, and the Lord said to him, 'Let it suffice thee, speak no more unto me of that matter,' says He—that's jist what He said; and when I read that, I jist turned ower on my back, and I said, 'That's jist it—let it suffice, speak no more unto me of that matter,' for I had been prayin' to Him a' day and a' nicht to gie me some relief frae the pain, and there was the answer. There it was: 'Let it suffice, speak no more of that matter.'"

Peter's religious creed was universal and irresistible fore-ordination. To illustrate this grand doctrine, after quitting Moses and the promised land, he recounted the greater part of the history of Esther, and deduced from it the inference that as Haman was hanged himself, when he wanted to hang Mordecai, so he (Peter More) would die if he

was to die, and would live if he was to live. But he indicated that he was willing to allow so far for probabilities, in company with decrees, by adding, as his visitors rose in a body to leave him, that he was an old man and must die some time.

Mr. Fox, instead of returning directly to Sunbury, escorted the two ladies a part of their way. He was full of the scene which they had witnessed. It had made a deep impression on his mind.

"That old man, surely, is a very intelligent person," he remarked; "he quotes Scripture so well, just like a parson; and all the Old Testament, too, that one hardly knows anything about since leaving school. He's an old brick too, to quote away like that, all the time suffering from that horrible foot. What a pity he shows it to people though!

"Do you know, Miss Hope," he suggested, "I should think it's not a bad thing to go in and see some of these poor people now and again, especially when they're ill like that; it does one good to do it, I believe, and they like it, I believe. I could not get away from the old fellow, do you know?"

He meditated upon this as he walked homeward, and when he was throwing away his last cigarette before entering Sunbury, it occurred to him that perhaps Miss Hope and Miss Francis and Lady Mary had found it out before. "I'm always behind," Mr. Fox said to himself.

"Poor Peter! Poor George!" Miss Hope muttered, as Miss Francis and she proceeded on their way. "Saul also among the prophets! I should not wonder to hear of George yet following my example, and distributing tracts. I must warn him, I think, not to call on David Groats. He's a good, dear, kind soul, Mr. Fox. Pity the world has been so unkind to him."

"How unkind?"

"In giving him nothing to do so long that he will never do anything now; and people, who are not half so good, would perhaps despise him for that."

CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT nature or circumstances, or both together, had denied to both her parents of gaiety and cheerfulness, seemed to have been reserved for Miss Francis, and made over to her with interest and compound interest added. Not that she was a young person of florid spirits, but that as there are human beings who have been born to be dull, so she had been born to be gay. It was felt, rather than seen, how gay she was.

Her mirthful eyes seemed to tell one tale, and her quiet, almost staid manners, appeared to tell another, and which was true or truer, was therefore left in a charming obscurity. The modesty of nature veiled the sunshine in which nature had made her rich, and hinted by that large and gracious reserve that hers was one of those souls the wealth of which is, at the most, only half exposed to view. She was, therefore, without knowing it, a true philanthropist. Her presence did good, though she carried neither purse nor scrip, nor was invested with authority by any benevolent committee. It was curious to watch Mr. George Fox under the influence of her smile; his face brightened above his tweed vest, and shone resplendent, as if he were a hero, or public benefactor, or working man's friend (at a public meeting), which indeed he was, only in a private way, and without means. When she walked into Illtafend church on Sundays, demure as became the day, radiant, as she could not help being, numbers of the poor of the congregation, with whom she had made a passing acquaintance, or to whom she had sometimes nodded and smiled on the road, leaned their heads at violent angles and inclinations to keep her tall, erect figure well in sight, and looked, as they did so, preternaturally grim—because it would have been such a shame to be too happy or well pleased in church.

With this wealth of natural sprightliness Bessy had been placed in her father's home in a sphere in which the demands upon it were large. William Francis's settled melancholy, especially after his wife's death, was too much even for his daughter's genius for happiness to conquer. Her object was to moderate it and check its increase, and to this task, unconscious that it was one, she had had to devote herself for years. And now it seemed almost as if she had exchanged one hemisphere for another, and one home for another, to find herself in the same place as regards the neighbourhood of sadness. She had not observed much that was peculiar in her brother's demeanour or disposition for some time after her arrival, possibly because there was not much to observe, for in consequence of the excitement connected with her coming, he had been more like himself and like other people in his moods than he had been for some time before. But of late it had dawned upon her, and now had grown to be certain, there was trouble, deep trouble too, in his face and in his ways. What could be the meaning of it? Had he grown

home-sick at last all at once, and that, too, just after passing through those ecstasies and raptures in the midst of which he had written home after his settlement in the parish? Where had these raptures all gone? Did he find his duties heavier or more anxious than he expected? Was he injuring his health by studies which, whatever they were, were prolonged far into the night? Or, as Beatrice hinted in her light way, and others hinted more gravely, was it the old, old story of the story-books, and of life, and the world, and the church too? He loved jest and mirth now as of old—perhaps some people might think too much for one of his calling. He was not as grave always as other clergymen even in the pulpit—at least often enough tickled the risibility of his hearers. Why, then, was he so much in love with his own dull company of late, and so often dull and absent in the company of others? Notwithstanding his solemn protestations as to the impossibility of Miss Hope being more than friend to him, was it not possible at least that more had been thought of or proposed; was it not probable that something or other had passed between them, such as would account for distraction, and dulness, and melancholy, which were those of an unhappy lover, by all the accounts of the character, and could hardly be anything less or anything else? Had he spoken to her, told her he loved her, and been told it was in vain? Or, if he had wished to speak to her, and had not spoken, what was his difficulty? He was not silly enough surely to expect her to speak first?

These were questions which Bessy now turned over and over in her mind as often as she happened to be alone, looking unusually studious as she did so. Not that she despaired of things coming right in the long-run; she had, for one thing, too much confidence in her brother's talents and fortunes for that, but she was vexed things did not appear as if they would come right in time for her to see it and enjoy it. For it was now uncertain whether she might not have to go home almost at a day's notice. Accounts had come from that quarter which threatened to abridge her stay at Novantia, and bring it to an abrupt as well as doleful end. Together with a short letter from her father, in which she easily detected that it was difficult for him to dissemble his anxiety for her instant return, there had been received from Jeremiah Tippet a long communication, purporting to be an ordinary letter to her

brother, but really of the nature of an elaborate review of the situation, in which the case for and against her absence was judicially argued and summed up. From this a great variety of news could be excerpted or inferred. Her father was showing signs of age and illness. This was one alarming item. Another was that Solomon Griffen, Major McSumph's clerk, had paid an unexpected visit to the station, and, as the result, actions at law were now threatened by the Major. Moreover, Hubert had fallen out with the latter—"very good job too," as Jeremiah thought, but unfortunately, instead of coming home afterwards to settle down, had disappeared altogether. And last of all, not least, Mr. Jamieson ("Duke George") had just arrived from Tasmania to put things straight, which, with Mr. Tippet's aid, and the help of that impartial justice which the British constitution secures to British subjects the world over, was certain to be done. In short, according to Jeremiah's account, he was himself standing in the breach, and there was therefore no occasion or even excuse for uneasiness or alarm. It was, however, the feeling that there was a breach, or rather several breaches, which was left on the mind of both his readers. Bessy was for instant flight, notwithstanding Duke George's peremptory orders to remain where she was till further notice, which Jeremiah added as a postscript to his letter. Mr. Francis, on his part, accustomed of late to have thoughts of his own, said little, but saw clearly disaster impending over his father and the whole family, and feared the arrival of another mail as certain to show it had actually fallen out. Altogether, therefore, the time was as gloomy as any that had ever tried Bessy's gay heart, and those questions with which she had perplexed herself concerning her brother, when they occurred to her now, drew forth more sympathy for him than ever. She could not leave him as he was, or without learning from him something as to the secret of his unhappiness. She had waited several mornings for him to come down to breakfast, fretting the time away in uncomfortable thoughts about leaving him, and schooling herself into a firm determination to question him about himself; but her plans had always miscarried for want of resolution or want of opportunity. As if suspicious of being observed, and as if it added to his misery to feel that it was seen, her brother had begun of late to affect an occasional jocularly and gaiety, not much fitted, perhaps,

to deceive an acute or careful observer, but making it more difficult for any one to bring him to a confession of the truth. This difficulty, however, and all other difficulties, must be got over somehow. There was no time to be lost now. This was Bessy's latest and final resolution, when her morning's work was over, and she had once more to idle away the time till he should come down to breakfast. She trifled with things on the mantel-piece; moved from one window to another; arranged anew the flowers on the table, which she had trimmed and perfected a dozen times before, and assured herself the hour was come at last. A secret purpose, cherished for a while, had made her nervous, though she was not so by nature, and though she had no reason to be ashamed if her purpose were known.

"Shall I tell him you are really happy here?" she inquired in a voice not free from quavering, some talk having occurred as usual between her brother and her, as to her father and the gloomy state of home affairs.

"Of course," was the answer, "while things are as they are at home, one cannot be altogether happy anywhere; but tell him, Bessy, I ought to be happy here if anywhere. Look," he said, rising from his chair, and with a rueful countenance nodding at one window and then at another—"look at that scene there, look at this here, this old grey ruin, beckoning with its cankered forefinger of a belfry, as if it would speak to us, and ask us the time of day or the year of grace!"

The small parlour in which they talked was apparently an afterthought of the architect, and had been added to the house for the sake of the two windows in it, one of which commanded a sweep of the loch in front of the house, while the other, on the opposite side of the room, was darkened by the remains of the grandeur of Novantia.

Bessy followed the movements of her brother's eyes, but without allowing her attention to be diverted from himself, and resting her gaze on the sad face before her, she laughed a subdued laugh, half fun, half tears.

"You are the very picture of happiness, to be sure, Henry, surveying this Paradise of yours, and pointing out to me its choicest bits."

She rose, walked across the room, and placing herself beside him looked into the fire along with him.

"I suppose everybody ought to be happy in this world. But you *were* happy, Henry,

and now you say you *ought* to be. There is a difference there, is there not?"

"I mean," he said, changing countenance, to suit Paradise, and at the same time turning away, as if doubtful of his success, "there's everything here to make me happy; if I am not so, it must be my own fault. To live in the shadow of that old thing there, and be buried in its shadow, what could one wish more, except to be sure the loch will plash and murmur on for ever hard by, as it does now."

"You don't like the people, I fancy?" she inquired, willing enough sometimes to pursue a fanciful vein of talk, but not now.

"As for that," he replied, "I like the people well enough. It is impossible not to like some of them, as you know"—(at this Bessy blushed slightly)—"the rich, I mean, and it is easy, not to say possible, to like the poor, and, speaking roughly, there are just these two classes—at any rate the middle class is of small consideration in point of numbers. So poor and ignorant, so miserable and helpless, are most of the people, it is the easiest thing in the world to pity them, which is to like them, and something more. But to help them is a different matter. One can't help thinking often of that difference. If I were anything but what I am, I should think of it less, or less miserably."

"You had your choice, once, twice, suppose it were thrice, what would it be?"

"Anything almost but what I am. I wish sometimes, in particular, instead of abandoning my old profession, I had stuck to it. I am doctor enough; I have had enough scientific training, enough and no more, to know that it will take more than my sermons and my parochial visitations, or the sermons and visitations of any of my brethren, to raise the character of a district like this, to make much impression on it, to do for it what the Church aims at doing, and what it professes to do. In this respect I know too much. In another I know too little, or hope too little. As long as people are huddled together in huts not good enough for cattle, as long as their ignorance is such as it is, and their squalor such as it cannot help being, I don't see what good is going to be done, or done soon, by a lot of our present church arrangements and agencies and efforts. Preach purity to those who have not the chance to be decent, inculcate the virtues of angels and studious hermits where no beginning has been made, or could have been made, of life much above that of oxen; save souls where souls have yet to receive the

marks which distinguish them from bodies, it is a melancholy, futile business; time, and energy, and hope are wasted in it.

"I should have felt," he sighed, gazing into the fire, while Bessy continued to peruse his face—"I should have felt if I had been a doctor here instead of parson, that I was certainly doing some good; that going about relieving pain, if not curing disease, I was doing good work, and honest as far as it went. Yet I don't know. It was, among other things, the quackery, not the quacks only, in that profession, which turned me away from it. I wonder, after all, if there is any work so downright honest and respectable as that of a steady, conscientious day-labourer, of good muscle, needing not to be ashamed of his day's job. Is there any one who can be so little sure that his labour is not in vain as one of my trade—for trade it is with most of us. There, now, is this old ruin, Bessy; memorial of some six centuries of clerical institutions and clerical endeavours. Some people, I know, are delighted with the result such as you see it in the present moral condition of the neighbourhood. I only wish I were able to agree with them."

"You have lots of assistants," ventured Bessy, uncertain what track to follow. "You have Rachel Carvie." She paused to allow her brother to smile. "You have Lady Mary." After a longer pause, "you have Miss Hope." A still longer interval, "you have—"

"Yes," he interrupted, "and Lady Mary and Miss Hope have hard work perhaps to undo the work of others."

The conversation was drawing to a close (the minister, watch in hand, being in the act to go), and so far it had been barren of result. Miss Francis, however, made a final effort.

"Do you think you will stay here for ever?—I want to know that before I go."

"Perhaps," he said, as he walked slowly towards the door, and halted for a moment to swing it backwards and forwards on its hinges—"perhaps the best thing I could do for myself and for the place would be to leave it—at once too. I have thought of that a good deal"—(several swings of the door)—"but in the meantime, of course, and until some better occasion or excuse turns up, it can't be done."

Bessy was baffled. Had it come then to this, that he was actually so wretched he wished to take flight altogether? Things were worse even than could have been supposed.

After he left the room, contrary to her custom, she lingered behind, resting her elbow on the window-sill, and her cheek on her open hand, and looking intently into the shadow of the Abbey. In this posture she remained till the low sun, turning the western angle of Novantia, struck the window at which she sat with a dazzling, though frigid ray, and then she started up to go about her usual household duties. Her inveterate hopefulness and buoyancy, in the course of her long meditations, had got the better of most of her cares and fears. "The course of true love never did run smooth." It would not, she supposed, be true love if it did. Somehow or other, all these things were certain to come right in the long-run. He was not going away when she went; nor Miss Hope either. If he loved her, how could she do anything but love him in return? And then, after that, suppose there were other troubles on his mind, this would end them all. It was all perfectly simple. The first thing she should hear, she was sure, on arriving at home, would be, they were engaged or married, and both as happy as the last chapter of the Book of Job, which Jeremiah said it always did him good, and generally brought tears to his eyes to read—it was such a perfect picture of justice being done at last. And as for her father and home affairs, Henry's forebodings in regard to them were just like the rest of his present apprehensions—largely imaginary. Her father's health, shaken by her absence, would be restored by her return; and nothing could be wrong with his affairs that could not by some little management be put right again.

Bessy, before leaving the room, turned once more to the other window, and looked out. There was the Abbot's Walk, the bowery elms, naked now and bare, interlacing over it; beyond it the loch, gleaming in the morning sunshine. Happy hours, too happy to be ever forgotten, had been passed there; that walk had been paced in company, the remembrance of which could never fade. In the return of her happy mood, Miss Francis had just made all the world—Miss Hope, her brother, her father—perfectly happy for the rest of their lives. She had just arranged that everybody from whose society she was about to be parted, perhaps for ever, was to taste nothing but blessedness for ever. Yet now, somehow, a feeling which was not blessedness had stolen into her mind along with the question—was she herself, who was going away, as happy altogether as those were to be who were to be left behind? Hetty, Beatrice, Mrs.

Hope, Henry, Mr. Fox, in a far-off way the Romains—what a lot of dear friends and charming acquaintance to leave, and perhaps never meet again! And another—the loch, Novantia, the Abbot's Walk, to see them was to think of him—but of him there was no use to think. That was an acquaintance which concluded with the bright episode in her life of which he was a part. So though

it was with recovered spirits Bessy left the room, it was with a face in which it might have been supposed there was to be seen a certain touch of pity for some one or for herself.

When Mr. Francis retired to his study, and the companionship of his neglected books and his haunting thoughts, he was faintly and vaguely conscious of dissembling



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with his sister and with the world, and of despising himself for that. He was unhappy about his unhappiness. It was all true what he had said of it, but it was not, he felt, the whole truth, nor anything like it. It is true that, even apart from that one parishioner, the cure of whose soul was so troublesome to him, his duties as a clergyman really burdened him; they weighed much more heavily on

his mind than they would otherwise have done, on account of his not yet having attained to the discovery which to so many good people so wonderfully circumscribes the field of human hope, and anxiety, and endeavour—that all but a small part of the sin and misery of the world is hopeless: that most of what is wrong here below will never be put right;—for he was really as

much distressed at finding himself unable to mend the world as if the world were not a long way and long ago past mending. Yet this, when he thought of it (as having spoken of it to Bessy he was led to think of it), was evidently less cause than consequence. It was the result of his wretchedness, much more than the occasion or substance of it. He could talk freely, he reflected, to Bessy, and to others, of his professional difficulties and despondency; could even preach about them to his congregation. But what showed that others behind them were greater, and helped to make them so, was that they could not be talked or preached. He had not succeeded in relieving himself of his troubles in regard to Miss Hope, by the summary process of dismissing them from his mind. A firm resolution not to think more or otherwise of that young lady than of fifty other persons in the neighbourhood, had only had the effect of turning all thought away from the neighbourhood and in her direction, if possible, more completely than ever. It was undoubtedly the best thing possible to carry out his firm resolution firmly—only it was not possible at all. It had grown, in fact, to be a nice question whether it seemed most impossible and absurd in the presence or in the absence of the person to whom it related. Was there but this one way out of intolerable misery was the next question, therefore, to which Mr. Francis found his attention turning.

Suffering in some peculiarly sensitive set of nerves, a mind of imaginative fibre can resign itself for a time with a feeling of relief and satisfaction to an endless future of the most intolerable misery and despair; it takes off from the anguish of the present moment to expatiate in a vast futurity of woe. But no sane man can finally give himself up contentedly to endless unhappiness, or conceive of himself condemned to it. While there were times, then, when Mr. Francis sighed with a certain satisfaction over his vow to be miserable and wretched for ever, it had come to be a question at times succeeding these times, and reactionary from them, whether there was any absolute need on his part for such extensive experience of misery. His active mind worked with this question not less, but more earnestly and keenly than with other questions, in which his feelings were less implicated. Was there not something to be said, after all, for common notions on common subjects—as, for example, the notion that a beggar may marry the king's daughter if he can only get her consent? Was there so much good and

so much solid worth and truth in artificial distinctions of rank and class, as to empty human nature of its meaning—brand the deepest, and truest, and strongest impulse of the human soul with suspicion or disgrace? Suppose there was truth and virtue in those distinctions, there was no position (even in a poor church) which could not be in some degree elevated and illustrated by personal merits. There were thousands of accidents, moreover, which might occur to render the difference of rank and status between one person and another less marked. Such contingencies and possibilities, to say the least, the future held in its wide and dark domain. Was it really requisite—did common sense, or did Christianity, the common sense of the infinite and eternal—did honour, or did self-sacrifice really require that a lover of rank inferior to that of the object of his love should always sit upon himself like a committee of mercenary London dowagers, sitting for dispatch of matrimonial business, and dismiss himself with contempt in order to make way for some actual or possible suitor of her own rank and class—a nobody perhaps, a baboon, a fool, an ass, a scamp? Might not this really be sometimes not to sacrifice himself, but her—not one's love, but the object of it—not the lover of low degree, whose fate need move no pity, but the high-born maiden, whose misery must be tragic?

There was a gleam of comfort for Mr. Francis in these reflections. It lost itself very soon, however, in others. It was all very well to talk of a beggar marrying the king's daughter—but how? Where was the likelihood of the event happening out of ballads, and on this side of antiquity? Was there beggary much more hopeless, either, than that of a Scotch clergyman—minister of a church whose ministry is generally poor and always plebeian? To bring down her royal highness—or much the same, the granddaughter of a dead earl, and the cousin and cousins' cousin of several living ones—to that level, was, perhaps, a feat to be imagined in a dream, or suggested to the imagination in a song; but to be attempted in broad daylight—no, if a man were sane, or if he were honest.

"Fancy," Mr. Francis said to himself, pursuing this line of argument with himself, and gazing into a cheerful fire without being cheered—"fancy a company such as one reads of this morning as having assembled at St. George's, Hanover Square, on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Hope's relative, the

Hon. Harriet Ailey—only fancy such a company informed that their cousin, Miss Hetty Hope, is going to marry a common Scotch parson. Or imagine such a company invited to her marriage (not in St. George's), or after her marriage coming to visit her here, and—mildly affected by the grandeur and beauty of the Abbey, but surprised and astonished, don't you know, to learn the value of the living, and to behold the extent of the *ménage*—"Ha, ha!"—and he laughed the bitter laugh with which the man who sees himself in future the butt and fool of fortune, would if he could anticipate his fate, and make a certain capital of sport for himself out of his own misery.

In this fashion it might have been supposed Mr. Francis had sufficiently demonstrated to himself that, for him at least, the king's daughter was out of the question. But the demonstration was made more conclusive by an idea which constantly recurred to him. He was committed, not as every preacher is or ought to be, but as a man, as an individual known to other individuals and having relations with them, to the doctrine of self-sacrifice in its most extreme and unqualified form. In that form he had preached it constantly and zealously. He believed in it. He ridiculed, with more warmth than discretion, the Church for believing it and practising it almost as little as the world. His passionate utterances about it heightened sympathies existing between him and friends of his, the Hopes in particular. So when he had demonstrated to his own dismal dissatisfaction that he could not aim at Hetty's hand without intending an act of self-sacrifice to be done by her instead of by himself—the logical antithesis of his doctrine—he despaired not only of her love, but of himself. "Preach one thing, by all means," he said bitterly, "and practise another, and then denounce others for insincerity, and so get popularity and pay out of rank hypocrisy and humbug. It is easy for me to renounce the world, all except what is all the world to me. It costs me nothing, no pang, no effort to deny myself meats, drinks, extra suits of clothes, even books and pictures, or to give my money to feed the poor, or to forgive my enemies, for I don't know any I have worth hating. The one thing with respect to which self-sacrifice is possible, is that with respect to which in my case it is impossible. If self-sacrifice is Christianity, I am heathen; I am in the gall of bitterness along with Simon. If self-sacrifice is the law of a good life, I am a rebel

in the only place where it applies to me; I obey it only where it would trouble me to resist it."

It was no comfort to a person of Mr. Francis's usual benevolence to involve others in the same condemnation as himself; it added a last touch of gloom to a doleful situation; but having judged himself with this severity, he went on, as of necessity, to mete out to others the like measure.

"Talk of self-sacrifice, why here is a question as to marrying well, a little too well, which though it must be the question of self-sacrifice in hundreds and thousands of lives, is never asked or answered in any Christian church or Christian country. "Marry as well as you can," says the world; "Amen," says the church, "and the Lord bless you!"—which just means—Leave out of view in regard to the supreme concern of human life all question as to the supreme principle of religion. A man is considered a saint for founding a church or an hospital, the act having cost him the trouble of sending twice or thrice for his attorney. But who thinks of a man as doing a Christian deed if he gives up the woman he loves as not thinking himself quite worthy of her? Is not a lot of our Christianity in the same way a sham when you only look into it?"

In one respect, perhaps, if only one, Mr. Francis was fortunate, and yet he could hardly be said to be so as he was unconscious of his luck. All this caustic judgment of himself and others was strictly confined to his own bosom. If it had been uttered, part of it might have been keenly retorted. Those excellent persons who always do whatever is best, and never are guilty of fault or shortcoming, would have found much to deplore and censure, in a state of mind in which personal unhappiness, and that arising from a frivolous cause, threatened to interfere, and in fact did interfere, with religious work, and they might also have had much to say of the dishonesty of "eating the bread of the church," living by an honourable profession, and not giving his heart to it. On the other hand, the children of this world, wiser or more foolish in these things than the children of light, would certainly have condemned as simple silliness and stupidity that ingenious logic by which Mr. Francis condemned himself to a lifetime of misery, it being every man's business and duty to be as happy, in spite of logic, as other people, also bent upon being happy, will allow him to be.

And perhaps the only things that could

have been alleged, in his defence, were, first of all, that he was a young man, and secondly, that the world more than it thinks is governed by ideas, and some men are more governed by ideas, especially ideas of the moral imagination or fancy (if there be such a faculty), than others, and however visionary or however false to others Mr. Francis's notions were, they were at any rate so real and true to him, that he would have been still more open to condemnation for setting them aside than he was for entertaining them.

That he was a person very much governed by ideas, must have been very

obvious to a calm and sober judgment, from the consideration, that before putting himself to so much pains, and subjecting himself to so much inconvenience in the matter of renouncing Miss Hope, he would much more judiciously have set himself to inquire whether that young lady had any views on the subject, and what her views were. She might not wish to be renounced, or she might. That was a point evidently which required early as well as careful consideration. But if Mr. Francis—such was the character of the man—had ever thought of this point at all, it occupied in his mind certainly a very subordinate place.

PNEUMATIC DRAINAGE.

By D. ESDAILE, D.D.

THOUGH to some the subject of this paper may appear unsavoury and uninteresting, thoughtful people, we are persuaded, will gladly learn how dirt can literally be blown out of every house, unnoticed by the inmates, and be conveyed to the country in such a form that agriculturists shall eagerly compete for the possession of it. We are evidently on the point of arriving at the conclusion that water-closets and sewer drainage are too costly and too dangerous to be longer tolerated.

The cost of such a system in cities like London, Liverpool, and Glasgow is enormous; and after it has been incurred we are forced to acknowledge that the objects which should be aimed at by a rational system of drainage have not been attained. Medical science teaches that human excreta should not be permitted to accumulate in the vicinity of our houses, or be so disposed of as to pollute the atmosphere or destroy the amenity of our coasts or rivers. What we do is this—we construct cess-pools close to our dwellings, and fill them with the most dangerous impurities; we intersect our streets with sewers which generate noxious gases; we saturate our rivers with filth, so that they are fishless and their waters undrinkable; and now, when air, earth, and water have been rendered pestiferous, we are at our wits' end, and see no escape from our position of growing jeopardy. We cannot cleanse our drains by the more abundant use of water without incurring intolerable expenditure. For instance, the remedy for the

offensiveness of the London sewers is said to be an additional daily supply of forty-two million gallons of water, costing £383,250 a year, whereas the existing water companies can only supply five millions of gallons per day. The costliness of the water system is thus strikingly put by Captain Liernur:—"The average amount of water used per day per individual is four cubic feet, or say two hundred and fifty pounds, while his fecal products weigh but two pounds; so that the water-carriage men, in order to move handily one pound, add a hundred and twenty-five pounds to it. Strange engineering this."

Besides all this, we are now being forced to the conclusion that our expensive and dangerous mode of dealing with sewage is an absurd plan for throwing away matter the preservation of which is essential to the productiveness of agriculture. While so treating it as to convert it into a prolific source of disease we have been practising what Liebig calls "robbery culture." And, in order to give back to the soil that which it needs, we are annually expending incredible sums in the purchase of bones, guano, and artificial manures. Other nations have been wiser. From the report of Dr. Maron, who was connected with the Prussian expedition to Eastern Asia, we learn that Japan, a country equal in area to Great Britain, but so mountainous that only half of it is capable of being cultivated, not only contains more inhabitants, but maintains them all abundantly from the products of its own soil,

without the application of cattle manure, or the importation of bones or guano. The only manure producers in Japan are its inhabitants; and the careful preservation of fecal matter has insured equal and abundant harvests from time immemorial. The Japanese Embassy, who lately left our shores, have doubtlessly astonished their compatriots by the information that while Japan is largely exporting bread stuffs, Great Britain is annually paying millions of tribute to foreign countries for the means of sustenance.

Until made acquainted with Captain Liernur's system of pneumatic drainage we shared in the prevailing despondency resulting from this deplorable state of matters. No way of profitably disposing of sewage, so as to satisfy the requirements of the public health and also of agriculture, has up to this time been discovered. Captain Liernur's method appearing to supply what was desired, we entered into correspondence with this distinguished Dutch engineer. In the most friendly manner he answered our queries, and also supplied us with a number of German pamphlets in which his system was amply discussed. The perusal of these has convinced us that this system is of the highest value, and that its introduction into this country will be a national boon. It is gratifying to be able to add that our advocacy of it has induced Mr. Adam Scott, of London, to visit Captain Liernur, and to arrange with him for putting it to the test in some town of Great Britain, not exceeding 10,000 in population. If our present explanation of the Pneumatic Drainage System create the desire to witness it in actual operation, we trust that "Liernur's Pneumatic Sewerage Company, Limited," a private prospectus of which lies before us, will soon enable our readers to form their opinion after personal acquaintance with its working.

It is to be borne in mind that this novel method only professes to remove from our houses human excreta, and to supply these to the agriculturist undiluted by water. If its effect so desirable an object not only without annoyance to any one, but also at a pecuniary profit, it furnishes the solution of a very puzzling problem. It will be comparatively easy to find means for the removal from our dwellings of foul water, ashes, and other solid matters.

With the mechanical details of Captain Liernur's process we shall not weary our readers; but as some explanation may be desired we hope the following may suffice.

In a building, in any convenient part of a town, is placed a steam engine, which drives an air-pump, so as to maintain about $\frac{1}{2}$ vacuum in certain cast-iron hermetically-closed reservoirs below the floor. From these reservoirs *central* pipes radiate in all directions, following the main streets. On these central pipes are laid, from distance to distance, street reservoirs below the pavement. From the street reservoirs up and down the street are *main* pipes, communicating by short *branch* pipes with the closets of each house. All the junctions of pipes with reservoirs are furnished with *cocks*, which can be shut off or turned on at pleasure, like water mains.

The vacuum created in the centre building reservoirs can thus be communicated to any given street reservoir, so as to furnish the motive power by which, when the connections with the houses are opened, all the closets are simultaneously emptied. When their contents reach the central reservoir, they are in like manner forced through the central tubes to the reservoirs under the central building, and thence transferred to a closed tank above ground, from which they are decanted into barrels without any escape of foul air. This is done every twenty-four hours, before the excreta ferment and become offensive, and they are at once converted into *poudrette* without exposure to the air.

If any be sceptical as to the possibility of such offensive matter being almost instantaneously expelled from all the streets of a town without exciting attention or annoyance, let them believe Dr. Volger. "I have repeatedly witnessed the operation with real pleasure. Once an elegantly dressed lady with her servant came close to me, and I noticed how she stooped down over the mouths of the reservoir, watching carefully, with warm-hearted interest, the various manœuvres, without the slightest idea of the loathsome substance which was being handled."

In like manner Professor Ranke attests that, without the slightest annoyance, he was present at the daily removal of the excreta of 2,800 men in barracks at Prag, and that within three hours the whole of the collected material was transferred to barrels and on the road to the agriculturist who had contracted for it.

The Liernur system, moreover, possesses the great advantage of being applicable to a single street, or collection of streets, and to single large establishments, such as univer-

sities, railway stations, prisons, barracks, hospitals, factories. We have received information that it is about to be introduced into large mills in Belfast, and in the south of Scotland. Mr. Scott writes to us thus:—

“Glasgow and Edinburgh, as you have already advocated, are two places where such a system would be invaluable, and in the latter place especially the necessity for a Water Bill would be completely done away. I think Edinburgh would, perhaps, be the best place for a trial, as a few hundred pounds merely would suffice to apply the system to a few of these monstrous piles of buildings in the old town, and the trial would be a thorough one. A test, of course, is not really needed, except to show the facts to our unbelieving brethren under their very noses. Since you were first made acquainted with the system great improvements have been made. The locomotive engine and tender have been done away with, except during construction, and are replaced by a stationary engine and tanks at a central building. The invention of a simple but effective mode of converting into pondrette makes the system of immense value, as you will not now have to overcome the prejudice of the farmer against fluid manure, which must be used at once, whereas the pondrette can be stored up and used at any time, thus making it a most marketable commodity.”

Even in the objectionable form of a fluid manure the product of the system was eagerly purchased by the farmers in the vicinity of Prag, and an agricultural society at Cologne, valuing it at twenty-five per cent. above guano, made an arrangement for the purchase of all that could be supplied from that city.

The introduction of the pneumatic process in Holland, Austria, and Germany has not cost £2 per head of the population; and as the excreta of each individual are estimated at ten shillings a year, it is certain that within a limited period the original outlay will be repaid, and the purified town will afterwards draw a large revenue from what used to be an expensive nuisance. The outlay of capital being £2 per head, and the profits per head 4s., after deducting fifty per cent. for interest, maintenance, and working expenses, it is evident that in ten years the original outlay will be repaid, and the charges thereafter will be for maintenance and working expenses alone. Of what other system can so much be said?

While thus benefiting the funds of civic corporations the Liernurian system promises to be a prodigious boon to farmers. They will have nothing to do with sewage so diluted that the excreta of a hundred and twenty-five persons are required to manure one English acre! But give them the products of this process carefully and inoffensively packed in barrels and dispatched per

rail, and they will eagerly purchase all that is offered. So has it been in Hungary and Bohemia, and so will it be ere long in this country also.

Captain Liernur is careful to point out that the introduction of his system is free of pecuniary risks. “I do not first construct conduits to get faecal matter away from the town, and then look around for means to dispose of it. I commence by entering into contracts with farmers for delivery of certain quantities of undiluted and fresh excreta. The pneumatic tubes are then laid to get the matter I agree to furnish.” One great merit of his plan is that it can be introduced piecemeal, in proportion to the demand for manure, so that large capital is not required, because of each portion of the work bringing in money and paying for itself. Alluding to the possibility of Glasgow receiving at the rate of 10s. per head of its population of 500,000, that is, £250,000 annually, he remarks:—

“That such a high figure is not visionary, but really practicable, is proved by the contracts at Prag, for such manure collected and supplied by my system, contracts with large and reliable agriculturists who pay very nearly this price, besides furnishing the barrels, and paying for the transportation to their fields. It is not the town which applies my system here, but a company of capitalists which lays the drains, connects them with the closets, furnishes all the machinery, carries on the works all at its own expense, and for its own account, looking solely to the sale of manure for a return for their outlay, and having obtained a concession from the authorities for this purpose. As the cost of the works is determined by contracts with reliable firms, and the revenue by contracts for sale of the manure, all doubts as to the success of the enterprise have vanished, whereas the good working of the technical part of my system is well known, and now only questioned by people who know nothing about it, or by the same class who years ago wrote scientific treatises to prove the absurdity of steam locomotion, illumination by gas, electric telegraphy, pneumatic letter despatches, &c.”

Writing to us, Captain Liernur observes, “Though, in truth, I do not think you will ever find an arrangement more perfectly free from every scent, or anything that might offend in the whole manipulation, while all poisoning of the soil is for ever prevented, and a most valuable manure is gained, still it won't do for me to say so, and I must let others give evidence of these facts.”

We shall furnish that evidence.

After much difficulty Captain Liernur obtained permission to introduce his system into all the barracks in Prag, on the following onerous conditions,—first that the whole operations should be at his own cost, and next that they should be proceeded with only after a month's trial in a particular

barrack, followed by a favourable report from the head of the Imperial Engineers; and lastly, that his sole remuneration should arise from a concession of the manure for fifteen years. By help of a small company of capitalists these conditions were complied with, and with such marked success as to lead to the introduction of the system in other important places, viz. Leiden, Amsterdam, Dordrecht, Olmütz, Brünn, and in part of the Exhibition Building at Vienna. From official documents, with copies of which we have been favoured, it appears that the corporation of the city of Leiden, of date June 20, 1872, and after one year's trial, certifies that the application of Liernur's pneumatic system for the removal of fecal matter in a part of the city has been so highly successful that the further extension of the system is to be highly recommended.

On July 31, 1873, the Mayor and Aldermen of Leiden thus address the Common Council of that city:—

“Since Captain Liernur's system has been put in operation” (two years past), “the good and regular working has been daily witnessed, and there were no failures to report. The immense beneficial influence it has on the public health, resulting from the advantage that the excreta are daily removed without polluting the soil, stream, or atmosphere in any way whatever, or being a nuisance to any one, is of itself reason enough for its further extension; and the fact of its requiring a greater outlay is of no importance in this case.

“All the working expenses are already nearly covered by the sale of the collected manure, notwithstanding the very unfavourable contracts which circumstances forced us to enter into, such as prejudice against the use of the manure, imperfect means of transport to the place of utilisation, and want of knowledge on the part of the farmers as to the real value of the material. These difficulties are now removed. It is hence a matter of certainty that all expenses will be repaid, and our capital returned.”

The Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of Amsterdam, of date April 10, 1872, declare that the results of Captain Liernur's system, in a technical point of view, agree in every respect with the assurances of the inventor, and that the results in a sanitary point of view in general, but particularly for Amsterdam, are of the utmost importance.

Seeing that the extension of the system cannot but be beneficial, they therefore resolve to make its application compulsory in certain places which are indicated.

Our correspondence with Captain Liernur enables us to supplement this official information with certain private details which may interest our readers. Apologizing for

delay in answering a letter, he writes with amusing frankness:—

“While keeping my room, I received a telegram from the authorities of Amsterdam, that His Majesty the King had arrived there, and wished to inspect the sewerage works constructed by me, and that I was required to explain them myself. Bad as I was, I could not well avoid obeying the summons. I therefore travelled to Holland, and dear enough have I had to pay for this, for it nearly cost me my life. The King is a tall, strong, long-limbed personage. I, on the contrary, am a little chap, and have besides lost in the war one of my legs, from the knee down, thus compelling me to walk with an artificial limb. Hence it was for me the severest sort of exercise to keep up with the long strides of His Majesty at all; doubly so, however, on account of my illness, and this caused me to perspire freely. As there was a chill wind blowing at the time, you may imagine how unpleasant it was for me to run about bareheaded, as I was compelled to do under such circumstances. The result was a severe inflammation which nearly made an end of me. Luckily, however, I am over it now, only that I am still excessively weak. On the other hand, I have had the pleasure of satisfying everybody, including the King, and thinking it might interest you, I enclose a newspaper notice of the King's visit. As you may have difficulty in reading the language of Holland, I add an English translation.”

This notice states that His Majesty conversed very familiarly with Captain Liernur for a long time, noticed with lively interest the construction and working of the whole pneumatic apparatus, and praised, above all, the happy solution he had given to the difficult problem of satisfying at the same time the interest of public health and agriculture, without demanding impracticable sacrifices on the part of city corporations.

Equally satisfactory is the report on Captain Liernur's system published in the *International Journal* by Dr. Wilhelm von Hamm, Chief Councillor of the Minister for Agriculture for Austria, and Vice-President of the International Medical Congress, which met in Vienna, September 1st, 1873. Here is the concluding paragraph:—

“The trials made in presence of many members, on September 5th, convinced them that the entire system is capable of doing its task completely. The air-pump was first set in motion, and brought the contents of the various places into the low-level reservoir. A beautifully-contrived indicator showed exactly the quantity that flowed in, viz., 1,200 litres. A exact manipulation of the air-pumps lifted the load at once into the high-level reservoir, from which the matter is decanted as mentioned above.

“All the various motions occupy such an infinitesimally small space of time, operate so smoothly, and without attracting notice, that the invention called forth the utmost admiration, and all present, among whom were professional men of the highest class, could not but acknowledge this in the most unmeasured terms.”

The report of the Chief Councillor of the Minister of Agriculture caused His Majesty the Emperor of Austria to inspect the Pneumatic Works of the Exhibition, on September 17th. His Majesty ordered the entire manipulation to take place in his presence, and expressed loudly his satisfaction with the rapidity, certainty, and absolute absence of all offensiveness with which the emptying of so many places and transferring their contents into barrels for transport to the country took place.

If all this most satisfactory evidence as to its efficiency and economy do not convince our sanitary reformers that it is their duty at

once to introduce Captain Liernur's system into this country, we shall be painfully surprised. As an act of justice to a skilful engineer we make known the facts connected with his invention, and this solely from the desire to aid in diminishing the frightful amount of preventable sickness and mortality. The subject is of universal importance; and, so far from being out of harmony with the pursuits of our professional life, we venture to impress upon the clergy that they more than others are called on to exert themselves in improving the physical condition of the people.

D. ESDAILE.

THE GREAT WEST.

BY THE REV. GEORGE M. GRANT, AUTHOR OF "OCEAN TO OCEAN."

PART III.

IN two former articles I brought my readers half-way across the continent on British ground to Fort Garry, the threshold of our newly-discovered Great West, and I intended to speak in this number of the Province of Manitoba (the first-born of our prairies) especially as a field for immigration. Better field there is not anywhere else, so far as known to me. However, before speaking of the stream of agricultural labourers and mechanics that Manitoba is able and anxious to receive, it has been suggested to me that it would not be out of place to say something more about the Indians, and to describe the treaties that have been made with them; for it is the existence of those treaties which renders travelling and settlement in our north-west free from such little difficulties as surprises and scalplings, and that of itself is a special inducement to quiet people to make the land their home.

There are probably not more than 130,000 or 140,000 Indians in the Dominion, and nearly half of these are on the Pacific slope, sea-coast, and islands. For the purpose of considering the present state of our relations with them, those between the Atlantic and the Rocky Mountains may be classed into four divisions. (1.) 23,035 in the old provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, and Ontario. Living among us, these red men are not of us. They are related to us somewhat as the aboriginal tribes in India are to the great mass of the Hindoo people. Though many have pro-

phesied their speedy extinction, they are actually increasing rapidly, just as the hill tribes of India are. According to the census of 1861, they were only 15,240, so that, even allowing a margin for superior thoroughness of the census of 1871, a large percentage of increase is apparent. In the United States the case is sadly different. There, in the same decennium, the civilised Indians dwindled from 44,021 to 25,731. In some districts in Ontario and Quebec they exist as self-supporting, moderately-civilised communities, round the churches and schools established on their reserves. Some of them have so far advanced that they are becoming impatient of their position as wards of the Government, forbidden to sell their land, and not allowed the privileges of voting, buying whiskey, and other such rights of free citizens. "It was all right," they argue, "not to give us the power of alienating our lands when we did not know their real value, and to keep us as wards when we could not take care of ourselves; but it is different now; we are grown men; we can read and write; are wide-awake about selling our time or labour; can change from one religion or denomination to another; and it is an injustice to prevent us from making the most we can out of our own, or to debar us from any rights that white men enjoy." All which may sound reasonable to us and congruous to the spirit of the age; yet, for the sake of these very aspiring young Indians, I am obscurantist enough to hope that the Dominion Government may be so unreasonable

is to shut its ears, and continue its semi-patriarchal system for another generation or two. The nomad nature is still in them. They cannot bridle their passions. They cannot resist the temptation nor stand the effects of fire-water. (2.) 4,000 or 5,000 of the Salteaux tribe of Ojibways, in the rugged

lacustrine region between the old provinces and the Red River of the north. I referred to these in my last article. Their food is chiefly fish, and their best friend the frail-looking canoe. They are to be found in small bands along the Dawson Road, between the north of Lake Superior and the



Falls on Rainy River opposite Fort Francis.



Confluence of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers.

Red River, and farther north where the land is better, along the line of the proposed Canada Pacific Railway. (3.) 20,000, chiefly Crees and Blackfeet, in and immediately around the fertile belt that extends from the Red River to the bases of the Rocky Mountains. The little here below

that these tribes want are horses to ride and buffaloes to hunt. (4.) 30,000 Thickwood Indians to the farther north, living in wilderness and sub-Arctic regions, where the most valuable fur-bearing animals make their home.

I should add that all these figures, the

first excepted, are only approximate. Some estimates are much lower, others much higher; but no complete census has been or could well be taken. It is with the second and third of those divisions that we are now concerned, because it is only recently that Canada has come into contact with them.

The course that the Dominion Government has pursued and is pursuing with these Indians just brought under its sway, is based on what has been tried in the older provinces, and so far its results have been satisfactory, to the extent at least of securing their confidence and alleviating their condition. The first treaties with them were two made by Governor Archibald in 1871, with the Ojibbways and Swampy Crees, living in and to the north and west of Manitoba. In the little prairie province and a region three times its size, he extinguished their claim to the soil. At that time, the Salteaux to the east refused to treat, or made demands that were equivalent to a refusal. But last October, Governor Morris succeeded in concluding a treaty with them at the North-west Angle of the Lake of the Woods, and thus all apprehensions of Indian difficulties, so far as emigrants are likely to go in the meantime, have been removed. The door to the north-west is wide open. The ancient inhabitants of the land understand that they have now no rights except what are expressly stipulated in solemn covenants, which covenants, too, are their most valued charters. The great Cree tribe, whose hunting-grounds extend far to the west, all along the Saskatchewan, are, and have been since 1870, very anxious that treaties should be made with them also, and Mr. Morris must deal with them next. He will experience but little, if any, difficulty. The only remaining tribe of importance is that of the fierce and turbulent Blackfeet. These may give trouble; but as their grounds are far off, about the headwaters of the Missouri and the South Saskatchewan, we are not likely to come into immediate contact with them; and when we do, the experience that has been gained, and the policy that has succeeded with all the other tribes, is not likely to fail with the Blackfeet.

Some people may be disposed to smile at the notion of treaties with a few thousands of hideously besmeared half-naked savages. Nothing would be easier than to make fun of the whole transaction. To those who can see only the ludicrous in anything different from their own use and wont, or anything disproportioned to their sense of propriety,

the scene is simply a burlesque, a travesty of treaty-making. Here, a governor with his staff, in rather imposing uniform, and one or two companies of Canadian troops; there, a hundred birch-bark or buffalo-skin tents filled with Indians, their squaws, papooses, and dogs; the head men gravely consulting or gravely smoking, the braves gambling, the women cooking. What confusion, what filth, what yelping of curs! Yet we are going to spend eight or ten days in making a treaty with those creatures; and what is perhaps still stranger, the records of the past indicate that the treaty is much more likely to be broken by the white than by the red man.

Eight or ten days, did I say? Why not in as many hours? The whole affair will involve an expenditure of only some ten thousand pounds annually to the Government. Well, one reason for the delay is that the Indian is never in a hurry. Haste is undignified, and he never sacrifices dignity. Another is that some of the more distant bands have not arrived, and the presence or consent of all is indispensable to the validity of the treaty. A third and perhaps better is that the Government store-supplies the provisions while the pow-wow lasts, and that fact alone would be sufficient to protract the negotiations till the stock is known to be running low. "We cannot speak without eating," say the Indians; and so every morning several barrels of pork and flour are dealt out, and on a Sunday, or when the treaty is signed, an ox is handed over to them. The way that ox is made to disappear is not the least wonderful part of the business. Half an hour after he has been led into the encampment not a trace of him is to be found, except in fifty pots that are boiling furiously over as many campfires. To the mind of any well-regulated ox, such a startling metamorphosis must be absolutely bewildering. But the best reason for the delay is that what may seem small to us is large to the Indian. Said the Lac Seul chief at the North-west Angle last October, "We do not wish that any one should smile at our affairs, as we think our country is a large matter to us." Large and small are relative words. The man with a grocery shop round the corner can have no conception of the value of a pound of tea or a plug of tobacco on the prairies. In England a blanket is cheap and land is dear. In the north-west a few thousand square miles of land are little, but a blanket, a net, a gun, or an axe is much. Which of us can afford

to smile at his brother? Change the scene, and we shall change with it, and that right speedily. The mere varnish of civilisation is rubbed off after the first week in the wilderness, and well for us if there remain dignity, patience, silence, magnanimity.

I have known travellers half unconsciously take for granted their own vast superiority over the Indian because he, poor fellow! thought nothing else of so much importance as the next meal. Everything was subordinate to that. "All he thinks of is his belly," is the judgment of these patrons and critics. "Feed him, and he praises you—starve him, and he disregards all higher considerations," they sadly lament. Yes, it is very true; but is there not here a slight forgetfulness of the difference between their own circumstances and those of the simple child of the forest? They come from countries into which the granaries of the world pour supplies. They have never had cause for anxiety about the next meal; others provide the food, and they have money in their purse; if they have not money they have credit; or if they have no credit they have the poor-house. Even when they plunge into forest tangle, or ride across the billowy prairies, they are wise to carry stores enough to last them for months; but the Indian must live from hand to mouth. He has no resources to fall back on, if fishing-line or rifle fail him. Reduce both parties to the same level, and which will hold out longest? Two hours after the ordinary dinner-hour, and your tourist grumbles badly; next day he is savage; never, he is quite sure, had poor mortal to suffer so much. His red companion only draws his belt tighter, and fishes or stalks more assiduously. As far as the food question is concerned, I think we all live in glass houses. What provokes civil war soonest in any country? A bread-tax. What is Britain proudest of in her recent history? The patience of the Lancashire mill-hands when the South could not send them its bales of cotton. And yet, though the operatives were sorely clemmed, they knew that starvation would be kept from them; whereas starvation perpetually dogs the Indian.

I may as well confess it freely, I have deep sympathy and much respect for the poor Indian. No one can help admiring his character when lucky enough to have to do with only one, as guide, hunter, or voyageur. Then you are sure to contract a friendship with him that you could by no possibility feel for any border ruffian, though the latter is of your own race, and the advance-guard

of civilisation. But even an Indian encampment does not disenchant me. Out of all the smoke, filth, and mean surroundings, the virtues that ennobled the old Highlander clansmen shine forth, notably the tribal brotherliness and the sense of personal dignity. Her Majesty has expressed herself as struck with the gentlemanly demeanour of the poorest Highlander. Well, the Indian is as far above the Highlander in this characteristic as the Highlander is above the Saxon. After all, Fenimore Cooper did not construct, out of his own consciousness, the wonderful figures of Uncas and Chingagook.

Let me give two or three illustrations of how the Ojibbways think, speak, and act, from what took place during the negotiations with them in 1871 and 1873. The first thing that the Governor or Commissioner requires them to do is to elect chiefs and spokesmen, in order that there may be no doubt as to who have the right to speak and sign the treaty on behalf of the whole people; for here it is the people literally, assembled in their comitia, that have to be dealt with. As, on the occasions I refer to, many years had elapsed since a general council had been held, several of the old head men had died, and others had arisen ambitious to take a prominent part in the proceedings, there were difficulties in the way of a satisfactory election; but after a liberal expenditure of much the same kind of canvassing and oratory as that which is now pretty well known all the world over, this first step was taken, and the representatives were introduced to the Governor. On these being invited, in 1871, to state their views, they declared that "there was a cloud before them which made things dark, and they could not commence the proceedings till the cloud was dispersed." They referred to four of the tribe who were in prison in Winnipeg for breach of contract. They did not object to the punishment, though it is impossible to exaggerate the horror that an Indian has of the jail, but they felt that it would be a violation of the brotherly covenant to enter upon a treaty and profess lasting friendship while some of their flesh and blood were deprived of liberty. As they begged their discharge on the ground of grace, and not of right, Mr. Archibald granted their request, on the distinct understanding that ever after the law must be impartially enforced against red as well as white men. They agreed, and declared that henceforth they would never raise a voice against the law being enforced.

Here is a dialogue taken from the negotiations at the North-west Angle in October, 1873, that illustrates the same kindly and considerate feeling for all connected with the tribe. Governor Morris had refused several of their demands, and they had at once waived them, but they pleaded with success the cause of the absent :—

Chief Manito-pen-sis.—"My friends, listen to what I am going to say, and you, my brothers. We present you now with our best and our strongest compliments. We ask you not to reject some of our children who have gone out of our place; they are scattered all over, a good-tasted meat hath drawn them away, and we wish to draw them all here and be contented with us."

Governor.—"If your children come and live here, of course they will become part of the population, and be as yourselves."

Chief.—"I hope you will grant the request I am going to lay before you. I do not mean those that get paid on the other side of the line, but some poor Indians who may happen to fall in our road. If you will accept of these little matters, the treaty will be at an end. I would not like that one of my children should not eat with me, and receive the food that you are going to give me."

Governor.—"I am dealing with British Indians, and not American Indians. After the treaty is closed we will have a list of the names of any children of British Indians that may come in in two years and be ranked with them; but we must have a limit somewhere."

Chief.—"I should not feel happy if I was not to mess with some of my children that are around me—those children that we call the Half-breed—those that have been born of our women of Indian blood. We wish that they should be counted with us, and have their share of what you have promised. We wish you had accepted our demands. It is the Half-breeds that are actually living amongst us—those that are married to our women."

Governor.—"I am sent here to treat with the Indians. In Red River, where I come from, and where there is a great body of Half-breeds, they must be either white or Indian. If Indians, they get treaty money; if the Half-breeds call themselves white, they get land. All I can do is to refer the matter to the Government at Ottawa, and to recommend what you wish to be granted."

Chief.—"I hope you will not drop the question; we have understood you to say that you came here as a friend, and represented your charitableness, and we depend upon your kindness. You must remember that our hearts and our brains are like paper; we never forget."

The Governor found these Salteaux keen hands at making a bargain, and he confesses that the negotiations taxed all his patience, firmness, and tact; but whether the demands put forward were granted or not, neither petulance nor threatening was ever evinced by them. No chief lost his calm dignity for a moment. The gracefully-folded blanket was perhaps drawn a little closer round him by one, a deep "Ugh!" grunted by another, or "Ho, ho!" chorussed in assent by several, but nothing more. Perfect order prevailed

throughout the camp from first to last. There was indeed the slightest approach to chaffing the Governor when he acknowledged that his power was limited, but it was done in such good form that he enjoyed it thoroughly. Here is a verbatim report taken from the *Manitoban* of October 18. I should have mentioned that not only was there present a shorthand-writer, but that the Indians had a white secretary to take notes of the discussion, and an Indian secretary to take mental notes, for, as they said, "We never forget :"—

Chief.—"My terms I am going to lay down before you; the decision of our chiefs; ever since you came to a decision you push it back. The sound of the rustling of the gold is under my feet where I stand; we have a rich country; it is the Great Spirit who gave us this; where we stand upon is the Indians' property, and belongs to them. If you grant us our requests, you will not go back without making the treaty."

Another Chief.—"We understood yesterday that the Queen had given you the power to act upon, that you could do what you pleased, and that the riches of the Queen she had filled your head and body with, and you had only to throw them round about; but it seems it is not so, but that you have only half the power that she has, and that she has only half filled your head."

Governor.—"I do not like to be misunderstood. I did not say yesterday that the Queen had given me all the power; what I told you was that I was sent here to represent the Queen's Government, and to tell you what the Queen was willing to do for you. You can understand very well. For instance, one of your great chiefs asks a brave to deliver a message, he represents you, and that is how I stand with the Queen's Government."

Chief.—"It is your charitableness that you spoke of yesterday—her Majesty's charitableness that was given you. It is our chiefs, our young men, our children and great-grandchildren, and those that are to be born, that I represent here, and it is for them that I ask for terms. The white man has robbed us of our riches, and we don't wish to give them up again without getting something in their place."

Governor.—"For your children, grandchildren, and children unborn, I am sorry that you will not accept of my terms. I shall go home sorry, but it is your own doing; I must simply go back and report the fact that you refuse to make a treaty with me."

Chief.—"You see all our chiefs before you here as one mind; we have one mind and one mouth. It is the decision of all of us; if you grant us our demands you will not go back sorrowful; we would not refuse to make a treaty if you would grant us our demands."

Governor.—"I have told you already that I cannot grant your demands; I have not the power to do so. I have made you a liberal offer, and it is for you to accept or refuse it as you please."

Chief.—"Our chiefs have the same opinion; they will not change their decision."

European diplomacy could not present a firmer front than that; but wiser councils prevailed, or perhaps, like more illustrious diplomatists than themselves, they all the

time were intending to give way, and "vowing they would ne'er consent, consented." Both parties desired a treaty, except some bands along the Dawson Road; for ever since Colonel Wolseley's march that way these had been getting so much money for wood they cut and sold to the boats built and stationed on the lakes, and for whatever fish or game they had to spare, that they were quite indifferent about five-dollar or fifteen-dollar annuities. But the Indians farther north and east, those round Nepigon and Lac

involves; that the land includes the buildings on it, and that trespass is not allowable. When Mr. Dawson, one of the commissioners, at the outset of the negotiations, told them how desirable it was for them to have a treaty, they answered him very plainly that there were other matters that ought to be settled first; that promises had been made to them when the road was built that had not been fulfilled; and that they regarded, therefore, all the houses on the line, and all the big boats on the waters as theirs, till they were recompensed for them. The only answer his Honour could give to them was to fall back on first principles that would make the hair of an English squire or judge stand on end. "Wood and water," he assured them, "were the gift of the Great Spirit, and were made alike for the good of both the white and red man." (2.) They are just as well assured that the power is ours. As the chief of Fort Francis said, "I cannot get my own way with the Hudson's Bay Company, and what can I do against the Government? Where I have chosen for my reserve, I see signs that the Company has surveyed. I do not hate them. I only wish they should take their reserve on one side. Where their shop stands now is my property; I think it is three years now since they have had it on it." In a word, they know that they are powerless to resist us.

Seul, have not those advantages; and having good soil to cultivate they were anxious to get grain and cattle. Thus spoke the Lac Seul chief:—

"We are the first that were planted here; we would ask you to assist us with every kind of implement to use for our benefit, to enable us to perform our work; a little of everything, and money. We would borrow your cattle; we ask you this for our support; I will find whereon to feed them. The waters out of which you sometimes take food for yourselves, we will lend you in return. If I should try to stop you, it is not in my power to do so; even the Hudson's Bay Company, that is a small power, I cannot gain my point with it. If you give what I ask, the time may come when I will ask you to lend me one of your daughters and one of your sons to live with us; and in return I will lend you one of my daughters and one of my sons for you to teach what is good, and, after they have learned, to teach us. If you grant us what I ask, although I do not know you, I will shake hands with you. That is all I have to say."

And who shall blame them for trying to make as good a bargain as possible for themselves and their children? It must be remembered that they are not quite sure about this treaty business. Two things, indeed, they are well assured of:—(1.) That the land is theirs; they have no doubt about that. Chief after chief said to the Governor, "This is what we think, that the Great Spirit has planted us on this ground where we are, as you were where you came from. We think that where we are is our property." And they have wonderfully English notions about all that the possession of the land

If, then, we came into the country as con-



Scott's Presbyterian Church, Red River Settlement.

querors, and scalped them or drove them to the frozen north, they could understand. The circumstances being changed, in some such manner would they probably deal with us; for at all times, as Leather-Stocking sagely remarked, the Indian will act "accordin' to his gifts." Or if we came merely as tourists, hunters, strangers asking hospitality, intending to stay a little while and then depart, they could understand. But to see us taking possession of their country, dividing it up, spoiling it for their use, and at the same time professing friendship and asking their permission, is a policy beyond

them; and really it is a policy that no Dunderary can understand, though I doubt not poor Richard could. Theoretically it is absurd, practically it works; but as the Indians do not quite know what to make of it, their only way of finding out is by asking for everything they want, and thus learning how much we are willing to stand. When Mr. Archibald, in 1871, asked the Manitoban Indians to state their ideas of the basis on which a treaty should be made, they handed in a long list of things they wanted very much, while they pointed out about two-thirds of the province—including all the best parts of course—which they wished reserved for themselves; but though they asked for seven millions of acres, they were content to take an hundred thousand.

So too at the North-west Angle in 1873 they presented a list of twenty demands, the first four of which were that every chief should receive in perpetuity fifty dollars a year; every member of the council, not exceeding three for each band, twenty dollars; every first and second grade soldier or brave, fifteen dollars; and every red man, woman, and child in the nation, ten dollars. But they accepted twenty-five, fifteen, and five dollars respectively, the braves being put on a level with the women and children, and ten dollars instead of five being given for the first year. These amounts being settled, the Governor generously offered to add two dollars for this year to the ten dollars that each head was to get; whereupon they saw their chance, and promptly asked if the extra two dollars (drink-money or Indian luck-penny we might call it) was not to be given also to the chiefs and principal men, the recipients of fifteen-dollar and twenty-five-dollar annuities. They ask for an ell and will take an inch, but give an inch and they again ask for the ell. When all their claims had been settled, and apparently to their satisfaction, the Governor wound up with a speech in which he told them of an extra *douceur* he intended to give:—

"I was very much pleased yesterday," he said, "with the words of the chief of Lac Seul. I was glad to hear that he had commenced to farm and to raise things for himself and family, and I was glad to hear him ask me to hold out my hand. I think we should do everything to help you by giving you the means to grow some food, so that if it is a bad year for fishing and hunting, you may have something for your children at home. I can say this, that when a band settles down and actually commences to farm on their lands, the Government will agree to give two hoes, one spade, one scythe, and one axe for every family actually settled; one plough for every ten families; five harrows for every twenty families; and a yoke of oxen, a bull and four cows for every band;

and enough barley, wheat, and oats to plant the land they have actually broken up. This is to enable them to cultivate their land, and it is to be given them on their commencing to do so, once for all. There is one thing that I have thought over, and I think it is a wise thing to do. That is, to give you ammunition, and twine for making nets, to the extent of fifteen hundred dollars per year, for the whole nation, so that you can have the means of procuring food."

These liberal offers reopened the flood-gates. Here was a *kitchi-ogima*, or great chief, able with a word to give anything—a golden mine it would be a shame not to work. So at once additional requests poured in upon him for cross-cut saws, whip-saws, grindstones, files, suits of clothes, guns, boards to build houses; and then said one far-seeing old Nestor, "By-and-by we shall see things that run swiftly, that go by fire—carriages; and we ask that us Indians may not pay our passage on these things, but can go free." 'Till at length Mr. Morris had to cry out, "I think the best thing I can do is to become an Indian." And the chiefs perceived that they had got to the end of their tether. They returned to the charge, however, from another quarter. It seems that the fish in Rainy River are not so plentiful as formerly, perhaps because of the steam-tugs that now ply on it. Should not that be considered in the bond? As the chief put it:—

"This treaty to be concluded, let it be as you promise, as long as the sun rises over our head, and as long as the water runs. One thing I find that deranges a little my kettle. In this river, where food used to be plentiful for our subsistence, I perceive it is getting scarce. We wish that the river should be left as it was formed from the beginning—that nothing be broken."

Of course the Governor did not confess that the ways of fish were beyond his control. He simply declined to go into that subject.

At last everything was arranged; but before the signatures were appended to the treaty, Manito-pen-sis had a tremendous *coup de grace* to deliver:—

"I will now show you," he said, "a medal that was given to those who made a treaty at Red River, by the Commissioner. *He* said it was silver, but I do not think it is. I should be ashamed to carry it on my breast over my heart. I think it would disgrace the Queen, my mother, to wear her image on so base a metal as this." [Here the chief held up the medal and struck it with the back of his knife. The result was anything but the "true ring," and made every man ashamed of the petty meanness that had been practised.] "Let the medals you give us be of silver—medals that shall be worthy of the high position our mother the Queen occupies."

I have heard the Indians called thieves and liars. Could they "better that example"

if they tried a thousand times? If they offer base coin to us we imprison them; offered to them it is only a smart trick. Yes, but such are the tricks that have led to Indian atrocities. We cheat and also dishonour him. His loyalty is held so cheap that it is mocked at the same time that he is duped.

The business of the treaty having at length been completed, Manito-pen-sis, who, with Powhassan, had with wonderful tact carried on the negotiations, stepped up to the Governor and said—

“Now you see me stand before you all; what has been done here to-day has been done openly before the Great Spirit, and before the nation, and I hope that I may never hear any one say that this treaty has been done secretly; and now, in closing this council, I take off my glove, and in giving you my hand I deliver over my birthright and lands; and in taking your hand I hold fast all the promises you have made, and I hope they will last as long as the sun goes round and the water flows, as you have said.”

The Governor then took his hand and said—

“I accept your hand, and with it the lands, and will keep all my promises, in the firm belief that the treaty now to be signed will bind the red man and the white together as friends for ever.”

A copy of the treaty was then prepared and duly signed. The hereditary chieftain, who is said to have seen an hundred summers, was brought forward to sign it first. The Governor handed him the pen. He hesitated, and then said that he expected to have been paid the money. “Take my hand,” said the Governor, at the same time extending it; “see, it is full of money.” He looked in his face, took the offered hand,

and signed the treaty. Liberal presents of pork, flour, clothing, blankets, twine, ammunition, &c., were then distributed to the several bands, and the Salteaux were made fast friends, and are likely to remain so, provided we keep faith with them.

According to the treaties made in 1871 with the Ojibbways and Swampy Crees, reserves were allotted sufficient to give at the rate of one hundred and sixty acres to each family of five. It was also agreed that the Queen should maintain a school on each reserve, when the Indians required it; that no intoxicating liquors be introduced or sold within the bounds of the reserves; and that each family of five should receive an annuity of fifteen dollars in blankets, clothing, twine, or traps. A present of three dollars was also given to each man, woman, and child on the ground, as backshish, or a seal to the transaction. Every one being satisfied, the treaty was signed, and the big ornamented calumet of peace smoked all round.

The Salteaux tribe of the Ojibbways get a better bargain than this. It was very desirable that there should be no discontent along the route by which emigrants are now entering into the north-west. If discontented, two or three contemptible bands could, at little risk to themselves, stop traffic and immigration along the Dawson Road. Let us hope that the agents of the Dominion will carry out, in letter and in spirit, all that has been promised these old lords and sons of the soil, that there shall be no more leaden medals, and that the blankets supplied to them shall be other than shoddy.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

'T WAS long ago, in the summer time,
On a day as sad as this,
That I laid my babe in its father's arms,
And he gave it his farewell kiss;
When the army sailed from the English shores
In a mist of sun and rain,
To the vine-clad hills and citadels,
And the olive groves of Spain.

I set my face to the balmy south,
And listened, intent and dumb,
As though a cry from the battle-grounds
On the fragrant wind might come.
I yearned for a gleam of the red camp fires
Which burned through the watchful nights;
For the shine of the bayonets that clashed one day
On the dread Albuera heights.

Ah me! And my face cannot turn away,
Though the ashes are on my brow,—
Though the news of the battle came once for all,
And there's nothing to watch for now!



Though 'tis further away than that far south land
I must look for my dear man's face,—
Though I know he will never come home again
To the chair in the old house-place!

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

BISHOP LAMBERTON AND THE GOOD LORD JAMES.

THERE is perhaps no one spot on Scottish ground which has witnessed so many eventful scenes in the national history as the small but ancient city of St. Andrews. During the seven centuries that lie between the reign of Malcom Canmore on the one hand, and the landing of Dutch William on the other, no great movement took place, one might almost say there happened no great national event, in which St. Andrews did not bear a prominent part. So true is this that to write the history of St. Andrews, during the period of its greatness, as it might be written, would almost be to write the history of Scotland. To conceive aright the great panorama of persons and events, as it swept during those seven centuries through that ancient place, would bring before us no inadequate picture of all that is most interesting in Scottish annals. Neither were the fortunes of mediæval St. Andrews confined within the narrow compass of merely Scottish history. Its position as the primal Scottish see brought it into such close and constant intercourse with the Vatican, that this small spot was swayed and shaken by every great current of European politics. So widely ramified were its interests, foreign and domestic, that the annals of no other Scottish city would afford an equal insight into our internal history and our relations with the Continent.

I purpose now to confine our attention to the part which St. Andrews played in one period of Scottish history, but that the most eventful and momentous—I mean the war of Scottish independence against the First and the Second English Edward. In doing this we shall find the history of St. Andrews resolve itself into the actions of one person—Bishop William de Lambyrton, or Lamberton, who concentrated in himself the whole fortunes of the Church and primacy during his long episcopate from 1298 to 1328; that is, during nearly all the Wallace and the whole of the Bruce period. Of both of these heroes Lamberton was the firm friend, and, from first to last, identified himself with their cause. Neither of Lamberton, any more than of his great contemporaries, does any continuous record survive, save only Barbour's 'Story of the Brus,' if we may accept that as a faithful narrative of the doings of the great king. But in most of the great events, and especially at the chief turning-points of that stormy time, glimpses may be caught of the form of Lamberton moving restlessly to and fro

among the principal actors, or standing out as the abettor and counsellor of the champions of Scottish freedom.

Of the parentage and birthplace of William de Lambyrton, or De Lamberton, or William of Lambertoun, or William Lamberton—for in these and other ways the name is written—we can offer no direct evidence. Probably, to argue from the name he bore, he was a native of Berwickshire. Fixed surnames, which arose in France about the year 1000, and came into England with the Norman Conquest, did not reach Scotland till, speaking roundly, the year 1100. But it was already the thirteenth century before they became prevalent north of the Tweed, and it was probably about the middle of this century when William of Lamberton was born. The larger number of Scottish family names, though by no means all, were taken from lands which the family possessed, or from places where they dwelt. The surname of Bishop William would seem to show that he was a native of Lamberton—a tract of country in Berwickshire, the name of which still survives in Lamberton Moor, over which the high road passes about five miles to the north of Berwick-upon-Tweed. Natives of this district, rather than lords of the manor, Lamberton's family probably were.

The first time that his name appears in history is in 1292, when he is called William de Lambyrton, parson of Campsey, and chancellor of the diocese of Glasgow. This was five years before William of Ellerslie arose as the champion of Scottish freedom. Ellerslie is not far from Campsey, and it was probably while Lamberton was parson of the latter place that Wallace came to know him, and found in him an ecclesiastic patriot after his own heart. In 1297, when Wallace was at the height of his power and guardian of the kingdom, the bishopric of St. Andrews fell vacant by the death of Bishop Fraser. It was of the first importance that Wallace should have in all the bishoprics, but especially in the primacy, clerics on whose support he could rely. Accordingly he nominated to the vacant primacy his friend the clerk of Campsey. But his nomination was not unopposed. The Culdees, or native Celtic clergy, who dwelt in the monastery of Kirkheugh—the site of which is still visible between the cathedral and the sea—claimed the right, from remotest time, to elect the bishop. When the vacancy occurred in 1297,

the twelve Culdee prebendaries of Kirkheugh put forward as a candidate their own provost, William Comyn, brother of the Earl of Buchan. His candidature was strongly supported by Edward I., if for no other reason, because Lamberton was the nominee of Wallace, and because the Comyns were not reckoned among the partisans of the guardian. The Augustinian canons regular, headed by their prior, on their side elected the favourite of Wallace. It was enough for them that their rivals, the Culdees, put forward a candidate of their own. When the election took place in November, 1297, Wallace was in the height of his prestige. It was but two months before that he had won his greatest victory, over Warrene, Earl of Surrey, and Treasurer Cressingham, at the Bridge of Stirling. Strange it seems to find the Augustinian monks, who were comparatively a recent importation into Scotland, having been first brought to Scone in 1114, and thence to St. Andrews in 1140, siding with William Wallace and the patriotic cause; while the old Culdees, the native clergy, are supported by Edward, the invader of their country. Each party clung to its nominee, and the result was a disputed election. To the Pope, as the umpire in all ecclesiastical causes, the dispute was referred. Comyn travelled to Rome to plead his own cause. But the Pope, Boniface VIII., after hearing his claims, decided in favour of Lamberton, the choice of the Augustinians. For the Culdees, with their ancient and lax usages, and their freedom from papal interference, had never found favour at Rome. They never afterwards recovered from this defeat. They never again tried to rival the canons regular of the priory in the election of a bishop. Their monastery, indeed, continued to survive in Kirkheugh, but ever dwindling more and more, till extinguished by the Reformation.

The elect Bishop Lamberton received consecration from the hands of the Pope on the 1st June, 1298; but before he returned to Scotland the tide of fortune had turned. The English defeat at Stirling in September, 1297, had been avenged by the great victory of Falkirk in July, 1298. Broken by this disaster, and harassed besides by the jealousies of the Comyns and the Bruces against him, Wallace resigned his guardianship, and returned once more to the station of a private knight. While Wallace had been in power he had expelled from the kingdom all the English clergy, regular and beneficed, who had been quartered there during

Edward's supremacy. Lamberton might well expect that now, when the tables were turned, it would be Edward's turn to expel the churchmen who owed their places to Wallace. On his way through France the new primate busied himself on his country's behalf at the court of King Philip. From France he wrote to his friend and patron, exhorting him to continued resistance, promising him help from his own episcopal revenues, and encouraging him with hopes of aid from France.

But Wallace was never again in power. Henceforth he became a 'wanderer, and almost solitary adventurer.' On his resignation, the Scottish barons chose, as governors of the kingdom, John Comyn of Badenoch, and John de Soulis, and afterwards associated with these Bruce, Earl of Carrick, and William de Lamberton. This Council of Regency was to govern the country in the name of Baliol, who was still owned as lawful king. It was in the last year of the thirteenth century that the Regency entered on office. One of their first acts was to send an ambassador to Rome to beg for the intervention of the Pope in behalf of Scotland. During the short government of Wallace, Boniface VIII. had written a letter to Edward, exhorting him to live at peace with his neighbours. At the request of the Regents, he again took up the cause of Scotland more vigorously, and addressed a bull to the King of England almost in the very words which the Scotch ambassador had put into his mouth. It asserted that the kingdom of Scotland neither was nor ever had been a fief of the Crown of England; that it had belonged from ancient times, and did still belong, in full right to the Roman see. He then commanded Edward to cease from his unjust aggressions, to release the prisoners, and surrender the castles he wrongfully held; and if he thought he had any claims on any part of Scotland, to send his ambassador to Rome and plead them before the papal tribunal. This bull was written in June, 1299.

During the first two years of the fourteenth century, Edward's attempts against Scotland were much slackened, probably owing to the interference with the Pope and the pending negotiations with France; but in the third (1302), when his commander, Segrave, had sustained a severe defeat at Roslin, by Simon Fraser and Comyn the guardian, Edward arose with all his might, swept Scotland clean from Tweed to Caith-

ness, wintered in Dunfermline till Candlemas, thence marched to St. Andrews. There he 'held his court in the regality of St. Andrews,' and summoned thither a parliament of all the chief men of the kingdom. These all made their submission to the English king, swore fealty, and received an amnesty, from which only a few names were, to their honour, excepted, such as Wishart, Bishop of Glasgow, and William Wallace. Among those who swore fealty was Bishop Lamberton. He must have done so at this time with a special grudge, for he saw before his eyes the English soldiers, by the orders of their king, strip the priory refectory of its lead, and bear it away to supply the engines with which the English assailed Stirling after the Easter of 1304.

After this second conquest of Scotland (1303-4), when Edward set about the annexation of the country, he set over it a lieutenant or governor, with a council who should advise him as to the executive government. Of this council Lamberton was one; and when the king went on to arrange for the representation of Scotland in the parliament at Westminster, there were to be ten Scottish deputies—six laymen and four churchmen. Foremost among the churchmen was the name of Lamberton, so entirely had the versatile prelate recovered the confidence of the English king.

It was in the spring of 1304 that Lamberton swore fealty to Edward, yet on the 11th June of the same year, at the feast of St. Barnabas, we find him meeting with Robert Bruce, the young Earl of Carrick, in the abbey of Cambuskenneth, and entering into a secret indenture or treaty of friendship, by which they solemnly bind themselves to assist each other against all persons whomsoever, and to undertake no business of moment unless by mutual advice. It is the earliest existing specimen of a kind of document afterwards too well known in Scotland, and its issues were momentous.

It was not long before the bishop's fidelity to the indenture was put to the proof. Some rumour of it soon reached the ears of Edward. He took the young Earl of Carrick angrily to task about it; and the same day, when heated with wine, dropped dark words of menace against him. A friend who had heard them, the Earl of Gloucester, sent Bruce a symbolical warning—a pair of spurs and a sum of money. Bruce took the hint, and by next dawn was riding in haste through the snow towards the Border. This bond, therefore, was the immediate cause of that flight which

brought Bruce face to face with Comyn in the Church of the Grey Friars at Dumfries. It was in June, 1304, that the solemn compact had been sworn to in Cambuskenneth Abbey. It was on the 10th February, 1306, that, at the high altar of the Church of the Minorities, Comyn fell by the 'dagger of Bruce.' In that crisis of his own and his country's destiny, the friends of Bruce were few, but none were more staunch than the native churchmen who had taken the patriotic side. Lamberton was one of the first to whom the rebel earl turned in his extremity. Besides the authority of the indenture, and common love of the patriotic cause, other motives may be conceived to have bound Bruce and Lamberton to each other. Bruce knew well the immense aid his cause might receive from the Church. The abbey could furnish from their own lands about a third of all the fighting men of the kingdom. Besides this material succour, the clergy could intercede daily for him, and invoke Heaven's blessing on his cause. They could rouse the people by enforcing the belief that the divine favour was with him; and preaching, as David, Bishop of Moray, is said to have preached to the men of his diocese, that it was as meritorious to take arms in the cause of Bruce as to join in a crusade against the Saracens. Lamberton and the other Scottish churchmen, on their part, knew that by ranging themselves on the patriotic side they were protecting their own interests as well as their Church's independence, for that the King of England would fain remove them, and fill their places with English clerics on whom he could more rely.

Barbour, in his historic poem, 'The Story of the Brus,' which is on the whole the fullest record extant of the king's life, tells that as soon as the deed was done in the church of the Grey Friars, Bruce

'Gert men with letters rife,
To frendis upon ilk side.'

And a letter was sent to the Bishop of St. Andrews, amongst others, in which he 'told him all the ded.' When that letter was received and read by Lamberton in the old Castle, or it may have been in the priory of St. Andrews, a scene then and there took place, on which I do not dwell now, as I shall return to it in the immediate sequel. In this tremendous crisis the friendship of Lamberton stood Bruce in good stead. A rebel, and a sacrilegious murderer, he had to dread not only the full vengeance of Edward,

but also all the thunders of the Vatican, which, indeed, were soon launched against him. But the countenance of the primate of the Scottish Church, backed as it was by that of other prelates, deadened the edge of the papal excommunication, and disarmed it of half its terrors. From Dumfries to Lochmaben, from Lochmaben to Glasgow, from Glasgow to Scone, Bruce passed with his slender following. At Glasgow, as lying more in his route than St. Andrews, he halted to receive absolution from another churchman friend, Bishop Wisheart. From St. Andrews Lamberton went in haste, and met Bruce and his comrades at Scone, and there bore his part along with Wisheart, his brother prelate, in that memorable coronation. In the words of Lord Hailes, 'Posterity ought to remember the chief associates of Bruce in his arduous attempt to restore the liberties of Scotland. They were William of Lamberton, Bishop of St. Andrews; Robert Wisheart, Bishop of Glasgow; the Abbot of Scone; the four brothers of Bruce, Edward, Nigel, Thomas, and Alexander; his nephew, Thomas Randolph of Strathdon; his brother-in-law, Christopher Seton of Seton; Malcolm, fifth Earl of Lennox; John of Strathbogie, tenth Earl of Athol; Sir James Douglas; Gilbert de la Haye of Errol, and his brother, Hugh de la Haye; David Barclay of Cairns, in Fife; Alexander Fraser, brother of Simon Fraser, of Oliver Castle; Walter de Somerville, of Linton and Carnwath; David, of Inchmartin; Robert Boyd; and Robert Fleming.' To these may be added, as present in spirit, though detained from actually joining in the coronation, David Moray, Bishop of Moray; Nigel Campbell, Knight of Lochowe, and brother-in-law of Bruce; and Simon Fraser, the ancestor of the family of Lovat.

The murder of Comyn took place, as we have seen, on the 10th of February; the coronation at Scone six weeks after, on the 29th of March. On the 19th of June befell the fatal battle of Methven, in which Bruce and his followers were surprised, broken and dispersed by that Aymer de Valance, Earl of Pembroke, whose grave may still be seen in the Temple Church in London, covered with a full-length effigy of dark marble, cross-legged, to mark that he was a Crusader who reposes beneath. The sequel of the battle of Methven all know; how Bruce himself, an excommunicated, outlawed, hunted man, was driven with the few followers who could still cling to him, to hide from cave to cave in the northern and western highlands, among

the mountains, first of Atholl and Deeside, then of Breadalbane and Argyll, till at last he found a refuge in the lonely island of Rachrin; how his queen, his two sisters, and his daughter Marjory were taken, carried captives across the Border, and long immured in English prisons; how of the band of barons and knights who gathered round him at Scone, many fell into the hands of the unrelenting Edward, and perished on the scaffold, hanged and quartered: his young brother Nigel, so fair of face, so winning in manners, that even his enemies lamented him; the king's brother-in-law, Christopher de Seton, and Christopher's brother Alexander; John, the Earl of Atholl, and the veteran Sir Simon Fraser. These and many more, knights and warriors, taken captive after Methven battle, perished without pity on the English scaffolds.

The churchmen, who sided with the Bruce, would no doubt have shared the same fate, had not their sacred office protected them. Bishop Lamberton and the Abbot of Scone were found, sometime after the battle, clad in mail, and were carried in fetters to England. Bishop Wisheart had laid siege to the castle of Cupar, using, it is said, for this purpose, the oak which Edward had granted him to roof his cathedral with. Having gained the castle, he shut himself up within it, and held it against Aymer de Valance. But, being forced to surrender, he was sent, fettered, in his coat of mail, first to the castle of Nottingham, then to that of Porchester. To Lamberton, also, may be applied the language which Edward II. used of Wisheart, when afterwards he was released; they both 'had exchanged the rochet for a shield, the stole for a sword, the alb for a mail-shirt, the mitre for a helmet, the crozier for a lance.' As Mr. Hill Burton says, 'None had been so versatile and indefatigable as these two great prelates, in stirring up the people; and no laymen had broken so many oaths of allegiance to Edward; yet he was content to imprison them, afraid to dip his hands in priestly blood.' Rymer's 'Fœdera' contains a lengthy document, which minutely details the treatment the two prelates are to receive, and the stages by which they are to pass to their separate prisons. Of Lamberton, it ordains that the sheriff of Southampton shall receive the Bishop of St. Andrews, the betrayer of the king, shall imprison him in the tower of Winchester Castle, and shall defray his daily expenses, which are minutely laid down.

Having got the two bishops safely immured, Edward sent a letter to Pope Clement

V., enumerating their heinous offences. Lamberton, especially, he accuses of having sworn fealty to him on the consecrated host, the Gospels, the cross Neyth, and the black rood of Scotland in 1296, while still chancellor of Glasgow; of having broken his oath and joined Wallace, who for this perjury raised him to the see of St. Andrews; of having, when Edward re-conquered Scotland in 1303-4, come voluntarily forward, again sworn allegiance, and again received from Edward the episcopal see and revenues, and the appointment to be one of his lieutenants or governors; of having once more, on the murder of Comyn, violated his oath, and joined Bruce at Scone; of having again after this submitted to Aymer de Valance; and then again sent men and money to aid Bruce at the battle of Methven. For these repeated perjuries Edward requests the pontiff to remove Lamberton from his episcopal seat, and to place there in his stead William Comyn—the same who had been supported by the Culdees and Edward's party, when Lamberton was preferred before him. At the same time he requests that Wisheart should be likewise superseded. With neither of these proposals did Pope Clement comply. And yet the two bishops had not only broken their oaths, they had also thrown the shield of their blessing over the man excommunicated by Rome.

A strange and certainly an unpleasant feature of this age it is, how lightly men, even otherwise of high character, regarded the sanctity of their oaths. Mr. Hill Burton has noted that churchmen were the readiest to break their oaths—that in this war the oaths broken by these were about a hundred per cent. more in proportion than those broken by laymen. And he accounts for it by suggesting that churchmen 'knew better than laymen how to get the burden of the offence removed; the affair was in their own way of business—they were sure of what they were about.' There may be something in this. Yet it is no sufficient explanation of what seems to us so unaccountable. There was a conflict between two duties—fidelity to an oath extorted by fear, and fidelity to their country's cause. They could not obey both claims, and they may have felt the latter to be the stronger. Still, put it how we will, it is a perplexing subject, one which we cannot understand, unless we can place ourselves in the moral atmosphere of that middle age. It is but one of many questions that make us feel how great and impassable a gulf there lies between us and the men of that time.

Without attempting farther to discuss it, I shall leave Bishop Lamberton for a time to quiet his restless spirit in the tower of Winchester Castle, and revert to that moment in his life when he received Bruce's letter from Lochmaben, telling of the death of the Red Comyn. The incident I am about to give is taken and amplified from Barbour's poem, 'half-epic, half-chronicle,' called 'The Story of the Brus.' 'Scotland,' Lord Hailes remarks, 'is fortunate in its possession of such a memorial of the great hero.' It is neither a mere dry chronicle like Wyntoun's, nor a romance like one of the Arthurian series. It has more the character of a living history or biography. Here and there Barbour has, no doubt, grouped facts together, and disregarded dates, to heighten the artistic effect. Notably so when at the outset of his book he identifies Robert Bruce, the first competitor for the crown, with his grandson, the hero of Bannockburn. But though this is a somewhat daring poetic, not to say historic, license, I am not aware that he elsewhere ventures on any other like departure from fact. He himself professes at the outset to make truth his aim,—

'Therefor I wald fane set my will,
Giff my wit might suffis that ill,
To put in writ a suthfast story,
That it lest ay furth in memory,
Sa that na tym of lenth it let,
Na gar it haly be forghet.

Now God gif gras that I may sa
Tret it and bring it till ending
That I say nocht but suthfast thing.'

His book has been accepted as historical even by the accurate and doubting Hailes. And since his time it has been the great quarry out of which the historians have dug almost all they have told of Bruce and his adventures.

Barbour belonged to the generation immediately following that of Bruce. Indeed, it is just possible that he may, in early youth, have himself seen the great king. For he appears to have been born only a few years after Bannockburn, and Bruce died in 1329. Barbour completed his metrical life of Bruce in 1375, and died an old man in 1395. Supposing him to have been eighty at the time of his death, this would make him thirteen or fourteen when the king died. From the description he gives of Randolph's appearance, it has been supposed by some, that he had himself seen the Earl of Murray, while his description of Douglas, equally or rather more minute, bears that he had carefully ascertained it from the accounts of those who had seen him:—

'His body was wele mad and lenyhe,
As tha that saw him said to me.'

And this brings me to the incident with which this paper is to close. In the beginning of his 'Story,' Barbour tells how King Edward had cast into prison Sir William Douglas, the friend of Wallace, and conferred his lands in Douglasdale on the Clifford. James, the son of Sir William, though then but a lad, taking deeply to heart the indignity done to his father and the loss of his ancestral lands, sought refuge in Paris. There he abode for three years, till tidings of his father's death reached him. Then returning home to see if he might not win back his estates and free his vassals from their bondage, he came in haste to St. Andrews. Bishop Lamberton received him courteously,—

'And clad him richt honorably
And gert ordane where he suld ly,
Ane wele gret quible thar dwellit he,
All men luvit him for his bounte,
For he was of full far efter,
Wis, curtas, deboner,
Large and lief and als was he,
And our all thing inat lawte.'

Bishop Lamberton took young James Douglas with him to Stirling, and there introduced him into the presence of King Edward, and made petition that his lands in Douglasdale might be restored. Edward rebuffed them angrily. The Bishop and his young ward returned to St. Andrews, there to bide their time. That time came when the letter from Lochmaben reached Lamberton in February, 1306, telling him that Bruce was in arms for the crown and the freedom of Scotland.

The scene here put into verse is taken in its main features from Barbour's narrative. As many of the very words, and as much of the archaic style, as possible, have been retained. A more modern diction seemed less likely to convey the real impression of the whole transaction.

THE GOOD LORD JAMES IN ST. ANDREWS.

Within his castle-hall the bishop sat,
That looks down on the sounding sea,
And a 'braid letter' he yestreen had gat,
With eager eyes-read he.

And read, and then re-read with anxious heed,
Then rising, bade his senceshal
Summon the prior and his monks with speed,
Into the castle-hall.

All met, he read aloud—swift words and brief,
'I, Robert Bruce, do greet thee well;
This day, John Comyn, Badenoch's perjured chief,
Beneath my poignard fell.

'And now I rise against King Edward's might,
This land of ours to disenslave;
The while I battle to make good the right,
Thy benison I crave.'

That bearing, from their chests a deep-drawn breath
They heaved, those churchmen, every one;
The die was cast, they felt, for life or death,
And a new act begun.

But straight with voice of cheer the bishop brok'
That pause,—'Good hope I have that soon
Shall be fulfilled the word the prophet spoke,
True Thomas of Ercildoune.

'This Earl of Carrick, of the ancient breed,
Is he, that seer foretold would come
To rule the bravest land beneath the Tweed
In all wide Christendom.'

Within that hall a stripling stood hard by,
Listening the while the bishop read,
And kindling gallant heart and flashing eye
At the brave words he said.

That was the young James Douglas—Jank and tall
Of frame he was, with coal-black hair,
Great-boned, broad-shouldered, but his look withal
Mild, sweet, and debonnaire,

Spoke him true knight and gentle—skilled in lore
He had brought home from schools of France,
To read the Troubadours, but practised more
To wield the swerd and lance;

And burning Southron foemen to assail,
Who him had disinherited
Of his own lands and castle in Douglasdale,
And there held rule instead.

Drew to the bishop's side and spake that youth,
Soon as the priests the hall had left,
'Thou knowest, sire, how without right or ruth
These English loons have reft

'Me of my house and lands; and I not doubt
The doughty Earl of Carrick, he
For yon man he hath slain will be cast out,
Made landless like to me,

'And have against him every English knave;
Wherefore, good sire, if so thou will,
I would with him King Edward's vengeance brave,
And take the good and ill,

'Till from this realm we drive our foes outright;
And so through him I trowe to win
Once more the lands my father held—despite
The Clifford and his kin.'

The bishop turned on him an aspect kind,
And answer made, with pity moved,
'Would heaven, sweet son, thou wert with him combin-
ed,
So I were unproved.

'But this way may'st thou work, and God thee speed,
In yonder stall doth idle stand
Ferrand, my palfrey,—flecter, safer steed,
Or one so well in hand,

'All Scotland holds not. Take him, and be gone,
But do it as of thine own deed;
And if men ask thee, see thou say to none
That e'er I gave this rede.

'And if the groom who tends him chance withstand,
Take thou the steed in his despite.
So shall the deed seem thine own doing, and
I shall be blameless quite.

'Now do my bidding—haste thee on thy way—
Say to the Earl of Carrick, soon
I will set forward with what speed I may
To meet with him at Scone.

'Then God thee bless, and him thou goest to,
And both from all your foes defend,
And bring the work which ye essay to do
Unto a perfect end.'

Then took the bishop from an oaken chest,
And gave large moneys for his way,
And in his own right hand the youth's hand prest,
And bade him fair good day.

Straight to the stable then young Douglas hied—
In surly wise the groom withstood,
And strove to thrust him from the door aside,
With churlish words and rude.

But with his sword-hilt Douglas to the ground
The caitiff felled, and while he lay
In swoon, the saddle on the palfrey bound,
And lightly rode away.

Forth from the precinct, through the western gate
He passed out to the open moor,
Alone, with none to guide, but steering straight
By the Lomonds on before.

To far Lochmaben Castle he was boun,
For there to find the Bruce he weened;
But long the road and wild, and tower and town
With arm'd toes intervenc'd.

Long in forced idlesse he had pined for lack
Of venture—now 'twas breath of life,
All the spring-day to thread that moorland track,
West through the How o' Fife.

Beneath the Lomond's northern base he wound,
Past Leven Loch, and reached the shore
Of Forth's deep flood, and there a boatman found
To ferry him out o'er.

Up the low Carse for high Torwood, across
The Carron Water lay his path,
Through mile on mile of weary muir and mees
Till past remote Carnwath,

Two days, two nights, nor stint, nor stay, he rode:
The third morn met him, as he clomb
The braes by Coulter Fell, that westward showed,
Hard by his ancient home,

Cairn'table soaring high o'er Douglasdale—
Him eying Douglas—'Soon we'll see,
O native hill! it we may not avail
To strike a blow for thee.'

Faster he rode the rounded summits bare,
That cradle springs of Clyde and Tweed,
There of a rout of riders he was ware,
That forward full in speed

Came on from Annan-head,—thereat perplext,
One moment Douglas drew his rein,
But one brief moment only, for the next
Onward he spurred again.

Straight by his side a knight reined up, and cried,
'Speak,—whither art thou hurrying?'
'I, Lord of Douglas, for the Bruce do ride,
As to my rightful king.'

'All hail! Sir James, all hail!' the Bruce cried
loud,
And rode to meet him; on bent knee
Down on the bare moor the young warrior bowed,
To do him fealty.

'Rise up, Sir James, rise up, remonnt thy steed,
Of old I know thy noble kind,
When Scotland called her bravest to her need,
They never were behind;

'And thou of these art worthy.' Then they twain,
Grasping strong hands through gloves of mail,
Plighted their faith where lonely Arickstane
Looks down o'er Annandale.

That spot beheld their meeting, heard their pledge,
Broad-chested warrior, tall lithe youth,
The word they plighted on that moorland edge,
They kept to the end in sooth.

'Now ride, my men, time presses,—forward, on,'
Bruce slack'd his rein, and passed with speed
Along the mountain ridge; soon all are gone,
Following their chieftain's lead.

That lay through Scone—through Methven' fatal
wood,—
Through outlawed years by land and sea,
On to the field where he a conqueror stood,
And made our Scotland free.

Through dark and bright, they travelled side by
side,
Comrade with comrade, friend with friend,
In loyal love which nothing could divide,
Unto that perfect end.

When field of Spain amid the fiery brunt
Of battle shook to that dread cry,
'Now Forward pass, brave heart! as thou wert
wont,
Douglas will follow or die.'

Moment! like which none other can succeed,
When, in one passing blink of time,
The mid-age flowered in that consummate deed
Of chivalry sublime.

O! live for ever these heroic names,
In noblest friendship intertwined,
The great King Robert and the good Lord James,
In Scotland's heart enshined.

J. C. SHAIRP.

ON THE WEST COAST :

The Record of a Highland Tour.

BY CAPTAIN WHITE, R.E., AUTHOR OF "ARCHÆOLOGICAL RESEARCHES IN SCOTLAND."

II.

THE reader will remember that the last chapter brought us on our journey as far as Applecross, on the west coast of Ross-shire. In ecclesiastical history, Applecross occupies a niche of great interest and sanctity. It was here that one who may be called the apostle of the north-west, St. Maelrubha, or

Maelruve, began his pastoral labours on the Scottish mainland in the year 673. The history of this memorable saint is of considerable interest, the more so as there is much in it to remind us of the still greater name of St. Columba. Both were originally from Ireland, both of the royal blood of King



Ruin of Strome Castle, Loch Carron, page 428.

Niall, and therefore kinsmen, both educated in similar religious establishments ; St. Maelruve in the renowned Irish monastery of Bangor.* Separated from each other by little more than a generation, both were, so to speak, mariner-missionaries on the same coasts to a pagan people. In this view "Aurcrossan"† may be regarded as a reflex of Icolmkill, Maelruve himself having been one among the many distinguished followers of the illustrious abbot of Hy. For fifty-one

years Maelrubha appears to have been head—call it abbot, prior, superior, or what you will—of the religious house he had founded on the shore of this solitary bay. Its rule and discipline, we are told, were modelled after that of Bangor, to which establishment it was, in fact, affiliated. Upwards of twenty ecclesiastical sites have been identified in Scotland as probably named after this saint, besides other localities, though, from the corruptions the name has undergone, it would be no easy matter for the unlearned to distinguish them.

Much legend, as might have been expected, hangs about the memory of St. Maelruve.

* Founded by St. Comgall in 558, a year or two only before Columba sailed for Iona. The latter, we know, passed through the ecclesiastical training schools of his time.

† The name given to Applecross in the ancient MSS. of Tighearnac, Ulster, The Four Masters, &c.

According to the breviary of Aberdeen he was slain by a band of Norse rovers, and his body exposed in the forest to be eaten of wild beasts. That Applecross did not escape the wave of Scandinavian incursion, which in the ninth century overran the monasteries of the West, overwhelming Iona, there is pretty certain evidence supplied by the unanimity of the annalists on this point. After labouring about half a century in the wilds of Ross, Maelrubha died A.D. 722, at the age of eighty, as nearly as can be ascertained. Fifteen years later a disaster happened which must have thrown a gloom over the little confraternity of Apurcrossan. It is related almost in the same words by

different Irish authorities of a very early date. Thus runs with a quaint brevity the language of the old chronicles: "Failbe Mac Guaire,* heir of Maelrubha, was drowned in the deeps of the sea with twenty-two of his crew." These old monks were, we know, trained seafarers as well as husbandmen and mechanics, often cruising to and from the neighbouring islands, and it was probably in one of these trips that the catastrophe happened.

But there are legends connected with Applecross of much later date, though still within the domain of mediæval history. There is the tale, which has two versions in the locality, of the "Sagart Ruadh," or Red Priest of Applecross, son of Rury, son of the



Eilean Donan Castle (looking up Loch Duich from the Jetty), page 425.

Green Abbot, son of the Earl of Ross, and Lord of the Isles. He is named in one account Gille Patrick O'Beollan, and must have flourished about the beginning of the fifteenth century, as his grand-daughter, Celestine "de Insulis,"[†] was heiress to the Lordship of the Isles in 1467.† As usual, two rival clans are dragged into the story. Whether wedded lawfully, unlawfully, or not at all, this Red Priest had an only daughter betrothed to a son of Mackenzie of Coul. The girl was attractive, it would seem, for many lairds had an eye to her, among others Mackenzie of

Gairloch, who, probably being of opinion it was his only chance, made an attempt to abduct her. Coming round by sea, he landed his galley by night below the church, and while he remained on board, with one companion, the rest of his band visited the priest's house. But the "sagart ruadh," having been forewarned, was prepared for them. The Gairloch men were invited in to meat, and while they were engaged at their meal, a body of his own people fell upon them, slew every man, and then rushed down upon the galley, finishing the Laird of

* The ancient title of the Macdonald chiefs.

† Reeves.

* Here we have, perhaps, the modern surname McQuarry, or Maguire.

Gairloch himself and his remaining clansman. This clean sweep of the strangers over, the appeased priest gave all the slain burial in Applecross. The Laird of Gairloch being out of the way, and the Mackenzies disgraced, a Macdonald next seized the opportunity to address the lady and was accepted. This so enraged the followers of the house of Coul that they rose in force, vanquished the Macdonald suitor, and demanded the ratification of the lady's original pledge to their chief, which was conceded;—and thus passed over to the clan Chenzie the lands of Applecross.

The other version of the story is more tragic still. The Red Priest was wedded to a Mackenzie, and by her had a son called Duncan, whom his mother hated. This unnatural woman incited her people to kill Duncan, but they refused to carry out her wishes as long as he remained on their ground. It came about, however, on a day when three of them were with him, that he chanced to reach a certain point on the Applecross marches, and overstepped the boundary. Directly he was across, the men fell on him with their dirks, and the unfortunate Duncan was slain on the spot. The site of this supposed murder is locally known as "Feithean-t-sagairt," or the priest's bog. Duncan had a son whose descendants are said to have come down to the present day on the Applecross property; and other families, the reputed issue of the Red Priest, are located at Torridon, and regarded in the district in a sort of traditional way as the rightful heirs to the estate.*

Applecross, as its Gaelic name "Comaraich" implies, had the privilege of sanctuary, which is said to have extended six miles round the monastery, and the monkish chronicles record several instances of the divine vengeance being visited on those who violated it. The modern name of the place is simply the anglicised form of its ancient designation, viz., "apur," or "aber" (mouth of a river), and "crossan," which would seem to have been by a coincidence the early name of the stream flowing through the glen, and not connected with "crois" (cross). It being so named, however, what could be expected but that the popular mind should have associated this monastery in some way with the holy cross and apples? Accordingly, we find a tradition, probably of quite modern growth, that every apple on a certain tree in

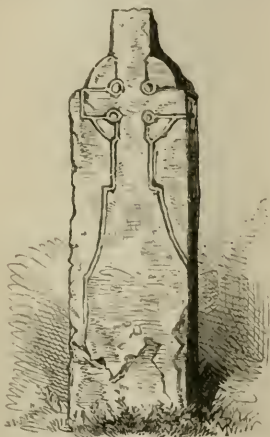
the monks' orchard had a cross marked on it. To this belief, so the tale goes, effect was ingeniously given in later times by an astute priest, who took care each season to mark all the apples on their first appearance in the tree, so that when the fruit was grown to maturity, it had every appearance of being stamped with the sign of the cross in a perfectly natural yet miraculous manner.

And now as to the substantial relics remaining in this interesting place, which, it must be confessed, are but scanty.

First of all, there is a spot just above where the saint is believed to have first landed when driven ashore, which is marked by four trees planted in a square. Near this again is a spring, which, through the medium of the hallowed associations of the place, has become a "holy well." A rude slab, ten feet high, with a pretty incised pattern of cross sculptured on it, similar to what we find in Ireland, Iona, and other religious sites in the west, stands by the present parish church. The probabilities are that this stone is of much higher antiquity than the general run of the more richly traced mediæval crosses elsewhere. I ascertained there had been several other sculptured crosses in the neighbourhood, till they fell victims, one after another, to the iconoclastic furor of certain ultra-Protestants, to whom we may pretty safely credit the tale about the priest's manipulation of the apples. There must have been, besides, from all accounts, many of those beautiful and richly chased tombstones so abundant even now in Western Scotland,—twin-sisters, one may call them, to the crosses. Of these a large proportion are said to have been appropriated to build the mansion-house of Applecross; and none, at all events, are now to be seen, which, considering the great sanctity of the place, is certainly a curious circumstance. The parish minister believes there are two or three covered over near the church, which, it is to be hoped, may be unearthed some of these days. It seems a monstrous thing that such precious relics should have had so little care taken of them. The present parish church is not on the site of the ancient one, which is generally thought to have been where the four trees stand. Neither the trees, however, nor the ruins of the tiny building within the square can be very old, though the tradition of extreme antiquity attaches itself to everything in the shape of a relic about the place. A proof of the veneration in which the old burial-ground is held is given in the fact that the dead are brought

* Dr. Reeves, the eminent Irish archaeologist, has given an exhaustive paper on the subject to the Soc. Antiq. Scot., vol. iii., 1861.

immense distances to be buried here, our rough ten miles' walk of yesterday being one of the passes by which funeral processions reach the glen from Gairloch and Torridon way. How a bier could be got over such ground is a mystery. I must not omit mention of the traditional grave of St. Maclrubha himself marked out in a corner of the churchyard by two little headstones with no pretensions to antiquity. Also of the fragment of a scooped-out stone, in an adjoining field, which was no doubt the font of a church, and may be many centuries old.



The Ancient Cross at Applecross.

The basin is about twelve inches diameter and six deep, precisely like similar relics to be met with in "kils," or religious cells elsewhere.

Lastly, such names in the immediate vicinity as "Saint's Island," "Priest's Loch," and a little lake called "Maree,"² which at once connects the larger one of the same name with St. Maclruve's memory, are so many links in the past history of Applecross, a history which stretches back over twelve centuries of the Christian era.

Leaving this interesting place, where I may just remark there is a decent-looking little inn—which the kind hospitality we met with elsewhere gave us no opportunity of testing beyond a glass of beer and some capital "scones"—we walked on to Loch Kishorn; and well worth a walk the road is.

I think I remember seeing a glowing description of it in one of the guide-books, so I shall say no more than that there can hardly be a bit of road more beautiful in its way than this. For it rises from the sea in one continuous steep ascent to the summit of a very high watershed, commanding, on a clear day, a view of immense extent, with Skye as the keynote or engrossing object, where the eye is pretty sure to begin and pretty sure to end. The distance from Applecross to Kishorn is about fourteen miles, and once over the hill the road begins to wind in a succession of sharp zigzags till you reach the bottom of the pass on that side. It then skirts the shore of Loch Kishorn, crossing the outlets of one or two fine glens, each of which, were there time, would be well worth penetrating. The south shore of the loch is richly wooded, and bursts into view with peculiar effect in descending the rugged pass just spoken of. At low water, there is said to be a short cut across this estuary, saving two miles or more of a round by the head of the loch; but though something like a track of stepping-stones was visible, there were too many gaps in it and too much water for us to attempt it; so we had to take the bridge. At this bridge we met the direct road from Shieldaig, already mentioned as being a very picturesque line of country. The valley here, by the way, forms the boundary between the Cambrian sandstone and the quartzose flags of the great Silurian series of rocks, which in one of its divisions, the metamorphic schists, covers so large an area of Scotland. This boundary-line runs nearly straight, about north-north-easterly, to Loch Eribol in Sutherland, touching in its course the eastern end of Loch Maree. At the bridge, our road takes a sharp turn round the head of the loch, and about five miles further on the clachan or village of Kishorn is reached, a little off the high road to Jeantown. There was but small store of English in the village, when we came to ask our way, but enough to pilot us to Strome Ferry. After leaving it, on arrival at the top of the next hill, be sure you don't take the right-hand and broader path at a point where two tracks fork. My fellow-traveller, who was led into this snare, having gone on in front, had a pretty dance before he got out of it. The path I was fortunate enough to select, namely, the left-hand one, is a very rough stony one, dropping down upon the Skye mail-road, between Strome and Jeantown. For the reader's information, the sketch-map and explanatory itinerary-note, showing rela-

* Keeves.

tive time and distance required for the trip, may be usefully consulted.

We are now fairly abreast of Skye, the grandest of the Scottish islands; and through the country to be travelled for some days to come, we shall get to learn its outlines by heart. The Cuchullin mountain range massed about Loch Coruisk is, I suppose, quite unique in Britain, its volcanic peaks, from their needle-pointed appearance, resembling more nearly foreign scenery than anything else in this country. Those who saw and remember the two beautiful pictures of this loch exhibited one or two seasons ago in London, can judge for themselves.

It was getting towards evening when I struck the coach road again on Loch Carron shore, the same road, it will be remembered, that we branched off at Ach-na-Sheen. The intervening two or three miles is a prettily wooded drive along the loch side till you arrive at Strome, where the mails and ferry passengers had to leave the coach, and ferry across to the southern side of the estuary. Here I rejoined my friend after his *détour*.

But what is that grey old ruin on the shore of Loch Carron, slanting such long shadows across the green turf, its walls flecked with gold this lovely evening, when "the western wave is all aflame"? Ourselves and traps safe in this great barge of a ferry-boat, we can get a leisurely look at it. This is the remnant of the ancient castle of Strome, once possessed by the Macdonalds of Loch Alsh, a powerful branch of the great family, "de Insulis," which to the earldom of Ross united the lordship of the Isles. The castle was many times besieged, and brought under different masters; and a familiar roll of Scottish names is bound up in its history. In the fifteenth century, Ewin Alanson of Lochiel, captain of the clan Cameron,* was keeper of the castle by virtue of his marriage with the house of Loch Alsh. A little later, a rebellion of the clans brought down Gordon, Earl of Huntly, who, with the help, it is supposed, of some royal transports bearing ordnance and ammunition, succeeded in capturing the place, along with the castle of Eilean Donan in Loch Duich, which we shall have more to say about presently. Again, in 1517, appears Argyle, with a mission of fire and sword against the unfortunate islanders, and bearing orders from the king to capture the rebel, Sir Donald of Loch Alsh, with his castle of Strome, if possible. Towards the close of the century,

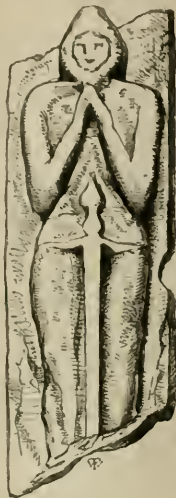
enters into possession the chief of Glengarry, but he, after a short time, is ousted by the Mackenzies, with the loss of most of his followers. After a brief occupation of the fortress, the clan Kenzie, in their turn, are handed out by another Earl of Argyle. And so the ball goes round till the disaster of 1602, which befell the marauding Macdonalds in one of their periodical visits to Loch Carron. On this occasion the young chief of Glengarry was upset, with a galleyful of his men, in the Sound of Kyleakin, and he himself slain on reaching the shore. The remaining Macdonalds escaped, and turned the tables by lying in wait for the chief of the Mackenzies, who was on his way home from the island of Mull. But Mackenzie, eluding them by a stratagem, got safe into Loch Carron, and, as Strome still held a garrison of the clan Ranald, he determined to attack it. The castle surrendered, and its walls were blown up by Mackenzie, that it might never again shelter a hostile force. And this mouldering old skeleton of four walls is all that remains of a fortress which in ancient times was considered, as Huntly put it to King James IV., "rycht necessar for the danting of the Ilis," and was one of the keys to the possession of the Western Highlands.

The situation of the castle, I may remark, was singularly well chosen for observation, occupying, as it does, a small scarp'd promontory facing down the loch.

After crossing Strome ferry, we exchanged the coach for an open and not over comfortable vehicle, which reached Balmacarra about nine in the evening. In favourable weather and by daylight the views of the Kishorn and Loch Duich hills are wonderfully fine from this bit of road. The inn at Balmacarra is, of course, the natural halting-place, unless you are pushing on post-haste to Portree, the "capital" of Skye. Next morning, if you care for those quaint old castles, every one of which, like Strome, is sure to have its history of battle, weird and woe, there is Caisteal Maoil (castle of the mull or promontory) over the way at Kyleakin:—a lovely sketch, looking at it from the Skye side, backed by the Loch Alsh hills. Or, it is only a few minutes' walk to the old churchyard of the parish, where you will find a full-length effigy carved in stone of a warrior in armour, probably one of the ancient lords of Loch Alsh. This graveyard, like too many in the Highlands, is in a discreditable state, graves tumbling in in all directions, and no attempt to rescue what is ancient and his-

* Ancestor of Donald Cameron, chief of the clan in the '45, the "Lochiel" of Campbell's ballad.

torical from ruin. I found what was evidently a fragment of the old font of the church doing duty as a common headstone; and the effigy itself, which was broken in two,



Fragment of Stone Effigy, Loch Alsh.

has been apparently placed where it is, without reference to its value, as a covering slab for some modern grave.

There is another ecclesiastical site not far off, also used, until lately, as a burying-ground, which is supposed to be of great antiquity. Here another of the primitive Irish saints, St. Congan, is traditionally said to have migrated from Ireland with his sister Kentigerna and her three sons, with seven other clerks, for the purposes of a solitary and ascetic life. On his death a church was built by his nephew St. Felan, or Fillan, in his honour, and till the beginning of the sixteenth century the name of St. Congan continued to be venerated by the people of the Loch Alsh district.* This veneration was certainly not extended to the saint's successors of the Reformed Church in the last century, during the first half of which they had a hard time of it. For we learn from the records of the Loch Carron Presbytery how that reverend body at one of its meetings in the year 1724 was *rabbled*, that

is the term used, by the barbarous people who, it was clear, were no greater friends to the Kirk than to King George. Again, in 1731, we find the parish minister memorialising his Presbytery to be translated to another charge on the ground that his life was in danger. And, as showing the utter hopelessness of his ministrations among these heathen "sans-culottes," he adduces the startling fact that his congregation only mustered one family.

At Balmacarra, the route we chose leaves that of the traveller to Skye, and striking up Loch Duich, proceeds through Glen Shiel to Clunie, and thence gets round to the sea-coast again by way of Torridon and Glen Quoich. This enables you to see what the tourist misses going by the Skye and Dingwall route:—the magnificent scenery of Loch Duich, of all Scottish lakes, salt or fresh, perhaps the most picturesque in the grouping of its mountain forms. Leaving Balmacarra inn, a five-mile walk brings you to the ferry opposite Eilean Donan Castle, already mentioned, which is at the junction of two sea-lochs, Duich and Long. That prettily situated and, for such a place, rather extensive-looking building on the other side of Loch Long is the Roman Catholic establishment of Dornie, built by the late Duchess of Leeds. Which reminds us we are in a district of Scotland, where musters a pretty strong gathering of the ancient faith, though not to the extent to be hereafter spoken of. And while we stop an hour or two to sketch this perfect picture of an old castle, Eilean Donan, you may like to hear something of its history.

In the first place it was the head-quarters of the Mackenzies of Kintail, the old Seaforth family. And an important fortress it must have been, when, as we have seen, it was thought worth while for Huntly to seize it, along with the castle of Stromie, during the operations of the northern division of the royal forces in 1505. Thirty-four years later Eilean Donan was the scene of one of those characteristic raids which was so constantly desolating the beautiful glens of the Scottish Highlands, setting clan against clan, often brother against brother, and placing life and property at the mercy of the best-handled sword or the swiftest-sailing galley. Donald of Sleat, called Gorme,[†] claimant to the Lordship of the Isles, after ravaging the Loch Marce district of the clan Kenzie's country, suddenly appeared before Eilean Donan, when a very slender garrison was within its

* See Dr. Stuart's (Proc. Soc. Antiq. Scot., vol. vi.) art. on "Church at Iurriff," or "Kalendars of Scottish Saints," by the Bishop of Brechin.

† *i.e.* the blue-eyed.

walls. The Lord of Kintail was absent, and Donald of the blue-eyes, thinking to fall upon the handful of men left in charge, and utterly annihilate them, was pressing eagerly forward under the castle wall, when an arrow struck him in the foot. Instantly the fiery chief tore out the arrow, barb and all, lacerating an artery in so doing. Bleeding, he was borne out of shot range to a pretty green spot where a rough hut was extemporised, and there he died. The spot is still called "Larach Tigh mhic Dhonnnull" (the site of McDonald's house*).

Never were the feuds of family sown more broadcast through the kingdom of Scotland than at this time, the first half of the sixteenth century. The waves of dissension and bloodshed, which were breaking wildly over the lowlands round the unhappy Queen of Scots, reached to the districts of the dirk and tartan, and, like the influence of a distant ocean-swell upon an already agitated local tideway, only added to the strife and turmoil elements which had never known what it was to be at peace. Among others the Macleods or clan Leod, originally a powerful and independent house possessing the large district of Glenelg, part of Skye, and Harris, were brought at this period, through the then representative of their chieftains, into connection with the history of Eilean Donan. This time it is the figure of a woman in the foreground, surrounded like her royal mistress, though in a lesser degree, by a cluster of fierce lords, fighting among themselves as to who should obtain possession of her.

At her father's death Mary Macleod became the wealthy heiress of an immense territory, and was thus placed, as to wardship and marriage, in the disposal of the Crown, very much as might a clerical benefice, or fat sinecure office, in the present day. She was one of the Queen of Scots' maids of honour,

* Gregory's Hist. Or "Larache tigh," which would be "the house of Macdonald's battle-field," a better translation, I think.

possibly one of the four Maries of ballad and tradition :—

"Last night the Queen had four Maries,
To-night she'll have but three;
There was Mary Beton
And Mary Seton,
And Mary Carmichael and me."

The un-named "me" is generally held to have been Mary Fleming; but one historian, at least, gives the heiress of Macleod a place among the Queen's Maries.* Mary Macleod's wardship had, during the Earl of Arran's regency, first been granted to Huntly; but as this noble did not conduct his invasion of the Highlands in 1554 to the satisfaction of the Queen Regent, he was obliged to resign his charge, after a vain attempt to hand her over to the Earl of Argyile. She was next entrusted to Macdonald of Isla, but afterwards, for some reason or other, got out of his custody into the hands of Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail, and, one may fancy, must have looked out many a time upon the lovely scenery of Loch Duich from those narrow windows, now choked up with ivy. Mackenzie, we are told, declining to return his fair prize to Macdonald, was at length compelled to deliver her up to the Queen of Scots, and thus the heiress of Macleod became a member of the royal household, remaining so for some years.

A few years later (1569) we find the chief of Eilean Donan brought to an adjustment of the feuds outstanding with his old enemy, Macdonald of Sleat, son of the Donald Gorme already spoken of, through the mediation of him whom the first of modern historians has called "one of the best and greatest men that ever lived," James Stuart, Earl of Murray. The very next year the Earl met his death at the hands of Bothwellhaugh. And so, in an indirect sort of way, while we look at these crumbling old walls, there flashes across us a gleam of history from a distance, with a savour of royal blood about it, behind which there was yet more, and yet royaller to come.

* Gregory, Hist. Highlands.

SONGS FOR CHILDREN.

I.—HOW THE ROBINS SANG.

THE road was long and dreary, and my heart was sore opprest,
Yet ever must I hasten on, nor pause for any rest;
For many miles I had to go, and short the autumn day,
But merrily the robins sang to cheer me on the way.

No sunshine lay upon the hills or fields as I passed by,
And pitchy black the pine-tops showed against the dull grey sky,
And darkness stretched before me, and darkness lay behind,
But evermore the robins sang to cheer my fainting mind.

No other birds were singing in the woods or wayside trees ;
The wind surged in the branches with the sound of troubled seas ;

So lone was I, so weary, my heart was fain to break,
But blithely sang the robins as it seemed for my sad sake.

Oh ! richer strains by far I've heard on many a summer day,

When sun-shine filled the flowery land, and my heart was light and gay,

But nevermore can note of bird be half so sweet or dear,

As those sweet songs the robins sang to keep me from despair.

II.—THE THREE DAISIES.

The First.

One daisy blossomed in the lane,
Beside a cottage-door ;
The first that little town-bred Jane
Had ever seen before.

She laughed and carolled with delight,—
She was just three years old !—
And toddled round the wondrous sight,
The silver and the gold !

She saw her mother come that way,
And shouted in her glee ;
" Oh ! mother, what will father say
When he comes home to see !

" Did some one bring it in my sleep ?
Or did it come alone ?
And will you give it me to keep,
My very, very own ? "

The city child, not many days
Transported to the world,
Stooped down to kiss the silver rays,
And then the cushioned gold.

" God sends the flowers," the mother said,
" A joy for you and me,
To whom you pray for daily bread,
Kneeling beside my knee. "

And ever since the little maid,
In all her prayers and praises,
At home or church has always said,
" Thank God for all the daisies ! "

The Second.

The daisy blossomed slow and fair,
Within the convent walls ;
Where all day long the voice of prayer
Alternate soars and falls.

It blossomed 'neath the sisters' hands,
Whose faces, sweet and mild,
Were most like hers who meekly stands,
Holding the Holy Child.

They only paused to eat and pray,
For time was speeding on ;
And they had said by Easter-day,
The banner should be done.

Oh ! good it was to see how dear
The sacred task became,
For every stitch was added there
For love of Jesu's name.

And sweet it was to hear them talk
Of God and holy things ;
Of saints that now in glory walk ;
Of angels with bright wings :

They seemed the blessed ones to see,
Who dwell in peace above ;
To hear from far this jubilee
Of gratitude and love :

And fair it was to watch each flower
Grow into fadeless bloom,
Destined to be the Church's dower
For centuries to come !

There bloomed in silk of richest hue,
And thread of finest gold,
Petals unstained by earthly dew,
Buds that could ne'er unfold.

The glorious lily blossomed there,
The heart's-ease and the rose,
And many a flower depicted fair
That in the woodland grows.

And in the midst, with aspect mild,
The blessed Virgin stands,
Upon her knees the Holy Child,
A daisy in his hands.

Ah ! with what joy on Easter-day
The people flocked to see,
And many a worldling stopped to say
A prayer upon his knee.

Their thoughts flew back to childish days,
And daisies plucked of yore ;
They sorrowed for their careless ways,
And vowed to sin no more !

The Third.

One daisy wrought in jewels rare
Was sent across the sea ;
And young the bride and very fair
Whose gift it was to be.

Her home was in an Indian isle,
Where snow is never seen,
Which basked in summer's endless smile
Perpetual gold and green.

England to her was but a name,
A vision dim and pale,
And yet she loved it all the same,
And gloried in its tale.

And soon the place was filled with glee,
For little ones had come,
Who loved to gather round her knee
And hear her talk of " Home. "

They saw the daisy on her breast,
Its pearls and emeralds glow ;
It was the flower they loved the best
Though none had seen it grow.

They talked of English woods in spring,
 And thought how good 't would be
 To hear the little robins sing,
 And roam the flowery lea !

And every night the children's prayer
 Is that their lives may prove
 Worthy the English name they bear,
 The daisied land they love.

III.—THE ALIEN BOY.

He could not tell them whence he came,
 None knew his parentage or name,
 And yet they loved him all the same,
 The alien boy !

One night when waves were running high,
 And black as jet the wintry sky,
 The coastguard heard a fearful cry
 Of drowning men :

The life-boats by the harbour wait,
 They put to sea ; alas ! too late.
 Thy gallant ship has met her fate,
 Poor alien boy !

And all the crew were drowned but he :
 The sailors wept his plight to see ;
 A woman took him on her knee,
 And soothed his pain.

Quite young he was, scarce five years old,
 With bright blue eyes and locks of gold,
 And tender limbs that shook with cold,
 The alien boy.

And when at last the weary child,
 Soothed by her singing, slept and smiled,
 She prayed beside him sad and mild,
 And kisses gave.

Just such a boy had been her own,
 Who in his father's boat went down
 In sight of home : she saw them drown,
 But none could save !

And many a year had passed away,
 It seemed it was but yesterday,
 Her little son beside her lay,
 Her fisher-boy !

Oh ! very calm they looked in rest,
 Their hands crossed meekly on the breast,
 As if such slumber pleased them best,
 Father and boy.

And often would her fancy paint
 The pair, removed from earthly taint,
 In heaven, with martyr and with saint,
 In solemn joy.

But oftener still before her eyes
 The image of her boy would rise,
 Before God took him to the skies,
 Her fisher-boy.

She saw him shouting in his glee,—
 No other boy so wild as he,
 So daring on the stormy sea,
 So bold and brave.

And though she prayed that God would take
 Her grief away for Jesu's sake,
 She wept as if her heart would break
 Beside his grave !

She said, " Oh ! sure God saved for me
 This orphan from the stormy sea,
 Another little son to be,
 My fisher-boy ! "

She nurtured him with tenderest care,
 She loved him without stint or spare,
 And as a son he loved her dear,
 The alien boy !

Too young he was to crave or miss
 His father's smile, his mother's kiss ;
 He knew no other love but this,
 The alien boy.

IV.—A FOUNDLING'S PRAYER.

Lord, what am I that I for love should plead ?
 Could any love of earthly parents be
 So long-enduring as Thy love for me,
 So high above my merit or my need ?

Lord, what am I that I for joy should ask ?
 Is not Thy service greatest joy of all ?
 Do not Thy blessings with like fulness fall
 On lowliest as well as loftiest task ?

Lord, what am I that I should pray for grace ?
 Am I not far beyond my worth endowed ?
 Ought not each child of thine be humbly proud,
 And stand erect and glory in his place ?

Lord, what am I that I for strength should pray ?
 The portion thou hast given, I abuse ;
 Could I but learn my little strength to use,
 Surely my life would praise Thee every day !

Lord, what am I that I should pray for peace,
 When angry passions war within my breast ?
 Do they not serve the cause of tumult best
 Who let their discontent and pride increase ?

Lord, what am I that I should pardon crave
 Whilst I forgive not those who used me ill ?
 We go on sinning, yet Thou lovest still ;
 Thy love and pardon reach beyond the grave.

Lord, what am I that I should bend the knee
 In aught but resignation to my lot ?
 Has not Thy wisdom nicely measured out
 What share of good was best designed for me ?

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.





A SIGH IN THE NIGHT.

MY MOTHER AND I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XIII.



SLEEPING for sorrow." Some people know what that is, especially when they are young; they know, also, how terrible is the waking.

About midnight,

I had thrown myself on the bed in my clothes. Just before dawn, a twittering swallow outside woke me, shivering with cold, wondering where I was, and why I was still dressed. Then the whole truth poured upon me like a flood.

After a while, I gathered strength and confidence enough to get up and listen. All was quiet in the next room, dead quiet. Even the faint, slow stirring of the fire, the last sound I had caught before falling asleep, had ceased. Who was there? What was happening?

I opened my door noiselessly—the other door stood ajar, so that I could look in. Everything was half-dark; the fire had dropped into red embers; the nurse sat beside it, asleep in her chair. The bed I could not see, but I heard from it faint breathing, and now and then a slight moan.

Oh, my mother! my mother!

She was saying her prayers—all alone, in the middle of the night, with not a creature to love her or comfort her;—sick, dying, perhaps—dying without one sight of me. She was saying to herself the words which, she once told me, had been her consolation her whole life through—"Our Father," and "Thy will be done."

My heart felt like to burst. But the self-

control which she had tried vainly to teach me, until God taught me in a different way, stood me in good stead now. Hiding behind the door, I succeeded in keeping myself perfectly quiet.

By-and-by she called feebly for "some water to drink," but getting no answer, turned over again with a patient sigh.

What should I do?—wake the nurse, or go to my mother myself—I who had been so cruelly shut out from her? But what if, as they said, I did her harm? I had had no experience whatever of sickness or sick-nursing. Suppose at the mere sight of me she should get startled, excited? And then I remembered, almost with relief, that she could not see me. The small-pox had, as often happens, for the time being made her totally blind.

She called again upon the stupid, sleeping nurse—well, poor woman, she had not been to bed for eight nights!—and called in vain. Then I determined to risk it. Stepping stealthily forward, I came beside the bed, and looked at my darling mother. Oh, what a sight!

Once I heard a poor lady say, threatened with heart-complaint, "Thank God, it is a clean disease to die of!" and the horror of so many of those illnesses which we have to fight with and suffer from, is, that they are just the contrary—so terribly painful both to the sick and those about them. Small-pox is one of these.

My mother had it in a comparatively mild form; that is, the eruption had not extended beyond the face and head. Yet there she lay—she, once so sweet and pure that kissing her was, I sometimes said, like kissing a bunch of violets,—one mass of unpleasantness, soreness, and pain.

Wearily she moved her head from side to side, evidently not knowing where to lay it for ease, talking to herself between whiles in a helpless, patient way, "Oh, the long, long night!—Oh, I wish it was morning!—Nurse, nurse! isn't there anybody to give me a drink of water?"

Then, I hesitated no more. Ignorant as I was, and half-stupid with misery besides, I managed to lift her up in the bed, and hold the glass to her lips with a perfectly steady hand, afterwards re-arranging her pillows, and making her, she said, "so comfortable." This I did not once, but several times. Yet

she never found me out. She said, "Thank you, nurse," and seemed a little surprised at not being answered; but that was all. Sickness was too heavy upon her to take much notice of anything. And then the nursing she had had was mere mechanical doing of what was necessary, not caressingly, not what a daughter's would have been. Poor darling! as she lay back again in her patient darkness, not seeming even to expect anything—not one soothing word or touch—her poor hands folded themselves in the same meek resignation.

"Pray go to your bed, nurse. I will try to go to sleep again."

I kept silence. It was for her sake, and I did it; but it was one of the hardest things I ever had to do in all my life. Until morning I sat beside my mother, she utterly unconscious of my presence, and I thinking of nothing and nobody but her.

Yes; it was so. The sight of her poor face blotted out entirely every other face—even his. This was the real life—the dream-life was gone. As I sat there, quite quiet now, not even crying silently, as at first I had done, all I said to myself was that vow which another girl made, not to her own mother, only her mother-in-law, "God do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

I think I could have restrained myself, and managed so cleverly that for hours my mother might never have found me out, had not Mrs. Golding suddenly entered the room with a flash of daylight, waking up the nurse, and coming face to face with me as I sat, keeping watch in her stead.

"Bless my soul, you here? Go away directly."

I said in a whisper, but with a resolution she could not mistake, "I shall not go away. I have been here half the night. No one shall nurse my mother but me."

Sick people often take things much more quietly than we expect. All things come alike to them; they are surprised at nothing. My mother only said—

"Mrs. Golding, who is it that you want to send away? Who says she has been sitting with me half the night? Was it my child?"

"Yes, mother darling, and you'll let me stay? I'll be such a good nurse—and, I'll never go to sleep at all."

She laughed, a little, low, contented laugh, and put out her hand; then suddenly seemed to recollect herself, and drew it back.

"You ought not to have come—I told you not to come."

"It is too late now, for I have been here, as I said, half the night; and didn't I make you comfortable?"

"Oh, so comfortable! Oh, how glad I am to have my child!"

This was all she said, or I. People do not talk much under such circumstances. Even Mrs. Golding forbore to blame or scold, but stood with the tea-cup in her hand until a large tear dropped into it. Then she gave it up to me, and disappeared.

The nurse followed her, a little vexed perhaps; but they both recovered themselves in time, and allowed me to take my place beside my mother without much opposition. Truly I was, as they said, "a young, ignorant, helpless thing," but they saw I tried to do my best, and it was my right to do it.

So I did it, making a few mistakes, no doubt, out of utter inexperience; but out of carelessness, never. My whole mind was set upon one thing—how I could best take care of my mother. Of those words which, when uttered, had shot through me with such a sense of joy, "Take care of yourself," I never once thought again, or of him who had said them. For the first time in my life, I learnt the utter absorption of a sick room—how everything seems to centre within its four narrow walls, and everything in the world without seems to fade away and grow dim in the distance. No fear of my forgetting my mother now.

It was very painful sick-nursing, the most painful I think I ever knew, and I have known much in my life-time. The mere physical occupation of it put out every other thought, leaving no single minute for either hopes or fears. To keep stolidly on, doing everything that could be done, day by day, and hour by hour—that was all. As for dread of infection, or anxiety as to what would happen next, to her or to me, I do not remember even thinking of these things. Except that it was just her and me, my mother and I, as heretofore, shut up together in that one room, with the eye of God looking upon us—we uncertain what it would be His will to do, whether, in any way, either by taking her and leaving me, or healing her and smiting me—I deserved it! oh, how intensely I sometimes felt that I deserved it!—He would part mother and child.

He did it not. She slowly recovered, and by one of those mysterious chances which now and then occur with small-pox, I, though running every danger of it, never took the disease. They all watched me—I could see how they watched me, with a kind of

anxious pity that I never felt for myself; but day after day went by, and still I kept perfectly well, able for all that I had to do, never once breaking down either in body or mind. My mother sometimes followed me about the room with a tender content in her eyes.

"I used to wonder what sort of woman my child would grow up—now I know."

We had "turned the tables," she and I; she was weak, I strong. Naturally, illness made her a little restless and querulous; I was always calm. In fact, as I told her laughing once, she was the baby, and I the old woman. Yes; that was the greatest change in me—I began to feel so very old.

That did not matter—Heaven had preserved my mother, and me too, though I had taken my life in my hand to save or lose. It was saved. I was kept to fight on and labour on all these years, and at last, I suppose, to be laid in my coffin with the same face which, even to this day, those who love me are pleased to call beautiful.

But my mother's face was changed, though she recovered, and when she really began to mend, more rapidly than any one expected, still the disease left its mark upon her soft cheeks, her pretty neck and throat, round which, when I was quite a big girl, my sleepy hand loved to creep in babyish fashion. The expression of her dear face could not alter, but her complexion, once fresh as a child's, totally faded. When I left her, that day she stood at the door, and watched the carriage drive away, she had still looked young; when she rose up from her sick-bed, she was almost an elderly woman.

Still, this also did not matter. People do not love their mothers as knights their lady-loves, or husbands their wives, for the sake of their youth and beauty; though I have known of chivalric devotion to a very plain woman, and tender love to a wife both feeble and old. When I got my mother once more down-stairs, and had her in my arms safe and sound, warm and alive, I think no lover ever wept over his mistress more passionate, more joyful tears. Her poor, faded face counted for nothing. Only to think, as I say, that she was safe and alive!—that I had fought for her with Death, and beaten him—that is, God had given me the victory. For I was so young still, so full of life; I could not accept death, as we afterwards learn to do, as coming also from God's hand. The first day that my mother came down-stairs, I sang my jubilate all over the house, and ran about, half-laughing, half-crying, like a child.

Only for one day. Then began the weary time of convalescence, sometimes better, sometimes worse; the reaction of the household from the excitement of a dangerous illness, which is always trying, and apt to leave folks rather cross. Besides, there were all the purifications to begin at once, with us still in the house. Poor Mrs. Golding! she was very good, more especially when we considered she had lost through us her summer lodgers; for it was now June. Yet for them to come in was as impracticable as for my mother and me to turn out.

"We must make it up to her in some way," said my mother with a sigh, beginning already to trouble herself with domestic and financial anxieties, until she saw that I would not allow it. I threatened her, if she still persisted in considering me a child, incapable of managing anything, that I would take the law into my own hands, and treat her like a captive princess; bound in silken chains, but firmly bound. At which she laughed and said I was "growing clever," besides tyrannical. But I think when Mrs. Golding assured her I really had some sense, and was managing matters almost as well as she herself could, my mother was rather proud than otherwise.

Other things she also, from the feebleness of illness, seemed to have let slip entirely. She scarcely made a single inquiry about my grandfather, or any of them in Bath. This was well, since it might have hurt her to find out—as I accidentally did—that none of them had sent to inquire; not even to the garden gate. But perhaps, on every account, this was best. And yet I could not choose but think it rather strange.

Gradually we passed out of the mysterious unnatural half-life of the sick-room, into the full clear daylight of common existence. Then we found out what two changed creatures we were, in many respects, but still, ever and always, my mother and I.

We were sitting together in the parlour, that is, I was sitting, busy at work, and she lying idle, as was our way now. I had taken very much to my needle—the girl's dislike, the woman's consolation. The doctor had just been and said our invalid was much better—quite able to see anybody, only people were afraid of infection still; and besides there was nobody to come. But he said half the village had inquired for us, and to one person in particular he had had to give, or send, a bulletin every day.

Only after the doctor had gone—there darted into my mind the possibility as to

who that person was. To let go of one's friends is one thing, but to be forced to feel that they have let you go, in an unkind way, and that you cannot think quite so well of them as you used to do, is another and a much harder trial. As I said my prayers that night, I added earnestly, "Thank God!"—For what—He knew.

But neither that day nor the next did I let my mind wander one minute from my darling mother, given back to me from the very jaws of the grave. Oh, what a girl can be to a mother—a grown-up girl who is gaining the sense and usefulness of womanhood! And oh, what a mother is to a daughter, who now learns fully to feel her value, and gives her all the devotion of a lover and all the duty of a child! More especially if no duty is exacted. My mother and I never even mentioned the word. But I loved her—God knows how I loved her—even then and through it all.

My needle-work done, I took to balancing our weekly accounts, which cost me as much trouble as if I had been Chancellor of the Exchequer, and when they were done, began to tell my mother of a good suggestion of Mrs. Golding's—that we should go to some sea-side lodging she knew of for a week or two, while she got the rooms cleaned and re-pared; then we could come back and remain here the whole summer.

"She does not want to part with us; she has grown so fond of you, mother."

"But she will want more rent, and how can we pay?"

"I can pay!" said I, with pride. "I could not tell you till now, darling, but the doctor wants me to teach his children, as soon as ever we are out of quarantine. He says politely, such a good nurse will make a good governess, which does not follow. But I'll try. Do you consent?"

She sighed. She too might have had other dreams; but they had passed away like mine. She accepted the fact that I must be a governess, after all.

We kissed one another, and then, to prevent her dwelling on the subject, I began the innocent, caressing nonsense which one gets into the habit of during sickness, when the patient's mind is too feeble, and the nurse's too full, to take in aught beyond the small interests close at hand. We were silly enough, no doubt, but happy—when I heard a step come up the garden, a step I knew.

My first thought—I cannot well tell what it was; my second, that we were still an infected household.

"Stop him!" cried I, starting up and running to the door. "Somebody must stop him. Mrs. Golding, tell that gentleman he is not to come in."

"Why not?" And I saw him stand there, with his kind smiling face. "Why not, Cousin Elma?"

"Because it is not safe—we are in quarantine still, you know."

"Of course I know—that and everything else. But I have taken all precautions. Your doctor and I are the best of friends. He sent me here—Mrs. Picardy, may I come in?"

"Certainly," she answered, looking quite pleased; so without more ado he entered. Though he took no notice, I perceived that he saw the change in her—saw it and was very sorry, both for her and me. Appropriating my chair, he sat down beside her and began talking to her, giving small attention to me, beyond a nod and smile. But that was enough; it felt like windows opened and sunshine coming into a long-shut-up room.

"General Picardy sends all sorts of kind messages to you. He left Bath almost directly after your daughter went. He said he could not bear the dulness of the house. But I have kept him almost daily informed of you both."

"Then we were not forsaken by you all," said my mother gently, by which I guessed she had thought more of the matter than I supposed.

Cousin Conrad shook his head gaily. "Elma, tell your mother she does not quite know us yet—not so well as you do."

She looked up quickly, this dear mother of mine, first at him and then at me; but there was nothing to see. In him, of course nothing; in me— But I had learnt to accept his kindness as he meant it, the frank familiar friendship which implied nothing more. I answered Cousin Conrad as I would have answered any other friend whom I warmly liked and respected, and in whom I entirely believed.

Then I took my sewing again, and left him to his chat with my mother, which she evidently enjoyed. He had come to see her so often while I was in Bath, that they were better friends than I knew. My only wonder was that all this long time she had never praised him—scarcely spoken of him to me at all.

He took tea with us, and we were very happy in his company; so happy that I almost forgot to be afraid for him. At last,

I thankfully heard him tell my mother that he had had small-pox very severely as a boy, and since then had gone in the way of it many times with perfect impunity.

"Not that I should ever run useless risks—oneself is not the only person to think of; and before I go home I mean to change my clothes and do a deal of fumigation. You need not have the slightest uneasiness about me, Mrs. Picardy. I may come again?"

"We shall be very happy to see you."

There was a little stiffness in my mother's manner, but she looked at him as if she liked him. I knew her face so well.

"Not that I shall burden you with many visits, as I am still going to India, though not just yet. Would you like to hear how things are settled?"

Without any apologies, but telling us as naturally as if we belonged to him, he explained that the hill-station to which he had been ordered was so healthy that the doctor said he would be as well there as in England, perhaps better. Two or three years might re-establish his strength entirely.

"And I should be thankful for that. Though when I first came home I did not much care. At five-and-twenty even, I thought my life was done."

"Mine is not, even at seven-and-forty," said my mother smiling.

"But then you have your child."

"Ay, I have my child."

My mother looked at me—such a look! As I knelt beside her sofa, laughing, yet within an inch of crying, Cousin Conrad leaned over us and touched my hand. I felt all the blood rush into my face, and my mother saw it.

He stayed but a minute or two longer; I let him out at the gate and listened to the clatter of his horse's hoofs up the village, then came back into the parlour at once.

My mother lay quite still, looking straight before her. In her eyes was a curious expression—not exactly sad, but pensive, as if her mind had wandered far away, and a letter which Cousin Conrad had just given her, saying it was from the General and he hoped would please her as it had pleased the sender, lay untouched on her lap.

"Shall I open it?" said I, glad to say and do something.

It was a very kind letter, signed by him with his feeble shaky signature, though the body of it was in another hand-writing, one which we both recognised. And it enclosed a hundred-pound note, begging our accept-

ance of the "trifle," to defray the expenses of her illness, "until I can make permanent provision for my daughter-in-law and her child."

"Your child, you see, mother. He puts us both together, he does not want to take me from you now; and if he did, ever so much, I would not go. I will never leave you again—never, darling mother!"

She smiled, but not a word said she, not a single word.

I had expected she would say something of our visitor and his visit, but she did not, until just as we were going to bed, when she asked me to give her my grandfather's letter, as she would like to read it over again.

"It is very kind of him; but I suppose Major Picardy, who seems almost like a son to him, is at the root of it all."

"I suppose so."

"He too is very kind. Indeed, I never met any man who seemed to me so thoroughly good, so entirely unselfish, reliable, and true. No one could know him without loving him."

She looked at me, a keen, steady, half-smiling, half-pensive look. From that moment I was quite certain that my mother had found out all.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALL my life I have been the recipient of countless love-stories, the confidante both of young men and maidens, and I always found the benefit of that sage proverb, "Least said, soonest mended." On my side certainly, because many a silly fancy is fanned into a misplaced love by talking it over with a foolish sympathizer; on theirs, because I have generally found that those who felt the most said the least. Happiness is sometimes loquacious; but to pain—and there is so much pain always mixed up in love affairs—the safest and best panacea is silence.

My mother and I were silent to one another, perfectly silent, though we must have read one another's hearts as clear as a book, day by day; still neither spoke. What was there to speak about? He had never said a word to me that all the world might not hear, and I—I would not think of myself or of my future. Indeed I seemed to have no future at all after the 18th of September, the day on which the ship was to sail from Southampton.

Between now and then our life was full enough, even though outside it was as quiet and lonely as before I went to Bath, except for one friend who came to see us now and

then, like any ordinary friend, to whom our interests were dear, as his to us. He came generally on a Sunday, being so occupied during the week, and he used to call us his "Sunday rest," saying that when he was abroad he would try to console himself for the loss of it by writing regularly "Dominical letters."

He was very cheerful about his departure, and very certain as to his return, which he meant to be, at the latest, within four years.

"Elma will then be one-and-twenty, and you not quite a septuagenarian, Mrs. Picardy, and the General will be only seventy-five. As I told him the other day, when he spoke of my being one day master at Broadlands, it is likely to be a good many years yet before that time arrives."

But he would be master there some time, as of course he and we both knew. Occasionally we all took a dip into the far-away future, planning what he was to do with his wealth and influence—schemes all for others, none for himself. Not a thought of luxury or ease, or worldly position, only how he should best use all the good things that might fall to him so as to do the widest good.

How proud I was of him, and am still!

My mother, I could see, enjoyed his society very much. She told me once there was in him a charm of manner that she had never seen in any man, except one. "Only," she added, "in nothing else does he at all resemble your father."

Though she said this with a sigh, it was not a sigh of pain. She was in no way unhappy, I think—quite the contrary—only a little meditative and grave, but that chiefly when we were alone. When Cousin Conrad came she received him warmly, and exerted herself to make all things as pleasant to him as possible; the more so, because sometimes I was hardly able to speak a word.

What long still Sunday afternoons we used to spend, all three together, in our little parlour! What twilight walks we had across the Tynning and over the fields! Cousin Conrad always gave my mother his arm, and I followed after, watching the two, and noticing his exceeding tenderness over her; but I was not jealous of him—not at all.

At first I could see she was a little nervous in his company, inclined to be irritable, and quick to mark any little peculiarities he had—and he had a few; but she never criticized him, only watched him; and gradually I could perceive that she grew satisfied, and neither criticized nor watched him any more.

I had leisure to observe and think over these two, because I dared not think for a moment of myself—how it would be with me when he ceased to come, when we missed him out of our life, and the seas rolled between us, and his familiar presence was only a remembrance and a dream. Many a time when I could not sleep of nights—when all these things came upon me in such a tide that I could have wrung my hands and screamed, or got up and paced the room in the darkness like a wild creature in its cage, only for fear of disturbing my mother—she would put out her hand and feel for me, "Child, are you wide awake still?" and take me silently into her arms.

Her tenderness over me in those last weeks—those last days—I cannot describe, but have never ceased to remember. She kept me constantly employed: in fact I was nervously eager after work, though I often left it half finished. But whatever I did, or left undone, she never blamed me. She treated me a little like a sick child, but without telling me I was ill. For I was ill—sick unto death at times with misery, with bitter, bitter humiliation—and then by fits unutterably happy; but of the happiness or the misery we neither of us spoke at all.

Only once I remember her telling me, as if by accident, the history of a friend of hers, a girl no older than myself, who when one day coming into a room saw a face which she had never seen before, yet from that moment she loved it—loved it, in one way or other, all her life.

"And he deserved her love; he was a noble and good man," said my mother.

"Did she marry him?"

"No."

We were silent a little, and then my mother continued, sewing busily as she spoke. "The world might say it was a rather sad story, but I do not. I never blamed her; I scarcely even pitied her. Love comes to us, as all other things come, by the will of God; but whether it does good or harm depends, also like other things apparently, upon our own will. There are such things as broken hearts and blighted lives, but these are generally feeble hearts and selfish lives. The really noble, of men or women, are those who have strength to love, and strength also to endure."

I said nothing, but I never forgot those healing words; and often, when most inclined to despise myself, it was balm to my heart to know that, reading it, as I was quite sure she did, my mother did not despise me;

and so I made up my mind, as she had said, to "endure."

What *she* must have endured, for me and through me—often, alas! from me, for I was very irritable at times—no tongue can tell. Mothers only, I think, can understand how vicariously suffering is sometimes the sharpest of all. During those days I used to pity myself; now, looking back upon them, I pity my mother. Yet I have no recollection of her ever changing from that sweet motherly calmness which was the only thing that soothed my pain.

Her pain, the anguish of seeing herself no longer able to make the entire happiness of her child, of watching the power slip out of her hands, and for a while perhaps feeling, with unutterable bitterness, a vague dread that the love is slipping away too—of this I never once thought then; I did afterwards.

Well, somehow or other the time went by and brought us to the last week, the last day; which Cousin Conrad asked if he might spend with us, both because "we were the dearest friends he had," and because he had a somewhat important message to bring from my grandfather, with whom he had been staying at Broadlands.

"And a charming place it is," he wrote, "and a very well-managed estate too, though it is in Ireland." It was always a pet joke of his against my mother, that she disliked everything Irish, and distrusted him because he was just a little bit of an Irishman. She used to laugh, saying it was quite true he had all the Irish virtues, the warm generous heart, the gay spirits, the quick sympathy, the sweet courtesy which would always rather say a kind thing than an unkind one. As for his Irish faults, she declined to pass judgment upon them. Time would show. "Ah, yes," he would sometimes answer gravely, "if heaven grants me time."

But these passing sadnesses of his I never noticed much; the mere sight of him was enough to make any one glad; and when he came, even though it was his last time of coming, and I knew it, the joy of seeing him after a week's absence was as great as if he had been absent a year, and we had all three forgotten that he was ever to leave us again.

He and my mother fell at once to talking, discussing the proposition of which my grandfather had made him the bearer. This was, that she and I should come at once to live at Broadlands, not, as I at first feared, in the characters of Miss Picardy and Miss Picardy's mother, but that she should take

her position as his son's widow and the mistress of his house so long as the General lived.

"That may be many years or few," said Cousin Conrad, "and after his death he promises nothing; but," with a smile, "I think you need not be afraid."

And then he went on to explain that it was my grandfather's wish to spend half the year at Broadlands and the other half in Dublin or London, according as was convenient, especially with reference to me and the completion of my education, so as to fit me for whatever position in society I might be called upon to fill.

"Not that she is ill-educated, or unaccomplished. We know what she is, do we not, Mrs. Picardy? Still her grandfather wishes her to be quite perfect, doubtless with the idea that she shall one day be—" He stopped. "I have no right to say any more, for I know nothing of the General's intentions. All I intreat is—accept his kindness. It will prove a blessing to himself, and to you also. Elma rich will be a much more useful woman than Elma poor. This, whether she marries or not. If she should marry, and I hope she will one day——"

Here my mother looked up sharply. There was in her face a slight shade of annoyance, even displeasure; but it met his, so sad, so calm, so resolute, and passed away. She said nothing, only sighed.

"Forgive my referring to this subject, Mrs. Picardy; but it is one upon which the General feels very strongly; indeed he bade me speak of it, both to relieve your mind and your daughter's. There was once a gentleman, a Sir Thomas Appleton—Elma may have told you about him."

No. Elma had not. I felt I was expected to speak; so I said with a strange composure, and yet not strange, for it seemed as if I were past feeling anything now, "that I had not thought it worth while to trouble my mother with my trouble about Sir Thomas Appleton."

"Trouble is an odd word for a young lady to use when a young man falls in love with her," said Cousin Conrad, smiling; "but she really was very miserable. She looked the picture of despair for days. Never mind! as Mercutio says, 'Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love.' Sir Thomas is not dead yet—not likely to die. And your grandfather bade me assure you, Elma, that if half-a-dozen Sir Thomases should appear, he will not urge you to marry one of them unless you choose."

"That is right," said my mother, "and Elma was quite right too. If she does not love a man, she must never marry him, however her friends might wish it. She will not be unhappy even if she never marries at all. My dear child!"

"Yes, you say truly," answered Cousin Conrad, after a long pause, "and truly, also, you call her a 'child.' Therefore, as I told

the General, before she marries, or is even engaged, she ought to have plenty of opportunity of seeing all kinds of men—good men—and of choosing deliberately, when she does choose, so that she may never regret it afterwards. Sometimes in their twenties girls feel differently from what they do in their teens, and if after being bound they wake up and wish themselves free again—God



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forbid such a misfortune should happen to her."

"It never will, I think," said my mother. "It never must," said Cousin Conrad, decisively. "We will guard against the remotest chance of such a thing. She shall be left quite free; her mother will be constantly beside her; she will have every opportunity of choice; and when she does choose, among

the many who are sure to love her, she will do it with her eyes open. You understand me, do you not—you at least?" added he, very earnestly.

"I think I do."

"And you forgive me? Remember, I am going away."

"I do remember. I am not likely ever to forget," replied my mother, visibly affected,

and offering him her hand. He clasped it warmly, and turned away, not saying another word.

For me, I sat apart, thinking not much of what either of them said or did; though afterwards I recalled it all. Thinking, indeed, very little about anything beyond the one fact—that he was going away, that after this day I should see him no more for days and weeks and months and years.

I sat apart, taking no share in the conversation, only watching him by stealth, him to whom I was nothing at all, and he nothing to me, except just my Cousin Conrad. Yet then, ay, and at any time in my life, I could have died for him!—said not a word, but just quietly died! I sat, trying to lay up in my heart every trick of his manner, every line of his face, as a sort of memorial storehouse to live upon during the dark famine days that were coming.

“Well, then, that business is settled,” said he, with a sigh of relief. “You will go to Broadlands as soon as you can—perhaps even next week;” and he proceeded to give minute directions for our journey, saying it would be a comfort to him to know that all was arranged as easily as possible, and he would think of us safe in my grandfather’s beautiful home, while he was tossing on the Bay of Biscay. He could not hear of us for many months. There was no overland route to India then.

“But I can wait. I have learned to wait, and yet it sometimes seems a little hard, at thirty-six years old. But it is right, it is right,” he added, half to himself. Years after how thankful I was to remember his words!

Then, rising, he suggested that we should sit talking no longer; but all three go out together into the pleasant afternoon sunshine and “enjoy ourselves.”

“Enjoy,” seemed a strange word to use, and yet it was a true one. When friends are all at peace together, with entire trust and content in one another, there is no bitterness even in the midst of parting pain. And such was his sweet nature, and the influence it had upon those about him, that this fact was especially remarkable. I have now not a single recollection of that day which is not pleasant as well as dear.

We spent part of it at a place where my mother and I had often talked of going, the abbey which we had started to see that afternoon when the bleak wind made me resolve to buy her a Paisley shawl. As we again crossed the Tynning, I overheard her telling Cousin Conrad the whole story.

“Just like her—just like Elma!” said he, turning round to look at me, and then told, how on his side he remembered the General’s calling him into his room to write a letter concerning the possible grand-daughter which he thought he had found.

“It is strange upon what small chances great things seem to hang. We go on and on, year after year, and nothing happens, and we think nothing ever will happen; and then suddenly turning a corner, we come upon our destiny. Is it not so, Mrs. Picardy?”

I do not remember what my mother answered, or if she answered at all. She was exceedingly kind, even tender to him; but she was also exceedingly grave.

Thus we wandered on till we reached the old abbey—a mere ruin, and little cared for by the owners of the house in whose grounds it stood. The refectory was used as a woodshed, the chapel as a stable, and above it, ascended by a broken stair, were two large rooms, still in good preservation, said to have been the monks’ library and their dovecot.

“You can still see the holes in the stone walls, I am told, where the pigeons built their nests,” said my mother. “Go up and look at them, if you like, you two; I will rest here.”

She sat down on a heap of hay, and we went on without her. Only once she called after us that the stair was dangerous, and he must take care of “the child.”

“Ah, yes!” he said with such a smile! It made me quite cheerful, and we began examining everything and discussing everything quite after the old way. Then we rested awhile, and stood looking out through the narrow slits of windows on to the pleasant country beyond.

“What a comfortable life those old monks must have made for themselves! And how curious it must have been as they sat poring over their manuscript-writing or illuminating in this very room, to hear close by the innocent little pigeons cooing in their nests! I wonder if they ever thought that the poor little birds were, in some things, happier far than they.”

“How?” said I, and then instinctively guessed, and wished I had not said it.

“Very jolly old fellows, though, they must have been, with a great idea of making themselves comfortable. See, Elma, that must be the remains of their orchard—these gnarled apple-trees, so very old, yet trying to bear a few apples still; and there are their fishponds—undoubtedly you always find

fishponds near monasteries; and look, what a splendid avenue of walnut trees! No doubt they had all the good things of this life; except one, the best thing of all—home; a married home."

It was only a word—but oh! the tone in which he said it! he who, he once told me, had never had a home in all his life. Did he regret it? Was he, as I always fancied when he looked sad, was he thinking of Agnes? Only Agnes?

I was not clever, and I was very young; but I believe, even then, if any one had wanted it, I could have learnt how to make a home, a real home, as only a loving woman can. Not a wealthy home, maybe, and one that might have had its fair proportion of cares and anxieties; but I would have struggled through them all. I would not have been afraid of anything. I would have fought with and conquered, please God, all remediable evils; and those I could not conquer, I would have sat down and endured without complaining. No one need have been afraid that I had not strength enough to bear my own burden, perhaps the burden of two. Nay, it would have made me happier. I never wished to have an easy life; only a life with love in it—love and trust. Oh! how happy I could have been, however difficult my lot, if only I had had some one always beside me, some one whom I could at once look up to and take care of, cherish and adore! How we could have spent our lives together, have passed through poverty if need be, and risen joyfully to prosperity, still together! have shared our prime and our decline, always together! Instead of this—

No! Silence, my heart! What am I that I should fight against God? It was His will. With him there are no such words as "might have been."

One thing I remember vividly—that as we stood there, looking out, Cousin Conrad put his hand a moment lightly on my shoulder.

"Keep as you are a minute. Sometimes as you stand thus, with your profile turned away, you look so very like her—so like Agnes—that I could fancy it was she herself come back again, young as ever, while I have grown quite old. Yes, compared with you, Elma, I am quite old."

I said nothing. If I had said anything—if I could have told him that those we love to us never seem old, that even had it been as he said, he, with his grey hair, was more to me, and would be, down to the most helpless old age, than all the young men in the world.

But how could I have said it? And if I had, it would have made no difference. Years afterwards I recalled his look—firm and sweet, never wavering in a purpose which he thought right. No; nothing would have made any difference.

We stayed a few minutes longer, and then came back, he helping me tenderly down the broken stairs, to my mother's side. She gave a start, and a sudden eager, anxious look at us both; but when Cousin Conrad said in his usual voice, that it was time for us to go home, she looked down again and—sighed.

We went home, rather silently now, and took a hasty tea, for he had to be back in Bath by a certain hour, and besides, the mists were gathering, and my mother urged him to avoid the risk of a cold night-ride.

"We must say good-bye to last, and perhaps it is best after all to say it quickly," I heard her tell him, in an undertone. Her voice trembled, the tears stood in her eyes. For me, I never stirred or wept. I was as still as a stone.

"You are right," answered he, rising. "Good-bye, and God bless you. That is all one needs to say." Taking her hand, he kissed it. Then glancing at me, he asked her—my mother only—"May I?"

She bent her head in assent. Crossing the room, he came and kissed me, once on my forehead, and once—oh, thank God, just that once!—on my mouth. Where I keep it—that kiss of his—till I can give it back to him in Paradise.

For in this world I never saw my Cousin Conrad more.

* * * * *

We had a very happy three years—my mother and I—as happy as we had ever known. For after Cousin Conrad's departure we seemed to close up together—she and I—in one another's loving arms; understanding one another thoroughly, though still, as ever, we did not speak one word about him that all the world might not have heard.

Outwardly, our life was wholly free from care. We had as much of each other's society, or nearly as much, as we had ever had, with the cares of poverty entirely removed. My grandfather proved as good as his word, and all that Cousin Conrad had said of him he justified to the full. He received my mother with cordial welcome, and treated her from first to last with unfeigned respect and consideration. She had every luxury that I could desire for her, and she needed luxuries, for after her illness she

was never her strong, active self again. But she was her dear self always—the sweetest, brightest little mother in all the world.

To the world itself, however, we were two very grand people—Mrs. and Miss Picardy of Broadlands. At which we often laughed between ourselves, knowing that we were in reality exactly the same as in our shut-up poverty-days—just “my mother and I.”

Cousin Conrad's letters were our great enjoyment. He never missed a single mail. Generally he wrote to her, with a little note inside for me, inquiring about my studies and amusements, and telling me of his own; though of himself personally he said very little. Whether he were well or ill, happy or miserable, we could guess only by indirect evidence. But one thing was clear enough—his intense longing to be at home.

“Not a day shall I wait,” he said in a letter to my grandfather, “not a single day after the term of absence I have prescribed to myself is ended.” And my grandfather coughed, saying mysteriously, “that Conrad always had his crotchets; he hoped this would be the last of them; it was not so very long to look forward.”

Did I look forward? Had I any dreams of a possible future? I cannot tell. My life was so full and busy—my mother seemed obstinately determined to keep it busy—that I had little time for dreams.

She took me out into society, and I think both she and my grandfather enjoyed society's receiving me well. I believe I made what is called a “sensation” in both Dublin and London. I was even presented at Court, and the young Queen said a kind word or two about me, in her Majesty's own pleasant way. Well, well, all that is gone by now; but at the time I enjoyed it. It was good to be worth something—even to look at—and I liked to be liked very much, until some few did rather more than like me, and then I was sometimes very unhappy. But my grandfather kept his promise; he never urged upon me any offer of marriage. And my mother, too—my tender mother—asked me not a single question as to the why and the wherefore, though, one after another, I persistently refused them all.

“When she is one-and-twenty, my dear, we may hope she will decide. By then she will have time to know her own mind. Conrad said so, and Conrad is always right.”

Thus said my grandfather to my mother, and they both smiled at one another; they were

the best of friends now, and so they remained to the last.

The last came sooner than any of us had thought—for Cousin Conrad's prophecies were not realised. When we had had only three years in which to make him happy—and I know we did make him happy—my dear grandfather died; suddenly, painlessly, without even having had time to bid us good-bye. It was a great shock, and we mourned for him as if we had loved him all our lives. Ay, even though, to the great surprise of our affectionate friends—a large circle now—he left us only a small annuity—the rest of his fortune going, as the will proved he had always meant it to go, to Cousin Conrad. I was so glad!

Cousin Conrad was now obliged to come home. We had only one line from him, when he got the sad news, begging my mother to remain mistress at Broadlands until he arrived there, and adding that, if it did not trouble us very much, he should be grateful could we manage to meet him at Southampton, he being “rather an invalid.”

So we went. I need not say anything about the journey. When it ended, my mother, just at the last minute, proposed that I should remain in the carriage, at the dock gates, while she went forward to the ship's side, where we could dimly perceive a crowd disembarking.

They disembarked. I saw them land in happy groups, with equally happy friends to greet them, laughing and crying and kissing one another. They all came home, safe and sound, all but one—*my* one. Deep in the Red Sea, where the busy ships sail over him, and the warm waves rock him in his sleep, they had left him—as much as could die of him—my Cousin Conrad.

* * * * *

He had died of the fatal family disease which he knew he was doomed to, though the warm climate of the East and the pure air of the hills, kept it dormant for a long time. But some accidental exposure brought on inflammation of his lungs; after which he began to sink rapidly. The doctors told him he would never reach England alive; but he was determined to try. I heard it was wonderful how long the brave spirit upbore the feeble body. He did not suffer much, but just lay every day on deck; alone, quite alone, as far as near friends went—yet watched and tended by all the passengers, as if he had belonged to them for years. In the midst of them all, these kind strange faces, he one day suddenly, when no one expected

it, "fell on sleep." For he looked as if asleep—they said—with the sun shining on his face, and his hands folded, as quiet as a child.

All that was his became mine. He left it me—and it was a large fortune—in a brief will, made hastily the very day after he had received the tidings of my grandfather's death. He gave me everything absolutely, both "because it was my right," and "because he had always loved me."

He had always loved me. Then, why grieve?

In course of years, I think I have almost ceased to grieve. If, long ago, merely because I loved him, I had felt as if already married, how much more so now, when nothing could ever happen to change this feeling, or make my love for him a sin?

I do not say there was not an intermediate and terrible time, a time of utter blankness and darkness, when I "walked through the valley of the shadow of death;" alone, quite alone. But by-and-by I came out of it into the safe twilight—we came out of it, I should say, for she had been close beside me all the while, my dearest mother!

She helped me to carry out my life; as like his as I could make it, in the way I knew he would most approve. And, so doing, it has not been by any means an unhappy life. I have had his wealth to accomplish all his schemes of benevolence; I have sought out his friends and made them mine, and been as true to them as he would have been. In short, I have tried to do all that he was obliged to leave undone, and to make myself contented in the doing of it.

"Contented," I think, was the word people most often used concerning us during the many peaceful years we spent together, my mother and I. Now it is only I. But I am, I think, a contented old woman yet. My own are still my own—perhaps the more so as I approach the time of reunion. For even here, to those who live in it and understand what it means, there is, both for us and for our dead, both in this life and in the life to come, the same "kingdom of heaven."

Of course I have always remained Elma Picardy.

THE CALCUTTA NATIVES.

III. (Concluding Paper.)

ABOUT 1860, when discontent was at its height in the indigo districts, and the subject was being fiercely discussed by the press and public of Calcutta, a Bengalee drama called the *Nil Darpan*, or "Indigo Mirror," made its appearance. Among its characters were truculent English planters, their wicked families set off by poor and virtuous Bengalee cultivators, and all the abuses incidental to indigo planting were intensified and exaggerated with great dramatic force. Mr. Long, discerning merit in the play, and considering it a timely contribution to the indigo controversy, translated the book, and brought it to the notice of the Bengal Government, by whom it was widely circulated under official covers. The Planters' Association chose to consider the work a libel, and instituted proceedings, not against the author, but against Mr. Long as translator and publisher of the work. The injustice not less than the inexpediency of such a course was obvious. In the vernacular, the play acted with the subtle skill of Bengalee mimics, might well have been deemed inflammatory and dangerous, but in its English guise the drama could serve no purpose but to show what the natives thought of their English landlords, and to give the planters an oppor-

tunity of rebutting the charges implied. But the planters were incensed at the interference of the missionaries, and determined to select a scapegoat from their body. The trial before the High Court in which the judge ruled that strictures upon a class may be prosecuted as individual libels, was the gravest public scandal that India had seen for many years. Mr. Long was subjected to a considerable fine and to a month's imprisonment; but a native gentleman paid down the money in court, and for the next four weeks Mr. Long was the hero of Calcutta, and there were more cards left at his prison door than at Government House.

This incident did much to produce good feelings between missionaries and natives, and its effects have not died away at the present day. In rural districts the missionary is everywhere hailed as the ryot's protector, and the peasantry will confide their grievances to him as readily as to the district magistrate.

Besides the British India Association, there are other political clubs, expressing the different shades of educated Bengalee opinion, but none distinctive enough to be noticed in so brief a sketch. The religious institutions of Calcutta now claim our attention. I have already mentioned that when Bengalees began

to give the reins to religious speculation, Hindoo orthodoxy set up a society in its own defence. The *Dharma Sabha* still exists, but in name only, so far as the defence of Hinduism is concerned. The present head of the Calcutta branch is Rajah Kali Krishna Bahadur, the descendant of Lord Clive's native secretary, a worthy nobleman, who spends his time more agreeably in wooing the Sanscrit muse than in penning philosophical defences of Hindoo idolatry. I notice the *Dharma Sabha* as a silent protest upon the part of orthodoxy, but it exercises no religious influence upon Bengalee society. Next in order comes the original congregation of Vedic Theists, called the *Adi Somaj*, to distinguish them from their seceders, the *Brahmo Somaj*, or Progressive Theists. After Rammohun Roy's death, the Tagores naturally took the lead among the Calcutta Theists. Under the influence of the venerable Debendra Nath Tagore the tendency seems to have been from the western eclecticism of Rammohun Roy back to the Theism of the Vedantic school of Hindoo philosophy, which is practically pantheism. The members still clung to caste in a modified form, and shrank from assuming an aggressive attitude against idolatry. The younger and more ardent thinkers, with Keshub Chunder Sen at their head, could not remain content with a compromise, and their secession resulted in the new Brahmo Somaj of India, which rejects caste, denies the authority of the Vedas, and addresses itself actively to redress the abuses of Hindoo society. The old Somaj, however, accommodates itself to a large class of thinkers who are not prepared to renounce caste or to embrace the advanced views of the younger sect. Moreover, in attributing to portions of the Vedas the authority of a *quasi* revelation, the Vedantic Theists hold out a more tangible creed to their disciples than the mutable and speculative ideas which are received by the Progressive Brahmins upon the simple *ipse dixit* of Keshub Chunder Sen. I am not aware that the old Theists display much religious energy, and in missionary enterprise they certainly fall far short of the Progressive party; but in purity of life and earnestness of purpose, there are members of the original sect who might be held up as exemplars to any denomination, Christian or heathen, in Calcutta.

Since Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen's visit to England, Brahminism has been so much before the public and so frequently discussed, that I need not enter into details concerning it, nor shall I venture to forecast its future.

There is, however, a strong temptation to compare modern Brahminism with the Neo-Platonism which western Paganism put forth as a bulwark against the progress of young Christianity. There certainly are many points of similarity between them. The Brahminist stands between the darkness of heathenism and the strong and steady light of Christianity, where the Neo-Platonist stood. The one exalts human speculation and abases faith just as the other did. The Brahminist appropriates to himself all the ethics of Christianity, and says he can read them in the book of nature; the Neo-Platonist did the same. And even if we had no faith that Christianity is destined one day to absorb all races of men that dwell upon earth, we should be warranted in supposing that Brahminism will melt away even as Neo-Platonism was dissolved in the genial light of a better sun. A creed that raises itself upon the shoulders of human speculation above all revelation, and that seeks to satisfy the emotional nature of mankind with a purely intellectual belief, cannot take a deep hold upon the world. Keshub Chunder Sen is a good and an able man, but he is not one who is likely to found a religion. And if he were, he cannot bequeath his genius to his successor, nor can he leave behind him a revelation to bind his followers together. What would have become of Islam after the death of Mohammed when Abubekker and Ali began to quarrel for the lieutenantancy of Allah, if there had not been the Koran to appeal to? But there may be a great work for Brahminism to do in India, and all liberal-minded men will wish the Theists God-speed in their warfare with idolatry.

The native Christians are cut off from the mass of society into a community, or rather a number of denominational groups; for such is the evil effect of our sectarian divisions. Each mission has its little group of converts gathered round it, but there is not the same intercourse between the converts of different denominations that one could expect and wish to see; and I am not aware that the majority of missionaries have as yet exerted themselves in this direction. The time has not come when the native Christians can make themselves heard in public meetings of their countrymen, and there is not much occasion for them to come forward into public life, as the missionaries protect their interests and fight all their battles. It must not, however, be supposed that because the native Christians stand aloof from Hindoo society, that they are either intellectually or

socially insignificant. Such a man as the Rev. Mr. Bannerjee, to whose story I have already alluded, is respected by all classes of Hindoos. Mr. Ganendro Mohun Tagore is a member of one of the first families in Calcutta, an English barrister, and an ex-professor of the London University; and it ought to be stated also that he has sacrificed a large fortune by embracing Christianity. Besides these two instances there are many other persons of both position and scholarship who could be singled out from the native Christian community of Calcutta.

When a missionary of ability and energy devotes himself to public life, he acquires a power over the natives to which no European from any of the other classes, official or non-official, is at all likely to attain. The native is more at home with the missionary than with any other person, and as it is his business to teach, they take his lectures in good part. A man like Dr. Duff finds his place to be as much among the older natives at their public meetings in the Town Hall, as among the younger ones in his own institution. It is in the missionary's house that the young Bengalee generally catches his first glimpse of English domestic life, and there are few places where he could view it in a calmer and more simple aspect. In his own home the young Bengalee has few means of intellectual enjoyment, and he is always delighted, as well as curious, to spend an evening in an English family. And really there can be little doubt that an hour of this extra-mural intercourse conducted in a kindly and familiar spirit, which so greatly characterized Dr. Duff's system, is far more beneficial to the young native than days of lecturing within the class-room. The work which Dr. Duff carried on so long, and with such signal success, has been carried on under Dr. Murray Mitchell; and it could not have fallen into better hands. Dr. Mitchell's polished and genial manners have secured for him the friendship and confidence of the leading natives, and his extensive and varied scholarship and indefatigable missionary spirit have maintained the *prestige* which Dr. Duff had won for the Free Church Institution.

The death of Dr. Ogilvie of the Church of Scotland's mission fully two years ago, left a blank that will not be easily filled, to the native Christians of Calcutta. Dr. Ogilvie led a quiet, scholarly, unobtrusive life, but one of hard, unceasing toil, within the bounds of his own college, and his work was not readily apparent to the casual observer. But there were few missionaries who understood the

Bengalee character better, or who could deal more successfully with its imperfections. In his teaching he wrestled stoutly against the Bengalees' superficial tendencies, and strove rather to develop culture and taste in his pupils than to educate them up to class or college standards. But in his life he taught them a far more weighty lesson—a lesson of patient self-denial and perseverance, of a sympathy strong enough to break through the bounds of constitutional bashfulness, of humility and of steady, unshrinking work. Dr. Ogilvie was one of those who "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame;" and the world took no notice of him because he took no notice of it. There are many missionaries who have made more converts; there are some who may have sent better scholars to the university, but there was never a missionary put a foot in India who did more to make *good men* than Dr. Ogilvie did. And neither his teaching nor his example are likely to be lightly forgotten by his pupils.

The Bethune Institute is the literary centre of native Calcutta, and as its scope is thoroughly catholic, natives of all classes and castes are among its members, as well as a number of Englishmen who are interested in native progress. But it is only the English side of native literature that has been advanced by the Institute, and Bengalee literature has had to fight its way unaided, and too often despised by the very men who ought to have been striving to promote it. The popularity of the vernacular, however, has steadily gained ground, and with the diffusion of education, the ablest writers are beginning to find it more profitable to write in Bengalee for the edification of their countrymen, than in English for the amusement of the Sahibs. There is now a strong vernacular press, not only in Calcutta, but all over the province, there being hardly a country town that has not its weekly Bengalee sheet. In Calcutta the leading journal is the *Som Prukash*, a paper which, in addition to furnishing news from all quarters of Bengal, contains one or more thoughtful, decisive, and well-digested articles upon topics of the day. To obtain a conception of the position and influence of the vernacular press in India, we must go back for more than a century in our own history, and recall the time when only a few newspapers circulated among the masses, when journal day was an epoch in village life, when the happy possessor read aloud the newspaper to the eager group of village politicians; when it was circulated from house to house, and read and

re-read so long as its tatters held together. Bengalee journalism has, however, started from a cheaper and more popular point than the English press did, and at the present day nothing but the ignorance of the rural population prevents the vernacular papers from doubling or even quadrupling their circulation. As education extends there is every prospect that vernacular literature will become one of the most lucrative professions to which a Bengalee can betake himself. As yet, however, there is a lack of freshness and originality in native literary efforts, the better writers adhering too closely to English models, and the inferior ones having merely stirred up the slough of popular Hindoo literature, which is often far from being either wholesome or odoriferous. But still, when we find a novelist of the originality and vigour of Baboo Peary Chand Mitra—better known under his *nom de plume* of Tek Chand Thakoor—or one who possesses such powers of imagination and artistic taste as Baboo Pratapa Chandra Gosha lately displayed in a semi-historical novel, we may be sure that these are but the precursors of greater writers. Bengal has many graceful and original poets, but the vernacular muse wavers between a sickly sentimentalism and an erotic impurity which must be fatal to healthy poetry.

There are several papers in Calcutta which, though written in English, are entirely under native management. Of these the best is the *Hindoo Patriot*, the organ of the British Indian Association, and a journal of ability and influence. In politics the *Patriot*, of course, represents the interests of the Bengalee landlords, and in religious matters it has generally defended—without attempting to justify—orthodoxy and caste; but of late it has shown signs of more liberal opinions. A stranger, to judge from the quality of the style and the correctness of the English which generally characterize the writing in the *Patriot*, would hardly permit himself to believe that it was the composition of natives, who had learned English as a foreign language. The *Indian Mirror* is the journal of the Progressive Bralminists, and its articles are marked by a religious but often sectarian tone. Another journal, the *Bengalee*, puts forth the views of Hindoo Liberalism, and serves as counterpoise to the conservative opinions of the *Patriot*. The circulation of these papers is, of course, confined to the English-reading class of natives—not yet a very large class—and their utility consists rather in interpreting native opinion to the English public than in influencing the minds

of the Bengalees themselves. They are also useful in discussing public questions with the Anglo-Indian press, between which and the vernacular journals there is no direct communication.

There is no lack in Calcutta of institutions designed to spread a healthy public spirit among the natives, and to bring them into contact with the English residents. I may mention the Bengal Social Science Association, which seems to be doing much good in eliciting information regarding the agriculture, commerce, and material condition of the people. The great complaint made against the natives by the Englishmen who have been associated with them in these investigations is the utter want of sincerity and the dissimulation which they practise upon the public. A Bengalee, for instance, will lash himself into frenzy as he describes the ignorance and wrongs of his countrymen, but when you ask him to allow his wife and daughters to be taught, he cools down at once, and proposes a hundred excellent reasons which prevent him from acceding to your request. One of the greatest boons that the natives of Calcutta have yet received has been their admission to the bench as honorary magistrates and justices of the peace. The effect of this has been to give them a large share in the municipal administration of the capital, and it is only justice to admit that their English colleagues might often learn both judgment and discretion from their example. Municipal institutions are spreading rapidly in India, and no measure that the English have as yet introduced, is doing so much to develop the seeds of freedom and self-government. The Asiatic Society is another medium of intercourse between Englishmen and natives. At the monthly meetings of the society in Park Street one always sees around the table a goodly sprinkling of native faces, some of them belonging to men who have a European as well as an Indian reputation. Baboo Rajendra Lall Mitra, whose authority in Sanscrit philology and archæology is recognised by all Orientalists, whether in Europe or America, is one of the most active members of the society and a constant contributor to its journals. The proceedings are conducted in English, but this has not prevented the society from obtaining the opinions and assistance of the most learned natives in the country.

Though there are a very large number of Muhammedans in Calcutta, they cannot be said to exercise much political influence. They are mostly menials and small traders,

and they keep more aloof from English intercourse than the Hindoos do. So long ago as Warren Hastings's time a *madrisseh* or college was erected and liberally endowed for the promotion of Muhammedan education, but it has been neglected by the Government and allowed to fall far behind the other educational institutions of the city. The Muhammedans are fond of their own classical tongues, the Arabic and the Persian, the language of the Koran, and that in which Sadi and Hafiz wrote; and they look with suspicion on all attempts to instruct them in Western science and literature. Still there are signs of a more enlightened spirit among the younger Mussulmans, and the example of Abdul Latif Khan Bahadur, who has raised himself by his ability and perseverance to the foremost place among his co-religionists and to a seat in the local legislature, is sure to attract many followers. The Mussulmans may be said to lie almost outside missionary influence. Strong in their own faith and bigotedly prejudiced against Christianity, they will hardly condescend to religious discussion, and when they do, argument is brought to a stand-still by an appeal to the inspiration of the Koran, from a belief in which no reasoning will move them. But education will in time develope scepticism, and pave the way for the reception of a more probable creed. The late Prince Gholam Mahommed, the representative of Tippoo Sultan, who resided at Calcutta since the downfall of his dynasty, set the Mussulmans an excellent example by his frequent benefactions to the needy of all classes and creeds. I am inclined to think that in Calcutta, as in many other places in the East, the Muhammedans would be much better men, much more loyal subjects, and much more useful members of society, but for the influence of their priesthood, by whom the flame of bigotry and jealousy is constantly fanned, and who never cease to hold up war and enmity against the infidel as the highest earthly duty of a son of Islam. We cannot stop the mouths of these fanatics, for that, however just and expedient it might be, would be the semblance of a blot upon British toleration, but we can educate the people to the wickedness and absurdity of this doctrine, and when their reverences the Moulavies find that their teaching is no longer relished, there can be little doubt that they will assume a milder tone. This seems to me to be the true solution of the vexed Mussulman problem.

It would be very difficult to specify succinctly the actual tendencies of native pro-

gress at the present hour. We see the gigantic mass of Hinduism crumbling down in a hundred different parts and under the operations of a hundred different agencies. But who can say what new forms the different particles will ultimately assume? We complain because we see so many exchanging idolatry for universal scepticism, but we forget that the men who have reasoned themselves out of one faith are little likely to take another upon trust. And after all the scepticism of the Hindoo is nothing more than a spirit of earnest inquiry, the doubts of a man lost among a multitude of beliefs, and not the scornful, captious, make-believe nothingism with which we in the West are familiar. The revolution is all the greater because a change in the Hindoo religion implies the reconstruction of Hindoo society. Caste is dying away, and an aristocracy of property and intellect is rapidly taking its place. The education of the female sex must soon work another great transformation upon the Hindoo family, and woman must before long emerge from her present seclusion. The joint-family system, one of the greatest barriers to Hindoo progress, still stands firm, but the spirit of the age is against it; and a generation or two will see the younger sons of the Bengalee landholders turned forth into the world to win for themselves a competence and a home, instead of wasting their lives, as at present, in idleness and poverty upon their ancestral acres. The immense wealth now lavished upon the support of idolatry will be diverted to a more useful purpose, and the people released from the grinding exactions of Brahminism will be more wealthy as well as more happy. I am anticipating no millenium and sketching no Utopia: I am only mentioning what any observer may see through the breaking gloom of the old Hindoo world; and there may be many and greater evils to come than those that have already been. What part Christianity is destined to play remains to be seen. Our missionary efforts as yet, compared with the work to be done, have been little more than as a drop in the ocean; but insignificant as they have been, they have produced great results—results which are not to be measured merely by the number of converts, although that also is not contemptible. And as in the past, so in the future; we may be sure of this, that the Christian missionary will always be found in the van of every movement which has for its object the welfare of India and the elevation of its masses.

ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE.

WORK AND PRAY.

"He found them sleeping for sorrow, and said
unto them, Why sleep ye?"

ST. LUKE axii. 45, 46.

MY heart is aching sorely,
I would it were at rest,
In the eternal stillness
Of earth's cold, quiet breast,—
I would that I were lying
Seven feet below the ground,
Lock'd in an endless slumber,
Wak'd by no troublous sound.

Sweet hope, thou hast departed,
And empty is my life ;
I seem to have no energy
To face the toil and strife ;
The inward prospect's dreary,
And dark the outward lot,
And my secret soul is yearning
For that which cometh not.

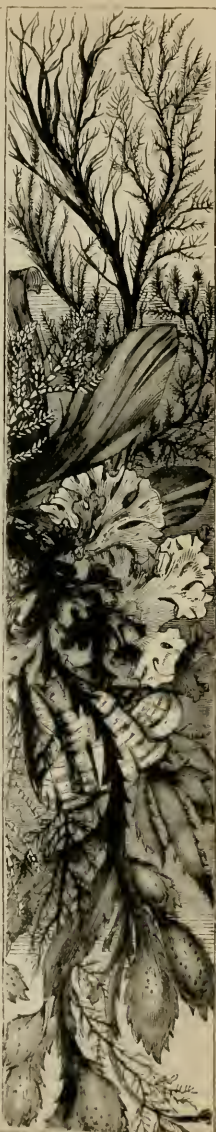
Oh, hush, sad heart ! bestir thee,
And quell this murmuring cry !
Thou, an immortal spirit,
Shalt thou thus idle lie ?
Look up—behold around thee
Souls sadder far than thine ;—
Come forth, and strive to comfort them.
Led by a Hand Divine.

Come forth, and work among them,
They perish at thy feet :
Oh, tell them of Eternity—
How swiftly Time doth fleet—
Take them the Gospel message,
Bid them awake from sin,
Knock at their hearts' hard portal
Till they let their Saviour in.

Labour and strive, and rest not—
Thou hast no time to weep,
While round thee lie thy fellow-men
Wrapp'd in deceitful sleep :—
Labour and strive and rest not—
Thy grief shall soon be o'er ;
But they, if they arouse not,
Must grieve for evermore.

Peace, thy sweet Saviour's blessing,
He surely will impart ;
And in His own good time
Will heal thy wounded heart ;
He will give thee all thou cravest,
So thou no post forsake—
Wait still, and pray, and labour ;
Ere long the day shall break.

E. G. C. BROCK.



THE EARLY HISTORY OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

NOW that the beautiful art of photography has reached its present high state of perfection, it may be interesting to relate to the generation which has sprung up since its discovery, the struggles of its first founders in the difficulties and perplexities which beset their paths—those paths which are now comparatively smooth and easy.

We undertake the task because it will enable us to give, from personal knowledge, a number of illustrations of a phase in the scientific life of Sir David Brewster, which are not recorded in any of the biographies which have appeared since, full of years and honours, he passed away.

Shortly after M. Daguerre made his great discovery, and succeeded in fixing the images formed by a lens in the camera obscura, it occurred to an English gentleman, Mr. Fox Talbot, that the same thing could be done by a different process, though the principle in both processes was the same.

Daguerre had succeeded in producing a surface so sensitive that a picture could be impressed upon it by the rays of light, by subjecting a perfectly smooth and clean surface of metallic silver to the fumes of iodine. The contact of the two elements produced the iodide of silver, which was the substance impressible by the action of light. In thinking over the rationale of the process, the happy thought occurred to Mr. Talbot that the same thing could be done by employing a sheet of paper instead of the unyielding metallic plate.

Without entering into details, his process consisted in saturating the pores of a sheet of paper with a weak solution of iodine, and then floating it upon a pretty strong solution of nitrate of silver. The silver and iodine were thus brought in contact, and the iodide of silver was produced in the tissues of the paper. The pictures thus produced by Mr. Talbot were far inferior in sharpness and beauty of details to those produced by M. Daguerre, but it was found that they had a grand advantage, viz., from the original picture produced in the camera an indefinite number of copies could, by an easy process, be taken, without the original being injured.

Mr. Talbot immediately communicated his discovery to Sir David Brewster, then the head of the optical world. At the time he received the interesting communication, Sir David was the guest of Lord Kinnaird, at his beautiful residence, Rossie Priory. The

communication was read to a scientific party there assembled, the pictures forwarded to Sir David exhibited, and the prospects of the new art freely discussed.

With his characteristic enthusiasm, Lord Kinnaird resolved to go in for the new art. Sir David kindly agreed to get an apparatus constructed for his lordship, and to procure the requisite chemicals; and a party was arranged to commence operations when these should arrive. In due time they made their appearance, the party assembled, and, in beautiful summer weather, operations began. But how shall we describe the anxiety with which the first results were looked for, and the disappointment which fell on all hearts and faces, when the blurred and hazy outline of an old lady, who had sat for twenty minutes in full sun-light appeared? We had expected great things, and such a result was hard indeed to bear. But it became manifest, after a few attempts, that we were nevertheless at the peristyle of that temple which none of us doubted would in time be filled with gems which no artist, however exquisite, could rival.

Sir David was our teacher. He alone, in those early days, knew anything of the process or of its philosophy; and a most patient and painstaking teacher he was, showing us how the different parts of the manipulation were to be performed, and taking his full share of all the dirty and disagreeable work.

Know, ye modern photographers, who have manipulated nothing but the clean and comfortable working collection, and who can buy almost everything requisite prepared and ready to hand, that a quarter of a century ago you could do nothing of the kind. In those days it was expedient to *divest* yourself of your coat, and *invest* yourself in a blouse or old greatcoat, to save your garments from the greenish-black stains and smudgings they were sure otherwise to receive. All available tubs, buckets, foot-pails, wash-hand basins, and every sort of vessel which would contain water, were laid hold of for the frequent washings and soakings which were required. Every room which could be darkened was needed for the drying in the dark. The region of every domestic in a household was invaded, and servants were kept running perpetually with pails of hot and cold water, warm smoothing-irons, &c. The whole establishment was turned topsy-turvy while its superiors were bent on photographic studies.

Rossie Priory is one of the largest houses in Scotland, yet we have often seen it moved from one end to another, and all in it, from its noble owner to the humblest domestic, in a fever of excitement.

It was delightful to see Sir David, then a lithe and active old man, engaged, with all the eagerness of youth, in the fascinating pursuit; for it was a most fascinating study, because, coarse and brown and poor though the pictures produced were, when compared with those now obtained by the improved process, the operator was irresistibly drawn onward by the conviction that experience and care would lead to much more satisfactory results. Generally, each picture was an improvement upon its predecessor, because the time of exposure in the camera, the proper amount of development, and the due strength of the solutions were being ascertained. The art manifestly had great capabilities, and the operator was pleased with the hope of being able to succeed in bringing them out.

For several weeks the interesting operations were carried on at Rossie Priory, while as yet few or none knew anything about the art—hearing only of it as a new thing which was beginning to attract notice. Meanwhile the pictures steadily improved in quality, through increasing experience, and the ample supply of the best materials which could be procured. Lord Kinnaird not only furnished these, but wrought himself from morning till night with unflagging energy, and discovered a dexterity of manipulation which none of us could surpass. To those unacquainted with the early processes, a few words of explanation may be given, as this will convey the best idea of the progress which has been made, and will better enable the reader to understand what we have to state.

A few sheets of thin, close-grained writing paper were taken, and cut up into pieces the size of the intended pictures. These were brushed over (in the dark) on one side with a solution of iodide of potassium, having in it a trace of nitrate of silver. After the superfluous moisture had been removed by blotting-paper, they were laid in a large vessel of rain-water to soak for twelve hours, in a darkened room, and were then hung up by their corners to drain and dry in the dark, after which they were placed between the leaves of a blotting-book for future use. When a picture was to be taken, one of these iodized sheets, which had become of a beautiful straw colour, was taken, and placed with the prepared side uppermost, on a sheet of blot-

ting paper, and then rapidly brushed over with a solution of ammonia-nitrate of silver, no more light being used than would allow the operator to see what he was doing. The sheet was then rapidly blotted between the folds of perfectly clean blotting-paper, and, while wet, placed in the dark side of the camera, and, as speedily as possible, exposed to the action of light in the instrument. When taken out of the dark slide, and again laid with the side which had been exposed uppermost, no trace of a picture could be seen. Certain parts had undergone a greater chemical change than others, in proportion to the amount of light which had fallen on them through the lens; but they required to be developed in order that the picture might appear. The developing solution consisted of equal parts of aceto-nitrate of silver and saturated solution of gallic acid, to which four or five bulks of water were added. The surface was rapidly brushed over with this, when the picture gradually appeared, one part after another coming into view, like the phantoms in a phantasmagoria: the development was continued until the lights threatened to become yellow, at which stage the process was arrested by the sheet being plunged into clean water and thoroughly washed. It was then laid in a solution of hypo-sulphate of soda, which removed the undecomposed silver from the tissues of the paper, and so fixed the picture, preventing light from having any further action on it. It was again soaked and washed for several hours to remove the hypo-sulphate, and finally pressed and dried. This, then, was the *negative* picture in which, as in a collodion negative, the lights were reversed, and from which any number of *positives* or *proofs* could be printed by light being transmitted through it in much the same way as at present. The proofs obtained were called calotypes, or more frequently Talbotypes, from the discoverer of the process.

When the paper was thin and close-grained, and free from any metallic impurities, these negatives were extremely beautiful, and capable of giving proofs of wonderful delicacy and beauty. The writer has by him several landscapes, which, after an interval of more than twenty years, still discover a clearness and beauty of detail which is astonishing.

The first great improvement in these negatives was saturating them with pure white wax, which greatly increased their transparency, without impairing their sharpness. Many of the delicate shadings, which were

formerly lost through the coarseness of the paper, were thus easily rendered in the proof. The negative, also, was rendered leathery and tough, and less liable to be dirtied or injured.

Still, however, it was felt that a much more transparent and homogeneous material than paper was required to impress the exquisitely beautiful pictures painted by the pencils of light, ere the much-desired perfection could be obtained. Many a long conference the venerable philosopher, Lord Kinnaird, and the writer had on the subject, and many a substance was experimented with. After the long interval, it is curious to remember that the glutinous slime exuded by snails was tried, but alas! it was found that, however transparent, it had the great drawback (which most substances we tried had)—it was too easily soluble in water. The film of it, which was spread on the glass, would not endure the manipulation, and frequent washings necessary to complete the picture.

What was requisite was a thin, transparent film, which would absorb water, and yet not be soluble in it. At last some one (whose name we forget) hit upon the happy idea of employing the white of an egg. This substance is nearly pure albumen. As it is taken from the egg, it is perfectly soluble in water, but when it has been exposed to a temperature approaching that of boiling water, it becomes insoluble. It had, therefore, the requisites sought.

On the discovery being made known to Sir David, he again visited Rossie Priory, and operations with the new medium were eagerly commenced. Lord Kinnaird had provided himself with a large four-inch object-lens camera, by Ross, of London; the weather was beautiful, eggs abundant, and we were soon all engrossed in our experiments.

The *modus operandi* was simply this. The whites of a dozen eggs were turned into a large basin, an equal bulk of rain-water was added, a few grains of iodide of potassium were flung in, and the whole was whisked up into a white froth like snow. The basin and its contents were set aside in a place free from dust, and in a few hours a beautiful transparent fluid, the colour of pale sherry, was found at the bottom. It was decanted into a wide-mouthed stoppered bottle, and was immediately fit for use. This was the new material, for which the inventor deserves immortality. It has not yet been surpassed, and must be resorted to when pictures of extraordinary delicacy are required.

The material having been thus prepared, a sheet of glass, the size of the intended picture, was made perfectly clean, the albumen was poured over its surface, and drained off at one corner, and the glass, with the still wet film upon it, was then held vertically before a clear red fire, when the albumen was immediately coagulated and rendered insoluble. The sheet of glass when cool was dipped into a strong solution of nitrate of silver for two or three minutes, by which means it became sensitised. It was then put in a dark slide, and carried to the camera. After being exposed to the light, it was developed by a mixed solution of aceto-nitrate of silver and gallic acid.

By this method pictures far surpassing the talbotype process were produced; indeed, they left almost nothing to be desired except rapidity.

Almost immediately after the discovery of the albumen process, the application of collodion was suggested, and it was found to give such beautiful results, to be so friendly in its working, and so high in its sensitiveness, that it has taken precedence of all other methods. In the Ordnance Office, however, albumen, from the clear, sharp details it gives, is still employed for the enlargement or reduction of the ordnance maps, &c.

During the albumen epoch, Sir David was actively engaged in perfecting his invention of the refracting stereoscope, one of the most beautiful instruments of modern times, which, by its wonderful creations, has conferred pure and refining pleasure upon millions. As it was of the highest importance for displaying the powers of the instrument that the pictures to be united should be perfect representations of the same scene or object from slightly different points of view, Sir David early saw the value of photography to his instrument, and zealously prosecuted it, well knowing that it would give the exquisite drawing, and *chiaroscuro*, indispensable to that perfection which his mind saw to be attainable. It was amid the labours and researches at Rossie that he fixed upon the *form* of the instrument—the focal length of its prismatic lenses, the size of its pictures, and many other details in regard to it, which have now long characterized the instrument. However simple these may appear to the stereoscopist, they were all the result of patient thought and lengthened experiment. The first stereoscope with which he experimented was a clumsy, ill-made thing, somewhat like a demented opera-glass, which

some unhandy tin-smith in St. Andrews had made for him. Misshapen and unsightly though it was, it served the purpose, and led ultimately to the elegant and effective instrument with which every one is so familiar. The first stereoscopic photographs were taken for the St. Andrews tin-smith's affair, which, wretched though it was, served to show what glorious reproductions of all that is beautiful and grand in nature and art were about to arise, through the genius of the grand old man, and as the reward of his interesting labours.

It was a striking illustration of Sir David's wonderful physical vigour, as well as of the versatility of his mind, that he could work during the greater part of the day-light in taking pictures, and then could, after dinner, retire to his room, and write for hours, carrying on his controversy with Wheatstone, and keeping himself up with all that was going on in the scientific world. He must often have sat till far in the morning preparing his papers for the different journals to which he contributed, and carrying on his large correspondence. Probably he then laid the foundation in even his well-strung and wiry frame of the neuralgia, from which he suffered so severely in his latter days. But at the time of which we write he was ever the first ready for operations, always having some new phase of the work to suggest.

When the stereoscope had, by his improvements, become very much what it now is, the albumen process furnished exquisite pictures for the display of its powers. It opened up, as it were, a new world to many, enabling

them to see, with all the reality of nature, some of those scenes in which all that is grand and beautiful is combined, and which they could never hope to visit. At a very early stage in the history of the stereoscope, some French artists sent Sir David some most beautiful slides, containing views in Switzerland, which, through his published communications, they had managed to produce. He was greatly gratified by their reception, and exhibited them with no little pride.

It is not our purpose to follow the history of photography further. At this point its connection with Sir David to a great extent ceased. It was taken up by a rapidly increasing multitude of professional artists, who established themselves in all parts of the country. Many of them have risen to eminence, and produced works of great beauty. Since the introduction of collodion, the art has had, in different countries, able expositors, and well-conducted journals, specially devoted to its advancement.

It is pleasing to look back, and to think of the wonderful progress which has been made since the first attempts, above described, were undertaken, but it is melancholy to think how the once joyous and happy party which used to assemble at Rossie Priory has been broken up by the ravages of death. The scions of that noble house are in the grave, and the grand and good old man, who shed light and joy over all our amusements, has followed these bright ones to a better world.

ROBERT GRAHAM, LL.D.

A NIGHTINGALE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

THEY paused,—the cripple in the chair,
More bent with pain than age ;
The mother with her lines of care ;
The pert, well-buttoned page ;

The noisy, red-checked nursery-maid,
With straggling train of frogs ;
The Frenchman with his froes and braid,—
All, curious, paused to see,

If possible, the small, dusk bird
That, from the almond bough,
Had poured the joyous strain they heard,
So suddenly, but now.

And one poor Poet stopped and thought
How many a lonely lay
That bird had sung ere chance had brought
It near the common way,

Where the crowd hears the note. And then,
How many must sing the song
To whom that hour of listening men
Could ne'er in life belong.

But " Art for Art," the Poet said,
'Tis still the Nightingale,
That sings where no men's feet will tread,
And praise and audience fail.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

ON THE WEST COAST:

The Record of a Highland Tour.

By CAPTAIN WHITE, R.E., AUTHOR OF "ARCHÆOLOGICAL RESEARCHES IN SCOTLAND."

III.—HEAD OF LOCH DUICH AND GLEN SHIEL.

IT is time to put up the sketch now, and take a boat across Loch Duich to the opposite shore, for the sunset glow is kindling up the castle wall till it looks like a battlement of massive gold, and the waters of the lake are settling down into that slumberous state when the blue changes into long dark bars, which darken and darken as the evening comes on. And now, as our boat gets well out into the loch, the splendid outline of the "Suir Ouran" range opens, and the slopes of the valley seem all rushing to one particular point at the head of the loch as a focus. Which is just the point we are making for, where lies Shiel inn, and I know of no walk much more beautiful than these few miles. Besides an ever-varying background of mountain, there is for a good part of the way the strangest-looking straggle of primitive grass-grown huts imaginable, coming in as foreground alongside the road. And the colonies of foxgloves, young, old, and middle-aged, white and red—enough studies for all our artists in all their lifetimes—and those everlasting delicious rock-greys, dashed over with green and brown lichens, half-hidden in bracken. And then the water, and the beautiful birch-woods overhanging the very sea-weed. Positively eye and brain become saturated with form and colour, and one knows not where to look or what to carry away. Outside the cottages are to be seen the fishermen's pole-frames for stretching their nets, a well-known object to the West Highland traveller. All the habitants of these huts, you will find, almost to a man, are MacRaes, a sept which attached itself to the clan Kenzie, and scarcely any of them can talk a word of English, an unusual case nowadays in the Scottish Highlands.

Shiel inn, at the head of the loch, is, I believe, a very comfortable one; but, being guests at a hospitable house in the neighbourhood, we made no trial of its capabilities. To the tourist it may be safely recommended as a head-quarters, whence he may make two or three days' excursions of the greatest interest. There is a day's trip to the Falls of Glomach, said to be about three hundred and fifty feet high, which are best reached from here. We had no time to see them, however. Then there is an extraordinary saddle-back mountain.

sharp as a knife and a great height, called the Devil's Acres—and not badly named, I should say, from my friend's account who made the ascent of them. For some distance near the summit you have to crawl on hands and knees, the ridge is so narrow. Then, for the archæologist, there is a rare treat to be had in a visit to the celebrated "burghs" or round towers of Glenelg,* which are about fifteen miles distant. So little is popularly known of these towers that I may be allowed here a few words about them.

We drove over to the Kirkton, as it is called (or village), of Glenelg, and found our way to a lonely valley named Glen Beg ("beg" means "little," by-the-bye, not "big"). After walking a mile and a half or so up this glen, which is prettily wooded, we stumbled up quite suddenly against the first of the series of these ancient fortresses, hidden in a clump of trees by the roadside. A short distance further on is a second, in much the same state of preservation as the first; and higher up the glen there were originally two or three more at least, which have now disappeared. It would be out of place here to go minutely into detail, but I may just say that the circumferences of these two towers are nearly equal, and in general respects they are repetitions of each other. The upper one, however, is built on a steep knoll, whereas its fellow stands on the bank of the stream which flows through the glen, its base being on a level with the roadway which passes by it. In each case only a segment of the tower remains, the respective heights of the walls being twenty and thirty feet, or thereabouts, and their internal diameters as nearly as possible the same, also about thirty feet. Both have been quite circular; indeed, the regularity of construction of these fortresses is a striking feature about them. The stone used by their builders is the same as that found in the immediate vicinity, a hard gneissose schist, easily fissured into slabs. But it is the mode in which these buildings have been put together that has excited most curiosity. The tower consists, in fact, of a double wall banded together by cross-slabs, so as to

* Also called "Pictish Towers," from being almost entirely confined to that part of Scotland anciently the dominion of the Picts.

form tiers, one over the other, of circular passages in the thickness of the wall, gradually diminishing in size towards the top. Here and there in the circuit an upright row of square openings has been left, apparently to light these passages. The entrance to the tower, which is still visible in the case of the lower one, consists of a small opening concealed under boulders, in all probability much as it was concealed when in use. For a long time conjecture ran wild as to the object of these chambered passages. That they could not all have been used as dwelling-places was evident, seeing it would be impossible for the smallest child that ever crept to squeeze into the uppermost tiers, which, from the converging of the outside and inside walls, dwindle away into nothing towards the top. And as a man could do no more than get his hand in at the inlets or windows of these highest tiers, it would be equally impossible to utilise the intervening spaces. Still, from the size of the lower tiers, and the regularity of the transverse slabs which are laid across them side by side fitting close together, it was difficult to avoid the inference that here were the roof and flooring of chambers intended for use—a suggestion strengthened by the frequent occurrence of a winding staircase connecting them. But for sleeping-places, storehouses, or what? Speculation has been ransacked upon this question, and as yet we seem as far as ever from being able to answer it.

One peculiarity, however, struck me as throwing a light on the matter, and I was glad to find my own observations afterwards confirmed by an independent authority, who had some years ago visited these towers, and formed pretty much the same conclusion.

It was observable that here and there, at irregular intervals, there projected out from the shell-walls into the passages slabs which stopped the way, making it a difficult matter to get along in some cases. Now, what does an engineer do in constructing bridge-piers and buttresses, or running up the walls of large buildings where economy is an object? Instead of filling in solid material, he supplies a shell of brick or stone, throwing in loose stuff as padding, or leaving the hollow space blank, without sacrificing strength. A hollow wall, in fact, may be made as strong as a solid one, by a proper system of cross-binding.

And this is precisely what would seem to be the explanation of these towers. Their builders were not in possession of the art of cementing with mortar; and given the pro-

blem of how to erect the best wall in dry stone of greatest strength with least material, here we have it. The intrusive projecting slabs through the passages were doubtless so many additional binders, which have since got broken off. A tapering form of wall would be a necessity, and as a natural consequence the chambered spaces must contract as they ascend. At the same time, the inmates may have had an eye to the lower spaces, and have made use of them as far as possible. The section of the wall, I may add, is admirably conceived for strength. In one of the towers of Glen Beg a projection near the top, and a similar one at the present ground level, seem to indicate that it may at one time have been both roofed and floored. Add to this, that not a break, not an opening is to be seen on the outside of the towers; that the stones are all neatly fitted, and laid, as I have remarked, with the utmost regularity; and that the structure, when complete, must have risen to a considerable height, one smooth unvarying circuit of hard stone—and we can scarcely imagine a building better adapted for defence or storage of supplies. Such a building, indeed, would be practically impregnable to the assailant of primitive times, whose attacks, though swift and unforeseen, were generally of brief duration, and unsupported by any but the rudest siege appliances.

Did space permit, which it does not, I should have liked to say something upon many interesting questions connected with these mysterious buildings shut up here in this little secluded glen, and their congeners elsewhere. Their age, their history, the people who constructed them, the races which at different periods may have inhabited them; the food, weapons, utensils, and mode of living of these races; these are problems, some of which are in course of solution, others only just beginning to emerge from total darkness into a faint twilight. In time much may be expected from exhaustive scientific research, but the accumulation of facts must proceed further before we can generalise from them with caution. Meanwhile, these strange deserted ruins must be left tenanted only by those ghosts of history, —traditions dim and shadowy, where the names of remote Celtic heroes shade off into mythic tales of elfin builders and goblin occupants.

To return from our digression. We had reached, I think, Glen Shiel, and were about to "make tracks" up the glen. Now, as we are bound for Loch Houran and the coast-

line again, it may seem a very Hibernian roundabout to get there in the way we did. But, though you can go *viâ* the Kirktown of Glenelg, I should recommend the route we adopted as a better road and more varied scenery. The drive through Glen Shiel itself must be majestic, provided you can see anything, which we could not, except mist which obscured all but the foot of the Scur Ouran range. Now, we should not in a general way care for a portrait of a friend draped so that nothing but his feet were visible; neither does one feel much impressed by a hill under similar circumstances. However, it got better as we ascended the pass, and the silver threads down the green slopes were all the bigger, and the roar of the Shiel waters all the louder for the torrents of rain that had fallen.

At the bottom of the glen, by-the-bye, we were shown a spot where the road passes through a pretty deep bit of cutting overhung by a precipitous rock. To this spot, at the beginning of the present century, a pair of horses belonging to the owner of an adjoining property were led by some of the Duich-side folk and pushed

over the precipice, breaking their necks. The only reason for this outrage, according to our informant, was that the gentleman was a Lowlander ("Gall"), and they wouldn't have him among them. The poor man was so troubled at the opposition excited by his presence in the glen, that he committed suicide shortly after. Rough, wild, lynching fellows these MacRaes in old days, apparently;—Celts all over, full of prejudice against strangers sitting where had sat their own forefathers, indeed misliking all southrons, as such, and ready to meet them on the "heave-half-a-brick-at-him" principle. But those days are gone by now, and the next time we are in the glen, we may find a batch of Cook's tourists billeted in the fishers' shealings.

Glen Shiel and the neighbourhood has

many associations of interest connected with the memory of the house of Stuart. To our left, at the back of Ben Attow, in the parish of Kintail, is one of those Bealachs (Ballochs) or passes so common in this mountainous country. It is at the head of Glen Grivie, which again is merely the production of Strath Affric, which runs down to Beauly. Up this strath, through the Fraser and Chisholm country, Lord George Sackville entered the district of Kintail with a column of English troops, after the battle of Culloden, while the Royal frigates were hovering about the shores of those western sea-arms, searching day and night for any of the discomfited rebels that might have fled into the district for shelter. Apropos of this officer, and the then minister of Kintail, a not bad story is told.



Ruin of Lower Pictish Tower, Glenelg.

On the approach of my lord, the minister made haste to put in an appearance on behalf of himself and his parishioners, to testify to their loyalty. Being brought into Lord George's presence, the personal get-up of his reverence would not appear to have been quite satisfactory, as his lordship drew a pistol, and presenting it at the

minister's head, requested him, if he really was the person he purported to be, to fetch instantly from the manse library some book which should attest his sacred character. This the reverend old gentleman lost not a moment in doing, and a volume of "Pool's Annotations" which he seized in a hurry and brought away with him, was still shown as a curiosity by his successors as late as the end of last century, and may very likely be there now. The teller of this story, writing some eighty years ago, quaintly characterizes the pass the troops came through as "truly steep and vexatious," and "enclosed with hills of rueful aspects." *

Then there was the spirited action which took place between a detachment of regulars

* Old Stat. Account, vol. vi. p. 245.

under General Wightman and a mixed Jacobite force consisting principally of Seaforth's men, Mackenzies, MacRaes, &c., with an addition of three or four hundred Spaniards, the remnant of the expeditionary force under Ormond, dispatched by the King of Spain to assist the rising of the Earl of Mar in 1719. The expedition left Cadiz a fleet of ships some thirty in all, frigates and transports, but was broken up in a gale on the passage to Scotland, two only of the vessels reaching Loch Duich. Two thousand stand of arms were landed here, and some Scottish noblemen, including the Earl of Seaforth, who assumed command of the rebel force. This force, after the disembarkation, at once

proceeded to occupy the cliffy broken ground right and left of the glen, where it narrows to a defile of a most formidable character, barricaded with tremendous boulders through which the river tumbles in a succession of roaring cataracts. Half a mile or so in advance of Seaforth's position, he posted a small detachment of Highlanders, under command, it is said, of the celebrated Rob Roy Macgregor. This outpost was intended to allow Wightman's column to pass them, and while the English were engaged with the main body of their assailants it was to fall upon their rear. This scheme would seem to have been rather neatly planned, though it signally failed owing to the characteristic



Head of Loch Duich.

impatience of Rob Roy's men, who made their onslaught prematurely, and were cut to pieces before their friends could get into action. As for the Spaniards, they laid down their arms without firing a shot. The Highlanders made a good fight of it, but, the enemy having succeeded in firing the heather, they were driven off the field, carrying with them the Earl, who was dangerously wounded. A rough breastwork thrown up by the Highlanders, and other mementoes of the engagement, such as old musket barrels and bullets, were, until quite recently, to be found on the spot, associated with more melancholy relics, — green mounds covering the slain, including one supposed to be the grave of a so-called

“Dutch colonel” who fell on the occasion. After this disaster the Spaniards who had remained with the ships blew up their magazine (which had been kept behind the manse of Kintail) to prevent its falling into the enemy's hands. And thus collapsed an enterprise that under more favourable circumstances might have materially strengthened Mar's hands, and given the English government more trouble in the West Highlands than it had bargained for.

It is also interesting to note that in the summer of 1746, the Chevalier passed a night at the head of Glen Shiel. This was during his extraordinary wanderings through the west-coast districts, when, in a famished

and half-clad state, with two or three faithful attendants, he was hunted about from one hillside to another till he was ultimately enabled to make his escape to France. And all through the rest of our route, almost to its close, we shall be within sight of hills and lochs, which must have been made painfully familiar to the eye of the fugitive Prince. For we must remember the situation. The Duke of Cumberland lay at Fort Augustus, whence, as a head-quarter, detachments far and wide were scouring the country, searching every glen from which the faintest rumour of the Prince's whereabouts had been wafted. At one time, indeed, there was a complete cordon of observation wound round him, through which it seemed impossible he could escape. On one side the sea alive with cruisers, their boats' crews alert night and day:—on the other a chain of posts at every loch head with intermediate sentries in uninterrupted communication. Through this last it was that the Chevalier succeeded in breaking, by creeping across a particular beat during the night, when two sentries' backs were turned on one another, leaving an interval

of ground unguarded. Doubling on his own tracks,—frequently within ear-shot and eye-shot of his pursuers,—rarely getting more than a few hours' sleep,—hidden away in dens and caves,—this David with a price of £30,000 set on his head, and an unresting, most unsparing Saul for ever at his heels, must have had a terrible life of it. And, be one's political sympathies what they may, there will always be a glamour thrown over the history of Charles Edward Stuart, not only because of his high birth, his extraordinary adventures, and the misfortunes of his family, but from the chivalrous fidelity of his followers. And so the beautiful scenery of these western wilds takes to itself a charm borrowed from human interests:—the after-glow, not yet quite extinct, of that blaze of enthusiasm which once lighted up glen, lake, and mountain. And as we strike here and there the tracks of one so beloved and so unfortunate, and note with what affection they are to this day traced out, it is scarcely possible to divest oneself of a certain sympathy with the descendants of the men and women who lived and died for him.

A SIGH IN THE NIGHT.

O SWEET darkness, still and calm and lonely!

Spread thy downy pinions round about
Spare me from thy hidden riches only
One dream face; blot all the others out.

Bring him now, for thou hast power to free him

From that ugly garb he wears by day;
Bring him now, my darling, let me see him
Ere the tender kindness pass away.

O sweet night-winds, wandering in the larches!

Sigh and croon and whisper as you creep;
Sing my songs thro' green cathedral arches
While the weary workers are asleep.

Snarl and fret not of the grief and passion;

Sing in minor cadence, sweet and low;
Sing of peace and rest, in soft-wind fashion,
Of the love and faith I used to know!

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

IN SAFE HAVEN.

WHOEVER has once walked by the shortest way from the City to the notorious Bluegate Fields, is not likely to forget either the journey or the terminus. Down by the Billingsgate entrance, past the Tower, you proceed, skirting now and again rows of buildings more dismal far than any prison, where, nevertheless, groups of hungry-looking men loiter as though they were all-attractive; yards and bowsprits of the ships as they lie in dock now and again cutting across your pathway like the heads of some

monster sword-fish. And how can you restrain a smile, as glancing at the corners of the narrow, dirty side-streets, you read such names as "Nightingale Street," "Green Lane," and "Artichoke Street," where nowadays no nightingale ever sings, and naught is green in any sense, and where no artichokes can flourish, unless by a broad license of phrase it may be applied to what you are surprised to see are women squatted and chatting, as it would appear, quite comfortably in the sun, amid the dust and steaming filth

of the gutter; while you can hear that, inside the corner "public" yonder, a demonstration is going on, and coming up you see a seedy, knowing-eyed fellow with a banjo, thrumming away accompaniment to the voices of two fat young women—vice tends to fat here at the first—bedizened with cheap finery and knots of the brightest colours, as sailors, ear-ringed and oily, crack their fingers and caper, "half seas over," rolling as they try to stop for a moment's breath, more than they ever did in the stiffest gale. And this before twelve o'clock in the forenoon.

As you proceed onward the atmosphere becomes more and more redolent of the sea. Sailors' garb and sailors' gear hold every point of vantage. Blue jackets, white duck trousers, and yellow waterproofs hang over shop fronts and swing in doorways, and the windows twinkle with shining quadrants, sextants, compasses, marine barometers, and such like. We are near the docks, as not even a blind man could doubt; for odours also are tell-tale. You have had a glance in passing at the ill-famed Tiger Bay—not much improved in spite of improvements—and proceeding further along Ratcliffe Highway, now politely re-named, you fancy you have made some mistake when you see "Victoria Street" inscribed on the corner of what you fancied was the place you are in search of—Bluegate Fields. Looking up, you find that the march of modern improvement has reached the notorious quarter, and is like to sweep it away. Some of the houses have been pulled down in the main-way, but it stood rank behind rank, as noisome things are apt to do, lane within lane, and now almost only the inner lines remain to hint what the place was in its glory. A foul, fetid, sickening smell pervades the narrow lane you now traverse; clothes, by courtesy clean, hung on ropes stretched from the one side to the other, catching and absorbing the malodorous airs from below. Here you see three heads of women, loose-haired, thrust out; there a negro smoking, as he leans over resting on his elbows; yonder again is a Malay, with a very sleepy look, yet telling of incipient desperation,—and no wonder, for there, right in front of us, is Chinese Jack's opium divan, of which most people have heard vague rumours. This, in the old days used to be the great resort of foreign sailors, and sometimes English sailors too, more's the pity, and on these empty spaces, boarded-in now, there used to stand the miserable hovels that served for their lodging-houses, from which crimps and touts

of all kinds used to sally forth to belay poor black Jack, and feast upon him barnacle-wise, till he was destitute, and even worse, and then he was tossed out into the street, not seldom to beg, never more to find ship again—a mere wreck and burden on the community that had neglected him. Not very many years ago no fewer than two hundred of these coloured waifs were beggars in the streets of the metropolis, besides fifty more who were in the workhouses of East London. And who, in provincial towns or on country roads, has not come across the poor oriental, shivering, sleepy-eyed, with tom-tom slung in front of him, creeping along like a shadow that refuses to be dispersed, and sending a chill into the very sunlight? Thus exposed, half-naked or in unsuitable clothing, they fell like leaves before the early frosts of autumn. In 1854 as many as nineteen inquests were held on them in the course of a month or so; and during the three years from 1854 to 1857 one thousand were admitted into the Dreadnought Hospital—not to speak of other hospitals. And this Bluegate Fields was the centre of this ghastly work, which went on up till a comparatively recent date—a profitable trade for those who "drove" it. Of course, pulling down a few miserable dens does not insure that such evils as once festered there are entirely rooted out, but they are certainly not so rampant as they once were—cause for sincere joy, surely, as we look round on these misery-stricken centres of vice and crime.

No class of men were more exposed and preyed upon than the sailors used to be. No sooner did a ship reach the port than they were surrounded by touters, who held forth all manner of inducements. After a long, monotonous voyage, there is naturally a craving for change and some bright and cheering society, and poor men, beset thus with promises of pleasure, only too often yielded. For nearly forty years, however, the Sailors' Home has been doing a great work, and has so considerably weakened the hands of the touters that nowadays one of their main devices is to represent themselves as being from the Sailors' Home. But it was an uphill fight at the first. It is oftentimes hard to make men see their own interests, and of no class is this truer than of sailors—in spite of their many good points.

Turning off Ratcliffe Highway as we come back, we enter a side-street, which is of a slightly more respectable character than most others near by, though by no means palatial in its architecture, and this street well deserves to

be mentioned in the records of philanthropy. In the year 1827, three naval officers—Captain Robert Elliot, Captain (later Admiral) Gambier, and Captain Robert Justice—took counsel together how they might best save the sailors from the claws of the harpies who preyed upon and beggared them. They agreed that it was needful that attractive lodgings should be supplied for the home-comers and strangers from far lands. Many efforts were made to find suitable accommodation, but some time elapsed before it was come at; and meanwhile, Captain Elliot, that he might be near to the scene which he had marked out as that of his future life's labours, left the West-end and his aristocratic friends and family connections, and took up his abode in this side-street, where he lived for many years. Just at this time the Brunswick Theatre fell down, burying several persons in its ruins. The site and the old materials were bought by Captain Elliot and his friends for a Sailors' Home. The *débris* was soon cleared away, the labourers employed presenting the unwonted spectacle of uniting in prayer and praise each day on the spot before they began their task, led by Captain Gambier and Captain Elliot. In 1830 the foundation stone was laid. Owing to many interruptions and much opposition from those interested in the old ways, the building was not finished till 1835. It was opened in May of that year, with accommodation for a hundred boarders. From that day to this, its history has been one of progress. It was a surprise to poor Jack to find out a lodging where the keepers' object was not to make him drink and to spend money, but to keep him sober, and help him to save it, where he could give his spare cash into sure keeping, or have it sent safely to wife or family; and as its fame spread it has for years become more and more popular, till now it has five hundred beds, and is really self-supporting, so that when we speak of it as a charity, it must only be historically; for Jack Tar, with all his faults, has a certain pride of his own, and likes to pay his way. Yet the charges are amazingly low. The men pay 15s. per week for their board, and masters and mates, who have a slightly better cabin and mess by themselves, pay 18s. 6d. Nowhere else could they get the same thing for anything like the same money. But this is the result of the good management brought into the affair, and indicates the enormous profits that must have been made by the low lodging-house keepers, who not only fleeced but flayed. The *ménage* here is of the amplest.

There are excellent reading-rooms, where dozens of brown tars are to be seen so intent on papers and magazines, that they look as though they were dozing over them; there are rooms for chess, draughts, bagatelle, and billiards—for, though the institution was founded by strictly religious gentlemen, they were no fanatics, and intimately knew the men they meant to benefit. The dormitories are neat and clean, three tiers high, each cabin being self-contained, with room for trunks, &c., the key kept by the occupant for the time being. The entrance passage for the upper tiers runs outside above the doors of the tier beneath. One of these dormitories, a few years after the founding of the home, was furnished by Queen Adelaide—the royal sailor's wife—and named after her. But even this was soon filled likewise, and exactly thirteen years after the first stone had been laid the Prince of Wales opened the second building, which gave the Home a frontage into Dock Street, of a lofty and really palatial character. There is a Seamen's Church close by, the foundation stone of which was laid by the revered Prince Albert, and the incumbent of this church is chaplain of the Home, and is often there to do what good he can. The church is well attended mainly by the inmates of the Home.

We had much pleasure in a recent visit paid to the Home, with its wondrously perfect equipment of steam cooking machinery, and supplemental gas-stoves and bakery, its bath-rooms, wash-house, pantry, stores, and cellarage, as well as navigation-school and skittle-ground in the basement; its reading-room, coffee and refreshment-rooms, offices, and waiting-rooms on the ground floor; its smoking-room, library, chaplain's room, neat mess-room for the officers, and dining-hall (with pictures and busts, and brought practically near to kitchen and stores by means of large lifts), on the floor above; and then above these again the multitude of bed-cabins, of which we have spoken—one of them named after Admiral Sir Henry Hope, K.C.B., and with a marble bust of him at the upper end. Two things on the ground-floor specially attracted our attention. The first was the store which has been opened for the supply of seamen's clothing, so that Jack Tar does not need nowadays to put himself in the hands of a slopseller for a "rig-out" as aforesaid; everything is here at hand of the best quality, at the lowest prices; no small matter either, for in nothing was Jack more cozened and cheated than in the purchase of his clothing. Tailors are

employed by the Home, and the clothes are made up on the premises—a system which Jack has not been slow to see the advantage of and to appreciate. Another thing that specially attracted our notice was an inscription over a small granite fountain recently erected in the entrance-hall, bearing witness that the Home is looked to as a real *home* by many of whom the donor of the fountain may be taken as a type. It runs thus:—

“THE GIFT OF WILLIAM MCNEIL, SEAMAN, In appreciation of the great benefits he has derived on the various occasions during which he had made this Institution his home for upwards of twenty-five years.”

It is not to be inferred, of course, that all the boarders confine their libations to this innocent “spring;”—more especially that the directors, after very serious deliberation and as the least of two evils, have opened a beer-bar inside, to save the men from the mischief that was often done to them by their imbibing the “vile mixtures” sold outside; but the decorum and sobriety that obtained among the scores of sailors we saw there was every way gratifying. We read in the Report that—

“In order to bring the advantages of the Home under the notice of seamen entering the port of London, persons are employed who board the ships at Gravesend, and distribute cards, &c., and, through the kindness of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House and the Committee of the Thames Church Mission Society, cards are likewise conveyed on board homeward-bound ships in the Channel and in the river. The agents and carmen belonging to the Home also attend the ships on their arrival in the Docks, to ensure the safe transmission of the men's clothes to the Sailors' Home, at a fixed and reasonable charge. Thus the endeavour is to protect the sailors from a long-established and well-organized system of extortion and imposition, to which the acknowledged carelessness of their characters, their habits of intemperance, and the peculiarity of their circumstances render them singularly liable.”

So careless are the sailors as a class, and so thorough is this system of imposition, that no safeguards on the part of their friends can well be dispensed with. We cannot help, therefore, regarding it as a great misfortune that when the Mercantile Marine Pay-office, under the Board of Trade, was removed, some two years ago, to Tower Hill from the Home, where for a long period previously it had been, the Local Marine Board at Tower Hill did not see its way to permit the sailors' wages to be taken up by the officers of the institution, as is done at the pay-table at Green's Home. It cannot be imagined that the Board of Trade can have any desire to stand in the way of such a good object as

the directors of this Home have at heart; but though representations have several times been made on this matter, the Board has not yet yielded. We may therefore presume the existence of some strong official reason which it is hard for outsiders to understand, causing the Tower Hill payable to need different regulations, on this head, from that at Green's Home; but not the less, on the side of the sailor and of public interest, do we think the thing is to be very deeply regretted. And not only on account of the unsteady Jack Tar: we have been assured that men of the most unimpeachable character have been relieved of their hard-won money between the pay-table and the Home.

The number of sailors admitted into the Home, since its opening in 1835 up to April, 1873, was 246,855; and of these no fewer than 72,234, or nearly one-third, have been old or returned boarders—a very noticeable fact, as showing the hold which the Home has on the class for whom it was meant. Of course the bulk of these were English, Scotch, or Irish; but there were 2,261 Russians, 1,993 Austrians, 6,484 Germans, 1,293 Italians, 275 Spaniards, 13,868 Swedes and Norwegians, 3,125 Danes, 1,903 Hollanders, 841 Belgians, 940 Portuguese, 39 Swiss, 6 Laplanders, 1,000 Greeks and others from the Mediterranean, 300 from the Cape and Mauritius, 735 from the West Coast of Africa, 3,565 West Indians, 1,222 East Indians, 201 Chinese, 853 from Australia and New Zealand, 46 from the Brazils, 485 from other parts of South America, 219 South Sea Islanders, and 183 born at sea. In 1873 the total number of accounts opened in the ledger was 10,120, the total amount of sailors' money received £68,291, the amount remitted to homes of sailors £13,828, £1,505 invested in savings bank, and £53,158 drawn out by seamen. The Report just issued for the year ending April, 1874, shows that the amount lodged had increased to £75,587, making a total since the opening of the institution of £2,064,646, of which £706,801 had been remitted to sailors' friends; while, 11,420 sailors had during the year partaken of the benefits of the institution, being an increase of 1,300 over those who had done so in 1873. From all this it will be seen that even as a banking and money-remitting establishment the Home does a large stroke of business. During our visit we were much pleased and amused by the kindly interest and the persuasion used by the clerks to induce sailors who had had a

glass to trust their money to the Home's care, and in most cases they succeeded. One of the most touching things in the recent Report is the appendix, reciting the gifts by will of an old boarder, who "upwards of twenty years since, placed his first savings in the Bank at the Home, and after long service at sea, during which he rose from seaman to master, again took up his abode temporarily there." "After *providing for his mother,*" he leaves, £100 to the Home and £50 to the Asylum (of which we shall speak immediately), and various other sums to similar charities. Such testimony from those who practically know the benefit of the Home, should help to render out of place at next annual meeting such remarks as were made at the last one by Admiral Sir J. Caffin, Admiral Prevost, and others, that shipowners and merchants did not take that interest in the Home which they ought to take. They certainly stand in their own light by not doing so; and letting distant and foreign appreciation precede theirs. The Home has become the model of others in nearly all parts of the world, there being now no fewer than nineteen such in England and Wales, five in Ireland, four in Scotland, ten in the Colonies, and nine in foreign parts—New York, Boston, San Francisco, Marseilles, Havre, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Hamburg, and Callao.

But after all, the most interesting portion of the work, in many respects, remains to be noticed. This is the Destitute Sailors' Asylum, which is just round the corner. It is under the same direction, and derives from the same founders, though it has a different patron. We are met at the door by the hearty old superintendent, Mr. Grange, who knows the likely men by a glance, for he was himself a tar. The place is spotlessly clean and attractive, and its purpose is to benefit the poor sailors who have fallen among the thieves of the East end, or otherwise through folly or misfortune—accident, sickness, or shipwreck—have been reduced to absolute want, and need a friendly hand stretched out to help till another ship can be found, and a new start made. The table is to a large extent supplied from the broken victuals of the Home. The beds are genuine hammocks swung on poles; and over them the superintendent is inclined to show a little pride and regret, seeing that "bunks" are now so much the fashion that sailors can hardly handle *even* these hammocks to his satisfaction; but while they are in the Asylum they *must* do

their share of cleaning, and certainly they are made to do it well. "No fewer than six hundred and eighty-nine seamen have passed through the Asylum during the year ending April, 1874; and perhaps it is matter of congratulation rather than otherwise, that this is some forty-four fewer than in the previous year. This cannot, however, be taken as testimony that the London sailors' boarding-houses have improved, since as many as two hundred and forty-eight of these men came direct from them to the Asylum; ten had been shipwrecked,—(showing how merciful the sea is to the sailor compared with the land),—while sixty had come from the hospital at Greenwich, six from other hospitals, and two hundred and fifteen from other parts of the kingdom. It scarcely needs to be said, that many of the men come to the Asylum half-naked, so that contributions of clothing are most welcome. The following passage will show how valuable an appendage to the Home the Asylum has proved from the first:—

"Since the opening of the Asylum, 51,261 seamen utterly destitute, have been sheltered, fed, and clothed, and raised from a state of extreme misery, degradation, and want. . . . Numbers have been dispatched to their home and friends; some have been helped to engagements on board ship, and, when the shipping interest has been slack, have received assistance to forward them on their journey in search of employment at other ports; others have obtained admission into the hospitals and infirmaries of the metropolis. On the other hand, a discharge-ticket from the Seamen's Hospital Society, Greenwich, or from any sister establishment, is a passport for the convalescent seaman into the Asylum; and he is thus enabled to recruit his health, and finally to follow his calling, refreshed and invigorated. . . .

"Seamen who have been brought low through sickness and disease, as well as those who, through their characteristic thoughtlessness, have been drawn into the snare of the vile impostor and his staff of satellites; or those who, like the prodigal, have wasted their substance in riotous living, find a sanctuary within the walls of this institution; all are received alike and treated more in sorrow and pity than in aversion and scorn. For the time, at least, that these beaten-down and, in some cases, degraded men remain in the Asylum (which, on an average, seldom exceeds nine days), they must forego their evil habits, and refrain from profane language; they must be sober, cleanly, and orderly; they must hear the word of exhortation and prayer; they must outwardly keep the Sabbath, and join in the appointed ordinances of religion. . . .

"The benefits which the Asylum confers on the poor destitute sailor, and upon the public at large in diminishing parochial burdens, are manifest."

As this Asylum, unlike the Home, is meant to be a purely charitable institution, there are no direct means of testing the gratitude of the recipients of its bounty, in respect of any form of practical return made

by them; but there can be no doubt that various donations have been made by those benefited through the box at the Sailors' Home, the most handy way open to them. The Destitute Sailors' Asylum any way deserves the warmest public support.

Much as the Sailors' Home had done for the foreign as well as for the British sailor, yet, owing to peculiarity of habit and custom derived from creed, special men and appliances were necessary to deal successfully with Hindoos and Mussulmans, and indeed with Orientals generally. This conviction led to the establishment, in 1857, of the Strangers' Home, meant chiefly to shelter sailors who hailed from the Indies, China, Africa, and the South Sea Islands. So, having read with great pleasure the volume called "The Asiatic in England," written by Mr. Salter, missionary to the Strangers' Home, and embodying some very remarkable facts and experiences, we now made our way, in consonance with our previously-formed plan, to the West India Dock Road. The house was not difficult to find, for it forms a very handsome pile, contrasting so sharply with the old and squalid dwelling-houses, and the bald and rather ugly warehouses, that surround it on every side. The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, with that genuine interest in his poor countrymen which does him so much honour, took an active share in the establishment of the institution; and must be classed as one of the founders along with the late Rev. Henry Venn, a name of sacred associations, and Lieutenant-Colonel R. M. Hughes, who is still an indefatigable worker in connection with it.

Though the Sailors' Home had done much towards weakening the hands of the crimps, it was not till the Strangers' Home was started that the iniquity and opium-smoking of Bluegate Fields got their final death-blow.

"A proprietor of one of these houses, when the missionary was once in search of some men, said, 'Kick that fellow out of the room; he comes here to take away our money: not only so, but he takes our men to the Home, where they are fed and clothed for nothing—our trade is going.' And another said, 'Where I once made £5 a week, now I cannot make 5s., and all on account of this Home.' . . . Here two proprietors, finding their trade gone, said, 'We must go too,' and fourteen houses altogether in that colony have been closed, and from that time have never been used for the same purpose. Now, when we find these fourteen houses swept away, we have reason to thank God, that the Home, through its officers, has been able to accomplish the great work of affording a most excellent asylum for foreign sailors, where every comfort is given them, and they have an opportunity of being instructed in the principles of religion."

So spoke Major-General Sir W. Hill, at the last annual meeting.

Although the Home holds out a helping hand to the really destitute foreign sailor, the opium-housekeeper was entirely wrong when he said they were kept at the Home "for nothing." For their board and washing, officers are charged 14s. per week, including medical attendance, and the men 10s. Each officer has a bed-cabin to himself, of which he keeps the key, and each man a bed to himself in a well-ventilated ward, which contains twenty-five or thirty railed-in beds. All are daily supplied with three good meals, and every care is taken to respect the various tastes and religious rules. There are, for instance, different dining-rooms for those who still hold by their creed and caste, and those who have adopted European habits; and though, of course, the missionary is ready to converse with them on religious matters, all care is taken not to seem to take advantage of their position to *press* Christianity upon them in any way. There is a Hindoo cook as well as a European one, each with his assistants. There are baths specially fitted up for the ablutions which Eastern religions prescribe, and which our readers may rely are daily taken advantage of by the boarders, from whom our sailors, in the point of cleanliness at least, might take a valuable lesson. The matter of evangelising, in such an institution as this, was felt to be so delicate a one that at the opening, on the 7th June, 1857, this regulation was adopted, and has never been departed from:—

"It is not the wish or intention of the directors to interfere with the prejudices of the natives of the East; but they feel it their duty as Christians to set the Gospel before those who are willing to listen, and to give some portion of the Holy Scriptures to those who can read and desire to have them in their own language, and, with this object in view, a Scripture Reader, conversant with their language, habits, and customs, has been engaged."

A great temptation to rescind this rule was held out to the directors, when a mercantile firm made offer to them of the sum of £4,000 if they would promise to withhold this Christian instruction from Asiatics in the Home! Of course the various sects who, within, unite in managing the Home, and who, without, unite in supporting it, were quite at one on this point; and the unity that can be realised in such a work as this is proved by the fact that Colonel Hughes, the governor, is an Episcopalian, the superintendent a Baptist, and the missionary a Wesleyan.

We had great pleasure in looking through this Home, with its lofty rooms, and here and there what seemed to us its odd equipments—necessary, but nevertheless odd to such unaccustomed eyes as ours. The cleanliness and order are everywhere apparent; and on asking the superintendent whether he ever had any trouble with such a mixed community—for in walking through the house we saw Lascars and Chinamen, Poly-nesian and Negroes, Hindoos and Spaniards—we were surprised to get for answer that they had but little trouble, probably less

than with as many Englishmen, though he had to confess that a propensity for small theft was almost ineradicable in certain races, so that they had to devote a strong-room down below to the reception of the property of the boarders, and to keep it very jealously locked up.

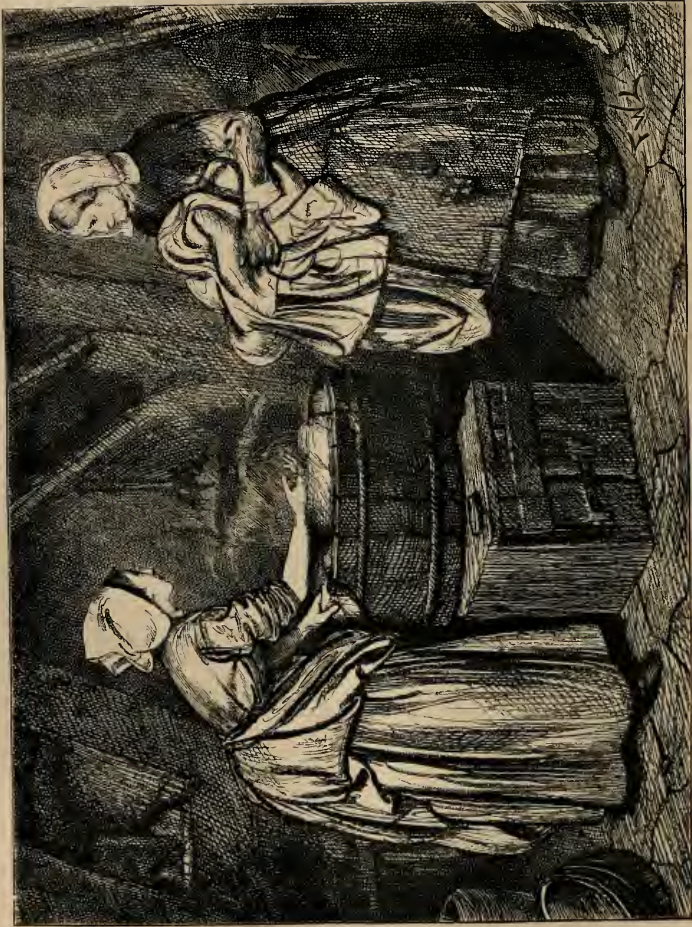
The Home was built at an expense of £15,000, but more than one-third of this was contributed by native princes, nobles, and merchants of India. The work it has done is even more astonishing than this fact is. During the six years that it has



been open it has saved nearly six thousand strangers from India, China, Africa, the Malay Continent, and the South Pacific, from disease, disgrace, and ruin, and saved this country also from the dishonour which must be attached to her in the minds of those distant peoples as they hear of what awaits their countrymen on our shores—thus putting a bar in the way of the free course of the Gospel. It has also, in the same space of time, taken care of property to its inmates, amounting in value to the extraordinary sum of £16,500, which has been

delivered up to them on their sailing for their own country. In addition, Mr. Salter has found opportunities of speaking to many thousands more foreigners, of reading the Bible with them, and of distributing good books amongst them; and no doubt his influence has been powerful for good outside the Home also. In this view, as a great force for the reduction of vagrancy and the burdens on the poor-rates, the work certainly deserves more national recognition than it has yet received.

H. A. PAGE.



"NOVANTIA."

NOVANTIA :

INCLUDING THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF DAVID GROATS, GATEKEEPER.

CHAPTER XVIII.



M R. FRANCIS knew more of the history of David Groats than anybody belonging to the old man's present circle of friends and acquaintance, or indeed perhaps

any one living, not even excepting his daughter; yet what he did know was just enough to whet, not to satisfy curiosity; especially as there seemed to be reasons for believing that what was unknown was deliberately reserved because it galled somehow the old gatekeeper's conscience; was connected with something of the nature of fault rather than of misfortune. David's habit of placing himself in his talk outside not only of churches and close religious circles, but of respectable society itself, viewing them always as if he were no part of them, but free to discuss them from a distance and impartially; his habitual confession of the sin of being of the seed of Cain, and a vagabond; his constant way of accounting for gentlemanly "manners," and all that is proper and decorous in society, as due to the fact that every man is liable to sudden starts and alarms, such as reveal the policeman to the thief, and the thief to the policeman, and is grateful for being spared as many as possible; his frequent fits of depression in the course of which he dealt much in hints of grim and ghastly secrets, locked up in human bosoms; above all, his custom of referring to himself as to one whose part in life was played out at a single bad stroke at the beginning—all this,

with which Mr. Francis was familiar, and much more of the same kind, might be just the old man's fantastic manner, and mean nothing, but also it might possibly be due to some mystery lying far back in the region of his early life. If there was mystery, what was the nature of it? Crime it could not be. David's character forbade the supposition. Yet, again, if it was only some ordinary youthful folly or error, why was the secret of it so closely kept? His reserve on this point was strangely out of keeping with his frank and garrulous nature. Not only was the history of a man like the gatekeeper certain to be found interesting, if it were only told, but there were indications that passages of it might turn out to be surprising. At all events there was mystery hung over it, which it was as impossible as it was tempting to penetrate.

All the more carefully, however, Mr. Francis treasured up in his memory any references David had made, in the course of their long acquaintance, to his past life. He could recall better than most other conversations, those in which such references occurred. He had gathered, for one thing, from them, that his life for many years had been of an extremely chequered and vagrant character, favourable, perhaps, to the cultivation of the mind, and accounting in some measure for a sagacity which was uncommon among his class, but also, in the first place, full of difficulty and privation. It was also pretty clear, that marrying somewhat late in life, and as between those two great classes of working men's wives, those "aye dirty," and those "aye cleanin'"; getting one from the latter rather than the former class, David had not been particularly lucky in his domestic life, having failed to secure the respect and confidence of his wife, who knew that his wages were less than other tradesmen earned, and did not know or care that his brains were larger. In the course of his long journey, it was evident on the whole he had taken the shady side of the road, yet not so as never to have come across patches of sunshine. He was never weary of publishing the name and fame of one friend, whose kindness to him had been wonderful, and, but for a sudden reverse of fortune having interfered with good intentions, would have made a revolution in his affairs.

He was thankful to Heaven to have been permitted to live and move and have his being in the same planet and at the same time with such a man, and was glad to have been a waif tossed up and down for years on a rough sea, just to be once thrown up on shore, where that fine soul was. John Jackson who had produced this profound impression upon David's mind, had done so apparently by simple means; being a master-printer, he had employed David for some time, and no doubt finding him an exceptional character among tradesmen, had shown him as much favour as was implied in giving him the same wages he gave to others, though his work was not as good, and besides, had talked once in a vague way of raising him above the condition of a working journeyman—a project which a sudden reverse of fortune on his part prevented from coming to anything. David's impression of the character of John Jackson was thus produced by simple means. Yet it was as lasting as it was deep. It could not have been more vivid twenty years nearer the time of his acquaintance with the man than it had been during the recent years of his intimacy with Mr. Francis. David's eyes as he conversed with any one, were accustomed to be in every place by turns, ranging, if he was out of doors, from heaven to earth and from earth to heaven; in his talk in the same way he glanced at men and things to other minds worlds apart, and thus the spirit of John Jackson, master-printer, hovering after twenty or thirty years near his former journeyman, might have sometimes been astonished to hear himself classed among heroes and great men and benefactors, along with Abraham, Shakespeare, John O'Gaunt, and Sir William Wallace.

According to Mr. Francis's recollections, there was no subject to which David oftener reverted, than his own deficiencies as a tradesman. When he told how one of his employers (for he had many, few being able to suffer him long) once said to him in giving him his week's wages, "There's your money and ye never wrought for it—ye're left-handed, sir, on both hands, and have no intellect at all"—when he told this, as he did often, he shook with laughter, tears started to his eyes, and he would gasp out, 'As true's death, the idiot never made another sensible remark in this world, but there he was richt for ance.'

"Were you really so poor a hand at your trade?" Mr. Francis asked once.

"'Deed," was the reply, "I might well be ashamed to say't, but I never was in a shop

yet, and I've been in many, where I was na far and awa' the worst hand in't; and though ane canna help laughin' noo to think o't, when it's a' bye, it was nae joke ance. Ye dinna pray for him in the kirk among the afflicted, I notice—yer maybe richt, he's maybe past prayin' for—but a puir hand at his trade, no matter what it is, is a puir hand at existence.

"Every ither sufferer that I ken o'," he went on, lowering his bald head and raising it again with comic precision,—“every ither sufferer in the world has some comforts; a reg'lar bad tradesman has nane, or nane worth speakin' o'. There noo, in yer ain profession, wi' reverence be it spoken, if a man's an ass he's sure to be a solemn ass, and maist folk, therefore, in his parish 'll think him the best o' preachers and ane o' the best o' men. Or if a doctor's an idiot to begin wi', and is aye blin' fou, and can hardly stick on his horse gaun through the country, the women folk 'll swear he's the skilfullest man in ten counties, if he would only keep sober, and whether or no. But a tradesman, if he's nae hand at his trade, has nae frien's and nae comforts. His master scowls at him; his chums jeer at him; his ain wife, despised hersel', despises him."

On this subject, David's volubility, when he began, was extreme. "It shows how far your science, the moral and spiritual, is behind ither science, the physical, that while animals and plants hae a' been classified over again to sich perfection that there's no a beetle or a puddock-stool, I suppose, but has its richt place now in nature and the books, the divisions and classifications o' mankind are as auld as the hills, and clean antiquated and ridiculous. What for should auld inaids burnin' to be married, and sticket ministers prayin' for kirks, and bad tradesmen wi' empty pouches and big families and girnin' wives, no stand at the top o' the list o' the afflicted, and the fact is they're no there at a'?"

There was possibly a touch of pride, however, as Mr. Francis had sometimes smiled to think, in David's humility as a tradesman. His fancy played and sported with the recollections of the tradesman period of his life in a way which suggested that it held only a sort of episodal and accidental position in his history, and was looked at from a point of view above as well as after. This was especially to be suspected, or rather inferred, inasmuch as once lately he had been led up, in talking of this epoch, to hint at circumstances belonging to an earlier one.

"I maun tell ye it was maybe no want of intellect a'thegither that gied me a bad eminence in every shop I was ever in. Ye see, to be a tradesman ye must be naething else; ye must begin young as an apprentice, and it must be the chief end o' man wi' ye to be a journeyman. That was where I was unfortunate. My father and his father, and his father's father, had, like my friend John Jackson o' blessed memory, a small print-work o' his ain—there were scores and hundreds o' small establishments scattered through the country in thae days, though they've been swallowed up since by a dozen big anes, and I was pit to learn the trade to be fit to tak part in lookin' after 't; but I learnt nae mair than I could help till after my father's death, when it was ow'er late to learn at a'."

"You carried on the business after your father's death?" inquired Mr. Francis.

"Ay, but failed, and we left the place, and I had to begin as a journeyman, though I was but a half-bred 'prentice; and thereby hangs a tale—ane no worth tellin'."

Mr. Francis thought the story of David's life worth further telling, and showed he was prepared to listen to it.

But all that David on the occasion would say more added nothing to the known facts of his history, whatever contribution it may have been to philosophy, "It's maybe about the best thing that could happen to ane to hae a bit downcome in his lifetime, particularly at the beginnin'. Gae and often, as ye've noticed, when a man gets on in the world without a single crash, he comes to the end o' his journey wi' his purse fou o' cash and his brains, if he has any, gae and scarce o' contents; but it's a kind o' favourable start in life, as regards havin' ideas, to come down in the world; it gies ye notions o' what's up and what's down in human life; it gars ye mak' comparisons o' things, which is the first requisite, is't no', o' sound judgment and common sense."

As his own secret troubles increased and he was conscious of having to hide more and more of himself from common inspection, this mystery, whatever it might be, on which David often touched, but which he was careful not to unveil, by increasing sympathy between them, drew Mr. Francis towards the old gatekeeper still more closely than before. Besides, David had learned from experience that it is as rude sometimes to look into a man's eyes with intent to pry into his soul, as to climb up and stare in at the windows of his house in order to spy his proceedings, and he pleased and soothed his young friend by

not observing anything noticeable in his frame of mind. He had often ventured a light word as to young men and their love of sadness and the sadness of their love, but of late he had been chary of that kind of jest, as feeling it might prove to be untimely. Few days passed, therefore, on which David and Mr. Francis did not spend some time together. He was so sure of his sympathy, and he estimated his sagacity so highly, the young minister was tempted to open his mind to his old friend—tell him first of the troubles apparently gathering over his family, and then of those which had overtaken and overwhelmed himself. His conversation with his sister, though telling her little she did not know before, helped to define things to himself and increased his inclination to communicate them to some one. So, not having seen David for three or four days—an unusually long period—he walked over to Sunbury Gate, hoping that some little relief might be found from the oppression of troubled thoughts if an opportunity occurred of imparting some of them to a kindred and sympathetic mind.

An event, however, had befallen the gatekeeper which frustrated any such hope on Mr. Francis's part. When he entered the lodge David had just returned from Ribsand, had thrown off his coat and shoes, taken the first seat that offered itself, and though the air was chill and the door wide open, sat with his eyes shut as if asleep or helpless from fatigue. He was not asleep, however, nor was he wearied with his journey. His errand to Ribsand, the market town of the Quadrimeer, had had one aim ostensibly and another really. Having received two days before the crushing news of the death of his adopted son George, in China, he had gone to town, as his daughter intended and believed, to procure mourning for himself and her, and in his own view to do something, no matter what, by way of an impediment to too much thinking. There had been no need for David to get mourning for himself, if mourning were always meant merely to show grief. His haggard face and helpless attitude were expressive enough of that emotion. The blow had fallen upon him so suddenly and unexpectedly he was stunned by it, and sat the picture of one whose light of life an envious gust has extinguished of a sudden, turning day into night for all time to come.

He had sent his daughter yesterday to Mr. Ogg with a civil message, which really meant that he was not to come and condole with him, but he was glad to hear the sound

of Mr. Francis's voice. After a little he produced and handed to him the letters he had received from the British Consul and from one or two of George's acquaintances, giving an account of the young man's death, and intimating that some property had been left by him to his "father," which it would be necessary to look after without delay.

After a long talk as to the circumstances of the decease, David alluded to those portions of the letters in which there was the mention of a legacy,—

"It's a pity, poor boy, he had anything to leave, or that he did not leave 't to somebody else than me. It must be but a trifle, for he has been but a few years awa', and I've nae credit for no wantin' it, but I've been rewarded a hundred times ower for onything I did for him, and it wad hae been better if there had been nae payments in cash."

Mr. Francis was not of this opinion, but thought David ought to be pleased that his son had enjoyed the satisfaction of being able to show his gratitude in the way he had done.

"That's true, nae doot," replied David. "Still, man, if ye've done jist ae good action in yer lifetime—if itsel' was a good aine—it taks awa' some o' the satisfaction to think ye've been paid for 't, particularly," he added, with a suppressed groan, "if there's an ill aine or mony ill anes, maybe, to put against it."

It was obvious a legacy, in this case as in others, was a doubtful gain to the recipient. Still, at the best and at the worst, it was only an aggravation of grief too severe in its own nature to be much affected by circumstances, as was shown by its bursting through the restraints which even with Mr. Francis David put upon himself while adverting to his loss.

"I have still her," pointing to the room in which his daughter was, "and a better child no man ever had than her. But jist because I took him when I was nae obliged to tak him—for, as ye ken, he was my wife's relation, and she did not want him at the first—he was to me mair than a son—no speakin' o' what a fine lad he was, or what a tradesman he was frae the beginning, and no to say onything o' the kindness he has shown his 'father' since he gaed awa—my son! my son!"

Mr. Francis knew better than interfere with grief like this. He remained a long time with his old friend, sighed along with him, but said little, and put forth nothing whatever that, as an infallible recipe for

grief, ought to be recorded here for the benefit of suffering mankind. When he rose and left, David accompanied him a few hundred yards on his way, and parted with him with what would have been a cheerful smile had a burst of tears not spoiled its effect.

Retracing his steps afterwards, the old man halted outside of the gate and in a dejected attitude listened to the retreating footfalls of the minister. As he entered his cottage he was surprised to find a woman had gone in before him, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen floor. She had taken advantage of his accompanying the minister to slip in quietly; so quietly that his daughter, in another apartment, was not aware of her presence. Rachel Carvie (for it was she) had just heard the news of his loss, and had come officially to condole with him. She was still new to her vocation, and had not yet acquired the art of ridding herself of disagreeable duties by merely pretending to do them, or the still higher art of making capital out of not doing them at all by a series of beautiful excuses. A sense of duty—not, perhaps to the Highest of all, but to somebody or something, and under the cognizance of Mrs. Slipper and other ladies—impelled her to do at the moment what she had no taste for doing. She would much rather somehow have passed David's door and carried her consolations to another market. But the sense of duty, which, as her case showed, may co-exist with very rudimentary religious principles and ideas, or exist in their absence, was too strong for her aversion to a religious duty, and arming herself, therefore, with a suitable supply of tracts, she had set out for the lodge in the "gloamin'."

"I'm Rachel Carvie—the new Bible-woman."

"I've heard o' ye," replied David, pointing with unexpected civility to a seat. Perhaps he was softened by his loss; perhaps feelings besides grief operated in his mind in Rachel's favour.

Rachel sat down, with her basket containing the tracts on her knees, and repeated several times, in a nervous manner, the assurance that the evening was fine. After a pause she gained courage to come nearer the point. Turning away her head from David, who stood with his back to her looking out into the dark, she said,—

"There's a heap o' sudden death the noo—very sudden! James Cowie ower by's deed yesterday; he's been in his bed ever

since I mind—fifteen or twenty year it must be. There's Mary Reid, too, James Reid's dochter at the Tam Hill—she's won awa' last nicht. It was a consumption wi' her. A heap o' sudden death it's been. Ye've lost a frien', too, they say?"

"Ay," said David, without turning round, "I have."

"He must hae deed sudden; we never heard he was ill, nor kent ye had ony frien' but your dochter, till we heard o' his death."

David still gazed at the window, and, though allowed ample time to account for his conduct in the matter of not communicating information due to the parish, made no apology for himself.

"Ye would gie him a Bible?" she asked, for she had heard of Bibles being given to people when they were going abroad, and she was desirous of going on with the conversation and giving it a religious flavour.

"He had ane," replied David, marching a step or two nearer the window and away from Rachel.

He stared so long and so intently into the dark this time, that he seemed to have forgotten his visitor altogether. Then, as if he suddenly remembered her again, and the remembrance were accompanied with sensations of the grotesque, he wheeled round and confronted her with an expression of unconscious but most theatrical solemnity, "I gied him a Shakspeare."

"Ye were richt there," said Rachel, more anxious to reply quickly than exactly; "ye were richt there. They hae need o' spears and guns baith oot there among the blacks, mair nor Bibles whiles, though they're the word o' God, and tenpence apiece them I'm sellin'."

"The blacks oot there," said David, yielding further to the temptation to draw out an understanding so abundantly rich in poverty—"the blacks oot there are yellow."

"Weel, weel," said Rachel, "they're no white at ony rate, and that's the difference atween them and us Christians. But it's ae consolation ye have: your son that's dead was a far oot friend o' your wife's, and nae friend o' yours."

"But, maybe," replied David, "I was as fond o' him as if he had been my son, or mair, just because he was an orphan when I got him, and the best o' sons as long as I had him."

"It's a sair loss," assented Rachel, who was not altogether without feeling, and really sympathized with what she began to suspect might, after all, be a genuine sorrow—"it's

a sair loss, but it's a comfort, too, the bit fortune he's left ye—ye maun own that. Providence," she moaned, as in duty bound, "is aye kind."

"Ay," said David, again turning his back and marching towards the window; "ay, Providence is aye kind, and it's wonderfu' the kindness o' Providence when it taks awa' oor best frien' and gies us his brecks and the pockets in them, in place o' himsel'. Friens' are weel enough, but Providence kens that cash is best. Naething like the ready money. Like many o' oor religious instructors, you're wiser, Rachel, maybe, than ye think yersel'! Ye mean to say, and it's true, if ane has plenty o' bawbees he'll have plenty o' frien's; it matters not how many o' them are ta'en awa' noo and again, or how little he deserves to have ony left. Seek ye the bawbees first, and ye'll hae plenty o' frien's—if that's no Scripture it might be."

Rachel, puzzled, fumbled in her brains and then in her basket, for a reply, and brought it forth in the shape of a tract, "Words of Comfort and Admonition for the Bereaved." To make sure that this famous and useful tract should always be correctly administered, her attention had been drawn not only to its title, but its number—13. Rising, therefore, to offer it to David, she touched him on the shoulder—his back being turned to her:—

"This is No. 13, and it's for the bereaved and them that's lost weans."

Often since David had blushed to think of his reception of a tract from another female hand. No one had ever heard him allude to the matter, so much was he ashamed of the part he played in it. But besides this reason for not treating Rachel as he had treated Miss Hope, he felt that the offence of which a benevolent miss might be guilty an ignorant Bible-woman could not commit.

"I'll read it sometime," he said, with a sad good-humoured smile.

"No. 15—that's Doddridge; he's fine afore death," said Rachel, delighted with the success of her efforts, and fumbling again in her basket; "but ye'll maybe no care about it the noo."

"No. I'm much obliged to you," said David. "Time enough for No. 15, I hope. We'll better try the effect o' No. 13 before beginning wi' the ither, and maybe it wad na do to mix the numbers, at ony rate."

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. OGG was profuse of condolences when he called at Sunbury Gate, for he

liked to hear himself talk, and could pass, to his own admiration, from grave to gay and from gay to grave. What made the sad event sadder, according to his computation, was that it had occurred when it did, considering where it did; for besides the fact that the young man's wages were increased every year of his service, his life might be considered to have been more valuable after the first year or two than it was earlier. In those warm countries, the risk to life was greatest at the first. After a man was fairly acclimatized there was comparatively little danger, if he was only moderately careful of his own health. It was a wonderful thing, that power of the human being to accommodate himself to every variety of climate; on what peculiarities of our constitution it depended, and whether mostly owing to mind or matter, was a point worth investigating.

Mr. Ogg was copious in his sympathies, yet not so much so as if his mind had not been pretty full of his own happiness as well as of David's grief. He had been made happy by another visit from the Hon. Charles Romain, to whom he had given lessons for a season or two during the residence of the family at Sunbury. Since then master and pupil had kept up a kind of acquaintance and friendship; but this season, and particularly within the last two or three weeks, Mr. Romain had been frequently at the schoolhouse, and every time more friendly and familiar than before. It was almost too much for Mr. Ogg. He was not given to the melting mood; but it evidently touched him. His eyebrows went up in their most vertical direction when he adverted to it. It was a compliment to him, both as a teacher and as a man; and it was all the more so, that it was evident his old pupil did not come to him to pass time altogether, but to improve time. His object, it was evident, was to add to the resources of an already accomplished and vigorous understanding. It was surprising to find in a young man, especially one of his high rank and exposed to so many temptations to idleness and vice, the love of knowledge for its own sake, the intelligence, the good sense, the firm principle which evidently actuated Mr. Romain at the present moment, and to which his old master owed the pleasure of seeing him so often.

"He's a noble youth," exclaimed the dominie bursting with admiration, but speaking in calculated phrases; "as handsome in the make of his mind as in the style of his person; as noble in his ideas as in his car-

riage or his lineage. There have been soldiers, diplomatists, wits, statesmen, in the family. I have always maintained that he is destined, if he lives, to increase the family honours in statesmanship. It is just like a statesman, to have the passion for useful knowledge which he has already."

"Cram him wi' useful knowledge, if ye can, but dinna fill his head wi' paradoxes, as ye call them," interrupted David, who knew or surmised that a fine young fellow was being transformed, by his friend's fancy, into a paragon. "Ye're maybe jist rather fond o' them yersel'; ye like truth best when it has a smack o' the ither thing; but if Mr. Charles is for being a statesman, he maun be able to mak' what's true to a few wise folk nae news to the mass o' fools, no to speak o' making a lie noo and then pass for gospel."

"Instead of filling his mind with paradoxes," replied Mr. Ogg, with a touch of offended dignity in his manner, but still good humouredly, "he's deep with me, for one thing, in the science of sciences; there are no paradoxes there!"

"Anatomy. Physiology. He's for havin' a skull and cross-bones, a skeleton, and nae end o' anatomical maps and figures hung up in the schools, and for makin' doctors and midwives o' a' the bairns, male and female?"

"Exactly," said the dominie, who, on this subject, was always ready to begin and always loath to end. "Exactly, only you always doubt whether my plans are feasible. Stand up there," he said, rising himself and pointing to the opposite corner of the room—"stand up there and answer me one or two questions, just as if you were a small girl with a pinafore, and you'll see how children can be taught science, the best and greatest of the sciences."

David, whose will was very much in abeyance for the time, in consequence of general lassitude of mind, was rising to obey this order; but his rueful face as he did so reminded Mr. Ogg of his recent loss, and he begged him to resume his seat.

"Another time," he said, planting himself comfortably before the fire to deliver his sentiments at some length—"another time you'll go into the corner, unless you choose to come down to school and convince yourself by better evidence still.

"As I have told you before, I think, there's not a child in my school at this moment," Mr. Ogg prelected, making emphatic points on his left hand with the forefinger of his right, "that don't know where everything

inside of him is as well as everything outside ; where his stomach and liver are as well as where his head and teet are ; what he should put into his stomach, what he should keep out of it ; how the blood courses, and the heart beats, and the lungs play ; what is the good of fresh air, light, exercise, good food well cooked ; what is the mischief of dirt, damp, darkness, smells, dubs before the door, pigsties close to the gable. There's not a Goody Two-shoes chirping a-b, ab, but knows from me she will spoil her good looks and her shape and her health, and be old and ugly, like her granny, before her time if she draws or lets her mother draw strings or clothes tightly about her little waist, and that if she feels any tightness there she must attack it forthwith with a large knife or a pair of scissors.

"Zounds !" protested the dominie, waxing as loud and demonstrative as on this subject he usually ended in being, "to go and cram vulgar fractions into every child's mind—a plague for the present, a farce for the future—and not show him how to remain an integer himself, not inform him how to keep body and soul together, not tell him how to avoid illness and enjoy the comforts and blessings and advantages of health ; it's not stupid, it's not barbarous, it's idiotic. The fact is, David, we are pure barbarians yet ; or if there is a rag to cover our nakedness, we are lunatics."

David had heard this, or most of this, before, and hung his head, probably lost in other thoughts. But on Mr. Ogg went with unabated energy and fire.

"Think, too, of churches and charities of all sorts, those modern Dick Turpins that at every corner make us Christians stand and deliver ; think of them rifling our pockets of the last coin they contain" (the dominie regularly put a halfpenny in the plate on Sundays) "to relieve suffering, and never so much as lifting a finger to prevent suffering. It's monstrous ; it's lunacy."

"Kirks," said David, suddenly roused to the necessity of taking a share in the conversation by Mr. Ogg fairly losing his breath—"Kirks trainin' us a' to be spiritual giants, and schools to be physical giants. I doot it's against nature, dominie, and no to be lookit for afore the millennium. Would it no even interfere wi' the fall?"

"If Mr. Romain were in Parliament," said Mr. Ogg, "as he is certain to be ere long, he would bring the matter to a practical issue at once. He would bring in or support a bill making education compulsory,

and making physiology and the laws of health an essential part of education. There's nothing it is more easy to teach children than physiology ; it's next to mischief for that."

"I doot," replied David, "Mr. Charles might as well bring in a bill to mak' it compulsory for everybody to hae common sense ; in fact, that's what's wanted, is't no, dominie, both for kirks and schules? But I must say, for a' that, it's to the credit o' the young man's character that he takes an interest in things o' the sort."

"The reason why," said Mr. Ogg, "is obvious—it is that besides the practical, he sees the speculative bearing of the subject. He agrees with me entirely in my principle—the one, as I have told you so often, I start with in my book—that it is what people know and think on this subject ; it is what ideas they have as to their bodies, which is the best, or one of the best, measures of culture. Other writers on the Great Epic, as I call the history of humanity, have a great deal to say about what has been said and thought concerning the soul, the religious ideas, in fact, of different ages and nations, in order to explain the state and progress of refinement. That's all well enough. My plan is to trace and illustrate culture by the notions prevalent in different places and different ages, not about the soul but about the body. Nothing shows so well what sort of souls people have, and what state they are in, as what they do with their bodies and think about them."

"That's a new connection between the soul and the body, is't no?" said David.

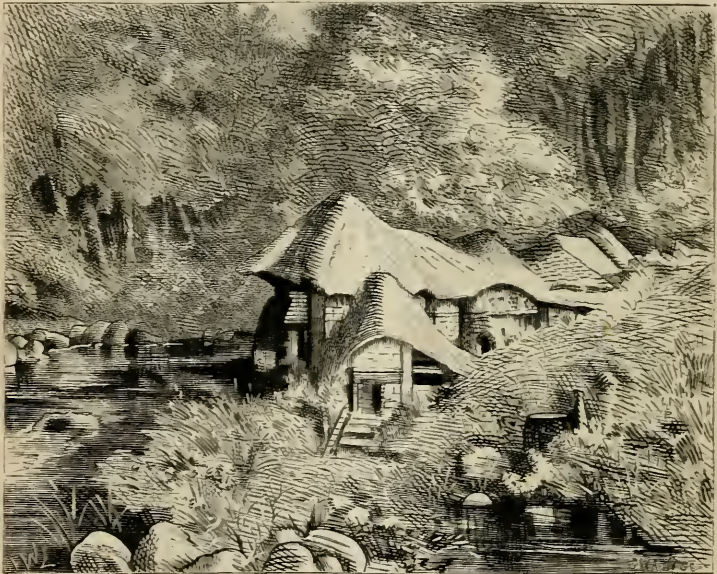
"New or old," replied Mr. Ogg peremptorily, "it's true. I want, for example, to show my pupil, Mr. Romain, what the culture of the lower classes is in this part of the country, where his paternal acres spread their charms. Well, it would be a most difficult thing to do that by describing to him their religious ideas, for religious ideas are never easily described ; and besides, you don't know in what sense to take the words which uneducated people employ to express such ideas. But look, I have only to say to my noble friend, what light you get on the subject, if you take not their notions about the soul, but their ideas as to the body. There is no mistake about these. It is impossible not to see the meaning of these.

"Do you know," he proceeded more impressively, "Mr. Romain was so much struck with this great principle the first time that he heard it, to my certain knowledge he has since

accompanied Miss Hope and her sister and Miss Francis on several rounds of visits among the poor, for the express purpose of personally ascertaining by the application of it, the real mental condition of the lower classes.

"The Broom Katies, as you know," continued the dominie eagerly, and afraid of interruption from David, "is the name which all our poor people have for bronchitis—one of their two great foes, the other being fever. You should have heard my pupil tell, this afternoon, how old Mrs. Kerr gave him an

account of *them*. 'I hear them through the night,' she said to him, 'workin' up and doon, up and doon, jist here in my breast, and I canna get to the bottom o' them at a'—they're a terrible thing, the Broom Katies. It was them finished his lordship's grand-father—that was yer honour's great-grand-father—he was a fine man and round-shouthered, and awfu guid to the poor.' He had no idea till he heard the like of this with his own ears, how time goes with us in this country in the matter of the soul's progress, the evolution of the Grand Epic."



The Grand Epic, or rather "Illustrations of the Grand Epic," was the title which Mr. Ogg meant to give to his great work on culture. He had begun it on a much larger scale than he found it was practicable for him, with his inadequate supply of books, and his partiality for evening whist, to carry out; and in truth, as far as it had yet gone, the work was no more than a confused heap of fragments, essays, and parts of essays, written at odd times, and in all sorts of moods and styles, so that its title, though open possibly to the charge of affectation, was (besides

being sounding and likely to take the market) not altogether inappropriate.

"I give you my word," he solemnly affirmed, referring to this work, "Mr. Romain takes the deepest interest in what I have been writing lately, and in particular he was so much pleased with Mrs. Gatherstick's account of her rheumatizes that I had to give him a copy of that chapter. I'll tell it you as well as I can recollect it, though it wants the finish, particularly in the vernacular, which I give to it in my book; you'll see what light it throws on our local civilisation and culture.

"She was lying in bed, suffering much from restlessness and very prostrate, evidently, in fact, near her end. She complained much of pains in her back, her legs, and her head (which was wrapped in what seemed a whole pair of blankets, and required a large part of the bed for its accommodation). I inquired if she had suffered long from the pains, and she replied, 'it was na the pains, she had had them tae; it was the rhomeatizes, and she had had them for forty-five year. I mind well,' she said, 'the way I got them first. When John and me was married we lived ower by at the Stane Quarries, and oor first wean—we ca'd him Johnny, after his father—was born there. Weel ye ken there was a wee bit place at the gable o' oor hoose—a wee wee place it was—mair fit for beast nor body, and after wee Johnny was born, Nanny Bird (Antie Nannie they aye ca'd her) was put into it by the factor—for there was nae ither place to put her in, and she was nae incomer into the parish, but an auld resider, and a nice bit body—a particular nice body—everybody liked her—but she had jist ae bit faut—for the maist o' us has ane or twa—and Nannie was na ower clean, puir body. Maybe the place was nae clean when she cam to't, but I doot it was waur after. O, but it was dirty, and ye ken the puir body could na help it; but she was jist covered wi' ae kind o' thing and anither that should na been on ony Christian body.'

"Weel, ye ken, Nanny was sae fond o' oor wee Johnny, and would ha'e him aye in her arms nicht and day, and we did na ken what to do, John and me, for he was angry at me for lettin' her tak' the bairn for fear some o' the things on her would maybe creep ower on him—"

("I mean," said the dominie, "if the Great Epic is ever published, in case any dispute should arise among the learned after my death or in future ages, to mention the Latin name of the insects in question.")

"And he was aye for me jist tellin' her no' to tak' the bairn or come near him ony mair; but I did na like to do that, for I thoct the wean was jist God's creature like hersel', and I did na like to hurt the puir body's feelings. So I'll jist tell ye what I did. I thoct I would set to work and clean the hoose for the puir body and hersel' too, and ae moonlight nicht, jist about this time o' the year, forty-five year since—I mind it weel—I gaed awa' in wi' plenty o' boilin' water and soap, and John he helped me, and we scoored a' Betty's blankets and

washed her bed and every stick in the hoose, and after that I put Nanny in the tub hersel', and gied her a good scrubbing, and when it was a' done I cam oot at the door. John was in his bed afore that, and though it was jist the break o' day, there was a mist afore my een, nae ordinar' mist either, and when I staggered into the hoose I sat doon on a chair and fainted awa'. Weel, I dinna ken how it was—whether it was the morning air grippet me or no, but frae that morning for six weeks I never kent I was in the land o' the living', for I took the rhomeatizes and fevered wi' them, and they gaed up to my head, and aye since syne they hae been working on me."

The dominie waited to hear David's remarks, and David to hear his, on this narrative, and there was a pause.

Then Mr. Ogg asked, "What sort of souls can these poor people have, what stage of civilisation and culture have they got to, with such notions as these about their bodies?"

"There's mair in that story o' yours," said David, springing up and marching rapidly up and down the floor, "than ye seem to see in 't yoursel'. I doot it does na prove yer point a'thegether if ye want to show that these poor creatures have no souls, or none worth havin'. I'll back that auld wife scrubbin' that ither auld wife's back at midnight, and sufferin' half a century after 't, and never complain' o't—I'll back her for haeing a soul, an' a good ane, against, no to say half o' the benevolent women that gang about distributin' tracts and sixpences, but against half the martyrs that ever roasted at the stake and half the missionaries that were ever eaten by the savages. Ye maun tak' a wider viej o' the Great Epic yet, dominie."

"At any rate, you must allow," replied Mr. Ogg, reflecting inwardly that David, considering his station (though an uncommon man), could not be expected to be a philosopher—"at any rate, you must allow there's no filling of my young friend's head with paradoxes in all that. What *we* want to have in that line of study is facts. And it's the same, I may observe, with reference to the other great subject to which my young friend is devoting his attention: what we aim at is exact useful information."

"What next?" inquired David.

"Geography," replied Mr. Ogg, "one of the most engrossing of the sciences. There's this difference between it and astronomy, though that's an interesting science too, that

you can never imagine yourself at home in Saturn or even Mars, but you sit here like Lazarus at the rich man's gate, and if you are studying geography, you can easily fancy yourself comfortably abroad, smelling an orange grove in the West Indies, admiring a pine forest in California, or skirting an Indian jungle, with a pair of lions in the distance roaring like leather artillery."

"Ay," said David, who was thinking of China, "I daresay it has whiles an effect o' that kind."

"He's studying, I have no doubt," continued Mr. Ogg, still full of his pupil, "with a view to his travels round the world, literally round the world, for do you know" (here the dominie blushed, and coughed to draw attention to his blushing) "the minister's sister—ahem!—Miss Francis, has been giving him accounts of the Antipodes, in which he has been deeply interested. Being fresh from the country, she has a great deal of valuable information, of course, to communicate respecting Australia, and—a pleasant way, as you know, of communicating it. His conversations with her about our colonies there have given him quite an enthusiasm for the study of everything relating to them—for already, young as he is, he is a statesman in feeling—a statesman—a born statesman."

"Young women," said David, setting out on his travels across the floor, "are capital guides to strange lands, particularly if they happen to have eyes as bright and a nose as straight as Miss Bessy's."

"We took down, this afternoon," said Mr. Ogg, despising frivolity as inappropriate to the mention of Mr. Romain's devotion to science—"we took down, this afternoon, my large map of the world—Mercator's projection, and travelled from London by way of South America, noting every step of the way to Australia, our farthest point."

"I would like to reach that point before I go to another planet myself," said David, halting and drawing a long sigh. "I've had a hankin' to see the ither side o' this present evil world before going to anither and a better for fifty years, and I wad gie this richt hand to see 't yet."

CHAPTER XX.

IF the Rev. Henry Francis's aim in life, like Mr. David Garsegreen's, had been, after obtaining a living, to settle down in it and be comfortable, he had missed that aim entirely, and he was deeply conscious of that fact, on the way to Tarn Hill, to attend

Mary Reid's funeral. He drove slowly along, absorbed so much in his own thoughts, that the Laighlea phaeton, coming in the opposite direction, was almost at his side before he noticed it. Seeing it was empty, he stopped to ask James Wright, who was coachman as well as butler to the family, whether Miss Hope had gone on to the Reids' cottage, but, on second thoughts, inquired whether James was on his way home.

"Ay," replied James, "I'm sent back wi' the machine—them that was wi' me's no' gaun back."

There was not much information conveyed by this, but it was as much as James felt himself at liberty to communicate, and as much perhaps as Mr. Francis cared to get, and the two vehicles therefore made way for each other and passed on.

It is not customary, even in Braidarden, where manners are more primitive than elsewhere, for benevolent ladies to take part in the funerals of their humble friends. But in this case Miss Hope had been so much pressed by the Reids to be present (under the impression that it would be a gratification to her) that she could not refuse. She started early, hoping to arrive at the cottage before any of the funeral party were on the road to the spot. In this particular, however, she was disappointed. She had gone about half way when she overtook a dingy figure with a large Bible in hand, which turned out to be the figure, suitably arrayed for the occasion, of Miss Rachel Carvie, who, at the sound of carriage wheels, had loitered so as to be overtaken. There was no one at the moment whom Miss Hope was less desirous of seeing than Miss Carvie. She never particularly liked Rachel, though not suspecting, as others did, an excessive amount of hypocrisy in her; but somehow at this moment her figure was the most unattractive the landscape could have presented. Rachel's black hat, black shawl, black Bible caused her somehow instinctively to shudder. On reflection, however, and before coming near enough to speak to her, she made a desperate effort to be Christian and charitable, to banish suspicion and detestation from her mind, and to see in the cringing and odious form before her an ordinary and a respectable member of society and inhabitant of the parish and fellow-Christian. On her part, of course, Rachel was prepared to reciprocate cordially and sincerely any advances that might be made to her. She perspired freely from the toil of walking up hill, and increased perspiration

by an effort to discover in some corner of her poor unfurnished brain something that would be particularly agreeable to say to the young lady. She was still full of her interview with David Groats. Its unexpectedly smooth and pleasant character still agitated her. Besides, it was a thing which might be mentioned as indicative that she was doing her duty faithfully, and it was well known in the parish, in addition, that Miss Hope and David Groats were great friends. She resolved, therefore, to make a beginning with this subject, and cleared her throat repeatedly and wiped the perspiration from her brow so as to lose no time when the carriage came up.

The carriage halted: for Miss Hope had come to the illogical conclusion that because she disliked Rachel she was bound to be particularly civil to her.

A very few words from Miss Carvie enabled Hetty to see the scene she was anxious to bring under her notice—David limping up and down his floor and Rachel plying him with her basket of tracts, and in spite of her sympathy for the old gatekeeper in his bereavement and her rising aversion to the Bible-woman, she had to turn away her head for a moment to hide her amusement. She was then about to give James Wright a signal to go on, when Rachel, who was too well pleased with her powers of narration to be content with so brief a display of them, stepped nearer the carriage, and whispered with a face of mysterious solemnity, "I wanted a word wi' yer ledship this while, but maybe ye wad na stop the noo."

Her ledship, owing to circumstances which occurred before she started on her journey, was more easily startled than usual, though apt enough always at encountering surprises, and instantly, in a kind of fright, conjecturing that Rachel had some dreadful news to impart to her, she jumped out of the phaeton and waved James Wright on before her on the road. Was there some case of dire distress which the Bible-woman had to bring under her notice? Had anything happened to — anybody? Miss Hope must have these unspoken questions answered directly. Her forward posture and parted lips and quickened breathing said more distinctly than words, "Quick—tell me what it is—it is something very dreadful, is it not?"

"A word frae you, my ledly," said Rachel, slightly put out by so much condescension and eagerness, but confident that she was going to please, and as the result of her old habit of looking for pic-crust, nervously

anxious to do so—"a word frae you, my ledly, wid ha'e mair effect than ane from me or onybody else in the parish, for he's a stranger to maist o' us, and I dinna like to speak to him; but he's no pleasin' us a'the-gither, and it's no the pur folk only, but them he should respect and look up to as weel's us; and this about the sacrament and the other thing about the Green Cages has just finished him wi' the whole parish."

"What do you mean?" said Hetty, drawing back from her and blushing scarlet.

"It's no for me to speak ill o' onybody, and we maun forget and forgive, as the word o' God says," said Rachel. "But he needs a word frae somebody, and I was thinkin'," (here Rachel dropped a curtsy, and repeated it once or twice) "that ane from yer ledship wid be better than twa frae onybody else."

"You mean the minister, I suppose," said Miss Hope, her bewilderment shaping itself into honest indignation, too honest to affect ignorance; "but why should you ask me to interfere in the matter, and what is the matter?"

"It's weel enough kent," replied Rachel, whose servility was of so pushing and mercenary a character as to encroach unintentionally upon impudence—"it's weel enough kent that he jist worships the very road ye're on, and the fact is ye never go out but either him or his sister is either waitin' to go wi' ye, or oot meeting you when ye're coming back, though yer ledship's mair company for ither folk than the like o' them, and there's mony a ane in the parish besides me thinks sae."

Hetty stood looking at the ground stupefied into silence. On recovering herself a little she turned to leave the spot and raised her hand to signal James Wright she was coming. After walking away some paces, however, she turned as if only then remembering Rachel was there:

"You should be careful, Rachel, not to meddle with matters with which you have no concern."

"It was them meddled wi' me first, yer ledship," replied Rachel curtsying, but her answer was not in time to be heard by Miss Hope, who had walked off quickly in the direction of the carriage.

Rachel had drawn a bow at a venture, and hurt herself, very much to her own surprise. She was quite sure from all she had heard in her communications with the ladies who formed the committee to superintend her work as Bible-woman, that Mr.

Francis was in great disfavour and disgrace with them, and through them or along with them, with members of the Hope family, and she felt safe, therefore, in going as far as she had done in placing the minister and his sister on a lower level than Leddy Hetty and her kindred. Besides, it had not occurred to her simple mind as a reasonable thing that seeing the last minister of Illtafend married a sea-captain's daughter, his successor should ever dream of aiming at the hand of Leddy Hetty. Then, too, there was the new outcry through the parish about the sacrament and the Green Cages; that was sure to be against him with everybody, and in short finish him. Rachel had reckoned, therefore, that it was sure to please, and certainly safe if she took the opportunity of a talk with Leddy Hetty to be avenged on her clerical slanderer.

James Wright, with the corner of his eye, noticed that his young mistress as she again got into the phaeton looked pale and agitated:

"Rachel's ay on the road when there's ony births, deaths, or marriages."

"I suppose," said Hetty, "being Bible-woman now, she is expected to attend most of the funerals in the parish?"

"She attended them afore she was Bible-woman," said James, with an extra flourish of the whip, "and she would attend them if there was na a Bible in the country—it's no the Bible taks her to sich places; I see she's carrying aye the day, but she'll bring 't back, and something wi't if she can."

Leddy Hetty showed only a languid interest in James's remarks, though she often found much amusement in them. She could not forget Rachel, and it was not to the point of making the remembrance of her less disagreeable that she was a creature open to contempt. She was a silly and an odious creature perhaps, but her talk, stupid as it was, suggested grave and harassing reflections. What made the scene which had just occurred the more strange and significant was, that it was the second of the kind that day. Within the compass of a life, the last two or three years of which had been spent in a sort of hermitage, and all of it in comparatively uneventful, or at any rate unexciting occupations and pursuits, Miss Hope had never in a day or in a year passed through anything like the agitation which had been crowded into the few hours that had elapsed since she rose in the morning. The scene on the road was a match and sequel to the scene at breakfast. At breakfast Lady Best

(whose stay at Laighlea was drawing to a close) had doubted whether it was just proper for Hetty to attend the funeral at Tarn Hill, and had started by that doubt a conversation which grew more animated than was altogether agreeable to all parties.

"It is anything but usual in our part of the country," argued Lady Best, speaking in her gentlest but firmest tones, "for young ladies to attend funerals. I am afraid it will be talked of here; in fact, I happen to know it is talked of."

"I'll tell you a great secret, Charlotte," said Beatrice, "mind you don't tell it to anybody in your part of the country—everything here is talked of. If you begin with the small instead of the large end of your egg this morning, you'll be sure to hear of it from various people to-morrow; or if you don't say good-bye to me to-day when you are going out to walk in the garden, I'll hear in the afternoon that there has been a family row, and Lady Best is away to America."

"I am sure," said Hetty, laughing violently, "there must be even less than usual to talk of in the parish, if one is talked of for going to a funeral."

"*Noblesse oblige*," replied Lady Best, "things that we ought to do, or ought not to do, are talked of because we are what we are, not merely because the things happen to be important. We can't do as we like. We are expected, in our position, to do certain things and not to do certain other things."

"You are very didactic, are you not, Charlotte?" replied Hetty, who was at a loss to conceive why so much was made of a small matter. "But supposing all that to be as you say, and altogether indisputable, as it all is, what follows—that people in our station should not go to funerals?"

"I dislike argument, Hetty," Lady Best was going to say, when Beatrice interrupted,—

"No; not at all. What follows is this—mark me—people in our station ought to send the empty carriage to funerals. That's what you mean, is it not, Charlotte? I know it is. That's the thing which is done regularly in London, and, of course, if it's done there it ought to be done here. Send James with the phaeton, Hetty, and you can go over with me to Novantia—it's a long time since you were there."

Lady Best was not pleased with the demeanour of her young cousins. It was frivolous. It was slightly unworthy of their birth and position. There was a change in it, somehow, for the worse since she last saw them. As they grew older they were a shade

less sensible and agreeable, both of them. Poor Mrs. Hope did not sufficiently accustom them to feel that they were still young ladies and under authority.

"I don't mean, Beatrice, that we should not attend funerals—we are not talked about for that—but when we pretend to be doing good, we ought to avoid even the appearance of evil."

"Didactic again," giggled Beatrice. "Now, Charlotte, if that were not a remark with Scripture in it, I should say it was a dull one."

"Yes," said Hetty. "Yes, you mean, Charlotte, that when we do good we are to do good, and not pretend to do it while in fact we are doing evil, or doing nothing at all. I am sure that is true."

"Hetty, you do not often mistake what is said to you," said Lady Best, nettled out of her formal manner, "and there is no occasion for misunderstanding me now. I mean nothing so stupid as that; but I do mean that when we go to funerals, if we are young ladies, people should not be able to say we are going to meet Mr. Francis."

"Ha! ha!" screamed Beatrice, "that's what they will say. I know, and ought to say too, that's more. Hetty and Mr. Francis, do you know, Charlotte, have been at Tarn Hill I don't know how often together—to see Mary Reid, of course,—ha! ha!—always to see Mary Reid. I am sorry for them now. Their occupation's gone. The poor girl's gone, and they won't be able to go to see her any more."

"Nonsense, silence, child," interposed Mrs. Hope, glancing from one person to another with alarm and anxiety in her looks, "hush, child, nonsense; was there ever such a tongue? It don't do to jest about such things; besides, stone walls have ears."

"It is talked about," said Lady Best, solemnly and firmly, justifying to herself by her own seriousness the fact of having made others grave and unhappy. "It is talked about—all over the parish—that our visiting of the sick is not altogether owing to pity for them."

"Love's better than pity any day," laughed Beatrice, throwing her arm round Hetty, while the latter moved out of the room, with a quick step and an agitated mind.

This conversation was the preparation made by Miss Hope for going to Mary Reid's funeral, and for meeting the Bible-woman by the way. There were circumstances that gave a peculiar unction of distastefulness to it. It was the climax of

what Hetty felt to have been, on the whole, an unsatisfactory and even disagreeable visit of her cousin. Somehow, on this particular occasion, all through, there had been a jarring string between them, and it had but jarred a little more distressingly than usual this morning. Lady Best until now had enjoyed a position not only of influence but of authority in the family. She was welcomed when she came as one to whose judgment many small and great matters must finally be referred. "Wait till Charlotte comes, she'll decide," was continually being said at Laighlea. Charlotte knew her own mind, had discovered that people (for that reason) generally deferred to her, and, as a matter of course, expected deference and received as much as she expected, particularly from her young cousins, who, on many points, did not know their own minds too well. Hetty, in particular, was much impressed with this feature of Lady Best's character, and looked up to her on account of it, feeling vaguely that it must be due to some general strength or superiority of mind, and especially in respect of things moral and religious—for she was great as well as decided on these things. When so many people were afflicted with doubt and perplexity in regard to many things, it was surely a fine faith which, like that of Lady Best, did not know what it was to falter for a moment. Until now this had been the kind of dim religious light in which Lady Best had been seen by the elder and more reflective of her two cousins. And seen in this light, she had been always a very pleasing and agreeable visitor and companion. But now, on this last occasion of her staying at Laighlea, so much had been unattractive and disagreeable in her bearing and conversation, that Miss Hope had been led, half unconsciously, to look for another account of her decision of character than had hitherto been accepted as true. Or reflection it was evident it was not owing to remarkable superiority of intellect, for she had shown very little of that, or rather had indicated a total absence of that, in much that she had allowed herself to utter since she came, both concerning persons and things, but especially Mr. Francis and questions of doctrine and strifes of words relative to him. Her dislike to all that was, or seemed to be, new in religious thought and opinion was irrational, sign not of a masculine but of a feeble mind. Hetty shrank from the conclusion, but it seemed to be irresistible. How was it, then, that

her cousin possessed that air of authority which so well became her when she was agreeable, and which helped her to be so unprepossessing when she was unamiable? This question led Hetty into a long train of thought; for in regard to anything affecting persons whom she knew and loved, her mind worked with the fine threads of memory and reflection as her fingers worked at other times with cotton or silk, knitting and looping, and knitting again, with wonderful patience and skill, till the work was done, or it had to be thrown aside as impracticable.

"Dear good old Sir Joseph," Miss Hope mused with herself, "how he used to prose about science and religion, and religion and science, and suffer himself and cause us to be prosed to death by Dr. Bossnuts, worthy man, almost as formal as himself, only in a different way, the one being as formal as a court, the other as a church. I see it all now, though it never struck me before. Charlotte's authority is a combination of Dr. Bossnuts's assurance of knowledge and Sir Joseph's assurance of faith—in his order, his family, and himself. It used to be said that Charlotte, being so much younger and more spirited than her dear formal old husband, would change him into one of our family—such as it is. Behold the force of dulness, he has changed her into a Best."

"It is strange," Hetty continued, "one should never have thought of all this before. Perhaps Charlotte never had the opportunity with us of showing her real character till now. Are there not possibly people who go on in a superior manner, and are accepted as superior persons as long as everything they have to do with is quite ordinary and prosaic; but then, when something great or delicate or peculiar comes in their way, to put them to any real test, they are seen to be commonplace, or less—they break down at once and for ever? And is not she one of these persons?"

Miss Hope felt that her conclusions on this point, though suddenly adopted, were

tolerably certain to stand the test of further reflection; yet such as they were she was far from being satisfied with them.

"What, has it come to this, that I am trying to account, not for my love to Charlotte, but my dislike of her character? Yet all things are changed, or changing, to me as well as she; and I cannot account for them, or perhaps I could better or more charitably account for her."

Considering that these were some of the reflections which passed through Miss Hope's mind after breakfast, and before meeting the Bible-woman, her mother was probably right when she told Lady Best after the girls left the room,—

"You don't know her yet, Charlotte, or you would not be so direct with her. A hint would have been enough for her. Beatrice may forget what has been said before she is over at Novantia this morning, but Hetty won't forget it to-day or for many a day to come. Of that I am sure from her look. She seems and is playful in her manner, and is ashamed of nothing so much as being caught thinking, or the like of that. 'It is so absurd,' she says, 'to think with nothing in your head.' But for all that she thinks and thinks of anything that touches her feelings till I get nervous about her."

"I do not wish, of course," replied Lady Best, "to hurt Hetty's feelings; she is quite aware of that; but I wish she really would think, for she would then see that others have feelings too."

"You don't mean, Charlotte, she is to blame for anything? You speak as seriously as if she were."

"Other people will blame her," Lady Best answered, "if she gives them occasion."

"No doubt," said Mrs. Hope nettled, "no doubt; but as for that, what I say is, she won't give them occasion, because she can't."

Then checking herself and affecting a smile, for Lady Best's impotence had not yet vanished for her, she added soothingly, "She will be guided by your advice, I am sure, as we all are."



NOTES ABOUT TEA.



Tea plant.

IT is not our purpose in the present paper to enter upon any lengthened disquisition as to the cultivation of the tea-plant, or the manner in which all the various descriptions of tea are prepared for the foreign consumer; but, while glancing briefly at a few incidental matters appertaining to the tea trade which appear to us to be more especially worthy of notice, mainly to offer some explanatory remarks with regard to the names by which some of the principal varieties of the leaf are known among the Chinese.

The four great tea ports of China are Canton (a corruption of the Chinese Kuang-chou), Foochow, Shanghai, and Hankow, which derives its name "Han-mouth," from the fact of its being placed at the point where the river Han flows into the Yang-tsze kiang, five hundred and eighty-two geographical miles from Shanghai. This great port in Central China was opened to foreign trade by the last treaty, and oddly enough, though it is such a populous and busy place, the Chinese do not call it a city of even the third class, but it is considered the first of the five *chên*, or great commercial marts of the empire; hence the natives very frequently speak of it as Han-chên, instead of Hankow.

It is hardly necessary to remark that both black and green teas are exported from China to foreign countries; the latter, however, is the less important branch of the trade, for in 1872 the green teas formed only one-seventh part of the whole amount exported, and one-thirteenth part of the amount which was sent to this country.

At one time it used to be the fashion in England to call all tea "bohea." This term, it may be well to remark, was derived by foreigners from the Cantonese pronunciation

of the Woo-hee or Woo-hsi Hills, in the province of Fohkien, of which the port of Foochow is now the outlet.

The chief kinds of black tea are known by the names congou, soochong (or souchong), and pekoe (which used sometimes to be written pecco); and the main varieties of green tea are called young hyson, hyson, hyson-skin, gunpowder, and twankay. Besides these, there are many subsidiary names, of which more anon.

With regard to the meaning of the terms, many of the names contain an allusion to the shape or colour of the leaf, the time of gathering, or the way in which it is prepared. Congou is a corruption of *kung-foo*, which simply means "labour;" souchong (*seao-chung*) is the Chinese for "little sprouts;" the word pekoe is arrived at through the Cantonese dialect from *pai-hao*, i.e. "white down or hair." This kind is so called, because it is made from the young spring-leaf buds, while there is still a down upon them. The name hyson is a corruption of the words *he* (or *hsi*) *chun*, that is, "fair spring;" the Chinese expression for young hyson is *yü-chien*, i.e. "before the rains," by which it is signified that this description of leaf is picked before the "grain rain period," which occurs in the third moon (April). Hyson-skin is the foreign designation of *pi-cha*, literally "skin tea;" the native name for gunpowder tea is *yüan choo*, "round pearls;" and twankay is a corruption of *Tun-kee*, "beacon-brook," the name of a place.

Other kinds of black tea are orange pekoe and inferior pekoe, which the Chinese call respectively *shang-seang*, "very fragrant," and *tsze-hao*, "carnation hair;" *hung-moey (mèi)*,* "red plum blossom;" *tsao-shê*, "sparrow's tongue;" *powchong (pao-chung)*, so called because it is wrapped up in small parcels; *cam-poi (chien-pei)*, "careful or selected firing;" *choo-lan*, "pearl-flower," so named because the leaves are scented with that flower; *oolong (hêi lung)*, "black dragon;" then there are "dragon's pellet," "dragon's whiskers," "fir-leaf pattern," "autumn dew," &c. Pekoe the Chinese also call *chün-mèi*, or "prince's eyebrow." *Oopak* is simply the Cantonese pronunciation of Hoo-pei, the province in which Hankow is. We often hear of Moning congou, Kyshow or Kaisow congou, &c.; these are merely "labour" teas, grown in the districts

* When two Chinese sounds are given, the one in the parenthesis is that of the court dialect.

of Moning (Cantonese for *Woo-ning* "military rest"), and Kai or Chieh-show, though we rather doubt if either of these districts can possibly produce all the "labour" teas with which they are credited.

Of the green varieties, young hyson is also called *mei-pien*, or "plum petals;" old hyson is *he (hsi) pi*, or "flourishing skin;" Tsung-lo or Sung-lo is the name of a place; gunpowder is also termed *ma-choo*, or "hemp pearls;" and imperial *ta-choo*, or "great pearls;" there is also a kind of green tea called *choo-lan*, "pearl flower."

Besides the foregoing, the Chinese have several other names for different kinds of tea, such as *ke-tsang*, "flag lance;" *shou-mai*, "old man's or longevity eyebrow;" *yin-chên*, "silver needle;" *tsao-chun*, "early spring;" *koo-ting*, "biting cloves," &c.

"Chop names" are fancy designations of parcels of tea. The word "chop" belongs to that jargon called pigeon (or *pidgin*) English, by means of which commercial transactions are most commonly carried on in China, owing to the foreign and native traders not being acquainted with one another's languages. The term "chop" is not a very definite one, for it is applied at one time to a parcel of one or two hundred chests, and at another to one of six or seven hundred.

The Chinese dealers in tea, who bring the commodity to the different ports for sale to foreigners, must not be confounded with the growers, who are usually only small tea-farmers. The tea is collected from them by brokers, and then sold to the dealers, who give the various parcels felicitous and high-sounding names, some of which get so well-known and popular that they are used again season after season. We do not mean to say that *all* the tea which is brought to England goes through so many hands, for foreign firms sometimes send their own Chinese agents into the tea districts with large sums

of money, and these men contract, on behalf of their employers, with the tea-farmers for their crops, and then bring the teas down in native boats to the nearest Treaty ports. These teas are called "contract teas."

As nearly the whole of the black tea annually brought to this country belongs to the class called congou or "labour" tea, the following account, given by Mr. Doolittle, an American writer, of the method of preparing it will, doubtless, be interesting to the reader:—

"1. The leaves are exposed in the sun, or in an airy place. The object of this is not to dry them, but only to *wilt* them slowly and thoroughly.

"2. A quantity of the leaves thus wilted are put into a shallow vessel, usually made of the splints of the bamboo, and trodden down together for a considerable time, until all the fibres and stems of the leaves are broken. Men, bare-footed, are employed to do this work, because the Chinese do not appear to have found out a more convenient, expeditious, and effective method of attaining the object in view.

"3. The leaves are then rolled in a particular manner by the hands of the operator, the object being to cause them to take a round or spiral form.

If not rolled in this way, they would remain flat, a shape not adapted to the foreign market. While lying on the vessel, the hands, spread out, are passed around for some time in a circular manner, parallel to the bottom of the vessel, lightly touching the leaves.

"4. They are now placed in a heap to heat for half an hour or longer, until they become of a reddish appearance.

"5. The leaves are then spread out in the sun, or in a light and airy place, and left to dry.

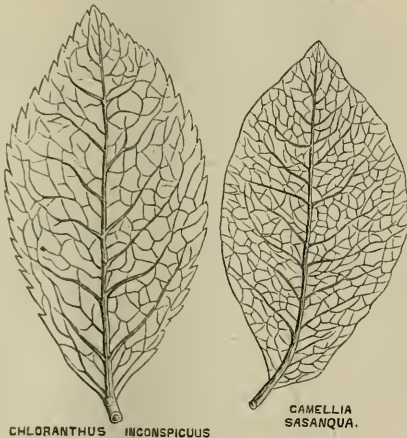
"6. The leaf is next sold to the agents of foreigners, or to native dealers, who take it away and expend a great deal of labour upon



Tea Leaves after Infusion.

it before it is shipped to foreign countries. It is sifted in coarse sieves, and picked over several times, in order to separate the different qualities, to remove the stems, the large or flat leaves, &c. It is dried several times over slow fires in iron pans, in order to prevent its spoiling through any moisture that may still be retained in it."

The process necessary to make oolong, says one of her Majesty's vice-consuls in China, in a recent Commercial Report, is very simple: in fact such tea is the pure article in its most unsophisticated form, and with the least amount of manipulation. The green leaves are plucked from the bushes and gathered into baskets by women and children; they are then spread on a covered floor for twenty-four hours; then stirred and tossed in a metal pan over a fire, until they attain a curled-up spongy appearance, and possess the proper smell. Finally they are fired in a wicker basket, shaped like an egg-cup, the waist of which is divided by a sieve, upon which about seven pounds of tea are placed; the basket is set over an open charcoal oven, the fire of which has been previously banked up with



Chinese Adulterations, drawn from Hassall.

lime and ashes, and emits no smoke. The oolong, however, when sold to the foreigner, has not been sufficiently fired to withstand the trying effect of a long voyage home, and has to re-undergo the latter process in the foreign hong,* for six to eight hours, before it is finally packed into chests for export.

The Chinese themselves drink the simple decoction of tea without any addition of sugar or milk, and pour off the infusion almost directly after the boiling water has been poured on the leaf; they also frequently make their tea in a cup provided with a

* It may be well to explain that the term *Hong* includes the merchant's house, office, and go-downs, i.e. warehouses, where his goods are all stored. Separate go-downs are generally devoted to the storage, &c., of tea.

cover. We have also heard that "there are other plants used for tea by the poor Chinese; the leaves of one or two species of camellia are sometimes employed for the purpose in districts where they are abundant; but these and all other plants are considered poor substitutes for the true tea by the natives themselves."

In Mongolia and some parts of Russia what is called *brick tea* is largely consumed. This is made to a great extent in the tea districts of Central China by softening refuse leaves, twigs, and dust with boiling water, and then moulding the compound into large flat cakes, like tiles or bricks. The nomad Mongols use this curious article not only

for drinking purposes, but also in the place of a circulating medium!

It will doubtless be interesting to our readers if we here make a few brief remarks on the subject of the adulteration of tea in China and at home, though we can only glance very cursorily at the question. In his Report on the trade of Canton for the year 1872, Sir D. B. Robertson, C.B., says, "The article called 'lie tea' is composed of various substances, and principally of the cac-

tus-leaf and the sweepings and dust of the tea go-downs [i.e., warehouses]. Large quantities are made in Canton for mixing with the true teas, and it is difficult to detect the adulteration. The admixture of iron filings is also frequent, and this is particularly observable in the teas of 1871 and 1872 seasons. The tea-men have been warned against the practice, but it still prevails, and probably will until the law against the adulteration of food is enforced in England, and reclamations are made here [at Canton] in consequence." This is not very reassuring to tea-drinkers at home, and the information we get from Shanghai is equally, if not more, depressing. Her Majesty's Consul at that port, speaking of the teas which "owe their

origin to districts with which Shanghai* is in immediate relation," observes, "What is known as 'maloo mixture'—a medley of used tea-leaves, the leaves of the peach, plum, &c., and filth of all sorts—is manufactured in Shanghai, for shipment to England, to a varying extent; and, though unfit for consumption in food, is largely consumed by the tea-drinking classes at home!" It is currently believed by many people that tea is much adulterated after its arrival in this country, and that various English leaves—such as those of the sloe, hawthorn, beech, and willow—are used for this purpose; but after a careful investigation we are of opinion that, whatever a few unscrupulous retail dealers may do, these stories are in the main a delusion nowadays, although it is just possible that such adulteration may have taken place in the days when the duty was high, and tea cost from ten to fifteen shillings per pound. The truth of our statement will be at once apparent when we point out that common Chinese tea, or rather "rubbish," can be bought on the London market at twopence or threepence per pound (exclusive, of course, of the duty),



English Adulterations.

which can be mixed with the better kinds of tea, and that, as the duty is only sixpence per pound, there is not much temptation for any one, especially in these days of public analysts, to run the risk of a criminal prosecution by selling a compound of sloe and other leaves. As mentioned above, tea not uncommonly arrives from China mixed with foreign leaves, &c.; and a friend, learned in these matters, has informed us that he once saw some "green

tea" from Canton without any tea-leaves in it at all, the precious importation being entirely made of some other leaf! This tea is said to have been made in Macao, and was sold in London and shipped to the Continent! Report says that there is a man who has an establishment somewhere on the Thames, and who will convert "Canton caper" (a black tea) into green-tea gnpowder, and that this has often been done when green teas were very dear! We are not acquainted with the *modus operandi* in this curious subsidiary branch of the London tea-trade, but we trust that the

details are of an innocent nature. The coarse, rank tea which is sold in England at a low rate, and which is popularly called "broom-sticks," is, we imagine, third-crop leaf, which is picked late in the season, and not improbably it contains a large admixture of the "rubbish" spoken of above.

Every one is familiar with the appearance of tea-chests, but we imagine that not many people have any idea how their leaden lining is made, and we will, therefore, conclude these notes with an account of the process, for which we are indebted

to Mr. Lockhart's "Twenty Years' Experience in China:"—

"The plumber has a furnace on the floor, with an iron pot on the fire with melted lead, and a small iron or brass ladle. He also has two flooring tiles rather more than a foot square, which are covered with paper, pasted smooth and firm over one surface. One of these tiles is placed on the floor, but raised about three or four inches, with the papered surface upwards. The other tile is laid upon this, with its papered surface down. The man gets on the tiles, and sitting on his heels, takes a ladleful of lead; putting the

* The greater part, in fact, nearly the whole, of the tea which is exported from Shanghai, comes from Hankow, Kinkiang, &c.

toes of one foot to the ground, he dexterously lifts with his left hand the front edge of the upper tile, and pours the lead with a sweep between them. Then raising his foot from the ground, the upper tile yields freely to his weight, and the melted lead is pressed between the papered surfaces, the surplus escaping at the edges. He immediately raises the tile, removes the sheet of lead and proceeds to make another. His fellow-workmen examine the sheets, as they are thrown off; if, as happens at times, they are irregular, they are returned to the melting-

pot. If they find them in good order, they rapidly cut them square by the aid of a rule, and solder the small sheets together to serve as large ones. Paper is then pasted down on them, and they are ready to be used as being for the chests. Sometimes the thin leaden chest is covered with paper after being made up; at other times the separate sheets are covered, and any imperfections attended to afterwards. The paper being inside, the lead chest does not affect the tea, which it would do, were the lead and the tea placed in contact."

E. DUFFIELD JONES.

THE WYND BANK.

ON the whole, there is no kind of teaching more needed in this country just now than to know how to save a shilling, and how to spend it to good purpose. The art of making money is perhaps as well understood among us as it ever was anywhere; but what to do with it when we have got it, how to make the most and the best of it, and especially how to keep it till there is some real need for it, these are questions which men and women, alike the poor and the well-to-do, find apparently too much for them. Their one idea seems to be, to get as big an income, or as large a wage as possible; and with that their minds are too exhausted to think of anything else. The habit of thrifty saving, and the art of wisely spending, are alike beyond their power; and yet nothing will really improve their condition until they learn both of these. Those who best know the state of the very poor feel how hopeless it is to do anything effectually for them, because of the improvident waste fostered by their hand-to-mouth way of living. But the evil is by no means confined to them, though it is among them that its painful results are, of course, most visible. A shilling appears to burn a hole in the pockets of our working classes, and the more shillings the more holes there are, and nothing to show for them. Not to speak of the rapidity with which large portions of their earnings pass into the tills of the publicans, they almost never get the honest worth of their money either in meat or drink or clothing, because they are rarely in a position to go and deal in the best market. Their purchases are not "cheap and nasty," but dear and nasty at the same time, because their hand-to-mouth way shuts them up to the tally, truck, or slop trade. Therefore, until they learn to

save their shillings, they cannot hope to spend them profitably. Hence, the high wages they have lately drawn did them little or no good. I have been told again and again, by miners in Lanark and Ayrshire, that they were, on the whole, better off when they earned only six shillings a day than they were when wages rose to double that sum. That is no reason why the miner should not get his fair share of what profits are being made; no reason why he should not decline to work unless he gets that fair share. But, at least, it shows that, just as ample benevolence does no lasting good to the poor so long as they let its charities run through them as through a sieve, so also increased wages do not profit the workman, unless he too learns to save carefully that he may spend fruitfully.

This has been long an article of faith among those who have practically interested themselves in the condition of the people. Especially intelligent Christian workers have found that they could produce no lasting social results, unless they combined such monetary questions with their proper mission labours. There are, indeed, some worthy people who, from a superfine theory of the spirituality of religion, have shrunk from all entanglements of a secular kind, and have even declined to keep up the machinery of these "moral economics" when they found it already in operation. Their business, they say, is to preach the gospel, not to serve the tables of the money-changers, which their Master found in the Temple, and overthrew long ago. They do not consider what need there may be for them. They will not regard what good they may be doing. It is enough for them that these are secular affairs, and the secular and the sacred must be kept

rigidly apart. No doubt, such people are rare; and we would not have alluded to them at all, but for the fact that several of those provident institutions, which it is the object of this paper to encourage, have been allowed to die out, or rather have been absolutely extinguished, through the influence of this unreal spirituality. Sentimentality, indeed, is one of the main obstacles which genuine philanthropic effort has to encounter. At one time, it is sentimentality of the benevolent kind, which wonders how any one can expect the poor to save anything at all off such a pittance as they have to live on. At another time, it is this religious sentimentality which is much too pious to care for things of this world. Both are mischievous, and happily, as a rule, home-mission workers heartily follow the example and teaching of our Lord, and try to do good to the bodies as well as the souls of the people, and to benefit their present life as well as the life to come. If Paul taught people to "lay by" even out of their extreme poverty, on the first day of the week, and for a special purpose, there seems no reason why they should not do the same thing any day, if it be for their good on the whole. Therefore most of our church organizations try honestly to cast out devils of improvidence, as well as the demon of intemperance, and to form habits of thrift as carefully as habits of piety. Everywhere religion is leaving the narrow ruts of literalism, and getting on to broader lines of *principle*; and while recognising the supremacy of spiritual things, it is not unwilling to admit that these carry along with them many other matters, without which the spiritual would be practically of little avail. Men like Maurice and Robertson in England, men like Chalmers and Norman Macleod in Scotland, have stamped it deep into the heart of British Christianity in these days, that the "Life which is the light of men" is truly a "lamp to our feet" on all the paths of common life.

Hence, from the very first, home-mission work has been associated with many humble economic efforts, just as primitive missions among barbarous peoples were the cradles of civilisation as well as of religion. And the Wynd or Penny-Bank system is a good example of these, which, wherever it has been energetically wrought, has done infinite good among the poor. Partly because of its proven advantage, then, and partly because the establishment of our national schools seems to open a way for its further extension, this appears to be a very fit time

for drawing some attention to its origin and history.

It was in connection with the mission labours carried on by the Free Tron church in the Wynds of Glasgow, in 1850, that the necessity for supplementary or penny banks was first seriously felt. At least, it was then that they began to be systematically organized on a clear working principle. As usual in such matters, there had already been various experiments made, more or less successfully, in the same direction. The want had been felt, and thoughtful benevolence had been sounding its way, and gradually approaching the real solution of the question. In 1846, "The Greenock Penny Club" had been established. It was open every day from eight till ten A.M., and received deposits of not less than a penny, nor more than a shilling, which it undertook to keep safely, and to return at the end of a year, with a bonus of one shilling in case the depositor had "regularly made a payment of not less than one penny a-week." I believe this idea travelled all the way from the Clyde to the Thames, and was extensively worked out by some of the London churches. But except for temporary purposes, to foster a provident spirit, it was obviously a mistake. The bonus of 1s. on 4s. 4d. was much too high. It gave no inducement, either, to make larger deposits, for a weekly payment of 1s. yielded no more profit to the depositor than if it had been but 1d. The annual repayment also in November, whether the depositors wished it not, simply put into their hands a sum of money, more or less considerable, which many of them knew not what to do with, and which, therefore, was as foolishly spent as it had been carefully gathered. The Greenock Penny Club therefore was an experiment, but not a success.

Dr. Chalmers, about the same time, established in connection with the Westport Mission, in Edinburgh, a bank which, if only men like Chalmers could be indefinitely multiplied, would have admirably done what was wanted. But while, with his usual sagacity, he suggested the very best of all methods, with his usual humility he seems to have thought that every superintendent of a mission could rouse and keep alive the enthusiasm which he himself was able to evoke. The Westport bank was substantially the same as that which afterwards was so successful in Glasgow, except in two features. These were: 1st. That the district visitors carried the bank to every door, received the deposits

weekly, and duly marked them in the bank-book; and, 2nd, That as soon as the deposit amounted to a shilling, it was transferred from the Westport Bank to the National Security Savings Bank. Now, the former of these arrangements would be the very perfection of method, if only it could be steadily maintained. It formed the pith of all Dr. Chalmers's idea of civic and religious activity, to remove every hindrance, and overcome the moral *vis inertiae*, by carrying to men's doors the benefits you wished them to enjoy. Churches, Bibles, banks, poor-law supervision, all were made to depend on systematic visitation from house to house; and because of the immense force of his own character, he was able to raise, in every place where he tried it, a staff of fellow-labourers glowing with his own enthusiasm.

But nothing less than a Chalmers in every parish could secure a sufficient number of voluntary workers to carry a penny bank to every poor man's house, and such a motive power as *he* was comes only now and then, one-at a time, to stir a whole nation. The other arrangement, by which every sum at or above 1s. was deposited directly in the National Security Savings Bank, while it was probably suggested by the rule of that institution, tended to multiply the class of smaller depositors to such an extent as seriously to cripple its operations, and lessen the profits. The margin of interest between what Government allows to the bank and what the bank allows to its depositors is so small that, without the utmost economy in management, this valuable institution would soon become unworkable. Therefore, any forced or fictitious rise in the number of shilling-depositors would require a staff of additional clerks, more than sufficient to eat up all its profits. The Westport Bank did not entail any serious inconvenience, indeed, to the National Security Savings Bank in Edinburgh; but only because it remained alone. Had it multiplied, like the Wynd Bank in Glasgow, every new branch would have been an embarrassment.

Thus far these experiments had been carried when Dr. Buchanan began his well-known and fruitful mission in the Wynds of Glasgow. It had grown clear to those who best knew the state of the poor that the National Security Savings Banks required to be supplemented. Properly to drain the economic waste of a district, provision must be made for gathering the pennies as well as the shillings. But obviously this supplementary scheme could not be remunerative and

self-sustaining, like the parent system of Dr. Duncan. It must depend largely on voluntary labour, and that, to be continued long, must not be overtaxed. These were the conditions of the case which presented themselves to Mr. James Stevenson, then a young Glasgow merchant, interesting himself generally in the welfare of the poor, and specially in the Wynd Mission. He found, on careful inquiry, that the average wage of the people in that wretched district, taking young and old, male and female together, was less than 4s. a-head. Of the men, a considerable number wrought in "sweating shops" for the "slop" trade. Many of the boys were tobacco-twisters, earning about 6d. a-day. People who complain just now of the working-man, and his clamour to get "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work," should remember facts like these, and also that there has scarcely ever been a rise of wages without a strike to compel it. To a very large extent, the present avarice of "labour" was caused by the previous oppression of "capital."

At any rate, it seemed clear to Mr. Stevenson, that the National Security Savings Bank was nowise available for people earning so little as these sweaters and tobacco-twisters; and yet he knew that, low as their earnings were, there was also not a little waste among them. Public-houses flourished in their neighbourhood, thriving on their misery, and ever deepening it. Of course, let them save as they might, it could only be on the smallest possible scale, not by shillings, but only by pence. But all the more need was there that they should save what they could, because fluctuations which hardly affected others brought utter ruin to them. Their heads were so little above the water, that the slightest ripple in the market overflowed them altogether. Pennies might be nothing to others, but they were life or death often to them. Impressed with this state of things, Mr. Stevenson formed the scheme of a penny savings bank, and with the aid of Mr. Meikle, the able actuary for the Glasgow National Security Savings Bank, ere long completed, in all its details, a system which, wherever it has been tried, has proved an entire success. None have lost by it; none have been overburdened by it; and many of the poor have had reason to bless it abundantly.

It can hardly be necessary to explain its details; yet a word or two may be helpful to those who have not personally seen its working.

First, before one of these banks can be set

agoing, it is necessary to get a few solid guarantors to be answerable for any loss. These, however, need not be more than half-a-dozen, and their risk is very trifling, almost never, in any of the hundred and twenty Glasgow banks, amounting to more than £200 in all. On obtaining this guarantee, the National Security Savings Bank issues books—gratis, and the system of book-keeping is so simple that, after a single lesson, any one can readily understand and conduct the business. We cannot, of course, enter into explanations of this point here. But we look on the accurate and easy book-keeping of the bank, which was suggested, we believe, by the method used by the Greenock Penny Club, as one of the most valuable features of the system; for all schemes implying unpaid labour must, to a large extent, depend on ladies, and we can assure our lady readers who may be afraid to undertake the management of a bank, that their house-books are intricate matters compared with these simple accounts, and that probably a little apprenticeship in a penny bank would make those "horrid tradesmen's books" very much easier to them. One of the best and most flourishing of them is entirely managed by a lady; and we trust Miss Hozier, of Maudslie, will pardon us for giving her name here, as our object is not to publish her services, but to enlist other labourers with her in the work she has so much at heart. To all women sighing for a "vocation," we commend penny banks as among the most practically fruitful works in which they can be engaged, and one altogether within their power. The bank is opened only once a week for an hour or two at most.

The next, and in our view, perhaps the most important point is, that so soon as any individual depositor has gathered 20s. his name is transferred to the National Security Savings Bank, and he ceases to be a "penny-banker," though he may still, for convenience, transact his business there. By this arrangement the risk of guarantors is reduced to the minimum, as they are only responsible for sums less than 20s. These lesser deposits also are sent to the National Security Savings Bank, except as much as may be required for the current transactions of the week; and the interest accruing from them is sufficient for necessary expenses. No interest is paid to depositors for less than £1 sterling. So far as they are concerned, the bank is merely a *safe* for taking care of what otherwise would burn a hole in their pockets. But as soon as they

reach £1 they become entitled to the statutory £3 per cent. per annum, and the nation is responsible for their gatherings. In this way, the penny banks become feeders to the National Security Savings Bank, and every depositor whose accumulated pennies have, at length, lifted him into the higher class, has learnt a habit which may be almost universally relied on to go on and grow. There is no part of the statistics of penny savings banks therefore, which is to our mind more significant than its transfers. These represent the steady progress of provident habits, at least in the cities, a progress which will finally render penny banks unnecessary. In rural parts, where there is no National Security Savings Bank, they are not so deeply significant, because there the penny bank is really a branch of the National Security Savings Bank, doing largely the kind of business which it would do if it could afford many branches, which it cannot. But in a large town these transfers represent the number who have been lifted above the level where penny banks are required, into the higher domain of the interest-giving bank. It is not easy to say exactly how much has been done permanently in this way. But on comparing the reports of these banks in Glasgow and its neighbourhood from 1866 up to last year, I find that—

In 1866 the transfers amounted to	£4,655
1867	4,700
1868	5,457
1869	9,354
1870	7,200
1871	9,080
1872	14,344
1873	18,604

In that period the penny banks had grown from eighty-six in and around Glasgow to a hundred and twenty-five, showing that while the number of branches had only increased by a third, the amount of transfers had been multiplied fourfold. Some deduction, as I have said, must be made on account of those banks in mining and rural districts, which really supply the place of branches to the National Security Savings Bank; but unquestionably these figures represent an important gain to society in the elevation of "penny-bankers" into "pound-bankers," through this institution. I have compared the deposits in the Glasgow National Security Savings Bank with those in Liverpool, and I find this confirmed by the immense preponderance in the former, of deposits between £1 and £5, which represent, fairly enough, the results of the Wynd Bank system. The Glasgow National Se-

curity Savings Bank is the most flourishing in the kingdom, and its success latterly is owing, not a little, to these penny banks. But far more important to society than the mere prosperity of such an institution is the good that must have been done among the very poor, when their often-wasted pennies grew into pounds, and they felt that they had something laid by for the inevitable "rainy day."

We will not drag our readers through the statistical details of this institution, pregnant as they are with the most important moral results. There is nothing we envy our greatest of modern financiers so much as his power of stating the grandest social problems in the shape of clear statistics, except his further power of so legislating as to make those arithmetical figures significant of great moral forces. But it would be impossible for us to vitalise our arithmetic so as to make our readers thoroughly interested in them, like a budget by Mr. Gladstone, whose hard facts are all aglow with noble ideas. Therefore, we will only add that Mr. Stevenson's scheme, starting in 1850, with deposits to the amount of £1 14s. 1d., chiefly made by the tobacco-twisters, had in 1852 nine similar institutions in various parts of Glasgow and its surroundings; but together they had only some £20 to look after. In 1852, however, Dr. Norman Macleod came to Glasgow, and at once flung himself heartily into the cause. He was not its author, but he was largely the cause of its success, giving it an impulse, by his eloquent moral enthusiasm, which no one else could have done since Chalmers ceased to be among us. By last report the £1 14s. 1d., which were all the savings of the tobacco-twisters and slop-workers, had grown to £33,949, and who shall tell how much that represents of manly self-denial and misery overcome? These are the pennies of the very poor, who cannot save shillings—pennies to meet rent, to buy clothing, to pay for schooling, to get aid in sickness, to tide over difficulties, to save, in short, from the most abject penury! That sum represents nearly half a million different transactions; but how many millions of anxious thoughts, and domestic trials, and personal heroisms, and slowly-won victories? It tells, however, clearly enough, that at least in one part of the empire, the necessity of penny banks has been conclusively established, and their difficulties practically solved.

The system has borne fruits in England, in Belgium, in America, and in Canada, with

what results I am not able exactly to say. In England, as far as I can gather, the plan has been modified to some extent with the view of getting larger interest, which implies less security. I have not got any reports at hand, except from Mr. Ackroyd's Bradford Banks, which offer four per cent. for every 25s. deposited, but give no interest at all for less than that sum, or for any deposits between 25s. and 50s. By all accounts, the plan has worked well, and done a deal of good; but I see that lately there has been a failure in business, involving apparently a large loss to depositors. That is the risk men run in order to get profits higher than the National Security Savings Bank will guarantee. I am given to understand that many of the London penny banks are on a similar plan, and involve the same hazards, which seems to me unwise, for the grand difficulty is to get the poor to believe in your system, and the risk of shaking that faith, even by occasional losses, is a far more serious evil than any counterbalancing advantage of interest can ever be a good.

But the development of these banks in connection with the public schools in Belgium does seem to be a real step in the way of progress. On this subject an interesting article appeared some time ago in *Macmillan's Magazine*, which our various School Boards will do well to "read, ponder, and inwardly digest." It is only by beginning early that this good habit can ever be thoroughly engrafted on the people. The children of the poor, and for that matter of the rich also, see day by day, so much wasteful improvidence going on that, unless there be some counteracting influence from their very earliest years, they can hardly fail to grow up as careless as their parents. Hence the importance of these Belgian school banks which have been every way a great success. Out of 15,392 scholars in the schools of Ghent, there are 13,032 depositors, and their savings amount to £18,512. Objections, of course, have been raised to them on various scores. It has been said that they tend to foster a spirit of avarice in the hearts of children, and the directors of the Belgian school, appear to be somewhat nervously anxious to avert this evil. It is all right to tell the children that their savings are not merely for themselves, but for others too. We suppose it is all right enough also to get up pretty little yearly fêtes, and give each other pretty little presents, out of their savings. But we confess that the fear which seems to

suggest these appears to be rather imaginary. Let the virtue of honest thrift be taught in its place along with other virtues, and it will adjust itself in due time. And we doubt if it be exactly wise to emphasize it in this way as if it had some more than ordinary tendency to become a vice. Besides, there is some risk of breeding a *priggish* class of children; and children have more tendency to that than they have to be misers.

On the whole, however, these school banks are clearly doing a good work, the full results of which will be seen in the future of the Belgian workmen. Their introduction into our own public schools will be a very simple matter. The School Boards have only so far to recognise them as to allow the use of a class-room for an hour or two a week. The necessary guarantees will easily be found by those who are interested in the cause. The National Security Savings Bank will provide the books, and the interest on deposits under £1 sterling will be generally enough to secure the services of a competent under-master, or pupil-teacher as manager. The result, we are sure, will be the formation of not the least important of our educational forces. Once introduced into the public schools, these banks, it is to be hoped, will root themselves also in all other schools, and teach the well-to-do as well as the poor to deny themselves needless indulgences and vain extravagance.

We have not alluded to the Post Office arrangements for the same end, because their advantages and disadvantages are such

that the two systems must always have their separate field of action. We do not think that the Post Office Penny Banks can ever fill the place of the Wynd Banks. The arrangements for drawing out deposits are necessarily too cumbersome and too slow; and the only party likely to prefer them is the more migratory class of the people. To them they offer peculiar facilities, inasmuch as they find their bank equally handy wherever they wander to. But, unhappily, the more unsettled their habits, the less are they likely to save. On the whole, therefore, these banks, originated by Mr. Stevenson in Glasgow, appear to provide the most satisfactory supplement to the National Security Savings Bank. They are safer than Mr. Ackroyd's, and that is more important than any slight difference in the amount of interest. They are more workable than Chalmers's Westport Bank, which demanded more voluntary labour than can be ordinarily counted on. They are easily managed by clerks or ladies who can give an hour or two a week to them regularly. And they are sufficiently remunerative, on the whole, to let the trustees of the National Security Savings Bank provide the books gratis, and allow one of their servants to instruct beginners in the work they have to do. They have already done a valuable service to Glasgow, but if introduced into our public schools over all the country, we are confident that they will prove among the most important elements in the moral training of the next generation.

WALTER C. SMITH.

FAITH'S HEALING.

THE Scribes and Pharisees they scowl,

As on His way He goes;

But for the healing of the poor

A virtue from Him flows.

In street and field and mountain-side,—

Where oft He kneels in prayer—

Enough to follow Him in faith,

And find salvation there.

The blind men sitting by the way—

They saw not, but they cried—

“O Lord, have mercy!” and full soon

Blind eyes were opened wide.

And some there were that came to Him

In hope to be made whole,

To whom besides He lifted off

Sin's burden from the soul.

’Twas faith that won the victory;

So mid the crowd she came,

That, kneeling humbly at His feet,

Did touch His garment's hem.

And straightway had her issue healed,

For years that pained her sore;

She gladly goes—to her revealed

A secret hid before.

That other, too, who importuned
 And sought the children's crumb,
 Whose mighty faith, cold look nor word
 Sufficed to render dumb,—

He looked on her, and all His heart
 Went out in pity mild ;
 And so the mother's faith did win
 The blessing for the child.



And on her soul, besides, He shed
 The comfort of His word,
 "O, be it as thou wilt," He said,
 "Thy prayer of faith is heard."

Oh, may it be the same with us—
 Our faith so strong us make
 The healing we for others crave
 To heal us, for His sake.

CHRISTIAN CHILDHOOD.

BY THE LATE NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

IT is a saying, I believe, of a well-known French moralist, that the paradise of youth is old age, and that the paradise of old age is youth. Some of us are disposed, I dare say, to agree with the last part of this saying, though the time has been when the first was truer to us all.

We who have advanced into manhood know what it is to look back to childhood with the wish to be young again. What is there in children so attractive? Is it not such features as their simple faith, which knows no doubt, but believes whatever is told them—their faith in the speaker and in what he says? Is it not their open-hearted lovingness of disposition, which accepts of every one's friendship, gives and takes the open hand, reclines on any heart, and confides in the goodness and affection of all, without any hesitation or reserve? Is it not their bright hope, which flies towards the future with sunny wings and beaming eye and eager look, seeing no difficulties, no obstructions, no cloud on the horizon? Whatever they desire they hope to obtain, be it riches, rank, or fame. There are no lions in *their* way, no opposition which excites the slightest despondency. They have, no doubt, their tears, but how soon they pass away like morning dew! Life and light and sunshine, and an immortality of joy, seem to surround them. No wonder one poet should exclaim,—

"Trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home;
Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

And no wonder also that another poet, contrasting all this period of youth with the experiences of later years, should say, in looking at a group of joyous children,—

"I see around them writ
The marks of human fate,
Ah tell them they are men!"

Yes, it is very natural that we should in our sadder moments, when perplexed by care, vexed by anxieties, oppressed by all we suffer and see others suffer from sin, disappointed with all we ourselves have been and done, or what we have found or not found in others whom we have trusted; and as age is casting the shadows of evening around us, friend after friend departing, the past vanishing, the present unsatisfactory, the future in this world short, the plans and schemes of life completed, yet in so

many respects incomplete, and the eternal future sometimes dimmed by "obstinate questionings"—it is natural that in such conditions of spirit we should look back to childhood as to a Paradise from which Time with its flaming sword has driven us into a rude and unsatisfactory world, bringing forth thorns and briers, and compelling severe labour with the sweat of the brow to make existence in it tolerable; and that we should gaze with delight upon children playing around us, and hear the sweetest music in their happy voices, and wish that some power would keep them always in this Eden, and never allow them to pass from it with the sober countenance, the knit brow, the careworn heart, the suspicion, the selfishness, the bitter feelings, and coarse passions of manhood.

Such longings to restore early life may lead to the question, why should childhood pass away? For there is a strong conviction in every one having faith in God, that nothing good is intended to perish, and that the law of love secures the permanence of all that is lovable. If the true, the good, or the beautiful seem to perish in one form, it is only because they are to rise in a higher. If the fair blossom decays, it is because the fruit is forming. If the seed dies, the plant grows. Weeping for such losses may endure for a night, but joy for higher gains comes in the morning. Why, then, if childhood is so beautiful and so attractive, should it not be made permanent, so that we should retain this form of life for ever? Is it the law of progress and the necessity of reaching a higher manhood which demand the change?

Alas! Judas the man does not seem to be an advance on Judas the child; nor does he who is crusted with selfishness—turned into a pillar of stone—debased with passion—the slave of sensuality, covetousness, wrath, malice, or crime—appear a being in advance of the pure-eyed, pure-minded, affectionate, and merry child.

There is some mystery in children being thus permitted, under the eye of God, to grow out of childhood into crime, with its hard and miserable heart. So that instead of our wondering at the millions of children who die annually, one is disposed rather to wonder at the number who are permitted to live. We should, antecedent to experience,

be disposed to conjecture that every plant which had in it any inherent element of decay, or which did not promise fruitfulness, should be plucked up ere it became a cumberer of the ground. But it is not so; for all the wicked upon earth were once little children!

There is, however, one practical solution of this mystery, as far as we ourselves are concerned, which for the moment may suffice for our strength and comfort. We may have all these longings after childhood satisfied, for we may, yea, must, become again little children. This is not a deceptive metaphor; it is not a play upon words. It expresses a literal fact—*literal* in so far as all that is truly beautiful, and worth preserving in childhood is concerned; and a *fact* in so far as this transformation has been effected in a countless number of the human race, and may be realised in the experience of every man. The call of God to us all is "to be born again," and the end of Christ's work for us, and of His Spirit in us, is to produce in us the spirit of children.

I think the bare possibility that it *may* be so should cheer us. It should be delightful to us as the thought of weary outcasts returning to an early home, with all its tenderness, with all its innocent joys and freshness of heart. It should be to us as the finding of a lost elixir of youth; for if it would be a vision of bliss for one old and wrinkled, with every cup which mortal hand could give drunk to its dregs—and its dregs bitterness—alone and solitary, amidst a selfish and ungenial world, even to dream of being young again, what must the reality be to him who in his manhood bewails the loss of the innocence and joys of childhood, to be assured on the word of God that they shall all be restored, even here, in a far nobler, deeper, and more abiding form? Because all that is beautiful in childhood is so chiefly as a type and picture of the higher Christian childhood, and is a prophecy of what God has created man for, if he would only be His child.

Let us consider this. We need not dispute as to what was meant by the phrase "being born again," whether it was, as some suppose, an entrance into the Church visible, as distinct from heathendom, or the reception, as others hold, of grace at baptism, or an inward renewal of the whole nature by the Spirit of God. It is enough for our present argument, that to be "children of God," to be "little children," to be "followers of God as dear children," implies a

real character which every one must possess who has true piety or true godliness. One essential element in this character is the practical recognition of God as our Father in Jesus Christ, and therefore instead of distrusting Him, we begin to have a sincere affection for Him, a reverence for all His wishes, a hearty desire to please Him, and to make known our requests to Him by prayer and supplication. All this is surely true, in a greater or less degree, of every one who knows God at all, throughout the whole Catholic Church of Christ. If this, or anything like this, is fanaticism or mystery, it would be difficult to find any common ground which the Christian could occupy higher than paganism or deism. There is an end to all religion unless it be admitted that we ought and may sincerely love God and seek to keep His commandments; and this is "being born again," having "the Spirit of adoption"—this is "being followers of God as dear children."

But if this point is granted, then I affirm that such a child-nature towards God implies the possession of all that is lovely in youth—with such differences only as make the balance all gain on the side of the mature Christian. For example: our first childhood is lovely in its faith; but how credulous! how superstitious! We say it believes in any wonderful stories of ghosts or goblins, and fairies, and giants—all are accepted without a doubt. Beautiful faith! we exclaim. But the Christian child has far greater wonders to believe in, even as fact is ever more wonderful than fiction. He has presented to him facts about the universe in which we live stranger than fancy could have pictured, more stirring than imagination could have created; facts about man's high destiny—his place in God's creation, his relationship to the Most High, the end of his being, his sin and recovery; facts regarding the Son of God, and all He is and will be to us for ever; facts about life and death, and the world to come, which demand faith, but faith not resting on fancy as in a child, but on fact—faith held for reasons which bear investigation. And so, if the faith of the child in dreams is from its simplicity and want of doubt so beautiful, how much more beautiful is the faith, the unhesitating faith, of the Christian child, yet the strong-minded man in Christ Jesus, who sees the unseen God, and has the faith which is the "substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen!"

Again, the hope of the child is beautiful;

but this picture of first childhood is reproduced in a far higher form in Christian childhood. First of all, the Christian hopes to possess what no child could possibly form any idea of. It is his calm every-day conviction, which he carries about

"Like music in his heart"
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,"

that he shall live for ever and ever, and be the same being, but grown into perfect manhood, throughout endless ages. What are the riches or the palaces, or the dreams of honour and fame, of rank and renown, which entrance the child as he reads of the heroes of the olden time, or the gorgeous pictures of eastern fable, when compared with the sober realities hoped for by the Christian, who knows he is to be a king, and to reign with Christ, and to possess all the glory and beauty of the marvellous works of God, and to be higher than the angels, and to be the inmate of God's palace as a son and heir through eternity?

And then the hopes of the child are all baseless, without any ground whatever, mere creations of the imagination, and presenting too often sad contrasts with what is actually realised. Alas! many a young dreamer about rank and riches has died in a work-house; many a young expectant of honour has lived for years an outcast from society; many a hopeful heart has been turned into the gall of bitterness from disappointment. But our hope "maketh not ashamed." It is grounded on the word of God; it is secured by the work of Christ; we enjoy its earnest now in the possession of the Spirit, with all the spiritual blessings which He bestows; we are "*begotten again* to a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead."

Finally, our Christian childhood realises more truly and in a greater degree that feature which seems so beautiful in our first childhood, and that is love. The love of children is no doubt often very real, but it cannot be deep nor abiding. At all events, it is not discriminating. Their love is rather an instinct, an attachment to all and sundry without respect of worth, without knowledge of character, a fondness grounded on accident, on kindness shown, on gratification given. A little gift, a toy, a day's amusement, will often gain all that can be given. How different is the love of the Christian child! He has a feeling of good-will to all men, just as he knows himself to be a child of God and recognises all men as brethren. This philanthropy leads to practical labours, active sacrifices for their good, without any

thought of a selfish return. But he bears to those possessed of a like-mindedness with himself, though it may appear but as a germ of the new life, such a love as no child can understand. This love is based on a common faith, a common hope, a common love to God and to the things of God. It is not a wayward impulse nor a blind instinct, far less a passion which flames up like a lurid volcano and then sinks down amidst smoke and ashes; but deeper than a passion, as, with the calmness and wisdom of a principle, it goes forth to seek and to save the lost, to light up the troubled waters of life in order to lead others to a shelter of safety and to dignify, beautify, and irradiate whatever it touches. What is the love of the child in clinging even to its mother with fond embrace, when compared with the love of that Christian mother who bends over it and—herself a child—prays for it to her Father in heaven, with unutterable longings? Or what is it compared to the true love of the strong-hearted earthly father, who, though perhaps governing a state or commanding an army, with a brow knit by many trials, or a cheek scarred by many wounds, yet carries in his bosom a child's spirit of love, calm, deep, and wide, like His from Whom he obtained it, even the child Jesus?

But you remind me of the joy of children. I cannot overlook it. It is a beautiful feature of youth. How difficult it is to quench it! It seems able to survive even nakedness, cold, and poverty. In the darkest lanes, in the lowest haunts of a city, amidst scenes of squalor and wretchedness which might seem capable of extinguishing every sign of happiness, there happiness still lives in the games and songs and laughter of children. They flit about like innocent birds amidst the raging waves and storms of human crime and passion. They spring up like tender flowers in stony ground, stunted in their growth perhaps, and begrimed with dust, but yet the only bright things there, and full of the fragrance of joy. Even death itself, which sobers the heart of a household, is by children often converted into food for new excitement. This is no doubt very beautiful, but it is so to me chiefly as an unconscious witness of the love of God and of the grace of God to a fallen world. If it must *necessarily* all pass away—if all children are born under a government which necessarily dooms them to sorrows and anguish of heart without a remedy—if it is not possible to secure for those children a joy greater than they now possess, more worthy

of them as immortal beings, more enduring and permanent, then to me their laughter would be like the laughter of the insane. But seeing them in the light of the Gospel and the grace of God, I am enabled to rejoice that they are born into the world as into a Father's house, where they may enjoy all the blessings of life eternal, and possess "a joy unspeakable and full of glory." This is the joy which the Christian child possesses.

Do not let us misunderstand, as many do, the nature of Christian joy. There are not a few who remain children only in folly all their lives, forgetting that what may be beautiful in a child may be deformity in a man. The ardent craving for mere excitement, the delight in toys, the irksomeness of duty, the selfish desire to escape all that is disagreeable, and to make pleasure the end of life, is child-like in the child, but worse than childish in the man who so lives. To be able to repeat our early feelings, to possess the same power of thought, enjoying trifles, and to be at times *childish*, is no small gift from God, and may be accepted with unfeigned gratitude whenever it enables us the better to play the man and to carry life's burdens with less fatigue, and to perform its sterner duties with more cheerfulness; but this exception could not become a rule without being an evil. And therefore to compare this secret of happiness, which a Christian may or may not have, to the joy which he ought to possess, is to make godliness inseparable from gaiety, and to identify peace with pleasures which are attractive chiefly because they are so evanescent and are at the best trifling to any one who has experienced the deeper reality. Christian joy is born of God. It is the child of love, the companion of duty, and the parent too of sorrow. It is heavenly in its origin and in its end. It is a portion of the light of life in which he dwells, and in which saints and angels walk. It is too deep, it depends too much upon our seeing the awful and grand realities of the invisible world, to be expressed by laughter or by any song save a hymn of praise which God may hear. It is not indeed by such signs of mere childish happiness that men express their joy derived from anything truly great, whether in nature or art, or in human conduct. Tears are often the more natural expressions of such

emotions. Nor is it wonderful that the joy of the Christian child should often, when most intense, give birth to suffering,—noble and God-like suffering, such as Christ, the possessor and dispenser of perfect joy and perfect peace, endured, because of the presence in human hearts, amidst the loudest laughter, and with all the world calls happiness, of what is nevertheless at enmity to all true joy in the universe—the sin which is enmity to God!

While, therefore, the Christian may, as a human being carrying into manhood much of the freshness and the naturalness of the child, have his turns of child-like happiness, as innocent as in youth, yet he possesses a joy far too deep to be affected by the playful breeze and the laughing waves on the surface of life. Children may call him unhappy, for they cannot comprehend him, while he thoroughly comprehends them, as he sympathizes with their merriment, and yearns to lift them up to share his Christian joy.

It seems to me to be very unworthy of our high calling to mourn the loss of our first childhood. It is mourning for what God has doomed to perish, and refusing what He bestows as our joy for ever. It is seeking the living among the dead. It is preferring dreams to realities—dreams about trifles, to realities worthy of the riches of God. The wish that children who die in infancy should always remain children in heaven is a product of the same ignorance, as if weak childhood were equal to the glorious manhood of the saint. It is the same ignorance which makes some men regret they did not die young, instead of their regretting, by a hearty repentance, that they have not availed themselves of the glorious gift of God, and become His children through faith in Christ and the reception of His Spirit.

Let Christians learn to live up to their calling. Let them not look back, but forward. Let the aged Christian rejoice in his second childhood, not of bodily weakness, but of spiritual youth. Let him anticipate the hour of his death as the period of his birth into heaven, when he shall be perfected by being a perfect child of God, with a faith, love, hope, and joy which are immortal and imperishable as the glory of his Father and of his elder Brother.



LETTERS FROM H.M.S. CHALLENGER.

V.—THE AZORES (*continued*).

AFTER passing Ribeira Grande the road becomes more rugged, now passing down into a deep gorge with a little hamlet nestling in it and a bridge spanning the dry bed of a wet-season torrent, and now rising over the well-cultivated spur of a mountain ridge.

We stopped for luncheon in a pretty little ravine, well shaded by trees and watered by a considerable stream.

Posting round the world as we are doing with very little spare time at our disposal, one impression succeeds another so rapidly, that it is sometimes not very easy to disentangle them in one's memory, and refer each picture to its proper place. This little valley, now ringing with English chaff and laughter, and littered with the inevitable sardine tins and soda-water bottles, seemed a reflex of our confused cosmopolitan condition of mind. The tall, smooth tree-boles, with their scanty blue aromatic foliage, all around us,—which made up the greater part of the vegetation,—were the gum-tree (*Eucalyptus robustus*), from New

Holland. The group of beautiful dark conifers on the other side of the stream, showing in every tone of colour, and in every curve of their long drooping branches their thorough luxuriance and "at-homeness," are no Atlantic or European cypresses, but *Cryptomeria japonica*, the lawn tree which saddens us with its blighted brown twigs after a too hard frost in England. The tree above it with the dark

green phyllodes is *Acacia melanoxylon*, from Australia; the livelier intermixed greens are due to the Japanese

Pittosporum undulatum, to *Persca indica*, and *Laurus canariensis*—both of somewhat doubtful origin though reputed natives—and to the undoubtedly native *Myrica faya*.

The Azores have been particularly fortunate in having their climate made the most of by the introduction of suitable and valuable plants. When the islands were first discovered they were clothed with natural forest, but during the earlier period of their occupation the wood was cut down with so little judgment that it was almost exterminated, and it became necessary to send planks for orange-boxes from Portugal. Of late years, however, several of the wealthiest and most influential proprietors, both in Fayal and St. Michael, have interested themselves greatly in forestry and acclimatisation, and have scattered any of their new introductions which seemed to be of practical value about the islands with the utmost liberality.



Arancaria, in the garden of M. José do Canto.

All the trees from Europe and the temperate parts of America, north and south, and those of Australia, New Zealand, Japan and the cooler parts of China, seed freely in the Azores, so that there seems to be no limit to their multiplication. A quick growing wood is, of course, the great desideratum, as it is chiefly wanted for the building of fires, and of the scarcely less ephemeral orange-cases.

For this latter purpose, *Crytomeria japonica*, several species of *Eucalyptus*, *Populus nigra* and *angulata*, and *Acacia melanoxylon* are already supplanting *Pinus maritimus*, *persea indica*, and *Laurus canariensis*.

A few miles farther on the road left the coast, and began to ascend so rapidly that, until we gained the top of the ridge, we had little help from our carriages and "mulos." The uplands, in general character and in the style of their vegetation, are not very unlike some of the richer parts of the Highlands of Scotland. The flats are somewhat on a larger scale. The "heather" is the *Erica azorica*, frequently rising to the height of twelve to fifteen feet, with a regular woody stem much used for firewood. The bog-myrtle is replaced by the graceful *Myrica faya*, and the juniper is represented by a luxuriant spreading prostrate form, *Juniperus oxycedrus*. Grasses are numerous in species, and form a rich green permanent pasture. Ferns are very abundant, and give quite a character to the vegetation of the ravines among the "Montas." The steep cliff down to the bed of a torrent is sometimes one continuous sheet of the drooping fronds of *Woodwardia radicans*, often six or eight feet in length.

The *Woodwardia* is certainly the handsomest and most characteristic of these investing ferns. In the glades in St. Michael it is usually associated with the scarcely less handsome *Pteris arguta*, and with many varieties of *Aspidium dilatatum* and *œmulum*. Here and there we come upon a fine plant of *Dicksonia culcita*, the nearest approach on the island to a tree-fern. The buds and young fronds of this fern are thickly covered with a soft, silky down, which is greatly used in the islands for stuffing beds and pillows.

On reaching the crest of the hill the view is certainly very striking. You find that you are on the top of the ridge bounding an old crater of great extent. The valley of the Furnas, richly cultivated and wooded, lies directly below, with a scattered town, with public gardens, baths, and lodging-houses, as an object of central interest. The valley, at a first glance, looks strangely familiar from its resemblance to many of the valleys in Switzerland. It is not until the eye has wandered over the lava ridges and rested upon the dense columns of vapour rising from the boiling springs, that one realises the critical condition of things—the fact that he is descending into the crater of a volcano, which still gives unmistakable sign of activity.

The road into the valley is very steep, zigzagging through deep cuttings down the face of the mountain. It was about five o'clock when our now somewhat weary cavalcade drew up before the door of the hotel in the village.

We had been told by the British Consul at Ponta Delgada, that about four miles beyond the village, following a bridle path across a ridge and along the border of a lake, we should find a comfortable, commodious hotel, kept by an Englishman, where, if we gave due notice, we could get all accommodation. Unfortunately there was no time to give notice, so we determined to go on chance.

One or two of us started off on foot, while the gear was being transferred from the carriages to a train of donkeys, to give Mr. and Mrs. Brown what preparation we might, and to organize some dinner. We had a lovely walk,—up a winding path among the rocks to the top of a saddle, where a beautiful blue lake about a couple of miles in length, bordered with richly-wooded cliffs, lay below us. On the opposite side, about a couple of hundred feet above the lake, we could see Mr. Brown's house, and nearer us, on the shore of the lake, a group of natural cauldrons, where the water was bubbling and steaming, and spreading widely through the air a slight and not unpleasant odour of sulphur. No human habitation, except Mr. Brown's, was visible, but though the scene seemed singularly quiet and remote, its richness and infinite variety in light and shade and colouring prevented any oppressive effect of extreme loneliness.

Mr. Brown met us at the door; we told him that there were about a dozen of us who wanted rooms and food, and he naturally answered that he had nothing to give us, and put it to our common sense how it could be possible that he, in his primeval solitude, should be ready at any moment to entertain a dozen hungry strangers, to say nothing of their servants, asses, &c. Notwithstanding, there was a reassuring twinkle in Mr. Brown's shrewd, pleasant eyes. We wrung an admission from him that there was plenty of room in the house, that fowls might be got, and eggs and tea. Mrs. Brown joined us, and her appearance was also reassuring; so we shouted for the urgent tub, and left the rest to fate. Shortly we saw the long string of asses winding, with our changes of raiment, round the end of the lake, and it was not to our surprise that about eight o'clock we found ourselves sitting before an admirable



Cryptomeria Japonica, in the garden of M. José do Canto.



Araucaria excelsa.

dinner, with all our arrangements for the next couple of days settled in the most satisfactory way. We sent the carriages back to Ponta Delgada, with orders to meet us at midday on Monday at Villa Franca, a town on the southern coast of the island; and we engaged some fifteen or twenty donkeys for Monday morning, to take us and our effects over the ridge and down the steep passes to the shore road.

Next morning some of our party walked to the Roman Catholic chapel in the village, and afterwards went to see the hot springs; others wandered about on the slopes and terraces overlooking the lake, enjoying the quietude and beauty of the place.

But for the birds, which were numerous, and the distant murmur of the boiling springs the silence was absolute. Now and then a large buzzard, *Buteo vulgaris*, on account of whose abundance the islands were first named from the Portuguese word *azor*, or kite, rose slowly and soared in the still air. A genuine blackbird, *Turdus merula*, poised himself on the top of a fir-tree and sang to us about home; a chaffinch, *Fringilla tintillon*, very nearly genuine, hopped on the path and acted otherwise like an English chaffinch; a bullfinch, *Pyrrhula murina*, so like the real thing as to have given rise to some discussion, piped in the thicket; and the canary, *Serinus canarius*, here no albino prisoner, but a yellow-green sparrow of unlimited rapacity in the way of garden-seeds, settled on the trees and twittered in large flocks. I walked down to the baths by a short cut across the hills with Mr. Brown in the afternoon, and got a great deal of pleasant information from him. It seems that he was very much identified with the late rapid progress of gardening and forestry. Between twenty and thirty years ago he went from England, a young gardener, to lay out the splendid grounds of M. José do Canto at Ponta Delgada; he assisted in various schemes of horticulture in the interest of M. Ernest do Canto, M. Antonio Borges, and other wealthy proprietors, and among other things designed the pretty little public garden at Furnas, which we passed through on our way to the springs. The house which Mr. Brown now occupies, with about four hundred acres of land, belongs, singularly enough, to a London physician, and Mr. Brown acts as his factor. It is most comfortable and pleasant—just one of those places to suggest the illusory idea of going back sometime and enjoying a month or two of *rest*.

The principal boiling springs are about half a mile from the village. Round them, over an area of perhaps a quarter of a mile square there are scorched-looking heaps like those which one sees about an iron-work, only whitish usually and often yellow, from an incrustation of sulphur. Over the ground among one's feet little pools of water collect everywhere, and these are all boiling briskly. This boiling is due, however, chiefly to the escape of carbonic acid, and of vapour formed below, for the temperature even of the hottest springs does not seem to rise to above 194° F. The largest of the springs is a well about twelve feet in diameter, inclosed within a circular wall. The water hisses up in a wide column nearly at the boiling point, bubbling in the centre to a height of a couple of feet, and sending up columns of steam with a slight sulphurous smell. A little further on there is a smaller spring in even more violent ebullition, tossing up a column five or six feet high, and beyond this a vent opening into a kind of cavern, not inapty called "Bocco do Inferno," which sends out water, loaded with grey mud, with a loud rumbling noise. The mud comes splashing out for a time almost uniformly, and with little commotion, and then, as if it had been gathering force, a jet is driven out with a kind of explosion to a distance of several yards. The spring, like all the others, is surrounded by mounds of silicious sinter, and of lime and alumina and sulphur efflorescence. The mud is deposited from the water on the surface of the rock around in a smooth paste, which has a high character all round as a cure for all skin complaints. When I looked at it first I could not account for the grooves running in stripes all over the face of the rocks; but I afterwards found that they were the marks of fingers collecting the mud, and I was told that such marks were more numerous on Sunday, when the country people came into the village to mass, than on any other day.

At a short distance from the "Caldeiros" a spring gushes out from a crack in the rock of a cool chalybeate water, charged with carbonic acid and a slight dash of sulphuretted hydrogen. There is a hot spring close beside it, and on the bank of the warm stream and in the steam of the Caldeira, there is a luxuriant patch of what the people there call "ignami," or yams (*Caladium esculentum*), which seems to thrive specially well in such situations. The flavour of the aerated water is rather peculiar at first, but in the hot steamy sulphurous air one soon comes to like its

coolness and freshness, and it seems to taste all the better from the green cup extemporised out of the beautiful leaf of the *Caladium*. The warm water from all the springs finds its way by various channels to join the river Quente, which finds its way out of the "valley of the caves" at its north-eastern end, and, brawling down through a pretty wooded gorge, joins the sea on the north coast about six miles from Villa Franca.

We left Gren'a after breakfast next morning, our long train of about twenty saddle and baggage asses winding along the eastern shore of the lake and up the steep passes—gloriously fringed and mantled with *Woodwardia* and *Pteris arguta*, and variegated with copses of the dark tree-heath and brakes of the bright green faya—to the crest of the ridge bounding the northern end of the valley; and thence down crooked and laborious ways through many gorges planted with grafted fruit-bearing chestnuts, and over many lava spurs to the road along the south shore, where we found the carriages waiting for us. The wheat harvest was going on vigorously in the lower lands, and shortly before entering Villa Franca, a long town which straggles over four or five miles between Ribeira Quente and Ponta Delgada, we stopped and rested at a farm-house where they were "threshing." The carriage I was in had fallen a little behind the rest, and when we came up the scene at the farmyard was very lively. Outside was the "threshing-floor," a hardened round area with a stake in the centre. The wheat was spread on the baked clay floor, and two sledges, each drawn by a pair of oxen, went slowly round and round "treading out the corn." The sledges were driven with much noise and gesticulation by tawny, good-natured Azoreans, and were often weighted by a mother or aunt squatting on the sledge, holding a laughing, black-eyed baby. The drivers were armed with enormously long poles, with which they extorted a certain amount of attention to their wishes from the unmuzzled oxen, much more intent upon snuffling among the sweet straw for the grains of wheat and making the most of their brief opportunity. Within the house whither most of our party had retreated from the roasting sun, the first large entrance room was encumbered with the beautiful ripe ears of maize, of all colours from the purest silvery white to deep orange and red. It was high noon however, and a lot of bright-eyed girls who had been husking the maize, had knocked off work, and on the arrival of the strangers a lad brought out

a guitar and they got up a dance, very simple and merry, and perfectly decorous.

Neither hosts nor guests understood one word of the others' language, but by dint of signs, and laughter, and human sympathy generally, we got on wonderfully well. It seemed to be the steading of a well-to-do farmer. There were other houses in the neighbourhood, and a number of young people seemed to have congregated, so that we had a good opportunity of seeing some of the peasants. The men are generally good-looking, with spare, lithe, bronzed figures, dark eyes, and wide, laughing mouths, with fine white teeth. The women in the Azores are usually inferior to the men in appearance, but at this farm some of the girls were very good-looking also, with clear complexions, more of a Spanish than a Portuguese type.

From Villa Franca we drove along the shore to Ponta Delgada, where we arrived early in the evening.

While we were at the Furnas some of our companions started in the other direction, to the Caldeira of the Sete-Cidades, and were greatly pleased with their trip. This crater is probably the most striking feature in the scenery of the island. The road to it from Ponta Delgada goes westward for some miles along the southern coast. It then gradually winds upwards through ravines festooned with *Woodwardia*, and among rugged, volcanic masses clothed with "faya" and tree heath, to the top of a crest, between two and three thousand feet in height. A wonderful scene then bursts upon the wanderer. The ridge is the edge of a large crater two miles and a half in diameter, surrounded by an unbroken craggy wall, more than a thousand feet in height. The floor of the crater is richly wooded and cultivated. There are two small lakes of a wonderful sapphire blue, and on the margin of one of them a village of white cottages. The zigzag path down into the crater is so steep that one or two of the parties who went from the ship contented themselves with the view of the valley from the crest of the ridge, and from all I hear I am inclined to think that these had the advantage in every respect over some others, who went down and had to come up again.

Next morning Captain Nares and I called on M. José do Canto, about whose good and liberal deeds, in introducing valuable and ornamental foreign plants, and distributing them through the islands, we had heard so much. We were fortunate in finding him at

home, and we spent a very pleasant couple of hours with him in his charming garden.

The trees of all temperate and sub-tropical regions seem to thrive admirably in sheltered situations in the Azores. M. do Canto has for the last thirty years spared neither money nor time in bringing together all that appeared desirable, whether for their use or for their beauty, and in doing them ample justice while under his charge. The garden is well situated on the slope above the town; it is extensive, and very beautifully laid out and cared for. Great care is taken to allow each individual tree to attain its characteristic form, and consequently some species, particularly those of peculiar and symmetrical growth, such as the different species of *Altingia*, *Araucaria*, *Cryptomeria*, &c., are more perfect probably than they are anywhere else, even in their native regions. M. do Canto does not give much heed to the growing of flowers. His grounds are rather an arboretum than a garden; he has now upwards of a thousand species of trees under cultivation.

We left Ponta Delgada on the 9th of July, and just before our departure we had an opportunity of seeing a singular religious ceremony.

In one of the churches of the town there is an image of our Saviour, which is regarded with extreme devotion. The inhabitants, in cases of difficulty or danger, bring it rich offerings, and the wealth of the image in jewels was variously stated to us at from £1,000 to £100,000, in proportion to the faith and piety of our informants. There had been great want of rain in the island for some months past, and it had been determined to take a step which is taken only in extreme cases, to parade the image round the town in solemn procession.

People began to come in from the country by midday, and all afternoon the town wore a gala appearance. The Azorean girls, as soon as they can afford it, purchase, if they have not already inherited it, a long, full, blue cloth cloak, coming down to the heels, and terminating in an enormous hood, which projects, when it is pulled forward, a foot at least before the face. The cloak and hood are thus a complete disguise, for if the lower part of the hood be held together by the hand, a very common attitude, while the eyes can be used with perfect freedom, both figure and face are entirely hidden. These cloaks and hoods are very heavy and close, and it seems strange that such a fashion can hold its ground where the conditions are

very similar to those in the extreme south of Spain or Italy. The head-dress of the men is singular, but it has a more rational relation to the exigencies of the climate. It is also made of dark blue cloth,—a round cap with a long projecting peak, and a deep curtain falling over the neck and shoulders, an excellent defence whether from rain or sun. The odd thing about it is that where the hat is made in the extreme of a bygone "mode," which still lingers in the remote parts of the island, the sides of the peak are carried up on each side of the head into long curved points, like horns. The horns are "going out," however, although a general festa, such as we were fortunate enough to see, still brought many grotesque pairs of them to the city.

We saw the procession from the windows of the principal hotel, which looked across a square to the church from which it took its departure. The square and the streets below us were for hours before one sea of carapuças and capotes, male and female, but chiefly the latter, their wearers sitting on the hot pavement, chattering quietly. About five o'clock a large number of acolytes, in scarlet tunics, left the church, and formed a double row, lining the streets in the path of the procession. Then came a long double row of priests, in violet chasubles and stoles, repeating the responses to a portly

brother, who led the column intoning from his breviary. Then a double row of priests in white, and then a group of the higher clergy in cloth of gold and richly "apparelled" vestments, preceding the image, which was carried aloft under a crimson canopy. The image was certainly not a high work of art, but it seemed to be loaded with valuable ornaments. Behind the canopy walked the civil governor, Count de Praya de Victoria, the military governor, and some of the high state functionaries, and the procession was closed by a column of monks. As the image approached, the people knelt everywhere within sight of it, and remained kneeling until it was past. It is, of course, difficult for us to realise the convictions and feelings under which the inhabitants of St. Michael unite in these singular pageants. No one could doubt that the devotional feeling was perfectly sincere; and it was moderate, with no appearance either of gloom or of excitement; the manner of the large crowd was throughout grave and decorous.

We looked with great interest the next morning to see whether our friends had got the coveted rain, but although the peaks and ridges fringing the crater-valleys were shrouded under a canopy of cloud and mist, the sky looked as hard as ever, not a whit nearer the point of precipitation.

C. WYVILLE THOMSON.

WHO ARE THE OBSTRUCTIVES?

OURS is emphatically an out-of-the-way place—a *pays perdu*—lost country, the French call such. We were meant to be a village, but mining has turned us into a good-sized town, with half a dozen drapers' shops, full of the very brightest shawls and "turn-overs," and ribbons and flowers, and a weekly market, important enough to bring over a score of dealers from the neighbouring city, besides a quack doctor, who shows by his flaring cresset of petroleum all sorts of grim "preparations" in bottles, and lectures upon a huge diagram of lungs and liver with a glibness which our parson might well imitate. But having grown up in this irregular sort of way, we have absolutely no government. Every one does what is right in his own eyes, and nobody interferes, partly because interfering is nobody's business, mainly because interfering would do no good. Such authority as we have is supposed to reside in our Highway Board, a

miscellaneous body which meets monthly in the National school-room, grumbling half the year because parson doesn't have a fresh fire made up on board-days, yet never stretching its power so far as to add a little to the school's scanty store of coal and charge it on the rates. Said Board passes its accounts, figures its rate, which is heavy, for the mines which use up our roads are not yet rated for them, and moreover we have to subsidise a turnpike, of which most of our Board are trustees, and, having done so much, if there is any question of sanitary improvement, or any other kind of improvement, why the Board just staves it off "till next meeting." The consequence is that our town is almost as full of nuisances as Brentford itself was declared to be by last autumn's newspapers. As you drive in, you cross a patch of common to which the neighbours have asserted their right by covering it with ash-heaps of every size

and shape. And seeing that we pare our commons and eke out our costly coal with the resulting cakes of earth, held together by gorse and heather-roots, you may imagine that the said patch has not a cheerful look; it's almost as dreary as a bit of the black country. You then pass a row of neat cottages, built (in days when mining was prosperous) along the ridge of a granite "gairn." Comfortable they are, and fairly clean inside, and but for the total want of gardens they would look pleasant enough. Don't go too near them, however; for under the floor of each runs a drain emptying at some sixteen feet from the houses into an open stagnant gutter, the smell from which will convince you that but for the land breeze and the sea breeze, one or other of which is pretty generally blowing, fever would be "endemic" up there. Go on down our main street, only take care as you go not to get over-shoes in the holes, full of mud and cabbage-leaves and turnip parings, with perhaps a scattering of fish-bones; which holes our Board will fill up at its leisure with lumps of granite twice as big as your fist, to the confusion of tender-toed walkers. On one side are two almost roofless houses, sans floors, sans doors, sans window-panes, sans everything. They have become what the house of Baal did in Jehu's day, "a draught-house," needed no doubt, owing to the principle on which most of our dwellings are constructed, but still not a pleasant object in the centre of the principal street. But I shall not take you all over our town. We have one regular drain, you must know, made under pressure of a Government inspector. But as it discharged into a field with houses round three sides of it, it was not found "to answer," except by the farmer whose land it enriched. It has at last been carried on a bit to where houses are fewer; but it is still a drain apart, as if one should have in one's body only a single vein beginning half way down the thigh and stopping before the ankle. Ah, but we have one other irregular drain which, for a very long while, has discharged into a fetid pool in the corner of a field, some two hundred yards above the well from which we get nearly our whole water-supply. But most of our houses have to shift, as regards sewage, as best they can; their builders seldom stopped to think of such trifles as drains. The fluids are left to run off anyhow—happily we are on a hill; and the solids go to the "pile" which is periodically carried away to be put on the land, except, of course, that part of it which

gets washed down by the rain and mixed with the street mud. We are not ignorant of our shortcomings; indeed they were forced upon our notice by the aforesaid inspector. We had had a long spell of fever, and our rate of mortality was pushed up by the deaths of lots of babies; so down came the Government doctor, and looked, and smelt, and advised, and wrote his report. Nothing came of it except the new drain (against which the dwellers round the field into which it discharged made a strong appeal), and half a dozen vestry meetings to decide whether "the town" or the whole parish should be rated to keep us clean, and also to find out, or rather to try not to find out, whether any meaning could be got out of the three or four very ambiguous and seemingly conflicting sanitary acts which parishes are left to spell out as best they can. Of course the meetings were mere waste of time; it was just like the old nursery story; nobody seemed either willing to do anything himself or able to make anybody else do anything. If only some one with authority could have said, "Fire, fire, burn the stick!" or, "Man, man, clean up your filth!" things would have gone on. But "some one" was not forthcoming, because (as I said) we have no government; and our attempts to constitute ourselves into a "sanitary authority" would have been ludicrous had they not been pitiable. Half the town had long been on the "Committee of Inspection," but not a soul of them went round after the first day of their appointment; some of the worst nuisances were on committee men's property, and they were mortally offended if people didn't shut their eyes and stop their noses in passing them. The policeman was the only real nuisance-authority in the place; he did act as a useful bogey, though of course the big folks were tolerably proof against his terrors. We soon felt the difference when Mr. Lowe forbade his doing anything more in the sanitary line.

Well, we've fared as people usually do who trust to Providence instead of helping themselves; we did nothing; we kept saying, "Let be; let us see if Government won't come and do it for us." Some held that the parson, "who makes all his money on Sundays," ought to drain the place and bring in water too. The thought of the old Northern Farmer was in a good many vestrymen's hearts;—"he reads one sermon a week (half the 'locals' do it better to our thinking), why shouldn't he (not stubb Thornaby waste, but) carry out the sanitary improve-

ments that he's always crying up?" The landlords, being out of sight—there's no resident squire for more than seven miles, and our chief landowners live hundreds of miles away—were probably forgotten. The miners thought the mines ought to help; the mine-managers retorted that, as it was, the mines could scarcely pay their way. The little men who had built cottages in better times, and who would have to pay perhaps sixpence a year, were loudest in opposition. So we drifted under the rural authority of which the poor-law guardians are the depositaries.

For this privilege we are paying some £15 a year, with absolutely nothing to show for it, except letters every now and then between our clerk and the clerk to the guardians. It's all clerk against clerk, letter against letter; indeed it's just by people like us that the army of red tapeists is fed and fattened. We are getting filthier and filthier. The "authority" is supposed to be going to do something, so every one abstains from carrying out the little bit of cleansing which he might otherwise have taken in hand. "The Board may as well do it; I won't trouble myself." Our wiseacres never seem to think how far £15 a year would go in keeping us fairly clean and sweet. Why, I would undertake that one cart twice a week, with an honest man to go along with it, should pretty well clear away everything that an inspector could find fault with. Now calculate the cost per day of a horse and cart, and the value of a load of "good stuff," and see if I am not right in saying that something like £25 a year would see us clean without troubling "rural authorities" or poor-law guardians. I believe myself that the "stuff" would be worth a deal more than I have set it at; but put it at the lowest figure, still we should not pay much more for getting our work done than we are now paying for getting nothing at all done.*

Yes, I beg pardon, he has done one thing, has our new rural sanitary, not Government, inspector. He drew out a plan for a grand new sewer, and then, when everybody laughed at it, he drew out an amended plan; and his sewer looks mighty pretty on paper, but there is just one little drawback—how is

it to be flushed in a place where we have no water but what we get from a couple of wells, from which, as in Abraham's day, with much gossip at the "places of drawing water," old women, girls, and bits of boys carry up our daily supply in "clomb" pots or "latten" pitchers? "Leave it to the rain;" but that means let the gases make their way up by all the chinks and gully-holes after every few days' dry weather; and those who know what that "return smell" is will feel that the new evil would be worse than the first.

No, what we want is wanted throughout England—a proper dry-earth system. By "proper" I mean carried out under due regulations, not (as our people have managed it here from time immemorial) every one working in his own way, some neatly, some filthily, but carried out by all keeping to rules, the breach of which should be punished as strictly as a breach of the peace. I dare say it is different with big towns. I can see the great difficulty of the dry-earth system in them; but in places like ours there's no difficulty at all. The plan would pay, too, besides setting us free from fever epidemics and stopping half the children's sickness and a good deal of the grown people's into the bargain. Folks can't, or won't, understand that in good sweet air a man will get well of a bad hurt as soon again as he will when there's a constant stink under his nose.

Now, who are the obstructives, the people who hinder us from having as clean a town as any in England, and who, for that matter, keep half the little towns in England shamefully dirty, and have made it needful by their stubbornness to have all this expensive machinery of boards and inspectors and authorities? Why, it's the little people, as I said, whose rate for the year might amount to sixpence, or at most a shilling; and who'd rather come and shout at vestries, and stop anything being done, than pay that much towards cleansing and sweetening. Though, what with their share of the £15 (charged to the highway rate), and the extra blacking for their boots, and wear and tear of trousers, to say nothing of temper. I know it costs them a precious deal more as things are. But they don't care. Why, for that matter, one would think it would "pay" better to keep houses and streets sweet than to have "slow fever" about every now and then. They don't see it at all; when illness comes, they just send for the mine-doctor, whom they grumble against pretty sharply

* Here is our one difficulty; some of the "stuff" our folks say is no good for grass land. I am not much of a farmer myself and less of a chemist, but I don't see why coal-ash well tempered with other things may not be made useful even for our light soil; and if any one will tell us an easy and inexpensive way of so making it, I'll send him at my own cost "the thanks of the parish," handsomely engrossed on vellum. How if we mixed it with ammoniacal liquid? We have a little gas-works.

if he doesn't "change the medicine" often enough. If the doctor was to recommend for the grimy, stuffy rooms in which the patients are expected to get well, a few good doses of scouring-soap and "Condy," and was to force open windows that have been shut since the places were built, and to burn ragged bits of carpets which must be reeking with organic matter, he'd be doing a sight more good than in changing one kind of coloured water for another, like a fellow at a chemical lecture. I don't know how the Prussian system works—making all doctors "health-officers," with power to abate a nuisance without waiting for any Board—but I should like to try something of the kind over here. Our folks won't believe in the doctor unless he gives "terrible strong stuff;" they go and supplement his doses with "American pills," and such-like poisonous rubbish. Doctors should hold together, and come to vestries, and be on highway boards, and never tire of people telling the truth about filth and its consequences. Doctors should be always at us, and so should parsons. Why I agreed to serve as churchwarden is, because once, when we had this "slow fever" bad among us, our parson told us roundly that it was rank blasphemy to say God sent such sicknesses as those. He pointed out how the old Jews were bound by laws the great aim of which was to enforce cleanliness under divine sanctions. He said that if St. Paul was on earth nowadays besides speaking about justification and election, he would go in for sanitary work and a few more of our terribly neglected social duties. I shall never forget how he was down upon us about the second commandment and that explanation of it in Ezekiel. "Are not the fathers' sins visited on the children?" he asked. "How about drunkards' children and grand-children? How about the poor creatures stunted in mind and body, of whom we see too many everywhere? It's the law of nature. You call it *punishment*, this carrying out of an inevitable law; and so you think it hard. It is hard only as everything else in this world is hard. And as for your drainage, and all that, it's come upon you because of your forefathers' neglect. They ate the sour grapes, and your teeth are set on an edge; they made their money and spent it, and never thought or cared about sanitary rules; and now the cost of cleaning it all up comes on you." That's the way our parson talks; and I think if a few more talked like him religion wouldn't be any the worse, and life would be a deal sweeter.

Our vestrymen will take a deal of talking to; they never realised Lord Palmerston's grand truth about dirt being "matter in the wrong place." They've always been used to any amount of "misplaced matter" in their bedroom floors, carpets, walls, and in the corners of their often earth-floored living-rooms. They think nothing of all kinds of abominations just outside their front and back doors—when they have any back doors. I don't wonder at them; for folks, many a step higher up the social ladder, are content to live all their lives in an atmosphere of diluted sewage gas. Hundreds of big town-houses of three, and four, and five stories are far more unwholesome than the stuffiest cottage. I defy you to sit an hour in one of them without getting a headache for the rest of the day; it's that that makes people want nips of "sherry" so often. But I don't live in a big town. I live where Nature has done her best to make us one of the healthiest places in England; and I say it's mainly these sixpenny rate-payers who hinder us from being what we were meant to be. Bless you, if you propose a plan for doing anything, whether it's bringing in water or gathering up filth, they think it's a plot to get money out of them, and begin talking about "the poor labouring man," and so on, till the vestry breaks up, after having degenerated into a scene of wild confusion, dimly lighted by a pair of the night-school "dips."

And then they're backed up by them that ought to know, and do know, better—the little shopkeepers. I wish they were like the London shopkeepers, and found that dirt-heaps and streets ankle-deep in mire kept away customers. They'd pretty soon come round to my way of thinking; and nothing but an argument that clearly touches their pockets will ever make them do anything. Why don't they form a committee, and get up a mud-brigade—six or eight of the idle chaps that are rubbing their backs against the blank wall by the Rising Sun, or chucking buttons, or playing marbles in the church-corner? Big fellows play them here, as Milton did at college, and when I propose cricket, they grin and say, "Creekuts—too much runnin' in creekuts"—poor lads; I can feel for them, after they've been racing up the mine-ladders, or hopping like restless canaries from platform to platform of the man-engine. I wish I was autocrat here just now, instead of being only parson's churchwarden, and I'd see what a few besoms and scrapers would do, and whether I couldn't enrol as many men as I wanted at something under two shillings

a day. Instead of that, as soon as ever we get "tender" weather, it's mud, mud, mud, until there comes a good down-pour—our "broom from the Atlantic"—to sweep away as much of it as the people's feet haven't carried into their houses. And what it is with us, whose granite-sand ought to make us the cleanest place in England, it is more or less everywhere. I'm an old navy man, on the retired list, but still as fond as ever of good discipline, and things ship-shape, and I suppose that's why our parson fixed on me, for I'm sure it wasn't for what they call "church-feeling." Church and chapel, it's pretty much all one to me, provided people do their duty, and don't talk wicked nonsense about "getting to heaven" (as they call it) by a trick, instead of working to make things sweeter and cleaner, morally as well as physically, here. But, though I'm a poor sort of churchman, I do hate all the rubbish of these agitating fellows who talk about "noble sons of labour," and the "bloated aristocracy," and "a pampered hierarchy," and say that the "upper classes" are the "obstructives," and that all would go right if they were swept away, and that the clergy especially ought to be ashamed of themselves because they wear broadcloth, whereas Christ recommended the man who had two coats to give one away as fast as he could. I'm not a toady of the aristocracy—far from it; I often feel very bitter against men with handles to their names, when I remember that I never gained my second epaulette at all, while I saw the Honourable Scatterbrain Nincompoop, and many another sprig of nobility, get their ships over my head and the heads of half-a-dozen other honest fellows who'd seen hard service. I think plenty of lords and lordlings are worse than fools for scattering their rents in riot and folly just as if they could recoup themselves in no time, like a manufacturer with his enormous profits. Nor am I going to back up the clergy; I've no great regard for them—a mealy-mouthed set, with a quick eye to the main chance, who've got into such a way of using words in what they call a non-natural sense that, to tell you the truth, I don't care to have much dealings with them. Besides, I know they've too often taken sides with the oppressor (for we've had our oppressions, even in free England) against the oppressed. But this I will say, it's mainly the laymen's fault that the clergy often are such jolly humbugs. The moment they begin to talk about doing, the moment they try to bring their general precepts to bear on the indi-

vidual, how sharply they get taken up! I've seen it often. I can remember, in another part of the country, a rich man that always held the plate at collections, and was as zealous a churchman as you'd wish to see. Well, after a very impressive sermon, he and I and the parson were walking along, when we came to Jimmy Betts's orchard, with the gate hanging half-broken, so that the donkeys and the boys had only to walk in, as it were by invitation. Now old Jimmy rented of the rich man, and he often used to grumble at the state of the fences that his landlord would do nothing to, and at that gate in particular. So then and there the parson put in a word for Jimmy—"in season," he thought it; but it turned out quite the other way, for I never saw such a look as the rich man gave him, turning on his heel, and saying, "Good morning, Mr. Martext; I think the planning of your evening discourse is more fitted to the day and to your sacred office." It's we who've driven the clergy to stick to spirituals, and so we mustn't grumble if they are often rather useless beings.

Another thing I've looked into—the wretched sanitary state of French villages. Over there, you know, the poor thought they'd got it all their own way. They pulled down the Church—it was rotten enough; they pulled down the nobility, very few of whom deserved to be left standing, and reduced most of those that were not killed off to be poor waiters upon Providence. And what's happened? Why, God and mammon have both got back under another form. There's the Church livelier than ever, able to find you a new miracle whenever a *coup d'état* is to be tried. The old Church did stand out pretty well against that kind of nonsense, anyhow.* And there, too, are the rich people, just the same as the old *noblesse*, except that they're a deal vulgarer. And there are the real "obstructives," just as we have them here in our "feudal" England, the *épiciers*, the little peddling folks, whose sole object in life is to lay sou upon sou, and who'd sooner have half the village down with fever than put their hands in their pockets. It's always the same story; agitators may roar, but every sensible man knows that if you pull things down they'll only build themselves up again all the stronger and the uglier. Wealth will tell in this modern world; there'll always be rich and poor, and I'm afraid there'll always be obstructives.

* Since this was written, I'm thankful to see that Bishop Dupauloup has spoken out nobly about these miracles and pilgrimages.

No, Mr. Agitator, it isn't parson and squire (and they're the big rate-payers, remember) who are against sanitary improvement; it's your "noble son of toil," often soured, I must admit (and no wonder), by insufficient wage—how could the farm-labourer, for instance, living his life, know anything about sanitary laws, or care to help in carrying them out? and a deal worse than they (who are just led, poor silly things, by folks that talk and talk, but don't lift the burdens with their finger-tips), your little tradesman who spouts Radicalism, and is as hard as nails when a poor body comes to him for help. "There's the house," is his one answer, whether to the old widow who tries for sixpence more a week out of the rates, now coals and everything "is riz so," or to the working man who has spent all his savings in a long illness, and wants a little assistance while he's getting his strength up. This kind of fellow is my aversion, even more than the dirty, lazy, ne'er-do-well, whom I would soon put under a strict "labour-law," and enrol in my afore-said mud-brigade. He, the *épiciér*, or his father, crawled up to a competence under the easy-going old system when, if they wanted a bowl more punch at the parish meeting, some one would say, "Put down another load o' sand for the churchyard;" and if this was met by, "Can't do it; there's two down a'ready," would retort, "Well, then, clap down another pair of shoes for the workhouse." A good many of these fellows, if they had their way to make now, would likely enough come to that very "house" to which they're so fond of sending others. And they're the real obstructives. The manufacturer will generally listen to reason, except about burning his own smoke and keeping his refuse out of the rivers. The big farmer, the man who has men at every kind of work under him, may be hard, but he's seldom purblind. Make him see a thing, and he'll agree to it, and, as a matter of course, try to carry it out. So, again, with the mine-manager; he may be hard, like the farmer, but he can tell what must be done, and can give sound advice (ay, and ready help, too) in doing it the best and cheapest way. But these little great folks, who perhaps were never fifty miles out of their own village, or, if they were, kept their eyes tight shut all the time, are as staunch as bulldogs, as obstinate as pigs, and as blind as bats; nothing can make them see how a thing ought to be done; they'll put off, and put off, and put off, till down comes the Govern-

ment upon them, and makes them do it—in a roundabout way, for Government can't know what's the best way of dealing with the sewage of Puddingham—and charges the Puddinghamers twice or thrice as much as they could do it for themselves.

Now, it's because we're at the mercy of these fellows, and of the still littler men, the sixpenny ratepayers whom they lead by the nose, that our town is full of mud and bad smells and heaps of filth, and is threatened, too, with a costly, worse than useless, sewer. Our bigger men begin to keep away from vestry, because they feel it's no use to try to pass a sanitary rate. The little men and the little big men have it all to themselves, and a pretty mess they're making of it with us. Nor are we at all worse than others, if so bad. No; it's just because about half the little towns and villages throughout England are in the same plight, and that the need of doing the right and not the wrong thing by them is so great, that I've tried, in my blunt way, to put the saddle on the right horse, and to show that the "real obstructives" are not at all the people whom agitators and such-like usually call by that name. God forbid that I should be hard on the untaught, well-meaning labouring man, who wants to better himself that he may live more like a man; or on the poor wretch in Gin Court, who drinks chiefly because of the foul depressing air in which he lives. If I had the conducting of a Mission, I'd march all Gin Court off to the West-end, and there, in one of the Parks, I'd show them to my noble lords and right honourables, and grand ladies and grander anonyms with their pretty pony-phaetons; and I'd force all these fine folks to feel Christ's words (as Lowell gives them): "Lo, here ye see the images ye have made of Me."

I know the rich have their duties; and I know how shamefully they have often shirked them. But there's another side to the question; and now that the rich are awaking to their responsibilities, now that even a Christian here and there is doing what Cimon, that glorious old heathen whom I remember in my Cornelius Nepos, did—making a people's park,—why, it's too bad of the talkee-talkee folks to put a spoke in the wheel, and to stop necessary work for fear of having sixpence a year more to pay in the way of rates. It's just the plan for making self-government an unbearable absurdity; at least, so it seems to

A PARSON'S CHURCHWARDEN.





“THERESA.”

THERESA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SYLVIA'S CHOICE."

CHAPTER I.

SHE was sitting by the open window, with her arms stretched out across the window-sill, and her idle hands clasped loosely; indolent and weary-looking; with the outer world she gazed on full of its summer life, and the sunshine falling over her, and deepening the hue of her thick fair coils of hair to gold.

There were flowers blooming in the beds below her, scarlet geraniums making a blaze of splendour, roses showing white and red amongst their leaves; there were sounds in the air of scythes at work, of birds upon the trees, of bees that were gathering honey, and a summer breeze was playing with the leaves, and bringing that strange, sweet, musical whispering out of them that is so busy and yet so subdued, so full of soothing, and yet so full of life.

Theresa sat and looked and listened, but all the while she looked she was thinking to herself, "Shall I never see more than this all my life long? It is all so pretty, but I am so tired of its prettiness. Only summer and winter, winter and summer, for ever, and the same people's faces, and the same weary talk from year's end to year's end. Ah, I am so tired of it all! I wish there were something new under the sun."

Amongst girls who live in country places there are a few, at least, who fret out their lives as Theresa Thurston was fretting out hers. It was not that she was actively unhappy, for she was not; but she was weary: her life was dull. She was the Squire's daughter, and the position that this gave her (for she had no mother) entailed on her the performance of certain duties, which duties for the most part she did not love. She was expected to do certain things, and it went against the grain with her to do them. The parish of Kynaston, in which she and her father lived, was a parish happy in the possession of several active women who devoted themselves energetically to the performance of good works, and Theresa was looked upon by these good ladies as their natural prey, and was dragged by them to committees and public meetings, and forced by moral suasion to lecture the old and teach the young. But she had no talent for lecturing or teaching, for sitting on ladies' committees, or listening at meetings: she did her part in all these

matters not with a good grace. It was not that she did not care for the welfare of other people besides herself: left to herself, she would have made friends with all the children and the poor people in the parish: it was not that she was indifferent to charity; but she was fretted by all the small machinery that seemed necessary to keep the parish charity in motion. She was tired of the endless talking, of the managing and disputing, of the begging and the subscription lists. "If we could only be quiet about it all!" she used to think. Of course she had no right to be so tired; but some people are born with a talent and a relish for these things that to her were so distasteful, and to some persons the liking for them is a thing that cannot be acquired. To Theresa it would not come, let her try for it as she would. Nay, worse even than that—she was afflicted at times with a suspicion that portions at least of the parish work were, for others besides herself, a weariness to the flesh. "I saw Mr. Harding" (Mr. Harding was the vicar) "put his hand over his eyes this afternoon when Mr. Martin was haranguing us," she had been saying to herself a few minutes ago, "as if it was some relief to shut out even the sight of us for a little while, though he could not shut out the sound of our tongues. I wonder if he is ever as tired of the nonsense we talk as I am,—or if he ever has the courage to wish that he had a parish where there were no women, and no committees, and no district visitors."

She had been thinking this as she sat by her open window, with those handsome large white hands of hers clasped over the broad sill of it, and her face turned to the sunshine, with listless eyes that wandered sometimes in a kind of impatience from the grass and the flowers below her to the blue sky far away.

She had come home tired in the afternoon heat, and had thrown off her bonnet and shawl that she might sit down and rest here. Looking at her as she so sat, you would have said that there was a lazy, indolent, careless grace about her. People said generally that she was not handsome; nor, speaking strictly, was she; but she was a woman whom most strangers looked at when they met her first, and whom many looked at a second time. She was too colourless to be pretty, those who did not admire her said; she was so

fair, and her hair was not golden, but simply blonde; and her taste was bad, for she so often dressed in white, and white was always trying for large women. But yet, in spite of reason, Theresa Thurston upon many people produced the effect of beauty. I think her chief charm lay in a certain poetic look she had, and in a peculiar grace of movement that affected you curiously, like a tune in music. If you did not perceive this grace, or did not care for it, she would not have been beautiful to you; but if it was a kind of thing you liked, you would have found yourself following her movements as she went about a room, and watching her as she stood talking to you, or as she walked or danced, with a subtle sense of pleasure.

"I may rest for just one half-hour, and then I must go and dress," she said to herself. "I wish I might stay here instead of going out. What a dull evening it will be! Dr. Fleming will take me in to dinner, I suppose, and will talk to me about fat kine; and in the drawing-room we shall discuss the affairs of the parish, and Mrs. Martin will settle what old women are to have the next flannel petticoats. Ah me, what a good woman Mrs. Martin is! and how lazy and good for nothing I am compared to her! And yet I think I could work too,—at something,—with all my heart, if only—" And then the girl's words died softly off, and her thoughts went wandering away into a vague bright dream. For could all the world be like this little corner of it? all life so colourless and tame as this? The seasons changed here, and the years went over her head, and morning and night came to each day; but was there nothing more than this *ever* to come? Could she help looking for something else? dreaming and wondering and passionately desiring?

She sat looking out into the sunshine, thinking these thoughts—longing, as girls do long, for some unattained, perhaps unattainable, happiness. She was two-and-twenty. A few more years, and youth would pass away. "I have lived less than other women," she often thought to herself. "I have known less joy and less grief."

Miss Thurston and her father went presently to the house where they were engaged to dine, and Dr. Fleming took Theresa, as she had expected, into the dining-room, and talked to her there much after the fashion in which she had supposed that he would talk; but in the drawing-room afterwards the subject that specially occupied the attention

of the ladies proved by chance *not* to be that of the village wardrobe. It was something, perhaps, of quite as little importance to the world beyond the parish boundaries, but at least to those within them it had a flavour of novelty that endued it, even in Theresa's eyes, with a certain amount of interest.

It was started by Mrs. Martin as they drank their coffee.

"Well, you have heard, of course, that Farnham House is taken at last?" she said.

(Now Mrs. Martin knew, as she said this, that in all probability no one in the room except herself had the least idea that Farnham House had been taken, but she said, "you have heard, *of course*," because she was a good-natured little woman who scorned an assumption of superiority.)

"No, I have not heard. Is it really taken?" some one said, with interest.

"And who are the people that are coming to it?" was asked by another.

And then, with nearly half a dozen pairs of eyes upon her, Mrs. Martin smoothed her skirts and began to enjoy herself.

"Well, I don't know that I can tell you very much about them," she said. "I heard the *fact* that it was let just before I came here from Mr. Carmichael, and he is good authority, you know; but all he could tell me beyond that was that it had been taken by a family called Harold. A *family*, I say, for I suppose there *is* a family of them, but I don't know even that for certain. All I know is that there is a Mr. Harold. However, I shall find out all about them very soon, I daresay. And I must say," Mrs. Martin went on cheerfully, "that I am glad the old house is going to be lived in again at last, for it has been a sin and a shame to see such a nice place standing empty. It is two years and more since poor dear Mr. Lichfield died, and I suppose from that time to this there has never been so much as a fire lighted in it."

It was but a small scrap of news, but it served, along with the topics that arose naturally out of it, and the reminiscences that it awakened, to wile away the time for three quarters of an hour, to the entire exclusion of the more serious and practical subject of flannel petticoats; and then the gentlemen began to drop in from below, and Mr. Harding, the clergyman, came and sat down beside Theresa, and talked to her till the clock struck ten, and the carriage was announced to take her and her father home.

In their half-mile's drive the Thurstons passed beside the wall that enclosed the

grounds of Farnham House, a fine old red-brick wall, half clothed with ivy, and overhung by oaks and beeches, whose great arms stretched far across the road, and made a shadow over it.

"Did you hear that somebody has taken Farnham, papa? I am so glad that it is going to be occupied again," Theresa said.

"Yes, a man of the name of Harold is coming to it, I believe," Mr. Thurston answered. "They were speaking of him after dinner. Nobody seems to know who he is. He was down looking at the place last week, Carmichael says. But he will have a good deal to do to it before he takes possession, I should fancy. It was not in good repair when old Lichfield had it, and it must need papering and painting, at any rate, from top to bottom, by this time."

Most people, during the next few days, said as Mr. Thurston said, that Farnham House would need considerable repairs before the new proprietor and his family could establish themselves in it. The new proprietor himself, however, seemed to be of a different opinion. Within a fortnight from the evening of the Flemings' dinner party Theresa Thurston, sitting at her window, saw blue smoke from the Farnham chimneys curling up amongst the trees.

CHAPTER II.

"I WONDER if the family have come, or if it is only servants who are there," Theresa thought to herself.

"My dear, there is *no* family! Isn't that odd? I have just been hearing all about it," Mrs. Martin told her eagerly next morning. "There is nothing but a single gentleman. I'm so disappointed. Why, I thought there would be ladies, and young people, perhaps, and quite a nice establishment. But there's not a soul except Mr. Harold,—and his servants, of course. And I hear that he isn't half furnishing the house. Think of that! I tried to peep in as I passed just now, for that door, you know, in the south wall, was standing half open, and—I can't say I saw very well, for the trees are so thick, but I am pretty sure that the drawing-room shutters were not even open."

"Were they not? But perhaps he may mean to open them presently," Theresa suggested.

"Well, perhaps he may, my dear; I am sure I hope he may, for such a pretty room,—doesn't it seem a pity not to use it?—all the windows opening down to the garden, and everything so nice, you know. Dear me, if

he shuts it up I shall be quite vexed. And, my dear Miss Theresa, will you tell me this,—what is Mr. Thurston going to do about calling? for Mr. Martin and I were talking about it this morning, and, though of course Mr. Martin *will* call, yet I thought I would just step over and ask you what your dear papa was thinking of doing first, for I don't quite feel, you see, that we ought to be in any hurry,—not knowing anything about Mr. Harold, I mean; and so if Mr. Thurston were to think of waiting a little before he went—"

"But I don't suppose papa would think of waiting a little," Theresa said. "I am very sorry that Mr. Harold is not going to furnish his drawing-room; but still I don't think it would occur to papa to make that a reason for delaying his call upon him."

"Well, no, my dear, I didn't mean that exactly. Oh, no, of course not. I only fancied, you see, that it looked a little odd. But if you think that Mr. Thurston will call at once, why, then, I am sure Mr. Martin may very well call too. You know I always feel, Miss Theresa, that we can't be very far wrong when we do what your dear papa does. Such a blessing, I am sure, as he is to the parish! I often think that I don't know what we should do without him. What with dear Mr. Harding and your papa, together, we are well off, I always say."

"I have seen our new neighbour, my dear," Mr. Thurston said to his daughter that day at dinner. "I found him talking to Carmichael at his own gate, as I was passing just now, and Carmichael introduced me. There is nothing very striking about him, but he seems to be a gentlemanly agreeable kind of man. I must go and call on him, if I can get time, to-morrow."

The Squire made his call, and in a few days it was returned, but no one was at home when Mr. Harold came to the Manor House, and Theresa did not see him until some days later, when they met at a friend's house, where the Thurstons and Mr. Harold had both been asked to dine. This was nearly a fortnight after Mr. Harold had taken possession of Farnham, and already many of the people round had become acquainted with him, and many tongues had talked of him; but, though they talked of him, his new friends had not been as yet enthusiastic over him. He was not the kind of man, at any rate on a slight acquaintance, to make people enthusiastic, especially in a country parish, for he cared nothing, it had soon been discovered, for hunting, or shooting, or

fishing; the state of the crops was a subject on which conversation with him soon flagged; he knew nothing, of course, of local politics, and as for politics in a wider sense, his opinions in a great measure were not the opinions of the majority of the men about him. He was very gentlemanly, every one allowed, but yet, so far, there was a general feeling abroad that he was not a man whom it was very easy to get on with. And then, besides, people knew nothing about him. Even Mrs. Martin, though she had been indefatigable in her efforts to obtain information, had been able as yet to ferret out very little of his history. "When he called on us," she told Theresa, "I asked him point-blank what part of the country he belonged to, for I wanted to know, my dear; but all his answer was that he had lived mostly in London, and I declare I didn't get another word out of him. I *might* have got something more, indeed, if Mr. Martin had not been in the room; but unfortunately he was, and he guessed what I wanted; and—well, to confess the truth, Miss Theresa, he made a sign to me to hold my tongue, and so of course I was obliged to do it. But I cannot think what has brought him here, for it's such an odd thing—isn't it?—for a man to settle down in a place where nobody knows him. It makes one fancy things, you know; and yet I do think I'm wrong to say that too, for really he's a very nice gentlemanly sort of man to speak to, and not a bit like any one who had—anything wrong about him, you know."

"What does Mrs. Martin imagine is wrong about him?" the Squire asked with a laugh, when Theresa, for his amusement, repeated this speech to him. "That good woman seems to go about the world always smelling for a mystery. There's no mystery at all, that I can see, about Harold. He has lived all his life in towns, and now he wants to live in the country. He will tell that to anybody who asks him as frankly as I am telling it to you. Why he has come here is simply, I believe, because this place has happened to take his fancy; and why he lives in his house alone, I should say, is because he has no wife to live in it with him. Does Mrs. Martin think that the only safeguard against a man's being an impostor is to have him married?"

But still, though the Squire said this, all people did not say it quite so heartily; and Theresa had heard Mr. Harold's motive for settling at Farnham talked over and wondered at by more gossips than Mrs. Martin

before the evening when she met him first in the Leafchilts' drawing-room.

It was a party given in his honour, and he was already in the room when the Thurstons arrived—a slight unnoticeable-looking man, standing beside the fireplace when they entered, and talking to one of the guests. Mr. Thurston shook hands with him after they had greeted their host and hostess, and then introduced him to his daughter; but nothing beyond a salutation passed between him and Theresa, and when they went down to dinner they sat at a distance from each other.

Theresa had felt some interest in the prospect of seeing him, but during the long-drawn-out meal she had scarcely heard his voice, and came almost to forget his presence. He was rather an insignificant-looking person, she thought, to have been talked so much about.

She was not thinking of him, but of other things quite away from him, when late in the evening, after the gentlemen had returned to the drawing-room, he came and spoke to her. She was sitting near one of the windows, and some of the glow of the sunset was still in the room, for it was mid-summer, when the days were long. He came up to her as she was looking at the crimsons and ambers in the sky, and said something to her about them; and then, after a few moments, they left the sunset, and he began to talk of other things.

He had a calm, grave, composed manner—a manner that had no especial charm about it, but yet that after a few minutes she liked, for it was refined, and, in a quiet way, very courteous. Presently, too, she became interested in what he said, for he talked like a man whose world was a wider world than the one she lived in. The girl listened, and gradually began to find a sense of enjoyment in listening. He had begun to talk to her at first standing with his back against the window beside which she was sitting, but there was a vacant chair near to her own, and presently he took it. While he stood up he had had his back to the light, and his face also had been too high above her for her to see it, but over *her* the last warm rays of the sunset had still been falling, and he had been looking at her with grave quiet eyes. He was probably a man under forty, but on many days after this one Theresa thought that there was something in his face that was older than those forty years—a look as if he had put youth, and the thoughts and hopes of youth, away from him.

By the time that he sat down at her side he had already begun to talk to her with what seemed to her a curious flow of vivid words. He talked well, and Theresa had hitherto in her lifetime come across few men who could do that. Country places produce great talkers rather rarely: the men of words, I think, are most frequently the men whose lives are passed in cities. As Mr. Harold talked to her, Theresa felt like one receiving some new experience. It was the talk of an intellectual and cultivated man—thoughtful, easy, refined; of a man, too, who was essentially, and by natural gift, a *talker*—delicate, subtle, sometimes brilliant, often picturesque.

She turned her eyes to his face, and sat listening to him, with her own words becoming gradually more and more rare, for she felt shy of talking to him; she thought to herself, "He cannot care for anything I can say." She thought this humbly, with a little sudden, sharp pain. She would have had it otherwise if she could; there was a vague feeling of desire in her heart to have it otherwise.

He sat by her side till her father came to her at last to tell her that the carriage was waiting for them. They both rose up then. To Mr. Harold the hour that had just ended had been an hour marked in no especial way: as he bade her good-night the blood was flowing in his veins no more swiftly than it flowed usually: he was wholly unconscious that it was his talk that had brought the colour to her face; perhaps he did not even notice that it had come there.

He shook hands with her, and they parted. As they drove home, her father said to her—

"You had rather a long talk with Mr. Harold, had you not? How did you get on with him?"

"Yes—he talked to me for a long time," she answered.

And then she was silent for a moment, and then—

"You did not tell me about his talking so well," she said.

"Does he talk well?" Mr. Thurston asked.

"Have you not heard him, father?"

"I have not heard him talk much. I did not know he ever talked much. I should have said he was rather a silent man."

"He was not silent to-night—at least he was not while he was sitting with me."

"I don't remember hearing him say much in the dining-room. However," the Squire said, "he is a sensible man—really a superior

kind of man, I think; and though he makes little show in general society, I can easily understand that he may have a good deal to say when you get him alone that would be quite worth listening to. By the way, dear, he is to dine with us on Friday—remember that;" and then Mr. Thurston settled himself in the corner of his carriage to doze a little, until they reached their own door.

"I feel as if I had come close to something of which I had been dreaming all my life," Theresa said to herself, when she was alone in her own room.

She gathered her shawl about her, and sat down beside her open window, and leant out into the summer night.

"Oh! I wish I could lead such a life as Mr. Harold has led," she began to think.

"It seems to me that God makes some people with a love for one sort of thing, and some for another, and He has made me so that I cannot give all my heart to the things I can get here. Perhaps I ought to try to do it, but I do not know how to try. I want something else: I want to see people who can talk to me as Mr. Harold talks. I should not care whether they had anything to do with me or not, but I want to listen to them. I want to be in the midst of them. Presently, perhaps, if I got that to begin with, I should come to want more, and to long to be one of them, and equal to them; but I don't want them now; I want nothing now but to sit still and listen, as I sat and listened to-night.

She sat quiet for a while, and then presently she thought—"I wonder if he will ever come and talk to me again! I said so little to him; it hardly seemed at the time as if *my* speaking were wanted at all; and yet if I *could* have spoken more,—if I could have said words like his,—he would have liked it better, perhaps. I wonder if he thought me stupid and dull because I was so silent, or if—he did not think of me at all. That is the likeliest. He did not *look* as if he was thinking much of any one—me, or any one else. He would hardly know me again, perhaps, now, if he were to meet me in the street to-morrow."

She said this quietly, but a little pang shot through her as she said it. In her heart she thought almost passionately, "If he despised me, he had no right to despise me! If he had talked as he talked to me to some other girl who was there—to Lucy Gisborne or Harriet Doyle, perhaps—she might have answered him better than I did, but *I* should have cared most to listen

to him—I should have understood him best—I should remember what he said the longest.”

And she was right. She was right in that, and she unconsciously did injustice both to herself and to Mr. Harold when she imagined that in his eyes she had appeared a woman not worth talking to. The hour that they had spent together had impressed him only lightly, perhaps; but yet, as he walked home, he, too, thought of her again. “That girl’s face is like a poem,” he said to himself, and for a few moments—though only as he might have dwelt on the remembrance of some painted picture—he dwelt upon the recollection of it, and recalled her figure as he had stood looking at it in the evening light.

CHAPTER III.

PEOPLE were in the habit of saying that Theresa Thurston had too little colour about her to be beautiful. Either they failed to appreciate her, or now and then throughout her life she gained from some heart or lip a higher praise than she deserved.

“You should have a good picture taken of your daughter,” Mr. Harold said one day abruptly to the Squire. “A first-rate artist would make something very fine of her.”

“Do you think that? Well, I don’t know—” Mr. Thurston answered, and he hesitated for a moment; but his daughter was in truth the light of the Squire’s eyes. “You see she isn’t much of a beauty,” he said half doubtfully.

“She is better than a beauty,” Mr. Harold answered. “She is a more graceful and gracious woman than most beauties I have ever seen.”

And then the two men—this talk had taken place in the garden at the Manor House—stood looking at her as she moved about among her rose-trees gathering flowers.

It was summer still, only a month or little more from the night when Theresa had seen Mr. Harold first, but their new neighbour had come by this time to be on almost intimate terms at the Manor House. He had dined with the Squire a few days after they had met him at the Leafchilds’, and on that occasion Mr. Thurston had taken rather warmly to his guest.

“I should like to see more of him,” he had said to his daughter when Mr. Harold left them. “You were quite right the other night in speaking of him as being a good talker. He came out this evening in really a very striking way.”

It had been a quiet little dinner, with only

a couple of other guests besides Mr. Harold and themselves, and the four gentlemen had sat talking together till late in the evening. Theresa had seen very little of them in the drawing-room.

“I am disposed to like Harold very much indeed,” Mr. Thurston said. “He is as right-thinking, right-minded a man as I have come across for a long time. I have asked him to look in on us again some evening soon.”

But though the Squire had asked this, Mr. Harold had not looked in on them, and, had it been left to him, his friendship with Mr. Thurston, perhaps, would not have ripened soon. The Squire, however, was a social man, given to hospitality.

“When are we going to see you again?” he asked Mr. Harold heartily, meeting him by chance one day, a week or so after he had dined at the Manor House. “Here in the country, you know, we get into the fashion of thinking that neighbours ought to be neighbourly. What do you say to dropping in to-morrow evening and seeing if you can beat me at a game of chess?”

“I used to be a good chess-player ten years ago,” Mr. Harold answered; “I don’t know if I can boast of being a good one now.”

But he came to the Manor House next evening, and proved to the Squire that he had lost little of his former skill.

“You are a formidable antagonist,” Mr. Thurston said when he had beaten him in the first game.

On the whole, however, the Squire rather liked to be put upon his mettle. Mr. Harold won the second game of him too, but he won it only after a close fight, and Mr. Thurston’s defeat was a very honourable one. “You must come again and let me have my revenge,” he said at the end of it, with a good-humoured laugh.

Later in the evening Theresa sang to them. Mr. Harold had heard her sing before, and had spoken warmly of her singing; and he had been right in doing so, for there was a sort of grace and melody about it that was like the grace and melody in her movement, and that affected you, if you were sensitive enough to perceive it, with the same sort of pleasure. Her singing, indeed, to those who knew her well, seemed always to be curiously a part of her, having the same character in it that there was in herself; for though it is true that to some extent she lived in a certain opposition and antagonism to the tone of the people round her, Theresa Thurston was

essentially, in a large and marked degree, a harmonious woman. She had no edges or rough points about her. She was the sort of woman you would like to have near you if you were ill, the sort of presence in a room that would have soothed you if you were sad or weary. "When one's heart aches you are better than music," some one said to her once.

She sang to the two men to-night for a long time.

"She often sings to me in the evenings. I like to smoke my pipe and listen to her," the Squire said.

Mr. Harold was not a smoker, but even without a pipe to occupy him it seemed as if he too liked to listen to Miss Thurston's voice. "Pray go on if you are not tired," he said to her, when after a quarter of an hour or so she was about to rise up from her seat.

It was the time when the days are longest, and they all three sat in the summer twilight. The chess-playing had gone on before sunset, but it was almost dusk now, and they could scarcely see each other in the large room. "Your voice came to me that night out of the darkness," Mr. Harold said to her long afterwards, "as if it had been the voice of some spirit in the air."

She sang some of the songs she loved best with a happy feeling of content. When he told her not to leave off the colour came to her face with sudden pleasure. She had not been sure till then that he cared to listen to her; now that she was sure it seemed to her that even in her own ears her voice grew sweeter. "I should like to give him back some little pleasure for all that he gave to me that night," she thought, and went on singing with her heart upon her lips.

Mr. Thurston asked his guest to stay to supper (the Squire kept old-fashioned hours, and dined at five o'clock and sat down to supper at ten when he and Theresa were alone), but Mr. Harold declined, and bade them good night when the servant brought in lights at last.

"Well, come back at any rate and see us soon again," Mr. Thurston said cordially as they shook hands. "We are quiet people, and you will mostly find us at home of an evening."

"Thank you. I shall be very happy to come sometimes," Mr. Harold answered.

He could hardly have said less, perhaps; but Theresa thought that the words were spoken rather formally. She had been very happy for the last hour or two, and the tone of them chilled her a little.

"I do not think he will come again," she said.

She only said this to herself, not to her father. *He* had noticed no especial reserve in Mr. Harold's parting speech. But still Theresa was right, and it was true that Mr. Harold, as he went away, had no intention of repeating his visit soon.

And yet somehow, before long, he did spend other evenings at the Manor House. One afternoon the Squire encountered him at his gate, and carried him in with him, almost by force, to dinner. On another day he met Theresa running home from the village in the rain without an umbrella, and he, having an umbrella, could do no less than accompany her; and then, having reached the house, it was hard to resist the pretty pleading in the girl's grey eyes. "Oh, do come in—do come in; it is raining so much faster," she said to him; and so he yielded, and went in.

Gradually, as the weeks went on, and almost involuntarily—for on nearly every occasion, for a long time, it seemed as if it was accident or necessity, far more than choice, that brought him there—he became a familiar visitor at the rambling, pleasant, picturesque old house. This house of Squire Thurston's had been the manor house since the days of Queen Elizabeth. It had been built in her reign, and so well built that it had needed few substantial repairs ever since. It had had a new wing added to it a generation or two back, but this new part, if it had not been overgrown with creepers and ivy, which gave a loveliness to it that was not its by right, would have been less beautiful by a great deal than the first building. "They covered it with greenery to hide the colour of the brick; there was no matching the old brick," Mr. Thurston would say, with a sigh over the degeneracy of modern times. "There was none to be got equal to it. Ah, they knew how to make bricks in Queen Bess's time!" And he would look up at the warm old walls, glowing with their rich and mellow colouring, with eyes almost as full of pride and affection as if the house within which his fathers had lived and died had been some old friend that he loved.

"I think we suit one another, it and I," he said to Mr. Harold one day, as they walked together up and down the broad green sward before the house. "It isn't fine and it isn't fashionable, but it has been my father's and my father's father's home for many a long year; and I should be sorry to think that there would ever be a Thurston

too grand a gentleman to be content with it. For a hundred and fifty years it has gone direct from father to son. I shall have no son to leave it to, but I should like my girl, when she marries, to keep the old name, and bring up her children here. She is fond of the place,—though now and then, bless her! I think she fancies she would like to run away from it for a time, and try what the rest of the world is like.”

The Squire said this half with a laugh, half with a sigh. Perhaps the one thing in the world in which Mr. Thurston thought his daughter less than perfect was in this longing of hers for something more than, and something different from, the calm interests and pleasures of their quiet country life. It was a longing of which she never spoke to her father, but, silent over it though she might be, he loved her too well not to be conscious that there were times when she wanted something he could not give her, and sighed for something that in the life around her she could not find.

On the surface there was not much likeness, and one might have thought there was not likely to have arisen any large amount of sympathy, between the Squire and Mr. Harold; the one, a man who lived in the open air, whose knowledge was of crops and pastures, and whose skill lay in field sports; the other, one who had lived in cities, and found his labour amongst men, and learned his wisdom from books. But yet they drew to one another, and became friends. Mr. Thurston, though he was no reader, had a solid, shrewd intelligence that had been too active all his life for his mind to be like an untilled field now. He had his own thoughts, and they were often wise and just thoughts, about many things. The two men, though they approached one another from very different ways, could often meet on common ground. There was no lack of sympathy between them. They had both of them clear sight and good sense; they were both generous, pure, and high-minded. They were each capable of appreciating what was good in the other.

“There is something about Harold that always puzzles me,” the Squire one day said to his daughter. “A man with a brain like that ought to have done something by this time, and he has done nothing. I don’t know where the fault lies,—whether he wants ambition, or is lazy, or what it is. He is one of the ablest men I ever knew, and yet here he is dreaming his life away to no purpose. I was telling him the other day that rather

than do nothing better he should go into Parliament; but he only laughed at that. I suppose he is indolent, but if he is it’s a vast pity. I wish I knew some way of making him do a little good hard work.”

The Squire had grown tolerably intimate with his neighbour when he said this, and had begun to feel a regard for him that was largely mixed with admiration. Quiet and undemonstrative, indeed, as he was, Mr. Harold had not lived many months at Farnham before he had come to affect the daily life at the Manor House in no small degree. Had he absented himself for a week Mr. Thurston would have missed him now. Slow, however, though he had been to meet the Squire’s advances at first, before the winter came it was very seldom that he did absent himself for anything like a week. He would often come to the house day after day. He had become so familiar a visitor that if he found the door standing open he would enter it without knocking, and make his way unannounced to the Squire’s room.

It was not by any means always at these frequent visits that he saw Theresa. Sometimes they met, but more often they did not meet. She had a special sitting-room of her own, where she usually spent her mornings; but Mr. Harold never came here. He was by no means the kind of man to pass his hours in idling over a lady’s work-table. He never sought Theresa at these morning visits to the Manor House, but occasionally, without seeking her, they would meet. If, in coming to the house, he saw her amongst her flowers, he would go to her, and sometimes they would walk together through the gardens. When winter came, and the flowers had ceased to bloom, in these early hours of the day she saw still less of him; for he would then often come and go without her being conscious of more than the momentary sound of his step or of his voice as he crossed the hall; but yet, when winter had come, she gained more than she had lost, for as the days darkened it became more and more a common habit with him to drop in uninvited in the evenings, and make a third round their fire. He did this a few times at first at intervals of several weeks; then gradually those intervals contracted, and the visits grew more frequent, till at last his coming grew to be something that they looked for as a pleasant probability on almost any night. A pleasant probability, I call it, for it was this to them both, though in widely different degrees.

It is a curious thing to be able to look

back to one certain hour upon one certain day, and to know that for you in that hour life began,—not as with a slow day-dawn, growing gradually to sunrise, but instantly and sharply, as if a door had been opened suddenly, that had stood closed till then, between two worlds. Long before this winter had reached an end, Theresa had come to look back upon the hour in which she had first heard Geoffrey Harold's voice as the one that had made the turning-point of her life. But yet, though she did this, and though she came, even in words, to acknowledge to herself that she did it, still Mr. Harold and she had remained throughout this winter, as they had been from the beginning, simply the quietest of quiet friends. He rarely ever spoke a word apart to her. As they grew more intimate, the calm grave kindness of his manner to her was hardly different from what it might have been if she had been his daughter. If it was the charm of her presence that drew him to the Manor House, he never let her know it. She never guessed or dared to think or dream that she was dear to him; she scarcely even knew in what way he was dear to her. She only knew this, that the world had been a new world to her from the night that she had seen him first.

He had come like light into her life, converting the common daylight for her into sunshine. "I used to want a hundred things, and I seem now to want nothing more," she would think often to herself, feeling as if his presence and his influence filled all the world for her. For was not this the "new thing" that she had vaguely longed for ever since she had known what longing meant? Had not the great yearning of her life been for the possession of this that had come to her so silently and peacefully at last?

She used to sit often in his presence almost wholly in silence, listening to him as he talked. Would any one in all the world ever talk to her again as he did? She said to him one day, "Since you came here you have given me a new life." It was a passionate exclamation; but he knew as she spoke that the life she meant was an intellectual life. She was only thinking of that then. A month or two afterwards, if she had said the same words, they would have meant another thing; but a month or two afterwards she could not have said the same words to him again.

He learnt that, to his bitter pain and remorse, one spring night. He had been

dining that evening at the Manor House, but after dinner some piece of business had happened unexpectedly to call the Squire away, and for an hour or so he and Theresa had been left alone. Mr. Harold, as happened sometimes, was indisposed to talk, and after Mr. Thurston was gone, he stood for a long time in silence at one of the windows, seeming to watch the sun where it was going down behind the trees, and taking no notice of Theresa, as she sat at a little distance sewing.

It was a habit with him occasionally to be wholly silent, as if he forgot the place in which he was, and the people who were about him. Often after these pauses he would begin suddenly to talk again, starting abruptly into the middle of a subject, as though he had been thinking of it, and at some point his thoughts had broke almost unconsciously into words. Sometimes he did this, and sometimes for a whole evening he spoke little.

The girl was sitting at her work, feeling half sad, for these silent moods of his touched her occasionally with a sorrowful kind of yearning. When his thoughts seemed to recognise her presence so little, a sense of distance from him would oppress and pain her. She used to think—half knowing that she thought it—that to have at these moments the right to go to him, and lay her hand upon his arm, and make him turn to her, and take her with him to what heights or depths his soul had carried him, would be of all blessed things the most blessed upon earth. She had thought this on other days before this one. She was thinking it now as he stood turned away from her.

She was not, in the eyes of most people, a very humble woman: many of those who knew her would have told you that amongst Theresa Thurston's faults were both over-self-reliance and over-self-esteem; and they might have been right; but she was humble before Geoffrey Harold with a passionate, intense humility. "I should like to go with him where he goes," she always thought; but no desire ever touched her to make him follow *her*. Another kind of woman would have spoken to him now, or would have been angry that he should forget her presence for so long: *she* neither addressed him nor felt offended at his silence: she only felt that she was yearning to be near him.

They had not spoken for, perhaps, a quarter of an hour, when he turned at last from the window, and broke the silence abruptly.

"Do you remember the night I saw you first?" he said. "There was a yellow sky like this one, and you sat in the light of it in your white gown. I have kept a curiously clear recollection of that evening. It comes back to me often like a picture."

"Yes—I remember it," she merely said.

"Some one had given me a description of you before I saw you, but you did not answer the description. I don't remember what I had been told of you, but I remember that."

"That I was not like what they said?"

"You were like in being tall and fair, I suppose: I don't think you were like in much else. At any rate, you were unlike the idea I had formed of you for myself—*very* unlike."

He had walked towards her across the room, and was standing beside her chair now.

"I wonder if you recollect how you talked to me and scolded me that first night?" she said, after a moment, lifting up her face to him with a little laugh. "I don't mean that you did nothing but scold me; but once, when I happened to say that I should like to live in London, you poured out such a torrent of words upon me—to tell me that I was very silly to want a thing that I knew nothing about—that I have never forgotten it since. It almost took my breath away."

"Well, I was quite right to tell you so. I would tell you the same thing still, and I might say it now perhaps with a better right to do it than I had that night; though I don't think even then that you took offence at me."

"I should have been very foolish if I had."

"I don't know that you would have been especially foolish. I imagine few of us like very much to be told that we ought to be content with what we have. We most of us like to think that we should be so much more content if we had something else. Here are you, for instance, with your longing for a London life——"

She looked up quickly and interrupted him.

"You must not say that; I don't long for a London life now," she said.

"I thought you did."

"I did once. But you scolded me for it, you know." She tried to speak lightly, but she could not; the next words came so far from lightly that, soft and low as they were, they had an intensity of tone that made them passionate. "You told me to be content," she said, "—and I *am* content now."

He saw her face for a moment suffused with colour; for a moment he saw the look in her eyes, and in that moment a revelation was made to him that was half terrible—half divine.

Instinctively, without a word, he turned away from her, and resumed his walk through the room. He had no power to speak again to her at once. He felt as if he could not utter any ordinary words to her. She was dearer to him than God's sunlight; but he had never meant to make *her* love him; he had only meant, he had always said to himself, to make her care for him as she might care for any common friend. He had forgotten, when he said this, that his coming to her had changed the whole current of her life; that what she had longed for he had offered her; that he had made himself to her what no man could make himself, and expect to remain only a friend. "You have given me a new life," she had said to him. She might not have loved him, or have known that she loved him when she said that; but *he* ought to have known then that it was time for him to be upon his guard.

The twilight was slowly coming on as he walked up and down the room. It was too dark for her to go on working, and she sat idle now. He looked towards her once or twice, and then he did not dare to look at her again. Who can tell how bitter a struggle was going on within him? He knew that if he chose to go back to her, and to speak to her only two or three words, he might take her in his arms and hold her to his heart; and he had to endure the knowledge of this, and yet to stay at a distance from her, because he dared not take her in his arms nor tell her that he loved her.

She did not know that she had betrayed anything to him as she sat there alone. Her heart had been upon her lips when she had answered him; but her heart had been upon her lips in his presence on other days than this one. She had spoken to him as she would have done to no one else; but she had spoken only out of her passionate gratitude, not—or at least not consciously—out of her love. For at this time Theresa's love for Geoffrey Harold was less like common love than a kind of worship. She never in her thoughts dreamed of him as one who might become her lover, or as one to whom she could be anything more than what she already was. He gave, and she received from him; that was all. She could give *him* nothing, she thought, that he would care to take. And

so she had made this answer to him as one whose grateful heart felt any utterance of its gratitude as a relief; but with no thought, no desire, no dream of discovering anything to him beyond what her words said.

She rose up presently, and went to one of the windows and opened it, and let the soft spring air come in.

"We had snow a week ago, and now to-night it feels as if winter could never come back," she suddenly said. "To-day and yesterday I have almost been seeing the buds bursting."

"Yes, the spring is advancing rapidly," he said.

He stopped for a moment in his walk as he spoke, but he did not come towards her, and she remained standing looking out alone.

"I was reading a book yesterday—" he

began presently, rousing himself at last, and forcing himself to speak upon some common subject. She sat down beside the window, and, still walking up and down the room, he went on talking to her for a long time. She was well accustomed by this time to that eloquent talk of his; but familiarity had taken nothing from it yet of its subtle and indefinable charm. It was still for her the sweetest of all music in God's earth.

He talked till Mr. Thurston came back. Half an hour later he went home. As he came to Theresa to bid her good night he shook hands with her almost carelessly. In general the one cordial sign of friendliness that passed between them was his frank, warm pressure of her hand when he came and went; but to-night he did not dare to press it. He only touched it coldly and lightly as he went away.

THE DWELLINGS IMPROVEMENT QUESTION.

BY A RIVER-SIDE VISITOR.

IN nothing, we should think, was London more strikingly the "City of Extremities," than in the dwellings of its people. Between the mansions of its rich, and the dens in which its poor are packed, the difference is much as the difference between Paradise and Pandemonium. In this matter of dwellings, the great City has most emphatically *not* "considered the poor." Metropolitan railways have, time after time, swept away whole streets, or other smaller clusters of houses tenanted by the poor. The clearing of the site for the new Law Courts unhoused five thousand poor, and the substitution of offices and warehouses for dwellings, the widening of streets, and almost every other City improvement, has added—and is still adding—more or less to this great evil of the displacement of the poor. Parliamentary powers are granted for the carrying out of such undertakings, but no provision is made to provide other suitable house accommodation. Even the money compensation given to all other classes who suffer loss by improvements, is denied to the labouring poor. The great manufacturer, or the small shopkeeper, whose business suffers—or is alleged to suffer—by enforced removal, is ruled to be entitled to compensation; but so is not the poor day-labourer or hawker, whose wife has to lose a day or two's work looking for another lodging; who has to take a higher rented

apartment at a most inconvenient distance from the scene of his labours, and in a neighbourhood where, being unknown, he is for a considerable length of time deprived of the advantage—often little less than a life and death matter to the very poor—of having credit at some "general" shop. He and his family are the weak, and they are sent to the wall. Knowing that his house will be pulled down about his ears if he does not "bundle out," he bundles, the improving party, and, as it seems to him, no one else, caring where.

Owing to this mode of action in connection with the making of railways, and to other causes acting in the same direction, those parts of the metropolis exclusively inhabited by the poorer classes have come to present a truly horrible spectacle; a spectacle which we do not hesitate to say is a national scandal and disgrace in a rich and Christian country like England.

It has long been generally known that the dwellings of the London poor are of a very undesirable character, but only those who have given special attention to the subject, or who, like the present writer, have daily to go into these dwellings, can fully realise the actual state of affairs. Of some things it is said that they may be more easily imagined than described, but the reverse is the case in respect to the sights to be witnessed in these dwellings; they could be

more easily described than imagined; at least, for our own part, we can say that we have—not once or twice merely, but scores of times—seen such things as we could not have imagined possible in the present day, and in the richest city in the world. We have seen every room in every house in a long street, tenanted by one or more families, the whole street *averaging* six inhabitants per room, while the air space per room was not equal to the *lowest* quantity necessary for two persons, consistently with the laws of health. Many of the rooms, of course, had over the average number of occupants, and in one instance, eleven persons—five of them adults—lived, ate, and slept in the one small room. In the best case, that is, when the occupants of a room are all members of one family, such overcrowding is bad enough; but when, as is often the case, the numbers are made up of different families thrown together without regard to sex, it is much worse. Passing through such a street in the early morning in summer time, we have almost fainted under the effects of the powerful effluvia issuing from every open window; an effluvia which, though not palpable to the eye, must have been forming a plague-cloud that would go abroad, tainting the purer air, and carrying disease and death in its train. We have seen many such rooms as those we are speaking of, with their walls impregnated, softened, and discoloured by this same reeking effluvia; and so vermin-infested that a bright saw passed through any portion of their woodwork, would come out plentifully bespeckled with blood. We have seen life and death, health and disease, side by side in the same room; ay, and on the same bed. We have seen the mother with her newly-born babe occupying the same room with a corpse awaiting burial; and the fever-stricken sharing the same bed of filthy rags and straw, with the as yet healthy. And we have known cases of women in the hour of woman's greatest need, lying in a sleeping room common to half-a-dozen other adult persons of both sexes. We have seen and known even worse things than these, that must not even be hinted at in this place; and similar scenes others having similar opportunities for observation, have witnessed in other of the poor and overcrowded districts of the metropolis. In such districts where men, women, and children are habitually herded together like beasts or savages, decency is for the most part impossible; chastity is but lightly regarded by the individual, and still more lightly revered

by the class, morality depraved and vitiated, intellect dwarfed and brutalised, and self-respect annihilated.

The evils of the case are too rampant for them not to have occasionally forced themselves upon the notice of the powers that be, and from time to time various acts, such as the Nuisance Removal Act, the Metropolitan Building Act, and others have been passed with a view to abating the evils. But through inadequacy of scope, or non-administration, such acts have hitherto remained dead-letter laws.

The evils have of late years not only not been abated, they have increased in extent, and intensified in degree. Seeing, in the course of their operation that such was the case, the Charity Organization Society, in the early part of 1873, got together a special "Dwellings Committee," to consider the subject, and see if something in the way of amendment could not be effected. This committee, which consisted of about eighty members, sat under the presidency of Lord Napier and Ettrick, and numbered among its members the Earl of Shaftesbury, Sir Sydney Waterlow, Sir Curtis Lampson (Trustee of the Peabody Fund), and other representatives of Improved Dwellings Companies; some score of members of parliament, representatives of the Association of Medical Officers of Health, clergymen, and others, known to have a knowledge of, and take an interest in the subject to be considered. The committee, though avowedly sympathizing warmly with the poor, entered upon their labours in a thoroughly business-like and impartial spirit, acknowledging the many difficulties that lay in the way of the improvement they desired, and making allowance for them. They held sixteen meetings, and their views and conclusions are clearly and instructively set forth in an admirable "Report of the Dwellings Committee," drawn up by the noble Chairman of the Committee, and published by the Charity Organization Society. The result of their deliberations was broadly to lead them to the opinion that no merely philanthropic effort could deal with the evil in anything like a successful or satisfactory manner; that no powers less than the powers of the imperial government would be sufficient for the work of removing the evil, and that the key-note to the action of such powers when brought to bear, must be to invest in some central authority a compulsory power to take, at a fair valuation, whatever land or houses they might find it necessary to acquire

in order to carry out a general system of improved dwellings for the poor. In April of the present year the committee having constituted themselves a deputation, waited upon the Home Secretary, and through Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Napier, Sir Sydney Waterlow, and other speakers, laid the facts of the case before him, and strongly urged alike the necessity and the practicability of improvement. Having by the earnest endeavours of this committee, been made a prominent public question, the subject of dwellings improvement was taken up by the press, and so strong and clear had the case for improvement been shown to be, that for once in a way, papers of every shade of politics were agreed; all "going" strongly for the improvement side; and none more heartily than the *Times*. The policy, we will not say of wilful neglect, but of indifference that has allowed the dwellings of the poor to degenerate into the horrible state in which they are now to be found, stands condemned of public opinion. Government can, if it chooses, take up the question with "the country" in their favour, and therefore, all things considered, and past neglect notwithstanding, it may reasonably be concluded that the time is at length at hand when something substantial in the way of dwellings reform will be attempted. No better time, therefore, than the present could be chosen for those having practical experience in the matter, to speak; and it is on that ground that we would venture to add our mite of advice and suggestion to the general stock.

Into the simply material part of the question, the acquiring of sites, the building and fitting of new houses, or the alteration of old, we do not propose to enter here, the more especially as this has been very fully discussed in other places. The phase of the question on which we propose to offer a few observations is a vitally important one; and we are therefore rather surprised to find that it is also one that there is a general tendency to overlook or touch upon but very lightly. This may perhaps be owing to the fact that it is the phase compulsory reform in which would be the most ungracious task in the work of improvement. But while we are conscious that in making the remarks we are about to do we *may* lay ourselves open to a charge of thinking and speaking hardly of the poor, our daily experience so convinces us of the essential importance of the points we are about to raise, that we have no hesitation in raising them.

It has become the fashion to speak of the

whole matter as "the *dwellings* of the poor" question; but, to our thinking, it would have been better, much more clearly and fully expressive, if it had been styled "the *homes* of the poor" question. In this connection, when dwellings are spoken of, it is generally homes that are meant; but from the constant use of the word dwellings, the dwelling part of the home question has come to be generally spoken of as though it were the whole. A dwelling alone, however, no matter how good it might be, would not make a home; the habits of those inhabiting the dwelling must also be considered. That the existing wretched dwellings of the poor may have brought about the no less wretched habits of the bulk of those occupying them may be true—to a considerable extent undoubtedly *is* true; but the habits, no less than the dwellings, are there, are confirmed, have become second nature, and must, in our opinion, as well as the dwellings, be dealt with under compulsory powers. All who go into this question speak of the evils and horrors of over-crowding; but, among the innumerable proposed plans of improvement that we have heard or read, we have as yet found none containing any explicit suggestion for dealing *directly* with over-crowding; and yet any scheme of improvement that does not specifically deal with this specific evil will be little better than worthless. We are not overlooking or underrating the value of improved dwellings as a constituent of improved homes. We know that when a house, originally built for the accommodation of one family, and having only water supply and other conveniences for one family, comes to be inhabited by half-a-dozen families—and this is the case with ninety-nine out of a hundred of the present class of "tenement" houses—even comparative cleanliness and decency become difficult of attainment. We fully appreciate the immense benefit that would be derived from the substitution for such houses of properly erected tenement flats, with each flat and every room its full quota of domestic conveniences. But, making the fullest allowance on these heads, we have still no hesitation in saying that if all that can be done in the mere matter of building were done, and the liberty to over-crowd were still left to the over-crowding classes, those classes would, by their modes of life, neutralise the benefits of improved construction, more especially if the improved dwellings, as would probably be the case, led to an increased rate of rental. In the latter case they would most certainly take out the

increase of rent in increase of over-crowding. It would be an error to suppose that over-crowding is invariably the result of a corresponding degree of want of house accommodation. You will often find the most aggravated over-crowding in streets in which there are a considerable percentage of houses and rooms to let; the explanation of such a state of affairs being that two families prefer "going halves" in the rent of one room, to occupying a room each and paying its whole rent. Such over-crowding, and the "rough-and-tumble" habits that come of it, have a very destructive effect upon house property, and would soon reduce even improved dwellings to a very sorry state, if it went on in them, as it most assuredly would do unless it were definitely restricted by some direct acting sanitary regulation. To remove the over-crowding classes from ill to well built and "well found" houses would, of course, be something gained; but very little. Over-crowding is the root-evil of the dwelling question, and to overcome the evil it will be necessary to fix the *highest* number of persons to be taken in per house, and per room—the air-space of the apartments being, of course, the groundwork of the calculation—and any transgression of the regulations made an offence at law. This has already been done with the most beneficial results in the case of common lodging-houses. These houses are generally situated in the poorest and most densely populated neighbourhoods, and previous to the passing of the Common Lodging-house Acts of 1851 and 1853 they were generally the most utterly wretched dens to be found in the localities in which they were situated—veritable hotbeds of disease and depravity. Since the passing of these Acts, however—which strictly limited the number of lodgers to be taken in, and placed the houses under sanitary inspection—they have, by comparison with the private dwellings, become as oases in a desert. They are—still by comparison with surrounding habitations—bright, fresh, and sweet-smelling, and to pass into one of them from an over-crowded tenement-house is a refreshing relief.

In considering the question of improving the homes of the poor, it should be borne in mind that the cry for improvement has not come from those immediately concerned. It has not even come from the artisan classes, whose attention is at the present time almost exclusively occupied with those "questions of the day" that bear directly upon the relations between capital and labour. It is

earnest-minded members of the upper and middle classes who, from seeing the sin and suffering arising out of the present state of things, have taken up the dwellings question, as one that concerns us all as men, as a nation, and as Christians; and to many of these it will doubtless seem a strange thing to say that the strongest opposition to improvement in the homes of the poor would probably come from the poor themselves. Such, however, is the case. We speak from experience in saying that many of the over-crowding classes esteem as a privilege their present immunity from domestic cleanliness and order, and would resent any attempt to deprive them of such immunity. Though it would be almost impossible for them to be thoroughly clean, a majority of them are not so clean as they easily might be, even under present circumstances. Like others, the over-crowding classes have their peculiar notions, and one belief very prevalent among them is substantially to the effect that dirt keeps you warm, and over-crowding saves coals. Many of them again pass but a small portion of their time within their dwellings. They are out working or looking for work all day. In the summer evenings they seat themselves on their door-steps or on the pavement in front of their houses; in the winter evenings they resort to public-houses, just "turning in" for a few hours sleep. *They* know well enough, however others may fail to see it or fear to face it, that any measure of home reform to be really effective must deal with individuals and habits as well as buildings, must limit the number dwelling in a house, and subject the house itself to some system of sanitary inspection; and to them such restriction and inspection would appear a greater evil than they are given to consider the present position of affairs. They would interfere not only with their habits and inclinations, but in numerous instances with their modes of gaining a livelihood also; as it would prevent the storing in living rooms of fish, fruit, and other things of that kind.

We might say more on these heads, but we have already, we think, said enough to demonstrate our proposition, that to improve the homes of the poor, it will be necessary to take into consideration and deal with the habits of the over-crowding poor as well as with the construction of their dwellings. The Peabody Trust, the Improved Industrial Dwellings Company, and other agencies, have benefited a few of what may be described as the better-off poor, and have

to a small extent relieved the pressure upon house accommodation among the poor generally; but the tenantry of such dwellings as those are by no means to be taken as an example of the classes that would have to be dealt with under a root-and-branch measure of reform. Among the better-off poor—the poor, say, who can afford to pay from two to three shillings per week for a room—are a considerable number who desire to have better homes, and it is the pick of this class who are selected as the tenantry of improved dwellings associations; but a general scheme would have to deal with other classes, much more numerous than select, and not only not desirous of improved homes, but opposed to having such homes subject to the only conditions under which they could be given.

A general improvement of the dwellings of the poor throughout the metropolis would of course be a costly affair, but putting the matter on the lowest ground, the first outlay would be amply repaid by the results. By improving the homes of the poor we should decrease the rate of mortality; that has been proved to demonstration by the fact that the death-rate in the improved dwellings erected by charitable and other agencies is generally less than half of the average of surrounding buildings. We should decrease disease and improve constitution among the labouring poor, and thus not only save in the expense of treating and maintaining the sick poor, but add to the labour power of the country. A serious amount of labour power is now annually lost to the nation by reason of large numbers of working men being more or less incapacitated from following their employment, through suffering from what are really preventable diseases, diseases that improved homes *would* in a great measure prevent; and it should always be remembered that a loss of wages to the labouring classes is a loss of wealth to the country. It is not only the smitten individuals, but the national exchequer, that suffers from the loss of labour caused by preventable disease. Again, by

giving the poor improved homes we should lessen that costly national curse intemperance. Drunkards undoubtedly make wretched homes, but there is equally little doubt that wretched homes make drunkards.

We deplore the drunkenness to be found among the poor as much as any, but we think we can understand it better, and look less condemningly upon it than most others. From the depressed and exhausted feeling that comes over ourselves after only a three or four hours' turn in the foul and overcrowded homes of the poor, we can easily imagine and almost excuse the constant craving for stimulants that characterizes so many of those living in such homes, and we know that, as a rule, the only stimulants accessible to them are strong drinks.

And if on the low ground of its being ultimately the truest economy, we are called upon to give improved homes to the poor, how much more strongly should we not feel called to the work upon the higher grounds of Christianity, humanity, and obedience to the divine command to love our neighbours as ourselves?

In pointing out that the habits of the poor, as well as their dwellings, stand in need of reform, we have spoken only from a strong conviction of the essential necessity of that point. We would be the last to speak or think hardly of the poor; we see too much of their sufferings and struggles in the battle of life, to think of them otherwise than with sincerest sympathy and pity. Often when their sorrowful lot is spoken of, we hear men exclaim "God help the poor!" But we would also say, Man help the poor! and in no way could they be more effectively helped than by giving them improved homes. The moral and physical evils of which their present unutterably wretched homes are the centres, are spreading, and if left untouched will continue to spread slowly, but none the less surely, undermining the national prosperity, the national health, and the national character.

ON THE WEST COAST:

The Herald of a Highland Tour.

By CAPTAIN WHITE, R.E., AUTHOR OF "ARCHÆOLOGICAL RESEARCHES IN SCOTLAND."

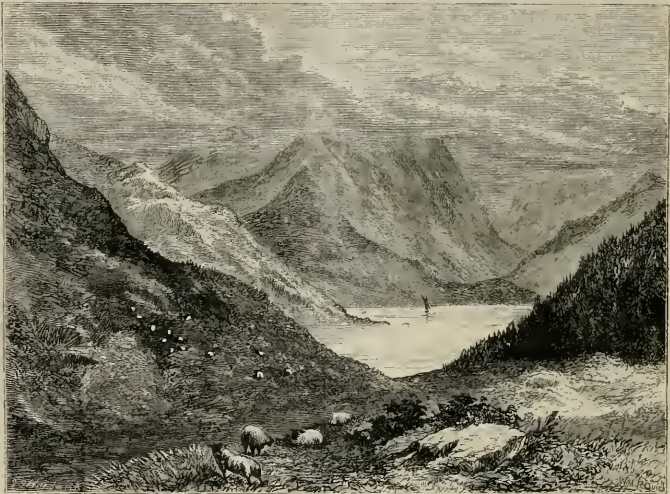
PART IV.

AT the head of Glen Shiel, the valley opens into a narrow flat, shut in by the same line of bare hills, on both sides,—corrie after corrie coming into view at each wind of the

road, every one a picture in itself. The range to the right is simply a wall, dividing us from Loch Houra, where we are going. In fact, a good climb would bring us in sight

of the loch, but to keep the road, we must hold on to Clunie inn. It was about sunset when we left Clunie for Torridon; the old story—up a long hill, and then, looking back from the top, a wonderful view; corrie upon corrie, and glen upon glen, offshoots from the main valley of Clunie. All this district, I need hardly say, is more or less deer forest, and its natural solitude is heightened by the absence of sheep, which are always cleared off the more strictly kept forests. Even grouse are looked upon as a nuisance by the thorough-going deer-stalker, from the cackle they make when knocked up on a hill-side. And certainly, after the burden

and heat of a day's stalking, when a man is almost within shot of his stag, for a cock grouse to get up between, is not calculated to improve the temper. Descending the hill to Loch Luing, which the road crosses where it is narrow as a river, it got quite dusk. And then, do we not know what a solemnity there is on a dark moor, with innumerable peaty pools, and boulders strewn about—how the after-glow reddens each pool, and how the water gleams out with a deeper and stronger light as the solid objects blacken around it,—and the stones, and the stumps of long-dead trees grow into weird uncouth shapes; and yonder far distant skyey band



Loch Duich (from the Coach Road).

of green and amber fades, and the dark ranks of cloud above close in till the last tinge has died away, and we are in the cold colourless moonlight. This was what we saw that evening, and in the later darkness, vistas of lake shining out everywhere around us, shadowy masses of hill and mountain, gleams of distant water, the rushing noise of unseen burns, and a hundred other sensations of objects only guessed at,—came upon me in a way best described by the Scotch word "eerie," and not unlike the phantasmagoria that flit by one in dreams. We got alight part of the way, and found our drive petty chilly, though on a July night; a proof,

if one were needed, that no Highland traveller should expect too much from summer weather. But what a glorious climate when it doesn't rain too much!—which it nearly always does—and even when it does, who minds it? On our arrival at Torridon, we found the inn in a muddle, and beds very doubtful, as there was a "marriage feast" in progress. The pipes were going merrily, and we had half a mind to turn in to the big room and foot it—but my companion, being a clergyman (albeit his knickerbockers and general get-up were not tell-tale) declined—and we had a private pipe instead. Our quarters were fair, and next morning, in a day "gey and

fine, but showery," we went on our way. We were now in the well-known Glen Garry, at the head of the loch of that name,—a name which occurs at least three times in different parts of the Highlands, and means simply "rough." The term probably applies, however, to the bed of the stream, rather than to the glen. From Tomdoun, and also from Clunie, it may be well just to remark, the line of the Caledonian Canal may be reached by a day's walk, either through Glen Morrison or Glen Garry. At each point, where you strike the route, there is a good inn, that at Invergarry being perhaps the better of the two. Of the two glens, both beautiful, Glen Garry bears away the palm, from the exquisite intermingling of water and wood the whole way; in fact it is a perfect gem of luxuriant and picturesque scenery. But the object of these pages is not to linger on the highway routes, beautiful as they are. We want what few can or will look for, the jewels of the by-ways and crooked paths, which lead to what has been graphically termed "the other end of nowhere." But how many parts of Scotland are now in that category, and how much longer will there be a "nowhere" remaining? I do not mean to assert that we ought to wish to keep people away from these lovely solitudes—and the advocates of "liberty, fraternity," &c., might be down upon me, for alluding to the sufferings endured by a lover of nature when he sees the immortal names of Brown, Jones, and Robinson scored upon the rocks of Loch Coruisk, or the pillars of Quiraing. Still, the fact remains—every man of us likes to be a Crusoe at times, and get away from other people's wide-awakes and mackintoshes.

I said we started on a showery morning, but the word "showery" would convey very feebly to a southern understanding what the weather really was. There were bright gleams, but between them rain such as one knows only too well in the Western Highlands, and at the head of Loch Hourn it came down in sheets, wetting us as completely as though we had stood up to our necks in a salmon pool. The entire road is one continuous line of valley, here narrowing to a gorge, with its boulder-strewn noisy watercourse, there widening out to embrace a series of lochs, joined by deep reaches of the stream, fringed with birch and alder trees, and dotted with the tiniest rocky islets.

Loch Quoich is exquisitely wooded on the north side, and the road winds among the trees for miles. We both thought the occupant of the shooting-lodge down in the woods

by the loch a legitimate object of envy. Somewhere on this road the Chevalier must have crossed when on the tramp from Lochiel's country to Glen Shiel, just after his narrow escape through the line of English sentries. Near the watershed the easterly-flowing water divides into many sluggish pools or small lochs, half buried in tall reeds, suggestive of big trout, snipe, and wild duck. And here the road winds in the most wonderful way, cut through the bare rock, which thrusts itself out in enormous layers across the narrow glen. This is the head of Glen Hourn, and the whole walk down to the sea is a scene of the wildest mountain beauty, of the kind one only sees in the schist country, where rock, wood, and water are combined in such marvellous variety. I must not stop to describe it, for we have a long way before us, and if one begins a visit to the Continent by lingering over the fine things of Paris, what is to become of Switzerland and Italy? The descent to the sea is unusually rapid. The brook beside us is a roaring cascade, fed by innumerable branch streamlets; on either side rise the high scarped mountain ranges, thickly wooded at their bases; and, having said so much, I will leave the reader to fill up the outline of the picture for himself.

I don't think we met a soul the whole way (sixteen miles), except a caravan of road menders.

At Loch Hourn Head there is no inn, but the wants of any chance tourist coming this way are provided for in a good-sized farmhouse within a short distance of the landing-place.* There is, I believe, fair sea-trout fishing here, when the water in the river is sufficient; and it may be remarked that there are few places in these beats where a visitor would be refused a cast for a trout on asking the shooting tenant's permission.

By the time we had made our bargain with the boatman, and floundered over the slippery sea-weed into the boat, the rain had cleared off entirely, and we rejoiced in the glorious sunshine of a West Highland summer afternoon, with that peculiar mellowness in the air—the very perfection of atmosphere—which comes after rain in these parts. From this point there are three routes open to Loch Nevis. Were the names of literal application,† then the shorter the way, the better—though we are taught to believe that

* This arrangement is by direction of the proprietor—a piece of thoughtful courtesy on his part towards tourists coming this way.

† Loch Hourn, "Lake of Hell," Loch Nevis, "Lake of Heaven."

the passage is not vouchsafed to us. However, between this particular lake of Avernus, and the celestial waters on the other side of the Knoydart mountains, there are, as I said, three choices of a route. A foot-path, portentously rough and precipitous in many parts, to judge by its aspect from the boat, leads along the south shore for some miles to Barrisdale, and thence strikes across the hills to Inverey on Loch Nevis. Or the boat can run you down to Barrisdale, by which means you may avoid all the rounds and ups and downs of the shore-track so far, and start fresh for your walk across the moor, a pretty stiff ten miles or thereabouts. Or, if you have taken a bed at the farmhouse, and get off betimes next morning, you may take boat and run down to a place called Inverguseran at the mouth of the loch. This will give a fine view of the scenery on both shores, and from Inverguseran a walk of a few miles across the hills brings you to Inverey. This track, however, till you strike the proprietor's new road on the Loch Nevis side, is rough and boggy, "saft" is the word, and if it be at all "dark" on the hills, it may not be easy to get on without a guide.

This was the way we took, and I am inclined to think it the best for realising what Loch Hourn really is. The situation of the estuary is one of great natural grandeur, and the high walls of dark mountain that overhang it may well have given the idea of gloom and horror conveyed in its singular name. The glen itself is a deep cavernous cleft, the loch beginning as a narrow channel, with walls of precipice on either side, often just redeemed from utter harshness by the pines which keep a precarious foothold wherever they can, and add their deep green to the brown and purple of the bracken and heather. Of these grand old forest-trees I have spoken elsewhere; here, the way in which they fringe the shore is very striking. Point after point, precipice after precipice, stands out, each a mailed head with its dark plume waving over it. On the north shore, near the head of the loch, the cliffs are softened by birch-woods, but on the other side, as Barrisdale opens, a very fine corrie is seen, and when this has come abreast of us, as we sail on, Arnisdale will soon be in sight, the grey scarred side of Ben Screel looming up behind it.

Our Sunday was not ill-spent. We rowed over to Barrisdale to church on one of the loveliest summer days I remember; all the beauties of the loch touched up anew, the air soft and fragrant, and the few clouds

there were floating half asleep over head, their shadows resting on the hillsides with hardly a trace of motion in them. Nearly opposite Barrisdale there are three or four rocky islets in line, stretching half across the loch, stepping-stones, says legend, of some giant of yore. At Barrisdale, we found the remains of a very ancient burying-ground, where, I believe, a mediæval church existed, and, stuck on the ground without rail or enclosure of any kind, as such buildings in out-of-the-way parts often are, is the modern church of the district. It needed, in truth, no inclosure, for the spot is an absolute solitude, most of the congregation coming to service by boat from the head of the loch or elsewhere. There is a fine sandy bay here, which is exposed at low water, and while waiting for the minister to make his appearance, we took a leaf from the book of our apostolic forefathers and plucked, not ears of corn, certainly, but delicious oysters, which were lying about, as it seemed, "waiting to run into our mouths." We found it convenient to forget for the time that oysters are out of season in July. The little knot of worshippers, meanwhile, had been increasing, and half a dozen boats or more lay hauled up close by, when suddenly there was a movement amongst them of dispersion, and we learnt that the minister had sent word from Loch Nevis that he was unable to come that day. This occasionally happens in such enormous districts as these West Highland parishes often are, though we were told it was rare for the minister here to miss his Sunday in this wild spot, even in winter, when a ride over the Knoydart hills must often be anything but pleasant. In this case, the needs of a sick person elsewhere detained him. Fortunately, my fellow-traveller, a clergyman and Oxford man, was equal to the occasion, and, though he had to preach in knickerbockers, as there was not a pair of trousers between us nearer than Glenelg, where our luggage had been sent, the service, I think, lost none of its impressiveness. We had an admirable sermon, with a due admixture of prayers, partly extempore, partly those of our own Liturgy. The congregation had been recalled, and we had a pretty good gathering, consisting chiefly of men, with a considerable sprinkling of dogs, which took the free seats they were accustomed to, and I must add, behaved with exemplary decorum. It was altogether a red-letter day, this Sunday, and our glorious row back from church gave completeness to our first impression of

the scenery. It has been said to be amongst the finest in Scotland,* and yet, perhaps, no part of the country is less known than this and its neighbour loch. There are no through roads, and though a yacht voyage enables one to see the ocean-arms, yet, unless you land, and push up the glens, you miss very much that is well worth seeing in detail. It is thus that Maculloch, in his charming letters to Sir Walter Scott, often does scant justice to the inland scenery of this magnificent region. What he saw, he generally praised, but that which the absence of good roads prevented his visiting, he is apt to dismiss too lightly. Macdonald of Barrisdale, I should say, became notorious in the '45, by his activity in the Chevalier's cause, though, after its collapse, he was accused of meditating treachery to his party. The lands of Barrisdale were among those pillaged by the English troops in 1746, and, according to Jacobite accounts, Major Lockhart, who commanded the detachment in this district, behaved with undue severity, even refusing to respect the protective certificates which had been granted to some of the inhabitants.

While at Arnisdale we heard many stories of eagles, which are still now and then to be found in these rocky fastnesses. They used to be terrible enemies to the game, and a great nuisance to the shepherds, in the lamb season, so that they have been ruthlessly destroyed, whenever a chance offered. One curious circumstance about these birds is their difficulty in getting on the wing from low ground. We were told of one which was come upon suddenly in a hollow, and, before he could get his huge wings into play, the party in pursuit rushed in upon him with their sticks, not without his showing fight. Another was caught, oddly associated with a brother thief, a raven, which had got into a trap; but, whether the eagle was after the raven, or it was the bait which allured the raven, seemed doubtful. As a proof of the strength of these magnificent birds in carrying off their prey, one instance was cited where an eagle had been seen to cross from Ben Screel to the other side of the loch with a lamb in his talons.

But the keeper's gun will soon make such stories as these traditions of the past, and, so far as our island is concerned, the eagle will have to be added to the list of extinct species. I must not forget to mention one thing, which ought not to escape the atten-

tion of any School Board having sway in these parts. It is not that Gaelic is the only language in use in the village of Arnisdale, for the same might be said of many places in the west, but that, as a rule, not a word of English is being taught to the rising generation. This I cannot think is a common practice, and it shows how closely an isolated community like this, cut off from ordinary external communication both by road and steamer, will cling to its old usages.

It was a pleasant morning, but showery, of course, when we left Arnisdale for Inverguserran, which we did about six P.M. We were in a capital gig with a lug sail, and, tiller in hand, I had the pleasure of running her down, with a good stiff breeze on our quarter, till we got under the lee of the cliffs on the south shore of the loch, when oars became necessary, as the breeze drew round and came out in puffs, frequently almost heading us. These curious shifts of wind, and the tremendous currents there are, in many of these lochs, always make sailing a difficult matter. From Inverguserran over to Inverey the walk is like many of its kind in this country. This part of the Knoydart range is less high than it is further north, but by no means deficient in wildness and beauty, and in walking over these great mountain-spurs which separate the sea-arms, the landscape unfolds itself at each turn of the ascent in a new aspect. On Loch Nevis side, a capital new foot-path was being constructed, which brought us down about ten o'clock to the little village inn of Inverey. We were rather disappointed with our first view of Loch Nevis, but this is about the tamest part of it. We breakfasted at the inn, and by the time we were ready to start, the landlord had hired one of the inevitable herring-boats to take us across the loch to a place bearing the familiar name of Tarbert; and the abominable, driving, easterly rain had cleared off for the present. While we are standing across the loch, and the sun is making up his mind whether he will smile upon us or no, let us have a yarn with this very intelligent stroke, who has been for some time sympathetically watching me trying to light my pipe with a wet vesuvian. First of all, he knows all about Prince Charlie's having landed over yonder, from Skye, when Skye was too hot to hold him any longer, and he can tell us, too, much more about the Prince's doings hereaway, which we will glance at presently. Then we got to the herring, and what kind of takes there had been the last few seasons, and afterwards he gave us a

* *Fide* Maculloch's Letters.

story about Lord Byron, which may bear repeating, perhaps. Byron, it seems, had been ascending Ben Nevis, and on his return fell in at Fort William with a certain West Highland poet of some local celebrity, to whom he boasted of having been nearer heaven than *he*, who had never ascended the mountain. " 'Twas pity your lordship didna stay there when ye was up," was the Highlander's retort, " for I doot ye may never be sae near heaven again." Down the loch-side there is a pretty lodge, peeping out of a surrounding of trees. That is Scothouse, and to the little island off it, on the fourth day after his landing on the loch, came the Chevalier to beg of the old chief of Clanranald, who was staying there, protection and assistance; which, however, Clanranald,—embittered, no doubt, by the recollection of the disasters brought upon his house by their adhesion to the Prince's cause,—positively declined to give. This unsuccessful errand followed a most exciting adventure, one of the narrowest escapes that was ever experienced by the hunted Prince in all his wanderings.

I have said the Government troops had drawn a complete cordon, some thirty miles long, across the head of the sea-arms, having received information that the object of their search was lurking somewhere on the mainland in Morar or Knoydart. And besides the inland guard, boats, manned by militiamen, were cruising about in all directions, searching every bay and inlet where they might gain tidings of the fugitive. It will be remembered that Charles, after the battle of Culloden, succeeded in making his escape to the outer Hebrides, and from thence to the Isle of Skye, where the celebrated Flora Macdonald assisted him to conceal himself for some time. At length, after great difficulties and many escapes, he was once more obliged to take to the sea, and return to the mainland, and, not without a hail from a militia-boat on the way, the little party of fugitives, among whom was one John Mackinnon, made the coast at Maluag, in the Morar district, at the entrance of Loch Nevis. There they lay concealed three days, and then put off again in their little boat, the Prince, Mackinnon, and three boatmen, to reconnoitre, and look out for a good hiding-place. Rounding one of the points on the south side of the loch, they came suddenly on a most unwelcome sight, a boat tied to a rock, and a party of militiamen standing on the shore close by. "Ahoy—where from?" shout the soldiers. "From Sleat,"

is the reply, as the boat with its precious burden shoots on, unheeding the peremptory orders sent after them to come ashore. On they go, while the red-coats jump into their boat, and a very pretty race begins. But "a stern chase is a long chase;" and the sturdy Highlanders bend their backs to the oar with a will. Celtic fidelity on the one hand, and the chance of £30,000 on the other—which will win? "What way are we making?" asks the Prince, lying at the bottom of the boat. "We are holding our own, and no more, your highness," is the reply. Mackinnon looks to the fire-arms, and exhorts his men to take good aim, if it comes to that, for not one of the pursuers must escape. But now the Highlanders draw ahead, and, making for a wooded spot on the shore, land hastily, and are lost among the trees in an instant, while their baffled enemies reluctantly slacken pace, and give up the pursuit.* Directly after this most narrow escape, it was, that the Chevalier applied to Clanranald at Scothouse. Disappointed here, the little party pushed on to Loch Morar, and by Arisaig to Borradaie, where, for the present, we leave him. Not a day too soon did they start, for immediately after their departure, some English frigates, with troops on board, arrived, and anchored in Loch Nevis, General Campbell at once dispatching a detachment to scour the country in the very direction the Prince had taken.

We are now nearing Tarbert, making good way, with a smart breeze which has sprung up since our boatman began his yarns. To our left the loch takes a bend, and the two shores converge, forming a narrow channel, which appears completely land-locked, till you are close to it; and beyond, the loch runs up for miles into the heart of one of the wildest and most broken ranges in this eminently wild and broken country. The only way to see this (and we lamented we had not time to do it), would be to run up past Tarbert and turn the corner, so as to look right up this wonderful gorge. Loch Nevis is entirely without a road on either side, except the little bit near Inverey, which is for the convenience of the proprietor, and does not extend beyond his estate. But here we are in the greenest and clearest of water, in a pretty little creek, with its one coasting-sloop and a boat or two, and a solitary cottage on the shore where whisky, if no-

* See the various memoirs and histories of the Prince's wanderings. The versions given of this incident do not all agree.

thing else, is licensed to be vended. Our boatman dismissed, with his eight shillings for fare and another for luck-money, we push on to the top of a very steep bit of road, whence we look down on Loch Morar. A few minutes more, and we can hear the tinkle of its tiny waves among the shingle—the distance between the fresh and salt waters being scarcely over half a mile. And now we may draw attention to the origin of the name Tarbert, literally “draw-boat.” For wherever, as here—in Loch Fine, Loch Lomond, in Cromarty, Harris, and other places, the ocean runs deep into the land, and there is a narrow neck between the two waters, the sea-kings of old were wont to take advantage of the natural configuration,

and save a voyage by drawing their galleys across the intervening space. So the name of Tarbert (or Tarbet, as it is often written) always seems to bring to one's mind a waft of the ancient days of Scald and Saga man; and one may picture the griffin-beaked galley with its golden-haired crew, the flash of sword and battle-axe in the air, the creak of the oars, and the flutter of the sail, as the fleet of some predatory jarl or Celtic chieftain cruised about these shores—now in one loch, now in another.

Later on, in local history, we find the name of Glen Morar coming up again, as one of Prince Charlie's hiding-places, a few days after his perilous adventure on Loch Nevish.

A MISSIONARY BISHOP.

IN biography there is perhaps nothing more tempting than to trace out traits in remote kindred, and to see them coming forth with new accompaniment in later generations, to work out, as it were, the full story of the race, and probably to mark a climax in some chosen individual. If one were asked for a book of the present day which more than most others suggests and justifies this exercise, one would probably name either Mr. Hare's “Memorials of a Quiet Life,” or the “Life of John Coleridge Patteson,” in which Miss Yonge has given us a loving account of one of the most “beautiful souls” that Heaven has sent to us in this generation. Not that the problem is directly raised by Miss Yonge: she understands the art of the biographer too well for that; but the slight glimpses we have of Coleridges and Pattesons in earlier times just sufficiently prepare us for the outcome; so that her work, heavy though it be with details and letters, has yet a unity of its own, which is aided by her intimate knowledge that never impedes such a staid enthusiasm as has been well named the “soul of biography.” But comparatively few readers, after all, can find time for such elaborate memoirs as she has produced in this case; and our justification for devoting a few pages of GOOD WORDS to John Coleridge Patteson, the martyred missionary bishop, lies in the fact that to many of our readers the main points we shall have to present will still be wholly new.

John Coleridge Patteson was the eldest son of Sir John Patteson, who, after a short but successful course at the bar, was raised

to the bench in 1830, and of Frances Duke Coleridge, daughter of Colonel Coleridge, elder brother of the poet, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The Patteson family thus stood in close relationship to another family which has given judges of highest repute to the English bench; and thus the pathway to society and to eminence in various walks of life was laid open to any scion of the house. Coleridge, or “Coley,” Patteson, as he was named by his family and friends in boyhood, was born in Bedford Square, London, in 1827. In his childhood he showed great thoughtfulness as well as quickness, being able to read by his fifth year—on his birthday receiving from his father the Bible which was used at his consecration as bishop twenty-seven years afterwards. It is not without a certain characteristic forecast of his later character, alike in its simplicity, thoroughness, and devotion, that we are told, “He read it eagerly, puzzled his brains as to what became of the fish during the Flood, and, when suddenly called to the nursery, begged to be allowed ‘to finish the binding of Satan for a thousand years.’” Even from this early period the desire to be a clergyman was cherished. Saying the Absolution to people, he thought, must make them so happy. And the purpose, we learn, was fostered by his mother. “No thought of a family to be made, and of Coley being the eldest son, ever interfered for a moment. That he should be a good servant at God's altar was to her above all price.” The whole order and spirit of the home, indeed, was calculated to promote devotion and reverence—the mother making

the religious instruction of the children her especial care, reading the Psalms and the Lessons for the Day with them every morning immediately after breakfast. Love of his home was a strong feeling in Coley Patteson's breast, and his mother's influence was a powerful element in it.

When eight years old he was sent to school at Ottery St. Mary, with which the name of Coleridge is so intimately associated; but in spite of the various interests of the place, the beauty of the surrounding country, and the quaint grandeur of St. Mary's Church, Coley longed for home. His regrets were only relieved, indeed, by boy-like failings, of which he has once or twice to make confession. Probably the distance from home had something to do with the "uninterestedness" which his biographer tells us marked his school-life here; but there can be no doubt that the liking he now formed for games and sports of all kinds had its own result in the way of forming a healthy nature, and modifying in many ways the self-conscious introspectiveness to which we soon detect some tendency. The companionship of his younger brother at school, in the latter period of his stay at Ottery, furnished him with an interest, and strengthened what was always a characteristic trait—kindness and consideration for others. If he did not carry from Ottery the highest attainments in scholarship, he was a strong healthy lad when in 1838 he entered Eton, very soon to get glimpses of the young Queen Victoria, in the first year of her sovereignty, going to Salt Hill to make her youthful contribution to the poor scholars, according to the old custom.

At Eton his career is not marked by any special success, he had to guard himself against the love of cricket, in which he continued to excel; but his affections and his spirit were already receiving the first signal determinations towards the course which he finally chose. He hears the newly-made bishop of New Zealand preach at New Windsor chapel, and writes home:—

"It was beautiful when he talked of his going out to found a church, and then die neglected and forgotten. All the people burst out crying, he was so very much beloved by his parishioners. He spoke of his perils, and putting his trust in God; and then, when he had finished, I think I never heard anything like the sensation, a kind of feeling that if it had not been so sacred a spot, all would have exclaimed, 'God bless him!'"

And then, as Providence would have it, the impression was deepened by an appeal, which, as often as it recurred to the memory

of the lad, must have aroused in him new resolution and hunger for spiritual help:—

"Coley was at home when the Bishop of New Zealand came to take leave, and half in earnest, half in playfulness, said, 'Lady Patteson, will you give me Coley?' She started, but did not say no; and when, independently of this, her son told her that it was his greatest wish to go with the Bishop, she replied that if he kept that wish when he grew up, he should have her blessing and consent."

We are therefore not surprised to find him ready to forego the pleasures of cricket rather than identify himself in any shape with what was coarse and degrading:—

"On the occasion of the dinner annually given by the eleven of cricket and the eight of the boats at the hotel at Slough, a custom had arisen among some of the boys of singing offensive songs on these occasions, and Coley, who, as second of the eleven, stood in the position of one of the entertainers, gave notice beforehand that he was not going to tolerate anything of the sort. One of the boys, however, began to sing something objectionable. Coley called out, 'If that does not stop, I shall leave the room,' and as no notice was taken, he actually went away with a few other brave lads. Afterwards he sent word that if an apology was not made he should leave the eleven, but the feeling of the better style of boys prevailed, and the apology was made."

Soon after Bishop Selwyn's farewell, he was confirmed, and a further impulse to serious thought and self-consecration came that same year in the death of his mother, whose teaching and example had been so benign. All through the Eton period—as, indeed, pretty much through all his life in England—we clearly see two courses of education running alongside each other. One, the formal or merely technical part, to which he never so wholly relinquished himself as many others have done, and with more success; and then, the providential visitations and teachings—turning-points presenting themselves successively, just at the moment when the interior life and conviction needed to be stayed or drawn forward afresh. The beautiful way in which he yielded to them, and brought resolution anew to seal impression and establish it, is the significant fact about the earlier life of Bishop Patteson.

He entered Balliol College, Oxford, in 1845, and fell into an excellent circle, from which he derived much good. Here he lost any love for general society he might ever have had, and cultivated more and more the companionship that favours full and frank expression of deeper sentiments and convictions. A visit to Switzerland, Rome, and Venice in 1851 gave him much to think of; and in 1852 he obtained a fellowship at Merton College, and went into residence

there; but in the long vacation of that year he proceeded to Germany, that he might study Hebrew and other languages more favourably and cheaply. His letters to his family and friends breathe the most exquisite devotion. While at Oxford he had listened, fascinated, to the earnest appeals of Dr. Pusey, which were then stirring many earnest minds; but he still kept a questioning intellect at work on some of the points involved in the special doctrines presented—a trait which marked him to the very close of life, notwithstanding that all the influence of family tradition inclined to make him lean to implicit acceptance of these views. This is proved by the letters which he wrote to his father from Dresden, where he was busy on languages, but also on theology and points of Church polity. He asks such questions with reference to the divine origin and absolute sanction of Episcopacy for all times and circumstances, the right of private judgment, and such matters, as show that he did not accept truth on mere authority, but needed for it the full acquiescence of his own mind and heart.

In languages he had real aptitude, and now he added Arabic to his list, and soon was proficient in it. He varies his studies with such things as a description of Dresden fair, and long before the time of return home he begins to select presents, acknowledging himself "concerned about getting something for everybody." Returning to Merton College, he remained there till the long vacation of 1853, prosecuting his studies of theology and languages, and forming friendships which till his death remained unbroken. Mr. Roundell says that, by this time—

"Self-cultivation had done much for him. Literature and art had opened his mind and enlarged his interests and sympathies. The moral and spiritual forces of the man were now vivified, refined, and strengthened by the awakening of his intellectual and æsthetic nature."

And Principal Shairp thus succinctly indicates the elements that, now prominent in him, gave him such weight and practical influence:—

"It was character, more than special ability, which marked him out from others, and made him, wherever he was, whether in cricket, in which he excelled, or in graver things, a centre round which others gathered. The impressions he left on me were of quiet, gentle strength and entire purity, a heart that loved all things true and honest and pure, and that would always be found on the side of these. We did not know, probably he did not know himself, the fire of devotion that lay within him, but that was soon to kindle, and make him what he afterwards became."

And truly the flame soon leapt forth when

the man came face to face with the practical duties for which he had been prepared. He served a rigorous apprenticeship to pastoral work in the parish of Alington in Devonshire before taking orders. He remained and ministered there afterwards as curate, winning the hearts of the people, so that they came to look upon him as peculiarly their own; the wrench of parting being, of course, all the more painful, when, on the arrival of Bishop Selwyn in England for a short furlough, all Coley's aspirations for missionary life were revived. After much prayerful deliberation, he resolved to go out with the bishop. "Ah, sir," was the schoolmistress's answer to some warm words from Mr. Justice Coleridge in praise of Bishop Selwyn, "he may be, no doubt he is, a very good man. I only wish he had kept his hands off Alington!" And in this she spoke the feelings of the people, from the old and infirm, whom the curate had attended solicitously, down to the Sunday-school children, who wept when they heard he was about to leave them. "Our Mr. Patteson," the people called him to the last.

On the 28th of March, 1858, he sailed from England in the *Duke of Portland* emigrant ship. The voyage was not suffered to pass without its own profitable occupations. Of course, Bishop Selwyn and the young missionary were ready to minister in many ways to the wants of those on board, Mrs. Selwyn taking her share in the teaching of the young; but they had their mechanical pastimes too, carpentering being one of the many qualifications required in a missionary bishop. It has been said, that if you wish to know a person, go a long voyage with him. Many voyages went those two together; and, during this first one, Bishop Selwyn set down what he would have warmly endorsed years thereafter, "Coley Patteson is a treasure, which I humbly set down as a recompense for our own boys left at home at school. He is a good fellow, and the tone of his mind is one which I can thoroughly enjoy, content with the *à à* present, yet always aiming at a brighter and better future."

They arrived at Auckland on the 5th of July, and, reaching the college some six miles distant, at once set to work. Bishop Selwyn's scheme had been to collect young lads from the distant islands of the South Pacific—from Tanna and Nengoné, from New Caledonia, and Lifu, from the Solomon and Banks Islands and other accessible groups

—and take them to New Zealand for a period of the year for training at the college, returning them again to their respective homes, in the mission ship, during the season when the climate of New Zealand, as it was found, was too trying for them. Of the college, Patteson says :—

“It is really all that is necessary for a thoroughly good and complete place of education, the hall all lined with Kauri pine wood, a large, handsome room, collegiate, capable of holding two hundred persons; the school-room eighty feet long, with admirable arrangement for holding classes separately. There are two very cosy rooms, which belong to the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn respectively, in one of which I am now sitting. . . . Our rooms are quite large enough, bigger than my room at Feniton, but no furniture of course beyond a bedstead, a table for writing, and an old book-case; but it is never cold enough to care about furniture. . . . I clean, of course, my room in part, make my bed, help to clear away things after meals, &c., and am quite accustomed to do without servants for anything but cooking.”

Some years were spent in preliminary work with Bishop Selwyn, voyaging among the islands in the *Southern Cross* (which, sailing from England on the same day as the *Duke of Portland*, had reached Auckland the day after her), making excursions into the bush; teaching the boys at St. John's College, and later at St. Andrew's, Kohimarama; and learning, practically, the thousand outs and ins of missionary life. A certain docility of mind and a happy temperament helped him vastly. He often thought of home, and father, and friends; but a second thought of God's covenant care sufficed to calm and strengthen him; and whilst it seemed that distance and absence only made him, if possible, more interested in all that concerned home than he had been, he was able to apply himself to his work with complete devotion and oneness of mind.

“I have very little time,” he writes, “for indulging in fancies of any kind now, I begin to get an idea of what work is; but in my walks out at night (if I am awake) I think of dear mamma, of your dear father, and others who are gone before, with unmixed joy and comfort. You may be quite sure that I am not likely to forget anybody or anything connected with home. How I do watch and follow them through the hours of the day and night when we are both awake and at our work! I turn out at 6:45, and think of them at dinner or tea; at ten I think of them at evening prayers, and by my own bed-time they are in morning church or busied about their different occupations, and I fancy I can almost see them. So it goes on, and still I am calm and happy and very well, and I think I am in my place, and hope to be made of some use some day. I like the natives in the school very much. The regular, wild, untamed fellow is not so pleasant at first—dirty, unclothed, always smoking, a mass of blanket, his wigwam sort of place filthy, his food ditto; but then he is probably intelligent, hospitable, and not insensible to the advantage of hearing about

religion. It only wants a little practice to overcome one's English feelings about dress, civilisation, &c., and that will soon come.”

The ascetic side of the religious life, which breeds indifference to common wants and independence of ordinary sympathy and relationship, found no illustration in Bishop Patteson. This is one of the first things we observe in him; it is also one of the last. All his hardships and trials but drew forth his kindliness the more thoroughly. There have been men who have sacrificed themselves in such work as he undertook, who were after all devoted merely to ideas, and had but small power of attracting individuals. It was not so with Bishop Patteson. He soon came to like his New Zealanders and Polynesians as well or even better than he would “English boys, up to all sorts of mischief.” “Savages,” he said, “are all Fridays, if you know how to treat them;” and he soon came to see that the “menial offices,” as they would be called, which he so cheerfully undertook, formed a practice such as could not be matched for working beneficial changes upon their habits. He would have confirmed the declaration of the Maori—“Gentleman-gentleman thought nothing that ought to be done too mean for him; pig-gentleman never worked.” And therefore he would oftentimes write in this strain :—

“The communication of religious truth by word of mouth is but a small part of the work. The real difficulty is to do for them what parents do for their children, assist them to—nay, almost force upon them—the practical application of Christian doctrine. This descends to the smallest matters—washing, scrubbing, sweeping, all actions of personal cleanliness, introducing method and order, habits of industry, regularity, giving just notions of exchange, barter, trade, management of criminals, division of labour. To do all this, and yet not interfere with the offices of the chief, and to be the model and pattern of it, who is sufficient for it?”

And again, with as much infusion of personal experience and conviction :—

“Every missionary ought to be a carpenter, a mason, something of a butcher, and a good deal of a cook. Suppose yourself without a servant, and nothing for dinner to-morrow but some potatoes in the barn, and a fowl running about in the yard. That's the kind of thing for a young fellow going into a new country to imagine for himself. If a little knowledge of glazing could be added, it would be a grand thing, just enough to fit in panes to window-frames, which last, of course, he ought to make himself. Much of this cannot be done for you. I can buy window-frames in Auckland, and glass, but can't carry a man a thousand miles in my pocket to put that glass into these frames, and if it is done in New Zealand, ten to one it gets broken on the voyage, whereas glass by itself will pack well. To know how to tinker a bit is a good thing, else your only saucapan or teakettle may be lying by you useless for months. In

fact, if I had known all this before, I should just be ten times as useful as I am now. If any one you know thinks of emigrating, or becoming a missionary, just let him remember this."

And this from a man who had shown himself not only willing, but singularly ready and versatile—apt at making beds and mending tea-kettles, and doing odds and ends of joinery, as well as learning languages as if by instinct, and with peculiar power of communicating knowledge to others. He was indeed a typical missionary, and, though what he says of training is true and valuable, his experience sufficiently shows that when the

whole heart is in the work, everything yields to loving interest and self-sacrifice.

The peculiar change of habit, the attempting to do so many unaccustomed things, would have been found by many to divert the mind from study; but it was not so in Patteson's case. On the 17th of January, some six months after landing in New Zealand, he is able to compose and preach a Maori sermon, and soon thereafter he commits himself to extempore delivery; and though he has already made some progress with the tongues of the Pacific, his notes of books read are indeed surprising. In all this discipline,



hard though it seemed, and though he sometimes confessed his sensibilities rebelled, he had the judgment to see clearly that it was making him "something different from what I was,—*more of a man*; to say nothing of the higher and religious side of the question." Seeing this was the spirit he carried into his work, it is no wonder we find Bishop Selwyn saying, in a note to Sir John Patteson, in 1857:—

"Coley is, as you say, the right man in the right place, mentally and physically; the multiplicity of languages which would try most men, is met by his peculiar gift; the heat of the climate suits his con-

stitution; his mild and parental temper makes his black boys cling about him as their natural protector; his freedom from fastidiousness makes all parts of the work easy to him; for when you have to teach boys how to wash themselves and to wear clothes for the first time, the romance of missionary work disappears as completely as a great man's heroism before his *valet-de-chambre*."

Lady Martin, who had been absent from New Zealand for three years, and saw much of him on her return, thus gives her impressions:—

"We soon found a great change had passed over our dear friend. His whole mind was absorbed in his work. He was always ready, indeed, to listen to

anything there was to tell about his dear father, but about our foreign travels, his favourite pictures, the scenes of which we had heard so much from him, he would listen for a few minutes, but was sure in a little while to have worked round to Melanesia in general, or to his boys in particular, or to some discussion with my husband on the structure of their many languages and dialects. It was then that Bishop Abraham said that when the two came to their ninth meaning of a particle, he used to go to sleep."

It often happened, as at Bellona, there was no passage through the reef; so that the Bishop and Patteson had to take off their coats, and with hatchets and adzes, or other things in their hands, take a good header and swim ashore. But this never dulled his eye for the beauty of the scenery, which he ever describes with enthusiastic eloquence.

On August 2, 1858, he preached his two first Lifu sermons—"Rather nervous, but I knew I had command enough of the language to explain my meaning." During the summer of 1857-8 and 1858-9, the Loyalty Islanders mustered in great numbers at St. John's College. Mr. Patteson worked very hard these years at translations, and there was an immense enthusiasm about printing, the Lifuites and Nongonese striving each to get the most in their own language.

For the sake of the pupils from tropical islands, the college had been removed to Kohimarama, a sheltered bay opposite to the harbour at Auckland, and Mr. Patteson

devoted himself with fresh energy to their training and welfare. A settlement had likewise been made on the island of Mota, which lies opposite to Port Patteson—named, as it will be remembered, by Bishop Selwyn after Sir John Patteson, the bishop's father—and the "first home in Melanesia" built here, "at least a hundred natives coming to help in the building, and pulling down materials from their own houses to make the roof."

Gradually, during the last two years, Patteson had been more and more working independently, opening up new paths, and attesting not only a power of marking out fresh lines of enterprise, but giving ample proof of the desirability of having a fresh sphere of labour, into which he would feel more free to carry his remarkable organizing gift. Not that he himself had ever felt in any way hampered by his association with Bishop Selwyn; wholly the reverse. He was rather inclined to regard himself as disqualified to assume a position of authority, saying, "Seriously, I am not at all fitted to do anything but work under a good man."

But the counsel and opinion of others prevailed in this matter. He was consecrated bishop in February, 1869, and in April was installed at Kohimarama; and we shall next month present in short the result of his work, and tell of the mournful and touching manner of his death at Nukapu. P. Y. REID.

A RIGHT ROYAL BANQUET.

"Her Majesty the Queen, on Saturday, received a large party of blind students from the Normal College, at Upper Norwood, and having entertained them with a luncheon, heard their musical performances in St. George's Hall, where likewise their proficiency in several studies was demonstrated. The ages of the pupils ranged from eight years up to twenty-five. The Queen shook hands with the whole party, expressed deep sympathy and interest in their welfare, and said the Institution would have her prayers for its continued prosperity."—*Daily Telegraph*.

NEVER, in all her highest regal state,
 When Kings stand by, and Princes on her wait,
 And thronging crowds—the noblest of the land—
 In golden circles round their Jewel meet,
 Kissing on bended knee her royal hand,
 Laying with pride their homage at her feet:
 Never was England's Queen more proudly dear
 To England's heart—than—when, with royal cheer,
 She, feasting in her halls the poor and blind,
 Made those who could not see her feel her kind:
 Their simple music praised, amid them walked,
 Of hearts and hopes and homes familiar talked,
 Promised her prayers—and, with true woman art,
 Each rough hand pressing—touched each tender heart.

JOHN MONSELL.

FOR BIRD AND BEAST.

IT is often said that "superstition is the parent of cruelty." And there is doubtless a degree of truth in the statement. Yet it is remarkable how far the history of heathendom exhibits human nature rising above itself and asserting a law of loving-kindness, which would sometimes shame Christian *practice*, in reference especially to the lower animals. The idea of the transmigration of souls led the Hindus to a tender and reverent treatment of the lower creatures, sometimes amounting to worship, so that the streets of their sacred city, owing to the holy animals that wandered there at their own sweet will, looked often like a cattle mart; the Jains of India to this day nurse animals with utmost solicitude, and erect and maintain hospitals for them at great expense; the early Egyptians held cows and bulls to be sacred, and every one who reads at all has heard of the holy Ibis. Nor was it otherwise with the Greeks. One of the three precepts of Triptolemus was, "Hurt not animals;" and the love of the Greeks for their horses has become proverbial, while of the Arabs and their steeds we need not to speak. Judaism, surely, in this, also, the faithful forerunner of Christianity, consecrated the natural sentiment of mercy to animals in the law, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn;" while Prophecy added its own sublime sanction in that the "much cattle" that were in Nineveh was divinely urged as a reason for the sparing of the sinful city. It might well be a matter of surprise that we, having a religion which so strictly enjoins mercy towards man and beast, should yet so often be wholly indifferent to the wants and sufferings of the latter. Our practice has certainly not been always quite accordant with our profession. If it had been so, there would have been small need that we should take pen in hand to recount the story of a Society whose aim is to assert the rights of the lower creatures, and to ameliorate their condition in Christian England.

Up till 1822 there was no statute in any state or nation to protect animals from torture and outrage. There was thus no effective check to the cruelty that certain classes are prone to practise wherever they have the power. And England, if not worse, was certainly little better than other countries. These were the days when cock-fighting, dog-fighting, bull-baiting, badger-baiting, and

other cruel sports were the recreations not only of the lower grades, but received such countenance and support from the wealthy and well-born, as made legislation on the subject seem a hard and hopeless matter. The more honour to Richard Martin, an Irish gentleman and member for Galway, that, being moved with pity for the poor animals, he held a firm front in fighting their battle in the House of Commons. He was jeered and hooted at, and his words drowned in cock-crowing and other unseemly noises, and for his pains he was dubbed "Humanity Dick"—a cognomen which, as in some other cases, Time has taken care to rob of all the indignity that its originators would fain have attached to it. Indeed, there is some reason to fear that the insults might have been yet more personal, if Martin had not been noted as a fine shot, who had fought several duels successfully. In addition to some of the lighter qualities of his countrymen, he had strong nerve and indomitable will. And he was so intensely in earnest for the animals that all his faculties were enlisted on their behoof. His wit and his ready retorts often stood him in good stead. Many stories are told which show this. On one occasion, when speaking in the House, he was interrupted by ironical cries of "Hear, hear!" He calmly proceeded till he had finished his speech, and then, turning round, he demanded who had presumed to cry "Hare, hare!" No one answered; but a member on a back seat slyly pointed to a City representative, when Martin, with a good-humoured smile, exclaimed, "Oh, its *only* an alderman!" and at once walked back to his seat amid cheers. And his hospitality was of the old stamp, and so unbounded that he laid his princely estate in Connemara under burdens, and had finally to part with it. Terrible stories were told of the after destitution of his daughters, which have been proved untrue; but certainly they were no more "princesses of Connemara" as they had been. Such was the man who first pled successfully for the lower animals in the British Parliament.

Lord Erskine, in 1809, had made a great effort in the House of Lords, where his eloquence was wont to be effective, but without result, notwithstanding that the matter had ere this been taken up by Sir James and Lady Mackintosh, Sir Francis Burdett, Buxton, Butterworth, and others, who were not without influence. The House

of Commons was as yet unreformed, and the attack looked hardly more hopeful there. Public opinion seemed set against "humanity," as it was sneeringly named. The streets of London, we are told, resounded with the rhyme framed to express the love of liberty that was conceived to be threatened:—

"Things is come to a pretty pass
When a man mayn't wollop his own jackass."

The news-prints, and even the reviews, went with public opinion. The *Edinburgh* dealt with the subject only to discourage it. It proclaimed complete indifference to the animals and their sufferings, asserting there was no need to be kind unless profit was clear. It wrote: "No reason can be assigned for the interference of legislation in the protection of animals, unless their protection be connected either directly or remotely with some advantage to man."

In the light of later thought on the matter this seems short-sighted and perverse enough. The benefit of refined and elevated sensibilities in its people—which wise states have ever prized and struggled to promote—is now universally recognised as being intimately associated with regard for the lower creatures; and, on the other hand, such a state of mind as makes rule and discipline difficult is seen inevitably to spring from cruelty. It has recently been well pointed out by Mr. Hamerton, in his exquisitely sympathetic "Chapters on Animals," that the power of discriminating the varying traits in animals is uniformly associated with peculiar intelligence and power of rule; and another writer has thus unconsciously given a broad historical illustration of this thesis:—

"The races of man who are wanting in intellectual training and development, and rich in brutality and cruelty, have never succeeded in training to their service the three most highly organized and most valuable among beasts of burden. No pure negro race, in its savage state, has ever trained the horse. The elephant has never been tamed but by races who, whatever their moral culture may be, have reached a high and keen intellectual standard. Why have no African races ever made this huge and docile beast their servant? Simply because they have lacked the requisite intelligence. It is not that the African species of elephant is less tractable than the Indian species, as has been suggested; for no sooner was a civilised people of European origin established at Carthage than they began to domesticate the native elephant of Africa. The more patient ox and the hardy ass are the beasts of burden of races little advanced in intellectual culture all the world over, and neither horse nor camel was ever brought to perfection by any people without some considerable degree of civilisation. *The nations who have done most for the horse are nations with whom kindness to animals is a virtue—the Persians, the Arabs, and ourselves. With the Orientals humanity to animals is a religious duty.*"

So it would seem that the very striking passage in "Past and Present," where Mr. Carlyle in his own way celebrates the man who, in the dim ages of antiquity, first seized a wild horse from the forest, threw a rope round its neck, and trained it to serve him, has more justification than might at first appear. He had given proof of thought and educated sensibilities, and had added a new factor to human culture, which in its reactive influence has never been surpassed. Kindness to animals, as a necessary element even in the efficient ruling of them, is thus seen to be inseparably connected with profit to man in the highest sense. Cruelty never is nor can be economical. The *Edinburgh Review*, in spite of the cleverness and the wit of Sydney Smith, took but a low view of it. Even the commonplaces of history might have been found illustrative.

Wherever nations have given themselves over to seek pleasure in the pains and agonies of animals, finding their recreation in sports inseparable from cruelty, there government has become difficult, and revolution ever ready to proclaim itself. It was so with Rome, when the sports of the amphitheatre took the place of the brave adventure bred of that love of conquest which had made Rome great; and to come down, for instance, to a nation of our own time, Spain's revolutions are certainly not without close relations to some of her social customs, which encourage cruelty and demoralise and unsettle the people who witness them. "I have long been convinced," says one well entitled to be heard, "that kindness to animals is not only the most powerful cause of material prosperity, but also the beginning of moral perfection;" and when Thoreau, that wise and sympathetic observer of life in American forests, carefully watching on one occasion the horse and his driver, and the relations subsisting between them, declared in his characteristic way, "*It was plain the man was not educating the horse, not trying to develop his nature, but merely getting work out of him; and the more I considered, the more the man seemed akin to the horse, only his will was the stronger of the two.*" he hit the chief secret of the depression and brutalisation of whole classes whose daily business is with animals, and who yet are without thought or sympathy for them. Positive cruelty is thus more easily dealt with than the dull thoughtless indifference which slowly assimilates the man to the brute that he despises. Law can touch the one, the softening influences of education and ex-

ample alone can reach the other. Right it is, therefore, that those who have the cause of the animals at heart should seek to possess themselves of all educational and assuasive agencies. The old fable, which teaches that the shining of the sun may accomplish what the storm had in vain essayed, may here find new illustration. Instead of jeers in the House of Commons, there are now jubilees at Albert Hall, brightened by the presence of royalty; and the subduing influence of "a Ladies' Committee," working with a strong force of public opinion at its back, will no doubt do more in a single year, by well-directed appeals to the young, to inculcate lessons of love to dumb creatures that will yield the best results, than all that legislation has as yet accomplished. But legislation has done its work and prepared the way, and the struggles of those who figured in the cause at first are only brought out the more vividly in the light of the contrast between then and now.

It was in 1822, as we have said, that Martin's "Act to prevent the cruel and improper treatment of *Cattle*" was passed by the British legislature. Notwithstanding that this measure seems very narrow in its application, it was regarded, and rightly, as a great victory by those who had supported Martin in his contest for it; and it has proved the thin end of the wedge, truly. Later legislation has been pretty much an attempt to extend and apply its provisions to all birds and beasts, wild and domestic alike. This success drew the friends of "Humanity" closer together, and suggested more definite organization. The Rev. Arthur Browne, one of the earliest of those, was the first to propose the founding of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The idea was taken up vigorously by those interested in the cause, and the first meeting of the society was held on the 24th of June, 1824, at Slaughter's Coffee-house, at which Martin of course was present. The members were pledged to devote themselves to watch and to report all cases of infringement of the Act, and to use every endeavour to promote kindly feelings towards animals; Martin himself bringing forward the first case under his Act. The educational aspect of the question, however, was regarded as subordinate, and its full applications were left for later years. The young Society did its work well, and soon returned to the doors of Parliament to solicit extensions of the Act of 1822; but public opinion did not move so fast as the

Society desired, and it had still to encounter much opposition and delay. It suffered something, too, from the perversities that sometimes take possession of societies. Perhaps one of the best illustrations of this is to be found in the fact that about five years after the formation of the Society, a resolution was passed declaring that membership should be limited to those professing themselves of the Christian faith. This rule unfortunately excluded Lewis Gompertz, who— notwithstanding that, in the position of secretary, he had fought bravely for the Society in its earliest and most trying stage—had now to retire from it, he being a Jew, and not inclined to change his faith. He carried some valuable documents of the Society with him, and, considering himself to have been wronged, he declined to surrender them. That this limitation was uncalled for is proved by the very fact that Gompertz had done so much to extend and strengthen the Society. When the Rev. Arthur Browne was actually cast into prison on account of some debts of the Society, to meet which there were no funds in hand, it was Gompertz who, by his energy and resource, contrived to rescue the infant association from the injury that must have been done to it by the continued imprisonment of its founder for debt contracted on its account. Since that time the Society has been chiefly instrumental in adding to the statute-book many measures that have proved of vast service, not only in protecting animals by legal means, but in disseminating ideas of humanity and kindness amongst all classes of the community. In 1835 it obtained an amendment and extension of Martin's Act, by which the old evil sport of bull-baiting was finally made an end of; in 1840 it was honoured by a command from her Majesty that it should assume the designation of "Royal;" in 1845 it secured a law regulating the "knackers'" yards; and in 1849 was fortunate in procuring a new and more effectual Act for the protection of animals; whilst in 1854 it had the satisfaction of seeing an Act passed prohibiting the use of dogs for draught or burden.

To tell in detail of all the varied forms of its activity in more recent years would be tedious. It has thrown its protecting mantle over sea-birds and wild-birds, securing a close season during the period of breeding; and though some of our finest birds are as yet unprotected by statute, the Society will doubtless at length prevail, and the Act be

extended to include all birds, without exception, during the season when the young birds cannot live without the parents' care. The flagrant cruelties practised by trappers—the putting out of the eyes of the old birds to reconcile them to their lot—do loudly call for yet further legislation. The Society has testified against the cruel custom of bleeding calves a day or two before slaughtering, with the idea of securing veal of a fairer colour, and has secured a stoppage of the practice in several towns; it has been influential in the passing of laws that have revolutionised the whole system of carrying animals by railway or steamer, securing attendance and water-supply for them wherever practicable; and it has protested against the barbarous practice of shearing sheep in winter, and stopped the conveyance of them in this state without proper covering. It has kept up a crusade against the use of “blinkers” and the “bearing-rein” for horses; and its protests against these practices, and the exhibition of their absurdity as universally applied, has led to the disuse of these appendages in many quarters. The plucking of live poultry, and the putting of live crabs and lobsters into cold water, and gradually bringing it to boil, have also been denounced. All the forms of sport too which ally themselves with cruelty have been exposed by the Society, whether it be the killing of hares and rabbits within enclosures, or the privileged slow murder of pigeons at Hurlingham. Towards such fashionable cruelty it has been as unsparing as towards the coarser pastimes of the lower orders. Nor has it been less alive to the possibilities of cruelty in the recent forms of scientific experiment, should these become common, and continue to be free from all restriction and safeguard; and recognising that nothing is insignificant that may substantially bear on the question of suffering among beasts of draught and burden, it has paid close attention to the improvement of roads, new modes of horse-shoeing, the greasing of wheels, and so forth.

Up till a comparatively recent period the main strength of the Society ran in the legislative and penal groove. This was not because the Society itself did not discern the power of educational appliances, but because public opinion lagged behind it. The Baroness Burdett Coutts, whose name is now the synonym for enlightened humanity, and Lord Harrowby, whose patient insight and wise care have caused him to be one of the greatest stays of the Society, have in

recent years done for it, in this direction, what Mr. Martin and Lady Mackintosh did for it in the first period of its history. They have aimed at making it a great educational machinery; and their efforts, aided by the energy and tact of Mr. Colam, the secretary, have been largely successful. It is, however, rather depressing to read that they were unable for a long time to develop “this educational element effectively, owing to the distrust of the public to anything save penal proceedings.” But we may safely say that the public has now come to discern its vast importance so clearly, that the Society's action may hereafter be unimpeded from any such cause.

It was no doubt under the conviction that the times were ripe for educational experiments that the Society, on October 1, 1869, began the publication of *The Animal World*, a pictorial advocate of the claims of our dumb companions. Lively sketches, anecdotes, and poetry of a suitable kind, fill its pages; and it is enlivened by exquisite illustrations from the pencil of Mr. Harrison Weir and other artists. It commands letters and papers on its proper subjects from a crowd of eminent writers, male and female—Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mary Howitt, and Mr. Frank Buckland being noticeable among them. Many a child, and probably many an adult too, must have been moved over some of Mr. Frank Buckland's memorials of his many pets—“Hag” and “Tiny,” the two monkeys, and the rest, whose secret instincts he seems to reach as much by the tact of sympathy as the labour of observation. This magazine must have done unspeakable service to the cause of the Society. By its means various important classes have been interested and enlisted, the press has been stirred up, and the great body of teachers reached with such appeals as the following from the pen of Baroness Burdett Coutts, which breathe so much of wise tenderness that they cannot fail of effect:—

“What I want all teachers to do is to impress upon children under their instruction the moral obligation of respecting that great gift of God—namely, life—a gift which man can destroy, but is utterly powerless to restore. Humanity to animals ought, then, in my opinion, to be made a primary foundation of education, and that every one should view with reverence and respect that mysterious principle of life, whether it assumes the form of a human being or an animal. Life is life under whatever form it may be found, and God's great gift to us all. I do not think that this subject has been treated in the way in which it ought to be; that is, as it concerns our duty towards God, as well as towards ourselves. In speaking upon this subject, there are two authorities which every teacher

may introduce to the attention of the pupil—authorities of the most sacred and obligatory character: I allude to the Fourth and Tenth Commandments, both of which may be said to include within their scope animals as well as mankind. It appears to me it was intended by the Great Author of creation that animals were to share with man the divine protection, and we find various passages in the sacred writings in which they are mentioned in a sense to convey that impression. It is therefore incumbent upon every teacher, whilst teaching the Commandments of God, to inculcate the obligation of humanity to animals."

With a special view to methodic work in this direction, a Ladies' Committee was formed in 1872, of which the Earl of Harrowby well said, "The Ladies' Committee will naturally cause a much greater result in the operation of forming the minds of men and children, and diffusing a feeling of humanity, than that other necessary branch of our Society which consists in punishment. . . . But," his lordship went on to add, "besides extending the feeling of humanity to animals, we must still have recourse to law, because there are minds that cannot be acted on in any other way than by punishment, and the enactment of laws is one great part of the education of the lower classes."

This Ladies' Society has been influential in forming many branches—a department in which Baroness Burdett Coutts has been specially active and interested.

The correctness of the last statement, quoted from Lord Harrowby, will be borne out by a case which the Society carried to the Court of Queen's Bench in 1871. A gentleman had delivered to a huntsman at Chorley-Wood an old horse which had been a faithful servant, having received a promise that it should be slaughtered at the kennels in a day or two. He was horrified to see it a week after attached to a cart in the town of Watford, in spite of the wounds on its body. The 12 and 13 Vict., cap. 92, provides that, after being taken to a place for slaughtering, such animal shall not be removed alive, and must be killed within three days; but the huntsman held that this applied only to licensed slaughter-houses, and that as huntsmen, who merely kill horses for their hounds, are not obliged to take out licenses, he did not come within the scope of the Act. The county magistrates agreed with him, but not so the Court of Queen's Bench, which remitted back to the magistrates to convict the offender, and inlet him in costs. Very different certainly from the conduct of this man was that of Mr. Mytton, the great sportsman. When he consulted a veterinary surgeon as to whether his

old favourite hunter, "Baronet," would ever be able to run to hounds again, he was answered in the negative, but was told the animal might be able to do moderate slow work. But Mr. Mytton said, "No; no man in England shall get upon his back but myself; he shall not be degraded to harness, or to do the work of a common hack, nor shall he be turned out to be starved in winter, and tormented by flies in summer. See him shot and buried unmolested."

This we are inclined to regard as being more like the spirit of the true sportsman; though certainly the Chorley-Wood case shows that, however well the Society may succeed in working the educational element, the penal machinery which it has succeeded in setting in motion must never be let slip into the background, nor the kind of energy which Mr. Colam showed in his dealings with the Spanish bull-fighters in England cease to be cultivated and esteemed.

To crown the various agencies and demonstrations we have referred to, a congress of one hundred deputies from branch or kindred associations in various parts of the world met in London in June last, to consider the best means of carrying forward the work. Amongst other points which had the attention of the congress were the teaching of humanity in schools and the evils associated with the practice of vivisection. That the teaching of humanity has already been largely introduced is proved by the number of London schools which were represented at the Jubilee gathering at the Albert Hall during the meeting of the congress. The plan was to give one prize to each school for the best essay sent in from it. Between four and five hundred prizes were given, representing, of course, as many schools, each of which had sent in from fifteen to twenty essays; and what was very noticeable was the number of quite young children who had been deemed worthy of honour—one little fair-haired fellow of eight or so receiving his prize from the hands of the Duchess of Edinburgh (who showed admirable patience in presenting the long series) with all the becoming seriousness of his age, and calling forth the applause of the immense assembly. Each prize, we should say, included a copy of the *Animal World*, so that what was at first felt to be a desideratum—the getting of the journal circulated in schools—has now been found, and that, too, in the happiest and most effective way. The demonstration was one of the grandest

in its way that we have ever witnessed, and certainly bespoke a genuine enthusiasm among the young.

It had been proposed at one time to issue a special series of school-books dealing entirely with the subject of humanity to animals; but it was no doubt felt that the teachers might regard themselves as being too far coerced by the Society in being asked to commit themselves to the use of such an exclusive series; and it was, therefore, deemed better to arrange to bring all possible influence to bear on those who had prepared, or were likely to prepare, school books so that the humanity element might be made duly prominent in them—a point which has already received attention from the compilers of more than one of the new series of books specially prepared with a view to the Board Schools. And we should think that in this regard the attractiveness of the books would in no whit suffer; stories of animals—their ways and habits, and their peculiar instincts and affections—being always warmly welcomed by the juveniles. A very good authority, who many years ago put in practice in his limited circle what the Society now desires to try in a far wider field, thus wrote:—"I close this letter with the hope that principles of kindness and compassion to animals will soon be taught in every school. *The best way of doing this is, it seems to me, to introduce them into the exercises of each day, to establish among the pupils a little society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and to introduce good books on the subject among families.*"

No part of the proceedings of the congress was warmer or more interesting than the debate on vivisection. Of course a defence was made in the interests of science. Some of the speakers on that side held that the good of humanity which the vivisectionists, they said, alone had in view, was supreme in the matter—their argument pretty well covering the same ground as that taken by Dr. Michael Foster in his calm and able article in a recent number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. The good of the whole, they say, is what justifies, and must justify, destruction of great numbers of the lower creatures, and such experiments as are necessary to the progress of medical science. Apart from the question whether these experiments are

fruitful or are barren, as John Hunter confessed his experiments on living animals were, it is doubtful what is absolutely the good of the whole. Suppose medical science to reach a secret which would secure the life of each individual, on the average, up to seventy years, only at the cost, or even at the risk merely, of dulling those sensibilities and sympathies which are pre-eminently the glory of humanity, some men might still doubt whether the gift would prove in the end a blessing. All arguments of this kind, in one word, rest on assumptions that imply omniscience, and the only safe corrective to such a tendency is to be found in the sense of present duty and right. "Do not evil that good may come," is easily translated into practical application in "Be not cruel to a beast to-day in view of the problematic healing of men and women months or years hereafter;" and certainly the descriptions of the animals while under experiment give the impression that great pain must be suffered by many of them. The congress listened to these arguments from the scientific side, but accepted Mr. R. H. Hutton's resolution, to the effect that painful experiments on animals ought to be prohibited, unless under license and precautions for publicity. Doubtless, too, her Majesty's striking letter, which was read at the Jubilee meeting, and in which great doubts were expressed in reference to physiological experiments on animals, had its own effect. Incidentally, and in reply to one of the advocates of vivisection, Mr. Colam got the opportunity to challenge the physiologists to make their experiments public, so that he might be furnished with legal evidence sufficient to allow the point of their legality to be tried.

The Society has now an income of £17,000 a year; branch and sister societies are in operation in many of the largest towns in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and nearly one hundred well-constituted and energetic associations of a like character are labouring in various parts of Europe, America, the colonies, and distant parts of the globe. Truly the little seed first sown by "Humanity Dick" and his friends has grown into a great tree, under which all varieties of dumb creatures are finding protection and kindly shelter.

A. H. J.





"NOVANTIA."

NOVANTIA :

INCLUDING THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF DAVID GROATS, GATEKEEPER.

CHAPTER XXI.



THOUGH arriving much too early, Miss Hope found the Reids' cottage filled with people, principally women, and many of their relatives of the family.

Funerals may be said to be popular in Braidarden ; they are so certain to be large, even on no signal occasion. Besides being, as elsewhere, a customary tribute of regret for the departed, to the men they are a holiday, to the women an event and a sensation—things not to be despised by those whose lot is so dull and monotonous, and so void of cheerful recreation as that of the Braidarden peasantry. However this may be, the Reids' cottage was as full as could have been expected on such an occasion, and perhaps just a little more so, for it was rumoured that Leddy Hetty was to come, and there were those of her sex present on that account who might otherwise have been absent. She was greeted as she entered with a rank and file volley of curtseys, the women rising to their feet to receive her, and standing, irregularly bobbing, in some places two or three deep. Her face was pale and sad, but her manner was calm, for she could be so by force of will ; and acknowledging the curtseys by a glance round the company, in which there was a good deal said, she sat down beside Mrs. Reid sighing, as if she too enjoyed a funeral, or at any rate were well prepared to take part in one.

Seeing her enter, James Reid, who had

been wandering aimlessly about all morning, followed her into the room, remarking, as he tugged a lock of his hair by way of salutation, that they were much obliged to her led-dyship for her kindness, and further that it was "fort'nate" it was such a fine morning.

Hetty replied to what she supposed must be James's thoughts rather than to his words by an expression of condolence as to his loss.

"Ay," said James, some moisture gathering in his eye, "it's gae and hard on us working folk to lose them when they are jist coming up to be able to help folk a wee, instead of being a burden to them. Folk has a great deal to do to get them brought up, and when they're men and women grown, and able to do for themselves, and gie ane a bit help tae, it's hard to hae them taen awa' then."

"Ye're richt there," said James's cousin, Mrs. Younger ; "that's jist what I was sayin' afore the Leddy Hetty cam in. Thomas and me's lost a lot o' weans ; we've eight o' them lyin' where ye're puttin' yours this day, but they were a' weans, and no able to do for themselves or us."

By which remark an interesting, or at any rate lengthy, conversation was started, not as to the happiness of departed infants in heaven, but as to the difficulties of the struggle for existence in Braidarden. Hetty thought she knew something of the peasantry, but listening to this conversation, she felt as if she had still much to learn respecting the depths of misery in which they had often to struggle. The unconscious pathos of the speakers, as they told their various but also too similar experience, reminded her of Wordsworth :—

"I've heard of unkind hearts kind deeds
With coldness still returning.
Alas! the gratitude of men
Has oftener left me mourning."

Like seamen who have made a perilous voyage in a leaky ship, which threatened every now and then to founder, they abounded in happy recollections of distressing times which always threatened to bring on the last extremity, and were always baulked somehow of their ill intention. One had much reason to be thankful that when herself, her husband, and five children were laid down with fever, the neighbours were very

kind, and came and delved the garden and planted it. Another liked to tell how her eldest girl, being now seven years old, had begun work at fourpence a day, which was a great help to the family, considering that her husband was asthmatical, and only earned on an average five or six shillings a week. It was exceedingly lucky for another, that when they had the last burial in the family they had a pig to kill, which just covered the expense beautifully. With such narratives the women beguiled the time, leaving the impression on the mind of Hetty Hope, who had been an attentive listener, that there is a kind of life of such low average comfort that the direst calamities occurring in it are lightly felt, and death itself, apart from benefit of clergy, loses a great part of its sting and bereavement, that mortal anguish of the soul is borne with wonderful equanimity.

Yet often as prices and wages and markets, and such things, occurred in this conversation, a mistake would have been made by any one who should have inferred from it that in the Reids' cottage there was but little grief that day. A few hours later this was apparent enough, especially in the case of the bereaved father, who had of course to accompany poor Mary's remains to their last resting-place. Mr. Francis came at the appointed time, and fulfilled his professional duty in the way which custom in the Scotch Church prescribes, and the law of the Scotch Church forbids, for he offered up prayer, and the Directory of Public Worship directs that no such thing shall be done on such an occasion. This simple "service" over, the funeral party formed and moved away downhill, labourers following the hearse on foot, and the farmers, their masters, riding in gigs and spring-carts; and all, whether masters or men, busily and cheerfully engaged in conversation. An hour or so afterwards James Reid was standing by the grave of his unfortunate daughter. He was a spare, short, weakened little man, worn and debilitated by hard work and by one or two serious attacks of illness; and as he stood and gazed at the coffin, just lowered into its place, and before mustering courage and breath to say (as Braidarden custom directs), "Gentlemen, I am much obliged to you for your attendance," he was a picture of sorrow with which even the most stolid nature must have been touched. His attitude was such as if his grief were of the nature of a colic. Holding his head helplessly on one side, and his hat close to his head, the tears

streaming down his cheeks, he had one arm crossed over his stomach, as if compressing that organ in a state of pain, while he bent forward with the view of keeping the coffin as long as possible in sight. Even stolid natures were touched—one old acquaintance in particular, who, afraid that James, being a weakly man at the best, and so much overcome at the moment, might topple over bodily, the quick beside the dead, sidled up to him and whispered something in his ear, after which he made a circuit in the direction of Mr. Francis, and observed in a low tone, "I was tellin' him to step back a bit, and lean up again' the dyke."

Of this support in the hour of trial, however, James did not avail himself; and he stood there at the head of the grave to the last, as at the beginning, looking down and weeping, and showing that somewhere in the mid region of his body he was badly injured.

Mr. Francis being something of a Good Samaritan always, if at the moment nothing more or greater, was much touched by the poor man's misery, and when all was over, and the funeral party was breaking up, he drew up close to him, and remarking that he was no doubt much broken down by what he had had to do and suffer of late, offered to convey him, and the offer being declined insisted on conveying him, in his carriage part of the way home. A sudden impulse—it might be inspiration, or it might be possession—had seized the young clergyman, and in yielding to it, as perhaps he had unconsciously for some time been preparing himself to yield, such was the rush and confusion of thought in his mind, he was not clear whether he was most intent upon befriending poor James Reid in his distress, or upon giving himself the chance of meeting Hetty Hope on her return from Tarn Hill, and of somehow giving a new turn, one way or another, to his own experience.

Leddy Hetty remained after the departure of the funeral procession, waiting to calm a grief which her presence in reality only aggravated, inasmuch as it made Mrs. Reid and others more sensible of the loss which had befallen them. By-and-by, however, conversation among the women, starting in fitful whispers in corners, and growing louder and more general as it went on, began to check and overpower the poor bereaved mother's groans and sobs; and when some of the subjects which had been discussed before the funeral service were revived and continued, Miss Hope found opportunity and resolution

to rise and take her departure. She halted for a minute's reflection after crossing the stile opening into the road. She was glad she had sent James Wright away with the carriage, and had so many miles of a lonely road before her, there was so much she had to think of by the way. Before her, as she paused and thought how much thinking she had to do, the brown bare hillside swelled gently aloft; groups of sheep grazed here and there, near the top; the picture was one of peace, hung up in a sky where the clouds were as still as a couching flock. She was moved by the picture, but only to be conscious how little in harmony with it her feelings at the moment were. She felt that the recollections of the morning were crowding upon her in a formless mass, and that when they were sifted and arranged, it would be to find there was in them much that was strange, and something that was grievous. One thing was uppermost, however, among them, and claimed first notice, and that was the suggestion as to her visiting the sick in order to meet Mr. Francis, and likewise as to his visiting the sick to meet her. She could not, having once begun to think of that, think enough of it. It was wicked, incredibly wicked, of any one to say such a thing, or think it. As for herself, she was conscious of having thought sometimes, not how to meet Mr. Francis beside the sick, but how to prevent his knowing that she did visit any of them. She was conscious it had been her wish he should be ignorant of it—not that she was ashamed of it, but that she could not bear the idea of being suspected by him or any one of doing it under his influence, or at his suggestion, or to please him, or anybody. What withering scorn and contempt he was in the habit of pouring upon all pretence, but particularly mock liberality and sham self-sacrifice; it was enough to make one stand in awe, and visit not the sick, at least in his parish. Yes, it was gratuitous malice to suggest she had gone anywhere to meet Mr. Francis—well, not malice, but strange stupidity. It was more likely the one than the other. But it was malice and wickedness to say that he went anywhere to meet her. He was infinitely above all pretence or meanness. So far from seeking opportunities of meeting her, he had many opportunities of which he did not avail himself. He came seldom to Laignlea than ever. His reasons for that, though only known to himself, were no doubt good; but at any rate, the fact was a complete refutation of what was said against

him. Was it not strange that anybody, not to say a lot of women together, should have any feeling but respect and admiration for him? What had he done, except show himself superior to them, to make them his enemies? To be sure, it just showed how much power there was about him, that he had enemies such as he had, and that ever since he came all the talk among all classes was of him, and that he was the centre about which the whole small parochial world appeared to revolve. Mrs. Slipper, Mrs. Corrypeel, Mrs. Argall—she hated every one of them; the more plausible they were, she hated them the more. Above all, she hated their creature and agent, the Bible-woman. Was Rachel, however, clever enough to invent things, or only stupid and malicious enough to retail whatever things she chanced to pick up? What could be the cringing creature's meaning in saying, as she did, "It's weel kent he worships the very ground ye tread on?" Did anybody say so or think so but herself, and what reason had she or anybody for saying it or thinking it? Could that, after all, really be the meaning of one or two things which were not gossip, but fact—his not coming to Laignlea, his look once or twice of late when their eyes had met? No. That, or anything like, could not be his meaning; or he, who could so well express himself, would have made it clear ere this. Did she really wish this was the meaning of these things? He was noble in virtue of being good, and generous, and gifted, suppose he were no more. Yet, whatever malice might hint to the contrary, he was gentle by birth too. His sister, Miss Francis, proved that by her style and manner. Such a brother and sister must have parents and connections of whom they did not need to be ashamed. Then he spoke with so pure an accent; his manners were so correct; above all, he rode so consummately, it was certain his parentage was more than respectable, besides being, as was rumoured, wealthy. See him on horseback, and compare him even with so good a rider as Charles Romain or Mr. Fox, and it was evident whether he was or was not a born gentleman.

Hetty admired sufficiently Mr. Francis's intellectual powers and acquirements; perhaps overrated some of them. But now she had learned to see in his excellent horsemanship a feature of his character on which it was more pleasing almost to dwell than all the rest. It was an answer to so much that was said or insinuated, or might be said or thought in disparagement of him. Envy

itself could not deny the brilliancy of his gifts, or the chivalrous generosity and truthfulness and fearlessness of his disposition; it could only hint that he was not well born or well connected, and his style on horseback itself was an answer to all that.

Thus Hetty went on with her thinking as she proceeded on her journey. The road was shortening, but there seemed to be no end to the toil of thought. She halted on the lonely path, and looked round her, suddenly feeling half afraid some of her reflections had been spoken aloud and overheard. For the first time she noticed, then, that a gentleman was coming towards her, and that whoever he was they must soon meet. She was more agitated than she had been aware of; her fingers trembled as she rearranged her bonnet and shook out her skirt. Was it possible it was he? At the same moment she feared and hoped, and hoped and feared. She was not prepared to meet any one she knew, above all to meet him, without having a little time to arrange her thoughts. Yet, if it were he, it could not be helped now.

It was a moment when fate, if fate were not blind, might have felt some agitation as having critical business on hand. If it was Mr. Francis who was coming along the road, it was probable words would be spoken which would go far to settle the question of the happiness or the wretchedness of two lives. If it was not Mr. Francis, many seasons might have to revolve before bringing round in the same two lives another such late autumn afternoon.

As fate would have it, it was not Mr. Francis, but Mr. Charles Romain, who was advancing toward Miss Hope, literally to meet her; for he had called at Laighlea, learned where she was, and set out at once to meet her on the road. Between Mr. Romain—who, with his sisters, had lived a great deal at Hopeton—and his cousin Hetty there was a friendship as old as themselves, which had grown closer and warmer the older they grew. She was a year or so his senior, and had been all along, or until lately, several years older in point of maturity of mind and character; so that when he had little to perplex him she was his adviser, and when he had more she was his confidant. Ever since he went to school there had been things he could tell her which it was impossible to communicate to his sisters. And now there were things of which his mind was full of oppression till he had imparted them to her, for it was only to

her he could confide them. They had a store of secrets already between them, most of them love affairs of his; here and now there was something to be added to the store bigger than all the rest.

Any other time than now, any other place than this, Hetty would have been glad to meet Mr. Romain. As they greeted each other cousin fashion, she felt guilty, for she was not sure she wished to see him, and she had to affect pleasure at their meeting.

"You haven't come so far to meet me, have you, Charles?"

"I have. I heard you were here, and invited myself to an interview on the road."

They walked downhill together, and talked as they went. It was more difficult than Charles expected it would be to take his cousin into his confidence. She either could not or would not understand him as quickly as he hoped. Hints were thrown away upon her. But at last apparently she saw what he meant, and stopped to look at him with a serious face,—

"I guessed this before, Charlie; but tell me, you have not spoken to her, have you?"

"No; but I mean to do so, and I want your advice."

"You are in earnest, I see, this time; this is no joking matter. I wish you had not told me. No, I am glad you have; at least, I would be glad if I were able to advise you. Have you thought of it much? Of course you have, or you would not think of it at all, or speak of it to me. You see how stupid I am. I am not the person you should have come to at all. What would Lord Layton say?"

"I don't know; most likely he would say no. But I'm determined to speak to her, and tell her I'll marry her if she'll have me; and at any rate, if I can't marry her, I'll never marry. That's fixed."

"Well fixed, Master Charles, as I think I have heard you fix before."

"Yes, but give me your advice, Hetty."

"Oh, Charles, if I advise you not to speak to her, not to think of her, not to marry her, will you go and take my advice?"

"Why should you advise me to do that?"

"She is worthy of you. If I say you are worthy of her, I could not say more in your praise; and I—I would not have you suppose you should give up her and marry one less worthy of you, because her father and your father may not be of the same rank. But then—"

"But then, but then—why but then?"

"Have you really thought it all out, and

did you not find, if you tried, that it was not easy to see your way, but that it would grow darker and darker in places, in spite of you?"

Mr. Romain, who knew nothing of the way in which his cousin had been occupied before meeting him, stared with surprise and a touch of wounded feeling.

"I expected you, at any rate, to advise me to do what I am going to do. Why should you speak as if it were some deed of darkness?"

"I don't mean, Charles, that you are going to do any dark deed; but then one's way may be dark, though one's intentions are ever so good, may they not? If you are determined to marry Miss Francis, and if she will have you for her husband, I shall give you both my blessing, I am sure—you know that; but then, must you not remember that friends and society judge of these things?"

"I don't care for friends or for society. I mean to marry her, if she'll have me—that's all."

"Then you are determined to speak to her before speaking to anybody else—your father or mother, for example?"

"I am going off next week, and before then I mean to tell her I'll meet her in Australia. She is going soon too, sooner than was intended."

"Then you have spoken to her already, I see?"

"No, not a word."

"Is that all you mean to tell her—you'll meet her in Australia? It's a trifle indefinite, is it not? It's like saying, 'Next time we meet I sincerely hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you.' Should you not just tell her the truth? It might be of interest to her to know it clearly."

"Is it so easy to tell the truth?"

"I should think it must be for you. Have you hinted anything to Mr. Fox, or anybody but me?"

"No one. George fancies himself in love with her, as he does with you and everybody. That's the only thing I'm sorry for. Hetty, will you promise me, when I'm off, you'll go and see her, and talk to her?"

"Talk to her of you?"

"Yes, if you like."

"Will she like it?"

"That's what I don't know. Could you not at the same time give a hint to her brother? I don't object to him knowing. You and he are great friends."

"This is absurd!" said Hetty, again halting, and fairly overcome by the enormous seriousness and impressiveness of her cousin's

manner; "this is absurd! Let me see, Charles, how many things of this sort have you now confided to me? I am a magazine of your love affairs. I am a walking romance of Mr. Charles Romain's innumerable attachments and engagements. You remember," she chuckled, "Arabella Corusk; you remember Effie Sloan; you remember cousin Susan, and cousin Alice, above all, cousin Olga. How many charges and messages for all these, and about them, and I don't know how many more besides them, I have had from you in my time! Will you be as constant, do you think, in your devotion to Miss Francis?"

"Hetty," said Mr. Romain, not relaxing a jot from his gravity, "all that, as you know, was a boy's foolish fancies, years and years ago. But this is different, very different."

Mr. Francis, with James Reid beside him when this was said, was close at hand—so close, he might almost have overheard it; and as Hetty lifted up her eyes at the sound of wheels, the beating of her heart told her it was for certain he, and intimated, too, that she was still no better prepared than before to meet him.

"Who is that along with Mr. Francis?" she asked. "Oh, I see it is James Reid, poor man!"

"Poor man! poor man!" she repeated, conscience-stricken to reflect that, since leaving his cottage, she had been so occupied with her own affairs as wholly to forget that great sorrow of his with which she had left home to sympathize.

On his part, Mr. Francis showed no signs of embarrassment. He had tried to nerve himself for that stupendous effort, which it always must be to overcome impossibilities upon no particular plan, and with no idea of means; and he was relieved rather than otherwise, to find that for the moment the execution of the project must be postponed. The one insufferable awkwardness was having James Reid along with him—it was playing the good Samaritan a little too ostentatiously, not to be able to account for him—and that awkwardness James took care not to make any less than it would have been, by insisting on getting down from the machine as soon as it came up to Mr. Romain and Hetty, with a profusion of thanks for the trouble the minister had taken in coming so far expressly to give him 'a lift.' In spite of this, however, with more calmness than he could have supposed himself showing, he offered Miss Hope and her companion seats; which

offer Mr. Romain, and after him Hetty, declined to accept, on the ground of preferring to walk home.

As he turned and drove off, Mr. Francis was not sure whether he had committed a piece of outrageous folly or missed a grand opportunity, or made himself as ridiculous in the eyes of Miss Hope as he was despicable in his own.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE Green Cages to which Rachel Carvie alluded in her conversation with Miss Hope formed one of the notable features of the parish of Illtafend, when Mr. Francis entered on his duties as minister. When he came to know exactly what they were, their existence surprised, almost as much as it grieved him. It seemed almost incredible they should have survived till his day, considering that they were obviously relics of days long gone by, even in Braidarden. They were a cluster of miserable turf huts, cone-shaped, devoid of chimney, and supplied with doors without hinges, which answered better the purpose of an exit for smoke than that of excluding the northern blasts to which they were exposed. They stood in the immediate neighbourhood of the parish church, on a small unenclosed piece of common, curious to the passer-by as specimens of architecture no longer to be seen elsewhere, and notorious for miles round as the habitation and resort of many questionable characters. Their name might be derived from the green common on which they stood, or from the verdure with which the turf of which they were constructed essayed to clothe itself, and not in vain. Whatever might be the origin of their name, their fame was great and well-bestowed. As soon as one of them happened to be vacated a new tenant was ready to enter, and maintain unimpaired the reputation of the spot for scenes such as might have furnished another Burns with hints for another "Jolly Beggars." Sunbury was not more than a mile distant from the Green Cages, and for a long period had been known to bear their proximity with indifferent patience, but still had spared them, as other things are spared in the world because what has been for a long time seems to have acquired the right to be. As for the minister, he had been eager, with the eagerness of youth and inexperience, to have them pulled down, and their occupants dispersed. But it hardly lay within his province, he reflected, to propose their destruction, though he was prepared to gloat over it if it happened. He was equally surprised and delighted, therefore, to hear that an

order had been issued from Sunbury to leave not one turf of the Green Cages above another. Of two great projects of reform which had much occupied his mind, this was one accomplished without effort or interference on his part.

As for the other, he knew that if it was to be done at all, it must be at least initiated by himself, and that in trying to carry it out he was certain to incur odium; but it was too important, in his judgment, not to be attempted, even if need be, single-handed. As the "Jolly Beggars" had outlived their day in the Green Cages, so the "Holy Fair," long after it was elsewhere extinct, lingered on in the sacrament of Illtafend. This ordinance, dispensed twice a year, drew to the neighbourhood of the church and the Green Cages an enormous crowd of people. From every part of the Quadrimeer, even the most remote, men and women—young and old, rich and poor, devout and dissipated, on foot, on horseback, in carts and gigs—poured along the roads leading towards Illtafend church, and converted the neighbourhood of the sacred edifice on the most solemn Sunday of the year into a scene of tumult, disorder, and excess. For those who came to attend the sacrament came provided with meat and drink as for a long day's work, or if unprovided found supplies for themselves at the Green Cages and at two public-houses which flourished throughout the year upon the two sacraments; and as the proceedings were most popular when most prolonged, it happened to many in the course of the day to comfort and refresh the carnal man at the expense manifestly of the spiritual. To accommodate the crowd, while one minister preached to a congregation inside the church as large as the small building would contain, another addressed a motley multitude from a tent erected on the common, those who were anxious for spiritual supplies closing in upon him as densely as they could, and those whose spiritual appetite was less keen, or in abeyance, hanging loosely on the outskirts, or squatted in jovial groups and patches, quite beyond the sound of the evangelical voice. It was a scene to make a powerful impression on any one who witnessed it for the first time, especially any one whose ideas of sacramental propriety and solemnity happened to be formed where the "Holy Fair" never existed, or was obsolete. Mr. Francis's soul was revolted by it, and he resolved, cost what it would, to prevent its ever being repeated in any place of which he was minister; a resolution which he carried out with only

the sympathy of Sunbury and Laighlea, and with much dissatisfaction in other quarters.

To Mrs. Slipper, of Whistles, these events in the parish of Illtafend were of great interest and importance. Her view of the character and procedure of the young minister of that parish was unfavourable; but though she could and did acquit herself of bearing conscious malice or envy towards him or any other human being, yet it had so happened there had been hitherto rather a defective basis of fact on which to rest her judgment of the man. It was as correct as it was charitable, and as charitable as it was correct, no doubt; but it was more so, perhaps, to her own mind than she was quite prepared to make it appear to others. It was a great pity to have to think ill or speak ill of any one, but then if it had to be done, it was a pity not to have obvious grounds to go upon. To Mrs. Slipper, in this frame of mind, the matter of the Green Cages and that of the sacrament in Illtafend, which might otherwise have escaped her notice or not incurred her censure, appeared very grave and sad. Nothing more, alas, was necessary to show that the suspicions which she and others had entertained as to Mr. Francis were only too well-founded. She had no desire to do him any injury—far from it; but such things showed clearly how far he could go, and would go, in doing injury to himself and to his charge. Mrs. Slipper, as she walked over to see her friend Mrs. Corrypeel, who had invited her to come to five-o'clock tea, and mentioned Lady Best was likely to be present, bore in her face the expression of a mind divided against itself—divided by Mr. Francis's proceedings in Illtafend. She was grieved by them as being wrong, but she was comforted by them as showing that she herself had always been right. She wore spectacles—not so much as being weak of sight, as thinking it added a touch of dignity or grace to her countenance—and hanging them in a *negligé* manner on her nose, so as to look through one glass and over the top of the other, she seemed to say with one brown eye, "Please observe, I am carefully noting all your merits;" and with another, "You will not fail to observe that I take you entirely into my confidence; you may look into my very soul if you please." On the present occasion, walking over to Mrs. Corrypeel's, and reflecting upon the affairs of Illtafend, it was evident from her spectacles she was prepared to take somebody very much into her confidence.

Lady Best having arrived before Mrs.

Slipper, it was quite by accident the happy meeting took place—all the happier on that account.

For Mrs. Corrypeel it was a remarkable occasion. She brimmed over with delight. "What a pity," she observed, looking at her ladyship with a fond expression of face, in which there were concentric rings without number, dimples, round eyes, round mouth, everything round—"what a pity Lady Best makes so short a stay among us! I have been thinking so for a week or two, ever since, in fact, your ladyship came. We need her very much" (addressing Mrs. Slipper seriously), "although others are doing a great deal of good too; and I need not mention, as always first and foremost among them, your young cousins at Laighlea, and the noble family at Sunbury."

"I am always happy to do what little good I can, wherever I am," replied Lady Best, "or rather, I ought to say, to help and countenance those who have better opportunities than I of doing good. You do not mention your minister, Mr. Francis?" she added with an inquiring smile.

"Your ladyship knows," replied Mrs. Corrypeel, lowering her voice to a confidential whisper, "that people have different ideas about everything, and about doing good as well as every other thing. I suppose our young minister does good in his own way; he is very good to the poor, and all that. But then—your ladyship will agree with me, I am sure—more than that is wanted from ministers. Their duty is to edify and comfort. We need comfort, your ladyship."

"It is a pity, at any rate, a very great pity," insinuated Mrs. Slipper, with her most benevolent smile, "that our young friend—for he is really a nice man personally, as Mrs. Hope, who knows him intimately, always says, though she does not quite agree with him in his doctrine—and, as you say" (addressing Mrs. Corrypeel), "they say he is good to the poor, and all that; but the sad thing is that, like many young men, he cannot keep from doing harm sometimes instead of good. I was in hopes that, after that sad affair of the Bible-woman, in which he was so very far wrong, he would have remained quiet for some time. But these last proceedings of his, I am sorry to say, appear to be the worst of all; and I am sure they must be a cause of great grief to your ladyship's relatives and to yourself. You have heard of them, of course?"

"You mean, I suppose, the funeral of that poor girl?" said Lady Best, doubtful if it

was modest on the part of Mrs. Slipper to comment on the affairs of her family.

"No, it is not funerals I mean, though I believe, poor man, he has his own style for funerals too—short prayers—for neither the living nor the dead nowadays are treated as they used to be; but, your ladyship, I mean the pulling down of the Green Cages, and what I call the destruction of the Temple; that is to say, the abolition of the sacrament."

Lady Best had not heard of either of these things. Mrs. Corrypeel had heard of both, but made way, after clearing her throat, for Mrs. Slipper to set forth the enormity of them.

"Those small huts standing near the church," Mrs. Slipper continued: "your ladyship must have noticed them, have been called always by the name of the Green Cages. They are every one to be pulled down, so that the poor women and their friends, whom they have long sheltered, will be thrown on the world, at this inclement season too. Really, it is something very sad to think of."

"I call it shameful!" said Mrs. Corrypeel, turning at once all the concentric rings in her fat face to squares and oblongs.

"I am surprised to hear of such things," said Lady Best. "But I suppose that it is quite likely Mr. Francis did not like them being near the church, and that it is he who has got them pulled down."

"There can be no doubt of that," said Mrs. Slipper, taking Lady Best with her confidential eye into the deepest intimacy, "no doubt whatever. There never was a word said as to removing these places till he came to the parish. It is just one of those things you might expect him to do, for after his attack from the pulpit upon our poor unoffending Bible-woman, to whom your ladyship is good enough to give your support, and who is really doing good, and very acceptable to the parish—after that it is just consistent in the poor young man to go and drive away from their old homes, and from the church and all its ordinances, a lot of helpless and friendless old women."

Mrs. Corrypeel was delighted with her friend's eloquence, and Lady Best was convinced by it; and the whole party therefore heaved a sigh of satisfaction, if not of pleasure.

"Begging your ladyship's pardon," resumed Mrs. Slipper, "for, like you, I do not belong to the parish, or the parish to me; and it is only because I have an interest in the poor, as we all have, that I take

it upon me to speak of these things at all; but since they have been spoken of, I would say, your ladyship, that bad as it was to pull down those old people's homes, it is even worse what has been done besides by your young friend; I mean, in putting an end to the gathering of Christians from different parishes once a year, for the fellowship of the saints on the occasion of the sacrament."

"He has done that too, has he?" inquired her ladyship.

"Your ladyship, I am sure, will hardly believe it, and your relatives at Laighlea will be shocked, I am sure, when they hear of it; but it is quite true. I am told there are to be no more sacraments in this parish, at least as they used to be. Now," she added, with earnestness deepening into solemnity and pathos, while astonishment or indignation or regret kept her audience breathless, "I put it to any candid person to say whether the one thing is not even worse than the other. The one concerns the body, the other the soul."

"What a loss, Lady Best, it has been to us," sighed Mrs. Corrypeel, "that his lordship did not happen to be advised to appoint to the parish that dear young man, Mr. David Garsegreen, who was assistant at the time in this neighbourhood!"

"I think I remember him," said Lady Best.

"We all remember him with gratitude," said Mrs. Slipper.

"Was he not rather a coarse and vulgar young man?" inquired Lady Best, who was inclined to lay some stress upon manners, if only by way of a mild and useful snub to her humble friends.

"That he might be," Mrs. Corrypeel hastened to admit, "he might be so, your ladyship, in his manner, and the like of that; but in the pulpit I assure you he was a wonderful young man. Was he not?" addressing Mrs. Slipper, who nodded assent and adjusted her spectacles, with a view to enlarging upon the point afterwards. "You and I often speak of him. His prayers, we who were privileged to hear them can never forget; I could repeat various portions of them at this moment; they were truly wonderful, and contained the whole scheme of redemption as set forth in the Old and New Testaments. And as for his sermons, nothing could be more beautiful gospel discourses; for though they were full of the terrors of the law, there was always something comforting in them too—at the end, you know—something for the widow and

the orphan; and your ladyship being a widow yourself, knows that it is something of that kind does us good, and is what we need, and in fact is all the comfort and consolation we have in our afflictions."

Lady Best, before starting for Mrs. Corry-peel's, had looked in the glass, and been pleased to note again that the lines of age in her face were still few and faint; and she

was not without the consciousness that her large jointure was better than an excessively small one, and that her rank and station in life were of the nature of earthly benefits. Accordingly, while she endorsed Mrs. Corry-peel's sentiments, it was only, she felt, in a general and theoretical way: it was religion which was all their comfort in their widowhood, but she privately hoped at the same



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time that the resemblance between her friend and her went no further.

With the fresh weapons with which this conversation supplied her, Lady Best, as soon as she returned to Laigheala, returned to the charge in which she had already shown so much spirit and determination.

"What do you think of Mr. Francis now?" she asked Mrs. Hope. "He has got the

whole parish into an uproar at last, as I was sure would be the case."

"What about?" inquired Mrs. Hope, knitting her brows in expectation of bad tidings. "Uproar! What has he been doing?"

"Not content," explained her ladyship, "with unsettling the minds of the people in regard to their most cherished convictions,

he must, it appears (I am speaking on the best authority), get a whole lot of poor people turned out of the houses in which they have lived all their days, and driven away from the place; and, as if that were not enough at one time, he goes and makes new arrangements about the sacraments, which have caused the whole parish to rise up in arms."

"I am very sorry to hear it," observed Mrs. Hope, "very sorry indeed. I cannot express how sorry I am."

"I like him, as you know, excessively," she went on after a pause; "but there are things about him, not as a man but as a minister, that I cannot say I altogether approve. It is just possible he may go a little too far in some of these things; for you know, Charlotte, the best of us are fallible at the best."

"I call it going quite too far to turn people out of their houses, at this time of year too," frowned Lady Best, "very likely because they don't appreciate his style of preaching."

"But, Charlotte, you don't mean to say that Mr. Francis has turned people out of their houses for that?" retorted Mrs. Hope, surprised out of her confusion, and into the possession of her reasoning faculties by the mention of Mr. Francis's preaching, which she had quite forgotten. "What has the minister to do with turning people out of their houses? That's no business of his."

"It is all the same," insisted Lady Best, "if he gets other people to do it. It is such a shame in a Christian country, and done by a Christian minister. You see," she continued, anxious to take full advantage of the opportunity of fixing Mrs. Hope's mind once for all in the right direction—"you see all this just comes of people setting themselves up as wiser than all others of their day and generation, 'as teachers of what is new instead of what is true,' as good Dr. Bossnuts used to say."

"I fear it does," admitted Mrs. Hope sadly, her enjoyment of what was new being always crossed by the suspicion that, being new, it might not be true; "I fear it does. But Charlotte, don't, I beseech you, say anything to the girls about this. They will hear nothing against him from anybody, and they

are a little suspicious you are prejudiced. You know girls will be girls."

"I prejudiced—I prejudiced!" repeated Lady Best. "What an idea! What reason have I to be prejudiced against Mr. Francis? He is nothing to me. If I am prejudiced in favour of the truth, and in favour of the poor, and in favour of charity, of course I cannot help that."

"You must be altogether misinformed, Charlotte, when I think of it," replied Mrs. Hope, recovering still more of her intellect from chaos. "Mr. Francis would not do anything harsh. It is quite impossible. You might as well tell me he is a fool or underbred. He is quite beloved, I know, among the poor and the sick. He gives away all he has among them. There never was any one here so attentive and so good to them. As for the sacrament, that may be different, but—"

"It is just the same," Lady Best interrupted. "He is just one of those reckless men of the present day who don't care what they do, if it will serve their own ends and upset things as they are. Their delight is to upset things."

"You do him injustice, I am sure," pleaded Mrs. Hope pathetically, "great injustice. I remember now his speaking of the sacrament once in this very room, long ago—the disorder and confusion which was to be seen in connection with it; and, if I am not mistaken, he said it was a thing which must be reformed; and I must say, my dear Charlotte, we all rather agreed with him at the time."

Lady Best felt the case was hopeless. It was impossible to make Mrs. Hope, any more than her daughters, see things in the true light. There was a prejudice in their minds in favour of the man, with which it was simply useless for a reasonable person to contend.

Mrs. Hope, on the other hand, notwithstanding her gallant defence of the minister, was a little further shaken in her convictions as to his teaching being altogether as true and good as it was new and interesting. Surely, unless there were something doubtful in that respect, there could not be so much talk about him as there was, or so many people crying out against him. What would Beatrice, what would Hetty, say to it all?



GOD A CONSUMING FIRE.

HEBREWS xii. 29.

IN many passages of Holy Writ God is set before us, not only as a fire, but as a consuming fire. And at first, as we consider any one of these passages, we are likely to be perplexed and distressed; we shall be apt to say, "Fire is the first thing we are taught to fear; God is the first person we are taught to love: how, then, can He be like that? Better have no God than worship a consuming fire! for who may dwell with the devouring flame? who with everlasting burnings? All the sweet and gracious ministries of nature, all the larger aspects of providence, all the profoundest intuitions of humanity, and, as we have been wont to read them, all the revelations of Scripture, assure us that He is not an implacable enemy, but a gracious friend; that He is not a burning and fatal anger, but the Love which sits at the centre of the universe, vivifying and sustaining all things. How, then, can our God be a consuming fire?"

But surely a little further consideration will show us that "fire" as a symbol of the Divine Nature is a most happy and expressive symbol. For if fire is the first thing we are taught to fear, do we not early learn to love it too? Do we not gladly gather round the hearth and spread our hands to its fostering warmth? Is not "the hearth" a familiar synonym for "the home?" is not "the home" the name for all that we hold most precious and dear?

Fire destroys; but it destroys the dead wood to comfort the living man. It only burns us when we handle it wrongly or foolishly. Fire is one day, we are told, to consume the very elements of which heaven and earth are woven; but it is only that a new fairer heaven and a new happier earth may come forth from the old earth and heaven as they pass away. Fire burns and destroys; nevertheless it is so much our friend, human civilisation and progress and comfort depend so utterly upon it, that the wise Greeks fabled of one who was man and yet more than man, and who, in the greatness of his love for the human race, stole fire from the gods, and was content to endure an immortal agony that he might draw down this sovereign good from heaven to earth.

Fire is a destructive agent, but it is also a creative, vivifying, conservative agent. Through the broad reaches of geological

time, fire gave form to the very earth on which we dwell, and prepared it for the habitation of man, flinging up the great mountain ranges, crystallizing the rocks, nourishing the mighty forests which, as they decayed, composed the fertile soils that yield us bread. The electric fire, which at times flashes from and through the clouds, in its latent energies holds all things in being; it is the secret, mysterious force which lies at the very heart of life, and maintains the balanced order of the universe. The solar fire, flaming down upon us from the face of the sun, year by year, makes the valleys laugh with corn, and feeds the hungry world.

If, therefore, fire consumes and destroys, it also creates and vivifies and nourishes. Its daily task, its common work, is not destructive, but most serviceable and benignant. Day by day, and year by year, in innumerable forms, it is silently at work quickening and sustaining the world, feeding, civilising, comforting man. It roars in a thousand furnaces, and shines on a million hearths, to serve and comfort us. It passes, like a vital stream, through all the arteries and veins of the universe. It looks down upon us from the benignant sun, sending us rain and fruitful seasons, rejoicing over the abundance it creates. So that when we find God compared to a fire, we have to remember, first, that though fire consumes, it consumes that which is dead in order to feed and nourish the living: we have to remember, secondly, that though fire burns and destroys, it also gives life, conserves life, supports life: we have to remember, thirdly and mainly, that while destruction is but the occasional and accidental effect of fire, its real and constant task is to quicken and cherish and bless. Remembering these qualities of fire, it will no longer surprise or pain us to hear that God is a fire. We shall rather rejoice in the happy symbol, and say, "To God, as to fire, we owe more than we can tell." Our feeling toward fire, when we rightly consider it, is a blended fear and love, in which, however, love largely prevails over fear: and should not our feeling toward God blend fear and love, though our love should be far more than our fear? Day by day we warm ourselves at the fire, and eat the bread which it has both ripened and baked for us; it is only now and then, only in the night, that

we dread lest it should burn us. And thus, also, we should daily draw near to God, to be warmed into fresh life and activity by the eternal fire of his eternal love, and to be nourished by its fruits; even though at times, in the night of our sin and grief, we are apt to dread lest his wrath should kindle upon us, and put us to sore pain, even though it do not consume and destroy us.

Thus interpreted, fire becomes a very welcome symbol of the character of God. But can we fairly welcome it, and rest upon the conception of the Divine Nature it suggests when God is placed before us in Scripture, not only as a fire, but as a *consuming* fire, as a *destroying* fire? I think we may welcome this reading of the symbol if only we bear well in mind that it has a terrible as well as an encouraging and benignant aspect. The love of God is no weak, puling sentiment, but a masculine, nay, a divine affection which, for their good, can bear to inflict pain, and even the worst extremities of pain, on those whom it embraces. And it is very necessary for us to remember that we may either warm ourselves at the fire of this divine love, or let its flame kindle upon us and become as the fuel which feeds it. However much of goodness there may be in us through the teaching and grace of God, there is even in the best of us that which must be burned up, faults, trespasses, evil inclinations and desires, which imperatively demand the fire. And if when the fire of Divine Love kindles upon our sins and sinful habits, in order that we may become pure, we will not let them go, what can happen but that *we* shall be burned, as well as our sins, until we can no longer retain them? On the other hand, if when in his holy love God calls us to pass through fiery trials, we willingly cast away from us the besetting sins which He has devoted to destruction, and from which we ourselves have often prayed to be redeemed, one like unto the Son of God will walk the furnace with us, for was not even *He* made perfect by the things which *He* suffered? and we shall pass out of it, not only unharmed, but transformed into his likeness.

Thus far, however, I have simply argued from analogy, simply drawn out the suggestions of the symbol in which God is set before us. The argument has been: God is a fire; the fire is our constant and most serviceable friend, though it may be turned to be our foe; and therefore God, though we may compel Him to be as an enemy to us, is nevertheless our constant and benign

Friend. And it may be that, while following this argument, your assent to it has been somewhat stayed and troubled by an uneasy impression that the Bible makes a very different use of this symbol; that, when it speaks of God as a fire, it takes a much more stern and threatening tone; that it yields very little support to those happier sides of the analogy on which I have dwelt. To ascertain the value of this impression, or rather that we may be moved to cast it away from us once for all, let us glance at the leading scriptures in which God is spoken of as a fire, or as a consuming fire, and learn what they really teach of his character and rule.

The first passage in which this comparison occurs is by far the most important, as it is the root from which most similar passages have grown. In Exodus xxiv. we read that when the Israelites, in their wanderings in the wilderness, arrived at Mount Sinai, the Lord commanded Moses and Aaron, with seventy of the elders, to ascend the mountain, that they might behold his glory. They climbed the mountain; "they saw the God of Israel." Moses was selected for a clearer vision of the divine holiness and beauty. He had to leave his brethren, to ascend a loftier summit, to enter the cloud in which the glory of God abode. And, we are told, "the sight of the glory of the Lord was *like devouring fire* on the top of the mount in the eyes of the children of Israel." The divine glory was like a devouring fire; but did it devour Moses? Nay, he dwelt amid the blazing lightnings, which stabbed the thick cloud hanging round the top of the mountain, forty days; yet he came forth from there not only unharmed, but so transfigured and glorified that the people could not endure the intolerable splendour of a face which had so long been lifted to the face of God. Even the seventy elders "saw God and did eat and drink," *i.e.* they saw God and lived. But the people could not so much as touch the base of the mountain on which the glory burned. Rude, and passionate, and stained with sin, the glory, which to the elders seemed like that of a kindled sapphire, "as it were the body of heaven in its clearness," when all its cloud garments are swept away, appeared to the people as "a devouring fire." Yet even they were not devoured by it; even these gross unspiritual slaves, to whom it was death to approach the lower slopes of the mountain on the summit of which the divine mystery shone, and to whom it seemed a mere destructive

blaze piercing the dark clouds, were not destroyed by it. The glory, which to their weak, unpurged vision seemed so intolerable, came, not to consume them, but to bless them in turning them away from their iniquities. For why did God reveal himself to Moses, save that He might give him a law, and appoint a sacrifice, and ordain a ritual for the whole people? Moses beheld the divine glory only that *they* might behold it in due time: *he* talked face to face with God that *they* might know God to be their friend. He is sanctified that he may be taught how to sanctify them. He ascends the mount of communion that they may hereafter follow in his steps. So that though God appeared to men as a consuming fire, it was not to consume but to redeem them; not to devour them, but to quicken and nourish them by his word.

As his end approaches, Moses recalled this wonderful scene on Mount Sinai; and in his farewell address to the people (Deut. iv. 10—24), recounting all the steps by which God had led them, and the statutes He had given them "that they might live," He reminds them of the mountain which burned with fire. He bids them remember how, "when the Lord spake to them out of the midst of the fire," they "heard the voice of words, but saw no similitude," and urges them that they make to themselves no similitude, or image, or likeness of God, lest they provoke Him to anger: "for," he concludes, "*the Lord thy God is a consuming fire, a jealous God.*" But even when this fire kindles upon them, are they to lose all hope? No; even when they have made to themselves images and similitudes of the invisible God, even when by their idolatries they have provoked Him to anger, yet even then, Moses assures them (vers. 29—31), if they "seek unto the Lord their God with all their heart and all their soul;" if, "when they are in tribulation, they turn to Him, and are obedient unto his voice" . . . "the Lord thy God will not forsake thee, nor destroy thee." God is a consuming fire, then; but this fire burns only against and upon the sins by which men wrong and degrade their own souls; so soon as they forsake their sins, the consuming heat changes into a comfortable and nourishing warmth.

The grand and terrible scene which accompanied the giving of the Law, the thick cloud which hung over Sinai, the lightnings which blazed through the cloud, the storm which rolled and echoed among the stern granite peaks, profoundly impressed the

national imagination, and passed, as was natural and inevitable, from their chronicles to their songs. To the psalmists or poets of Israel, that scene became a constant inspiration; it recurs again and again in their psalms. Thus, for instance, in Psalm 1, we read, "Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined. Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence; *a fire shall devour before Him*, and it shall be very tempestuous round about Him." Here, though the scene is transferred from Sinai to Zion, it is obvious that the psalmist had in his thoughts the manifestation of the divine glory made to his fathers in the desert. *Now*, as then, the Lord is to come and shine on Israel—to come in fire and tempest. But, though He comes in fire and tempest, He comes not to destroy, but to reprove, to teach, and to glorify his people; to reprove them for their vain oblations, to teach them to offer Him the sacrifices of obedience and thanksgiving, to glorify them with his salvation. It is only the incorrigibly wicked, who "hate instruction" and love iniquity, that are threatened with the burning heat of the divine indignation: and even these (vers. 22, 23) are warned to "consider" their ways, to offer praise and to order their conversation aright, that they also may see the salvation of God.

In Psalm xcvi., which is probably of a much later date, these reminiscences of Sinai are cast into a still more impressive form. The throne of God moves out of its accustomed place, as the Almighty arises for judgment. Clouds and darkness roll before and around it. Out of the dark rolling clouds there shoots "*a fire which burneth up his enemies round about.*" But as we gaze through the poet's eyes on this scene of majesty and terror, we see that the heavy clouds of judgment soon pass, "light springs up for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." Through all the turmoil of the tempest God has "preserved the souls of his saints," and now that the heavens are once more clear and bright they "rejoice in the Lord, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness." Nay, the whole broad "earth rejoices" because "the Lord reigneth," "and the multitude of the isles are glad."

Indeed, the constant teaching of these sweet singers of Israel is, that the hour of darkness is but brief, and its power strictly restrained. At times, because He loves men and hates the sins which destroy them, God comes in tempest and fire. The tempest is

terrible, the angry lightnings carry death; but the heaven of mercy soon clears; and over the broad spaces of the earth the gracious sun shines every day, with a warmth in which all good growths thrive and yield their fruit. Purified and refreshed by the very tempest which threatened to destroy it, the earth smiles into new beauty, the birds break out into sweeter songs, and all the air grows calm and tender and fragrant.

And the prophets take one tone with the psalmists. With them, too, judgment is God's strange work; mercy and goodness the daily habits of his love. Take Isaiah as an illustration. In his prophecy we read (chap. lxvi. 15, 16), "Behold, the Lord will come *with fire*, and with a whirlwind for his chariot, to render his anger with fury, and his rebuke in flames; *for by fire and by sword will the Lord plead with all flesh*, and the slain of the Lord shall be many." Now if, as is too much our habit, we take these words by themselves, we may well despair of finding any gracious meaning in them, or of reconciling them with our belief that God is love. But if, as we are bound to do, we limit and interpret them by their context, we shall find them full of grace and tenderness. For we then learn that the fiery "indignation of the Lord" is to kindle only on his "adversaries," only on those who *will* be his enemies though He is their friend, only on those who will not hear when He speaks, nor answer when He calls, however often and tenderly He invites them to come to Him, and trust in Him, that they may find rest to their souls. All who listen to his voice are to be glad; their peace is to "flow like a river;" they are to be "comforted of God as one whom his mother comforteth." And they are to rejoice and be glad, not simply because *they* are safe and comforted with peace, but because God will send them to interpret his judgments and to "declare his glory among the Gentiles;" because He will make them the "priests" of the human race, and so bless their ministry that "from one moon to another, *all flesh* shall come and worship before Him." The fire and the sword are to plead with all flesh, therefore, only in order that all flesh may see the salvation of God.

Finally, this conception of God as a consuming fire, which seems so harsh and repellent, but is so gracious and inviting, and which, as we have seen, pervades every section of the Old Testament, also finds place in the New Testament. In the Epistle to

the Hebrews we once more hear of God as a consuming fire (chap. xii. 29); yet there is no terror in the symbol if we regard it from the inspired writer's point of view. He is exhorting us to take patiently the scourging and chastening of the Lord. In these chastenings we are to find keen, but conclusive, proofs that we are the sons of God, since "the Lord scourgeth every son whom He receiveth,"—not, however, for his pleasure, but for our profit, and that we may become partakers of his holiness. *We* indeed are not come to the mount which burned with fire, but to Mount Zion, whose summit is crowned with the city of the living God, not with blackness and darkness and tempest. We do not stand beneath a frowning heaven, on a darkened and trembling earth, but in "a kingdom which cannot be moved" even when heaven and earth are shaken. Nevertheless, "*our* God," like the God whose glory burned on Sinai, "is a consuming fire," searching out all our secret evils and hidden lusts, burning them out of us, that we may be perfect before Him.

Are we, then, to shrink from Him, to fear and quake exceedingly so often as He draws nigh to reveal himself to us? Nay, we are rather to "serve Him with reverence and godly fear;" we are to endure with patience and hope the fiery trials by which alone He can make us holy as He is holy, and perfect as He is perfect; we are to believe that, however grievous and painful our trials may be for the present, they are imposed on us simply because they "yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them who are exercised thereby." In the New Testament as in the Old, God is a consuming fire, but a fire which burns up only that which is base and worthless in us and in the world, that it may quicken, develop, mature all that is good and noble and pure.

Here, then, we have before us the leading passages of Holy Writ in which God is compared to a devouring or consuming fire. And however harsh and terrible they may have seemed to us, however repugnant to our conception of God as the God of all grace, do they any longer convey harsh and repugnant suggestions to us now that we have read them in their several connections, and seen what they really mean? Do they not rather confirm all the gracious analogies and conclusions we drew at the outset from the mere symbol itself? If we can say of fire, that it is not an implacable enemy, but a constant and benignant friend; that it

never becomes our enemy till we abuse it; that we use it and love it far more than we fear it; that it consumes that which is dead to warm and serve the living; that it holds all things in being and in order; that, if it destroys, it also quickens, and nourishes, and conserves; that to destroy is only its occasional and accidental work, while to vivify and preserve and nourish is its common task: if we can say all this of fire, can we not also say it of God, and of the love of God as revealed in Holy Scripture? Is not *He* our gracious friend till we compel Him to become our enemy? Is not our love toward Him, should it not be, more than our fear? Does not He seek to consume our dead works and evil lusts only that He may liberate and feed and strengthen that in us which truly lives? If He sometimes destroy, does He not commonly quicken, and nourish, and conserve? Is not destruction only his strange occasional work, while his constant task from day to day is to vivify and cherish? Is not his anger but for a moment, while his mercy endureth for ever?

"Our God is a consuming fire:" shall we not therefore rejoice and be glad? nay, call upon the earth and the multitude of the isles to share our joy? Are there not innumerable evils in our hearts which we have vainly attempted to subdue and destroy? Are there not innumerable evils in the world which no human strength will suffice to extirpate? What, then, can be more full of comfort and hope for us than to learn that at the centre of the universe there burns a sacred fire of Divine Love, to which all these intolerable but unconquerable evils will be as stubble? What greater consolation to our defeated and oppressed hearts than to know that God will prove himself strong against the evils before which we are so

weak; that, sinful as we are, He will yet make us complete in holiness; that though the world be all marred and stained by sin and its foul brood, He will yet purge and renew it?

It may be that there are some who will never listen, however often He speaks; never answer, however graciously He calls; who will never profit, whether by the severe or the tender ministries of his love; and these, cleaving to their sins, may be consumed with the sins they would not let go. What then? To be evil is to be most miserable. For those who *will* be evil, what greater mercy can be shown than that they should be destroyed out of their miseries, consumed by the love from which they will accept no higher boon? It may be that *we* must pass through many fiery trials before we become holy as God is holy, and perfect as He is perfect. But shall we not rejoice in tribulation also, and even in being tried as gold and silver are tried, if only at last we come out of the furnace pure metal, capable of being fashioned into "vessels of honour" for the palace of the Great King? It may be that the world must pass through bitter and long-protracted agonies of suffering and strife before the kingdom of our God and of his Christ can fully come. But shall we not give thanks that to the world, as to us, our God is a consuming fire—consuming that He may purify and conserve, shaking heaven and earth that He may bring in the kingdom that cannot be shaken? Shall we not all join in the prayer?—"O, sacred fire of Love, which first burnest up all that is evil, and then shinest forth in sevenfold glory on all that Thou hast made good, dwell Thou in our hearts, and in all hearts, that we, with all the world, may dwell for ever amid the healing and transfiguring splendours of Thy grace!"

SAMUEL COX.

THE MUSIC AND THE LISTENERS.

SHE played in the lighted chamber;
I stood by my darling's side,
And I watched her rosy fingers
O'er the keys of ivory glide.

And the magical power of music
Possessed my spirit quite,
And the room and the company vanished,
And faded away from my sight.

Meseemed we were sitting together,
Only my love and I,

And the meadows were green around us,
And above us the cloudless sky;
And the scent of the flowers was filling
The balmy morning air,
The birds in the trees were singing,
And Love was with us there;—

When, lo, the music was ended:
A moment their talk they stayed,
But merely to say "O, thank you!
That was most charmingly played."

GERARD BENDALL.

LETTERS FROM H.M.S. CHALLENGER.

VI.—ST. PAUL'S ROCKS.

THE northern limit of the equatorial current, running westward at the rate of from twenty to seventy miles a day, is, roughly, the fourth degree of north latitude, —a little to the southward of this parallel towards the coast of Africa,—considerably to the northward about 35° W. longitude, where it approaches its bifurcation off Cape San Roque.

Occupying a band approximately between the parallels of 4° and 8° N., there is a tolerably constant current to the eastward, averaging, in the summer and autumn months when it attains its maximum, a rate of twenty to forty miles a day. The causes of this current are not well known; it occupies a portion of the ever-varying space between the north-east and the south-east trades, and it seems probable that it may be a current induced in an opposite direction, in the "zone of calms," by the rapid removal of surface-water to the westward by the permanent easterly wind-belts. Opposite Cape Verde this easterly current takes a southward direction, it is joined by a portion of the southern reflux of the gulf-stream, and, as the Guinea current, courses along the African coast as far south as the Bight of Biafra, where it disappears. Its greatest concentration and force is opposite Cape Palmas, where it is jammed in by the northern edge of the equatorial current; its width is reduced to a little over a hundred miles, and it attains a maximum speed of sixty miles a day.

After leaving St. Iago on the 9th of August we began almost at once to feel the influence of the Guinea current, or rather perhaps of its northern tributary; and from that date to the 17th our course lay in a south-easterly direction, parallel with the coast of Africa, and nearly in the path of the current. The temperature of the sea-surface, during this time, was nearly constant at 26° C., and the temperature of the air slightly lower. Serial soundings were taken at several Stations, and these gave a singularly rapid fall in temperature of from 14° to 15° C. for the first 100 fathoms, showing that the warm current, as in all other cases which we have observed, is very superficial. At 300 fathoms the temperature averaged 6° C., about 4° C. lower than the temperature at the same depth at two Stations ten degrees farther north, between the Canaries and the Cape Verdes. A serial sounding at every twenty-five fathoms, down

to one hundred and fifty, taken at Station 98, shows that the fall in temperature takes place chiefly in the first seventy-five fathoms.

STATION, No. 98, AUGUST 14, 1873.

Depth in Fathoms.	Lat. 9° 21' N.	Long. 18° 28' W.
Surface	25° .7 C.	
25	19 .2	
50	15 .2	
75	13 .0	
100	12 .5	
125	11 .7	
150	11 .0	

On Tuesday the 10th of August the position of the ship at noon was lat. 5° 48' N., long. 14° 20' W., about two hundred miles off Cape Mesurado. A sounding was taken in the morning, in 2,500 fathoms, with a bottom of dark sandy mud. The trawl was put over and brought up a considerable number of animal forms: among them, very prominent on account of their brilliant scarlet colour, nine large shrimps representing six species, one referred to the family of the *Pencide*, while the remainder were normal *Caridida*; several tubicolous annelids, and several examples of a fine dorsibranchiate annelid with long white bristles, which, exceptionally in its class, were very distinctly jointed; many specimens of an undescribed polyzoan with stalked avicularia and large vibracula; and a large Holothurid belonging to the gelatinous group which we had frequently met with previously in deep water, and remarkable for the position of the mouth, with its circle of branchiæ, which was placed on the lower surface of the body near the anterior extremity of the ambulatory area.

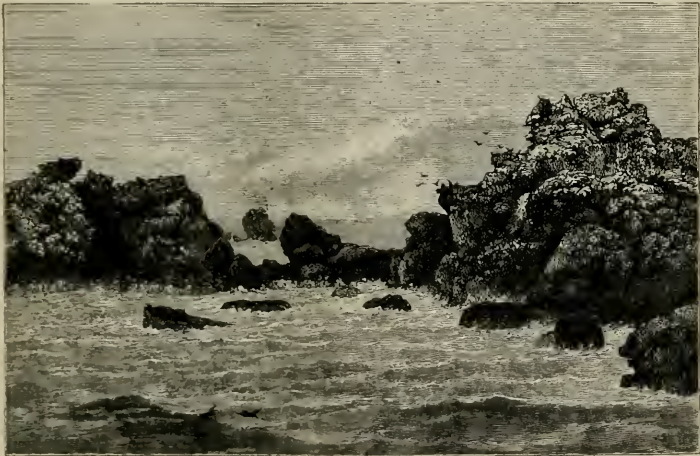
The trawl contained unfortunately only a fragment of a very large species of *Balanoglossus*. Although evidently a worm, this animal presents so many anomalies in structure, that Gegenbaur has defined a distinct order in its class for its accommodation, under the name of the Enteropneusta. The first known species, *B. davigerus*, was originally discovered by Delle Chiage, in the Bay of Naples, and after his first description it remained long unnoticed. Kowalewski subsequently detected another species of the genus, *B. minutus*, also in the Bay of Naples, and he worked out an excellent paper on the anatomy of the genus, and showed that, like the Tunicata, *Balanoglossus* possessed a rudimentary branchial skeleton.

The body, which is worm-like, is in three marked divisions; a stout muscular proboscis,

with a terminal opening for the entrance and efflux of water, round which there is a ring of rudimentary eye-spots; a strong muscular collar, somewhat like the collar in *Sabella* or *Clymene*,—between the collar and the proboscis the mouth is placed; and the body, which is divided into three regions—first, the branchial region, which occupies about one-third of the length of the animal and in which the œsophagus is bordered by ranges of complicated gill-sacs, opening externally and supported by a delicate skeleton; secondly, a region which contains a simple stomach with hepatic coeca, and the reproductive organs; and, thirdly, an enormously lengthened transparent gelatinous

caudal region terminated by the excretory opening. In our specimen only the proboscis, the collar, and the anterior portion of the branchial region were preserved; but the proportions of these—the proboscis alone eleven mm. in length by eighteen mm. in width—proclaimed it a giant among its fellows.

From its structure alone *Balanoglossus* claimed a special—we might almost say a mysterious—interest, for its wonderful branchial system associating it, an annelid, or perhaps more strictly an aberrant and highly-specialised nemertid, with ascidians and with *Amphioxus*, brought it into the fraternity among which the first hazy indications of a passage between the invertebrates and vertebrates



St. Paul's Rocks.

seemed inclined to dawn. The singular history of its development added to the interest which had already been excited by the peculiarities of its structure. In his series of papers on the development and metamorphoses of the larvæ and young of Echinoderms, Johannes Müller figured and described what he regarded as an echinoderm larva under the name of *Tornaria*. A couple of years ago Metschnikoff found reason to believe that *Tornaria* was the larva not of an echinoderm, but of *Balanoglossus*; and within the last year Alexander Agassiz has confirmed Metschnikoff's view, by tracing all the stages of its development from *Tornaria* to the fully-formed worm.

From the time we entered the current, immediately after leaving the Cape Verde Islands, the sea had been every night a perfect blaze of phosphorescence. The weather was very fine, with a light breeze from the south-westward. There was no moon, and although the night was perfectly clear and the stars shone brightly, the lustre of the heavens was fairly eclipsed by that of the sea. The unbroken part of the surface appeared pitch black, but wherever there was the least ripple the whole line broke into a brilliant crest of clear white light. Near the ship the black interspaces predominated, but as the distance increased the glittering ridges looked closer until to-

wards the horizon, as far as the eye could reach, they seemed to run together and to melt into one continuous sea of light. The wake of the ship was an avenue of intense brightness. It was easy to read the smallest print sitting at the after-port in my cabin, and the bows shed on either side rapidly widening wedges of radiance, so vivid as to throw the sails and rigging into distinct lights and shadows. The first night or two after leaving St. Iago, the phosphorescence seemed to be chiefly due to a large *Pyrosoma*, of which we took many species with the tow-net, and which glowed in the water with a white light like that from molten iron. Besides the *Pyrosoma* there were large numbers of copepods, each of which, on being shaken in the curl of the wave, emitted a spark of light of great intensity, and the breaking water seemed filled with these glittering points. The tow-net brought up during the day, but more particularly towards evening, an enormous number of pelagic animals, most of them more or less phosphorescent. Among them, perhaps predominating in numbers, were decapod crustaceans in the "Zoea" and "Megalopa" stages of development; a great *Phyllosoma*, twelve centimetres from tip to tip of the limbs; several species of *Leucifer*; a beautiful little transparent *Cranidia*—a cuttle-fish not more than a centimetre in length; a *Phyllirrhoe*, scattered over with golden spots; and an oceanic Planarian.

As we passed southwards the character of the phosphorescence changed somewhat. *Pyrosoma* and the larger phosphorescent creatures became less abundant, and the light given out by the water, although on the whole even more vivid than before, was more diffused, so that water shaken in a vase gave out the uniform soft light of a ground-glass globe illuminated from within by a white flame. The microscope showed crowds of *Noctiluca*, all of them in that stage where the body is inclosed in a firm spherical cyst preparatory to breaking up into the germs of the well-known flagellate form. *Noctiluca* was in such numbers, from the 13th to the 16th, that during the day the sea was greyish or slightly milky with them. The diffused phosphorescence was evidently mainly due to their presence; but associated with them were other minute luminous forms, two species of *Peridinium*, foraminifera, and minute crustaceans, in considerable abundance.

We took with the towing-net on the surface in the Guinea current several of the

Plagusia, the young flounders described by Professor Steenstrup, in a remarkable paper in which he contended that in passing from the young symmetrical to the adult distorted condition, one of the eyes of the Pleuronectidæ passed right through the head from one side to the other. All our specimens were perfectly symmetrical, and as they ranged from one to three centimetres in length, many of them were far beyond the stage in which the wandering of the eye is described by Steenstrup, and seemed rather to favour the view that there is a group of pelagic fishes, which—while presenting all the general features of the Pleuronectidæ, never undergo that peculiar twisting which brings the two eyes of the flounder or turbot to the same side of the head, and is evidently in immediate relation with the mode of life of these animals which feed and swim with the body closely applied to the sea-bottom.

On the 21st of August we sounded in 2,450 fathoms, with a bottom of brownish mud evidently coloured by the debris from some of the small rivers on the African coast, not more than four hundred miles distant. A temperature sounding at every 100 fathoms down to 1,500 showed that we were still in the Guinea current. About mid-day we fell in with the edge of the south-east trades, and we shaped our course to the westward.

The trawl was sent down on the 23rd to a depth of 2,500 fathoms, with a bottom of *Globigerina* ooze, and during its absence temperature observations were taken at the usual intervals to 1,500 fathoms, and at every ten fathoms for the first sixty.

On the 27th of August we sounded in the morning in 1,900 fathoms, the bottom of little else than the shells of *Globigerina*. About two o'clock in the afternoon, the look-out reported St. Paul's Rocks visible from the mast-head, and shortly afterwards they were seen from the bridge, a delicate serrated outline on the western horizon.

These solitary rocks are nearly under the equator, and midway between the coasts of Africa and of South America. They were visited by Captain Fitzroy, accompanied by Mr. Darwin, in the *Beagle*, in 1832, and a good account of their natural history is given by Mr. Darwin in his "Voyage of a Naturalist." They were again touched at by Sir James Ross, in the *Ercebus*, in 1839. Merchant vessels usually give them a wide berth, but our party found a bottle with a paper, stating that on the 19th of July, 1872, Captain Pack had landed from the ship

Ann Millicent, of Liverpool, bound from London to Colombo. We were greatly struck with their small size, for although we knew their dimensions perfectly—rather under a quarter of a mile from end to end of the group—we had scarcely realised so mere a speck out in mid-ocean, so far from all other land. We came in to the west of the rocks under their lee. To our right there were three small detached rocks dark and low; then a rock about sixty feet high almost pure white, from being covered with a varnish of a mixture of phosphatic matter produced by the sea-birds and sea-salt; next a bay or cove with a background of lower rock. To the left some peaks fifty to sixty feet high, white and variously mottled, and to the extreme left detached rocks; the whole ridge excessively rugged, with channels and clefts here and there through which the surf dashes from the weather side.

A boat was sent off under the charge of Lieutenant Bethell, with a quantity of whale-line, and a loop of eight or ten ply was passed round one of the rocks. To this a hawser was run from the ship, lying about seventy yards out with her bows in 104 fathoms water. The hawser was made fast to the whale-line, and the ship thus moored to the rock. There was a strong current running past the rocks and a steady breeze blowing, both off the rocks so far as the ship was concerned, so that she was safe in any case. All was made fast about six o'clock, and Captain Nares and a small party of us went ashore in the jolly-boat. Landing on these rocks is no very easy matter. Right in the path of the trade-wind and of the equatorial current there is always a heavy surf, which had a rise and fall when we were there against the precipitous wall of rock of from five to seven feet. The rock is in rough ledges, and landing has to be accomplished by a spring and a scramble when the boat is on the top of a wave. When we landed the sun was just setting behind the ship. There was not a cloud in the sky, and the sun went down into the sea a perfect disk, throwing wonderful tints of rose-colour upon the fantastic rocks. As mentioned by Mr. Darwin, there are only two species of birds on the rocks, the "booby" (*Sula fusca*) and the "noddy" (*Sterna stolidus*), both having a wide distribution on tropical islands and shores. On St. Paul's Rocks they are in enormous numbers, and can be seen flying round the peaks and sitting on the ledges from a great distance. We landed the first evening on the smaller rock which forms the northern por-

tion of the ridge, and which is a breeding-place of the tern. The birds were quite tame, allowing themselves to be knocked over with a stick, or even taken with the hand. They build simple nests on the rocky ledges, of a conferva which grows abundantly at the water edge, mixed with feathers and matted together probably with some cement matter ejected from the bird's stomach. The nests seem to be used more than once, perhaps with a little repair from time to time, for many of them were large, consisting apparently of several layers of different dates, and were decomposed at the base into a yellowish earth. A single egg was found in some of the nests, and in others a young bird, but the breeding season was evidently nearly over. The young bird is covered with fine black down, and looks like a little ball of black wool.

The captain's party laid a line across the mouth of the cove to make landing easier for their successors, and in the evening a boat went off with officers and men to fish. The fish were in great numbers, particularly a species of the genus *Caranx*, called, apparently in common with many other edible fishes in Spanish or Portuguese waters, "Cavalão." The texture of the fish is rather coarse, but the flavour is good; it is allied to the "tunny" of the Mediterranean.

Next day the rocks were alive with surveyors and observers of all kinds, and blue-jackets fishing and scrambling, and otherwise stretching their legs and enjoying a firm foundation under their feet. The attention of the naturalists was chiefly directed to the southern rock, which is considerably the larger. Both the tern and the booby breed here. The booby lays a single egg on the bare rock. There were a number of eggs and young birds seen, but as with the tern, the principal breeding season was past. In the morning both the booby and the noddy were quite tame, but towards afternoon, even these few hours contact with humanity had rendered them more wary, and it was now no longer possible to knock them down with sticks or stones. We had even some little difficulty in getting a specimen or two of the *Sula* for preservation, as we had unwisely left this to the last.

While some of the party were exploring the rock, we tried once more a plan of dredging, which we had adopted with some success anchored on a bank at Bermudas. We sent a boat off with the dredge to a distance of a quarter of a mile or so from the ship,—the boat taking the dredge line from

the coil in the ship; let down the dredge there and wound the dredge-rope slowly on board with the donkey-engine, thus dragging the dredge for a certain distance over the bottom. Life did not seem very abundant, but a handsome *Cidaris*, a species of *Antedon*, some crustaceans of ordinary shallow water types, and some handsome *Gorgonia* were brought up. On going over the collection from the rock, we found them to consist of a minute moth, two very small dipterous insects, a tick, parasitical on the birds, a species of *Chelifer*, and three spiders. All these species had been observed previously by Mr. Darwin, with the exception of the *Chelifer*, and in addition a wood-louse and a beetle, neither of which we detected. All the insects and Arachnida were found in the old nests of the tern, many of which were brought on board and carefully examined.

There is not a trace of a land plant on this island—not even a lichen. In the line within the wash of the surf there is a bright-pink band of an encrusting nullipore, which here and there becomes white, and greatly resembles a coral; and the same belt produces the conserva of which the tern's nests are built, and one or two red algæ. All the crannies in the rock are inhabited by *Grapsus strigosus*, an amphibious crab, which we had already met with on several of the Atlantic islands. Its habits amused us greatly. It was much more wary than the birds—it was by no means easy to catch them, but they kept close round the luncheon baskets in large parties, raised up on the tips of their toes and with their eyes cocked up in an attitude of the keenest observation, and whenever a morsel came within their reach, there was instantly a struggle for it among the foremost of them, and they ambled away with their prize wonderfully quickly with their singular sidelong gait, and a look of human smartness about them, which has a kind of weirdness from its being exhibited through a set of organs totally different in aspect from those to which we usually look for manifestations of intelligence.

The lobster-pots were down during the night, but they yielded little except a small species of *Palinurus*.

The structure of the rocks is peculiar, and they must be carefully analyzed before any definite opinion can be arrived at with regard to them. They are certainly, as Mr. Darwin has already pointed out, not of modern volcanic origin like almost all the other ocean islands. They look more like the serpentinous rocks of Cornwall or Ayr-

shire, but from these even they differ greatly in character. Mr. Buchanan examined their mineral character carefully, and subjected the most marked varieties to a rough chemical analysis. I quote from his notes. The white enamel-like incrustation described by Mr. Darwin was observed on the southern rock only, the haunt of the booby. The northern rock is chiefly composed of what appears to be Darwin's yellowish harsh stone, split up into numerous fragments which somewhat resemble large weathered crystals of orthoclase. All these rocks give off alkaline water when heated in closed tubes, and consist chiefly of hydrated oxide of magnesia, with alumina and peroxide of iron in subordinate quantity. Of the more recent veins mentioned by Darwin, some are bordered on both sides by black bands of a hard infusible substance. The powder has a dirty greyish green colour, and effervesces with dilute hydrochloric acid, leaving a brown insoluble residue. In strong hydrochloric acid it dissolves with evolution of chlorine, and the colour phenomena of dissolving peroxide of manganese. It was found to consist of phosphate of lime, peroxide of manganese, a little carbonate of lime and magnesia, and traces of copper and iron; like the other rocks, it gives off alkaline water in a closed tube. Mr. Buchanan is inclined to regard all the rocks as referable to the serpentine group. So peculiar, however, is the appearance which it presents, and so completely and uniformly does the phosphatic crust pass into the substance of the stone, that I felt it difficult to dismiss the idea that the whole of the crust of rock now above water might be nothing more than the result of the accumulation, through untold ages, of the insoluble matter of the ejecta of sea-fowl, altered by exposure to the air and sun, and to the action of salt and fresh water, but comparable with the "stalactitic or botryoidal masses of impure phosphate of lime," observed by Mr. Darwin at Ascension. "The basal part of these had an earthy texture, but the extremities were smooth and glossy, and sufficiently hard to scratch common glass. These stalactites appeared to have shrunk, perhaps from the removal of some soluble matter in the act of consolidation, and hence they had an irregular form."

The composition of the minerals did not seem, however, to be consistent with this mode of production.

Early in the morning of the 1st of September, the island of Fernando Noronha was in

sight, and all forenoon we approached it under steam, sounding at eight A.M. in lat. $3^{\circ} 33'$ S., long. $32^{\circ} 16'$ W., in 2,200 fathoms, with a bottom of globigerina ooze, and a bottom temperature of $+ 0^{\circ}.5$ C., the island distant twenty-one miles. We took a series of temperature soundings at every ten fathoms, down to sixty fathoms,

STATION 112, SEPTEMBER 1, 1873.

Depth in Fathoms.	Lat. $3^{\circ} 33'$ S. Long. $32^{\circ} 16'$ W.
Surface	$25^{\circ}.6$ C.
10	23 .0
20	25 .6
30	25 .3
40	22 .9
50	17 .3
60	15 .0
75	13 .6
100	12 .4

and at every 100 fathoms to 1,500. At midday we sounded again about six miles from the island, with a depth of 1,010 fathoms, and a bottom temperature of $2^{\circ}.8$ C., so that Fernando Noronha, like most of the ocean islands, rises abruptly from deep water.

It was a fresh, bright day, with a pleasant breeze from the S.E. At three o'clock we cast anchor in San Antonio Bay, just opposite the settlement and citadel. From this point the island has a very remarkable appearance. The land is generally not very high, an irregular cliff rising from the sea to a height of about a hundred feet, succeeded by undulating land and conical hills, usually covered with luxuriant vegetation. A little to our right there is a very singular-looking mountain, the Peak. A broad, craggy base rises abruptly from the sea; all the clefts among the rocks covered and filled with low vegetation, and every here and there lines and patches of bananas. From a height of about four hundred feet, a column of rock starts up for six hundred feet more, the last two hundred feet certainly inaccessible. On one side there is a great cleft undercutting a projecting portion of the rock, and adding to the grotesqueness of its outline. The citadel, a small fort, the station of the guard of Brazilian soldiers, is on the top of a projecting square cliff, right before the anchorage. The village occupies a slight depression between the citadel and the Peak, and follows the depression a good way landwards. There is a little bit of sandy beach to the right of the citadel, just below the village, which is the usual landing-place; and to the left of the citadel (from the ship), there is a rather long stretch of sand, with another landing, in ordinary weather better than that near the town. To the extreme left

there is a chain of small islands, one of them with a fine, bold outline, called St. Michael's rock, and another much larger, flat, and rather bare, Rat Island. The view to the right is closed in by two very peculiar conical detached rocks, called "The Twins."

The captain and I went ashore in the galley to pay our respects to the governor, and to see how the land lay. There was a heavy sea rolling on the rocks and beaches. Some queer little catamarans were moving about, each with a man on it, a stool, a round basket, and a coil of fishing line. The man either sat on the stool or stood and propelled or guided his frail boat with one spade-like paddle, which he plied alternately on either side. Almost the whole of the boat, which consists simply of two logs of wood fastened together with cross pieces, is below the surface, and three or four of those fellows, with their scanty garments—usually reduced to a pair of short drawers—and their smooth dark skins, look oddly, as if they were running about on the water without any support. One of the catamaran men spoke to us in English, and we attached him to us as interpreter, and told him to go before us to the far landing-place, and then guide us to the governor's quarters. Finding the sea running so high at the landing-place as to be scarcely safe for a ship's boat, we pulled along the shore, and taking advantage of a lull between the breakers, we ran the boat up on the far beach, and sprang out beyond reach of the surf. The road to the town lay in a hollow beyond the sea cliff. The road was tolerably good, some part of the way through sand and gravel, with a tangle of bushes, most of them covered with thick masses of the long yellowish stems of the parasitical *Cuscuta americana*. Among them was growing here and there *Jatropha urens*, one of the most noxious of the island plants, stinging like a nettle, only much more bitterly. On the sides of the road the scrub became very dense, Euphorbias and leguminous plants, covered with a tangle of creepers belonging to many genera of the Circuitaceæ, the Convolvulaceæ and Leguminosæ. The flowers of most of these were over, but still some pretty blue tufts of pea-bloom were scattered over the trees, and a little cucumber was abundantly covered with pale yellow flowers and scarlet fruit.

Near the village the road crosses a ravine, along the sides of which there are some fine banyan trees. A pretty little dove was in myriads in the woods. They were so tame that they would scarcely rise until we came

close up to them, and if we clapped our hands they rose in a cloud, hovered in the air for a moment, and then settled down again.

On the way our guide gave us some information about the place, which we found on further inquiry to be correct. Fernando Noronha is a penal settlement, belonging to Brazil. There were then on the island the usual number of about 1,400 convicts. To hold them in check there are 200 soldiers, a Governor, who holds the rank of a major in the army, and one or two other officials, with their families. Beyond these, there are no inhabitants on the island, with the exception of the wives of some of the convicts, and a few women.

The usual terms of penal servitude range from five to fourteen years. The prisoners in this establishment are chiefly of a low grade, and most of them are convicted of heavy crimes,—crimes of all kinds, except, so far as we could learn, political offences. In Brazil the crime of murder is nominally punished with death, but the sentence is usually, if not always, commuted to one of transportation for life. A large number of the Fernando Noronha convicts are under these mitigated sentences. The convicts enjoy a considerable amount of liberty, and their life does not seem by any means one of great rigour. They are allowed to build a hut, and to cultivate a little piece of garden-ground on their own account, and to sell the produce. Their time and labour, from six A.M. to four P.M., belong to government, and during that time they cultivate, in gangs on government land, chiefly a small black bean, on which, as it seems, they themselves chiefly subsist, and maize, which is exported about monthly to Brazil, in a little government steamer which likewise brings supplies to the island. The convicts receive from government each about 6s. a month, and have to keep themselves in food. Those who are expert fishers are allowed to ply their craft along the shore, a single man to a catamaran, and a certain proportion of the take goes to the government officials. There is no boat on the island even in the hands of the authorities.

We were all extremely anxious to work up this island thoroughly. From its remarkable position nearly under the equator, 190 miles from the nearest land, participating, to some extent, in the conditions of the other isolated Atlantic groups, and yet, as we were well aware, in all its biological relations mainly a South American colony, it presented features of special interest to European naturalists;

and it seemed to be of a size which made it possible in a few days to exhaust, at all events, the main features of its natural history. Accordingly we arranged parties of civilians to take up different departments, and the officers of the naval staff who were not occupied in surveying, volunteered to join them and help them in collecting.

In the centre of the village, in an open space with a few fine bread-fruit trees, there is a solid building, forming a hollow square, which seems to be used chiefly as a prison for convicts guilty of offences on the island, and partly also as a market. Near this building a few irregular but rather neat-looking houses lodge the governor and the government officials.

We found the governor a grave, rather saturnine Brazilian, silent, partly because he spoke no foreign language and we could only communicate with him through an interpreter, and partly, I think, naturally. He asked a number of questions which surprised us a good deal from a man in his position. He inquired repeatedly what port in England we had sailed from, and to what English port we meant to return. He did not seem to understand our flag nor the captain's uniform, and asked if the ship had a commission from the British government. He did not seem to be quite able to grasp the idea of a man-of-war altered for scientific purposes, and without her guns. He was very civil, however, gave us coffee and cake, and told us that we might do what we liked on the island, in the way of shooting, making collections, putting up marks for surveying, &c., and offered us horses and all the aid in his power. We left him, with the understanding that we were to get guides from him on the following morning, and regularly to begin our work. After our interview, Captain Nares and I wandered through the settlement. Irregular "streets" or double ranges of huts radiate from the central square. The huts are all separate, each with its little garden. The huts are all nearly on the same plan, built of bamboo wattles and clay, and thatched. Bananas grow wonderfully luxuriantly, embowering the little huts, some of which are whitewashed and clean and very picturesque. Often a great pumpkin plant had grown all over the roof, and loaded it with its large fruit. In the gardens there were water-melons and pumpkins, sweet potatoes, cassava, lentils, and a few lemon, orange, and bread-fruit trees. The convicts were everywhere most civil; they were generally rather good-looking fellows. The great majority are

of various shades of black, and often with the jolly expression so common in the different mixtures of the Negro race. In some of the huts there were women and children, and from many of them came sounds of singing and laughter and the music of a guitar or banjo. It was difficult to realise that the whole place was a prison, with a population of convicted felons with their warders.

Beyond the village we came to some old cane-brakes, and all round there was an incessant chirping of an infinite number of crickets, not unlike our English species. They ran over the road in all directions, and one could see dozens at a time. The cane-brakes were full of doves, which rose as we approached, and fluttered up to the tops of the canes and looked at us; a little field-mouse was very abundant, scuttling about on the path and among the dry leaves; altogether, the place seemed to be very full of varied life. We walked over to the other side of the rise, and had a splendid view of the weather coast, with the curiously-formed rock the "clocher" right beneath us, and the surf breaking over outlying rocks. There were some pretty views from the high ground, through cultivated valleys, dotted with banyan and bread-fruit trees and groups of palms, with scattered habitations of convicts half hidden among the beautiful foliage of the banana.

The galley had been sent off, and was to have returned for us after the men had got their supper, and one of the cutters had come on shore for the other officers. The darkness falls in these latitudes like a curtain, and it was getting dark when we reached the beach. The captain had to look after the embarkation of the party, as the cutter was a bulky boat not well suited for surf work, and had to lie out a little way. We all went off in the cutter, instead of waiting for the galley, and had simply to watch for a favourable moment and make a rush for it up to the middle. We caught only one light breaker, and were soon all floundering in the boat, amid a storm of laughter.

Early next morning, when all our preparations were completed and our working-parties ready to land, Captain Nares announced that the governor had changed his mind, and did not wish to have the island examined. The captain went ashore to expostulate, and as we hoped that the change might have arisen from a misunderstanding which might be removed, boats went off with several exploring parties, the boats to lie off until one or other of two signals should be made from

the ship, either the fore-royal shaken out, in which case all was to proceed as had been previously arranged; or the main-royal shaken out, when all the boats were to return to the ship. Time wore on. My rôle for the day was to take the steam-pinnace and dredge in moderate water off the coast. As the governor could not well object to that, I was not to be interfered with in any case, so I only waited to get a derrick fitted in lieu of one which had been damaged. About half-past ten the main-royal was shaken out, and the general recall for boats hoisted.

The pinnace had just started, and we ran back to hear the news. The governor was courteous, but obdurate. We might land; he would give us horses and guides, every possible accommodation; we might even shoot pigeons, but we must do no scientific work. Captain Nares asked, if we saw a butterfly if we might not catch it, but he said he would prefer that we should not. The governor of a convict establishment is in a very delicate position, and bears a heavy responsibility, not unaccompanied with serious risk, and it is, of course, difficult to judge his conduct in such a case; but it is not easy to see why his determination should have been exerted against our throwing light upon the natural history of the island only. Captain Nares and a party visited St. Michael's Mount and "Rat" and "Platform" Islands. Mr. Moseley collected a great many plants, and Mr. Buchanan made some observations on the geological structure of the islands, which I quote from his notes.

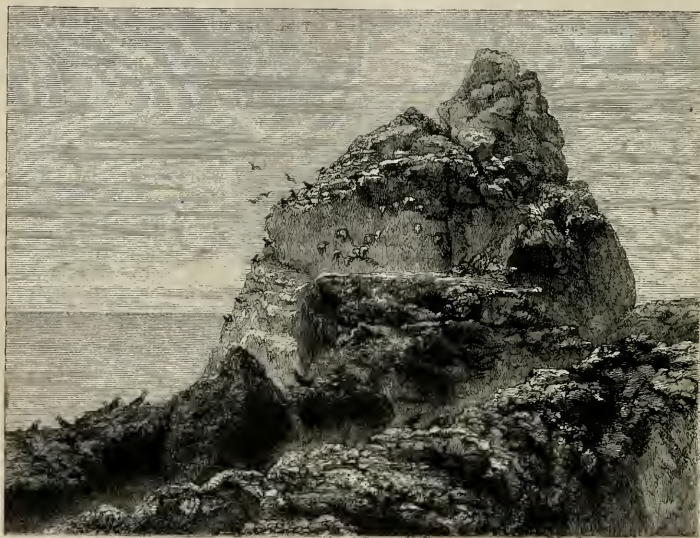
"The highest island, St. Michael's Mount, forms one of the prominent peaks which are characteristic of the group. It is very steep and formed entirely of phonolite, which occurs columnar at the base and massive towards the top; on the western side where we landed the columns are inclined to the horizon at an angle of about 30°. Their transverse section looks nearly square, the corners being, however, considerably rounded off. The columns are, for the most part, slender, and their mass is of a dirty green colour. In this the glassy felspar crystals are arranged with great regularity, with their broadest faces in a plane perpendicular to the length of the column. The steep sides of the Mount are covered with loose blocks of massive phonolite, fallen down from above and retained in position on a very steep incline by the stems of most luxuriant creeping plants. On the weathered sides of these blocks the glassy felspar crystals, and also the crystals of hornblende, though in a less degree, project sometimes to the extent of a quarter of an inch, so much more decomposable is the crypto-crystalline matrix than the crystals occurring porphyritically in it. This rock possesses in an eminent degree the characteristic property from which it derives its name: when struck with a hammer it literally rings like a bell.

The rock is cleft from top to bottom in two planes nearly at right angles to one another. These clefts

are filled up with a hard flinty-looking substance, which appears from its structure to have been gradually deposited from water trickling down the sides. Its mass is concretionary and sometimes foliated, its colour is white to yellowish-white or brownish-yellow. It scratches glass with ease, and does not effervesce with acids. Plates of two to three millimetres in thickness are quite translucent. Heated in the forceps it does not fuse, but turns perfectly white and is then easily crumbled between the fingers, and in the closed tube it gives off alkaline reacting and empyreumatic smelling water. It was found to consist of phosphate of alumina and iron, with some silicate and sulphate of lime."

"Rat Island is the largest of the secondary islands, and the most distant from the main island. It is composed on the western side of massive basaltic

rock and on the eastern of sandstone. The sandstone probably overlies the basalt, as, in its structure, it bears the marks of having been deposited in drifts, and the sand is calcareous, consisting of shell debris. On the way to and from Rat Island we had to pass along the western side of Booby Island. The wave-worn cliffs showed that the island was entirely formed of the above-mentioned calcareous sandstone; no igneous rock was visible, and, as the peculiar wind-blown stratification marks are continued below the level of the sea, it is probable that the land here is sinking or at all events has sunk. Platform Island consists of a mass of perfect basaltic columns rising out of the water and supporting a covering of massive basalt, on which is spread out the platform of calcareous rock on which are the ruins of a fort, and from which the island doubtless takes its name."



St. Paul's Rocks.—Breeding-place of the Noddy.

In the pinnace we went along the northern shore of the main island, dredging nine times, in water from seven to twenty fathoms deep. We got surprisingly little, only a few crustaceans, one or two star-fishes, and a pretty little *cidaris*. We passed some very beautiful bits of coast-scenery; a series of little sandy bays with a steep cultivated slope above them, or a dense tangle of trees absolutely imbedded in one sheet of matted climbers, separated by bold head-lands of basalt or trap-tuff. There was one particularly beautiful view when we opened "Les Jumeaux," and had the peak directly behind them.

Farther on the cliffs became even more precipitous, with nests of sea-birds on all the ledges; tropic birds; a beautiful little tern, snowy white, which usually flew in pairs a foot or two apart, one following all the motions of the other, like a pair of paper butterflies obedient to the fan of a Japanese juggler. We could see these terns flying over the land, and often alighting upon the trees. The noddy was very common, and the booby in considerable numbers. High upon the cliffs we could see the nests of the Frigate-bird (*Tachypetes aquila*), and from time to time one of these splendid

birds moved in slow and graceful circles over our heads. We lay for some time below the cliffs, admiring the wonderful wealth of animal and vegetable life, and returned slowly to the ship.

In the meantime, some of our party had been foraging in the town, buying up what they could from the convicts; and we were glad to see a goodly pile of water- and marsh-melons, very desirable in hot weather after a long spell at sea.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 3rd of

September, we weighed anchor and left Fernando Noronha, some of us who had set our hearts upon preparing a monograph of the natural history of the isolated little island, and had made all our arrangements for the purpose, were of course greatly disappointed; but, underlying our disappointment, I am inclined to think that there was a general feeling of relief on leaving a place which, with all its natural richness and beauty, is simply a prison, the melancholy habitation of irreclaimable criminals.

C. WYVILLE THOMSON.

PARTING.

TWO silent figures in a silent land,
Clasping each other closely while they may;
No need for words, their yearning eyes can tell
All that those sorrow-silent lips would say.

Ay! clasp and cling thus closely while ye may,
And say farewell with those despairing eyes.
Day dies, and one of you, ere morn, must pass
To that still land which heeds not tears or cries.

O soul! whose spirit wings are trembling now
To bear thee far from loving human eyes,
Parting seemed bitter, but thine eyes have caught
The radiant home-light from beyond the skies.

And glorious words of welcome strangely blend
With those of parting, till the bitter pain
Fades like a shadow from the dying brow,
And God's own light and peace shine there again.

But to that stricken heart which still must live,
And learn to tread alone the world's steep road,
No angel-voice has come to whisper peace,
No God-sent strength to ease its weary load.

No light! no peace! no tenderness of grief,
Reigns in that weary, sorrow-stricken heart,
Nought but the feeling, "Thou and I are one,
Not Death itself hath power to bid us part."

But as a bitter wind on opening flowers
Checks their fair promise, and the blossoms die
A sudden shadow fell, Hope passed away,
And the lone heart sent forth a bitter cry.

"Oh! if our Father take thee to himself,
He, who is love, will also bid me come!
My God! my God! my heart would plead with Thee,
But language faileth me, my heart is dumb."

Fear not! thy Father understands full well
The silent pleading of thine anguished heart,
His Father-heart is grieving for thy grief,
Oh! trust Him still, although He bids you part.

JESSIE LEE.

SUGGESTIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL."

III.—BEATEN MEN AND WOMEN.

SO long as there is inequality in men's fortunes, so long as there are prizes and blanks according to men's judgment held up before the combatants in the great arena of life, there must be beaten men and women, even as conquest implies defeat. God has ordained inequality in men's fortunes, and it is a law of human nature—a wholesome and beneficial law within due limits—that men and women should press for precedence in reaching the goal which they desire to attain. Therefore we shall always have beaten men and women, even as we shall always have the poor with us.

Still the number of beaten men and women might be lessened by a very simple process. If the candidates on every list would but be reasonable and count the cost of the undertaking on which they often rush with very few thoughts of the price involved or the penalty provoked, the disconsolate ranks of the beaten would be happily thinned. This counting the cost of being first in any enterprise, is easily said in so many words. It is the same whether the end in view be a great or small one—being a first-class in a college examination, or being stroke oar in a winning boat in a University race; of being nominated to a vacant situation, or complimented on a feat of horsemanship; of being the wife or daughter excelling in womanly virtue of a family or of a neighbourhood, or the deftest lace weaver and croquet player. But to do, instead of to say, implies a cool, clear head, a conscientious foresight, a resolute determination to be true at all hazards—neither to be sanguine nor desponding, partial nor prejudiced, but to assign to one's self and to others just limits in schemes and tasks. Indeed, counting the cost stands for so much, that were it not a religious duty divinely inculcated, and therefore laid on all with the promise of strength being given to fulfil it, I should hesitate to set it before my readers with any confidence of its being possible to many of them. As it is, I fear that the sad experience of being beaten will be, to the greater proportion of mankind, the first lesson in counting the cost.

In this sense my paper ought to be popular, and to find many readers, since I address it to that multitude, among which

I myself form a unit, of beaten men and women.

The next question is, how far is it a misfortune to be beaten? Of course that depends altogether on the nature of the thing contended for. Human nature is shortsighted and perverse. In infancy it will court the means for its own destruction; the child stretching forth its hand and clamouring to get at the live coal or the sharp knife, and the man or the woman compassing heaven and earth for the fatal post, or the false companion more destructive than the coal, or more cruel than the knife.

A merciful Providence, like the wise friend, in denying baneful gratifications, is often far kinder to man than he is to himself. Even when the object desired appears lawful and laudable, and cannot upon any reflection be considered in the light of dallying with temptation, still so many consequences remain hidden from our closest scrutiny, so much which is "one man's meat" may prove in the sequel of the homely proverb "another man's poison," that not only are we not warranted in indulging in excessive regret for a mere temporal loss, but if we live long enough our regret may be changed to rejoicing, and we may come to think it one of the most gracious circumstances in our history, that we were balked of that prospect which in its dawn we regarded as so fair.

But no doubt there are aims which to reach would be well-nigh certain gain, and on which we calculate correctly that much of our future spiritual as well as temporal welfare depends. If, even in the most respectful way, we pooh-poohed every aim, we should be in the condition of that faint heart which never won fair lady; we should be unfit for and unworthy of the prizes which God will give to the true man both here and hereafter. Yet there may be unaccountable, disheartening, crushing failure in these aims. We have done well; we are fully persuaded, to try for this good thing, we have meant well, we have even run well so far as our strength and knowledge permitted in this race. We are certain that if we had succeeded we should have been furnished with many advantages to be better workers of God's work, better men and women to the day of our death. Yet we are beaten; those helps and props,

those high watch-towers to gaze a-field from, and that broad rampart to shelter and wall us in, so that we could dwell in tranquillity and never more be tempted to stray, have all eluded our grasp, and we are left so much poorer, weaker, and more forlorn, in that we have had a glimpse of the goodly portion which might have been ours, but which is allotted to another perhaps not more deserving, and unquestionably not more anxious to win it than we were.

If this be so,—if we are not labouring under some great delusion, and if we cannot be sufficiently magnanimous to rejoice with the old heathen Greek that there has arisen even one claimant better qualified for the place we aspired to—then there must be some hidden explanation of the problem. We have been beaten. Yes, and may it not have been in the way of discipline? We started with the decided impression that we were the men for the place, amply furnished with the materials of victory, and the result has shown us to have been in error; the litheness of limb and length of wind in which we trusted have failed us. Can we not improve the experience, and seek to acquire more enduring speed and vigour? How often in the history of nations have the beaten lived to beat their enemies. Why, the Czar Peter coveted and could not have enough of the Swedish Charles's conquests, till the Czar learned to conquer. Are we civilised men and women of the nineteenth century, good men and women with many faults, seeking to maintain and extend goodness, and to repair and diminish wrong, so far behind the gallant, half-savage Czar, that we cannot take a leaf from his book? We are all aware that we must learn "hardness"—that is, manly or womanly firmness and endurance in our service, and how else are we to learn it save in being beaten, worsted, compelled to relinquish both schemes and dreams, however blindly held, or fondly cherished; bidden begin all over again, and strive better; and after we have striven six, or twenty, or a hundred times, perhaps at the last we may be allowed to grasp the token of victory? Could we only copy the example of the Czar Peter, in a spirit so much the meeker and more modest, that we are not warriors, far less Muscovite Czars, but simple citizens of a country the boundaries of which do not end on this side time, our loss would become our gain; and we should be brought to cry it was well for us that we were beaten.

The fact is, that the manner in which a man or woman bears being beaten, and the

influence which it exercises on his or her future career, is the great test to bring out what is in him or her, to prove beyond mistake whether there is a strain of real heroism in the individual, or whether it has been but the sham trappings of heroism, which mocked the credulity of a few or of many admirers.

It was in this respect that "Bonnie Prince Charlie," of Scottish song, broke down utterly. He fought but one campaign, and, having lost it, he lost himself with it. In place of bracing himself to fight another, or even bringing himself to accept the situation and make the most of it, he sank into reckless dissipation, which ended in drivelling idiocy. And it was in this respect that the gay, thoughtless young Prince of Orange vindicated his right to be the "Father William" of Dutch hearts. Beaten not once or twice, but many times; losing not one campaign, but half a dozen campaigns among the hardest ever fought, like Robert Bruce, he would neither be conquered himself, nor let the land he loved be conquered; to his last breath he would defy Philip and Alva, and the trained hosts of Spain; and so the Sea Beggars did not scour the seas in vain, and the siege of Alkmeer was raised and Leyden was saved by the breaking down of the dykes, and William lived to be Stadtholder, and had his life attempted five times before he was stabbed to the heart, and mourned for by all Holland.

In the whole history of modern warfare, few triumphs could be more fraught with heroism than that defeat of General Lee's in the civil war in America, after which he told his officers in substance, "I was mistaken; the battle has been lost through my fault, not by yours." Having made this acknowledgment, he set himself with his whole strength to prevent a waste of life, even of animal life, and to make such terms with the victorious general as should cause the loss to press least heavily on his followers, since he cared nothing in comparison for what came of himself.

It is easy enough to smile when the sun shines, to carry ourselves jauntily in prosperity, to be sweet-tempered, obliging, cheerful, even to a certain extent dutiful and devout, when we are young, strong, light-hearted, and have it all our own way. This is like being jolly with Mark Tapley in the pleasantest of circumstances. There is little virtue, and there may be less soundness and constancy in it.

It is another thing to be kind, brave,

patient, bright, alike unsoured and unhardened, resigned, and reverent, when youth and its joyous illusions have fled; when Care has come, as it surely will come, with middle life, when the harassed man or woman is sickly, infirm, tormented; when the wan hag Disappointment waits on the grim rider Care; when friends are dead, or scattered, or changed; when the heart's last treasure is threatened, and the broken spirit can no longer rise sanguinely, and in thought repel the stroke.

But this is the trial of faith, and he, or she, who in the might of Another, rather than in his or her own might, comes with credit through the trial, follows in the train of the one great hero whom the world has seen, for—

"Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below
He follows in his train."

But there are respects, and those too the most important, in which it is impossible for a true man or woman to be beaten. Can a poet cease to be a poet because he does not receive a poet's bays? Is a commander and ruler of men less a commander or ruler although he never holds a marshal's baton or wears a king's crown? All the evidence of the ages witnesses to the contrary. Sappho's song sounds as sweet echoing down from the ancient world as does Corinne's; Oliver Cromwell impresses us with as royal a power as if he had been a Stuart or a Bourbon. A great many of the things which we strive for with the best title are but shadows or reflections of the realities which we already possess. The very wife-and-mother hunger which exists naturally in the breasts of women, proceeds from the honouring, cherishing love which God has rooted deep in all tender hearts. The plant of love is not rooted up, though its direct outward development is stayed. We may lose the shadows or reflections, which are in a sort arbitrary and accidental, but we cannot lose the realities, which are integral parts of our being, and just as we are immortal, they are eternal. God, who sees not as man sees, and works not as man works, can so ordain that the absence of one outward object may serve at once to deepen and purify, consecrate and expand the inward

sentiment, until it is ready to spend itself in many fertilising streams, and on many objects. Thus the prophet foretells, "Many more are the children of the desolate than the children of the married wife, saith the Lord."

Surely it is a great comfort to the beaten men and women to know that in the main, they may if they will, by God's decree, never be beaten. Poor they may remain, undistinguished they may continue, a thousand speculations and examinations may end in those fated to be beaten, men and women being worsted, while rival candidates succeed easily on all sides. Strong tastes may be ungratified, or so partially appeased as but to render the craving more intense. Travel, cultivated society, science, art, even books in this bookish age, may be more or less denied. The love of the beautiful in material things may be sentenced to a perpetual martyrdom. The heart's passionate longings may find no return, or the cup of home happiness may be dashed from the lips; still the truths of which all these gifts were no more than the expressions cannot be touched. The moral and spiritual, even the intellectual, need not be affected. The man or woman is a complete man or woman notwithstanding, and may be as perfect in degree in the sight of God, and even in the sight of the wiser of his or her fellow men and women as if he or she had received of all good things richly to enjoy.

And for those earthly temporal deprivations which do befall beaten men and women, I suppose the French sentence, taken in its best sense, is written, "Heaven is made for beaten men." It is not those whom God hates, but those whom He loves that He chastens. Heaven is not entered by jubilation, but by tribulation. Let us be-think ourselves that all suffering is explained by the fact that the Captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering; and that to the eyes of the motley crowd that stood round the cross on its awful day, and saw Him whom they called the King of the Jews nailed there, that same Son of God—whom Jewish priests mocked with the taunts, "He saved others, himself He cannot save," "Let Him come down from the cross, if He be the Son of God. and we will believe Him"—died a beaten man.



DAYS NEAR ROME.

V.—CERVETRI, CORNETO, AND VULCI.



Old Cathedral, Corneto.

THESE most interesting Etruscan sites are in the same direction, and Roman travellers may well devote two or three days to exploring them. They may all be reached, within a few miles, by the Civita Vecchia line of railway, and Cervetri, for which tickets should be taken to the railway station of Palo, can easily be visited in the day from Rome.

Palo consists now of a tiny hamlet, with a seventeenth-century fortress on the sea-coast, marking the site of Alsium, where Pompey had a villa, to which he retired in disgust when refused the dictatorship. Julius Cæsar and the Emperor Marcus Aurelius also had villas here; but nothing now remains of the ancient town except some foundations near the sea-shore.

Even from the station, the white walls of Cervetri may be discovered under the low-lying grey hills upon the right. The distance by the fields is about four miles, but by the high road it is nearly six. The former path turns off to the right, just after the road has crossed the Vaccina rivulet, and is not difficult to find, but it is impervious in times of flood, as near Cervetri another brook has to be crossed upon stepping-stones. This is the "Cæretanus Annis" of Pliny, which is mentioned by Virgil.

The most conspicuous feature in distant views of the town is the ugly castle of Prince Ruspoli, who is Prince of Cervetri, and to whom most of the land in this neighbourhood belongs. The people all work in gangs, long lines of men and women in their bright costumes digging the land together. Most travellers who come upon them thus, will be struck with the rude songs with which they accompany their work, one often leading, and the rest taking up the chorus in melancholy cadences.

Cervetri was called Agylla by the Pelasgi, and Cære by the Etruscans. Tradition says that the latter name was given to it because when the Etruscan colonists were about to

besiege it, they hailed it, demanding its name, and a soldier on the walls answered *Xaίpe*—"hail!" which they afterwards chose, upon its capture, for the name of the city.

The earliest mention of Agylla is to be found in Herodotus. Its Tyrrhenian inhabitants, having conquered the Phocæans in battle, cruelly stoned to death the prisoners they brought back with them. Afterwards every living creature who approached the spot where this tragedy had been enacted was seized with convulsions or paralysis. The oracle of Delphi was consulted how the wrath of the gods might be appeased, and the people of Cære were commanded to celebrate the obsequies of the slain, and annually to hold games in their honours, which, says Herodotus, was done up to his time.

Virgil indicates the early importance of Agylla, by describing that its ruler Mezentius sent a thousand men to assist Turnus against Æneas. In the time of the Roman monarchy Cære was one of the chief places in Etruria, and it became one of the twelve cities of the league. When Tarquinius Superbus was expelled from Rome, Livy relates that, with his two younger sons, he took refuge at Cære. In 365, during the Gaulish invasion, Cære became the refuge of the vestal virgins of the Flamen Quirinalis, and its people are said to have successfully attacked the Gauls who were returning with the spoil of Rome, and to have taken it from them. From the belief that the Etruscan priests of Cære first instructed the Romans in their mystic religious rites has been deduced the word ceremony—"Cæremonia."

In the early times of the Empire the town is described by Strabo as having already lost all signs of its ancient splendour, but in the time of Trajan its medical waters—Aque Cæritanæ, the same which Livy mentions as flowing with blood—led to some return of its ancient prosperity. From the fourth to the eleventh century it possessed a cathedral and a bishop, but since then it has increasingly decayed, part of the inhabitants removing to a town on another site—Ceri Nuova—and leaving to the old city the name of Cære Vetus—Cervetri. As we pass the ruined church of La Madonna dei Canneti in the reedy hollow, and ascend the hill of Cervetri, the walls built by its Orsini barons rise picturesquely along the crest of the hill, constructed with huge blocks of orange-

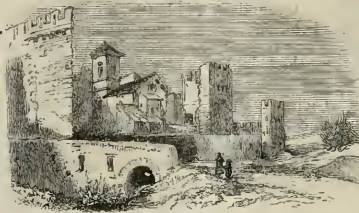
coloured tufa taken from the Etruscan fortifications. We must enter the town by the picturesque mediæval gateway, to engage the custode of the tombs, and insist upon his accompanying us, which, with true Italian love of *far niente*, he is not always very willing to do. Lights must also be taken. The ancient city, which was of oblong form, was nearly five miles in circuit, and filled the promontory, one small corner of which is occupied by the mediæval town. Of all this scarcely anything, except a few fragments of wall rising upon the tufa cliffs, can be discovered; but it is not so with the Necropolis.

One must descend the path which turns to the right outside the gateway, leading immediately under the walls over some waste ground covered with the Virgin's thistle, and down a steep path into the ravine of La Buffalareccia, watered by the stream called Ruscello della Madonna de' Canneti. Mounting the opposite hill, we find ourselves on high breezy downs overgrown with sweet basil and violets, and with a delightful view towards the sea, as well as to the mediæval city rising on its orange crags, half-buried in bay and ilex. This hillside is now called La

Banditaccia, from being *terrabandita*, land set apart by the commune, while the final syllable of the name is due to its unproductive character; and this was the Necropolis of Cære. Many of the tombs were hollowed in the cliffs as in Northern Etruria, but the largest and most remarkable are burrowed out of the tufa beneath the upland turf, and are often quite unmarked externally, but in other cases indicated by a tumulus.

Many of the tombs are worth visiting, but that which is far the most striking is the furthest in the line, the Grotta dei Bassi, Relievi, which is often filled with water, and difficult of access. When we first visited Cervetri we all considered this vast sepulchral chamber, adorned with huge shields and other weapons, sculptured in the boldest relief out of the solid rock, and casting long shadows in the glare of the torchlight, one

of the most striking sights we ever looked upon. But during our last visit the tomb was quite inaccessible from the water with which it was filled. The Grotta de' Tarquinj, the tomb of the Tarquins, the family of the last of the Roman kings, is most interesting. It consists of two stories, the lower chamber is reached from the upper, and is covered with inscriptions rudely cut, and painted in red or black, in which the name of Tarchnas occurs at least thirty-five times. The Grotta dell' Architettura is supported by two huge fluted columns, and is surrounded by a shelf with divisions all round for two bodies in each, and an inner chamber for the heads of the family. The Grotta de' Sarcophagi still contains three large tombs of alabaster. Two of



Approach to Cervetri.



Street Scene, woman spinning, &c.

these support grand figures of warriors. One lies flat upon his back like a templar, the other has turned away upon his side towards the wall. The third sarcophagus has no figure, and is beautifully transparent. It is so seldom that monumental effigies can still be seen *in situ* in the Etruscan sepulchres, that this tomb is most interesting, as well as wonderfully impressive and picturesque. It is often filled with water, but it is still possible

to enter by creeping round the couches upon which the sarcophagi are laid, and the reflection of the torches in the water adds to the effect of the scene. The Grotta del Triclinio is covered with nearly-effaced paintings of a very archaic character, banqueting scenes, repeated again and again, and animals. This tomb takes its name from the benches of rock, to support the dead, which surround it. Bas-reliefs of a boar and a panther are sculptured near the entrance. The paintings here are especially interesting, because Pliny mentions ancient paintings, believed to be of earlier date than the foundation of Rome, as existing in his time at Cære.

These are the most remarkable of the tombs on La Banditaccia, but there is another tomb on the other side of the road, leading up to Cervetri, which should be visited, not so much for what it is now, but as the place where the most remarkable of the Etruscan ornaments now in the Vatican were discovered. This tomb is called the Grotta Regulini-Galassi from its discoverers, the arch-priest Regulini of Cervetri and General Galassi, and is entered by a rude arch, surmounted by a block of *neufro*, under a low bank in a ploughed field.

Of all the famous sites of Etruria, Cervetri is the one most easily visited from Rome; but the excursion may be advantageously prolonged by rejoining the railway at Palo, sleeping at Civita Vecchia, and proceeding from thence to Corneto and Vulci.

Monotonous plains, covered with lentise, cork, and myrtle, separate Civita Vecchia from Corneto, which crowns a long ridge of hill with its towers, while beyond it rises another and barren ridge, which was the site of the ancient Tarquinii.

A winding road ascends from the station to Corneto, about a mile and a half distant. As we near the town, its battlemented walls are very picturesque. Close to the gate is the magnificent old Gothic palace of Cardinal Vitelleschi, whose splendid flamboyant windows are so little appreciated by the inhabitants of Corneto, that it has obtained the name of *Il Palazzaccio*—the great ugly palace. The court-yard has a beautiful cloister, with open galleries above, but it is lamentably neglected, and the palace is now turned partly into a barrack, and partly into a most miserable inn.

Cardinal Vitelleschi, who built this palace, is mentioned by a contemporary chronicler as "the most valorous captain of his time," and was strangely rewarded with a Cardinal's hat by Eugenius IV. (1431-47) for his services

as General of the Papal armies. In his honour, also, an equestrian statue was erected in the Capitol by the Roman Senate, with the title of Pater Patriæ, which had been bestowed upon Augustus; while, because they were his fellow-townsmen, the Roman citizenship was conferred upon all the inhabitants of Corneto. After rising to the highest point of prosperity, Cardinal Vitelleschi was suspected of treason by Pope Eugenius, and he was arrested as he was passing the Castle of S. Angelo, but received so many wounds in attempting to defend himself and escape, that he died in the fortress after only four days of imprisonment, in 1440. His shield of arms, with two heifers, in allusion to his name, still hangs over his palace gate, and Corneto still possesses the great bells of Palestrina, which he carried off when he took and totally destroyed that famous fortress of the Colonnas.

A lane behind the palace leads to the Cathedral, S. Maria di Castello—a good specimen of twelfth century architecture. It contains a curious pulpit of 1209, with lions on its staircase, a beautiful opusalexandrinum pavement, an altar with a baldachino inscribed 1060, and some tombs of bishops. The baptistery is octagonal, surrounded with slabs of different coloured marble. Separated from the church stands its massive square campanile, shorn of one-third of its original height, and of the statues of horses from Tarquinii, which are said once to have stood on the angles at the summit.

At the opposite end of the town is the Palazzo Bruschi, containing many Etruscan Antiquities, and possessing a beautiful garden of cypresses decorated with Etruscan vases and tombs, and with a glorious view over the sea and its islands, and towards the promontory of Argentario.

In one of the convent churches in the town, of which they had been patrons in their lifetime, the body of Letitia Buonaparte—Madame Mère—(who died at Rome), with that of her brother, Cardinal Fesch, reposed for some years; but they are now removed to Corsica, to a church which the cardinal had founded.

Behind and beyond Corneto stretch the barren rugged heights of the Monterozzi, the Necropolis of old Tarquinii. Nothing is to be seen above-ground but low mounds scattered over the table-land. The number of tombs it contains has, however, been computed at not less than two millions, and the Necropolis is considered to be sixteen miles

in extent! Above two thousand tombs have been opened, but only a few can now be visited. These are far more highly decorated than the tombs at Cervetri, though much smaller, and are for the most part surrounded with rapidly-perishing frescoes of the funeral banquets and games given in honour of the dead. In the Grotta del Morte is a fresco of an aged Etruscan lying on his lofty death-bed, to which his daughter is ascending to give him a farewell kiss while other figures stand around in attitudes of grief. In one of the tombs, opened in 1823, the excavators actually beheld the occupant, a warrior, stretched upon a bed of rock, and, in a few minutes, saw him vanish, as it were, under their eyes; for, as the atmosphere entered the tomb, the armour, entirely oxydized, crumbled into dust, so that, after the vision of a moment, not a vestige remained! The paintings in the vast caverned tomb, called Grotta del Cardinale, are very interesting, as representing, in that early stage of art, the contests of good and evil spirits for the souls of the departed, which were so long after depicted by Orcagna on the walls of the Pisan Campo-Santo, and by Luca Signorella at Orvieto.

A deep valley separates the Necropolis from the opposite hill of Turchina, which was the site of Tarquinii itself. No remains of

the city exist, except a few blocks of the masonry which formed the foundations of its walls, but the view is most beautiful of the cliffs which are crowned by the towers of Corneto, and, beyond,

of the wide expanse of blue sea with the beautiful headland of Monte Argentario, its neighbouring islets of Giglio and Giannuti, and, in the distance, Elba, and even Monte Cristo.

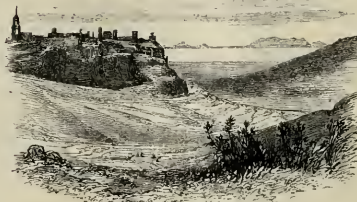
To reach Vulci, the railway must be resumed as far as Montalto station, whence a desolate track, exposed to every wind, leads for five miles over the waste Campagna to Porte del Abbadia, as the Etruscan site is now called. The country is piteously bare, and, owing to the prevalence of malaria, is entirely uninhabited. A tumulus called the Cucumella is the only feature which breaks the bare outline of the treeless moors.

This dismal prelude makes the transition all the more striking, when a path, turning down a hollow to the right, leads one into the beautiful ravine of the sparkling river Fiora, which forces its way through a rocky chasm overhung with a perfect wealth of ilex, arbutus, and bay,

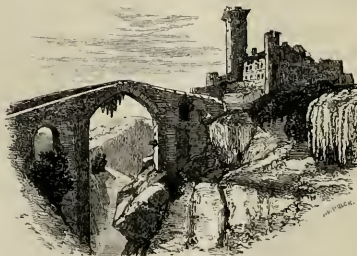
and is one of the most beautiful streams in Italy. The views near the bridge no one will omit; but there is a most lovely spot about a mile lower down the river called Il Pelago (where an Etruscan bridge is said



Cervetri.



Corneto.



Ponte del Abbadia (Vulci).

once to have existed), at which the river forms a deep rocky pool overhung by rocks and evergreens, which should also be visited.

Hence an ill-defined path along the edge of the cliffs leads to the Ponte del Abbazia, which is one of the most glorious scenes in this land of beauty. A gigantic bridge spans the river at a height of ninety-six feet, striding from one great lichen-stained cliff to another by a single mighty arch, while on the other side, close to the bridge, rises a most picturesque mediæval castle with a tall square tower. From bridge and rocks alike hang stupendous masses of stalactites, often twenty feet in length, giving a most weird character to the scene, and formed by many centuries of dripping water. The whole view is filled with colour; the smoke of the large fires which the guards at the castle burn to keep off the malaria adds to the effect, and the desolation of the surrounding country only renders it more impressive.

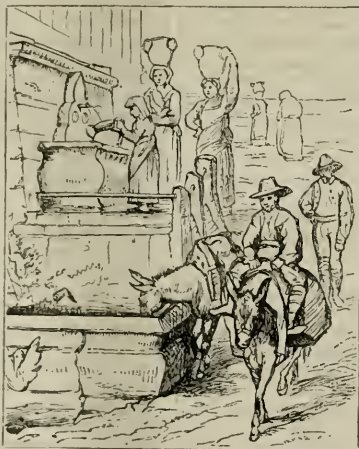
Scarcely anything is known of the history of Vulci beyond the fact of the defeat and conquest of its people, together with those of Volturni, in B.C. 280, by the Roman Consul Titus Coruncanius. The city was not destroyed then, and continued to exist in imperial times, as is proved by inscriptions which have been found there, including even some early Christian epitaphs. Now, however, scarcely a trace of the ancient city remains, and only few fragments of wall, of imperial date, stand here and there above-ground on the table-land which it once occupied upon the right bank of the Fiora, and which is still known as the "Pian di Voce."

Comparatively little also is now to be seen in the famous Necropolis of Vulci, which occupied the summits of the cliffs on both sides of the Fiora about a mile below the Ponte del Abbazia; for, though they are absolutely inexhaustible in the treasures they afford, the proprietors of the soil are so greedy of space, that a sepulchre is no sooner rifled

of its contents than it is filled up again. The tombs were first discovered by the earth falling in when some men were ploughing in 1828. After that, Lucien Buonaparte, who had bought the Principality of Canino on the advice of Pius VII., made considerable *scavi*, appropriating their riches, and these excavations were continued by his family.

The points best worth visiting are on the left bank of the Fiora. Here is the great sepulchral mound of La Cucumella, two hundred feet in diameter, and above forty feet high, once encircled by a wall of masonry. It was opened in 1829, but has been closed again. Two towers, one round and the other square, have been disclosed in the upper part of the mound, and it is supposed that there may have been once five of these towers or cones, as in the tomb of Aruns at Albano.

Very near this is a walled tumulus called La Rotonda; and beyond it, near the Fiora, another smaller mound, called La Cucumelletta, which was opened in 1832. On the opposite side of the Fiora a tumulus, opened by Campanari in 1835, contained the skeleton of a warrior, with helm on his head, ring on his finger, and a confused mass



of broken and rusted weapons at his feet.

A visit to Vulci finds its natural sequel at the Palace of Musignano, five miles distant, the property of Prince Torlonia, who bought it in 1854 from the Roman Buonapartes, with whom it was a favourite residence. It is an ordinary villa built on the site of the Franciscan abbey ("Abbazia") which gave a name to the bridge at Vulci. The gate and courtyard are adorned with griffins and lions from La Cucumella, but the collection of antiquities within, formed by Lucien Buonaparte and his widow, has been long since dispersed. The gardens and shrubberies, which are of great extent, are now overgrown and neglected. There is a lake with an island planted with willows from the grave at S. Helena.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

THE GREAT WEST.

BY THE REV. GEORGE M. GRANT, AUTHOR OF "OCEAN TO OCEAN."

IV.

WE spent two days in and about Fort Garry, talking to every one that came our way about the new country, its prospects and their plans, and asking questions to which we seldom got definite answers about that Great West that commences at the Red River and stretches out into the dim distance beyond. The village of Winnipeg did not present the most inviting appearance to immigrants who had hurried into it from older countries, allured by Alnaschar visions of sudden wealth. Houses small, irregular, and frail enough in themselves, but looking doubly mean and contemptible compared with the wide level prairie on which they seemed to have dropped promiscuously, and which they disfigured horribly, straggled together into something like rows and streets; knots of loafers about the doors or bars—the latter chiefly—of numerous "saloons;" a semi-drunken Indian, dirty tattered blanket hanging loose about him, running excitedly from the village chased by imaginary foes;—such was our first picture or impression of the capital of Manitoba. But to one who knew a little about how Illinois, Iowa, and Minnesota had grown to their present population and wealth, there was nothing discouraging in these unhandsome first appearances. The farmer from Ontario or the South, who had just arrived after a long, tedious march with his cattle, and household goods and gods, and pitched his tent outside the village, knew what he had come for. He looked at the soil, rich black loam everywhere, saw that the very streets might be turned into garden plots, knew that he had only to go into the Government office hard by to get an hundred and sixty acres for the asking, noticed that the children looked healthy, and straightway he took heart of grace and felt that his coming was no mistake. He was not going to spend his time and money in Winnipeg. To-morrow or next day he would hitch up and move off to his quarter-section. And in ten or twenty years, Winnipeg, just through the labours of such men on their farms, will be a very different place from the ragged, unbeautiful village of shanties and saloons of 1872.

With the exception of our chief, I was the only one of the party who had any reminiscences connected with this Red River

country, and as I thought of the origin of those, it was doubly curious to see the curtain lifting up from it, and to know that it was now a regularly-organized part of Canada. I remembered that in 1866, or somewhere about that date, news came to the Eastern Provinces that an invasion of locusts from the great American desert to the South-west had eaten up the crops and every green thing on the banks of the Red River, and that unless money was raised by outsiders, and food promptly sent in from Minnesota, the ten thousand French and Scotch half-breed settlers would perish by starvation in the course of the winter. Two or three of us called a public meeting in Halifax to consider what should be done, and to do something. Scarcely a dozen attended, and the first question that every one asked was, "Where is this Fort Garry?" Those of us who had consulted the maps promptly answered, "At the junction of the Assineboine and Red Rivers," and our interrogators were as completely silenced as if the rivers had been called by us Hiddekel and Pison. We raised a few thousand dollars by ward subscriptions in the city, but we could have raised almost as much had the sufferers been in Abyssinia. But now we speak about Manitoba as familiarly as about Ontario, and our surplus population, our restless young men who formerly emigrated to the United States, impatient of the slow modes of making money here, and the difficulties of farming, are turning their eyes to their own North-west.

A new equipment was needed for our journey from Fort Garry westerly. After leaving Lake Superior, the canoe had been our carriage for the greater part of the way. What the birch-bark canoe is amid the network of lakes to the north and north-west of Huron and Superior, the horse is on the plains. All that Crees, Blackfeet, or half-breeds really require here below are horses. Once on horseback, they can hunt buffalo with bows and arrows, if they possess not rifles; and having buffalo, they have all things. After the hunt, they feast royally on the fresh meat; drying thin flitches of the most delicate parts in the hot sun, or hastily over the fire, they secure for immediate afterwards a supply of dried meat; pulverising all the rest, and mixing it with the melted

fat in a bag made out of the hide, they have their much-loved pemmican, or pounded meat, an excellent condensed food for winter use. From the buffalo-hide they make their tents, their clothes, their moccasins, thongs, harness, and indeed everything they need. It is no wonder that their explanation of the reason why the white man with his guns, powder, blankets, rum, and innumerable treasures is pouring into their country, is that there are no buffaloes in the white man's country, and that as life is not possible without the buffalo, he cannot help himself. But the horse is even more important than the buffalo; for without the horse the buffalo is unattainable. The wealth of a tribe is estimated by the number of its horses, and almost all Indian wars begin with horse-stealing.

Horses, then, had to be provided to carry us westward across the prairies and through the mountains to British Columbia. We contracted with a French half-breed called Emilien to supply the needed cavalcade for the first five hundred and thirty miles, or as far as Fort Carlton, on the Saskatchewan; and for the rest of the distance depended on being able to hire guides and horses at the Hudson Bay Company's posts along the route, and on a few Government horses which had been used the previous summer by surveyors, and left to winter at Forts Ellice and Edmonton. Our party numbered six, but no less than thirty horses were required—six for ourselves, six for Emilien and his five men, eight for six baggage-carts and two buck-boards, and ten driven along in a pack—relays to relieve the saddle or cart horses occasionally, and enable us to travel at a speedier rate than would have been possible otherwise. Three of the men drove the six carts, two drove the pack of horses, and the fourth—an Irishman rejoicing in the name of Terence—undertook to act as cook, probably to learn the business. The buck-boards were light springy vehicles, consisting of little else than four wheels and a seat, and intended to accommodate those for whom constant saddle exercise at the rate of forty or fifty miles a day might prove to be too much of a good thing. Those two buck-boards did good service. They bowled along for nine hundred miles over the prairie trail, with its uneven surface and often deep ruts, through marshes and across rivers, up and down precipitous ascents, and yet when we came to the border of the woods near Edmonton, and had to abandon wheels, they seemed as good as new. The Red River cart is also a wonderful piece of

mechanism. The body is small, but the wheels are about seven feet in diameter, so that it looks all wheels and no body. It is made entirely of wood, and a few shaganappi, or buffalo raw-hide thongs. A cart without an ounce of iron was certainly a curiosity to us, but we soon found that it was the right thing in the right place. Ordinary carts would stick hopelessly in the mud at the crossings of the "creeks" and marshes, and travel slowly at other times; but the light high-wheeled Red River carts are borne up by the grass roots in the marshes, and on the ordinary trail the horses jog along with them at a slow, steady trot of four or five miles an hour. If the axle, or any other part broke, the men were never at a loss. They would haul out a stick of white birch stowed near the tool-chest, shape it into something like the right thing, stick it in, tie it with shaganappi, and be jogging on at the old rate before a professional carriage-builder had made up his mind what was best to be done.

Some may wonder at the number of our carts. It is true that we got along with fewer after leaving Fort Carlton, but Emilien was a prudent man, and provided not only what was, but what might have been needed. He carried provisions for the whole party as far as Carlton, and for the return journey of his men, for he knew that we would not delay, nor even depart from the regular trail to hunt, and that as the noise of our company would be heard by large game more than a mile off, he could expect little for the pot on the way except a few prairie hens and wild duck. The caravan is not more needed on the sandy deserts of the Old, than on the fertile but uninhabited prairies of the New, World. And at the rate at which we wished to travel, only two or three hundredweight of baggage could be put in each cart.

Soon after leaving Fort Garry, we were joined by a Wesleyan missionary who knew the country well, and a fortnight after by two Hudson Bay officers, all travelling to Edmonton. The addition of these gentlemen and their servants to our party swelled the line of carts and horses to a length quite imposing in our ignorant eyes, but small compared to the long "brigades" which go out twice a year from Red River, and half-breed settlements elsewhere, to hunt the buffalo on the Qu'Appelle and the vast, almost waterless plains to the South and West. From five hundred to a thousand half-breeds—men, women, and children—start together, with hundreds of horses and carts, oxen and dogs, and remain together out in the plains for two

months at a time. The discipline maintained by the half-breeds on these occasions is enough to prove what formidable enemies they could be if they were determined to prevent the settling of the country. They are all supplied with arms, they shoot and ride well, and could find food and water where regular troops would starve. They elect their own captains and policemen when out on the plains, set outposts, make camping laws and laws for the hunt, and strictly enforce them by fines, or the destruction of the clothes and gear of the offender, or by expulsion from the band. When near a great herd of buffalo, the excitement becomes intense. The approach is made cautiously, but not till the captain gives the word is the

charge made. Then like hounds slipped from the leash, in the hunters dash, their horses quivering with the excitement of the riders. Each man selects his cow or bull, and unless his horse trips in a mole or badger hole and throws him, he is taken safely within a few yards of its flanks. Aim is seldom missed, and the hunter dashes off instantly after another, and so on till the herd is far away. The half-breed would not exchange the pleasure of one such "run" for a whole year's profitable farm work. After the hunt the work of the women and children begins. They have to prepare the dried meat and pemmican, and dress the hides. And when the carts are well filled, the band returns home. Our chief had sent a deputy to Fort



Garry, in advance, to make arrangements for the journey across the prairie; and as everything was in readiness for us, we set out on the 2nd of August. Twenty-five days after we reached Fort Edmonton, nine hundred miles to the west, or rather the north-west, Edmonton being three and a half degrees of latitude north of Garry. As we rested on Sundays, and remained for a few hours at the different Hudson Bay posts on the route, our actual travelling time was only twenty days. This was considered very satisfactory, though scarcely a modern rate of progress. A description of any one day's travel would do for the whole three weeks, so uniform and little startling were our experiences. The day was divided into three "spells"—a word,

I may say, that does much service all over the western part of America, where there are no milestones. At first it amused us to hear gentlemen gravely describe a lengthy march as "a good spell," or the camping-ground as a good or bad "spelling-place," but before getting to the Pacific we too used the phrases as if to the manner born. The distance between one halt and another is "a spell," part of that distance is "a piece." Before starting, ask "how far to the next halt," and you are told that it is either "a long" or "a short spell." The answer seldom condescends to greater minuteness. Ask the same question after travelling a few miles, and then you have to go either "a good" or "a little piece."

Usually our camp was astir before earliest dawn. In camp life, sleep is so sound that every one acts on the Duke of Wellington's principle that "when you begin to turn yourself in bed, it is time to turn out." The first one or more that awaked kindled the fire, and if a look at the sky showed that it was too early to call the others, they would go off to see if the horses were grazing at hand and all right. If it was near sun-rising, the loud cry of "Lève ! lève !" brought every one to his feet. Terry was infusing the tea for our morning cup the first time that he heard this cry, and turning round quickly, indignantly asked the astonished half-breed what he wanted to "lave" so soon for? He "wasn't going to lave till he had his tay." Toilettes were made in a hurry; when near river or lake, a dip could be, and was enjoyed, by most of us; blankets were folded, tents struck and packed, the horses brought in, and by this time Terry had the tea ready. Even in July and August on our prairies, the nights and mornings are so cool that the hot fragrant tea is welcome. Each man gets about a quart ladled out into his pannikin, and that with a junk of bread or biscuit is the first meal. Everything is now stowed securely in the carts. Each man saddles his own horse, and before sunrise we are off.

Who that has enjoyed those morning gallops across the prairies can ever forget them? The English highwayman of last century smacked his lips at the foot of the gallows when unadvisedly reminded by the chaplain of his sinful moonlight rides on Blackheath. But the greater sense of freedom and the exhilaration of spirits on the prairies outweighs even the sweetness that comes from doing things forbidden. Vast stretches of virgin land lay before and all around us; not a dull, unbroken, monotonous expanse, but at one time swelling uplands rose and fell for mile after mile, enclosing lakelets in their hollows, fringed with tall reeds, or lapped in soft willows; at another, long reaches of rich lowlands, extending to a far horizon like the sea, broken by islets of aspens that seemed to rise out of the level like bold bluffs. To-day we would ride endlessly through avenues of whispering trees, so trim and beautiful that we imagined that soon the lodge or gate must be reached, and the house of the owner seen crowning one of the open hillsides that spread gently away far to the right and left. Tomorrow the course was across a treeless plain, covered with short grass and without sign of wood or water, flat as your hand in one place, and in another a succession of saucer or cup-

like depressions. So we rode on, stage after stage, deeper into the heart of this great lone land, proud that it was ours, and wondering that it should be unknown. The air was fresh and flower-scented, and the weather simply perfection for travellers. Each morning brought variety, but always a repetition of the keen sense of animal enjoyment. To get a good gallop without touching the horses with whip or spur, all that we had to do at any time was to drop a mile or two behind the carts, and then give our beasts the rein. So eager are they to be with their companions, that the dullest of them then does his "level best." We never saw the gregariousness of the horse exhibited so strongly as on this journey; and on the Pacific slope the instinct amounts to ferocity when interfered with. As we rode on the trail, or through the long grass wet with dew, the prairie hen would run for a few yards near our feet, and then try a short low flight, like the Scotch grouse, or the wild pigeon or partridge take wing from the nearest tree, or a flock of ducks rise from the marsh or pool by the side of the road. The rosy fingers spreading over the sky, succeeded by the paler light, always warned us to turn round and see the sun rise, as he rises out of the sea; and by comparing the exact minute with that of sunset, the local time and the longitude of the place we were in could be roughly determined. A jog-trot by the side of the carts for an hour or two, or a walk to rest the horses, brought us to the first "spelling place." Untackle and unharness the patient, willing brutes, drive them to the water, and then let them feed on the nutritious prairie grasses during the halt; hurry up the breakfast of bread, tea, fried pork, or pemmican, varied by the contributions of the gun, if there is time to cook them, and fall to with appetites greedy as the grave.

The second "spell" is like the first, except that the sun has warmed the air and dried the grass. The mosquitoes are a pest, but like mightier beings, not so bad as they have been painted. Dinner is a repetition of breakfast. Then follows the afternoon "spell," the length of it—as of the others, a few miles less or more—being determined by the distance that has to be travelled before reaching a good place to rest. Our aim is to make between thirty-five and fifty miles in the course of the day, and our only anxiety is to have a good camping-ground for the night. Good feed for the horses and water are indispensable. Wood near at hand is desirable. And if an elevated spot, free from

mosquitoes and rich in flowers, can be had, so much the better. At supper we can afford to take our time, and extra cooking is therefore usually reserved for it—our fourth meal; and as the dew falls heavily, we eat it in the chief's tent. When fresh buffalo meat is to be had at any of the forts, a supply sufficient to last for three or four days is usually given to us, and everything else in the larder is then "of no account." Buffalo-steak is tender and juicy as any porter-house or rump-steak, and the fat is sweet and delicate as butter.

Sunday was the most pleasant day of the week. At first Emilien objected to resting, as he had always been accustomed to travel on every day alike; but before the long journey was over, he confessed that less speed would have been made on his than on our plan, not to speak of sundry other advantages of the periodical rests to men and horses. On Saturday evening the best possible camping-ground was selected; and rather than pass a particularly good place, the halt was called in the afternoon. The botanist would then go off to ramble far and wide. Some would take their guns or fishing-lines. Others would do up their week's or fortnight's washing. Carts and buckboards were carefully looked to by the men, valises unpacked, and everything made ready for the enjoyment of a good long rest. Many a pleasant scene comes up before me as I think of those Sundays between Toronto and the Pacific;—the evening service in the steamer's crowded saloon on Lake Superior; the islet, like a floral garden in the Lake of the Woods; the field of the farthest west settler in Manitoba; a deep grassy meadow surrounded by soft woods, our tents pitched in the centre of the open, beside a pool almost covered with wild fowl; the shores of "the bears' paddling lake," a billowy prairie broken with clumps of aspens extending far away in every direction but that of the lake; a rich valley, originally formed by an overflow of the Saskatchewan, and now separated from the river by a ridge, on the other side of which is the Wesleyan mission-station, where we worshipped with a congregation of Crees and half-breeds; a rising ground in the loop of a beautiful stream; a bit of prairie on the banks of the M'Leod, under the shade of a group of tall poplars and spruce; the Yellow Head Pass, where we met the first party from the Pacific; under the shadow of Mount Cheadle, on the banks of the North Thomson; Fort Kamloops, where the sight of a waggon-road, and the ranches

of settlers, proved that we had got back to civilisation; on the smooth waters of one of the deep fiords of British Columbia; and at the Lord's table in the Scotch Church, Victoria, Vancouver's Island. Never was the institution of the Sabbath more valued by us, never was the day spent more pleasantly or profitably than on those occasions.

Especially on the prairies and in the mountains is the weekly rest a physical blessing. All through the week there has been a rush and a strain. The camp begins to be astir at three A.M., and from that hour till nine or ten o'clock at night, constant high pressure is kept up. At the halting-places meals have to be cooked, horses looked to, baggage arranged and rearranged, harness, carts, or pack-saddles mended, clothes washed or dried, observations and notes taken, specimens collected, and everything kept clean and trim. No rest is possible. Only from four to six hours of sleep can be snatched. The pure air, the novelty, and excitement sustain a tourist, so that on Saturday night he possibly grudges what seems the unnecessary loss of a day. But if he pushes on, he is apt to lose all the benefit to his health that he has gained, while men and horses get jaded and spiritless.

But the great advantages of the day to a party of travellers are lost when each man is left the whole time to look after himself as if there was no common bond of union, and no sacredness about the day. They then sleep or gamble; ramble or shoot; snare prairie squirrels or prairie dogs; read, write, eat, and drink; are benefited as their horses are, but nothing more, perhaps less. There is a more excellent way, for the Sabbath was made for the whole man. Let the head of the party ask all to meet for common prayer, without asking, "What denomination are you of?" They will gladly come if they believe that they are welcome. The singing of a hymn is usually enough to bring them round the tent or hillock, where the service is held. The kneeling together, the alternate reading, and a few earnest, kindly words do more than anything else to stir the better nature, to awaken old blessed remembrances, to heal up the little bitternesses and squabbles of the week, and to produce that sympathy that makes each member of the party consider the interests of the whole. They have been brought into the presence of God, and the rest of the day is hallowed by that hour. Cut off from the busy world, they are made to feel their dependence on each other; and master and man are all the better for it.

On Monday morning, the start was always made at an earlier hour than on other days, and longer marches travelled. There was an *elan* about us, as if we were beginning our journey again. We raced across the prairie with shouts like boys, or dashed up a near slope or round hill to get a view, and acted generally as if life were only a holiday, and we had never known such things as newspapers, politics, or churches. This lasted till about Wednesday night, and then we began to think of Sunday again. Every day was pleasant, but if there was a wish, I think it was for two Sundays in the week.

I have spoken enough about ourselves and our style of travelling. What about the country, this "fertile belt" that so much has been written about, and apparently to so little purpose, for it is still unknown to the world? I answer briefly that we found what we saw of it to be all that the most enthusiastic tourists had painted. True, we saw it in the summer, when it is bright and beautiful, with all the characteristic flowers of the American flora; when cool nights followed warm, sunny, cloudless days; when although wood was sometimes scarce, we could carry enough in our carts to cook the night's and morning's meals; and though often the lakelets were saline, enough fresh water could always be had from a spring or marsh. That it is very different from December to April, I can well believe. Even where the country is well wooded, a North American winter scene has a look of desolation to one accustomed to milder climes; but the vast uninhabited prairie in winter must be terrible. One unbroken field of snow, relieved by no colour, no signs of life, no shelter from the drifts and the biting frost—who would make his home in such a land? And yet not only Indians and half-breeds, but whites, sleep in the open air and enjoy their sleep, the thermometer I am afraid to say how many degrees below zero, and with the protection only of a blanket and a buffalo robe. "How is this possible?" the uninitiated may well ask. The stillness and dryness of the air chiefly account for it, but the fact, and not the reason of the fact, is what we are most concerned with; and the fact is, that the extreme cold of the winters might be used to prove the unsuitableness for settlement of the whole of Canada, as well as of the new North-west. True, the climate may not be adapted for Fantees or South-Sea Islanders; but it is for men of manly mould and manly strength, and those are the men—the men of Northern and Central Europe—that should emigrate to

the Red River and the Saskatchewan. The words of the Hon. Mr. Seward, late Secretary of State in the Great Republic, after visiting Labrador and parts of Canada, thoughtfully predict our future as determined by this very sternness of our climate and the extent of our material resources. After stating that he had dropped as "a national conceit" the opinion that Canada was easily detachable from the Parent State, and incapable of sustaining itself, he says, "I see in British North America, stretching as it does across the continent . . . a region grand enough for the seat of a great empire. . . . I find its inhabitants vigorous, hardy, energetic, perfected by the Protestant religion and British Constitutional Liberty. . . . They will be a Russia behind the United States, which to them will be France and England. But they will be a Russia civilised and Protestant, and that will be a very different Russia from that which fills all Southern Europe with terror, and by reason of that superiority, they will be the more terrible to the dwellers in the southern latitudes." He ends by declaring that the true policy for the United States is to secure the alliance of "vigorous, perennial, ever-growing Canada," instead of "seeking to establish feeble States out of decaying Spanish provinces on the coasts and in the islands of the Gulf of Mexico."

In speaking of the climate of our new North-west, then, it should be compared with those older parts of Canada which are now the homes of healthy hardy millions descended from British, French, and German forefathers. Doing so, we may roughly say, balancing its advantages with its disadvantages, that it is quite as well adapted for settlement as they were half a century ago. Its summer is more moist; there is less snow and keener frost in the winter; and whereas one of the drawbacks of the East was excess of woodland, a drawback of the West is scarcity of wood. Comparing for corresponding months of the same year, Toronto, where the climate is milder than in Montreal, or any other of the great cities of the Dominion, with Fort Garry, where the climate may be considered a fair average of that which prevails over the whole of our North-west, Professor Hind gives us the following results in the second volume of his narrative, page 367:—The mean temperature of the months of March, April, and May at Red River was 35° 79', and at Toronto 38° 62'; of the three following months, 67° 76', and 63° 38' respectively; and of the

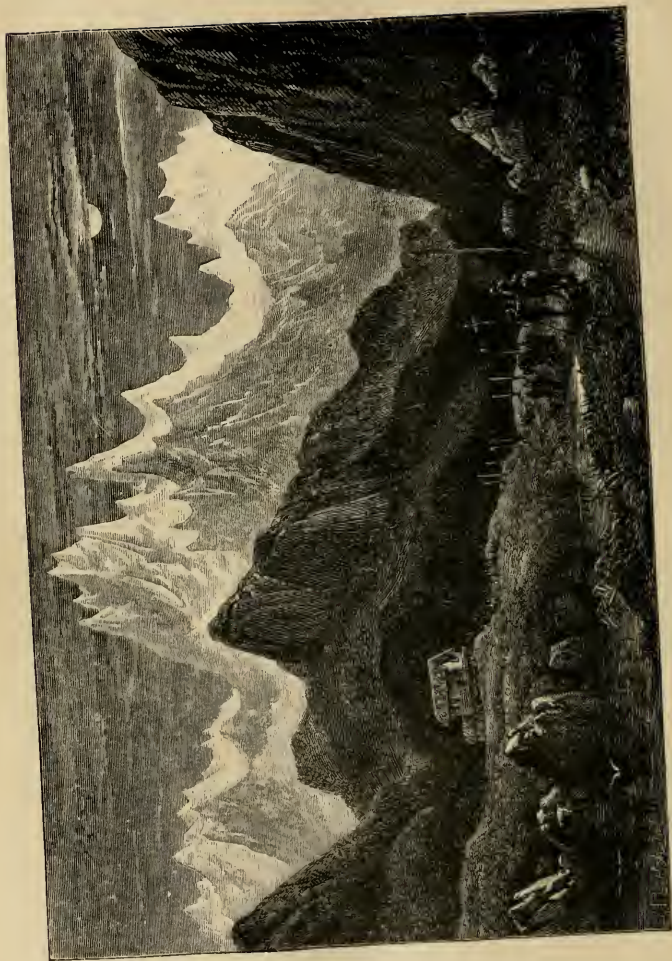
three following, $40^{\circ} 88'$ and $47^{\circ} 82'$. The three winter months were of course much colder at Red River, being $6^{\circ} 85'$ against $19^{\circ} 57'$, but there was no rain at Red River, and only 19 inches of snow; whereas at Toronto there were 52.8 inches of snow and 1.8 rain. In the nine months of the spring, summer, and winter, there was about the same amount of snow at the two places, but 19.72 inches of rain in favour of Red River. A great deal of rain falls all over our North-west in July and August, with the effects of keeping the grass strong, green, and succulent, and of helping the growth of the grain crops, whereas in September and October there is actually a smaller rainfall than in the eastern provinces, and consequently better weather for harvesting, and getting everything made taut for the winter.

Probably the two facts most deserving of notice in connection with the above comparison are the extraordinary rainfall during the summer months, and the intense cold of winter. The first is the great cause of the fertility of our North-west, just as the almost complete absence of rain is the great cause of the barrenness of the United States west of the Mississippi valley. The second alarms only those who are not aware that the human frame can withstand without suffering, either an extraordinarily low or high temperature, if the air is dry and still. I met new settlers in Manitoba from the eastern provinces of the Dominion, and their testimony was unanimous on the point that they suffered less from cold and from colds in their new than in their old homes. The snow is dry as meal or sand from December to March. The children can run about in moccasins without getting their feet wet, and as no crust forms on the snow till the first thaws of spring, the horses, and even the cattle, can "dig" or paw it off, and feed on the grass underneath. The sky is bright and cloudless, the air bracing, and the long nights are illumined with an untroubled moon or a marvellous splendour of stars.

As we travel west from the Red River, the winter climate grows rapidly milder in the same parallels, but as the fertile belt sweeps to the north, like a rainbow, round a triangle-shaped section of the American desert that encroaches into British territory, what is gained by going west is lost by the necessity of going north; so that the Red River climate represents fairly enough that of the rest of the country till we get within two or three hundred miles of the Rocky Mountains. This wonderful belt then dips to the south,

and runs along the bases of the mountains nearly to the boundary line, giving a district two hundred and fifty miles long by nearly a hundred broad, with a winter temperature of 15° less than that of Ontario, and for fertility—the very garden of the dominion; and it also turns north, existing in the shape of magnificent prairies along Peace River, and as far up as the sixtieth parallel of latitude. That exceptional climatological causes are at work along the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, no one that has seen the Black-foot country to the south of Fort Edmonton, or Peace River to the north, can doubt. The chief cause assigned by meteorologists, so far, is the prevalence of warm, moist winds from the Pacific. The fact at any rate is certain, that at Edmonton, in north lat. 53° , and even at Dunvegan, in lat. 56° , the winters are milder than at Fort Garry in lat. 50° .

To sum up in the words of Professor Hind—"It is a physical reality of the highest importance that a broad strip of fertile country, rich in water, woods, and pasturage, can be continuously settled and cultivated from a few miles west of the Lake of the Woods to the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and any line of communication passing through it will eventually enjoy the great advantage of being fed by an agricultural population from one extremity to the other." This line of communication the Dominion has been surveying for three years, and has engaged to construct. Millions of dollars in money must be spent on construction, and thus emigrants to our North-west shall have not only the advantages of free grants of land and of British connection, but the opportunity of working when they like at remunerative rates on railroads, and in other ways; receiving, also, the indirect benefits which the expenditure must confer on the country. Surely this is a better outlook for hardy Highlanders than the murky lanes and closes of the great cities to the south! Surely this offers the prospect of a better home for agricultural labourers, and enterprising young men without capital sufficient to stock a good Scotch farm, than the forests and jungles of Brazil, or even the illimitable plains of the Plate! Surely Canada offers here a better field than is to be found among "wild cat" mines in Arizona and Nevada, or even in the dry and dusty valleys of California! And when the comparison is made from points of view other than the material—home and family, law and order, social and religious influences—who would compare the "true North" with the "false and fickle South?"



“ECHOES.”

THERESA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SYLVIA'S CHOICE."

CHAPTER IV.



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*April
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morning visiting some old people. The sun shone, and it was so bright and spring-like that I felt half tempted to take a long ride over the hills; but I am glad that I resisted temptation, and went to my old women instead. I sat with Hester Gibson for half an hour, and read to her. At Mrs. Fielding's I found the poor soul trying with her blind eyes to mend some old clothes, and she grew loquacious with gratitude when I took the needle from her. She began to talk about her grandson, who is helping the gardener at Mr. Harold's, and who likes his place, it seems. "And he well may," she said, "for Mr. Harold is a fine gentleman; there's not a kinder in all the country round." She showed me a packet of snuff that he had given her the other day, and chuckled as she locked it up again in her cupboard. "He's not one of them who comes preaching to an old 'ooman because she likes a pinch of snuff now and then," she said, with a frown at Mr. Harding, who does come and preach to her sometimes on that subject, I suppose.

In the afternoon my father was at Farnham, and brought Mr. Harold home with him to dinner. We had a very quiet evening. After dinner, Colquhoun came on business, and my father had to go out with him, and was detained for more than an hour. I was

vexed, because I think Mr. Harold was disappointed at his absence; he became so silent after we were left alone. When he is quiet like that in my father's presence I never mind it, for I know he likes my father so much that his silence does not come from weariness; but when I am alone with him, and he does not speak, I never can get over the feeling that he would rather be away.

I think he must have been tired or out of spirits last night. Once, however, after he had been silent for a long time, he began to speak about the first night that we had met, and he said one thing that made me glad; he said that the remembrance of how I had sat that evening in the sunshine had stayed with him like the memory of a picture. He said too, that before he saw me, some one had described me to him, and that the idea they had given him of me was unlike what I am. I half wanted to ask him how it was unlike, but I did not. He said something about the talk we had had that night, and I think he would have begun to lecture me again, as he did then, about that old desire of mine to go away and live somewhere else than here, if I had not stopped him. That former wish has become so utterly an old wish now—something passed and done away with and forgotten—that I could not let him begin to talk to me about it, as if I felt still as I had felt a year ago. And yet I could not say to him—at least at that moment I felt as if I had not the courage to say—that it had passed away because his coming had given me so much of what I longed of old for. All that I did was to tell him that I was contented now; and that silenced him; but I do not think he understood me.

He talked for a long time after that, in the way in which he talks so often, walking up and down the room, while I sat idle by the window. I am always happy when I listen to him, but last night I think that he was out of spirits, and it seemed to me that he was forcing himself to talk against his inclination. I was glad when my father came home. Mr. Harold stayed for half an hour after his return, and then somehow—I don't know why—the evening ended sadly. I could almost have thought that for some cause he was vexed with me when he went away.

To-morrow we have the Campbells here to luncheon, and Mrs. Martin is coming early to have a talk about a number of things, she

says. How full of energy she is! Ah, I wish I did as much good to any living creature as she is ready to do to half the parish.

God bless him!—whatever he thinks of me—whatever he feels—whether he is just to me or not. He will never know all that he has done for me. Even if I were to tell him he would not understand what I meant. He did not understand me, I think, that one day long ago, when I told him that he had given me a new life. I have often wondered since how I could ever have been bold enough to say that to him. I must have been bolder with him then than I am now. I could not have said it to him to-night.

In that journal of hers Theresa sometimes wrote only a few words, sometimes she detailed events minutely. Here—going on from this time—are a few more entries from it:—

April 6th.—Late at night. I am too tired to write. Mrs. Martin came and talked to me for two hours. The Campbells came for two more. Then we had callers, and I could not go out. All the evening we have been alone.

*April 7th.—*At the schools from ten to twelve. In the afternoon with my father for a long ride. In coming back, we passed by Farnham, and I saw Mr. Harold standing talking with some one in the avenue, but as we went by he only looked up and bowed. After dinner my father said, "I should not wonder that Harold might be with us this evening." But he did not come.

*April 8th.—*As he was going out this morning, my father said, "I'll look in as I pass on Harold, and try if I can get him to come to dinner. I don't know what he has been doing with himself all this week." But when he came home in the afternoon he told me that Mr. Harold was dining with the Farquharsons. "He goes to them to-day, and to-morrow evening, it seems, we are all to meet at Wakeham; but he will come to us on Saturday," he said.

The Farquharsons have a pleasant house. I saw Mary Farquharson yesterday driving with her mother, and looking like a sun-beam, with the light upon her golden hair. I wish my hair were golden like hers, instead of only fair! Ah me, what an idle wish!

*April 10th.—*I wrote nothing last night—I was too tired. We were at that party at Wakeham—a large evening party, and it was half-past twelve when we reached home. Oh, it was such a dreary evening! There were numbers of people there,—a great gathering of

all the usual faces; and Mr. Harold was there; but, except that he came to me once for a minute or two, I never spoke to him all night.

We could not get away till nearly twelve o'clock, though I was so tired of it, and even then we were amongst the first to leave. As we were making our way to the door we passed near Mr. Harold. My father saw him, and called to him, "Oh, I was looking for you, Harold. I wanted to say—it's a nasty drizzling night, and you had better let us take you home." He seemed unwilling to come with us, but after a few moments, when my father urged him, he agreed to do it. "Wait for me an instant then, and I'll be with you," he said at last; and then we went down stairs, and when I was getting my cloak in the hall he followed us, and we went home together.

On our way my father asked him to dine with us to-day, and he refused at first; he said that he was busy—that he ought to stay at home and write. "What do you want to write?" my father asked him, and then he seemed as if he could not or would not give an answer. When we parted he said that he would come, but I don't think he said it willingly.

Is he out of spirits this week, or have we done anything to vex him with us? When we came in my father said, "Harold seems in an odd kind of mood to-night. Didn't it strike you so?" I suppose his spirits vary very much. Most people's do. Mine do more than they used to, it seems to me. They are not very high at this moment, for instance, and I think I am not doing much to raise them by sitting here and writing about that dreary party last night.

*Eleven at night.—*My father said just now, "Harold often makes me anxious. I can never shake off the impression that he has got some secret trouble, about which he does not want to speak. There are times when his face is as sad a face as I ever saw." I have come up to my room with these words in my ears, and they seem to me as if they were only an echo of what I have been thinking too all night. I never saw his face so sad as it has been this evening. He sat for a long time after dinner playing chess with my father, leaning his elbow on the table, and propping his head upon his hand, and scarcely uttering a word. I might have thought that he was absorbed in the game, only that both the games that they played he lost, and when he is taking care he does not often lose in playing with my father. He laughed for a

moment over his second defeat, but he looked so tired as he rose up that I could almost have fancied he had played carelessly on purpose to end the game.

He remained silent and grave all night. Late in the evening he acknowledged that he was not well; his head was aching, he said; and then my dear father stood up at his side before the fire, and looked at him with his kind eyes, and began to lecture him. "The truth is, that I don't believe you take any care of yourself," he told him. "You would have walked home in the rain last night, for instance, if you had been left alone, and have sat for a couple of hours after you got in in your damp clothes and with no fire, I dare say. Now, a man needs to have a strong constitution to stand that sort of thing." "But I did not walk home in the rain last night," Mr. Harold retorted laughing. "Well, at any rate, you sat up till two or three in the morning, I have little doubt," my father answered, "so what can you expect but to get a headache to-day?"

This was all he said to him; but when he was gone, he said to me those other words that I wrote a little while ago. I wonder if he is right! I have been sitting here thinking of it, till my heart aches.

. . . . *April 20th.*—My father and I rode out this morning, and as we passed by Farnham we saw Mr. Harold, and my father called out to him to get his horse and come along with us. He shook his head at first, but when he had stood talking to us for a minute my father persuaded him to change his mind, and he had his horse saddled, and came. When he had once yielded he seemed content, and like his natural self. We rode for almost two hours in the bright sunshine and the soft south wind. Ah! it was so beautiful! The quick exercise made our spirits rise; we were all of us almost as happy as children. In coming back, Mr. Harold rode home with us to the door, and got down there to help me to dismount; but when we asked him to come in he would not.

. . . . *April 28th.*—The beech buds are bursting. Ours on the trees nearest the house are all green to-day, the silver pods all breaking. I passed under the great one at Farnham yesterday, and looked up to the clear sky through its branches. The sky looked purple, and the branches were red like burnished gold. It will soon be all a canopy of green leaves there. Old Simpson had wanted to cut that tree down when Mr. Harold first came; "but I think even he is glad that it has been left standing now that

spring has come back," Mr. Harold said to me last night. "He confessed the other day,—"It's a fine tree, if it stood anywhere else, but it's tarnation bad for the flowers." Yes, it is bad for the flowers, I dare say; but one had better lose many a flower than one tree like that.

. . . . *May day.*—I found my first bit of hawthorn in blossom this morning, as it used to be when I was a child. I don't know how many years have passed since I last saw a branch of hawthorn in flower on May day. Mr. Harold was in the garden with me when I found it, and he seemed to think I was really becoming a child again when he saw how eagerly I gathered it. "What makes you care to see hawthorn out on the 1st of May?" he said. And then I told him about the old May days, when my mother used to make me garlands.

. . . . *May 15th.*—Mr. Harold said to me an hour ago, "It is eleven months this evening since I saw you first." I did not think he would have remembered that. I merely answered, "Yes, I know it is."

I do not know why he sometimes looks at me as he does now, as if (I may be fanciful, but, if I am, it is he of late who has made me so)—as if, I have thought once or twice, he was questioning something in his mind, and doubting whether or not he would tell it to me. It is so strange and hesitating a look, as if he did not know whether he could trust me enough to speak to me; so sad a look too. Oh, does he know me so little yet, that he does not understand how I would hold anything on earth he told me as sacred and as dear as my own life? If he does not know this already, how can I ever make him know it? For weeks past now those words that my father said have been haunting me, and I cannot get rid of the thought of them; I cannot escape from the feeling that he has been looking of late, not only like a man who has some secret trouble, but like one whose trouble was hunting him down. I have scarcely known him at times, he has been so unlike himself, so changeable, so cold, so uneven in spirits. Oh, if I could speak to him,—if I had courage to say something—But I have no courage,—and I have no right. If he cared to speak to me, would he not do it, without any words of mine?

He does not like us less than he did—that is one gladness that I am sure of. Whatever troubles him it is not anything that parts him at heart from us. I know that. I did not know it at first; but, however he may keep at times away from us, however grave or sad he may

be when he is with us, I cannot doubt it—it would not be possible to doubt it—now.

. . . *May 18th.*—I went down to the village after dinner this evening, and in coming back I met Mr. Harold, just as I was opening the little gate to cross the churchyard. He had been going in another direction, I think, but he turned when he saw me. He asked me if I was going home, and when I said Yes, he held the gate open, and passed through it after me.

It was such a lovely evening—one of those perfect, peaceful, balmy evenings that we seem even already to have had so many of this year. We walked slowly along the pathway, through the two lines of graves. Was it wrong, I wonder, to feel so happy amongst all those lying dead? I could not help it, even if it was. I *was* happy; I liked to be there with him, and to have him talking to me under those solemn beautiful old trees.

We had nearly reached the other gate, when something that I said about my mother made him ask me to show him where she had been buried. We had passed the place, or passed the path at least that leads to it; but I turned round, and we walked back again across the grass. When we reached the grave he stood beside it for a little while without speaking, looking at the writing on the stone. "So she was a Theresa Thurston too!" he said at last, in a low voice.

I had forgotten at first, because I have become so used to my mother's name being the same as my own, that that inscription which is so familiar to me must have seemed strange to him, and have made him feel for a moment as if he had been standing by *my* grave, and not my mother's. I forgot it for a moment, though I remembered it when he spoke. I knew what he had been thinking before he said to me, "I am glad you are standing at my side. It gives one a blow to see those two words written there."

We went back presently, walking slowly under the young lime-trees. I told him how my father had planted them the year my mother died. They are growing large now; they will soon meet and make an archway over the path. When we reached the farther gate again we both lingered for a few moments before we opened it. He stood with his hand upon it, looking back, as if he was unwilling to come away.

. . . *May 26th.*—There was such a sad accident in the village yesterday. My father and I were going to dinner, when they brought us news that poor Joe Fielding had fallen from the church tower. There have been

some repairs going on there this week, and Joe, it seems, had gone up with one of the workmen whom he knew, and in looking about him had stepped incautiously on an unsteady plank, and fallen down—a depth of twenty feet. He had fallen on his back, and broken his spine. My father ate his dinner hurriedly, and went down to the village, and I persuaded him to let me go along with him. They had taken the lad to his grandmother's cottage, and we went there, and found both Dr. Ramsay and Dr. Merson with him. My father went into the room where they were examining him, and I waited in the outer room and did what I could to soothe the poor old woman, whom the doctors had shut out, and who was complaining bitterly that she was not allowed to see her child.

I had to wait for my father for a long time, and when he came out from the room at last he looked so grave that I saw he had no good news to give. He and Mr. Harold, who I had not before known was there, came from the bedroom together, leaving the doctors by themselves. My father said to me in a whisper, "It is a very bad case; I am afraid it is all over with him." The old grandmother began to ask eager questions, crying and sobbing all the time, and it was a very sad five minutes till Dr. Ramsay and Dr. Merson came into the room. But when they joined us, to my surprise, they answered her more hopefully than either my father or Mr. Harold had done. Mr. Harold, however, was standing by my side when they spoke to her, and shook his head when I looked at him. "They are not telling it all to her," he said under his breath.

Poor Joe! Before we came away I went into the room to see him. He was lying in bed then, with his white face looking so patient—looking even quite calm and happy. He tried to put up his hand to touch his forehead when he saw me, and smiled when I began to speak to him. I had seen him last a week ago, singing over his work in the sunshine at Farnham. He said to me, "I don't think there's much wrong with me, miss. I think I shall get all straight again in a day or two." Poor lad! he made the tears come into my eyes.

The neighbours were all so kind. A number of them came in, and I think there were more than half-a-dozen who offered to stay and help in the nursing. We left Mrs. Baily there at last—a useful, sensible woman. We two and Mr. Harold walked home together, and on the way they repeated to me

what the doctors had said. It was scarcely possible, they had told them, that he should live. Mr. Harold was so much distressed about it all. He had been one of the first to see Joe after he fell, and had helped to carry him home, and he told us of all that had been done before we came, and was so moved sometimes that he could scarcely go on speaking. He had told us weeks ago what a liking he had taken to the boy, and what a bright, intelligent lad he was. "I would give a thousand pounds to save his life," he said once.

To-day both my father and I have been at the cottage again, at different times. There is no change for the better. He lies in his little room, so placid and contented. "It's worth being ill, miss, to have every one so kind," he said to me while I was with him.

The poor old grandmother when I went had fallen asleep by the fire-side. She had sat up with her boy all night; "And, poor soul," Mrs. Baily said, "she only sat down now to cry a bit; but, you see, she's just worn out, and has dropped off."

... *May 28th.*—... It made my heart ache this morning to hear Joe Fielding telling me with such a glad face that he had not almost any pain left at all. Poor lad! it would be better if he had.

He told me to-day all about his fall. He likes to talk of it, and he is always saying, "I am glad it wasn't at Mr. Harold's; I am real glad of that." I am glad too. The tears stand in his eyes when he speaks of Mr. Harold. "If I had been his own son he couldn't do more for me," he says. "Look at all the things he sends me, and he comes himself, as often as two or three times a day. I'd like to get over this, if it was only to go back and work for him."

Mr. Harold came into the cottage to-day as I was about to leave it, and stood talking to me for a minute or two before he went into Joe's room. Poor Joe! The old grandmother was sitting rocking herself over the fire and crying as I came away. "He's the last of them all!" she kept sobbing.

... *May 31st.*—I went this morning to the Fieldings, and saw Joe lying dead—lying so calmly, poor boy, with a smile upon his face. "I've been very happy this last year," he said to me yesterday. "Maybe I was too happy to live." "Ay, he has always been telling me that; he has always been thinking of late that he has got better than he deserved," the old woman said. My heart has been aching for her. She goes about the house to-day as if she hardly

believed that he was dead. I could not make her sit down, even when I was there. I had to leave her at last, wandering aimlessly up and down the stairs. But the people round are very good to her, and Mr. Harold will give her all she needs. "Ah, it's hard to be left when they're all gone," she said in her sad old voice. "Him taken, and me left! It's hard to understand the Lord's ways."

"Too happy to live!" the poor lad said.

Mr. Harold came for an hour this evening, and he talked to me about the Fieldings, and of what could be done for the old woman. He spoke of poor Joe, too, almost tenderly. "I don't know how I shall fill his place," he said. "I never saw a finer lad—so clever, so honest, so upright." I said to him, "You had made him love you so. The sound of your step upon the floor all this week has been enough to bring the light to his eyes."

... *June 1st.*—A couple of months ago it rarely happened that Mr. Harold did not walk home from church with us on Sunday mornings; but he almost never does it now. To-day, when we were walking back alone, my father turned round and saw him at some distance, and said suddenly, "I want to speak to Harold. Wait for me a minute." He turned back to meet him, and I stood still till they came up. We were only a little way from home. He shook hands with me without speaking, as my father talked to him, and then we walked on together. At the gate he left us. My father said to him, "Come in for half an hour;" but he would not come. As we walked on to the house, after he had been silent for a little while, my father said abruptly, "It's a terrible pity that Harold is so moody and changeable. What he may have to depress him I don't know; but there is no doubt that he is very far from being a happy man." No, there is no doubt of that. My father is fond of Mr. Harold. He laid his hand upon his shoulder to-day as they stood at the gate, while he was trying to persuade him to come in. He often looks so kindly at him—almost even tenderly sometimes.

... *June 4th.*—I let a flower-pot fall upon my foot in moving some plants this morning, and bruised it so much that it has been painful, and has kept me on the sofa all day. We were to have dined at the Farquharsons', but I thought it would look foolish to limp up-stairs, so I let my father go alone, and I have been reading all the evening the life of Haydon, which Mr.

Harold brought me. A curious, painful book. I had asked him to get it for me, and he came with it after lunch to-day, meaning merely, it seems, to leave it at the door; but the servant, when he called, told him about my little mishap, and then he came in,—just for a moment, to see that I was really not much hurt, he said. But the moment became an hour. I was lying down; I had been in pain, and was tired. "I am not going to disturb you for more than a minute; don't put your book away," he said, as he stood beside my sofa, hat in hand. "But I am tired of reading, and I am so glad to be disturbed," I answered. He smiled at that. "Are you dull lying here? Do you want to be amused?" he asked me. "I should like to be talked to," I said—"if somebody would stay and talk to me." And then he stayed. He sat down by my side, and he was very good to me. He was as kind and gentle as my father might have been. My foot was aching, and when he asked me I told him that it ached, because I wanted his pity and his kind words; and he gave them both to me till I was content, and till I lay thinking, "If he is so tender over a little ailment, what would he be, I wonder, if one were really ill!"

It is past ten now, and my father will be home soon. Mr. Harold, too, is dining with the Farquharsons. The other day my father asked me suddenly if I thought there was anything between him and Mary Farquharson. A curious question for him to ask! I laughed at it, and said "No." And now I say No again. No! and again No! Let him do or not do what he will, he will not marry Mary Farquharson.

Ah, if life could but sometimes stand still!—if the present could but endure, and not for ever become the past! Some hours, if we could but hold them—till "too happy to live," perhaps, like poor Joe Fielding, we might fall asleep at last.

CHAPTER V.

Two months ago, if Mr. Harold had been a man of great firmness or strength of character, he would have left Kynaston, or would at least have ceased entirely to see Theresa Thurston; but he was not such a man. He was about as strong as an average human creature is, and no stronger. He laid no claim to the possession of an iron will (that favourite attribute of heroes), and there had been times in his life before now, when, *as* now, between two ways that lay before him he did not clearly see which

was the path he ought to follow. He did see *this* clearly—that he ought not to have made Theresa Thurston love him; but since she did love him, and since it was too late to repent of that, the question that he found it hard to answer was what he was to do next.

It seemed to him that what he ought to do depended more upon what kind of woman Theresa was than upon any absolute rule to be followed of right or wrong; he thought this, and yet at times he was not sure of it; at times he was almost sure that he was acting selfishly and wrongly in staying near her. "If I were to leave her now she would suffer sharply for a time, but after she had suffered she would recover and be happy again," he would argue with himself; "whereas, if I stay, I call upon her for the sacrifice of her whole life." And yet he could not decide whether it would or would not be a cruel thing to leave her—whether it would or would not be most kind to let her make that sacrifice. And then while he hesitated time went on, and though he saw her far less often than he had done at first, still he continued at times to see her, until at last, when spring had passed and June had come, he began to feel that the time for *him* to decide whether or not to leave her had passed too. He might have decided the question for himself two months ago, but now he said to himself that he had no longer any right to go away from her unless she let him go.

Mr. Harold was a refined, intellectual, thoughtful man, but he was in no sense a hero. He was half a dreamer—a man who more often let himself be led by circumstances than one who strove to mould circumstances into accordance with his own will. He had let himself drift into a position which he had never meant to occupy, but from which each day that passed now made him more unwilling or unable to retreat. "I had no right to bring myself into the relations with her that I have done," he could say to himself; but yet at the same time he could not bring himself, of his own will, to alter those relations; for his sad life had been brightened by this girl's presence as by light from heaven; she had made the world young to him again; she had refreshed him like summer rain. "I will not go on seeing her," he had said to himself on the first night when he had guessed she cared for him, but yet he *had* gone on seeing her. During these two months he had often indeed avoided her; he had sometimes even been cold to her;

but still in spite of that he had let her see, and he knew that he had let her see, that she had become the one woman in the world to him.

And yet he was not, and he could not be, her lover. If any one who had possessed the right to do it had asked him whether he was wooing her, he must have answered "No." He must have answered "No" to Mr. Thurston if Mr. Thurston had put such a question to him.

"We are going to be quite gay this week," Theresa had said to him on the 10th of June, during that hour when he sat beside her sofa. "There is this dinner at the Farquharsons' to-day, to which I can't go, and my father dines at Millfield to-morrow, and on Saturday we both go to the Hillyars."

"I am to be at the Hillyars too," Mr. Harold replied.

But he was not to dine at Millfield, and on the evening that Mr. Thurston went there he came again, unasked, to the Manor House.

He came resolved at last that he would take this night to tell his story to her. For weeks past he had known that he ought to do this, and yet for weeks past he had put off doing it. It was not an easy thing for him to tell it to her. Even to-night when he came to her, and saw how the glad colour rose into her face at the sight of him, he shrank, and almost thought that he would hold his peace. He said to himself, "If I tell her to-night she may never look at me with the same eyes again."

But yet presently he strengthened himself afresh in his resolve. The thing, sooner or later, must be done; he had wronged her already by not doing it months ago; he would not, by longer delay, now make the wrong greater. He sat in the twilight of the June evening thinking this; but while he thought it his heart was very sore within him, for he longed with an unutterable longing to have this woman belong to him, and he was about to say to her what might part her from him for ever.

He sat for a long time almost without speaking to her, but these quiet moods of his had ceased to distress her now. He had said a few words to her lately that had taken away all their power to pain her. "Whenever I want rest or peace," he had said to her, "I like to come and sit beside you."

It grew dark as they sat so without speaking. She was sitting in an easy chair beside one of the open windows. Her foot was better to-day, but she was scarcely able

yet to use it, and she had been sitting in this easy chair for half the day. "But it does not suit me; it has made me tired," she said to Mr. Harold when he came; and she looked tired. She was sitting now leaning her head back against the crimson cushions. The face, with its pale colouring and its framing of fair hair, had often, in spite of its breadth and firmness, almost a spiritual look; it looked pure and fair and beautiful to Geoffry Harold to-night, above all faces upon earth.

He had turned away from her, and had been sitting for some time looking through the window. "When it gets dusk I will speak to her," he said to himself; but it was long in getting dusk.

The day was the 5th of June, little more than a week now from the time last year when he had seen her first. He sat looking steadily away from her till the light had got so faint that he could not have clearly seen her face; and then suddenly at last he spoke to her.

"Miss Thurston," he said abruptly, "I have had a great trouble in my life, and sometimes of late I have thought that I should like to tell it to you. Will you let me tell it now, as we both sit here?"

He turned to her for one moment, and held out his hand to her, and the two palms met suddenly in a close silent clasp. She did not speak to him; at that moment, startled as she was, she would have found it hard to speak; but he did not want any answer from her. Their hands pressed one another, and then he let hers go, and turned his face back again to the window.

"What I am going to tell you happened," he began again, after two or three moments' silence, "at least the first of it happened, long ago, when I was young. I had just left Oxford, when, at a house where I was intimate, I met a woman, some years older than I was, whose beauty attracted me. She was very handsome, and I was hot-headed and impulsive then; and before I knew anything of her, or she of me, I asked her to marry me. She was the daughter of a poor country lawyer, and I was rich, and she accepted me. I am not going to blame her for doing that. The fault was as much mine as hers. If I had not been blind I should have seen that she did not care for me.

"We were married when I was four-and-twenty. I was entirely my own master at that time." (Mr. Harold had gone on without pausing. He had heard a sharp involuntary movement that Theresa made, and had

not dared to look at her, or to stop speaking as he heard it.) "I was entirely my own master, for my father had been dead for two years; I had lost my mother long before, and I had neither brother nor sister, nor any near relation, who had a right to interfere with me. I married this woman, Agatha Curzon, and as soon as we were married we went abroad."

"There are many troubles that a man may have—" He had sat silent for a few moments, and now, when he resumed his story, his voice had got a tone in it of repressed bitterness and passion. "There are many troubles that a man may have—I have only known a few of them—but I can conceive of scarcely any amongst the *common* woes of life more deadly in its effects than



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that of finding yourself bound to a woman whose presence has become a daily and hourly burden to you. *I* tasted this misery before I had been married for six months. We had nothing in common: no tastes alike, no thoughts alike, no past that we loved to look back upon together, no future that either of us cared to look forward to. At least *I* had none: she withered up my life for

me. *She* had a kind of dull sensual enjoyment in some things: she liked what money could buy for her, and cared for the food she ate and the clothes she wore. She was a phlegmatic woman, without passion, and, except in one direction, without keen feeling of any kind; but she had *one* strong feeling, and that was hatred for the man she had married. She had never even liked me, and

she hated me, I think, before she had been married to me for three months; and, with the cold malice of her passionless nature, she let it become her daily work to make me feel her hatred. You may think I speak bitterly, Miss Thurston, and perhaps I do; but during the years we lived together she made my life like hell to me. There was no miserable petty torment which she could devise that she did not exercise upon me. We had no child to make a link between us. From year's end to year's end she was like a thorn in my side, fretting the flesh till it was raw."

He paused here for a little, and there was a sudden silence. Theresa was sitting forward in her chair; her cheeks, that had flushed red for a moment, very pale now; her hands clasped a little tightly on her knees. She was looking at him with an eager, anxious look—a look in which sympathy, pain, sorrow, were all passionately mingled; but she did not speak to him, even though it seemed to her as if her life hung on his words; for his story was unfinished still, and all that made its most vital interest for her was still untold.

He sat silent for more than a minute, full of bitter and rebellious thoughts. He was thinking to himself, "Would it have been a thing that could not be forgiven, if, before I had told her this, I had taken her once and held her in my arms? She would have come to me ten minutes ago." His heart began to beat within him with great throbs. For a little while his better and his worse nature were at war within him. "I have half-parted her from me already with this accursed story," one of them kept crying to him.

"Do you want to know how it all ended?" he said to her at last, suddenly and almost harshly. "It ended in our parting. We had lived together for six years when she quarrelled with me at last, and we separated. We were in Naples at the time. I wanted to bring her home, for I was sick of being abroad, and she had been making intimacies with people that I would not have her intimate with; but that idle, luxurious, foreign life suited her, and she refused to come with me. I gave her her choice—to accompany me or to stay behind me, as she liked; and she chose to stay behind. Miss Thurston, you may think of me what you like, but the first happy hour I had known from the day I married her was the hour in which I saw her face for the last time, and turned my back upon that hateful place. She remained

in it,—and she is there still. We have lived apart now for five years. I believe she lives respectably: she cares too much for her own comfort to do anything else, for she knows what she would lose if she were to give me the power of divorcing her. At present I give her the half of my income to get rid of her; and if she would keep away from me on no other terms, I would give her the rest of it to be quit of her,—to the last farthing that I have!"

He had been speaking slowly and almost calmly until he reached the last words, but as he said these his half-suppressed passion broke through his voice; and then he became silent, and there was a long pause, during which the twilight made a merciful veil between them.

It seemed to them both, during that silence, as if neither of them could speak to the other any more. There seemed suddenly, as it were, a wall between them—something that his own hands had raised—which parted them, and which made her pity and her love and her sympathy all impotent. What could she offer to him? what could she give him, when he asked for nothing from her? His face was turned away; it seemed to her that she could not even stretch her hand out to him now. She sat, still leaning forward in her chair, yearning, with a desperate unutterable yearning, to comfort him, and yet not daring—not knowing how.

The June air was coming through the open window, rich with night perfumes. How calm it all was! and *she* was crying wildly to herself, "That woman threw away what I would die to have!"

She had tried to speak to him, but she could not. How could she say any words of ordinary consolation to him, as if she believed that for that he had told the trouble of his life to her? She knew he had not told it to her for that. In the bottom of her heart she knew already why he had done it.

She could not speak, but yet, through all the pain of the silence that there was between them, she had a hope that he would understand her. Had she been another kind of woman, she would perhaps have spoken to him from very fear *lest* he should understand her; but Theresa Thurston was not the sort of woman to dread that. She trusted him too absolutely and honoured him too deeply to have one moment's thought of guarding herself from him. If he had asked her at this moment if she loved him, she would have answered "Yes."

The silence lasted unbroken till there was a sound of carriage wheels on the gravel in the avenue. Then Mr. Harold said,—

"That is your father coming home."

"Is it so late?" she answered. And they both rose up.

They had been sitting all this time in the dark. She crossed the room, and struck a match, and lighted the candles that were standing on the mantelpiece. He too left the window, and when she had lit the candles, she half turned round again, and their eyes suddenly met. For a moment they looked at one another, and then the colour flashed into her face, and she went to him, and held out her hand.

"I will never repeat what you have told to me," she said.

"I know that," he answered quietly.

He took her hand, and they stood together.

"You know now why I came to live in this place, where no one had ever heard of me," he said. "And you know, too," he added after a moment, "why I have told *you* my story to-night."

The house-bell had rung, and they heard the Squire's voice in the hall. Theresa went to meet him at the door, and in another moment or two he was in the room talking to them. Then, presently—for it was still early—they all sat down together, and the Squire and Mr. Harold began to talk to one another, as they might have done on any other night.

Theresa took up her work and tried to sew, but she could not see the stitches, her fingers trembled, her heart was beating; she heard their voices in the room, but she did not know what they said; she could not listen any longer to any common words. For the moment one sentence alone was ringing in her ears. For the moment she scarcely even thought of the story he had told her; she thought only of those last words that he had said. She sat with her eyes bent down, repeating them to herself, as if they were a charm to make her forget all pain. She felt as if for *him* she could feel grief and pity still, but as if *she* were lifted above all sorrow,—placed by his blessing where it could not touch her. "I would have given all my life to be dearest to him for one day or hour," she said to herself. "Now, how can I feel pain or trouble more, when I have gained my heart's desire!"

When Mr. Harold rose to go at last he came to where she was sitting, but as he put out his hand to her he merely spoke to her to bid her good night. From look, and tone, and manner, every touch was gone of what

had made the passion of his last address to her. His quiet indifferent words for the moment chilled her a little; he hardly held her hand even as warmly as he would have held it on a common night.

The Squire said to her, "Are you tired, my darling?" when they were left alone; but as she came forward to the light and lifted up her face, she did not look tired.

"No, I have been sitting reading nearly all day," she replied.

He put his arm about her, and stroked her hair. Perhaps a thought had crossed Mr. Thurston's mind before this of the possibility of Theresa, some day, becoming Geoffry Harold's wife. "If they took a fancy to one another, they might both come and live here," he had possibly thought. "I should like to see her married before I die, and to hear the pattering of her children's feet about the old place."

He might have been thinking this, as he looked at her now. He might have thought that she had been happy to-night, as he drew her to his side, and kissed and blessed her.

She sat up till far into the night in her own room, trying—when she had regained the power to look back—to recall each word of the story he had told her; going over it again and again, with such utter sympathy and pity for him as only a woman could have felt, who loved him with such a love as hers. It was an agony of pity—a feeling that wrung and tore her heart. But yet it was wholly pity for *him*. During all the hours to-night while she sat and thought, she never felt one moment's sorrow for herself; it was as though she had no power yet to feel that. She only said, "He has given all to me that he *can* give. I would not change lots with any woman upon earth."

But yet, though she said this, she was so far conscious of the sadness that was mingled with her joy, and of the stern line that bounded it—a line whose existence would make her lot a lot apart, separate from those of other women—that her happiness soon became subdued and even solemn. For it was as though two hands at the same moment had given gifts to her, the one of supreme blessing, the other of something that throughout her life should make an under-current of pain. And she knew this—though she knew too that the blessing outweighed the pain—that to her it outweighed it infinitely. To go on loving him, as she loved him now (this was what she thought), to have all her future what this year had been, only sweeter, because she should know that she was dear to him—would

that be to gain less happiness than other women had? "I think it has been harder for him than it has been for me," she said to herself; "and it will be harder for him perhaps in all the time to come; but yet—even for him—!"

Let me say this,—that no purer love than Theresa Thurston's was, from first to last, ever took root in a woman's heart,—no love that ever less sought its own reward,—that was less mixed with earthly or selfish thoughts. I think that from the very beginning, even from this night, she almost loved him as some woman to whom he had been dear on earth might

have loved him after death in heaven. For in truth, if not death, it was something else almost as stern as death that stood between them—something that silenced desire, that obliged hope to cease, that from its very irrevocableness made the love that lived in spite of it purer than common love. She was conscious herself of this, and conscious that the very conditions which bound and fettered their affection for one another had an influence upon them, which, if it was less sweet than that of liberty, was yet higher and more ennobling.

A MISSIONARY BISHOP.

II.

NO sooner had Coley Patteson been duly installed as Bishop, in April, 1861, than he wrote thus to his father:—

"How can I thank you for giving me up to this work, and for all the wise and loving words with which you constantly cheer and encourage me? Your blessing comes now to cheer and strengthen me, as work and responsibilities are fast accumulating upon me. . . . I almost fear to write that I am a bishop in the Church of Christ. May God strengthen me for the duties of the office, to which I trust He has indeed called me! . . . What some of you say about self-possession on one's going about among the poor people being marvellous, is just what of course appears to me commonplace. Of course it is wrong to risk one's life, but to carry one's life in one's hand is what other soldiers besides those of the Cross do habitually; and no one, as I think, would willingly hurt a hair of my head in Melanesia, or that part of it where I am known.

"How I think of those islands! How I see those bright coral and sandy beaches, strips of burning sunshine fringing the masses of forest rising into ridges of hills, covered with a dense mat of vegetation! Hundreds of people are crowding upon them, naked, armed, with wild uncouth cries and gestures; I cannot talk to them but by signs. But they are my children now! May God enable me to do my duty to them!"

His next seven-months' trip among the islands was delayed owing to the difficulty of finding a craft to take the place of the *Southern Cross*. There was nothing to approach, not to speak of equalling her. "Vessels built for freight," says the Bishop, "are to the *Southern Cross* as a cart-horse to a thoroughbred steed, and we must have some vessel which can do the work quickly among the multitude of the isles, and many other reasons there are which *we seamen* only perhaps can judge fully, which make it quite essential to the carrying on of this peculiar mission that we should have a vessel of a

peculiar kind." The best that could be done meanwhile, however, was to charter the *Dunedin*—a vessel not in the best repair, "the pumps going every two hours," to carry them to Mota, after having undergone some preliminary "caulking." At Erromango, they heard of the mournful deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, the Scotch missionaries, who had become victims to the wild superstitions of the people. But Bishop Patteson had full faith in his own safety. Reaching Mota, and finding the home that had been erected on a former visit all secure, he soon set out in an open boat to pay a round of visits to the other islands of the Banks group, returning to their homes such of the Banks Islanders as he had had with him. "As we pulled away from Aruas," he tells us, "one elderly man drew his bow, and the women and children ran off into the bush, here, as everywhere almost in these islands, growing quite thickly some twenty yards above water-mark. The man did not let fly his arrow. I cannot tell why this small demonstration took place."

But probably the reason was simply that the Bishop, when an arrow was pointed at him, was wont to look the archer full in the face with his bright smile, and the look of cheery confidence and good-will made the weapon drop. H.M.S. *Cordelia*, under Captain Hume, which took him off Mota and carried him to the Solomon Islands, for his next visitation there, brought him word of the serious illness of his father; so that it was hardly a shock to him when on reaching Norfolk Island, on his return, he learned the first news of the Judge's death from the Sydney papers. He took it as though it had

been long prepared for; and the only evidence of change towards those about him was, if possible, a greater sweetness in his manner and ways towards them.

The year 1862 was remarkable for a voyage in a chartered vessel, the *Sea-breeze*, in which various islands of the Solomon and New Hebrides groups were visited, and frequent landings made on the island of Santa Cruz, on which they had not landed before. The natives are very ingenious—carving elaborate arrows and as elaborately poisoning them; but the Bishop met only with kindness and attention.

"Two or three of the men took off little ornaments and gave them to me; one bright pretty boy especially I remember, who took off his shell necklace and put it round my neck, making me understand, partly by words, but more by signs, that he was afraid to come now, but would do so if I returned, as I said, in eight or ten moons. Large baskets of almonds were given me, and other food also thrown into the boat. I made a poor return by giving some fish-hooks and a tomahawk to the man whom I took to be the person of most consequence. On shore the women came freely up to me among the crowd, but they were afraid to venture down to the beach. Now, this is the island about which we have long felt a great difficulty as to the right way of obtaining any communication with the natives. This year, why and how I cannot tell, the way was opened beyond all expectation."

At Leper's Island and Malanta, at Misial and at Ysabel, such pleasant days were likewise spent; and even at Tikopia, where the people are very powerful in person and unmanageable in spirit, a good impression was made. In November, the Bishop returned to Kohimarama, and immediately set about the work there. He congratulates himself on the increased openings for mission-stations, and though he felt the lack of workers, he was full of hope that the Banks Archipelago would soon supply a working staff. One of his great ideas, indeed, was to form centres for independent native missionary effort—having become more and more convinced that the Melanesians would be the most efficient missionaries to each other. Hence the concern with which he now warned those at home about the "right men" for his staff, knowing that any false ideas imported from home would have a very alien influence on the natives. Here is one passage in which he gathers up his oft-repeated convictions on this head:—

"You know I have long felt that there is harm done by trying to make these islanders like English people. All that is needed for decency and propriety in the arrangements of houses, in dress, &c., we must get them to adopt, but they are to be Melanesian, not English, Christians. We are so far

removed from them in matters not at all necessarily connected with Christianity, that unless we can denationalise ourselves and eliminate all that belongs to us as English, and not as Christians, we cannot be to them what a well-instructed countryman may be. He is nearer to them. They understand him. He brings the teaching to them in a practical and intelligible form."

Of his manner of life at Kohimarama at this time, he thus tells his sisters, with a little of the quiet humour that he was wont to throw across dull and ordinary routine:—

"Up at five, when I go round and pull the blankets, not without many a joke, off the sleeping boys; many of the party are already up and washing. Then just before prayers I go to the kitchen and see that all is ready for breakfast. Prayers at 5:45 in English, Mota, Bauru, &c., beginning with a Mota hymn, and ending with the Lord's Prayer in English. Breakfast immediately after: at our table, Mr. Pritt, Mr. Kerr, and young Atkin, who has just joined us. At the teachers' table, five Norfolk Islanders, Edward (a Maori), five girls, and two of their husbands, and the three girls being placed at the table because they are girls; Melanesians at the other three tables indiscriminately."

The new *Southern Cross*, procured mainly by the efforts of Mr. Keble and Dr. Moberly, arrived on the 28th of February, 1863, and was found every way well suited for her purpose; but the joy that was felt over this event was soon dashed by a distressing visitation which carried off several of the native lads. Miss Yonge thus indicates its nature:—

"Whether it was from the large numbers, or the effect of the colder climate, or from what cause could not be told, but a frightful attack of dysentery fell upon the Melanesians, and for several weeks suffering prevailed among them. How Bishop Patteson tended them during this time can be better guessed than described. Archdeacon Lloyd, who came to assist in the cares of the small party of clergy, can find no words to express the devotion with which the Bishop nursed them, comforting and supporting them, never shrinking from the most repulsive offices, even bearing out the dead silently at night, lest the others should see and be alarmed."

In a letter home, at this trying time, he says, "Since this day fortnight I have scarce slept night or day, but by snatching an hour here and there; others are working quite as hard, and all the good points of our Melanesian staff are brought out, as you may suppose."

Six of the children were taken thus—the last one Sosaman—"a dear lad, one of the Banks Islanders, about ten or twelve years old." By him at the last, Bishop Patteson knelt, closing the eyes in death. "I can see his mother's face now," he writes. "What will she say to me, she who knows not the Christian's life in death? . . . I washed

him and laid him out as usual in a linen sheet. How white it looked! So much more simple and touching than the coffin—the form just discernible as it lay where five had lain before.”

It can easily be imagined how severe would be the trial of visiting the relatives of the deceased islanders on the next voyage; but that was got over with less pain than might have been expected; for in the hearts of most of them the seed of Christian faith had struck root and grown—one father at Mota saying to him, “It is all well, Bishop; he died well. I know you did all you could; it is all well.” And fresh scholars came from these islands in plenty.

This casualty practically re-opened the question whether New Zealand would be a safe residence for the great body of Melanesian youth, and it was decided in the negative. A visit to Melbourne, Sydney, and Victoria enabled the Bishop to make appeal for aid towards establishing another station, which did not pass without response; and plans were formed to transfer the school to a healthy and well-watered part of Curtis Island, east of Queensland. This was mainly fixed on with the idea of native Australians also being taken to the mission station. But though Curtis Island was visited, it was not found possible to leave a party there then to try the experiment; and the *Southern Cross* sailed to Santa Cruz, to meet that fatal attack in Graciosa Bay, which in its result stands out a mournful episode in the life of Bishop Patteson. The party were shot at, and several of them severely wounded with arrows. Tetanus or lock-jaw supervened, and his favourite scholar, Fisher Young, and another, Edwin Nobbs, died in great agony. It was a relief to the Bishop on this occasion to reach home, to find some rest and recruitment; for the unusual strain and incessant tax on his energies had tried him greatly. And well pleased he must have been to find that his helpers were always so assiduous in his absences. During the year 1865 a great advance was made in the industrial department of the mission work. About seventeen acres of land were taken in hand and worked by Mr. Pritt, with the Melanesian lads.

In the end of 1865 an official offer of a station on Norfolk Island was made; and though Curtis Island had not ceased to be thought of, the offer was all the more readily embraced in that the Bishop's mind had for some time been made up on the expediency of a change to a place which was likely to

suit both English and tropical constitutions alike, and he hoped to make the experiment the ensuing winter, with Mr. Palmer and a small body of scholars; Norfolk Island being not only six hundred miles nearer to the Melanesian Islands than Auckland, but these the six hundred cold and boisterous miles that must be weathered at the end of each return voyage.

This change to Norfolk Island was charged with great issues for the mission; and on going back there the Bishop must have been delighted to see the progress that had been made in the way of clearing and preparing by the party who had been left under Mr. Palmer; and the time being come, he proceeded on to the Mota settlement, full of hope. Here he was absorbed in the scheming out of a Christian village—George Sarawia's suggestion meeting a long-cherished idea of his own; and this was varied by quiet work of several kinds. “How he read, wrote, or did anything, is the marvel, with the hut constantly crowded by men who had nothing to do but gather round, in suffocating numbers, to stare at his pen travelling over the paper. . . . It is useless,” he says, “to talk about it, and one must humour them, or they will think I am vexed with them. The scholars, neatly clothed, with orderly and industrious habits, were no small contrast, but I miss as yet the link between them and the resident heathen people.”

He has, however, one cause for gladness that might well surprise students and dignitaries at home. He can congratulate himself that now he does not need to take any trouble about cooking, having got from England a supply of preserved meats, which leaves him freer for the pleasant occupation, for an hour or so each day, in clearing away the bush, that in one year grows up surprisingly here. But he adds quaintly, “I can make myself all sorts of good things, if I choose to take the trouble, and some days I do so. I bake a little bread now and then, and flatter myself it is uncommonly good.” A beautiful property, between Veverao and Maligo, of some ten acres, was chosen for the site of the village; and the intricate affair of settling with some sixteen different owners, having been got over, the business of clearing and building was set about energetically. Then, having seen a start made, with George Sarawia established as head of the village, he departs on his voyage among the islands; and now we first get definitive hints of the evils being done by that semi-legalised slave-trade between the South Sea

Islands and New Caledonia and the white settlers in Fiji. The Bishop writes :—

“I have made a little move in the matter. I wrote to a Wesleyan missionary in Fiji (Ovalau) who sent us some books. I am told that Government sanctions natives being brought upon agreement to work for pay, &c., and passage home in two years. We know the impossibility of making contracts with New Hebrides or Solomon natives. It is a mere sham, an evasion of some law, passed, I dare say, without any dishonourable intention, to procure colonial labour. If necessary, I will go to Fiji or anywhere to procure information. But I saw a letter in a Sydney paper which spoke strongly and properly of the necessity of the most stringent rules to prevent the white settlers from injuring the coloured men.”

Though Bishop Patteson had followed his own judgment on two decided points—the removal to Norfolk Island, and the use of the Mota language instead of English, and did not repent having done so—yet still the being left with none to whom to look up to as an authority was a heavy trial and strain on mind and body, and brought on another stage in that premature age that the climate and constant toil were bringing upon him when most men are still in the fulness of their strength; and this notwithstanding that the party were in excellent health, and the land found to be so very productive that it was hoped they would very soon have an export; whilst, as to the adoption of the language of Mota, he could say that it was beginning to be a very fair channel for communicating accurate theological teaching, they having to a large extent made it so by assigning deeper meanings to existing words.

Other departments of mission work did not pause. In July, 1868—though an outbreak of typhus in several of the islands had caused great concern, carried off some of the scholars, and tried the Bishop much—he tells us “they have now in Mota, in print, St. Luke and Acts, and soon will have St. John, which is all ready; the Prayer-Book, save some of the Psalms, and a few other small portions; and in manuscript they have a kind of manual of the Catechism, abstracts of the books of the Old Testament, papers on prophecy, &c. All this work, once done in Mota, is, without very much labour, to be transferred into Bauro, Mahaga, Mara, &c., as I hope, but that is in the future.”

The stations on Norfolk Island and at Mota formed excellent resting-points for the Bishop, and lightened his labours materially, so far as the sea-voyaging was concerned. But he knew no real rest. Wherever he was, there were others to be cared for, and he was instant in season and out of

season. What ominously varies the record of his work during the last two years is that running protest against the nefarious kidnaping which went on more and more as demand for labour increased in Fiji and Queensland, and toward which Government seemed to be supine, or indeed wholly indifferent. In November, 1869, the Bishop writes :—

“I know of no case of actual violence in the Banks Islands, but in every case they took people away under false pretences, asserting that the ‘Bishop is ill and can’t come, and he has sent us to bring you to him;’ or ‘the Bishop is in Sydney, he broke his leg getting into his boat, and has sent us to take you to him,’ &c. In most places, where any of our young people happened to be on the shore, they warned their companions against these men, but not always with success.”

The knowledge of this must have added considerably to the Bishop’s sense of danger; but he had self-control enough to exhibit no trace of fear, and went from island to island with the same frank, trustful bearing as before. But there can be no doubt that the additional anxiety which this caused him did much to bring on such depression and ill-health, as led his friends, who deemed that his case was worse than he had represented it, to urge him to come home to England for a short furlough, that he might procure proper medical advice. But to this he could not listen, and replies :—

“I should gain nothing by having medical advice there. I am quite satisfied that I know what is the matter with me, and the way to treat my malady; and the voyages and the life in England, and the climate, would be all much against my health. And I get on very well again now. Humanly speaking, I may do a good deal of work yet, rather in a quieter way perhaps than of old; but then I need not have any more adventures, except in one or two places perhaps like Santa Cruz. That stage of the mission is past in a good many islands, and I can devolve some part of it on my really excellent and very dear friends and helpers in the other islands. Brooke and Atkin (both in priests’ orders) spend three months in their respective fields of work on the Solomon Islands, among wild fellows (still practising, at times, cannibalism), and when you can get fellows to do this cheerily and making nothing of it, doing it as a matter of course, you may feel pretty sure you have fellows of the right stuff.”

So he went on, pursuing his regular round of work, now at Norfolk Island, teaching theology and aiding in the various crafts there practised; again at Mota, and helping in farm work, and once more moving from island to island and reef to reef, bringing off his boys, and later in the year landing them again; whilst his helpers were finding access to Tikopian giants, who had visited them at Mota, and otherwise forwarding the work. Santa Cruz caused him much con-

cern; but at Nukapu, in 1870, he is well received, the women dancing in his honour and giving small presents. The people, when they came on board, asked, "Where is Bisambe?" He replies, "Here I am." "No, no," say they; "the Bisambe *tuai* (of old); your *matua* (father). Is he below? Why doesn't he come up with some hatchets?"—showing that they well remembered Bishop Selwyn and the former visit.

On October 11 he makes this record:—

"A topsail schooner in sight between Ambrym and Paama—one of those kidnapping vessels. I have any amount of (to me) conclusive evidence of downright kidnapping. But I don't think I could prove any case in a Sydney court. They have no names painted on some of their vessels, and the natives can't catch nor pronounce the names of the white men on board."

On April 27, 1871, he started on his last voyage. Mota was visited; then came a cruise among the islands of the New Hebrides group; after that a few weeks back at Mota, baptizing children, &c.; and then on to the Santa Cruz group. Almost everywhere were tokens of the kidnapper—some of the islands were half depopulated; and now the Bishop began to see the necessity and the prudence of "not going near the islands, unless we have a good breeze, and can get away from the fleets of canoes, if we see reason for so doing." As they approached Nukapu, that "lay with the blue waves breaking over the circling reef, the white line of coral sand and the trees coming down to it," the Bishop had spoken to them on the death of Stephen. He had collected many presents to take ashore, and, going into the boat, pulled towards the canoes. The men in them seemed undecided what to do. When, however, he offered to go ashore they assented, and the boat having gone on to a part of the reef, some of the men proposed to take the Bishop into their canoe. As he found the entering of their canoes a good means of disarming suspicion, he complied; but soon after he heard the ominous word *tabu*, or warning, and yams and fruits were presented to him, no doubt in the hope that he would, according to their superstition, touch something *tabu*, and justify their striking him. The Bishop, having waded through the surf, landed on the beach, and the crew of the boat, which was now drifting about among the canoes, lost sight of him. But suddenly a man in one of the canoes stood up and shot one of their yard-long arrows toward the boat, and his companions in other two canoes immediately did the

same, calling out as they aimed, "This for New Zealand man! This for Bauro man! This for Mota man!" Before the boat could be pulled back all were wounded, and with difficulty they made their way to the ship. No sooner, however, had an arrow-head been extracted from Mr. Atkin's shoulder, giving him intense pain, than he, as being the only one who knew the way by which the reef could be crossed in the rising tide, went with some others in search of the Bishop. As they were trying to cross the reef a canoe came towards them, "with a heap in the middle," and when they met it the two words, "the body," passed, and it was lifted into the boat, rolled in the native mat. "The placid smile was still on the face; there was a palm-leaf fastened over the breast, and when the mat was opened there were five wounds—no more,"—these having been given by clubs.

Joseph Atkin, who was twenty-nine, and Stephen Taroniara, who was twenty-five, followed their master; but it was their lot, unlike his, to pass through prolonged tortures before death delivered them.

So passed Bishop Patteson and his followers, martyrs to the woful cupidity of civilised men! From the wounds and other indications on the Bishop's body it was clear that his death was the vengeance for five of the natives carried away. But it may be that his mournful death will further the Gospel in Melanesia more than his life would have done. Year by year the scholars he taught will return to tell what his objects were; what he wrought and prayed and died for; and his story, in not far distant days, when communication between the islands shall have become easier, will work as with a charmed power upon the hearts of the people. "Poor Santa Cruz people!" said Fisher Young when dying; and may we not say of the Bishop what he then said to his disciple,—“My dear boy, you will do more for their conversion by your death than ever we shall by our lives?” And yet how can we but mourn the close? He seemed as if born for the work he had undertaken. He was so patient, so humble, with such power to elicit the best in those he came in contact with, and, above all, so full of faith and hope. In him what is best in the English gentleman had received consecration: he was manly, catholic-minded, and with that pre-eminent care and consideration for others, which, apart from Christian influence, is so apt to degenerate into sentimental weakness.

NO, LOVE, NO!

DOST thou forget the evening walk,
 The elm-tree's chequered shade,
 The touch of love, the murmuring talk,
 The tender vows we made,
 The coming's joy, the parting's woe—
 Dost thou forget? No, love, no!

Dost thou forget the spangled grot,
 And many a mossy stone,
 And pansie, and forget-me-not,
 Where I and thou alone
 Were happy once; we thought us so?
 Dost thou forget? No, love, no!



Dost thou forget how hand clasped hand,
 And all the trembling bliss,
 When close together we did stand?
 "O love," thou saidst, "than this
 There is no sweeter thing to know."
 Dost thou forget? No, love, no!

Dost thou forget the kiss's thrill—
 The burning ecstasy—
 When soul of soul did take its fill,
 And only asked to be,
 As we were then, for ever so—
 Dost thou forget? No, love, no!

GERALD BENDALL.



KING ROBERT BRUCE IN ST. ANDREWS CATHEDRAL.

IN a late number I tried to give some glimpses into scenes in the Scottish War of Independence, which seem to have been but little noticed; and especially into the part taken in that war by Bishop Lamberton and other Scottish Churchmen. To dwell for a little on these scenes is not merely to con over old-world stories, which have lost for us all meaning or interest. The work that was then done, and the issues of it, are not mere pictures for imagination to feed on. They are living and enduring facts that have influenced and will influence all British history, fruitful of endless blessing. As Mr. Carlyle has it, 'A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scotland become, one day, united with England; but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannous unfair terms, united with it; commands still, as with a God's voice, . . . that there be a just real union as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant, as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we may thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland; no, because brave men rose there, and said, "Behold, ye must not tread us down like slaves, and ye shall not, and ye cannot." This from a Scot. And Arnold, veritable Anglo-Saxon that he was, preaching somewhat over-vehemently the right of Anglo-Saxons to rule the world, was yet wont to say, that if England should ever come to keep, as she ought, the anniversaries of her great historic events as national holidays, the day of Bannockburn should be a high festival, and the anniversary of Strongbow's conquest of Ireland a day of fasting and mourning. I therefore make no apology for reverting again to those well-trodden fields, if only I may gather here and there some blade of corn that has been passed over by former gleaners.

We left Bishop Lamberton a prisoner in the tower of Winchester Castle, whither he had been carried when, after the battle of Methven he had been taken in arms, towards the end of 1306. During his captivity the revenues of the see of St. Andrews were paid to the King of England's treasury, and a small sum out of them was allowed the bishop for his maintenance. While Lamberton was lying a captive in that remote English castle, the king, whose cause he had embraced, was undergoing endless hardship

and danger. In the words of Fordun, 'he was tossed in dangers untold, being attended at times by three followers, at times by two; more often he was left alone, utterly without help. Now passing a whole fortnight without food of any kind to live upon, but raw herbs and water; now walking barefoot, when his shoes became old and worn-out; now left alone in the island; now alone, fleeing before his enemies; now slighted by his servants, he abode in utter loneliness. An outcast among the nobles, he was forsaken; and the English bade him be sought for through the churches like a lost or stolen thing. And thus he became a byword and a laughing-stock for all, both far and near, to hiss at.'

How little has any adequate narrative yet approached that theme! Scott's 'Lord of the Isles,' interesting though it be, hardly does full justice to it. The facts as they happened surpass his fiction. No need to lead the wanderer through coasts and islands he never trod. If some young traveller were but to take Barbour's book in his hand, and track Bruce's footsteps all the way from Methven to the Isle of Ràchrin, noting carefully the traces of him which tradition still preserves in cave and crag and stream, all through the central Highlands, he might still produce a faithful and living narrative of these wanderings, which would far surpass in interest any that either historian or poet has yet conceived.

It was early in 1308 that fortune once more began to smile on Bruce. Crossing from Ràchrin to Arran, he thence passed over to the coast of Ayr, and retook his own castle of Carrick. Having once more got foot on the mainland, he was never again driven out of it, and though many a chase for life, many hair-breadth escapes, yet remained, yet by degrees he gathered the strength, which enabled him finally to make head against all the power of his enemies. On the 16th March, 1308, a full parliament was summoned at St. Andrews. In the name of the assembled earls, barons, commons, and all the inhabitants of Scotland, a letter, which is still extant, was addressed to the King of France, asserting King Robert's rights, and calling for aid from their ancient ally. It is not specially stated whether Bruce was present in this parliament. We know, however, that Lamberton was not present in person though no doubt present

in spirit. For it was only in August, 1308, that Edward II., who had by this time succeeded his father, released him from his Winchester prison and restored to him his revenues, after the prelate had once more sworn fealty to Edward as his liege lord. So satisfied was Edward with Lamberton's submission, that he wrote to the Pope that he no longer feared any evil from him, but rather looked for much aid from his influence with the Scots, who greatly trusted him.

Lamberton seems to have returned to Scotland in 1309, and from that time forward for many years he contrived to retain the confidence of Edward, though there can be little doubt but that his heart was still with Bruce. No record remains to tell what part he took when, in June, 1314, the great conflict culminated at Bannockburn. We may well believe that no man in Scotland more rejoiced in that event than he. Yet his joy must have been well concealed, for in the autumn of that same year he received from Edward a safe-conduct to pass through England on his way to foreign parts.

On his return from abroad he set himself to repair the waste places in his diocese, which the war had so long left desolate. He repaired the Palace of the Bishops—that old sea fort which, during the war, had been so often taken and retaken, and which since that day has witnessed so many cardinal events in Scotland's history. He made additions to the Priory, built and adorned the Chapter-house, of which a few stone seats are still to be seen; built for himself and his successors sundry fortified manor-houses, in various parts of his diocese. But the greatest of all his works was the completion of the cathedral, a work to which I shall immediately return. At the very time when he was preparing for its solemn dedication, Edward seems to have discovered that Lamberton was a traitor to him. He wrote to Pope Clement V., enumerating all the treacheries of the bishop, denouncing him as 'filled with Satanic fury against England,' and entreating the Pope to depose him from the primacy. This the Pope refused to do, with moderation yet firmness, and expressed himself leniently towards Lamberton. Such, however, had been by no means the usual attitude of the popes towards the Scottish people during their long struggle. As Mr. Hill Burton has said, 'the records of the time are strewn with their fulminations against Scotland,' its King and its people. In 1320 Pope John XXII. wrote to Bishop Lamberton, threatening to excommunicate him and his brother bishops of

Dunkeld and Aberdeen, for the part they had taken in befriending the excommunicated king. Somehow or other Lamberton contrived to pacify the Pope or to evade his sentence. Once more he appears taking part in public affairs. This was in November, 1324, when he accompanied Randolph to York as one of the two Scotch Commissioners to treat for a permanent peace with England. They obtained from Edward II. a truce for thirteen years, which, however, his son did not confirm. This is the last time the name of the busy and versatile bishop appeared in any public transaction. He died in 1328, the year in which was concluded the Treaty of Northampton, by which the independence of the Scottish kingdom was fully acknowledged by England, and finally secured. Whether Lamberton lived to see this consummation for which he had so longed and laboured, does not appear. All we know is what Wyntoun tells, that in 1328 Bishop Lamberton, after having been thirty-three years bishop, died in 'the Priory Chamber of the Abbey,' and was buried in the north side of the chancel of 'the new kirk cathedral,' under an arch, which he had 'gart men work' for himself. His tomb was seen in Wyntoun's time between that of Bishop Gamelin on the east side, and Bishop Walter Trail on the west. Of these tombs, as of the tombs of so many more in that Cathedral, bishops, priors, and canons, and monks, not a vestige now remains. The year after Lamberton's death, the king, for whose sake he had broken so many oaths, died at Cardross, overcome by that 'great sickness' which he contracted during his wanderings, and was borne by his sorrowing people to his last resting-place in the choir, before the high altar of Dunfermline Abbey Church.

Let us now turn back to that day when Bishop Lamberton dedicated his now completed cathedral. It was on the 5th of July, 1318, the crowning day, we may well believe, of Bishop Lamberton's life, and a high day for all Scotland. A hundred and fifty years that cathedral had been in building, ever since the day when Bishop Arnold, in the year 1160, laid the foundation-stone in the presence of the young King Malcolm the Maiden. The building had begun at the east end with the choir, and proceeded slowly westward, as each successive bishop could obtain funds and skilled builders for the work. In the eastern gable is still seen the earlier form of architecture in the round arched or Anglo-Norman windows, while, passing westward, we see in the southern

wall of the nave—the only wall now remaining—the transition to the pointed-arched windows which came in with the thirteenth century. While the long War of Independence raged, Lamberton could have neither quiet nor money to bestow on the cathedral. But Bannockburn gave both; indeed there is a tradition that Bruce supplied Lamberton with the means of completing it, from the abundant spoil of that battle. However this may be, the cathedral was completed within four years after the battle, so that the cathedral might be regarded as, in some sort, the memorial in stone of the great national deliverance. The cathedral, which took so many years to build, existed entire only two hundred years. And then a few days and an infuriated mob undid the pious labour of a century and a half, and consigned to destruction Scotland's noblest cathedral—a building, equal to which none other has since been reared within her borders—in all likelihood never will be reared.

The only authentic record extant, as far as I know, of what passed on the day of its Dedication, is 'that contained in the following lines of Wynthoun's 'Rhymed Chronicle of Scotland.' As he was a priest of this diocese, and lived within one hundred years after the event, he is likely to have known the truth.

'A thousand thre hundry and awchtene
Fra Cryst had borne ye Madyne elene,
Of ye moneth of July
De fyft Day, full solemly
De Byschape William of Lambertoun
Made ye Dedicatowyn
Of ye newe kyrk Cathedrale
Of Saynet Andrewys conventuale.
De Kyng Robert honorably
Was thare in persown bodily;
And sevn Byschappys ware sene,
And Abbotis als ware thare fyftene,
And mony othir gret Gentil-men
Ware gaddryd to that Assemblé then.'

There is no proof, as far as I know, that Bruce was ever in St. Andrews, save on this one occasion. The first Parliament of his reign had indeed been convened there in his name, on the 16th March, 1308, but this does not necessarily imply his presence.

In the verses given below an attempt has been made to revivify the few bald details of Wynthoun's lines, and to set forth how that July day may have actually appeared to an eye-witness, what aspect the whole pageant may have worn, and who were the 'mony gret gentilmen' gathered with the King to that great solemnity. In fixing on the names of those who, according to historical probability, may have actually been

present, we are assisted by the signatures appended to that memorable letter, which 'the barons, freeholders, and whole community of Scotland, assembled in Parliament in the Abbey of Aberbrothok,' on the 6th of April, 1320, addressed to Pope John XXI. That high-hearted address thus concludes: 'Our most Serene Prince, King, and Lord, Robert, for the delivery of his people and his own rightful inheritance from the enemies hand did, like another Joshua or Maccabæus, most cheerfully undergo all manner of toyle, fatigue, hardship, and hazard . . . To him we are bound and resolved to adhere in all things, both upon the account of his right and his own merit, as being the person who hath restored the people's safety, in defence of their liberties. . . For so long as there shall but one hundred of us remain alive, we will never consent to subject ourselves to the dominion of the English. For it is not glory, it is not riches, neither is it honour, but it is liberty alone that we fight and contend for, which no honest man will lose but with his life.'

A duplicate of this document—the Charter of Scotland's freedom—is still to be seen, preserved in the Register House in Edinburgh. It opens with the names of at least eight-and-thirty of the chief Scottish Barons of the time, and to the bottom of it are affixed the seals of the same, bearing their coats-of-arms, with the name of each appended to his seal. From this document are taken the names of all the companions of Bruce enumerated in the following poem—the 'mony great gentilmen,' who, we may well believe, accompanied him that day to the dedication of the 'Cathedral Kirk.' I need only add that Kilrymont is the earlier Celtic name of St. Andrews.

KING ROBERT BRUCE IN ST. ANDREWS CATHEDRAL, 5TH JULY, 1318.

On old Kilrymont all the middle age
Arose no morning so supremely fair,
As when begirt with baron, knight, and page,
King Robert entered there.

A day of solemnpomp majestic—
The minster, building long, was now complete;
And all the land had heard the Church's call
To Dedication meet.

Agess had watched that fabric slowly climb,
Priors had toiled, and bishops, many a one,
Their little day—then closed their eyes on
time,
Leaving the work undone.

But William Lambyrton, the Bishop good,
Of Wallace wight and Bruce the steadfast
friend,
Who for his country's cause with these had
stood,
Till it found glorious end—

One of the famous few, who, nothing loth,
At Scone convened to crown the outlawed
man,

Then spite of English Edward's tyrant oath,
Spite of Rome's awful ban,

Forsook him never, till the hard-won close
Of Bannockburn had crowned the noble
toil—

Then Bishop William earned serene repose,
Overflowing wealth of spoil—

Spoil that enriched that long majestic nave,
Still waxing fairer, as it wandered west,
Till groined door, and pinnacled gable brave,
With tracery effloresced.

And there it stood, each key-stoned arch rose-
bound,

Each carved niche, and fluted column tall,
Of the best deed e'er wrought on Scottish
ground,
Proudly memorial,

Sacred to that great Saint, they deemed, who
brought

From heaven the strength whereby the day
was won,

Clothing his arm with might the while he
fought,
Scotland's anointed one.

Then summons from the Bishop reached the
King,

In old Dunfermline Tower where he lay ;
Him bidding come, and his best warriors bring,
To that high festal day.

All his life through King Robert had respect
To them who stood by him, the priests at
home ;

And blessed his work, making of none effect
The cruel ban of Rome.

And so with earl and baron, squire and page,
Gladly the King that morning made him
boun,

To ride upon a summer pilgrimage
To old St. Andrews town.

His war-men had just come from laying waste
The English border, town, and tower, and
farm ;

And still they rode, their brawny limbs mail-
cased,
Their broad shields on their arm.

For that was all the joy of every Scot,
Those jubilant days that followed Ban-
nockburn,
To flout the Southron border, thence having
brought
Much store of spoil, return.

Dunfermline forth, down Leven Vale they
rode,

Round Lomond's base, and the green
knowes out o'er,
Eastward where lonely Tarvet looks abroad,
From his far-seen watch-tower.

But when they reached the crown of Magus
heights,

Where first far off the Minster spires they
saw,
Down from his in-reined steed the King
alights,
And kneels to earth with awe.

Him following leap, loud clanging, to the
ground

From their high selles the mailed men,
one and all,
And to their knees in reverence profound,
On the green sward down fall.

Then rising on they ride ; above their heads
The July sun shone cloudless ; on before,
Larger the towers grew, gleamed the new
roof-leads,
Beyond, the smooth sea floor

Lay violet-tinted. Ah, me ! never came
Down to the sacred city by the sea,
Nor e'er shall come, all time it hath a name,
So brave a company.

Foremost the King rode, his broad shoulders
mailed

In coat of proof, but the raised visor gave
Full to the light his noble features paled
With suffering, calm and grave.

For that broad casque contains the ample
brain

On which hath hung suspended Scotland's
doom ;
That mail, the heart that beats to noblest
strain
This hour in Christendom.

Yet bland his look withal ; to them who rode
On either side, gaily his speech ran o'er ;
The while beneath him his great war-horse
trode,
As proud of whom he bore.

On right and left a knight rode—they, too,
mailed—

Fair-haired, broad-visaged one, large limbed
and tall,

Randolph, King's sister's son, who foremost
scaled

Dunedin's rock and wall,

He who overthrew the Clifford in hot fight ;
But now the voice, so dreadful in mid-press
Of battle, soft and low sounds—all that might
Is sheathed in gentleness.

On the other side there rode a knight well-knit,
Dark-haired and swarthy, long and lank
of limb,

Clean-made and sinewy, for all hardness fit,
Much talked the King with him.

That was the good Sir James, but whose scan
His face so debonair and sweet to see,
They might not guess in throng of battle-van,
What other look had he.

The Bishop sent him hence in fervent youth,
'To join the outlawed Bruce in his sore need,
Whom now he hither brings in very sooth,
King of the land he freed.

That ponderous mace, well-proven in many
a fight,
Lightly and cheerily his right hand wields,
As though impatient to essay its might
In yet an hundred fields.

And Walter Steward as crewhile in war,
Rides here in peace by Douglas's side to-day ;
But Marjory Bruce, brief while his bride,
sleeps far
In Paisley's still abbaye.

And many more, the King's own kinsmen leal,
Who shared his hardship, share his triumph
now ;
Young Colin Campbell, son of brave Sir Niel,
Just come from far Lochowe.

And Donald, Lord of Mar, redeemed at last
From durance, rides 'mid his glad kinsmen
—o'er
His proud head hangs to-day no shadow cast
From baleful Dupplin Moor.

And hoary Sutherland, long proven in worth,
And young Ross, from his mountains
ocean-walled ;
Sprung these from Maomors of the rugged
north,
Now earls, not Maomors called.

And others more, tried comrades of the King,
Malcolm, old Earl of Lennox—he who
knew

The Bruce, 'mid Lennox mountains wander-
ing,
By the bugle blast he blew ;

And then for joy to find his master dear,
Fell on his neck with weeping, and regaled
The famished company with forest cheer,
Ere to Rachrin he sailed.

And Angus of the Isles, who that dark hour
The King from Lennox mountains forced
to flee
Received and refuged in the grim sea tower
Of high Dunaverty.

And faithful Andrew Moray, too, rides here,
From Bothwell towers and the bank of
Clyde ;
Where deep in dungeons mured for many a
year
The Southron captives sighed.

And Keith the Marischal, who broke the flank
Of England's archers by the famous burn ;
With that great Thane of all but kingly rank,
Earl Malise of Strathearn.

And Magnus, Lord of Oreadie, the heir
Of grim Vikings who ruled the northern
main ;
David de Lindsay, Henry de St. Clair,
And Reginald le Chene.

The men of Bannoekburn, the good, the true !
Shall we not name their honest names
with pride ?
Shall not to them eternal thanks be due
Down all the ages wide ?

They vowed that they would give their lives
to death,
Or else the land they loved of tyrants rid ;
And every Scot since has drawn nobler breath
For the good work they did.

O to have seen that company as they rode
Down the long slope to the grey promontory,
Where in sunshine the young Cathedral glowed
Fair in its pristine glory !

To have gazed one moment on the face of
Bruce,
Supreme amid that lordly chivalry ;
The men of simple hearts and iron thews,
Who made our Scotland free !

But ere they reached the precinct a long mile,
Of a great choir of priests they were aware,
And white-robed singers moving, file on file,
Whose voices on the air

Floated far off, scarce audible at first,
But louder growing, as they nearer came,
Till fronting the great cavalcade they burst
Into full-voiced acclaim.

And deep awe fell on each brave heart and
face,
As the priests paced before, their censers
swinging,
With the white choristers toward the holy place
Their chaunt of welcome singing.

A.D. 730.

This sacred soil hath felt the beat,
Age by age, of kingly feet,
Hither come for prayer and vow,
But of all none great as thou,
Since the day thy great forbear,
Pictish Angus, did appear
O'er yon hill-top, at the head
Of his warriors, vision-led,
Holy Rule to duly greet,
Refuged in his cave retreat.

II.

Fair that dawn for Scotland, when
Met the priests and warrior-men,
Peace-attired. In forefront there,
With his feet and head all bare,
Moved Saint Rule, and high in air,
Relics of the Apostle held;
Following him, grey men of eld,
Came the monks, their anthems singing,
With the white-robed children flinging
Up to heaven their choral chant,
Most sweet-voiced and jubilant.
Then barefoot, the King, his proud
War-gear cast aside, and howed
Low in reverence,—last the throng
Of his warriors, brave and strong,
Men of battle, moved along;
Seven times from east to west
Compassed they the soil they blest,
Making all the headlands o'er,
Free to heaven for evermore.

III.—A.D. 943.

But who is this that casteth down
Sceptre, sword, and kingly crown,
For monk's cowl and shirt of hair?
Battle shout for lonely prayer?
'Tis an aged man and worn
With the weight of care, long borne,
From earth's storms and darkness turning,
Where a purer light is burning,
Fain to find here peace divine,
'Tis the good King Constantine.

IV.—A.D. 1070. MALCOLM CANMORE.

Can Killymount e'er forget
Her, the sainted Margaret?
The fair-haired young Saxon Queen,
With her lord of swarthy mien,
Standing here amid conclave
Of stoleed priests and culdees grave,

Pleading by God's holy fear
For a purer life austere;
For a loftier strain of heart,
More from earth and sense apart,
To o'erawe the world and win
The gross people sunk in sin,
Till the coldest needs must feel
Something of her heavenly zeal,
Mother of our royal house!
Fair the crown on thy young brows,
Fairer seal the Church hath set,
Bright and undecaying yet,
Holy, sainted Margaret!

V.—A.D. 1120. ALEXANDER I.

Whose charger this, so richly dight,
Steed of Araby, silver-white,
Springing stride, and hawk-like head,
To the very altar led?
Strange these vaulted arches ring
To his proud hoofs echoing,
Trumpet-like his haughty neigh
Shakes yon massy-roofed abbaye.
'Tis the King of Scotland's—there
Stands he on the altar stair;
While either side a squire doth lead
To the shrine an Arab steed,
Champing bit of massy gold,
Girt with harness jewel-scrolled,
Bearing gorgeous velvet blooms,
Broiery of orient looms,
With a panoply of proof,
Wrought in rings of golden woof,
Silver spear, and silver shield,
Fit for only kings to wield,
Gems might grace an emperor's crown,
On the altar laying down.
So to seal his high intent,
Monarch most magnificent;
As a dowry to render o'er
To Killymount's holy place,
All the laods the famous Boar
Traversed in his mighty race.

VI.—A.D. 1130. DAVID I.

Now another Prince is seen,
Meeker, more devout of mien,
Latest-born of Margaret's line,
Kneeling low before our shrine,
Restorer of the Church's rights,
Builder on the ancient sites,
Born to more than restate
Holy places desolate,
Ninian's shrine by far Whithern,
Cell of saintly Kentigern,
Raising as with magic wand
Into vast cathedrals grand.
Hither, led by high desire,
Came that Prince with heart on fire,
To reclaim our sacred lands
From the grasp of secular hands,
And to fashion not alone
Fabrics wrought with lime and stone,
But within our primal see,
Spiritual masonry;
Living temple stones to rear,
Men of holy life severe,
That untiring, night and day,
They for souls sin-soiled might pray,
And to all the land impart
Life from out this central heart.
Kingly laborer! well he wrought,
Till to perfect form was brought,
What his mother had begun;
What his brothers left undone,
Sainted mother! saintly son!

VII.—A.D. 1160. MALCOLM IV.

But who are these with solemn pace,
On the foam-fringed promontory,
Moving round the sacred place,
Maiden King, with boy-like face,
Mitred Prelate, bowed and hoary,
While behind them, long in row,
Prior, monks, and singers go,
Chanting, 'Lord, look down on us,'
'Nisi quia Dominus.'
Now with faces fronting east,
Stand bareheaded, king and priest,
And the founding-stone is laid,
And the prayer devoutly made,
Corner-stone of what shall be
Seat of Scotland's central see,
Amen! Benedicite!
Soon from earth that king a priest
Passed, but never since hath ceased,
Growth of this majestic pile,
Rising through two hundred years,
Choir and transept, nave and aisle,
Till to-day the roof appears,
Dazzling sheen, far seen to sea.
Joy of mariners, while wo
Bear the topmost head-stone forth,
Shouting loud with holy mirth.

VIII.

Scion of a hundred kings!
Blessèd be the day that brings
Thee and thy companions brave,
'Neath our Minster's holy oave,
Here to hold with solemn glee
This our nation's jubilee.
Come thou, mightiest of thy race,
Enter Scotland's holiest place,
All the virtues of thy line
In thee blended brighter shine,
All their valours rolled in one
Could not match what thou hast done.
Wallace, when in death he fell,
Handed on his sword to thee,—
Thou that sword hast wielded well,
Thou hast made our Scotland free.
Through thy might what marvellous things
He hath wrought, the King of Kings!
Clothing thee with brain to plao,
As the wisest only eao,
Patient spirit, and sublime
Self-control to bide thy time,
Then strike home, and stake dear life
On the die of glorious strife.
Vain then England's cavaliers,
Crashing 'gainst our ashen spears,
Vain from morn to noon their toiling,—
Back like broken waves recoiling
From our rock-like ranks that stood
To the knees in Southron blood;
Till thy voice, O mighty Bruce!
Scotland's Lion-hearts let loose,
Charged then all our rattles four—
We were free for evermore.
Come ow, Conqueror! take thine own,
Double right upholds thy throne,
Right of heritage and blood,
Right of valour unwithstood,
Thronèd in the nation's heart,
Very king of men thou art;
Albyn's far-descended Lord!
To thy people heaven-restored,
Thou who madest Scotland free,
Welcome to her Primal See.

The precinct reached, down from their selles
they spring;
There at the great Cathedral's western
door

The mitred Bishop met the mailèd King,
And pacing slow before

Led him right on, up the long pillared nave,
That echoed back the monarch's armèd
clang,
While rolling solemn anthems, wave on wave,
Innumerable voices sang

High mass and requiem for the brave de-
parted,
Who died on many a field to freedom dear;
And loud thanksgiving for the noble-hearted,
To-day in presence here.

And heads of convents stoled in long array,
Abbots and priors stood within the choir,
From Dryburgh, Melrose, Holyrood, In-
chaffray,
And inward rangèd higher,

Six mitred Prelates; for the King's dear sake,
And for their country's, from his several see,
Each the long way had travelled to partake
This high solemnity.

Through these, unheeding, calmly the King
passed,
And on St. Andrews shrine rich offerings
rare
Heaped largely; then before high altar cast
Himself in lowly prayer,

Cleanness imploring, and full pardon free,
For all the innocent blood that he had spilt;
And rendering thanks that he had lived to see
This dome so grandly built.

O day august! of solemn joy that thrilled
The exulting heart of Scotland, when her
brave
Deliverers with their glad thanksgiving filled
That Minster, choir and nave.

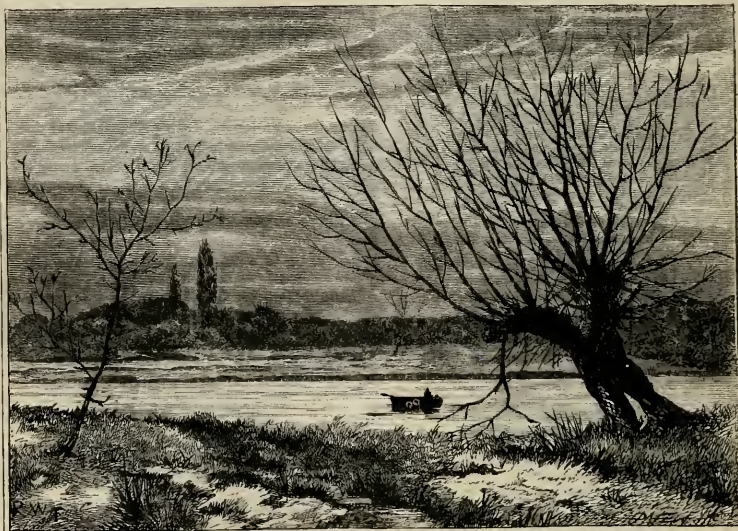
They came, they passed, that day, too fleetly
gone,
Like unsubstantial phantom of the mind,
The pageant joined the past oblivion,
Leaving no rack behind.

Scarce more substantial that Cathedral proud,
For all its solid frame, to-day doth seem,
From earth long vanished, like a moving
cloud,
Or the fabric of a dream.

DEAD DREAMS.

A WANING moon in the rainfull skies,
 A broken boat on the shore,
 A waif that swims as the surges rise :
 I sit and watch, and my spirit sighs,
 I never shall see thee more,
 My dear,
 I never shall see thee more.

My hope is now as a stranded boat,
 My dream as a moon in wane,
 My love as a waif on the surf afloat ;
 And though life should make their regret remote,
 They never shall serve again,
 My sweet,
 They never shall serve again.



The boat, refitted, may leave the land,
 The moon will her grace renew,
 The waif will rest, unvexed, on the sand :
 But dead are the dreams that fed at my hand,
 And I am severed from you,
 My dear,
 And I am severed from you.

H.



PEEPS INTO THE PRISONS OF PARIS.

A SERIES of visits to the prisons of England or France would, in the last century, have been regarded as a feat of philanthropic heroism worthy of a John Howard or an Elizabeth Fry. To enter the loathsome dens was to expose oneself to the most deadly malaria, the grossest insult, if not to the risk of personal injury. But now all that is changed, and a painful shock to the visitor's moral sensibilities is all that he needs to apprehend. The right management of our prisons is a matter so bound up with the best interests of society, that they who have those interests at heart will not shrink from a personal inspection. Prevention is indeed ever better than cure. Christian education is a far more potent moral engine than prison discipline, as it deals with the young, and is radical in its operation. Still, so long as humanity remains what it is, there will be criminals and there must be prisons.

Being a resident in Paris, the writer was anxious to learn how far the prisons of that city are adapted to these most important objects. Through the kindness of the British Ambassador, Lord Lyons, and the obliging courtesy of the French authorities, he obtained a card, which opened to him all the prison doors, and disposed the officials to give him all the facilities he could have desired. A few notes of his visits, paid from time to time, as he found leisure, may contribute a little to sound information on the subject.

Systematic as our neighbours are in most public matters, they have not yet achieved uniformity in their prisons, as regards either their construction or discipline. In the eight prisons of Paris we meet with systems the most opposite to each other. While two of the number are built on the most improved principles, the rest are more or less behind the age, and ill adapted for their purpose. This disparity has probably been caused by the frequent changes of government, and the consequent financial uncertainty. And when we consider the chronic state of revolution in which this unhappy country has been involved since 1793, and the heavings and throbbings by which its political pulse has been agitated, we may wonder that so much has been done, rather than so little. It is only a century since a magistrate thus described the prison of For l'Évêque:—"The court-yard is only 30 feet long by 18 feet wide, and in this space are shut up from 400 to 500 prisoners. The cells under the

steps of the staircase are six feet square; in these are placed five prisoners. The dungeons are level with the river, the thickness of the walls being the only security against inundation, and all the year round the water trickling through the masonry. There are dug receptacles, five feet wide by six feet long, into which one cannot enter except on hands and feet, and in which are confined as many as five. Even in summer the air does not penetrate except through a little opening of three inches, made over the entry, and when you pass before this you are struck as with the blast of a furnace." Under the first Republic, and the Consulate, and the Empire, nothing appears to have been done to remedy this fearful state of things. The Restoration first threw daylight into these hells upon earth. In 1819 a royal edict instituted a Prison Society, chosen from the ranks of journalists, lawyers, and deputies, to examine the prison system, and propose reforms. Considerable improvement was effected by them in such matters as letting in light and air, suppressing inhuman punishments, &c. They continued to meet till 1829, but effected nothing for the moral welfare of the criminal. Soon after, higher views of the subject began to be imported from England, America, and Germany; and in 1836 the first step in the direction of real reform was taken by rebuilding the prison of La Force in eight divisions, and so separating the different classes of criminals. In 1840 another advance was made, and for this prison one was substituted on the solitary principle. But the general adoption of this system was postponed year after year, till, in the Revolution of February, the matter was laid aside; and under all the varied kaleidoscopic changes of government this important social question remains still unsolved. Accordingly, we find at the present hour, in this great centre of refinement and civilisation, out of the eight metropolitan prisons, only two well built, and adapted to their purpose, while the remaining six are more or less a disgrace to the intelligence of the nineteenth century.

Our first visit was paid to one of the higher class, that of *Mazas*. It was built upon the same plan as our own model prison at Pentonville, and is strikingly similar. It is especially designed for untried prisoners. Its double rows of lofty, solid stone walls, guarded day and night by armed sentinels, its grim iron portals, its barred cage-like win-

dows, are quite enough to fill with terror all but a hardened offender, and by their forbidding aspect to warn off all disposed to tread those paths which would ultimately land them within its hard and gloomy embrace. Standing as it does in the much-frequented thoroughfare to the Gare de Lyon, the terminus of the Great Southern Railway, this abode of human frailty and misery seems to rebuke the thoughtless gaiety of the traveller hurrying on his tour of pleasure, and, like the slave in the Roman triumph, to whisper, "Man, remember thou art mortal!" Like its original in London, it is constructed in the form of a segment of a wheel, or a fan, of six large galleries radiating from one centre. Its central point is a circular hall, in the middle of which rises a chamber glazed on all sides, occupied by the chief warder. From it he can with his eagle eye survey the whole, and, spider-like, watch the different ramifications of his web, and with unerring sagacity and quickness pounce down upon any unhappy offender. These six galleries are each 12 mètres 50 centimètres in height, 3 mètres 50 centimètres in breadth, and 80 mètres in length. They are three stories high, contain twelve hundred cells, and can accommodate fifteen hundred prisoners. The cells are well warmed in winter, and ventilated in summer. They are 3 mètres 60 centimètres in length, 1 mètre 95 centimètres in width, 2 mètres 85 centimètres in height. They appeared to me too low pitched for health. The furniture is, of course, of the simplest kind. A small deal table, straw-bottomed chair, hammock, &c., make up the slender *ménage*. The walls are painted in that same hideous yellow or dark ochre by which the Paris post-offices and all Government offices are distinguished. The only decorations provided are the prison rules, a table of the prices in the Cantine, with a list of the cell furniture. But occasionally a crucifix, or a bouquet of immortelles, and in some instances an illustrated almanack of the Society for Popular Instruction, are allowed to brighten and cheer the monotony of the solitary inmates. In the strong solid doors are ingenious mechanical arrangements for communication with the officers. When the little bell is rung, a metal plate flies out, inscribed with the prisoner's number, &c., and so the warder's attention is at once drawn to the cell. There is also a small orifice, significantly termed a "Judas," through which the officer, unseen himself, can see the prisoner; and another larger opening, through which a small hinged board

is let down at the appointed hours, and the food is taken in without opening the door.

The diet provided by the authorities is extremely meagre. It consists of 750 grammes (about 1½ pounds) of bread daily; on Sundays and Thursdays, also of 5 décilitres (about 1 pint) of thick soup, and 125 grammes (about ¼ pound) of hot boiled beef; and on the other days of the week of thinner soup, with 4 décilitres of vegetables. This alone would of course be a very insufficient diet, but the law allows the prisoner to receive any additions from outside that his friends may be disposed to send; and in all cases it may be increased by the prisoner's own industry. After half of his earnings have been appropriated to the contractors of the prison, in payment for the heating, scavenging, &c., of the building, the remainder is his own, and is divided into equal parts, of which one is given him for his immediate use in the purchase of food or wine or tobacco at the Cantine, while the other half is laid up to accumulate against the time of his discharge. When I expressed surprise to the cook, whose dominions I was permitted to inspect, that even prisoners under sentence should be allowed such indulgences, and told him of the stricter discipline which now obtains in England, he seemed at once to regard the question from a French Republican's point of view, and replied, "Well, monsieur, that is much better. There you have equality. Rich and poor should share alike." At the same time, it is a point well worthy of the careful consideration of our prison reformers, whether the dietary of our criminals might not, in the case of the able-bodied, be well made proportionate, in some measure, to their industry. Whether the labour should be productive or merely penal is another question; but if, as in the French prisons, we put the improvement of the quantity and even quality of his rations into the prisoner's own hands, we encourage habits of industry, we apply a wholesome stimulus to his often languishing physical and moral energies, and are in fact reducing to practice the inspired dictum, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." Certainly at Mazas, as well as in the other prisons I visited, the most wholesome moral influence exerted was that of enforced industry.

The trades followed there are various. Some work as tailors and shoemakers; the majority are employed in making mats, buttons, chains, sorting and carding pins, &c. All work alone in their cells, with the exception of a few, more industrious or more

intelligent, who are chosen to be the *chefs d'atelier*, and distribute the work, and direct and teach the others. Only those under sentence are compelled to work, although it appears that the rest generally choose it, as a relief from the tedium of solitude.

One hour daily is allowed for walking exercise, which is in no case compulsory, though willingly accepted by almost all. Their promenade, poor fellows, cannot be a very enlivening one, taken as it is by each in a separate yard, bounded on each side by a high thick wall, and radiating from a common centre, in which stands the ever-watchful warder. Communication is so made quite impossible. Thus far, in a *negative* and *preventive* point of view, the arrangements of this prison must be admitted to be excellent. But when we look for *positive* moral and religious influences, calculated to raise and reform the criminal, we shall be here grievously disappointed. So far as I have been able to ascertain, after careful inquiry, the only means employed at Mazas for these most important ends, besides the private visits of the Roman Catholic and Protestant chaplains, and the lending of books from the library, is the one public celebration of mass on Sundays. This takes place before an altar erected on a platform surmounting the central hall. In front stand the priest and acolytes, &c., as well as the choir, consisting of prisoners chosen for their voices and knowledge of music, and the orchestra, in which, with the organ, the counter-bass, and even the cornet-a-piston, are occasionally combined. At the appointed hour of nine in the morning all the cell doors are opened wide enough to enable the men to look out (although secured by a bolt), and all who are so disposed can, with outstretched necks, witness the ceremony. Maxime du Camp, who was once present at this singular service, thus graphically describes it in his most interesting work on the social institutions of Paris (vol. iii. p. 289):—"I wished," he writes, "to see how they listened to the mass. So I ran along one gallery, and looked into thirty-two cells. Three prisoners were reading the service; one, standing up with head covered, was gazing at the altar; another was on his knees; one more, having opened his prayer-book for show, held in his hand a pamphlet which appeared to be the *Magasin Pittoresque*, while there was yet another who, leaning his arm on the shutter of his door, with his head sunk in his arms, was weeping and sobbing so violently that his whole frame

shook. For this man," he asks, "was not the Mass sanctified that day? The remaining twenty-six sat at the table working or reading." From this description the effect does not appear to be very edifying. Doubtless a few æsthetic temperaments are touched by the swell of the pealing organ, and the deep, solemn, Gregorian tones, as they roll along the vaulted roofs of the galleries, and pure and softening memories of earlier and happier days are called up. But it is hard to believe that such a sensuous pageant can arouse the conscience, enlighten the mind, or penetrate the depths of the soul. One sentence inscribed in large letters around the altar platform was far more than worth it all—"Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance." And if this golden saying of the Friend of Sinners were not shrouded in the unknown Latin tongue, we doubt not it would find its way into callous hearts which no display of superstitious pomp can reach.

The admirably constructed prison of *La Santé*, being very similar to that of Mazas, need not be here described.

By way of contrast—and the contrast is painfully great—we will turn for a brief moment to those of *St. Pelagie* and *St. Lazare*. Both buildings are about two centuries old, and designed for other uses. *St. Pelagie* was built in 1681, as a refuge for prostitutes, and after the first Revolution was in part turned into a debtors' prison. In it are no cells whatever, or separate yards. All but political offenders, and a few who are able to pay for separate rooms, and who live *à la pistole*, are thrown promiscuously together. Together they work, they eat, they walk, they sleep. No attempt seems to be made to keep them apart. To prevent intercourse under such circumstances would be simply hopeless. Amongst upwards of five hundred criminals what can twenty-one warders, under a brigadier and a sub-brigadier, expect to accomplish, even if they were very Arguses, or gifted with ubiquity? In vain must they watch this seething tide of defiling influence. If "evil communications corrupt good manners," what must be the effect on morals already undermined but to make those exposed to such influence tenfold more the children of evil than when they went in? One fact may suffice as proof; I quote it on the authority of Du Camp. Some years ago an eminent magistrate visited the prison, and inquired of the director what was the result of this "common" system. The latter made

no reply, but first took out a bundle of clandestine letters which had been found and seized from time to time, and laid them before him. The worthy magistrate, who as the president of assizes had seen much of human nature on its darkest side, was so horrified by what he read that now, after ten years, he cannot speak of it without disgust. Here, as in all the Paris prisons, abundance of work is the antidote chiefly employed to neutralise all this moral poison. An industrious spirit seemed to be almost universal. One trade here followed may perhaps deserve to be noticed for the sake of what, if report speaks true, is a numerous class of the gentler sex. I allude to those of our sisters who, not content with the luxuriant tresses with which nature may have endowed them, resort to mysterious enlargements, whose secret some profane *coiffeur* must have traitorously divulged to the worse half of humanity, under the name of "chignons." We hesitate to broach so delicate a subject, but the truth must be spoken; and one cannot but fear that the fair wearers of these appendages would feel their self-satisfaction considerably disturbed, if they could once see the hair, gathered from heads of every kind, raked out of dustheaps, or wrested from the *chiffonnier's* baskets, under the skilful hands of the inmates of St. Pelagie, cleansed, sorted, and strung on silk, and then sent into the Paris market!

A very few words about the prison of *St. Lazare*, the only one in Paris for women. It will not be either necessary or useful to lift the veil from its horrors. It, too, like St. Pelagie, has been diverted from its original use, having been formerly designed and used as a convent. It is enough to say that the only attempt at separation is into classes of criminals, and not of individuals. And when the newly-fallen girl, of respectable training and virtuous habits, is there thrown into close and constant contact with the very scum and refuse of the female population, of what avail, humanly speaking, are the most devoted efforts of pastors and priests, lady visitors and sisters? Still they labour on, employing each the means which their respective creeds and conscientious convictions recommend. And I was agreeably surprised, in conversation with the Lady Superior (the very embodiment of cautious dignity and urbanity), who with the utmost politeness conducted me all over the building, to learn from her that she and the Sisters had been from time to time encouraged by instances of decided change for the better.

We gladly hasten, however, to a more hopeful scene. That which has not yet been done for the reformation of girls* has been in no small measure effected for boys. The *Petite Roquette* is the name given to the house of correction for youthful delinquents under sixteen years of age, and for lads under age, whose parents have, as a last resource, brought them before the President of the Tribunal of the Seine. This must be necessarily a difficult and delicate duty, and, as might be expected, the inquiry is often too slightly pursued. Worthless parents, wishing to be relieved of the care of their offspring, and perhaps being about to contract a second marriage, will falsely accuse the poor boys. The system here is strictly separate and cellular. This is doubtless absolutely necessary in the earlier stages of their treatment; still it is a sharp remedy, and it is very painful to see these young creatures, at the very age when their spirits are most buoyant, immersed in solitude, seeing no one but the officers and chaplains, and left to work and eat and sleep alone. One fine lad, whose cell I entered with the warden, when I asked him how he came into that place, hesitated at first for an answer, and then replied, "They said I stole." His countenance rather belied his evasive reply, and I could not but doubt whether the facts altogether bore out his favourable representation of his case. The youth looked well, and as happy as circumstances would allow. I believe he was near the end of his term. Six months is, I was informed, the utmost limit of their confinement here, with the exception of some more hopeful characters, who are detained with a view to further probation and ultimate apprenticeship. If they are not well conducted, and are not claimed by their parents at the end of that time, they are removed to juvenile agricultural colonies, such as Mettray. I was happy to find some alleviations provided for the misery of their situation, as well as means for their improvement, in the services and religious instruction of the chapel, and in the classes for instruction in the elements of general knowledge.* Separation here also is stringently enforced. The chapel is a rotunda, and is fitted up with

* It is gratifying, as well as right, to add that excellent institutions exist in connection with St. Lazare, for the reformation and employment of discharged prisoners. The Protestant "Maison des Diaconesses and l'œuvre des libérées de Saint-Lazare" of Mlle. de Grandpré (of which the latter received its official authorisation on January 31st, 1874), are both devoted to this special work, and contribute much to the remedy of the evil consequences of the system pursued in this prison.

rows of box-like seats in concentric circles, all converging around the altar and the priest. There they sit unseen by each other, and all seen by him. Their relatives, when they have any, are allowed to visit them, but the interview must take place on the wrong side of a wire grating. Even in the hours of recreation they are alone. Each little unfortunate has his own little yard, in which for one hour daily he may stretch his limbs under the eye of the vigilant keeper. I observed one, and only one, grim concession to childish tastes. A slight recognition of the fact, so truly and well expressed by Keble, that "the heart of childhood is all mirth," is seen in the hoop which hangs up at the entrance to each yard; but the play must be indeed a slow one. No sooner has the unhappy urchin got his hoop into fair motion when it falls against the walls of the enclosure, and he has to begin again. This place is also their lavatory, where in all possible weathers, with the running pipe, soap, and towels, each youngster performs his toilette. When the water is frozen in the pipes, the soft-hearted authorities make a virtue of necessity, and allow them to wash indoors. The system, although so stern and perhaps needlessly harsh, appears in many respects most admirable, and vastly superior to the practice, still to be found in England, of confining mere children with veterans whose hair has grown grey in crime.

My last visit was reserved for that which, on account of its painful associations, is in some respects the most interesting—the prison of the condemned—*La Grande Roquette*. It is used as the temporary dépôt of those under sentence of penal servitude, as well as for the confinement of men condemned to death. There appeared to be nothing worthy of special notice in its ordinary arrangements. They pass the day in common, but sleep separately at night. Quite apart from the rest are the three cells for the condemned. They are spacious and airy, and extremely well secured. A warder and a soldier, who are changed every two hours, are in constant attendance upon him. He is never left alone, day or night. The chaplain also pays him frequent visits. All other visitors (except, when necessary, his legal adviser) are excluded. As happily the cells were at the time unoccupied, I was allowed to enter them. The gloom and stillness of the weird place made one shudder. The cold shades of Troppmann, and similar human monsters, seemed to haunt it; and as the pealing notes of the

organ from the adjoining chapel broke in upon this abode of horror, the contrast was inexpressibly sad; and I soon hastened away to the scene of a tragedy far more worthy of the deepest sympathy. My most attentive and obliging guide conducted me to the ward in which the unfortunate hostages were confined by the Commune. There was the very cell in which the good archbishop passed his last night; there was the chair in which he sat meditating on his approaching end; there was the table on which he may have written his last messages to his friends; there, too, was the hard bed on which he slept his last earthly sleep. From his window he could distinctly see those of opposite houses; but, as the warder remarked, the poor people who occupied them dared not to attempt communication. The reign of terror held them too tightly in its iron embrace; they might have cast pitying glances at the worthy ecclesiastic, and have prayed for him, but they could do no more. He was left to lean alone on the Divine Arm. He and his fellow-captives were next morning led forth, amidst mockery, to the court-yard below. The *peloton* of ruffian soldiery there waited to dispatch them. Deliverance arrived all too late for them; all was over when the Versaillist army entered. Since then, as some reparation to their memory, the spot where they were shot is reverently enclosed by a simple iron railing, and on a plain black marble slab attached to the wall, still indented by the musket-balls, we read in gold letters this appropriate inscription:—"Respect à ce lieu, témoin de la mort des nobles et saintes victimes de xxiv Mai, 1871." Then follow their names in full.

Upon the whole, in reviewing the results of his visits to the prisons of Paris, the writer has seen some things to admire, and much to deplore. In some respects the French system may suggest improvements in our own, while other matters we trust that our intelligent neighbours may ere long see their way to amend. Even a passing glance such as this, at the darker side of life, cannot but fill every thoughtful mind and every feeling heart with sorrow and shame for the grievous ills which afflict our common humanity. At the same time a comparison between the past and the present gives ample room for encouragement in the progress made, even in a few years, in this most important part of our social economy.

ISRAEL SHALL CRY UNTO ME.

"Israel shall cry unto me, My God, we know thee."—HOSEA viii. 2.

DR. PUSEY and other commentators regard these words as spoken hypocritically by the nation; and there can be no doubt that, looked at in their connection with what goes before and afterwards, they must be so understood. The chapter opens with a menace of divine retribution because the people have transgressed the law, and it continues by recounting the national sins and the divine judgments they shall call down. It is hard, then, to interpret these words otherwise than as an idle and delusive boast uttered in the midst of blind perverseness, and on the eve of coming calamity. "Even then shall Israel cry unto me, My God, we know thee." They shall add to their carnal offences the reproach of spiritual pride.

Thus we see in our Lord's day that his adversaries were ready to profess that the Lord was their God; whereupon he replied, "Yet ye have not known Him." And in like manner he said, quoting the words of Isaiah, "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me;" and declared that it should be so even to the very last, for "many shall say unto me in that day, Have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity."

It is, however, to be observed that the verse properly speaking runs thus, "Unto me shall they cry, My God we know thee, Israel;" that is, we who are thy chosen people, thine own Israel, who are the descendants of him to whom thou didst give that name, severally know thee as our God. It is our glory and our boast that we are privileged to call thee our God, that we can plead thy covenant, and draw nigh unto thee with the sacrifices and burnt offerings which thou hast appointed; or once more, as it seems to me, from the very unusual position of the word Israel, standing as it does at the end of the sentence, and being joined as it is to a plural verb, "*we* know thee." Nay, as it seems to me, we may take the verse, "To me shall they cry, My God, we know thee, O Israel," that is, O God of Israel, as in Psalm xxiv.—"This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob," where the other name of Israel, and the human rather than the divine name, appears to be ascribed to God. If this

be so, and it undeniably is a possible rendering of the verse, then it is very remarkable, because it is an acknowledgment of the complete identity between God and his chosen people. He is himself Israel, a prince with God, or the prince of God, which is bordering on the confines of St. John's statement, that as He is so are we in this world; so completely has He assumed our nature, in fact, and adopted a human personality, that he and his people are one as He and his Father are one. "Now ye are the body of Christ and members in particular."

Naturally I do not affirm that all this was in the prophet's thoughts, or necessarily involved in his language, but it may have been within the limits of the holy Spirit's intended meaning, and we may profitably dwell upon the possible significance of the several allusions thus suggested.

So much then for the exegesis or the grammatical interpretation of the text. Now for its moral and spiritual bearing and application. The observation was made to me the other day by a distinguished scholar, that it was the vice of the English school of commentators, as contrasted with the German, to be addicted to moralising and the utterance of pious sentiments and reflections. There is no doubt a certain truth in this remark, and there is a proper and an improper time and place for everything; but, at the same time, I must maintain that the language of prophets and apostles was designed for a vastly higher purpose than to serve as the subject merely for critical dissection and grammatical analysis. When we have determined or discovered what is probably the truest and most accurate meaning of their language, we are only on the threshold of a vast edifice; we have only prepared the way along which we are to travel to the holy city. Dabbling in the niceties and the intricacies of criticism will not lead us there. That must be the result of an altogether separate and independent work. This, of course, is on the assumption that the words of prophets and apostles are fraught with a distinct and definite message to the spiritual nature of man. If they are not, then I not only see no use in preaching, but none also, or next to none, in the function of the critic or the scholar as applied to the language of the Bible.

But to proceed. I think that the vice of religious hypocrisy is not one that can justly

be laid to the charge of the present day. There is such a general dislike, and extreme sensitiveness, to what is commonly known as humbug and religious cant, that the mere suspicion of it is sufficient to condemn. The most obvious meaning, therefore, of Hosea's language may have been more applicable to other ages than our own. And yet this general affectation of a hatred of humbug is itself liable to occasion the danger of which it is afraid, because it is apt to create suspicion where before there was none. A man may do a thing in perfect good faith and sincerity until it is suggested to him that there is humbug in what he does; and then the very thought of suspicion may serve to create the thing suspected. When religious action, in all its forms and phases, becomes the subject of searching scrutiny, and of hostile and unrestrained animadversion, it is put at a great disadvantage, and it cannot but be that a certain amount of uncreality will not only be detected, but occasioned. And thus the way in which the prophet's implied reproach comes home to ourselves is when by anything that we do we are untrue to ourselves, for untruth and unreality in action is humbug. That man is a hypocrite who in any religious action he performs is not backed by a consciousness of inward truth, or who habitually performs any such act without deriving therefrom any conscious benefit. What is the use of prayers and sacraments, if to the inward soul they are barren ordinances, productive of no spiritual satisfaction or moral result? Is it not tantamount to saying, "My God, we know thee," when there is in reality, no knowledge at all, or no conscience of such knowledge in the heart?

I cannot, however, but think that the text is legitimately susceptible of an altogether different meaning, and in that way I shall now endeavour to unfold it. I believe the prophet's language may justly be regarded as a distinct promise or prophecy on the part of God. He says, with that infinitude of meaning that all words truly spoken by him must have, "To me shall they cry, My God, we know thee, Israel," or, "Israel shall cry, My God, we know thee." In the very midst of the national sins and disasters of his people, the Lord in his anger yet remembers mercy, and declares that the time shall come when idolatrous Israel shall confess to the knowledge of Him in deed, and in truth. I say, I believe the words may mean this, but whether or not they do, I am quite certain that this is no more than is promised in the Word of the Lord; even if it is not promised here, I am

sure that the unanimous teaching of prophets and apostles points to an event as yet unaccomplished, which is none other than this—the restoration of Israel.

But why Israel? Because Israel was the name that was strictly applicable to the whole nation, which ages before the division of the kingdom was known as the בני ישראל, the children of Israel; and because in the time of the prophet it was chiefly Israel, in comparison with Judah, that had forgotten the divine covenant, as he says, "Ephraim compasseth me about with lies, and the house of Israel with deceit, but Judah yet ruleth with God, and is faithful with the saints." Israel, then, may well be taken to represent the less faithful portion of God's people; and yet Israel shall be brought to the knowledge of the Lord. But the conversion of Israel, we are taught, is contingent upon the bringing in of the Gentiles. To say, therefore, that Israel shall be restored, is to say that the world shall be converted, that the world shall cry, "My God, we know thee;" that the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. How can we doubt this, however visionary, however distant it may seem? In that wonderful book, the Bible, there is clear evidence of a divine plan in the destiny of mankind, a plan which we can see for ourselves has been partially worked out, a plan which is not obscurely defined in the part of it which remains to be worked out. The plan is this: the choice of a particular nation as the recipients of divine truth, the rejection of that nation upon their rejection of the truth, the admission of all other nations to the privileges before confined to one people, and lastly, the admission of that first nation upon the ingathering of all others. These are the broad and undeniable features of a divine plan in human destiny clearly laid down in Scripture. It is grand, it is solemn, it is unique. There is nothing to come into competition with it; for if this plan is rejected, then we are driven to confess that there are no traces of any other to be discovered. Human destiny is indeed a blank, it is impenetrably dark. You may say if you please, that the revelation of this plan throws but little light; unquestionably the rejection of it leaves us in total darkness. The why and the whither of mankind become, in short, enigmas.

Nor must we judge of this matter from our own position in time; the wheels of his chariot seem to tarry, the bridegroom is long in coming, but God has eternity to work in.

He is not hampered by human circumstance, nor hurried for lack of time. If his purposes are real purposes, they concern the human race as a whole, and their accomplishment is coeval with the consummation of the race. When the tide is flowing, it is not every wave that rises higher than the last, nor is there any wave that does not recede; nevertheless, at the hour appointed, the flood is reached. That hour is marked on the dial-plate of time; but God alone sees the dial-plate of eternity. When the hand points to that unknown hour, then the race of man is consummated, and the purposes of God accomplished. But then, also, the Gentiles have been gathered in, and Israel has cried, "My God, we know thee."

Again, it is remarkable the transition here from the singular to the plural, from the "My God," to the "We know thee." No scheme of religion would be complete that did not equally recognise the claims of the individual and those of the multitude; none could be divine that did not reconcile them. But the religion of the Bible says that the "We" is made up of a whole nation, yea, we may say, from the analogy of Scripture, of many nations, and yet every unit is a living entity, and instinct with life; for every individual cries "My God." Many of our practical problems in the present day consist in the difficulty of adjusting these rival claims. They can only be adjusted, they can only be eradicated and reconciled in the kingdom of God, when every unit of the great army that no man can number can cry in deed and in truth "My God," and when they all alike can say "We know thee." But yet again I cannot give up the other idea of the possible application of this name of Israel to God; they, that is, all the inhabitants of the earth, shall cry with me, "My God, we know thee, O Israel;" that is, "O God of Israel, we know thee as the God of Israel, who didst give the knowledge of thyself, the knowledge of thy truth to Israel, as thou didst give it to none else; we know thee as that revelation was at last fulfilled in him for whom the patriarchs hoped, and of whom the prophets wrote, thy son Christ Jesus, the heir of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the king of Israel, the hope of all the ends of the earth, and of them that remain in the broad sea." My friends, this is the Christian's expectation and the Christian's constant prayer. Either the Gospel of Christ is destined to be the religion of mankind, or it is a cunningly devised fable. There is no middle interpretation of it. I suppose that very few even of our advanced thinkers are prepared to say in so many words that it is a

cunningly devised fable (and mark you, I am thankful that the phrase or the suggestion is not mine, it is one provided for me by Holy Writ); but if the gospel be not a cunningly devised fable, then there is only one view that we can take of its future destiny, which is that it must be the religion of mankind. All the ends of the world shall cry unto God, "We know Thee, O God of Israel, Thou art our God." Each solitary unit among the countless nations shall cry, "My God, Thou art He, even Thou only, in whom I hope; Thou art the rock of my salvation." Each one for himself shall have made God his refuge, and yet they shall all be one; for with one mind and with one mouth they shall cry, "We know Thee." The Buddhist in China and Japan, the Brahman in India, the Mohammedan in Arabia, the dark and darkened worshipper of stocks and stones in the South Seas, they shall one and all acknowledge Christ as the Israel of God; they shall bow the knee at the name of Jesus, and combine to crown him Lord of all. Does the prospect seem visionary and hopeless? Is the thought childish and impracticable? I shall use no excited or ecstatic language, no sentimental or rapturous exaggerations; I put before the coldest, the most phlegmatic, the most severely logical of you this alternative, and I challenge you to invent another. Either the Gospel of Jesus Christ is a cunningly devised fable, or it must be destined to be the religion of all mankind.

What we want is men who are so thoroughly and firmly convinced of the truth of the gospel, who are so truly converted by its power, and so deeply imbued with its spirit, that they may shine as lights in the world in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation; and then, whether their sphere is the pulpits or the slums of London, the rustic villages of England, the crowded streets of China, the thirsty deserts of Arabia, the prairies of the far West, the savannahs of the southern tropics, the coral reefs of the Pacific Ocean, the perpetual snows of Greenland, or the unexplored lakes of Equatorial Africa, their message will go forth with power, and will not return unto them void. Each in his appointed sphere will be preparing the way for that glorious consummation which the Lord shall hasten in its time, when the eyes of man, as of all the tribes of Israel, shall be toward the Lord, and when all the nations of the world, converted by the Gospel of the God of Israel, shall cry unto Him, in the words of the Prophet of Israel, "My God, we know Thee!"

STANLEY LEATHES.



“NOVANTIA.”

NOVANTIA :

INCLUDING THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF DAVID GROATS, GATEKEEPER.

CHAPTER XXIII.



Lady Layton.

"I don't know where they are going now, before lunch, but they are to call at Lighlea and at the Abbey in the afternoon."

Lady Layton was much pleased to hear it. "It is very thoughtful of Charlie to call on the minister and his sister before he goes, especially as Miss Francis is not to be here long. We must call for her too, before she leaves. She is very pretty, and remarkably handsome, and very nice, I think. I am sorry she is not staying longer with her brother. He will miss her very much."

Mr. Romain and his companion were riding at a walking pace along the Laurel Avenue while this conversation was taking place at the window of Lady Layton's boudoir, in Sunbury Castle. In front of them, where the road, sloping upwards, narrowed in the distance to a point, the morning sun, now low-hung in the eastern sky, flamed like a brazen shield, and poured towards them between the banks of evergreens on either hand a stream of yellow light, and turned the early hoar-frost of the laurel leaves into a blaze of diamonds. By contrast with this dazzling bit of foreground, the landscape might have seemed to an untrained eye dull and lifeless. But to an artistic observer

R. FOX
a n d
Charlie
are off
already
to say
g o o d-
bye to
several
places,"
L a d y
M a r y
Romain
informed
her
mother,
shortly
a f t e r
break-
fast.

"What
places?"
inquired

nothing, perhaps, could have been more bewitching than the harmony of its neutral tints, as it stretched away beyond Sunbury Loch—placid as a mirror, and still half in shade from one of its sloping ornate banks—beyond russet plantations and brown strips of ploughed fields, over dim pearly spaces of frost-touched pasture land, away to the faintly purple moors and uplands, and the dull grey sky. In late autumn and early winter, Braidarden often presents its peculiar scenery under this aspect, and under this aspect Hetty Hope, for one, admired her native county more than when sky and earth wore their most brilliant colours.

"Hetty would be charmed with the view this morning," said Mr. Romain. "She is all for soft grey colours, and here they are on a great scale, and in perfection, except this sunshine right in our faces."

"Hetty, I suppose," answered Mr. Fox, "will give up her painting, and all that, now?"

"Most likely, I should think. She will have to give receptions and hold levées daily, or by turns, along with her mother-in-law."

"You noticed, I suppose, in yesterday's paper," said Mr. Fox, "what a lot of people are at Tintrae just now, or expected there directly? Half the Upper House, I should say, and all the gods of the Lower—Whigs and Tories, too—a regular mixture, a regular haggis, as we would say hereabouts."

"Do you know," asked Mr. Romain, "the recipe for that haggis?"

"No; and I should like very well to hear, for it puzzles me to guess how a man can have so many friends on both sides, among leading men too—that's the odd thing."

"I'll tell you how it is—at least, how I have been told it is. Being the richest man in the country, a millionaire, and chairman and director of fifty or a hundred companies, he is a great man among his own party in the House; and when they consult him about business affairs, investments, stocks, shares, and all that, he gives them the 'tip,' and they are ever so much obliged to him."

"That's all right," said Mr. Fox; "I mean to say, that's quite what one would expect."

"But, mark you," proceeded Mr. Romain, "what he does by way of having as many friends on one side as on the other—mind you, I am only telling you what I have heard—he gives the Opposition the 'tip' too."

"The same 'tip?'" inquired Mr. Fox, with the simplicity of a man who is conscious that his knowledge of business is not great, and is unconscious that his knowledge of the world is small.

"Not exactly; he gives them a 'tip' sometimes just a little at the expense of his own party. He is above party spirit to that extent."

"Oh come now, Charlie, that's a bit of common-room scandal; I don't believe that. He is not a man I like altogether, as you know; but he would not exactly do that kind of thing, I am sure."

"Then you believe in him," said Mr. Romain, "more than some other people do, or than he does in himself, probably; though it has all been by honesty and industry and that sort of thing, and not by extraordinary talent, or luck, he has made his money, as he always says—that's all."

"Let me see, now," said Mr. Fox, knitting his brows for an unusual effort of thought, and trying to bring the question of the morality of such conduct fairly before his mind; "he gets over his own side, you say, as one of themselves, and the richest among them; and he first 'tips' them (which is right enough, I say), and then, to be a great man with the Opposition, he 'tips' them too, at our expense—I mean at the expense of our side—gives them the superior 'tip'—is that it?"

"That's it exactly," replied Mr. Romain, laughing at his friend's logic and his knowing look. "'Superior tip' is the exact word. It would not do for him, you know, to be giving bad tips and good tips; but 'straight tip,' 'straighter tip,' 'straightest tip,' answer his purpose. Only, George, say nothing to my father, or any of them at the house; they have to be civil to the man, you know, and don't care therefore to hear us youngsters tell stories of him, or in fact discuss him at all."

"Pretty fellow, indeed!" muttered Mr. Fox to himself, riding on beside his companion, who was making ready for a canter; "to go and play ducks and drakes with Parliament like that, all for self, and to be a big man in London. If that's business life, and parliamentary life, and millionaire life, why one's better out of it altogether, I declare; though it has its advantages too."

Mr. Romain interrupted these reflections. "Let us be going, George. By the time I come back, I suppose it will be all over with Hetty; she'll be Hetty no more, but Mrs. Richard."

"Yes," sighed Mr. Fox, "I suppose so;

and more's the pity, if all you say about the old gentleman and his 'tips' is true. We would blackball a fellow, I assure you, in Cox's, and in Box's too, if such things were reported about him."

"All the same," replied Mr. Romain, checking his horse into a walking pace for another second, "Mr. Argall is a member of all the clubs. So is his son. And Hetty will one day be Lady Tintrae, or something of the sort, and have lots of money to spend, and not know anything about her father-in-law's 'tips,' and be quite happy to 'tip' every beggar on the road, and to dress and feed all the girls and boys about."

"Do you know, Charlie," said Mr. Fox, his face lighting up as it did always when a new or brilliant idea occurred to him, "I do believe you are right there. That is what makes women like Hetty marry money—at least, that's one of the things. I never thought of it before, but the fact is, either they want to have a big establishment, which is a very good thing; or they want to tip all the beggars, which is a good thing too. And that's how the world wags. If you happen to like a girl, and she might perhaps like you, she goes in either for too many footmen or too many beggars, and leaves you out in the cold; and you can't blame her so much either, can you?"

"What do you say to that?" he shouted in a cheery voice to his friend, who had started off at a canter.

When Mr. Fox, in company with Mr. Romain, arrived at Novantia in the afternoon, he was still full of the subject of which they had talked on setting out from Sunbury.

"You know, I daresay," he said to Mr. Francis, as they strolled along the Abbot's Walk together, Bessy and Mr. Romain coming on a few steps behind—"you know, I daresay, that you are losing one of your parishioners shortly, besides Mr. Romain?"

Mr. Francis did not know of any other impending loss, and could not guess the quarter in which it was threatened.

"Well," said Mr. Fox, who was one of that numerous class of persons to whom the frequent mention of a report by themselves or others gives it the consistency of fact, and who had now no more doubt of Hetty's marriage than of her beauty; "it may not be for some time, I suppose. A great deal, in these cases, depends upon circumstances. I have known a thing of the kind patched up in a few weeks, and in other cases it has hung fire for years. It won't do so in this case for want of cash, that's one thing."

He was not affecting an enigmatical style foreign to his character, but it was still early afternoon, and he took time to explain himself.

"You will see it in the newspapers, however," he proceeded, "that's one thing sure. All the proceedings of the family are recorded there, Mr. Romain says, as regularly as the Court news. Do you know, it would be curious to find out whether the newspapers have to get the information by sending for it to the house, or whether it is sent to them by the family by telegraph. Why, there's a paragraph every day, or every week at least, at this time of year, headed 'Tintrae Castle,' and under that head you have a list of arrivals and departures, and among them always some of the biggest swells in the country."

Mr. Francis, whose colour had suddenly left his face, as if something in Mr. Fox's remarks upon Tintrae had been felt to be personal to himself, and distressing as well as personal, was not sure but the information in question might be forwarded to the newspapers, and was very doubtful whether, if it was not sent, it would appear at all.

"Well," said Mr. Fox, "all I can say is, it is not perhaps every one who goes to Tintrae who will just like it. A duke, now, or cabinet minister, I should suppose, may spend a day or two at Tintrae *en passant*, or travelling *incog*, and yet not wish to have it told to all the world next day in the *Times*. Don't you think so? However," he continued, "there they are, those people, making more noise in the world than a lot of our oldest and best families here put together. And now the son and heir is going to marry the prettiest girl in the country. Besides—and this is what I believe the old gentleman has an eye to as much as anything—she is of rank by the mother's side, as you know, and belongs by the father's to one of the oldest and best families hereabouts."

"You don't mean Miss Hope?" said Mr. Francis, giving up the effort to be as philosophic in listening as his friend in talking, and halting on the path, with his eyes fixed on the ground, a picture of mental distress.

"Of course," replied Mr. Fox, touched to see that the minister was much affected by the prospect of losing a member of his flock, but reflecting also that it was quite natural for any one who knew Miss Hope to be sorry she was going away—"of course I mean Miss Hope. I thought you must know all about it by this time. It is all very well, to be sure, to say that all the young ladies

who go to Tintrae Castle don't go to marry Mr. Richard. But there is a particular understanding in this case, I believe; and then, where is there one of the whole lot of them, I should like to know, with a face like hers, and a figure too, and a style too, and I don't know what besides—not to speak of how clever and good she is—and it is the man with the longest purse who gets her; that's the way nowadays, and that man is Richard Argall; though I don't know that I like him well enough to marry him if I were Hetty—but then I am not Hetty."

Mr. Francis visibly shook with emotion. But the expression of his face at the same time was rather that of scorn than suffering. His lip trembled, but it curled also. He had discovered, alas, too late, and too clearly, that his goddess was a painted wooden doll. What a world of torture he might have spared himself if he had but known it before! Why should he have not told her all that it had been such burning anguish to keep so long to himself? But then if she was the poor and miserable creature she showed herself to be by throwing herself away upon a heap of money, why—she was worthy of her fate, and not worth love or sorrow of his more. He despised her, and hated her. He would leave the place where his life had been ruined by her, and have done with it and her for ever.

Mr. Fox would have been distressed if he had been aware of all this commotion which his random talk had raised in his neighbourhood, but he was happily unconscious of it. Only as he turned and proposed to go back and join Mr. Romain and Bessy, who had disappeared in the windings of the Abbot's Walk, he was doubtful whether he had not unwittingly cast a shade of unhappiness over the minister's mind by his news of Hetty's marriage, and in case he should have done so, he was willing to affect for the nonce a little extra exuberance of spirits.

"Who says a sail in the boat, Charlie?" he shouted, as he approached Mr. Romain and Bessy. "A sail, ahoy; who says a sail? You are going to sea, Miss Francis is going to sea soon too. We are all going to sea. Suppose, then, to prepare for sea, we have a cruise in the minister's boat?"

Both Mr. Romain and Bessy, occupied till just a moment before in taking leave of each other, or rather in considering plans for meeting again, were otherwise disposed, the former having now remembered a visit he had still to pay before going home, and the latter having heard the dog bark up at the

house, an intimation no doubt of the arrival of a visitor.

"Suppose we leave our friends to go on with their walk and talk—they seem very deep in something—and go back and admire the abbey," Mr. Romain suggested, after Bessy and he had followed her brother and Mr. Fox for a minute or two along the Abbot's Walk, and the latter had begun his prelections upon Tintrae.

No proposal could be more harmless than Mr. Romain's; it was made in a studiously off-hand, impromptu manner, and need not have ruffled the weakest of female nerves; but though Bessy's nerves were excellent, she was somehow flustered by this remark as she was little in the habit of being flustered by anything. She was gifted by nature with more imagination than many people who are of a distinctly sentimental turn, but she was too sensible, and above all too cheerful, to be excessively romantic. Life, in spite of dull days and sorrowful days, had been on the whole sweet and pleasant to her, so sweet and pleasant she had never been accustomed to draw heavily upon the future—that ever insolvent but never discredited bank of the imagination—for her enjoyments. For a girl of twenty, she had a mind unusually empty of brilliant illusions and impossible expectations. If, in one instance, however, her day-dreams—for of course she had not passed her girl-life altogether without these—had been of a commonplace splendour and magnificence, it had certainly been in the instance of some of recent date. Mr. Romain's attentions to her had been more than polite. She could not but feel that they were kind, and might possibly have been meant to be particular. She knew—or thought she knew—well, however, that to think of him at all as anything but a passing, far-off acquaintance, to dream any dreams or fancy any fancies about him was monstrous and ridiculous, only to be excused, if at all, by one thing, viz., that she was so soon going away, and that any dreams about him she might choose to dream would come then to a natural, abrupt, unnoticed, ridiculous end. Perhaps it was these same dreams, however, which, in spite of her natural self-possession, made it difficult now for her either to assent or object to the simple suggestion to turn round on the Abbot's Walk.

She did turn, as Mr. Romain had done, but left the path a yard or two, and went picking her steps among the tufts of rushes and the surf-whitened stones at the water's

edge, the brisk westerly wind which curled the loch, and made it pout and break in silver in the level sunshine, blowing her hair about her neck and shoulders, and causing her plain stuff gown to cling limply to her figure, so as to reveal those Greek-stature outlines which had caught the critical eye of Miss Hope, and were not perhaps unnoticed by Mr. Romain.

"There is nothing like this in Australia?" he asked.

"Nothing," she answered, "at least as far as I have seen. There are no islands like this in the bush."

"No lochs with Abbots' Walks and trees like these, and old ruins, I suppose?"

"A great sand-floor," she said laughingly, "with huge imitation trees—they would look imitation beside these—stuck into it, like rows of pins in a flat cushion, or masts in a ship's deck: that is what the bush is, and you can fancy whether it is like this."

"Is it so very flat and uninteresting? I intend to spend my time in Australia, mostly in the bush, for that is Australia, as Mr. Ogg the schoolmaster, says, and the rest—your new, large cities and all that—is just Europe over again. I had the idea from what you have said sometimes that the bush was very fine, not in the least tame or flat."

"To those who have lived in it all their days, the bush of course is beautiful, full of life too; there is nothing to compare with the bush. But it would be dulness itself, I am sure, to any one else. There is nothing to see, and nothing to do for those who have no sheep to look after."

"Nonernong is a good long way from Melbourne. It is far up in the bush, is it not?"

"Or rather it is almost at the other side of the bush, at least the inhabited bush."

"You go first to Sherry-Sherry, don't you? then to Packman's Seat and Swanponds. Croydon is further on, and near the end of the journey, is it not?"

To him who, travelling or sojourning in a foreign country, hears some words of his mother-tongue casually spoken, the words have one value for the ear and another for the heart, and, however commonplace or contemptible to the one, are rich in eloquent and pathetic meanings to the other. So to Bessy Francis these familiar and not very choice names of places in her native land, spoken by Mr. Charles Romain by the side of Loch Novantia, were ridiculous, and, at the same time, moving. Pronounced, as some of them had

been, by Beatrice Hope, she would have been forced to laugh outright, but uttered one by one, in a deliberate, serious manner by Mr. Romain, it was hard to say what feelings besides a faint sense of amusement they stirred in her mind. Was he really going to take that long journey? Why did he give himself the trouble to acquire all this minute information?

"It looks almost as if you had been there already, you know the road so well," she said, with a smile and a laugh which for once was a trifle artificial.

"It is rather a long journey, I suppose?"

"Fearfully long."

"Still as it is the bush which is Australia, one may as well see a good bit of it."

"There is nothing to be seen where we are, nothing but gum-trees."

"Having no business in one particular place, however, it is much the same where one goes, and as I have almost no friends or acquaintances but you in the country, and if I should be near you, perhaps your father would not object to my calling to see you? I meant to ask your brother about it to-day; I suppose I might mention it to him?"

"You are not in the least likely to be near us," she answered, exchanging her rather forced smile for an unusually grave look. "You can have no idea till you go out to Australia how far we are out of the way. Nonernong is just the very last place that any one would think of going to, unless on business."

Mr. Romain, aware that time was short, even though Mr. Fox was prolix, began to see that Australia was a longer way round to the point he had in view than he had hoped. And yet any more direct route he could think of seemed hopelessly shut up. Independently of her Greek features and Greek-statue-like figure, there was an undefinable fascination about Bessy which was the more dangerous and fatal that it was undefinable. In virtue of her laughing eyes, and her unconsciously playful, gracious, cordial manner, she appeared to have been born to be everybody's friend, but somehow for that reason, or for some other unknown, it seemed hard to conceive of her as in love with anybody. It was so clear she was heart-whole, free from all passionate, selfish distractions, it not only looked as if there would be something peculiarly ridiculous in talking to her of dying for love of her, but as if it would require the greatest delicacy or the greatest assurance to hint to her at any feeling

beyond friendship. In short, while her manner (or her bright and witty intelligence, along with her manner) only too well served, to convert quickly a friend into a lover, it operated no less effectively in the way of warning a lover to beware how he took it upon himself lightly to announce his conversion. Bessy's present lover, at any rate, in a vague way, had this sort of feeling about her. She was gentleness itself; but he was afraid of her. His courage had deserted him in her presence, the courage with which he had armed himself for days and weeks before to speak to her. Having never once talked to her otherwise than in the way of friendship, if he now began at the end and told her he loved her, she might turn upon him and crush him with a laugh and a look of her mirthful eyes; she might say, or do, or think he did not know what to make him repent of his rashness all the rest of his life. Yet the opportunity must not be altogether lost. The chance of meeting her again must not be left altogether to chance.

"I might just mention it to him, might I not—I think I hear Mr. Fox and him coming—in case I should happen to be in Nonernong."

Bessy's feelings were difficult to control, let alone express. There was a strange persistence in all this. It was strange, too, that distinctions should be made between her and her brother, so that she should be consulted as to what it would be proper to do with regard to him. It was uncivil and inhospitable to say no to an intended visit. It was, she knew not what, folly and weakness to say yes. Yet, again, it was as strange as anything, or stranger, that after all, the proposal was made dependent upon the accident of convenience—"if I should be in Nonernong."

"I am sure," she said, evading any direct reply to the question whether her brother should be consulted, "I am sure he would say just what I say about Nonernong, that it is the last place any one would think of going to, and indeed it is the last place you can go to."

"Since all places are the same to me, it might be the first," he interrupted.

"I hope you will not think," she went on, "that bush people are rude, and don't entertain strangers. Every comer, Henry would tell you, is a welcome guest in the bush. But it is only bush people who do come our way. Bush houses are very poor, though they answer the purpose, and every-

thing about them is poor. Fancy having an old Tasmanian convict for cook! We have no houses like those here, or dinners either."

"I know," he said, glad to display his Australian knowledge before her again—"I know, the settler, when he goes into the bush, clears a space for himself by felling trees, and of the trees he makes planks, and of the planks, a house, and there it is."

"And there it is," Bessy echoed with a forced laugh, quickening her step as she walked on before him in the direction of her brother and Mr. Fox.

"There is no need to make any arrangement with her about it," he said to himself, as he followed her; "I'll see her there, if I don't go first to the bottom of the sea: they can't refuse to let me in if I go and knock at the door, coming from here."

CHAPTER XXIV.

MISS FRANCIS, anxious to see after her supposed visitor, took leave of Mr. Romain in the best way she could, glad that it could be done at once, and thankful that it was only once it had to be done. He too soon found that his engagement was pressing, and taking an affectionate leave of Mr. Francis, and promising to meet Mr. Fox later in the afternoon, started for Laighlea, or home. Undecided as to the latter point, he went round by way of the old ruin, loitering on the road to arrange his thoughts, and not without hopes of seeing Bessy again.

"Shall I go and see Hetty," he muttered to himself, as he went along, "and tell her all about it, see if she can do anything, show her what an ass I have made of myself again?" As he turned the western angle of the ruin, walking very slowly, and pondering very deeply, he found himself, to his surprise, within view of some of the minister's windows. Who was it that was standing there at one of those windows, and unconscious of being seen, looked sadly forth? It was Bessy herself, who had learned that Mr. Ogg was loitering about on purpose to see her brother or herself, but in spite of this information had stolen into the breakfast-parlour to have a moment's quiet reflection on all that had just passed. So deep were her reflections, she stood motionless at the window, and gazed out without seeing anything. So sad were they, she looked the picture of a broken heart. Her lover, seeing it was she who was occupied as he had been himself, since he could not advance, and feared to attract attention by a movement in retreat, stood still where he

was and looked at her, pained to find himself in so awkward a position, yet not without a compensating glimmer of hope that something might come out of it. After some minutes Bessy, reminding herself of her duty to Mr. Ogg, was turning slowly away when she noticed Mr. Romain, and, startled by the unexpected apparition, feeling, too, that her attitude and face must have told tales she did not wish told to him, drew back quickly into the shade of the apartment, leaving him to discuss with himself the questions, whether he should boldly enter the house and speak to her again, whether she would not come out (if he waited) and say good-bye, whether it was possible they could part thus. Part thus they did. For Bessy, deliberately abandoning the dominie to his own resources for the present, retreated to her room, and shut the door. "He did look so sad, it is sad," was her reflection many times repeated as she sat and thought, and thought again. She was sorry for him. Mr. Romain, on his part, was not quite so sorry for himself after seeing her again. Her forlorn appearance at the window was a comfort to him. "She is not offended, I can see, but sad," he said to himself, "and if so, it is perhaps because she cares for me a little, as I care for her much. I'll tell Hetty that, too; no, I wont; but I'll see her in Australia, whatever Hetty says, or any one else."

Mr. Romain's former master, as well as himself, had the good fortune to see Bessy at the window, and had his own thoughts about her. Just before her younger admirer came up to the Abbey, the dominie, who was sauntering about, had caught sight of her, and had stolen into a corner of the ruin, where, unobserved, he could observe her at leisure, through a convenient hole in the wall.

"Ah!" he thought, "I could not have fancied her, with her laughing eyes, ever look so sad as that. What a picture, to be sure, of a lovelorn maiden! one of her long tresses too hanging there neglected on her shoulder. I wonder, if she knew of me admiring her, what she would think of me. Might it not be me she is thinking of now?"

When Mr. Romain came up to the ruin, and halted there, these reflections of the dominie in his secret corner were cut short by alarm lest he should be caught in a strange and inexplicable attitude. He was on his knees for the purpose of observing Bessy the better; and for fear of discovery, had to remain in that posture

motionless, and holding his breath, while his heart thumped violently against his ribs, and all his limbs shook. He was honest enough, in his way, but to be caught in this situation was too great a strain on his integrity; so he passed the few minutes (they seemed days), during which Mr. Romain's halt continued, in settling with himself with a view to the enlightenment of others what it was exactly he was doing there. He was botanizing. That was his first idea. But then it was well known he knew nothing of botany; and besides, there were no plants there except nettles. He was taking some measurements. That was his next notion. But then he had no measure. Afterwards he was examining a curious, very curious stone in the corner, and though there was none exceedingly curious to be seen above ground, in default of more suitable employment, it was fixed that that was what he was doing. His conscience and his character saved from shipwreck, he was never so happy all his life, however, as when he heard footsteps again. No matter who he was, he was gone. *Gratias*. He waited till all was quiet, and taking a final peep through the hole in the wall to see that Bessy was gone too, he sallied forth, whistling in a low key a mixture of Scottish airs, and with his eyebrows highly exalted, and was met almost as soon as he emerged by Mr. Fox and the minister, who were on their way to enter the house.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Ogg," said Mr. Fox, "I have heard of you often this year, though I have not seen you before. Your old pupil and you are great friends, I am glad to hear."

"I am very proud to think we are friends," replied Mr. Ogg, delighted that the fact was known, and pleased to think that instead of having to employ an unsatisfactory fiction, he had only to assent to a gratifying truth.

He talked of going as soon as he had a word with Mr. Francis, but at the request both of the minister and of Mr. Fox agreed with affected reluctance to go into the house and remain for half an hour.

"David Groat is off to London to look after his windfall. I have been commissioned to tell you that," said Mr. Ogg, with a facetious smirk on his features, as the party entered the library. "He had letters advising him to go, and you know he could not do it like anybody else, but was off and away before you could say David Groat."

"Off is he?" inquired Mr. Francis, with much surprise, and some concern.

"I have just come from seeing him start, and his last orders were to come straight to tell you. Had to give a half-holiday for the purpose, Mr. Fox. But parents can't complain much, for I never attend any of their funerals. I consider it is better to instruct the quick, who can make use of their knowledge, than go and bury the dead, with whom there is no knowledge, or device, or wisdom."

Mr. Fox quite understood, from this single remark, why Charles Romain was so fond of Mr. Ogg. He was a very clever and amusing man, not at all like teachers in old times. As for Mr. Francis, he admired once more the happy egotism which in all the events of life, departure of friends, death, and burial, finds material for pleasant and amusing reflection.

"What a rare old place for meditation that old grey pile of ruins of yours is!" Mr. Ogg remarked, moved by some uneasy twinges of conscience to revert to the scene of his recent peeping, and willing, as far as possible, to justify to himself his meditated fiction by giving as much of it as would hold together an airing in the region of reality, he proceeded: "What odd nooks and corners there are in it, with sermons in every stone of them! One might almost forget his Protestantism there, forget, indeed, there ever was a Reformation, and go down on his knees and worship the Virgin Mary, and imagine himself a friar of the Middle Ages, might he not? An old place like that has a strange effect on one's feelings; the air of it is eloquent."

"I have never gone into it," said Mr. Fox. "I suppose it is all tumbledown in the inside? How old do you say it is?"

The dominie was not great in antiquities, and was not prepared to give the exact date of the foundation—which led to the discovery that the latest successor of the monks was equally ill-informed.

It was agreed, however, that some time in the twelfth century Novantia came into existence, and in reference to this fact the conversation turned upon the effects of monkish and other ecclesiastical institutions upon the general state and character of the community, a subject in which Mr. Francis was interested, and with respect to which, on the present occasion, he was ready to express himself with unusual freedom. That long and horrible stupor of suspense in which he had lived was ended, and for the present moment he felt that the end of it was not death but life. He breathed freely again. There was much to think of; but it must be

thought of by-and-by, for years and years. There was nothing to hope for from the future, but it was something, it was much, that the past was past, and the worst was known.

"As a Protestant, of course," he said, "one is thankful for the Reformation; as a student of history, one cannot but feel it was necessary; as an admirer of great characters and great deeds one cannot but see it was glorious. But one can't help thinking sometimes, Mr. Fox, that we got a wrong start from the Reformation, I mean in our church

organization, or rather ideas of church business."

"There are different opinions about it, are there not?" inquired Mr. Fox. "I have heard say, some of the High Church party don't approve of the Reformation altogether."

"There are not two opinions about it in this country," said the dominie, "unless the minister has a new one to give us. We are all for John Knox here."

"I don't know," said Mr. Francis, "that my opinion is new. I hope it is not; and it may not be true either. But what I was



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going to say is, at the Reformation, almost necessarily, the Protestant Church assumed the character of a popular theological Sunday institute for the delivery of lectures from the Bible, in which Protestant truth was established and Romish error refuted, and it has retained that character very much since. We had to nail our theses on the church door three hundred years ago, but is it not rather too much to go on nailing our theses for ever, as if that were the whole duty of the Christian Church and converted man?"

"You would convert churches, I suppose,"

said Mr. Ogg, "from schools for expounding Christianity into societies for practising it. I have heard you say that, I think."

"That is exactly what I would do."

"You would restore Novantia, and bring back the monks?" inquired Mr. Ogg.

"Ha, ha! a capital idea!" laughed Mr. Fox. "Could not be a better place than this for a thing of the sort—a convent or nunnery, especially a nunnery."

"I don't know that I would restore Novantia, or bring back the monks," said Mr. Francis, "though I could wish some of our

churches had aims as liberal and enlightened and Christian as some of the monkish fraternities (or their founders) in their day had; I would certainly not provide retreats for the religious to be separate from the profane and the good and true, to shirk the evil and unthankful; but instead of founding churches upon the principle (to which we owe so many sects, and all their bitterness and all their mischief) of a confession of faith in eleven or twelve hundred propositions, I should have them organized upon the footing of an orthodox Christian spirit—that is to say, philanthropy, self-sacrifice, what we distinctively know as Christian. I would have churches consist not of pew-holders or members whose duty is done on Sundays when they hear sermon, but people who are willing to spend their lives in the work in which Christ spent his, and in the same spirit."

"The churches here, I suppose, don't do much good?" inquired Mr. Fox; "especially the Dissenters, eh? I have heard, though from various quarters, that there are churches, in London particularly, that do a great deal of good among the poor, you know, and that sort of people."

"There are churches that do a great deal of good," replied Mr. Francis; "few, I suppose, don't aim at doing some, and of course individual members of churches, and committees of churches, are carrying on the most wonderful works of charity. But what I mean to say is, that churches are essentially, and on principle, and sometimes exclusively, preaching institutes for the convenience and

comfort of their members, and that they ought to be essentially and on principle, and first and foremost, organizations for doing good to the world."

"A very good idea, I have no doubt," assented Mr. Fox.

"In that case," said the dominie, looking at the floor, while his eyebrows slanted to the ceiling, "I should say the elders of the kirk, in a parish like this, would sometimes be of the feminine gender, and of considerable personal attractions."

"And go off at a moment's notice to get married," giggled Mr. Fox.

"In that case, also," said Mr. Francis, smiling at the dominie's jest, "I should say that the ruins of our present churches, if allowed to stand and disfigure the landscape a century or two after this, would not stand like Novantia (to come back to where we started), in the middle of intellectual destitution, moral idiotcy, and savage squalor."

"Talking of savages," said Mr. Fox, rising to go, "it is a plucky thing in my young friend and your old pupil, Mr. Ogg, to set out as he is doing this week just to see the world. He means to have a look at your Australian savages before he returns, Mr. Francis. I would not object to go with him, I declare."

"Neither would I," said Mr. Francis, recurring with a pang to his determination to leave Novantia as far behind him as he could.

"Neither would I," said the dominie, tickled with the oddity of so much consent, but without the least idea of transgressing for some time the bounds of the parish.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIDOW.

IT'S now the bonny month o' June,
The sun is shining chcerie,
And ilka bird, yon trees abune,
Is singin' o' its dearie,
And ilka lamb on glintin' lea,
Wi' joy is never wearie,
Then why should my heart only be
Sae dowie, wae, and dreary?

I canna thole at hame to bide,
Sae hameless now *he's* gane;
I wanner up the burnie side,
The gate that aft we've ta'en,

And hours I sit aside the bucht,
Still as the verra stane,
And at my heart the cauld, cauld thocht,
I'm sittin' here alane.

Oh never mair can throstle sang
Be glesome sang to me;
Though a' is fair I move amang,
Yet naethin' fair I see.
Oh shame! in sic a warld to rue,
And waesome heart to dree:
My Jamie dear, my husband true,
A' joy lies dead wi' thee!

MILLS RACHAN.

LETTERS FROM H.M.S. *CHALLENGER*.

VII.—TRISTAN D'ACUNHA.

ON Tuesday, the 14th of October, we sighted the island of Tristan, distant fifty miles to the south-south-west.

The Tristan d'Acunha group, so named from the Portuguese navigator who discovered it early in the sixteenth century, lies in mid-ocean, about thirteen hundred miles south of St. Helena and fifteen hundred west of the Cape of Good Hope, nearly on a line between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn; it is thus probably the most isolated and remote of all the abodes of men. The group consists of the larger island of Tristan and two smaller islands—Inaccessible, about eighteen miles south-west from Tristan, and Nightingale Island, twenty miles south. Tristan only is permanently inhabited, the other two are visited from time to time by sealers. We hear little of Tristan d'Acunha until near the close of last century; but even before that time it appears to have been the occasional resort of American sealers. Captain Patten, of the ship *Industry*, from Philadelphia, arrived there in August, 1790, and remained till April, 1791. There was then abundance of wood of small growth, excellent for fire-wood, where the tents of the *Industry's* crew were pitched, near the site of the present settlement; and the amount of sea-animals of all kinds, whales, seals, and sea-birds, was unlimited. Captain Patten's party obtained 5,600 seal-skins in the seven months of their stay, and he says that they could have loaded a ship with oil in three weeks. In 1792 the *Lion* and the *Hindustan*, with the British embassy to China on board, touched at the island of Tristan. The *Lion* anchored off the north side of the island, under the cliff, but a sudden squall coming on, she almost immediately put to sea. The island was at that time entirely uninhabited; whales and seals were seen in great numbers on the coast. In 1811 Captain Heywood found three Americans settled on Tristan, preparing seal-skins and oil. Goats and pigs had been set adrift by some of the earlier visitors, and they had become very numerous on the upper terraces. One of the Americans declared himself sovereign proprietor of the islands, and in the intervals of seal hunting, they cleared about fifty acres of land, and planted it with various things, including coffee-trees and sugar-canes, which they got through the American consul at Rio. It seems that for a time some of their crops

looked very promising, but for some reason the settlement was shortly abandoned. Formal possession was taken of the islands by the English in 1817, and during Napoleon's captivity at St. Helena, a guard, detached from the British troops at the Cape of Good Hope, was maintained there. Batteries were thrown up, and a few houses built; but in little more than a year the soldiers were withdrawn. A corporal of artillery, of the name of Glass, with his wife and two soldiers who were induced to join him, were allowed to remain; and since that time the island of Tristan has been constantly inhabited. In 1823 the settlers were seventeen in number, among them three women, and they had to dispose of twenty-five tons of potatoes, and abundance of vegetables, milk, and butter. In 1829, when Captain Morrell visited it in the U.S. ship *Antarctic*, the colony included twenty-seven families, and they were able to supply passing ships with bullocks, cows, sheep, and pigs, and fresh vegetables and milk in any quantity. In 1836 there was a population of forty-two on the island, and in 1852, when Captain Denham visited and sketched and roughly surveyed the group, it amounted to eighty-five, and he describes "the young men and women as partaking of the Mulatto caste, the wives of the first settlers being natives of the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena; but the children of the second generation he would term handsome brunettes of a strikingly fine figure." They were all, at that time, members of the Church of England, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. W. F. Taylor, who had been sent out by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, an unknown benefactor having generously placed £1,000 at the disposal of the society, to supply the colony with a clergyman for five years. Captain Denham speaks highly of the healthiness of the climate; he says that none of the ordinary epidemic diseases, whether of adults or of children, had reached the islands. The Rev. Mr. Taylor left in 1857, in H.M.S. *Geysler*, and with him forty-seven of the inhabitants left the island and went to the Cape of Good Hope. The condition and prospects of the settlement had somewhat altered. In its early days fur-seals with pelts of good quality, inferior only to those from some of the Antarctic islands, were very abundant, and vessels could fill up at short notice with oil; it was

therefore a favourite rendezvous for American sealers, and the islanders got a ready market and good prices for their produce. Gradually, however, the great sea beasts were reduced in number, the sealers and whalers had to pursue their craft further afield, and Tristan d'Acunha became only an occasional place of call. Another unfavourable change had taken place: in the early days the great majority of the population were males, but as time wore on and a new generation sprung up, the young men, scions of an adventurous stock, and reared in temperance and hardihood, found their isolated life too tame for them, and sought more stirring occupation elsewhere. The proportion between the sexes rapidly altered, and at the time of Captain Denham's visit, women were considerably in the majority. The greater number of those who left Tristan in the *Geyser* were young women, and many of them went into service at the Cape, where there still remained some of the relations of the earlier settlers.

All this time the settlement maintained an excellent character. Glass, its founder, a Scotchman, born at Kelso, seems to have been a man of principle and of great energy and industry, and to have acquired to a remarkable degree the confidence of the community. He maintained his position as its leader, and represented it in all transactions with outsiders for thirty-seven years. The colony had always been English-speaking, and had strong British sympathies, and "Governor Glass" as he was called, had received permission from one of the naval officers visiting the island to hoist the red ensign as a signal to ships. This was the only quasi-official recognition which the colony received from Britain after the withdrawal of the troops in 1818. Glass died in 1853, at the age of sixty-seven years. He had suffered severely during his later years from cancer in the lower lip and chin, but he retained his faculties and his prestige to the last, and his death was a great loss to the little community. A general account of Tristan d'Acunha is given by the Rev. W. F. Taylor, in a pamphlet published in 1850 by the Christian Knowledge Society. Mr. Taylor speaks most highly of the moral character of the flock to whom he ministered for five years; indeed, he goes so far as to say that he could find no vice to contend with, which is certainly extraordinary in so mixed an assemblage. It may be accounted for, however, to a certain degree by the compulsory sobriety of the islanders, who are usually without spirituous liquors, the rum obtained from time to

time from passing ships being speedily disposed of. Mr. Taylor speaks somewhat despondingly of the prospect of the settlement. He indicates the various causes which, in his opinion, negative its progress, dwelling particularly upon the destruction of the wood; he looks upon the exodus which took place when he left the island as the beginning of the end; and he hopes, in the interests of the settlers and of humanity, that the island may soon be abandoned. Facts scarcely seem to justify Mr. Taylor's anticipations. H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh visited Tristan in the *Galatea*, in 1867, and the Rev. John Milner, in his entertaining narrative of the cruise, gives an excellent account of the early history of the colony, and of its condition at the time of the *Galatea's* visit.* The number of inhabitants had again risen to eighty-six, which seems to be about the normal population. Governor Glass had been dead fourteen years. He had no successor in his title; but one of the oldest of the inhabitants of the island, a man of the name of Green, who married one of Glass's daughters, had slipped into the practical part of his office, and was tacitly acknowledged as the representative of the islanders in all transactions with strangers. He lived in Glass's house, the best in the place, hoisted the red ensign and a flowing white beard, and in virtue of these symbols seemed to be accepted as general referee in all matters of difficulty. The flocks and herds were thriving, and vegetables and poultry abounded. The chaplain of the *Galatea* christened sixteen healthy children, born since the departure of Mr. Taylor, and offered to marry seven pairs of unappropriated lads and lasses who happened oddly enough to form part of the community, but they were not inclined to choose partners so suddenly. The prince and his suite had luncheon with Mr. Green and met some of the chief men, and all the ladies were introduced to him. Altogether, instead of the colony showing any tendency to an immediate break-up, there seemed to be very general comfort and contentment.

At day-break on the 14th, the summit of the peak of Tristan only was visible from the deck of the *Challenger*, a symmetrical cone, the sides rising at an angle of 23° to a height of 7,100 feet above the level of the sea, covered with snow which came far down, occupying the ravines, dark ridges of rock rising up between. On account of the dis-

* For an interesting abstract of the Rev. Mr. Milner's account of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh's visit to Tristan the reader is referred to GOOD WORKS, November 1, 1867.

tance, the lower terrace and the more level part of the island could not be seen. A sounding was taken in 2,025 fathoms, globigerina ooze, the bottom temperature $1^{\circ}.6$ C. The dredge was put over, and brought up two specimens of a small *Diadema* only. In the evening we resumed our course towards the island, and made all arrangements for sending out exploring parties the first opportunity. Early on the morning of the 15th we were at anchor close under the land, in a shallow bay open to the westward. A slope of rough pasture, about a quarter of a mile in width, extended to our right, running up from the beach to an almost precipitous wall of rock a thousand feet in height, the mist lying low upon it so that we could see no further. To the left the rampart of rock came sheer down almost into the sea, leaving only a narrow strip of a few yards of shingly beach. A stream ran down from the high ground, nearly opposite the ship, and the low fall with which it tumbled into the head of the bay indicated the position of the best landing-place. The settlement, consisting of about a dozen thatched cottages, was scattered over the grassy slope, and behind it one or two ravines afforded a difficult access to the upper terraces and the mountain. The only tree on the island is one which from its limited distribution and the remoteness of its locality has, so far as I am aware, no English name,—*Phylia arborea*. It is a small tree—allied to the buckthorn, not rising more than twenty, or at most thirty feet, but sending out long spreading branches over the ground. The wood is of no value for carpentry, but it burns well. The *Phylia* has been exterminated on the low part of the island and in the mouths of the ravines near the dwellings, but there appears still to be abundance in the higher and more distant mountain gorges. No doubt, unless some plan is adopted for renewing the supply on the low grounds, the labour of procuring fuel must increase, and the stock must ultimately be exhausted; but that cannot be for a considerable time. I do not see anything whatever in the climate, or other conditions of Tristan, to prevent the growth of the more hardy varieties of the willow, the birch, and the alder. The experiment is well worth trying, for the introduction of a fast-growing hardy tree, for shelter and for fire-wood, would increase the comfort of the colony immensely; indeed, it seems to be all that is necessary to insure its permanence.

A boat came alongside early in the morn-

ing, with eight or ten of the inhabitants, most of them fine-looking sturdy young men, somewhat of the English type, but most of them with a dash of dark blood. They brought a few seal-skins, some wings and breasts of the albatross, and some sea-birds' eggs. As it was their early spring, they had unfortunately, with the exception of a few onions which had stood over the winter, no fresh vegetables. Their chief spokesman was Green, now an old man, but hale and hearty. He made all arrangements with the paymaster about supplying us with fresh meat and potatoes with intelligence and a keen eye to business. After the departure of our guests, we landed and spent a long day on shore, exploring the natural history of the neighbourhood of the settlement and learning what we could of its economy, under the guidance of Green and some of the better informed of the elders; while others, and more particularly some active dark-eyed young women, got together the various things required for the ship, each bringing a tally to Green of her particular contribution, which he valued and noted. Most of those who left the island in the *Geyser* and the *Galatea* have returned, and the colony at present consists of eighty-four souls in fifteen families, the females being slightly in the majority. Most of the settlers are in some way connected with the Cape of Good Hope; some are Americans. The greater number of the women are Mulattoes. Many of the men are engaged in the seal and whale fishery, and as that has now nearly come to an end on their own shores, they are generally employed on board American whalers in the southern seas. We had a good deal of conversation with a son of Governor Glass, a very intelligent handsome young man, who had been at Kerguelen-land, and at several other whaling stations in the south, and who gave us some useful information. The chief traffic of the islanders is with these American ships, from eight to twelve of which call in passing yearly, to barter manufactured goods and household stuffs for fresh vegetables and potatoes.

The fifteen families possess from five to six hundred head of cattle, and about an equal number of sheep, with pigs and poultry in large numbers. Beef was sold to our messman at 4*l.* a pound, mutton at 4*l.*, pork somewhat cheaper, and geese at 5*s.* each, so that the Tristaners, so long as they can command a market—and the number of their occasional visitors is increasing with increasing communication and commerce, can-

not be considered in any way ill off. Their isolation and their respectability, maintained certainly with great resolution and under trying circumstances, induces a perhaps somewhat unreasonable sympathy for them, which they by no means discourage and which usually manifests itself in substantial gifts.

The cottages are solid and comfortable. They usually consist of two or three rooms, and are built of a dark brown tuffaceous stone, which they blast in large blocks from the rocks above, and shape with great accuracy with axes. Many of the blocks are upwards of a ton in weight, and they are cut so as to lock into one another in a double row in the thickness of the wall, with smaller pieces equally carefully fitted between them. There is no lime on the island, so that the blocks are fitted on the cyclopean plan, without cement. With all precautions, however, the wind sometimes blows from the south-west with such fury that even these massive dwellings are blown down; and we were assured that the rough blocks brought from the mountain and laid on the ground to be fashioned, are sometimes tumbled about by the force of the wind.

They have on the island a few strong spars, mostly the masts of wrecked vessels, and to get the great blocks up to the top of the wall after it has risen to a certain height, they use a long incline, made of a couple of these spars, well greased, up which they slowly drag and shove the blocks, much as they are represented as doing in old times, in some of the Egyptian hieroglyphics. The furniture of the rooms is scanty, owing to the difficulty of procuring wood, but passing ships seem to furnish enough of woven fabrics to supply bedding, and in the better cottages some little drapery, and to enable the people, and particularly the women, to dress in a comfortable and seemly style. Low stone walls partition the land round the cottages into small enclosures, which are cultivated as gardens, and where all the ordinary European vegetables thrive fairly. There is no fruit of any kind on the island. The largest cultivated tract is on the flat, about half a mile from "Edinburgh." There the greater part of the potatoes are grown, and the cattle and sheep have their head-quarters. The goods of the colonists are in no sense in common; each has his own property in land and in stock. A new-comer receives a grant of a certain extent of land, and he gets some grazing rights, and the rest of the settlers assist him in fencing his patch, and in working it and preparing it for a first crop. They

then contribute the necessary cattle, sheep, potato-seed, &c., to start him, contributions which he no doubt repays when he is in a position to do so, under some definite understanding, for the Tristan Islanders have a very practical knowledge of the value of things. There seems to be a harmonious arrangement among them for assisting one another in their work, such assistance being repaid either in kind or in produce or money. The community is under no regular system of laws, everything appears to go by a kind of general understanding. When difficulties occur they are referred to Green, and probably to others, and are settled by the general sense. This system is probably another great source of the apparently exceptional morality of the place; in so small a community where all are so entirely interdependent, no misconduct affecting the interests



Ancient Architecture, Edinburgh Settlement, Tristan Island.

of others can be tolerated or easily concealed, and as there is no special machinery for the detection and punishment of offences, the final remedy lies in the hands of the men themselves, who are most of them young and stalwart and well able to keep unruliness in check.

The island of Tristan is almost circular, about seven miles in diameter. The position of Herald Point, close to the settlement, is lat. $37^{\circ} 2' 45''$ S., long. $12^{\circ} 18' 30''$ W., so that it nearly corresponds in latitude with the Azores, and the southern point of Spain in the northern hemisphere. The island is entirely volcanic, the cliff—upwards of a thousand feet high—which encircles it, breached here and there by steep ravines, is formed of thin beds of tuffs and ashes, some of them curiously brecciated with angular fragments of basalt, and layers of lava, intersected by numerous dykes of varying widths, of a

close-grained grey dolerite. The cone is very symmetrical, almost as much so as the Peak of Teneriffe, and the flows of lava down its flanks appear as rugged black ridges through the snow. The inhabitants sometimes go to the top, and they represent the mountain as a cone of ashes, with a lake at the top. The upper terrace is covered with long, coarse grass, with a tangled brush of *Phytica* in the shelter of the ravines.

Two species of albatross breed on the higher parts of the island, *Diomedea exulans* and *D. chlororhynchus*, the former even beyond the summer limit of the snow. A few years ago there were large flocks of goats on the upper terraces, but latterly, from some unknown cause, they have entirely disappeared, and not even the remains of one of them can be found. With the exception of the goat and the pig, and the rat and the mouse, which are known to have been recently introduced, there are no land quadrupeds at large on the island, and the land birds, so far as we know, are confined to three species—a thrush, *Nesocichla cremita*, a bunting referred by Captain Carmichael to *Emberiza brasiliensis*, and a singular bird called by the settlers the "island hen," which was at one time very common, but which is now almost extinct. This is a water-hen, *Gallinula nesiotis* (Sclater, Proc. Zool. Soc., 1861), very nearly allied to our common English moor-hen (*Gallinula chloropus*), which it resembles closely in general appearance and colouring, with, however, several satisfactory specific differences. The wings of the Tristan species are much shorter, and the primary feathers, and indeed all the feathers of the wing, are so short and soft as to be useless for the purposes of flight. The breast-bone is short and weak, and the crest low, while, on the other hand, the pelvis and the bones of the lower extremity are large and powerful, and the muscles attached to them strong and full. The island hen runs with great rapidity; it is an inquisitive creature, and comes out of its cover in the long grass when it hears a noise. It is excellent eating, a good quality which has led to its extermination. Mr. Moseley collected between twenty and thirty plants on Tristan, perhaps the most interesting, a geranium (*Pelargonium australe*, Var.), a species which extends, in several varieties, to the Cape, New Zealand, and Australia.

We heard a curious story at Tristan about two Germans who had settled nearly two years before on Inaccessible Island. Once a

year, about the month of December, the Tristan men go to the two outlying islands to pick up the few seals which are still to be found. On two of these occasions they had seen the Germans, and within a few months smoke had risen from the island, which they attributed to their having fired some of the brush; but as they had seen or heard nothing of them since, they thought the probability was that they had perished. Captain Nares wished to visit the other islands, and, to ascertain the fate of the two men was an additional object in doing so.

Next morning we were close under Inaccessible Island, the second in size of the little group of three. The ship was surrounded by multitudes of penguins, and as few of us had any previous personal acquaintance with this eccentric form of life, we followed their movements with great interest. The penguin as a rule swims under water, rising now and then and resting on the surface, like one of the ordinary water-birds, but more frequently with its body entirely covered, and only lifting its head from time to time to breathe.

One peculiarity surprised us greatly, for although we were tolerably familiar with the literature of the family, we had never seen it described. The "rock-hopper," and I am inclined to think species of other genera besides *Eudyptes*, when in a number in the water have a constant habit of closing together the legs and tail straight out, laying the wings flat to the sides, arching forward the neck, and, apparently by an action of the muscles of the back, springing forwards clear out of the water, showing a steel-grey back and a silvery belly like a grilse. They run in this way in lines like a school of porpoises, seemingly in play, and when they are thus sporting themselves it is really very difficult to believe that one is not watching a shoal of fish pursued by enemies.

In the water penguins are usually silent, but now and then one raises its head and emits a curious, prolonged croak, startlingly like one of the deeper tones of the human voice. One rarely observes it in the daylight and in the midst of other noises, but at night it is weird enough, and the lonely officer of the middle watch, whose thoughts may have wandered for the moment from the imminent ice-berg back to some more genial memory, is often pulled up with a start by that gruff "whāat" alongside in the darkness, close below the bridge.

The structure of this island is very much

the same as that of Tristan, only that the pre-eminent feature of the latter, the snowy cone, is wanting. A wall of volcanic rocks, about the same height as the cliff at Tristan, and which one is inclined to believe to have been at one time continuous with it, entirely surrounds Inaccessible Island, falling for the most part sheer into the sea, and it seems that it slopes sufficiently to allow a tolerably easy ascent to the plateau on the top, at one point only.

There is a shallow bay, in which the ship anchored in fifteen fathoms, on the east side of the island, and there, as in Tristan, a narrow belt of low ground extending for about a mile along the shore is interposed between the cliff and the sea. A pretty water-fall tossed itself down about the middle of the bay over the cliff from the plateau above. A little way down it was nearly lost in spray, like the Staubach, and collected itself again into a rivulet, where it regained the rock at a lower level. A hut built of stones and clay, and roofed with spars and thatch, lay in a little hollow near the water-fall, and the two Germans in excellent health and spirits, but enraptured at the sight of the ship and longing for a passage anywhere out of the island, were down on the beach waiting for the first boat. Their story is a curious one, and as Captain Nares agreed to take them to the Cape, we had ample time to get an account of their adventures, and to supplement from their experience such crude notions of the nature of the place as we could gather during our short stay.

Frederick and Gustav Stoltenhoff are sons of a dyer in Aix-la-Chapelle. Frederick, the elder, was employed in a merchant's office in Aix-la-Chapelle at the time of the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war. He was called on to serve in the German army, where he attained the rank of second lieutenant, and took part in the siege of Metz and Thionville. At the end of the campaign he was discharged, and returned home to find his old situation filled up.

In the mean time, his younger brother, Gustav, who was a sailor and had already made several trips, joined on the 1st of August, 1870, at Greenock, as an ordinary seaman, the English ship *Beacon Light*, bound for Rangoon. On the way out, the cargo, which consisted of coal, caught fire when they were from six to seven hundred miles north-west of Tristan d'Acunha, and for three days all hands were doing their utmost to extinguish the fire.

On the third day the hatches, which had been battened down to exclude the air, blew up, the main hatch carrying overboard the second mate, who had been standing on it at the time of the explosion. The boats had been provisioned beforehand, ready to leave the ship. Two of the crew were drowned through one of the boats being swamped, and the survivors, to the number of sixteen, were stowed in the long-boat. Up to this time the ship had been nearing Tristan with a fair wind at the rate of six knots an hour, so that they had now only about three hundred miles to go. They abandoned the ship on Friday: on Sunday afternoon they sighted Tristan, and on the following day a boat came off to their assistance and towed them ashore.

The shipwrecked crew remained for eighteen days at Tristan d'Acunha, during which time they were treated with all kindness and hospitality. They were relieved by the ill-fated *Northfleet*, bound for Aden with coal, and Gustav Stoltenhoff found his way back to Aix.

During his stay at Tristan he heard that large numbers of seals were to be had among the islands, and he seems to have been greatly taken with the Tristaners, and to have formed a project of returning there. When he got home his brother had just got back from the war and was unemployed, and he infected him with his notion, and the two agreed to join in a venture to Tristan to see what they could make by seal-hunting and barter.

They accordingly sailed for St. Helena in August, 1871, and on the 6th of November left St. Helena for Tristan in an American whaler bound on a cruise in the South Atlantic. The captain of the whaler, who had been often at Tristan d'Acunha, had some doubt of the reception which the young men would get if they went as permanent settlers, and he spoke so strongly of the advantages of Inaccessible Island, on account of the greater productiveness of the soil, and of its being the centre of the seal fishing, that they changed their plans and were landed on the west side of Inaccessible on the 27th of November,—early in summer. A quarter of an hour after, the whaler departed, leaving them the only inhabitants of one of the most remote spots on the face of the earth. They do not seem, however, to have been in the least depressed by their isolation.

The same day the younger brother clambered up to the plateau with the help of the tussock-grass, in search of goats or

they had been able to scramble up, the plateau, their only hunting-ground, was now inaccessible from the strip of beach on which their hut and garden stood, which was closed in at either end by a headland jutting into the sea. While their half-boat remained seaworthy they were able to paddle round, in fine weather, to the west side of the island, where there was an access to the top; but the "sea-cart," as they called it, was washed off the beach and broken up in June, and after that the only way they had of reaching the plateau was by swimming round the headland—a risky feat, even in the finest weather, in these wild regions.

In winter it was found to be impossible to reach the terrace, and as their supply of food was low, they experienced considerable privations during their first winter. Their daily allowance of food was reduced to a quantity just sufficient to maintain life, and in August they were "little better than skeletons." Help was, however, near. Early in August a multitude of penguins landed at a "rookery" hard by their hut,—stupid animals, which will scarcely get out of one's way, and are easily knocked down with a stick, and with fleshy breasts, wholesome enough, if with a rather fishy taste; and in the end of August the females began to lay large blue eggs, sufficiently delicate in flavour.

A French barque hove-to off the beach in the middle of September, and in her they shipped their seal-skins, and bartered penguins' eggs with her for biscuits and tobacco. Had the barque arrived a week earlier, the brothers would have left the island; but the eggs had set them up again, and they determined to remain a little longer. In October a fore-and-aft schooner, which proved to be the *Themis*, a whaler from the Cape of Good Hope, was seen standing towards the island. A gale of wind blew her off for a couple of days, but she returned and communicated, landing some men from Tristan, who had crossed to see what the hermits were about. Their guests remained a day and a half, and returned to Tristan.

Early in November, that is, in early summer, the brothers swam round the eastern headland — Frederick with their blankets, the rifle, and a spare suit of clothes; Gustav with powder, matches, and the kettle in an oil-cask. They mounted by the help of the tussock-grass to the top of the cliff, went over to the west side of the plateau, and built a small hut, where they remained a month, living on goats'-flesh and

fresh pork. On the 10th of December they returned home, mended their thatch, dug the early potatoes, and put the garden in order.

On the 19th of December the Tristan men made their second sealing expedition. They remained nine days on the island, and killed forty seals, one sea-elephant, and eight of the remaining twelve goats. They left some flour in exchange for an oil-cask, and this was the last communication between the brothers and the outer world until the *Challenger* called eight months later. In January, Frederick swam round the point again, and mounted the cliff. He shot four pigs, ran the fat into buckets, and threw the hams down to his brother on the beach below. He saw the four last goats, but spared them to increase their number. In February a boat came to the west side from Tristan, and its crew killed the four goats, and departed without communicating with the Stoltenhoffs.

The relations between the Tristan people and the brothers does not appear to have been so cordial latterly as it was at first, and the Stoltenhoffs believe that the object of their neighbours in killing the goats, and in delaying from time to time bringing them some live stock which they had promised them, was to force them to leave the island. It may have been so, for they had been in the habit of making a yearly sealing expedition to Inaccessible, and no doubt the presence of the energetic strangers lessened their chance of success.

In March the brothers once more swam round the point and ascended the cliff. After staying on the plateau together for a few days, it was settled that Frederick should remain above and lay in a stock of lard for the winter, Gustav returning to the hut and storing it. When a pig was killed, the hide, with the fat in it, was rolled up, secured with thongs of skin, and thrown over the cliff, and Gustav then ran the lard into a cask.

During their second winter the privations of the brothers do not seem to have been great. They were getting accustomed to their mode of life, and they had always sufficient food, such as it was. They were remarkably well educated; both could speak and read English fluently, and the elder had a good knowledge of French. Their library consisted of eight volumes: Schœdler's "Natural History," a German Atlas, "Charles O'Malley," Captain Morrell's "Voyages," two old volumes of a monthly magazine.

Hamlet and *Coriolanus* with French notes, and Schiller's Poems. These they unfortunately came to know almost by heart, but they had considerable resources in themselves, in the intelligent interest which they took in the ever-changing appearances of nature.

When the *Challenger* arrived they were preparing for another summer, but the peculiar food, and the want of variety in it, was beginning to tell upon them; for all their original stores were exhausted, with the exception of the Epsom salts, which was

untouched, neither of them having had an hour's illness during their sojourn; and they were heartily glad of the chance of a passage to the Cape.

Frederick came to the ship to see us before we left for the south in December. He was then comfortably settled in a situation in a merchant's office in Cape Town, and Gustav was on his way home to see his people before resuming the thread of his roving sailor's life.

C. WYVILLE THOMSON.

ECHOES.

I.—VOICES FROM BELOW.

LIKE a twinkling star
In a northern zone,
The peak gleams afar,
And beckons us on.

There is purity there—
Sweet rest from the strife;
New thought it flows fair
From fresh fountains of life.

Oh, would we were higher—
We are pilgrims below—
And our fancies aspire
To the region of snow,

Where our breasts may repose
From the fever and strain,
And the life-stream that flows
Bring our youth back again.

II.—VOICES FROM ABOVE.

Downward dash the waters
Leaping from the peak—
The mists they rise, obscure the skies:
'Tis vision that we seek!

Oh, for calmer regions,
Where the grassy dells
Blush in flowers beneath the showers,
And the corn kindly swells

To a sweeter harvest
Than cheers the world of snow,—
When the awful sight of the winter night,
And the avalanche below,

Let not the eyelids slumber,
But strike the heart like death,
And the storm seems to die away in a sigh,
Like a giant that holds his breath,

And rushes back to the fight again
With louder clamour still:
Alas, that we chose to leave the repose
Of the humble home on the hill!

For now we long to return again,
To drink from an emptied cup;
And the downward gaze, in the wearisome
days
As erst was the looking up.

ALEX. H. JAPP.



DAYS NEAR ROME.

VI.—THE ALBAN HILLS.

LOOKING across the level reaches of the Campagna as it is seen above the walls of Rome from the Porta Maggiore to the Porta S. Paolo, the horizon is bounded by a chain of hills, or rather very low mountains, so varied in outline, so soft and beautiful in the tender hues of their ever-changing colour, that the eye is always returning to rest upon them, and they soon assume the aspect of loved and familiar friends, equally charming in the sapphire and amethyst hues of autumn, under the occasional snow-mantle of mid-winter, or when bursting afresh into light and life, from the luxuriant green of early spring. Where they break away from the plain, the buttresses of the hills are clothed with woods of olives or with fruit-trees, then great purple hollows vary their slopes, and towns and villages on the projecting heights gleam and glitter in the sun, towns, each with a name so historical as to awaken a thousand associations. And these centre most of all round the white building on the highest and steepest crest of the chain, which marks the summit of the Alban Mount, and the site of the great temple of Jupiter Latiaris—the famous—the beloved sanctuary of the Latin tribes.

A day spent amid these hills must always be one of the most charming of a Roman winter, and through what a historical panorama it leads us! If we take Frascati as our first point, even the railway journey is most delightful and characteristic. The train runs close to the aqueducts, the Paoline first, and then the ruined Claudian. As we pass outside the Porta Furba, the artificial sepulchral mound, called Monte del Grano, is seen on the left, and then the vast ruins called Sette Basse, belonging to a suburban villa of imperial date, and, as the light streams through their ruined windows, forming a beautiful foreground to the delicate distances of mountain and plain.

Beyond Ciampino, the railroad ascends out of the Campagna into the land of corn and olives. Masses of pink nectarine and almond-trees bloom in spring amid the green. On the right, we pass the great ruined castle of Borghetto, which belonged to the Savelli in the tenth century. At the station, an

open omnibus with awnings, and carriages, are waiting to save travellers the mile of steep ascent to the town. Here, passing near the Villa Sora, once the residence of Gregory XIII., and skirting the wall of the Villa Torlonia, we are set down in the noisy little piazza before the cathedral, and are at once surrounded by donkey boys vociferating upon the merits of their respective animals.

The cathedral only dates from 1700, but we must enter it to visit the monument which Cardinal York put up to his brother Prince Charles Edward. The streets are dirty and ugly, and the little town is only visited as being the centre of the villas which give Frascati all its importance. Most of these date only from the seventeenth century, and, with the exception of the Villa Mondragone, the buildings are seldom remarkable, but they are situated amid glorious groves of old trees, often relics of a natural forest, and amid these are grand old fountains and water-falls, which, though artificial, have been long since adopted by Nature as her own, while, from the terraces, the views over the Campagna are of ever-varying loveliness. In many of these villas, far too large for any single occupants, vast airy suites of apartments may be hired for the summer *villeggiatura*, and, though scantily furnished, are a delightful retreat during the hot season.

Those who are not good walkers should engage donkeys for the excursion to Tusculum, to which a steep ascent leads from the piazza of the town, between the walls of the smaller villas and by the Convent of the Cappuccini, till it reaches and passes through the shady and delightful walks of the Villa Rufinella, which is now the property of Victor Emmanuel, having formerly belonged to the Buonapartes. During the residence of Lucien Buonaparte here, this villa was the scene of one of the boldest acts of brigandage known in the Papal States. A party of robbers, who had their rendezvous at Tusculum, first seized the old priest of the family as he was out walking, and having plundered and stripped him, bound him hand and foot. As they surmised, when the dinner-hour arrived, and the priest was miss-

ing, a servant was sent out in search of him, and left the door open, through which five bandits entered, and attacking the servants they met, forced them to silence by threats of instant death. One maid-servant, however, escaped, and gave warning to the party in the dining-room, who all had time to hide themselves, except the prince's secretary, who had already left the room to discover the cause of the noise, and who was carried off, together with the butler and a *fachino*. The old priest meanwhile contrived to escape and conceal himself in some straw.

The next day the *fachino* was sent back to treat with the prince, and to say that unless he sent a ransom of 4,000 crowns the prisoners would be immediately put to death. He sent 2,000, and an order on his banker for the remainder. The brigands, greatly irritated, returned the order torn up, with a demand for 4,000 crowns more, and with this the prince was forced to comply in order to preserve the lives of his attendants. The brigands escaped scot free!

A small tomb which is passed between Frascati and the Villa Rufinella is said to be that of Lucullus, who is known to have had a villa here. It stood near the Villa of Cicero, who was accustomed to borrow books and fetch them with his own hand from the library of his friend. It is believed that the orator's own villa occupied the site of the Villa Rufinella, and that the Casino stands on the site of his *Academica*, which had shady walks like those of Plato's Garden—forefathers of the walks which we still see. The Tusculan Disputations of Cicero take their name from this beloved villa of his, which he bitterly complained of the Roman consuls valuing at only "quingentis millibus"—between £4,000 and £5,000.

Leaving the Villa Rufinella by shady avenues of laurel and laurestinus, the path to Tusculum emerges on the hillside, where, between banks perfectly carpeted with anemones and violets in spring, a street paved with polygonal blocks has been laid bare. On the left are remains of the small Amphitheatre; all the seats have perished, and it is only recognisable by its form. Beyond, also on the left, are the ruins of a villa, called, without authority, *Scuola di Cicerone*.

The path leads directly up to the most important of the ruins, the Theatre, which was excavated in 1839 by Maria Christina, Queen-dowager of Sardinia. With the exception of the walls of the *scena*, the lower

walls are almost perfect, and the fifteen rows of seats in the lower circle (*cavea*) remain intact, though the upper rows have perished. The spectators, facing the west, had a magnificent view over the plains of Latium, with Rome in the distance. Close to the theatre are the remains of a *piscina*, and the fountain supplied from it.

Behind the theatre rises the steep hill which was once crowned by the *Arx* of Tusculum, which was of great strength in early times. It was besieged by the *Æquians* in B.C. 457, and only taken when the garrison were starved out. In B.C. 374 it was successfully defended against the Latins. Dionysius mentions the advantage it received from its lofty position, which enabled its defenders to see a Roman army as it issued from the *Porta Latina*. The view is indeed most beautiful, over plain and mountains, the foreground formed by the remains of

—"the white streets of Tusculum,
The proudest town of all,"

scattered sparsely amongst the furze and thorn-bushes, though the ruins which now exist belong chiefly not to early times, but to the mediæval fortress of the Dukes of Tusculum.

Descending from the *Arx*, a path to the right leads through woods full of flowers to the *Camaldoli*, but no woman can pass the cross at the foot of the hill on which the convent stands, upon pain of excommunication.

Only about two miles from Frascati, on the slopes of the Alban hills, is the great castellated monastery of *Grotta Ferrata*. It was the only Basilian monastery in the Papal States, and its monks performed the service in Greek according to the Greek ritual.

The founder of *Grotta Ferrata* was S. Nilus, a Calabrian Greek, born near *Tarentum*. He did not embrace a religious life till his old age, when his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, was dead, and then he became a Greek monk of the order of S. Basil, and soon was elected abbot of his convent. Driven by the Saracens from the east of Italy, he fled with his brotherhood to *Monte Cassino*, where the abbot received them kindly, and appointed them a residence in the neighbourhood. While he was here, *Aloare*, widow of *Pandolfo*, Prince of *Capua*, who had incited her two sons to the murder of their cousin, came to S. Nilus to beseech absolution for her crime. He refused, unless she would yield up one of her sons to the

family of the murdered man, but she could not make up her mind to the sacrifice, upon which S. Nilus denounced her sin as unforgiven and foretold her punishment. Shortly after, one of the princes was assassinated in a church by his brother, who was himself put to death by order of Hugh Capet, King of France.

S. Nilus next took up his abode at Rome, in the convent of S. Alexis, where he wrought many miracles, among others the cure of an epileptic boy. Rome was at this time distracted with internal dissensions, and had been besieged by the Emperor Otho III., who had persuaded Crescentius, Consul of Rome, by his false promises to deliver up S. Angelo, and had there murdered him; and, putting out the eyes of Pope John XVI., had set up Gregory V. in his place. S. Nilus alone ventured to oppose the marauders, rebuking them as the enemies of God, and writing to the Emperor, "Because ye have broken faith, and because ye have had no mercy for the vanquished, nor compassion for those who had no longer the power to inquire or resist, know that God will avenge the cause of the oppressed, and ye shall both seek for mercy and shall not find it." He then fled to Gaeta, and afterwards to a cave at the spot now called Grotta Ferrata.

Two years after, Gregory V. died miserably, and Otho, on his knees at Grotta Ferrata, implored the intercession of Nilus, promising a rich endowment for his convent. But his offers were all sternly refused by the saint, who said with solemnity, that he asked nothing from him but that he would repent of his sins and save his own soul. A few weeks after Otho was obliged to fly from the people, and was poisoned by the widow of Crescentius. Nilus had betaken himself in 1004 to the solitudes of Grotta Ferrata because of the certainty of canonisation if he remained at Gaeta. Here, asleep in a grotto, he had a dream of the Virgin, who commanded him to build a church on that spot, placing a golden apple in the foundations, as a pledge of her protection. Nilus built the church, but first placed in the grotto, where he had received the mandate, a picture of the Virgin which he had brought with him from Gaeta, and guarded it with an iron railing, which gave it the name of Grotta Ferrata. S. Nilus died in the same year with Otho, commanding that his burial-place should be concealed, in order that no undue honours might be paid to his remains; but over the cavern where he had lived, his friend

and successor Bartolomeo began to raise the church and castellated convent of Grotta Ferrata, in which, in memory of the Greek Nilus, the rule of S. Basil should always be followed, and mass celebrated in the Greek language. The Count of Tusculum protected the work, which rose rapidly, and the church was consecrated by John XIX., only twenty years after the death of its founder.

Several of the popes resided here, especially the boy Pope Benedict IX. (nephew of the Count of Tusculum), who had resigned the honours of the Papacy, of which he was most unworthy, in 1033, at the entreaty of the first Abbot, S. Bartholomew. Pope Julius II. (Della Rovere) had been Abbot here, and began the buildings on which the Rovere oak may still be seen. He, the warlike pope who commanded at the siege of Mirandola, built, as abbot, the picturesque fortifications of the monastery. Benedict XIV. ordained that the abbot, prior, and fathers of Grotta Ferrata should always celebrate in the Greek rite. The last Abbot Commendator was Cardinal Gonsalvi, who renounced the baronial jurisdiction, which had hitherto belonged to the abbots, in 1816.

Externally there are few mediæval remains at Grotta Ferrata, beyond a tall campanile. The greater part of the buildings were modernised in the last century. In the atrium of the church is a black cross supposed to mark the exact height of our Saviour, and a model of the golden apple given by the Virgin to S. Nilus and buried in the foundations of the belfry. In the church is a Gothic tabernacle, a fragment of the tomb of Pope Benedict IX., with the imperial eagle in mosaic, and over its inner entrance are curious mosaics, but the great interest of the place to strangers now centres round the chapel of S. Bartholomew, the first abbot, decorated, in 1610, with the most glorious frescoes of Domenichino.

Donkeys should be engaged at Frascati for the ascent of Monte Cavo. The path leads by Rocca di Papa, which occupies an isolated sugar-loaf rock standing out from the rest of the mountain side and crowned by the ruins of a castle, which for two centuries was a stronghold of the Colonnas, but afterwards (1487) passed into the hands of the Orsini.

By the steep path which scrambles up the rocks above the house-tops of Rocca di Papa, we reach a wide grassy plain known as the Campo di Annibale from a tradition

that Hannibal encamped there when marching against Rome. In spring it is covered with snow-drops—*fan-di-neve* the Italians call them. Hence we enter the forest, and under the green boughs and gnarled stems of the over-arching trees, in the hollow way lined with violets and fumitory, we find the great lava blocks of the pavement of the Via Triumphalis still entire.

The top of the mount is a grassy platform, in the centre of which is a Passionist convent, built in 1788 by Cardinal York, who destroyed the ruins of the famous temple for the purpose. The only remains are some massive fragments of wall and the huge blocks of masonry which surround a grand old wych-elm tree in front of the convent. The Latin Feriæ had been always celebrated on the Alban Mount; and there Tarquin erected the temple of Jupiter Latiaris, probably with the idea of doing something popular, in using a site once consecrated to the protecting god of the Latin confederation. On the Alban Mount, Juno in the *Æneid*, stood to contemplate the country, in the same way that tourists do in our days. And truly the view is worthy of the eyes of a goddess.

Hence, by winding pathlets through delicious woods, and narrow ways between green meadows (somewhat difficult to find without a guide), passing a farm of the Corsini, we descend upon

“Nemi? navelled in the woody hills,”

where Diana was worshipped beside the fountain into which she changed the nymph Egeria after the death of Numa. Hence a tempting path winds through woods and rocks to the lake of Albano, between banks which in spring are quite covered with cyclamen, violets, hepaticas, and every shade of anemone, while higher up, amid the richly flowering laurestinus and genista, patches of brilliant pink “honesty” glow in the sunshine.

Turning the rocky corner by the convent of the Cappuccini we come upon one of the loveliest scenes in this land of beauty, and look down upon

“the still glassy lake that sleeps
Beneath Aricia's trees.”

At the other end of the lake stands, on the hillside, Castel Gandolfo, embossed against the delicate hues of the distant Campagna. Beneath us, buried in verdure, is the famous Emissarium; on the opposite shore was the

site of Alba Longa; and on the right, beyond the convent of Palazzuola, rise Rocca di Papa, and the Alban Mount itself.

Following the beautiful avenue of ilexes, known as the Galleria di Sopra, as far as the convent of S. Francesco, we shall find a little path winding down through thickets of cistus and genista to the water's edge, where we may see the remains of the Emissarium, constructed *n.c.* 394. The extreme beauty of the spot is worthy of the romantic story of its origin; and the opening of the tunnel is enclosed within a Nymphæum of imperial date, such as is beautifully described by Virgil.

A custode (who resides at Castel Gandolfo) is required to open the grating. Italians always set fire to little paper boats, which they call “fates,” and float them down through the darkness, where they may be seen burning for an immense distance. Near the Nymphæum are many ruins of other Roman buildings known by the country people as Bagni di Diana, Grotte delle Ninfe, &c., all probably remains of the summer retreats of Domitian.

Close to the entrance of the beautiful villa Barberini, is the town-gate of Castel Gandolfo, the favourite summer residence of the popes for the last two hundred and fifty years, and the only portion of their property outside the Vatican walls, left untouched since the Sardinian occupation. The interior is furnished in the simplest manner, and is little worth visiting. Pius IX. spent part of every summer here, before the invasion; and every afternoon saw him riding on his white mule in the old avenues or on the terraced paths above the lake, followed by his cardinals in their scarlet robes—a most picturesque and mediæval scene.

It is a beautiful walk or drive from hence to Albano, through the Galleria di Sotto, shaded by huge ilexes which were planted by Urban VIII., or are even of older date. These gigantic trees, acquainted for centuries, often lean together against the walls as if in earnest conversation; often, faint from old age, are propped on stone pillars, supported by which, they hang out towards the Campagna. At the end of the avenue we come upon Pompey's Tomb, beneath which are some of the Capanne or shepherd's huts of reeds, described by Virgil. On the opposite side of the Via Appia stands the Villa Altieri, consecrated now to the Italian heart as having been the residence of the noble and self-devoted cardinal, who died

a martyr to his self-sacrifice in the cholera of 1867.

To those who receive their previous impressions of Albano from water-colour drawings and from the engravings of Pinelli, the sight of the place will be full of disappointment. The town consists, for the most part,

of an ill-paved street a mile in length, of shabby whitewashed houses, without feature, and the inhabitants have little beauty and wear no distinctive costume. All the interest of the place is to be found in the lovely scenery which surrounds it, and most lovely it is ; and for costumes and primitive habits



Summit of Monte Cavo.



L' Ariccia.

of the peasantry we must penetrate further, to the Volscian and Hernican hills.

But the beauty of the villas, and the variety of excursions in the neighbourhood, make Albano the most enchanting of summer residences for those who can bear the heat of Italian *villeggiature*. Large airy

apartments may be obtained in many of the old palaces, where in the great heat, the scarcity of furniture is scarcely a disadvantage. But those who sojourn here will do well to conform to Italian habits—to dine early and then take a siesta, followed by the delicious Italian refection of lemonade, fruits,

&c., which is known as *Merenda*, and sallying out in the gorgeous beauty of the evening

to walk or drive in the "galleries" which overhang the lake, in the woods towards



Nemi.



Galleria di Sotto Albano.



Breaking Judas' Bones, Genzano.



Claudian Aqueduct.

Nemi, or in the sacred valley of Diana, beneath the great viaduct which separates

Albano from the beautiful neighbouring Ariccia.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.



Theatre at Tuscolana.

ON THE WEST COAST :

The Record of a Highland Tour.

BY CAPTAIN WHITE, R.E., AUTHOR OF "ARCHÆOLOGICAL RESEARCHES IN SCOTLAND."

PART V.

I LEFT the reader on the northern shore of Loch Morar, over against Tarbert of Loch Nevis. The cart-road we had followed at first proved to be a short one, running only to a farm on Morar-side; but a capital foot-path branches off it and skirts the loch all the way to its foot, where we get again on a carriage-road leading to Arisaig. At the starting-point of this footpath there is a heathery knoll, which we climbed for the sake of the view; from this point a very fine one—perhaps one of the most striking of any we had the good fortune to see in the whole of our trip—from the grandeur of the mountains which enclose the loch, and the roughness of their outlines.

From no other point did we get so good a *tout ensemble* as from this little eminence, as further on the opposite shore overlaps too much, shutting out the best part of the loch. The path itself, with its endless turns and ups and downs, affords a great variety of scene. Here and there you look across a glen opening into the loch, where the ruggedness of the hillside is softened by a patch of wood. Now, with face turned inland, you come upon the bed of a lovely little burn, with its tiers of miniature cascades; and then, after this down-stroke of the V, so to speak, you have to climb the upstroke with a bit of the loch and the hills on its further side only to be seen. And now, the top of the next curve reached, all is open, and the loch, with its bays and promontories, lies mapped out below you. And all this time the lesser beauties of rock, moss, and bracken, rowan, silver birch and wild flower, form the foreground of the ever-varying picture.

At length the sea comes into view over the narrow strip of land which separates it from the loch, and conspicuous in the distance are the bold outlines of the islands of Rum and Eigg.

About half-way down the loch from our starting-point we came upon some farm-buildings attached to a neat little church, which, with its surmounting cross, did not look quite Presbyterian. A girl who "had no English" called out to some one, who coming up proved to be a priest, head of the little establishment and minister of the church.—Roman Catholic, as we had

conjectured. After a chat and the offer of refreshments, he showed us over the church, which opened out of his study. It is seated for about three hundred, and is often, the priest told us, quite filled. Everything was of the plainest, and but for the furniture of the altar (a little crucifix and a candle or two with a picture of the Saviour above), there was little to distinguish it in appearance from the churches of the reformed communion.

And here I must draw attention to a curious feature of this district, which one does not realise without actually seeing it. It is that the population of the whole western sea-board, between the borders of Sutherland and Argyll, is to a considerable extent Roman Catholic; and this is pre-eminently the case in the southern districts of Inverness-shire and round Ardnamurchan. The fact is, that here the peasantry cling still to the old religion, and notwithstanding that the Kirk is by law established, notwithstanding the zealous proselytizing efforts of the great seceding offshoot from that Kirk, which has taken pretty nearly entire possession of the islands and the rest of the mainland hereabouts, the districts of Morar, Arisaig, and Moidart are practically almost as much Roman Catholic as the Irish provinces of Connaught and Munster. Elsewhere in Scotland the rich (and probably they only) may give out of their abundance to maintain the celebration of the mass; but here it is the poor man, the genuine native of the Highland glens, who lays his mite upon the altar of his fathers, to which he still clings with affectionate reverence. No doubt the adherence of the proprietors to the ancient creed has much to do with this; and it is to be expected, too, that the movements of the last century in favour of a Roman Catholic prince, would keep up enthusiasm, not only for the man, but for the religion he professed. And, as I have before remarked, the glamour of the memories that hang about the Stuarts and their cause is in full force to-day. As I heard a Highland lady once say, "With all respect to our gracious Queen, there are plenty of Flora Macdonalds among us yet, if we only had a Prince Charlie."

Proceeding on our walk, we soon reached

the foot of Loch Morar, which is very prettily wooded—a pleasant contrast to the wilder scenery of the upper end. The shore is here much indented, and there are two or three picturesque islands, on the largest of which, in the hollow of a tree, Simon Lord Lovat found a hiding-place in June, 1746, after seeing his castle of Downie* burnt to the ground by King George's men. When discovered by the English soldiers in search of him, he had been for a fortnight concealed in this wretched spot, subsisting on nothing but meal and water, though he is said to have had six hundred guineas about his person. In one of those curious old books with thick brown bindings, and a profuse sprinkling of capitals in the text, there is a hideous attempt at illustration of the capture by way of frontispiece.

Captain Millar, with a party from the war-sloop *Furnace*, had been for three days searching for their quarry, when some one amongst them happening to look up the hollow of a tree, saw a leg hanging down, and very soon—like the "old fox" he was nicknamed—the unfortunate chief of the Frasers was unearthed.

The picture, a hideous brown etching, represents this supreme moment. Lord Lovat, with a blanket round his shoulders and a most woebegone expression of face, looks more like a Red Indian than anything else. Captain Millar has one hand on his prisoner's shoulder, and a drawn sword in the other; the soldiers with their pig-tails and three-cornered hats fill up the picture; and the tree, with enormous branching leaves and the hole in its trunk, is in the background. The book is entitled, "The Life, Adventures, and Many and Great Vicissitudes of Fortune of Simon Lord Lovat," and is by an Inverness-shire minister.† It is a quaint production, but of a style and containing matter that we should be scandalized to meet with nowadays from a clerical pen.

The north side of Loch Morar, I may mention, is still the property of the Lovat family.

From Morar to Arisaig the walk is all pretty. There is a very short reach of river connecting the loch and the sea-inlets adjoining. Where they meet there is a fine fall of water, and the evening we passed the salmon and sea-trout were making the pool below alive with their efforts to ascend; some

of them very nearly leaped the height, but we did not see any quite succeed. The fishing on this bit of river, and in the loch itself, is sure to be first-rate.

After crossing a bridge we came upon a lodge, whence starts a good carriage-road, and we are in comparative civilisation again. For a few miles on to Arisaig the land is cultivated and well-fenced, and excellent farm-buildings are to be seen, which speak well for the energy of the proprietor, seeing that a few years ago the whole place was a bog. All along the shore the beach is of the purest white, suggestive of charming spots for summer bathing. And this, with the lovely little green island-rocks scattered about the bays, the fine outlines of Skye and its neighbouring islands in the distance, the blue water around and beyond them,—make up a delicious combination of picturesque elements.

It was almost dark when we reached the inn at Arisaig, which might easily be missed by a stranger, lying as it does off the road in a hollow. For comfort and economy this inn is highly to be praised, and, considering the beauty of the neighbourhood, and the excellent fishing and bathing to be had, Arisaig may be looked upon as one of the most desirable spots for summer resort in all the west country.

The village accommodation is of course scanty, and, as at Loch Alsh, the getting to and from and waiting for the periodical steamers which pass by, is a serious drawback to visitors. Once ashore, however, a week or two at this lovely spot would repay all inconveniences.

Next morning my fellow-traveller had to leave me, thus missing, to my great regret, what struck me as the most beautifully varied bit of scenery in all our trip—the drive from Arisaig to Loch Ailort. The road winds through broken, rocky ground, richly wooded, seldom out of sight of the sea—just such ground as one sees on the Argyllshire coast—a series of steep rocky ridges, partly crumbled into loose masses, and half concealed by natural woods. Further on these rise into the loftier heights of Roshven and "The Stack," forming a mountain-range of much grandeur, and all along the way there is a wealth of wild flowers, ferns, and mosses, to brighten the scene with their soft and tender beauty.

Going on, we pass through the lands of Borradaie, and, after climbing a steep hill, Loch-na-Nua, the prettiest of little bays, lies beneath us. Both of these are names

* The old name of Beaufort Castle, the seat of the Lovat family. I was shown the other day a billet of wood cut out of this identical tree, and preserved as a family relic by Cluny Macpherson, who is maternally connected with the Frasers.

† Written in 1746.

of peculiarly interesting association, for it was here, in this loch, in the summer of 1745, that the Chevalier, Charles Edward, landed from the French frigate *Doutelle*, all hope and eagerness, on his mission of adventure and conquest. It was here that, nine months later, he had to re-embark in a wretched fishing-boat for the Western Isles, a forlorn fugitive—

“On every side oppressed wi’ want,
On every side wi’ danger.”

Again, here, at a later stage of his wanderings, he was driven, as we have seen, from Loch Nevis, with the red-coats at his heels; and finally, at this spot, on the 19th (or 20th)* Sept., 1746, he succeeded in getting on board a French vessel, bidding a last farewell to his dreams of glory and success, and to the country and throne of his forefathers. Charles was perforce an Adullamite, and after being secreted, during his third visit, for a night or two, in the Borradale Woods, he shifted his quarters for greater safety to a desolate cave higher up this glen.

The name “Loch-na-Nua” (Loch-nan-Uamh, lake of the cave) is possibly referable to this wild retreat, now sacred to the Prince’s memory. After being dislodged from here, Prince Charles passed over to Glen Morar, and on to Lochiel’s country above Loch Arkaig, where Cumberland’s troops were searching every hill; and after his wonderful escape across the line of sentries barring his way, we have met with him over in Glengarry’s country and Glen Shiel. Hence his first intention had been to push on to Gairloch, but this was found to be impracticable, and he doubled back on his tracks to Lochiel, where the pursuit had cooled a little, and where he had plenty of faithful friends to give him due notice of the stirring of the wasps’ nest at Fort Augustus.

Lastly, leaving the Camerons, Charles put himself in the hands of the faithful chief of Cluny,† who was, like Lochiel, under the heaviest proscriptions, with a price set on his head.

By him the Prince was lodged in a fastness called “the Cage,” in the wildest spot of that wildest of regions, the Ben Alder forest, whence he succeeded eventually in reaching the vessel in which he effected his escape. A monument has been erected at Loch-na-Nua, where the Prince is supposed to have first set foot on landing.

Passing on from this spot of historic memories, our road reaches Poulnish, and the top of the next rise is the most favourable spot for the view—one of the grandest in the whole country, as I have said. The road descends from this point abruptly at a very steep slope, skirting a dark, sedge little loch, and then curving sharp round out of sight. The loch lies deep in a hollow, and the eye wanders from the immediate foreground, across its inky waters to the maze of mountain ridges behind, capped by Roshven, which rises above and beyond them all.

As you go on, the estuary of Loch Ailort opens on the right, the difference between salt and fresh water marked only (as the lake is completely land-locked seen from its upper end) by the level lines of sea-weed on its shores. At the “Kinloch,” or head of the loch (ceann lochan), there is a good inn. The distance from Fort William is about twenty-five miles, a lovely road all the way, passing by the head of Loch Sheil, and Glen Finnan, where Charles Edward first raised the Stuart standard, after being joined by Macdonald of Morar, and Lochiel, with his eight hundred Camerons. But *our* route still lies by the coast, and we have to leave the carriage-roads at Kinloch-Ailort, and either get a boat, or betake ourselves to a rough footpath along the south shores of the loch.

And here, again, the reader will recognise that the portmanteau must be left behind. I found a fishing-basket as much as it was desirable to have; but after all, it held as much as I needed for a day or two; and with one’s pipe and tobacco-pouch in pocket, provided the latter be well filled, what independence! I started with a manifest advantage, being furnished, by the kindness of a gentleman resident, with a boat, to put me on the way as far as the foot of the loch, whence I took the coast footpath. The boat brought me to the grounds of Roshven house, one of the most charming and secluded spots imaginable for a summer residence, the proprietor having literally nothing but Hobson’s choice in the way of access to it, namely, the great ocean-highway which passes his very doors. So that there is no danger of his being subjected to what a neighbour of his living near one of the ordinary routes, told me he often had to put up with—tourist parties looking in at his windows, to ascertain if the manners and customs of Highland chiefs were anything like their own, which it is devoutly to be hoped they are not—in this particular. Among other objects of study which may

* Maxwell of Kirkconnell, an officer in the Jacobite army, gives the 19th as the date in his account of the expedition.

† The adventures of Cluny himself, during ten years of concealment on his own estate, form a most extraordinary history. See “Home,” and the Jacobite Memoirs.

be recommended to a certain class of sight-seers in these parts, that sense of courtesy and delicacy which characterizes the native Highlander, of every degree, may certainly be included.

On one of the rocky islets which stud the ocean in front of Roshven may be noticed the remains of one of those curious ancient structures known as vitrified forts, from their walls having been subjected to the action of fire. This class of defensive buildings is comparatively rare, and though there have lately been discovered in Bohemia ruins of ancient fortresses somewhat analogous, still it may be safely asserted that the vitrified forts of Scotland form, like its sculptured stones and "burgh" towers, a unique type among the known antiquities of the world.

From Roshven to Loch Moidart the great attraction of the walk is the ever-present sea, with the incessant play on its surface of wind and current, so marked in these western tide-ways, and the rocky islets to which the eye turns, and turns again, such is the charm of their colour and varied outline. Enchanted islands seem these of our western archipelago,—none the less so when, turning from the memories of Norse kings' fleets, or "Armada" frigates storm-driven amongst them, the mind pictures far other and more fragile barks, on far other errands, those which came bearing many a devoted missionary whose name is enshrined in the Scottish calendar, now struggling amidst the stormy sounds between these islands, bearing from one to another the message of Christ, now seeking further solitudes for praise and prayer.

The path is pretty much a repetition of the one described along Loch Morar. After a few miles it reaches a small cluster of shielings, where it leaves the seashore, and cuts over the end of a promontory. Having ascended this, you look down on a scene of great beauty, where land and water are so intermingled that which is island and which mainland, sea-loch or fresh water, it is hard to say. The lovely island of Shona blocks the mouth of Loch Moidart, forming a sort of natural breakwater, and the entire shores, as far as the eye can reach, island and mainland, are a mass of wood to the very water's edge, reflected so completely in the shining depths below, that one can hardly tell at times where the land ends and the water begins.

Recollections of a very different kind from those we have just been dwelling on are called up by the name of Loch Moidart.

Once more it is Prince Charlie who is the central figure in the picture, as joyous, exultant, and full of sanguine expectations, he sails into these waters with a small knot of friends about him, at the outset of his daring enterprise. To-day, we have scarcely lost sight of the tracks of his boat, on its way from Loch-na-Nua to Kinloch-Moidart, before joining the clan gathering at Glen Finnan. Guns and supplies were also sent by this route, while a company of Clanranald's men, told off as the Prince's body-guard, marched to Kinloch-Moidart by land. While the fiery cross was speeding through the country, calling every true Highlander to the rendezvous, Charles spent several days at the house of Macdonald of Kinloch-Moidart, who was the first to declare for him on his landing from the *Doutelle*, and whose brother had, as one of his suite, accompanied him from France in that vessel.

From this point—i.e. where the path leaves the sea-shore—it goes a long roundabout, which may be saved by crossing *viâ* the island, if a boat can be got hold of, which is not often the case. As good luck would have it, in my case probably the only chance of the day presented itself just as I had scrambled down the hill to the loch side in the shape of a boat going down the loch, which I got a cottager to hail for me, and which very obligingly came across and picked me up. The crew consisted of four women, ankle-deep in water, and had the weather not been calm, it is hard to say how long such a rotten craft would have held her own. However, we got her over somehow, and landed on a neat little "hard," whence a private road leads to the proprietor's house. I should add that there is no right of way on Shona, nor any boat to take you off the island if once you get there, except those belonging to the proprietor, who keeps his carriage in the form of a yacht, the only conveyance of the slightest use in an island home such as this. From the east end of Shona, a short row brings you back to the mainland, under the walls of Castle Tirrim, one of Clanranald's strongholds, said to date back to the fourteenth century, a battered old ruin of the usual Highland type, with nothing remarkable about it but its picturesque situation.

Loch Shiel, a fresh-water lake, about three miles from Castle Tirrim, gives its name to a short but fine bit of river, connecting it with Loch Moidart. The salmon-fishing here is excellent, when in good order, but (as what salmon-fishing is not?) very uncertain. A

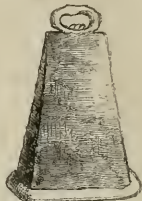
by-road from Tirrim skirts the banks of this river, till, at Shiel-Bridge, it joins the highway, which now, by way of Glen Tarbert, runs connectedly between Loch Sunart and Corran Ferry. At this point the path we left to cross the Shona Island comes in from Kinloch-Moidart, and the inn of Shiel, which we shall presently pass, is within a short walk.

But here let us make a brief digression, which will enable us to see something of the scenery of Loch Shiel, and of an object upon it of great archaeological interest. This is a little green rocky island, near the western end, named "Eilean Finnan," or St. Finnan's Isle—sacred to the memory of one of the most distinguished saints of the Western Church, contemporary with St. Columba. Traces of this saint are also found in the name of Loch-Fyne, the adjacent parish of Kil-finan in Cowal, and other localities.

The best, and indeed the only way to get at the island from the mainland is to call at the pretty residence of D—— over against it, on the north shore of the loch, and make your wants known, as the ladies living there possess the only boats in the neighbourhood. The relics of St. Finnan's Isle comprise a ruined chapel of the narrow form usual in the west country, some seventy feet by twenty feet inside walls, and a number of sculptured tombstones of mediæval type inside the building. There are also several rude crosses outside, but I have been informed on good authority that these are modern. The altar-stone of the chapel is still intact, and the walls remain to a height of ten or twelve feet, sufficient to show where the windows were placed. But the object of greatest interest is a little bronze bell, of antique pattern, which I found lying on the altar-stone, and which, it cannot be doubted, is of great age. Curiously enough, a bell very similar to this one was found at the site of the old abbey church of St. Fillan, in Glen Dochart, Perthshire.* The Loch Shiel bell is about seven inches long, quite plain, and of a greenish colour, and tradition is extremely precise as to the exact proportions of the precious metals used in its composition. That great care must have been exercised in selecting those best adapted for producing sound is evident, from the singular mellowness and richness of the bell's tone. The clapper is of iron, attached by a

small chain, passing out through a hole in the top, and it has a lip all round the bottom (*vide* sketch).

The bell is said to have stood on this altar-stone from time immemorial, and though carried off once or twice, it is declared to have been very soon brought back



The Bell at Eilean Finnan.

again, having, as stolen property is apt to do, brought bad luck with it. Next in interest to the bell, come the carved tombstones, and what has been remarked of the state of churchyard relics in other places, is far from being applicable here; for among the malpractices so freely credited to our Romanist brethren, neglect, or destruction of monuments which should be sacred, cannot be included. Consequently, being in a Catholic neighbourhood, this cemetery is maintained in decent order, and not allowed to be over-



Ornamental Swords, carved at Eilean Finnan.

run with sheep and cattle. Time and weather have of course done their inevitable part in defacing many of the beautiful carvings, but fine slabs still remain, to show what many others, now lost to us, may have been. One is in the most perfect preservation I remember to have seen throughout

* An interesting paper on this bell, by the Bishop of Brechin, appears in the "Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland," vol. viii. 1871.

the Western Highlands. Like the rest, it has traced upon it a single sword encircled with foliage, but it is more finely elaborated than the others, the cutting being almost as sharp as if it had been done yesterday. Two of the slabs have the usual addition of dogs or other animals embossed round the hilt. Outside the chapel, there is a sixth tombstone of the same class, representing an ecclesiastic, with hands joined in prayer. The figure is surmounted by a cusped canopy, and in a panel underneath there is a beautiful design of foliage intermingled with geometric figures. Lying under the altar-stone, I should add, there were two skulls, and a number of human leg and arm-bones. One of these skulls is said to have belonged to a John of Moidart, an ancient chief of Clanranald, who received a tremendous cut on the head in some fight hereabouts, the mark of which is supposed to be still discernible on the skull, though I failed to discover any trace of it. The situation of Eilean Finnan is one of peculiar beauty, indeed it is a noticeable fact, that the early monks and missionaries generally seem to have chosen for their abodes spots remarkable for natural scenery. The burial-ground is used only by Roman Catholics and Anglicans, and the dead are brought here for burial from all parts of the district. In Ardnamurchan, there is a hill associated with the name of St. Finnan;—from it the isle he afterwards made his home is visible, and to its summit he is said to have climbed, to view the surrounding country, and make choice of some spot as residence. "Suidhe Finnean," or Finnan's seat, still marks the locality, and the spring which exists there has become a "holy well," as having, according to the legend, miraculously bubbled up, to quench the good saint's thirst. One word may here be said about the sculptured tombstones just alluded to. They are objects of antiquity, which, until quite lately, have attracted no attention whatever. They are found scattered in considerable numbers through all the old burial-grounds on the west coast, but the county they most of all abound in is Argyllshire. Iona at one time was said to contain three or four hundred, but of this number only a small remnant can now be found. They all show one prevailing style of ornamentation, which has been termed by some Runic, Celtic by others. Gothic is probably a better name, although there are some points wherein these mediæval slabs are allied to the far older symbolic pillar-stones of the east. Much might be

said on this subject if time and space permitted.* I do not mean to assert that the West Highlands can produce such highly-finished specimens as the marble effigies to be seen south of the Tweed, but this is certain, that the sculptors of these western slabs were artists of no mean order. Swords, figures of warriors on horseback and afoot, mailed knights, hunting scenes with dogs and stags and huntsmen, abbots and prioresses in their vestments, representations of the Saviour and His followers, chalices, galleys, and many other significant objects, with the addition of elaborately twisted knots, graceful foliage and scroll-work prolonged into fantastic terminations of bird, beast, and griffin, to fill up and enrich the panels, adorn the surface of the stones, carved with a force and precision of outline, a grace of curve, and general artistic richness, perfectly marvellous; the more so when we consider the miserable productions which succeeded them after the Reformation. It is to be hoped that in the present enlightened age, these beautiful relics may be more appreciated than they have hitherto been, and some systematic efforts be made for their preservation.

At Shiel Bridge, there is a good-sized Roman Catholic church, with parsonage adjoining. The church is extremely plain, but tastefully decorated within, the ornamentation being excellent in chasteness and grace, without a touch of anything florid. I heard a characteristic story through one of the priests in this district, showing how there still lingers the old animosity which was alternately the cause and result of the deadly feuds between certain clans. This priest was overheard by one of his parishioners remarking that the Rev. Mr. Campbell had just been appointed priest of A—.

"What was that your Reverence was saying?" asked the man, and on the remark being repeated, he remonstrated with a shocked face, "Ye'll never be tellin' me the Bishop wad mak' a 'Ca-mil' a priest," it being too much for him to realise that any one bearing the hated name should wear the sacred tonsure. Yet another story may perhaps be given of the same kind, as neither of them are, I think, to be found in Dean Ramsay's delightful collection. A Macdonald and some Campbells, happening to

* Should the reader wish to investigate this branch of antique art further, the writer of the above may be excused for referring him to "Archæological Sketches in Scotland," a work which illustrates and describes every cross, mediæval slab, and ecclesiastical relic as yet discovered in the peninsula of Kintyre, a large district of Argyllshire. Dr. Stuart's "Sculptured Stones of Scotland," I have already alluded to.



Castle Tirrim, Loch Moidart.

meet on the road from their respective churches, began comparing notes as to what they had heard. "Weel," says the Macdonald, "our discourse was real fine, but I never kent before how terrible strong the Scripture goes against you Campbells." "What's that ye're saying, Tonal?" asked one of the Argyll men. "Oo, 'twas the minister gave it oot himsel', and I'm fery sure it's real gospel truth, whatever." "Well," says the Campbell, "and what's the Scripture sayin' about us?" "It's sayin'," answered Donald, quoting chapter and verse, "it's easier for a rich man to go through the eye of a needle, than for a *Ca-mil* to enter into the kingdom o' heaven."

Before taking leave of Loch Shiel, we may note that Charles took this route after leaving Kinloch-Moidart, and the hills we see at the head of the loch from St. Finnan's Isle are those enclosing the glen which is also named after the saint, but now sacred to far less

peaceful memories. On his way to Glen Finnan, the Prince spent a night at the house of Macdonald of Glenaladale (a valley which enters the loch about half way up), where he was joined by Gordon of Glenbucket having with him an English officer, who had been taken prisoner by Keppoch's men in the skirmish on Loch Lochy, where the first blood of the campaign was drawn. Glenaladale served in Clanranald's regiment, and accompanied the Prince when escaping from the cave in Loch-na-Nua, to Glen Morar. He afterwards wrote an account of the scenes he had witnessed, which is published with others in the Lockhart papers.* When calling on the hospitable ladies, from whom was procured the boat to visit Eilean Finnan, I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing much that was interesting with respect to the Chevalier. Among other relics in their pos-

* Vol. II. Part of the narrative of the escape from Culloden (pp. 539 to 562) is in his handwriting.



Eilean Finnan, Loch Shiel.

session is a very striking half-length portrait of the Prince, about life size, bearing a considerable resemblance to the picture of him by Le Tocque, painted in Paris, soon after the '45. The face has a frank, open expression, and the features are handsome, the mouth in especial being finely chiselled, and sweet in expression. Altogether, the face has an indefinable but singularly winning charm about it, and, if the painter has done his work without flattery, we can easily see an additional reason for the popularity of Prince Charlie with the fair sex.

The rest of my journey is soon told. After returning to the high road, a short walk round the foot of the loch (where there is a chapel and manse belonging to the Church of Scotland) brought me to the inn, which, from its appearance, I should imagine to be a good one. My stay was, however, only while a dog-cart was being got ready, just long enough to have a chat with the pleasant well-favoured landlady, and to discover that she and her people belonged to the "old religion." From the inn I had a drive of some eight miles to Salen, on the shore of Loch Sunart, whence we kept down the loch side for two miles or so, to a little fishing hamlet, the name of which has escaped my memory.* The ups and downs of this shore-road made careful driving a necessity, and what we should have done, had another vehicle met us, I cannot say, with a stone wall breast high on one side and a rocky rampart on the other, and no room to pass. However, we reached the village safely, about four o'clock, but there seemed grave doubts about getting a boat

to cross to Tobermory (in Mull). At last the most determined perseverance on the part of my "Popish" driver, who had been strictly charged by the ladies at Loch Shiel inn not to fail in getting me a boat, accompanied by much shouting in Gaelic, brought ashore a boatful of men, who had been fishing round a point. The passage was soon agreed upon, and a moderate remuneration asked in return. We started almost immediately, but the wind being light, the crossing occupied about three hours, and it was growing dark when we reached our destination. At Tobermory, the trip which has been the subject of these pages may be said to have come to a close, as the route hence to Oban, and back to the region of steamers and railways is too well known to need description. It is hard to pass without a word the legend-haunted shores of Mull and Morvern, the Castles of Aros, Ardtornish, Duart, and others; the island of Lismore, with its ecclesiastical history; to turn from the memories of the Norseman and the Celt;—of the Spaniards, whose huge galleons came storm-beaten up the Sound of Mull, after the break-up of the "Invincible Armada;" from traditions of Ossianic heroes and of Christian saints. All these, however, would take a volume of GOOD WORDS to themselves properly to describe, and enough has already been said to show that along these Western shores lurk abundant treasures of historic, geologic, and antiquarian interest, with a surrounding of glorious natural scenery, which will more than repay the toil of visiting them; and which, in such combination, may be sought for in vain elsewhere throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom.

* Another "Borradaie," I think.

AN EMIGRANT.

HE was young and fragile, and he was poor;
 There were some to help him, who had not much;
 There were others who wanted their help even more,
 (He was one who never was blind to such).

Said he, "Now God grant that nor age nor youth
 Shall lose one comfort by aiding me."
 And bright in his courage and brave in his truth,
 Our darling sailed, lonely, out over the sea.

And he asked not what he should like to do,
 But just did whatever his hand could find;
 And full well I trow that nobody knew
 Whether his task was all to his mind.

But God was watching. He smiled and said,
 "Free as mine angels, he works my will.
 Why should earth's burden on such be laid?
 Let him come higher, and serve Me still.

"What does it matter to one who goes
 To live with the angels, to live with Me,
 Whether they plant on his grave a rose,
 Or never see it, out over the sea?

"Come to Me quickly!" That Voice he knew,
 And expected, and yet was the struggle long;
 The fields of heaven were full in his view,
 But the ties round his heart were warm and strong!

But he chose the best—as he always could—
 The best for him and the best for us;
 For he left us this, that whoever would,
 Might enter heaven a conqueror thus!

ISABELLA FVIVIE MAYO.

THE GREAT WEST.

BY THE REV. GEORGE M. GRANT, AUTHOR OF "OCEAN TO OCEAN."

V.

AT Fort Edmonton, in North latitude 53° 50', and West longitude 112°, two thousand miles west of Montreal, and nearly a thousand miles east of the Pacific, travellers in the north-west generally call a halt, to rest, to refit, and to consider the question of "where next?" They are at the head-quarters of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Saskatchewan—the swiftly flowing river,—and can get at the Company's store, and by its favour, a good enough outfit to go forth north, south, east, or west, into vast regions for the most part unexplored, and all alike unknown to the world in general. They may return by canoe or heavy-freight batteau down river and lake to Fort Garry, for only one rapid breaks that long thousand miles stretch; or get fresh horses, and return by land, if not utterly tired of monotonous expanses of prairie and hilly wooded country, almost as lonely. They may turn their steps northward by Fort Assiniboine, to the beautiful prairies of Peace River, and either sail up on its broad bosom into the heart of the Rocky Mountains, to newly-discovered gold-fields near Alaska, or follow the downward course of the great Unchagah through "the wild north land," along the sterile banks of the greater McKenzie to the Arctic Ocean. If not afraid of the Blackfeet, they may ride southwards three or four hun-

dred miles to Fort Benton, on the Upper Missouri, and get thence by steamboat to the Father of Waters, and any part of the United States; or south-westwards by the Kootanie Pass into Washington territory, and thence across sage-barrens and arid wastes—the north-west angle of the Great American Desert—into California. Or, changing their Red River carts or buckboards for pack-horses, they may continue their due west course, as we did, through two hundred miles of tangled forest and almost impassable muskegs to the Rocky Mountains, and then make for the Pacific by the Yellow Head Pass and the North Thompson and Fraser Rivers.

Edmonton itself is not without its attractions, especially to those who have been roughing it for weeks in camp-life, buffalo-hunting, or travelling. Whoever may be the resident factor of the fort, the proverbial hospitality of the Hudson's Bay Company may be counted on. The missionary's house is also open to the stranger, and the little church hard by is a pleasant reminder to him that there is a Sabbath even in the great lone land. Other houses are springing up, for Edmonton is becoming, in American phrase, "quite a place." To put your feet once more under a table, roast beef and a dish of

meaty potatoes smoking upon it, to have a lady pour you out a cup of tea, to sleep under a rafted roof, to see men haying or harvesting, all confuse you somewhat. The feeling is that such things are related to you; that they were a part of you in a former state of existence, from which you are now widely separated. For the time you would fain rest and be thankful. But of course this feeling soon dies away, and is replaced by its opposite, the restless desire to be again on the move, and see all that is before you. And if your journey lies in the direction of the mountains, after the first twenty-four hours of rest the loss of every fine autumn day is grudged.

To one travelling from the east, Edmonton may be taken as the boundary point between the open and the forest country of our north-west. East of Fort Garry for six or seven hundred miles there is little wood. When we pass beyond the belts and clumps of oak and maple in the valleys of the Red River, and the Assiniboine, few trees of any kind are seen but aspens, and too few of those. The whole country was once wooded, but fires have cleared an annually widening area, and the forest has been pushed back farther and farther to the north and west. Along the Saskatchewan, between Forts Pitt and Edmonton, there is abundance of pine, spruce, and poplar, in some places growing in extensive swamps, elsewhere in unbroken forest. Beyond Edmonton, thick woods extend to the bases of the Rocky Mountains, broken here and there by the devastations of fire, and seamed by rivers running to the north-east.

The watershed of the great Saskatchewan and McKenzie River valleys is only forty or fifty miles distant from Edmonton. That once passed, all the streams are seen hurrying down the northern slope to join the Athabasca on its long race to the Arctic Ocean. A glance at the river courses on the map is enough to show that the two great slopes of our north-west are towards the east and towards the north. Where, at the bases of the Rocky Mountains, the plains are three or four thousand feet above the sea, they trend steadily and in three well-defined, though irregularly shaped and broken steppes to the east, till at Fort Garry the altitude is only seven hundred feet. In corresponding parallels of longitude farther south in the United States, the heights are generally three times as great. North of the Saskatchewan, the slope is just as decided towards the north; and the lessening of the elevation thereby is

one great cause of the comparative mildness of the climate along Peace River, or even as far north as Fort Liard.

In various parts of the open country coal has been discovered, though, on account of the uniform mat or covering of loam spread over the plains, it is difficult to know where to "prospect;" but on the Saskatchewan and its tributaries west of Edmonton, and on tributaries of the Athabasca, the indications promise an absolutely exhaustless supply. On both sides of the Pembina River we saw thick seams cropping out all along the banks. The strata exposed consisted of sandstones, different coloured shales, and layers of lignite, and coal with a bright glassy fracture. The coal here, as everywhere on both sides of the Rocky Mountains, is not of the carboniferous, but the much later cretaceous period. However, it burns well enough, and that, I suppose, is the main point that practical people are likely to consider. Better coal for fuel than that of Nanaimo Mines, Vancouver's Island, for instance, I never saw in a grate; but it, too, is only cretaceous. The latest scientific observer who has reported on the north-west is Mr. Selwyn, the chief of the Canada Geological Survey, who travelled across the fertile belt last summer, returning by river and lake to Fort Garry. He writes that at one point on the North Saskatchewan, about forty miles below the confluence of the Brazeau, he found a seam of jet-like coal, which measured eighteen to twenty feet in thickness. Two exposures of this bed were seen about four miles apart. "In the first exposure, which extends fifty or sixty yards in length, but which, owing to the swiftness of the current flowing at its base, was not easily examined, the seam is flat, and rises from the water in a nearly vertical cliff, exposing eighteen feet of apparently excellent coal. The bottom of the seam here was beneath the water, and could not be examined; above it, the cliff was not accessible, and the rocks were concealed by slides of earth and other debris. The second exposure, which is no doubt a continuation of the same seam, occurs in an arched form, and shows eighteen feet, with one small two or three-inch parting of shale." Our packers informed us that at one place the Brazeau runs through a canyon of coal; that is, the river is forced through a gorge, the opposite walls of which are solid coal, as perpendicular as if they had been plumbed. Specimens of the Edmonton, Pembina, and Belly River coals have been brought east, and submitted to professional men for analysis, with the

most favourable results, the amount of ash being very small, and of combustible matter unusually large. Good news, all this, for the future inhabitants! Plenty of coal, and on the banks of a river that can easily be made navigable!

I shall not say much about our journey from Edmonton through the woods. Nothing but the fine weather and pleasant companionship saved it from being unendurable hardship throughout. To struggle from early morning till dark over interlaced windfalls, or among burnt and blackened woods, driving packhorses that would not keep the trail—often, it must be confessed, because only an Indian could see or smell a trail, was bad enough; but it was nothing to the muskegs. I shudder yet as I think of those terrible muskegs, some of them old spruce or tamarack swamps, formed by springs that had no natural outlet, others caused by the beaver having successfully dammed up the rivulets. The crust of spongy moss on the surface would bear a light weight if he trode wisely and gingerly; but your horse could not escape; and as for the laden packhorses, their case was a foregone conclusion. Down the poor brutes would sink, leg after leg, to the girths, till it seemed as if the packs were the only things that kept them from disappearing altogether. In those, or indeed in any straits, it is not in the nature of the half-breed to give the slightest assistance. His traditional policy is to yell out ludicrously mingled French and English objurgations, French chiefly, and whack away with the handiest stick, till in sheer terror the animal struggles through the slough to the nearest bit of *terra firma*. Having been accustomed from its youth up to that kind of treatment, it would be only waste of time for you, a mere passing traveller, to try any other course. Besides, example is always more or less contagious. After two or three weeks of such travelling and treatment, it may be imagined what the horse looks like. And as for the rider, poor man, as he sits on stump or windfall, eating his allowance of doughy bread and dirty pemmican, gazing round on blackened wilderness or quaking morass, he begins to be sorry that he left Edmonton, and to sigh for the departed joys of its leeks and onions, its beef, and tender young juicy pork. He pulls out the map, and tries to calculate the probable distance accomplished, and the exact spot where he now is; but making the least possible allowance for the sinuosities of the trail, the melancholy truth cannot be blinked that in

proportion to the expenditure of wind and muscle, the rate of travelling is dreadfully slow, averaging in fact from one to two miles an hour. What would he not give for an hour of the steam-engine, or for a gallop across the open prairie!

One rainy day, when near the McLeod River, we came on a big spruce tree in a swamp, "blazed" conspicuously. Riding up, we found that the large Canadian party, that had preceded Milton and Cheadle by this same route on their supposed easy passage to the Cariboo gold mines, had rested near by and written their names with red keil on the blaze. Very few words could be deciphered; but the last line had been inscribed with emphasis, and was easily made out. It read, "A hard road to travel." Ten years hence, our memories will yield like testimony just as unmistakably concerning the muskegs of the McLeod.

But all our hardships were forgotten when we reached the Athabasca, and beheld the Rocky Mountains uplifted in massive grandeur, formed in long and apparently unbroken line as if to arrest our farther advance westward. Approaching the mountains by way of the South instead of the North Saskatchewan, the intervening ground is less broken and less thickly wooded; and, in consequence, the grand silver-tipped barrier is seen at a distance of two hundred miles. We were only about forty miles from their feet when they burst full on our sight; and so completely did they dwarf distance and everything else that they seemed only two or three miles away. From that moment Edmonton was not mentioned. The East slipped entirely out of our thoughts. We began to think of the unknown West, the ancient East. Was not the Pacific on the other side of that well-defined magnificent range? And we were beside a strong and rapid river, that with grassy bas-fonds, or terraced banks, offered easy entrance to the core of the range. But though such fancies floated for a moment through our minds, we knew that they were delusive as those which cheated valiant Jacques Cartier when he started from Montreal up the St. Lawrence for China, and called the first rapids La Chine. The Rocky Mountains are not a single range, but a double series of parallel and wide-extended ranges, enclosing rivers that define distinct formations, with multitudinous peaks, so that we have not a line, but a sea or world of mountains. They stretch across one-half to one-fourth of the breadth of the Continent. They used to be called

the backbone of America. More correctly they have lately been called the dome. Though they do not cover so much space from east to west in Canada as in the States, still it is a weary road of more than six hundred miles of mountain travel from where the Athabasca issues from the first range to where the Fraser empties itself into the Straits of Georgia. That was the road that now lay before us, and with all advantages in our favour, the task was no child's play. Now this Pass, and now that one, is vaunted as something wonderful; but take the best, and tourist or engineer finds the Rocky Mountains a hard nut to crack.

It would be positive ingratitude to wish for an easier or more beautiful Pass into the heart of a great coil of mountains than that by which the impetuous Athabasca throws open the portals of the first range of "the Rockies." Where you strike the river, the mountains rise before you as a massive wall of naked rock, with sides scooped deep and serrated peaks alternating with an unbroken line of summit. The wooded hilly country at the base has an elevation of from three to four thousand feet; and the first line of mountains rises abruptly five or six thousand feet additional. Ascending and keeping to the river bank, save where detours must be made to avoid precipitous cliffs, we are soon inside the range. The valley now is from two to five miles broad, and the ascent as easy as if you were going up Tyne or Tayside, or any stream in an ordinary hilly country. On both sides of the river, mountains rise in long succession as far up stream as the eye can see, dark fir forests clothing their feet and huge projecting shoulders, but nothing interfering with the stern grandeur of the half mile or more of blue or grey rock upreared above the utmost line to which vegetation can struggle. In the clear atmosphere, the lines of stratification of the opposite mountains can be seen from the same point. They are often exactly parallel. The forms are of infinite variety, wonderfully distinct, and always imposing rather than graceful. At the distance of every two or three miles on one side of the river or the other, a tributary torrent hurls along its contribution to the Athabasca, and each tributary defines a distinct range that is seen extending away up both banks. We were in the midst of a sea of mountains, each one so bold and well-defined in outline, so marked in form and character from its neighbours, that it makes an impression of its own on the mind that I find is not

obliterated by the lapse of years. Fifteen to eighteen miles up, we cross to the north bank of the Athabasca, near an old and now abandoned station of the Hudson's Bay Company, called Jasper House, situated in a meadow bright with grass and flowers at the base of an enormous rampart of rock, with summits snow-capped, and sides furrowed deep by streamlets. The house received its name from Jasper Klyne, a Swiss employé of the Company, who had been long in charge of the post.

All the mountains still bear the names that the old half-breed trappers gave them, from their distinguishing characteristics, or in honour of themselves. Roche à Miette is the most remarkable in the Jasper Valley, and is so called from "Bon-homme Miette," a once celebrated voyageur of the Northwest Company. He climbed the great cubical block of limestone itself, two thousand feet high, that composes its summit, and no other man, so far as known, has even attempted the feat. To all appearance, the cube is more completely inaccessible than the Matterhorn; and were it not that the traditions of the trappers are considered sacred, we might fancy that the good man Miette climbed it after the easy fashion of descending a coal-pit, recommended by Sheridan to the youth whose object in going down was simply that he might be able to say that he had gone—"Why on earth then can't you say so without going?" Farther up the valley, above Lake Jasper, we come on another prominent rock, called after the same trapper, "Roche à Bon-homme;" and when we leave the Athabasca to reach the Yellow Head Pass, we enter on the valley of the Miette, that stream having been first ascended by the same gentleman on a trapping tour, and therefore called by his name.

The only difficulties, engineering or otherwise, worth speaking of to be encountered on the hundred miles between the muskges of the McLeod and the Yellow Head Pass, are on five or six miles of the Miette. Those struggled over, we soon reach the summit of the Pass, three thousand seven hundred feet above the sea, actually less than five hundred feet above the verge of the plains. Here on a quiet Sunday morning, by a very pleasant coincidence, we fell in with the first party from the Pacific, a trail-making party, who worked in advance of the surveyors. A few miles farther west, in a forest of magnificent spruce and hemlock, we came upon one of

the sources of the Fraser, and drank with enthusiasm from water hurrying to the Pacific. But that water has to swirl through many a canyon, and fret round the bases of many a snow-clad mountain, and break over many a rapid even before it reaches the united Thompson, to accomplish with it its last and greatest task—the piercing the Coast or Cascade range in order to get to its destination in the peaceful Ocean of the West.

Our course from the Pass was for sixty or seventy miles along the infant Fraser, and the sides of two beautiful lakes into which it soon expands—the Yellow Head and Moose lakes, to a central point in the abyss of mountains in which we found ourselves, well known as Tête Jaune Cache. An Iroquois trapper, yellow haired, owing to a dash of French blood in his veins, used to cache his furs here, and when the work of the season was done, set off with them to trade at Jasper House. It was a judiciously selected spot; for from it there is an extraordinary radiation of rivers, valleys, and mountains. From the Pass up to the Cache one fork of the Fraser has flowed westerly. Another has joined it on the way, flowing to the south. Between the forks stands Robson's Peak, the monarch of the surrounding mountains, lifting a glacier cone, seldom seen, far above the clouds. Below the forks, at the Cache, the united Fraser sweeps at right angles round to the north, and commences its race of hundreds of miles round the Gold Mountains, that bar its direct westerly way. We cross it at the Cache, and turning our steps to the south, see the Cranberry flowing north-west to join the Fraser, and cross the Canoe, running parallel, but flowing south-east to join the Columbia, at the northern extremity of the great bend it also makes. Verily Tête Jaune selected a likely spot for his den. He could wander by the sides of rivers flowing east, west, north, or south, and box the compass with his traps.

Up to the Cache, the engineering difficulties in the way of railway construction through the mountains are inconsiderable. The course is straight and unmistakable, for there is only one course possible. From this point the real difficulties commence, and they have not been satisfactorily solved yet. The key to the solution lies in the Cascade range, as the course through them will determine the position of the line up to the Cache. It is hoped that the renewed surveys that are being made this summer will enable

the Government of the Dominion to decide on a Pacific terminus, and the best passage through the Cascades. So far the only practicable way across the intermediate country that has been discovered is by the narrow valley of the North Thompson. Of course, at Kamloops, the junction of the North with the South Thompson, the great difficulty has still to be faced, viz., how best to approach the Cascades across the central plateau of British Columbia, and get through them to the Ocean. At present, the favourite route is by way of the Chilcotin plains to the head of Bute Inlet.

It was fortunate for us that east of the Cache we had fallen in with a pack train, connected with the survey, and exchanged our exhausted horses for fresh ones; for even with these, and all the help of a trail recently made, the road by the North Thompson is incredibly stiff. Between the Yellow Head Pass and Kamloops, the rainfall is abundant and vegetation luxuriant, the trees especially being of gigantic size. Spruce and Douglas fir, cypress and cedar, are all magnificent after their kind. The fall of one tree across the trail is a formidable obstacle. Thickly interlaced rootlets spread like a network everywhere across the path; and where the roots and stumps are fewest, boulders alternating with quagmires replace them. What a contrast to the sunlight of the broad plains and the breezy valleys of the first range of mountains were those narrow, choked gorges of the Albeda and Thompson! Occasionally the forest opens, but only to reveal a thickly-wooded hill on the other side of the river, or it may be a snowy peak looking over the dark green forest on the foot hills. Travelling is constant, depressing toil; fighting with prostrate masses of timber, landslides, ice-cold torrents, underbrush soaked with frequent showers, slippery boulders set in tenacious, boggy clay, and the precipitous ascents and descents of ever-recurring canyons. Gigantic cedars, branchless for a hundred yards, tower up among the dark branches of spruce and hemlock, and only ribands of sky can be seen through the thick screen. Often we marvelled how Milton and Chedale succeeded in reaching Kamloops. By all the laws of probabilities they were hopelessly lost when imprisoned in the inhospitable valley of the North Thompson.

We emerged from civilisation and all "the luxuries of the Saltmarket" at Kamloops. Before reaching it, we could see from the changing scenery that we were coming

to a country with totally different skies and climate. We were exchanging the high and humid for a lower and arid region, the central plateau of British Columbia. Behind this comparatively low-lying tract are the central Rocky Mountains; in front of it are the Cascades. Those lofty ranges intercept or tap all the rain-clouds from the Pacific, and though clouds eddy backwards and forwards over the intervening plateau, they seldom empty their buckets upon it. Consequently to secure good crops of cereals in this region, irrigation is required; but so excellent is the soil, and so warm and kindly the climate, that it pays handsomely to irrigate, just as it does with the similar sandy loam on which the great crops of California are raised. While the valleys of this intervening region yield the best cereals of the province, on the hillsides large flocks pasture on the most nutritious herbage in the world, the celebrated bunch grass, the peculiarity of which is that it never ceases to grow. For the greater part of the year this bunch grass looks dry and grey; but the heart is always green, and when cattle can get it they will eat nothing else. The beef fed on it is proverbially sweet and tender—how sweet to men just escaped from starvation let Dr. Cheadle tell.

This central plateau of British Columbia was once a great lake, or series of lakes, enclosed between the two mountain ranges to the east and west. When, in process of time, rents were made in the Cascades, enabling the pent-up waters to escape to the ocean, the cataracts must have been on a grand scale. Niagara compared to them would be a jet. By these rents, the Fraser uniting with the Thompson, the Homathco, the Skeena, and the Bella Coula rivers now run to the sea, draining the whole Pacific slope of the province. The successive subsidences of the waters are shown by the high benches of gravel and silt along these river valleys; and the hills which bound and extend away from the main valleys have been broken, twisted, and terraced by smaller streams and side waters.

At Kamloops, a road has lately been opened connecting with the one great public work of British Columbia, the waggon road which leads from the head of the navigation of the Fraser at Yale to the Cariboo Gold Mines. What pleasure inexpressible when mounted, to feel again that you could give your horse the rein! No exposed roots, nor prostrate trunks, nor tangled windfalls; no cradle hills, no vile muskegs, but a clean, broad road, running over breezy uplands.

Little wonder that even at sunset of the first day we started for a thirty mile ride to Cornwall's, and covered the distance in four and a half hours. Rapid movement seemed to us for a time the greatest beatitude that could be enjoyed by man.

At the village of Lytton, in the Cascade range, we came again on the Fraser, not much wider, though bearing along an immensely greater volume of water than at Tête Jaune Cache. The river is narrow simply because it is hemmed in by the iron barriers of the Cascades, and cannot expand. Thus the valley of the Fraser, the most important river of British Columbia, is for great part of its course only a deep mountain gorge, without bottom lands, and consequently without population. The road follows the river closely, winding with it, clinging to almost perpendicular hillsides from which you can toss a stone into the river a thousand feet beneath, while the mountain towers still higher above you, cutting and tunnelling through opposing rocks, bridging chasms, all on a far grander scale than on the Cornice Road along the Mediterranean, between Genoa and Nice. The population of this part of British Columbia consists, with few exceptions, of Chinamen, each and all of them known as "John," and Indians, or "Siwashes," as they are called, probably from the French *sauvages*. John's occupation is washing the bars of the river for gold-dust, and the Siwash's is catching salmon, in an effective though very inartistic mode. On almost every outjutting rock by the river banks, a Siwash may be seen perched, scoop-net in hand, swaying to and fro over the torrent. Suddenly he dips the net into the eddy, and whips out a salmon. And so the novel fishing goes on till the Siwash is tired. His squaw, called Klootchman on the Pacific, is at hand to clean and carry the fish home for present or future use. The smallest coin known in the province is a "bit," or ten cents, equal in general purchasing value to a penny in England, and a bit is the price of a salmon. What the buffalo is to Cree and Blackfeet, the salmon is to the Siwash. "John" has now the gold washing on the Fraser pretty much left to him, because he can thrive where his white brother would starve. The Fraser, or "Crazy" river, not long ago, was the Ophir of the miner, but the prosperity of a gold-producing district is more fleeting than that of a railway or "busted" city in the Western States. The history of British Columbia is the his-

tory of successive migrations, farther and ever farther north, of an army of adventurers maddened with the *auri sacra fames*. In 1858, California emptied itself on the Fraser, but in a year or two the thousands had silently vanished, no one could well say where, and only the hundreds remained. In 1862, the Cariboo diggings attracted a still greater crowd. The rush was tremendous. Thirty thousand men, hot, restless, determined, pitched their tents in the streets of Victoria. No army in the world could have marched on to Cariboo, but without a road, without commissariat, over mountains and torrents, the miners pushed their way. In 1871, the rush was made farther north to Omineca, and now a report of wonderful new claims at Cassiar is drawing them still farther on into the frozen north.

A steamer plies on the Fraser, from Yale to New Westminster, a distance of ninety-five miles, and another connects with it there for Victoria, Vancouver's Island. We arrived at New Westminster on October 4th, exactly two months after bidding good-bye to the farthest west settler in Manitoba. Our journey from ocean to ocean through Canada was ended. Another week was spent in visiting the different harbours on the mainland and on Vancouver's Island, that claim to be suitable termini for the Canada Pacific Railway, and it is not too much to say that this was the most pleasant week of the whole journey.

With reference to this question of a terminus, the Dominion suffers from *l'embarras de richesse*. Both on mainland and island, several are competing for the honour, and the advantages and disadvantages are impartially distributed among them. It is a singular fact that while there is not a single opening in the coast for seven hundred miles north of San Francisco, except the bad harbour of Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia, the next seven or eight hundred miles should be fissured by innumerable deep inlets, at the head of each of which is a harbour more or less suitable. The case is paralleled on the Atlantic side. From Florida to Maine there are few openings, while from Maine northwards the openings and the good ports are countless. The fissures on the rocky coast of Nova Scotia are not unlike those on the Pacific side, except that on the Atlantic they do not cut so deep into the land, and there being no mountain range along the coast of Nova Scotia, the shores and banks of the inlets lie comparatively low. But the Cascade range stretches along the whole coast-

line of British Columbia, the mountains or their wooded foothills coming down to the very shores of the sea. A beautiful range with snowy peaks runs also through almost the whole length of Vancouver's Island. Up into the very heart of these mountains, the fiords cut, for distances varying from ten to sixty miles. There is nothing to impede navigation, for the water is always of great, sometimes of unknown depth. The mountains rise on each side sheer from the water's brink to a height of from three to eight thousand feet. When the head of the inlet is reached, where the seawater can penetrate no deeper, a stream is seen struggling through the coil of mountains, forming an open space of bottom lands at its mouth, and offering its guidance onward through the range. Up one of those streams, the Homathco at the head of Bute Inlet, it is not unlikely that the line of the railway may be carried. Snow-clad, glacier curtained mountains rise on every side, and from the steamer's deck you can toss a biscuit or even jump to the rocks.

Burrard's Inlet, immediately to the north of the delta of the Fraser, was the first of those wonderful fiords that we visited. It is a superb harbour, surrounded by hills clothed with the famous Douglas pine, twenty or thirty million feet of which timber it exports annually. The supply seems practically inexhaustible. Burrard's Inlet was a favourite candidate for the terminus, but the Emperor of Germany threw a heavy sword into the scale against it when he awarded San Juan Island to the United States. We next steamed up Bute Inlet; and then through the lovely archipelago of the Straits of Georgia to the harbours and inlets of Vancouver's Island.

Time would fail me to tell of this gem of the Pacific, its resources, its scenery, its matchless climate. I must draw these articles to a close, though I may soon again claim the indulgence of the readers of *GOOD WORDS*, to speak on some points that had to be omitted in this rapid review of a long journey. I have now simply sketched the ground hurriedly travelled over by us in 1872, that new boundless territory on the possession of which the Dominion has entered. Canadian statesmen may commit blunders or worse. They are, I suppose, no better than the statesmen of Britain or of the United States. But their aims in opening up this great territory are true, because the hearts of the people they represent are true.



“TINY TOKENS.”

THERESA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SYLVIA'S CHOICE."

CHAPTER VI.



I WILL
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Harold
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" I a m
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at least to refuse that."

He *had* been strong enough; and it was in the strength of this resolution that, when he went away, he had parted so coldly from her. He knew that if he had chosen he might have clasped her hand at parting with a clasp that should say, "We belong to one another, let what may stand between us." But though he had known that he might do this, he had not done it. "I will take no advantage of her. Before we meet again," he said, "she shall have time enough given her to learn her own mind." Perhaps as he turned away from her he felt for a few moments half bitter against her and half unjust to her. "I have told her this story, and yet how can I know that she is braver, or stronger, or truer, than other women?" he might have thought. "She would put her hand in mine if I asked for it to-night, but to-morrow, or the day after to-morrow, when she has had time to think, and prudence has begun to whisper in her ear, will she look at me with the same eyes that she has now, or say the same words to me that, if I chose, I could make her speak to-night?" Perhaps he thought this as he went his way home, and was unjust to her, with his lips at least.

But it was only with his lips, for in his heart he trusted her. "If she draws back from me she will only do what ninety-nine

women in a hundred would," he said to himself. And yet he did not believe that she would draw back. In his heart he believed that, let him go back to her when he might, he should find her unchanged.

But he was in no hurry to go back to her. They were to meet after two days at a house to which they were both invited, and he made no attempt to see her before then. She, on her part, waited at home through these two days with a feverish hope that he would come again, and when he did not come she began to torture herself with restless fears. For she did not understand why he left her so long alone; she never dreamt that he could be staying away from her because he doubted her. It only seemed to her that he stayed away because he did not care to come.

She drove with her father on the third evening to the house where they were to meet. She did not know how he would meet her, but she was longing with a half-starved desire to be in the same room with him once more—to be near to him—to hear his voice. He had not come when they arrived. He was late, and she waited what seemed to her a long time before the quiet unnoticeable figure silently entered the room at last. She was talking to some one—a lady sitting beside her—when he came. "How late Mr. Harold is," her companion said, and looked at him for a moment, and then spoke of something else. By the time he had crossed the room she had forgotten him probably. What was his coming to her? Of what consequence was his presence to any other creature there, except to her?

She saw him and was satisfied. For a long time afterwards she was not sad because he did not come to her, nor disquieted because she heard his voice speaking to other people and not to her. He was near her, and she was content. Once, in passing before her chair, he paused for a moment and shook hands with her. Some one was sitting on either side of her. "Even if he had wished it he could not have stayed with me," she said.

But though his mere presence satisfied her at first, yet after a time she began to yearn for something more than that momentary greeting from him. She rose up presently from her seat, for it had become hard to her to go on talking, and she went and sat down at a table where only a few people whom she

scarcely knew were looking at engravings, and she looked at them too, turning over the leaves of the great books before her with her heart far from the pictures she was looking at.

Mr. Harold was leaning against the mantel-piece, speaking to no one. As he stood there a girl began to sing, and all the room became quiet to listen to her. It was a common little foolish song, but she sang it prettily, with a kind of pathos. Theresa ceased to turn her pages. She sat still, looking at the last picture where the book lay open, till the song was finished, and then, as the buzz of voices filled the room again a step came near, and Mr. Harold took the seat beside her.

"Go on looking at your pictures," he said quietly.

She went on looking at them. They were pictures of Raphael's—engravings of sweet-faced madonnas and placid saints. She sat looking at them for a few minutes longer; then she raised her head and turned to him, and their eyes met.

His face was worn and grave. He had not spoken to her except to utter that one sentence. She looked at him and said half timidly—

"I am afraid you are tired to-night?"

"No, I am not tired now," he answered.

And then he was silent again, but she did not turn back to her pictures, and presently he said—

"I am never tired when I am near you. May I still come to you when I want rest?"

She lifted up her face to him again, and the light came into her eyes.

"Yes, always," she answered in a low passionate voice.

"I was not sure if you would let me," he merely said quietly. And then after a moment's silence he said half aloud, "God bless you."

She bent again over her book, and tried to look once more at its pages through a mist of joyful tears. Presently he began to speak to her about one of the pictures that she turned to, and then they fell gradually into a quiet talk,—so quiet a talk that no one looking on could have imagined that this was the hour which began a new life for both of them.

But *they* knew it, and on that night Theresa learnt what she was to be henceforward to Geoffry Harold, and he to her. Yet she was outwardly to be only his friend,—hardly more to him in appearance than other friends might be. Perhaps it was not much to have gained, and yet to her it seemed something to thank God for with a

gratitude beyond all words; for life did not seem hard with the hope before her that throughout it this hand would touch her, and this voice speak to her, and these eyes look into her eyes. Need she fear that the years to come would part them because they could not be like common lovers? She ought to have feared, perhaps, but yet she did not.

There was much that was passionate in Theresa Thurston's nature, but yet there was also great strength and calmness in it. She was a woman to whom such devotion as Mr. Harold required from her seemed to be no sacrifice,—no hard thing to give. "If I *could* make any sacrifice for you I would do it," she said to him once long after this time, "but I have made none for you yet, and you have asked for none." And this was what she always felt. From this first hour until the end there was never one moment when she wished that she had had another lot.

CHAPTER VII.

It was no new thing for people in Kynaston to wonder if Theresa and Mr. Harold were becoming lovers. They had been doing that for more than six months past. But though speculation continued as busy as ever, even the eyes that watched them most curiously could hardly have discovered any change in their relations with one another as time went on. "I am coming to be afraid that it's just one of those intimacies that end in nothing," good-natured Mrs. Martin began to say with a sigh as month after month passed on without any visible change, "and I am just as sorry as I can be, for I do like that girl, that's the truth of it; and here she is, three-and-twenty now, and her mother was married at eighteen. I declare I'm so vexed that I could find it in my heart to ask her to her face if nothing is going to come of it."

But Mrs. Martin did not, in spite of her desire, venture on putting this question to Miss Thurston, and, as happens generally in these cases, Theresa and Mr. Harold themselves were the last to know or suspect how much their names were in other people's mouths.

They went their own way and lived their own life without much thought of that. It was a life that was very grave and quiet, for their intercourse with one another was limited simply to the intercourse of friends. Even when they were alone he rarely spoke a word to her that he might not have spoken to another woman. He called her indeed by her name, but he called her by her name as often in her father's presence as he did when they

were by themselves. Except at the rarest moments now and then, they were only like two friends bound to each other by a quiet feeling of mutual trust.

In whatever other respects Mr. Harold had shown himself to be weak, at any rate the merit of this reticence, in so far as it had merit, was due to him, and not to her. It was he, and not she, who marked out their course for them, and erected the barriers beyond which he would not pass; for he understood as she could not how, if there was to be peace at all between them, and not mere restless yearning, it was wisest to leave all undone except what friends might do, and all unspoken except what friends might speak.

He said to her once, "Have you faith enough in me to trust me without words?"

She looked in his face when he asked her that, and did not answer him at once, and after a little silence she only said—

"Have I *not* trusted you?"

For this was only a few weeks after that new life of hers had begun, and she hardly understood him yet.

"Yes, you have trusted me," he answered, "but you have not done it without words yet."

And then she was silent for a little while.

"I will do it without words for the future, if you wish me," she replied presently. And after a moment she looked at him again, and with a flush upon her face she said, "If you get tired of me, I do not think that I shall need you to *tell* me that you have changed."

"Then trust me until you see me change," he said.

And so she did trust him, not with a trust often expressed, but wholly and steadfastly. Possibly there might have come days now and then when she yearned for something more than the apparently calm regard he gave her; and moments possibly might have come when she was unjust to him, and when she thought perhaps that her own love was greater than the love he had for her; but she was not unjust to him like this often, and as time went on, even a passing thought that wronged him became with her always more and more rare. Or if she was ever chilled or ever pained by what he did, or by what he failed to do, when the time was past, in the great and tender humility of her heart, she could always say to herself, "He is wiser than I."

She said to him one day,—

"When I was a girl I used to be ambitious, and want to stand alone; but I have lost my

old ambition now." There was a little tremor in her voice as she spoke. "I only want my trust now to be in the hand I hold."

They were simple words, yet they expressed almost the whole sum of what his love had done for her. She had forgotten herself in him; she had lost ambition to be anything apart from him. During all the time that they remained together she never knew the extent of her own influence, nor could be brought to believe that his life was changed by her almost to as great an extent as hers was changed by him; but of what he was to *her*,—of how the giving of his love had been to her like the setting in her of a new soul,—of that she was conscious, and with a consciousness that inspired every hour she lived.

Before he had ever spoken to her of his affection for her, Mr. Harold had said to himself, "If I try to bind her to me, I call upon her for the sacrifice of her whole life." And he had hesitated for a time as to whether he had had a right to do this thing or not. He had ended, indeed (as he had been almost sure to end), by doing it, but even at the moment when he told her that he loved her he had felt no certainty in his own mind that he was doing right; he could not see clearly enough into the future to determine that, or to know whether he was kind or cruel in staying near her. I think if he had taken the opinion of the world about it, the world would have said to him unhesitatingly, "You have no right to go on seeing her." But Theresa, and perhaps some other women besides Theresa, would have given another kind of answer. As unhesitatingly as the world would have made its reply, she would have made, and she did make, hers. "I cannot be his wife," she said to herself; "but if my love can ever give one moment's gladness to him, or can lighten for him by ever so little what he has to bear, I will give it to him, and will think myself blest and happy that I have lived for that."

In no other way than this did she ever feel: she never spoke in any other way; never faltered in her clear decision from first to last. It was he and not she who ever felt regret for what had been done. He, in moments of dejection—which did not come often, or at least to which he did not yield often, but yet to which he did yield now and then—would sometimes reproach himself for what in such moments seemed to him the sacrifice that he had permitted her to make for him. On one such day—the first on which he had ever spoken to

her as if he would have had anything undone that had been done between them—he said to her—

“I sometimes look into your face, and feel that I wish for your sake I had never seen it.”

They were standing together, and she raised her eyes as he spoke to her with a look in them of half reproach, and yet of sudden light like golden sunshine.

“Have you ever wished that?” she said to him. “Then, if you have done it, never wish it any more! never wish it any more to the last hour you live!”

With that same indescribable look upon her face she suddenly laid her hand upon his arm, and—

“I am content,” she said. “I am more than content,—I am happy. Never doubt that, nor doubt me again. I would not have anything different. I never kneel down to pray but I thank God for the lot that He has given me.”

Perhaps they both, or she, at least, looked forward distinctly to no future. To both of them, indeed, the future must have been more or less vague, for they were bound together by no ties that the world could recognise, and it was possible that currents in the coming years might be strong enough to drift them asunder; but yet they lived almost as though they recognised no such possibility, and when they ever spoke of growing old *she* at any rate spoke always as if in that dim distance of old age they should still be together.

There was so little, too, in all that went on around them to suggest change, or to startle with fears of any great thing passing away to-morrow that was theirs to-day. “We half sleep through life here,” she had said to him once, long ago, in the days when half sleeping through life had seemed to her a burdensome thing. She could smile at the thought of those old days now, and she called the calm in which they lived not sleep, but peace.

It was Geoffrey Harold who said to her, “When one’s heart aches you are better than music.” But yet, when he said this, he only said aloud what others might have thought or felt more lightly, for there was a harmony about her, and, especially after the great happiness of her life was gained, a sweet intense serenity, that made her voice, her look, her movements, her whole life, like music. “I sometimes think,” the squire said one day, “that I am an old fool to be so proud of her, and yet she has something

about her—though it isn’t beauty, I know that—that makes her seem to me like no other woman in the world.” He said this to Mr. Harold, with one of the smiles that are so near akin to tears, and turned away when he had said it so that the other should not see his face.

Mr. Thurston had had a hope once that Geoffrey Harold would have loved his daughter, and that they might have married, but that had been long ago, and this hope had passed away, and he had reconciled himself to its passing away now. Of late, when Mr. Harold had spoken to him of Theresa, it had always seemed to the Squire that he spoke of her as some one who might be his daughter rather than his wife—some one who was dear to him in the same kind of way as she was dear to the Squire himself; and then he had come by degrees to give up that old thought of his, and often in these days, instead of being reticent about his daughter, as he had been of old, he would talk of her to Mr. Harold frankly and tenderly, not as he would have spoken to a man who might be her possible husband, but as he would speak to a friend, who as a friend, and no more, admired and loved her. Sometimes, walking on the smooth lawn before the Manor House on summer evenings, the two men would talk together of this woman who was so dear to both of them; the one speaking out of a heart that was transparent as crystal; the other saying words that were true as far as the words went, but yet that left all that was truest in him undiscovered, and all that was deepest in him untold.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALMOST two years passed over their heads in this way. Towards the end of that time Theresa was thus chronicling their quiet life:—

I missed Mr. Harold this morning (she wrote one May day), and it vexed me when I came home and found he had been here. I had been at the school-house, and he had come and waited for me for half an hour. In the evening the Farquharsons, and Cholmondeleys, and one or two more dined with us. Mr. Harold was there, but I scarcely spoke to him all night. He merely said to me once, “You did not tell me that you were to be out to-day.” “No,” I answered, “and I have been angry with myself about it ever since.” He smiled at that and turned away. But he stayed with us after the others were gone, and he

and my father had a pleasant talk for half an hour. And then as he was going away he said to me, "I am coming again to-morrow morning. I have something that I want you to do for me;" and these words are sending me happy to bed now.

May 9th.—The work he has given me is the copying over of part of his book. He brought all that he had finished of it this morning—the first two hundred pages. "You will not find it amusing, you know," he said, as he gave it to me, "but you must not mind that. I know you *will* not mind it. You would do even a duller piece of work than this for me." I laughed as he said that. He did not want me to make protestations. He knows—though I may only half understand it—that his book is dearer to me than it is to himself.

I did my copying all the afternoon. It seemed to me like sitting down to a feast to sit and read his thoughts hour after hour. I read the pages first, and then I copied them; and my heart has been full all day with joy and pride. My father came to speak to me once while I was writing, and seeing what I was doing, took up the manuscript, and turned it over with great interest. "I have not been gladder about anything for a long time," he said, "than that Harold is doing this book. It is the very best kind of work for him." And am not I glad too! Who else will ever be so glad?

. . . . *May 12th.*—I hardly know what always make these walks from church so very sweet to me. The May sunshine shone upon us, and the green leaves were almost golden as we came home to-day. My father said, "A spring day like this gives one a foretaste of Paradise."

I like to walk between my father and Mr. Harold, and to think when I stand so that I can touch with my two hands all I love most on earth. We went up the hill so slowly, turning half a dozen times to stand still and look back. It was one of those clear, crystal-looking days—almost a summer day. I had put on a light-coloured dress, and Mr. Harold looked at me once and smiled. "You look like yourself to-day," he said. "I only *submit* to you in dark colours. You are your true self only when you look like this." He said to me one day not long ago, "I am glad that night when I saw you first that you were dressed in white."

May 14th.—We went last night to dine at the Farquharsons'. There was only a small party—Mr. and Mrs. Leafchild, Dr. Fleming,

Mr. Harding, and Mr. Harold, my father, and I; but it was a pleasant evening to me—one of those evenings that make me glad and proud. I never heard Mr. Harold talk better than he did,—more eloquently or more nobly. I wonder sometimes if it is a wrong thing to feel so proud of him as I do,—so intensely happy when I hear him doing what other people cannot. It is often curious to watch the effect of those keen clear words of his. Last night, towards the end of dinner, they got into a discussion about workmen and masters, and he said things in which no one at table except my father agreed with him, and yet in the argument that he brought on none of the other four could stand against him,—none of them had a moment's chance against him. It was not that he talked them down—many a person might do that, and be wholly in the wrong—but he talked so truly and so nobly that they could not answer him. Mrs. Farquharson laughed when we went back to the drawing-room, and said, "If Mr. Harold were resolved to persuade us that black was white, I suppose he would end by doing it." But she put it wrongly, for what always makes me proudest of him is the thought that it is not to persuade us that black is white that he ever argues, but only to persuade us of what is right and true.

As usual, we came home together. Mr. Harding, too, drove most of the way back with us. I had had a long talk after dinner with Mr. Harding, and somehow long talks with Mr. Harding rather tire me. He is so good, and so cultivated and intelligent, but he always makes me feel as if what he spoke was dead words and nothing more. Mr. Harold said one day lately, "He is a man without any sense of humour;" and I suppose it is that want in him that one feels. His talk is like a dull level plain under a grey sky. Nothing ever disturbs its flat monotony; no flash of light ever breaks across it.

. . . . *May 16th.*—I have been thinking how unjust we often are to people. To-day, after breakfast, I went to the village to see Nancy Hopgood's child, who is ill, and when I went into the house I found Mr. Harding there. The child is suffering a great deal, and he is so good to it and its mother. He is always kind to whoever wants his kindness—always self-denying, and devoted, and unwearyed. I felt ashamed to remember how impatient I had been of his long talk last night. As I walked up the hill home again I began to ask myself whether—comparing him and Mr. Harold together—it is so clear that Mr. Harold is the worthier to be loved,

that his life is the nobler of the two; and I could not say that he is the best, that his life is a higher life than Mr. Harding's. And yet when suddenly at the top of the hill I met him—ah me! it was like suddenly meeting God's sunshine in my face.

May 20th.—I finished my copying this evening, and was sorry to come to the last page of it. Mr. Harold laughed when I gave it to him, and said he thought I would have been glad. He turned over the pages, and called it a "perfect manuscript." I think I never was proud of my writing till he praised it.

In the morning, after breakfast, my father asked me to ride with him, and we went out, and when we got near Farnham he said, "Shall we try and get Harold to come along with us?" We rode up to the house, and Mr. Harold came, and we had a happy morning all together. The day was so bright and warm. It had been cold and cheerless yesterday, but in the night the wind changed to the west, and the sun was shining in at my window as I rose. We went as far as Fairies' Hollow—the first time I have been there this year; and while the horses were resting we went into the wood for half an hour. I was so happy that I rambled about singing. It was all so unspeakably beautiful,—the trees in their young green leaf, the ferns shooting up, and everywhere such multitudes of "joyful flowers" that it made one's heart glad and full to look at them.

We left Mr. Harold at his own gate when we came back. He meant to stay at home for all the rest of the day and work, he said to us; but in the evening as I was reading to my father after dinner I suddenly heard the tap he often gives at one of the drawing-room windows, and looking up I saw him standing there. "I thought you were going to be so busy?" I said to him as I let him in, and he answered with a laugh, "May people never change their minds between morning and night?"

He looked glad to come to us, and we, too, were glad. My father rose to meet him, calling out heartily, "You never come amiss, Harold!"

"I got lazy over my writing," Mr. Harold said. "I don't want to write to-night; I want to talk." And he sat down and talked. He and my father talked together for a long time—for more than an hour—till after sunset; and I listened to them, and was very happy. I have been learning some quaint old English songs these last few days, and I sang some

of them to Mr. Harold to-night for the first time. That was later in the evening. He liked them, and my father likes them too. They make him think, my father says, of the days when he was young. He began, after I had stopped singing, to talk about those past days, and to tell us stories of the time when he was a boy. We sat in the twilight by the open window. I liked him to tell those old stories to Mr. Harold.

We all went out into the garden together when Mr. Harold went away. "I'll come along with you," my father said; and then Mr. Harold said to me, "Come with us too." It was a clear warm summer night, so beautiful that we went all round the gardens before we turned into the avenue. My father smoked his pipe, and Mr. Harold and I walked side by side. At the gate, when he was shaking hands with us, he said, "We have had a very happy evening."

"Yes, we have,—we have," my father answered cordially, and laid his hand quickly for a moment upon Mr. Harold's shoulder, as if the sudden words had touched him.

I think, too, that they had, for presently, as we were walking back alone, he said to me abruptly, "If Harold were ever to leave Farnham we should find his absence make a great blank to us now."

I answered quickly, "Yes; but he will not go."

"Well, no," he replied, "he is not likely to go at present, but he may do it some day. He is too young a man yet for one to look upon him as settled here for life." And then, for a minute or two longer, he went on talking in the same way, and I said little more; but I think, as we walked on together, I longed, as I have never longed yet, to tell my father what Mr. Harold is to me. If I could have done it—if it had been possible to do it—if I could have said but two or three words to him, and then no more! But I could not. I could not have told him only half. If I had made him glad for one moment, I must have grieved him in the next. He could not understand it all as I understand it, nor feel as I feel. It is best as it is. The bitter part of it would mar all the sweet to him.

The night is so clear and bright that the trees against the sky make a dark sharp-cut line. Over Farnham it is all golden still where the sun went down—*my* Farnham, that God guards.

I give these few extracts; but the journal breaks off suddenly here.

It is with a strange feeling that we sometimes re-read the last words unconsciously written before some great sorrow comes to us—that we remember the last words that were lightly spoken. To Theresa it was a solemn thing in after days to look back upon this unfinished page of her journal,—a page that she had written with no apprehension that it would not be followed, as it had been preceded, by the record of other placid days, but which was *not* followed by *any* record; for after it there came a sudden blank.

She had parted from her father that night as usual, kissing him as he sat reading, and perhaps—from its very familiarity—scarcely noticing his last “God bless you,” as she went away. He generally sat up for some little time after she left him. To-night he said to her, “I don’t feel tired. I think I may as well get that letter written to Dallas before I go to bed.” (This was some letter of business.) So he left the drawing-room with her, and as she went up-stairs she saw him go in at his study door.

She was asleep at an early hour next morning when one of the servants called her name in a startled voice at her bedside, and told her that her father was ill. She sprang up, and would have hurried to his room, but the woman stopped her, saying in an agitated way that he was not there—that he had not been in bed—that he was in his study. Probably, as soon as Theresa heard that—before she saw him—she knew the whole. With a great cry of agony in her heart she ran down-stairs. The study door was standing open: there were people within the room; but every sound was hushed as they heard her step, and in the midst of the deep sudden silence she went in; and—leaning peacefully back in his arm-chair, as if he might have thrown his head back upon the pillow for a moment’s rest, and with a quiet smile upon his lips—she saw her father lying dead.

On the desk before him there was a packet of yellow letters, with the ribbon that had tied them lying by their side. One of them was open, as if he had been reading it when he died. That talk that he had had with Geoffry Harold and his daughter, which had sent his thoughts back to the old days when he was young, had influenced his last earthly act, for the letters were his wife’s love-letters that he had kept for five-and-twenty years.

He must have died quietly and instantly, without any pain or struggle. He had been a strong man, but of late he had been ailing occasionally, and had complained of something being wrong with the action of his

heart. His doctor had said it was not serious, but doctors sometimes err. Probably his last thought before death came was of that wife whose love had left him so many years ago; perhaps a vision of the face he might be so soon to see again made a light to him in the room before the lids closed for the last time over those kind tender eyes.

CHAPTER IX.

FOR several days, in many a house for ten or more miles round, Squire Thurston’s death was talked of. He was one of those men the loss of whom, in their especial parish, is looked on as a public calamity. As boy and man he had lived with little interruption all his life in Kynaston, and the place loved him. There had hardly been a man or a woman or a child in it for fifty years who had not had a kind feeling for him. The honest, honourable, large-natured Squire had made many a heart love him while he lived, and many a one mourned for him now.

They had loved him on the whole, perhaps, more than they had loved his daughter, but yet Theresa, too, had warm friends, and, however helpless she had been in her sorrow, she would have found it difficult to accept a tithe of the kind offers of assistance that poured in upon her during the days that succeeded her father’s death. But Theresa was not one of the women who become helpless in sudden trouble. Sharp as the blow had been—so sharp and terrible that it had stunned her for the moment—as soon as she recovered from the first shock of it she had strength enough to do everything that it was necessary for her to do.

During the first day or two she saw no one, except the clergyman and Geoffry Harold. By Mr. Harold’s advice she wrote to the nearest relation that her father had—a cousin living a couple of hundred miles away—and he lost no time in coming to the Manor House; but until he arrived, whatever arrangements had to be made about the funeral or any other matters, were made by Geoffry and Mr. Harding. The Squire’s intimacy with Mr. Harold was too well known to make any one surprised at this. If people wondered at all (as we like to wonder at our neighbours even when our hearts are fullest towards them of the milk of human kindness), it was only that Theresa, while she declined almost all other visits, should think of seeing Mr. Harold so often as she did. Of this the gossips—as they were sure to do—soon began to talk. “I hear he is there as often as two or three times in the day,” one would

say to another; "and, for a certainty, I know she saw him the first day long before even Mr. Harding knew what had happened. Of course he was the last person who had been with her poor dear father when he was alive, and so it is natural, too, in a sort of way; but still it does certainly seem a little odd. Unless, indeed, there really should be something between them after all—but that's such an old story—and it never has seemed to come to anything."

And so, half in condemnation, half in kind-

ness, they talked about her. But Theresa neither knew nor thought what they were saying, and during these sorrowful days she would have lost the only comfort that she had if she had substituted the sympathy that Mr. Harold gave her for any other sympathy. For she wanted help from no one else, but she wanted it from him. She turned to him instinctively in her grief, and his quiet, ceaseless kindness did more for her than all else in the world could have done. She clung to the lightest word he spoke to her during



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these days. She did whatever he told her to do. He was the only one to whom she appealed, or thought of appealing.

On the fourth day Mr. Verner, her father's cousin, came, and he came bringing his wife with him, whom Theresa had not invited, and of whom she knew nothing.

"I am sorry that he has done this; he had no right to do it," she said to herself, when she first heard of her guests' arrival; but when she met them her anger passed away, for Mrs. Verner at once went up to her, and looked into her face with a pair of sweet, kind eyes that pierced the girl's heart, and—

"My dear," she said, "I have come to you without being asked, and if you don't like me you shall send me home again; but I want you to do this thing for me—I want you to let me stay one day, and see if I can be any comfort to you."

And then she stayed; and on the morning when they laid the Squire to rest amongst his father's Theresa sat upon the ground, with her wet face upon her new friend's knees. "Yes, I am glad you have come; I thank you for coming; it does good to me to have you here," she said to Mrs. Verner that day.

She was a large-natured, compassionate, tender-hearted woman,—the kind of woman that Nature seems to make now and then on purpose to be a common mother to all those who are motherless. She was always doing good by natural instinct, and drawing sorrowful or lonely hearts towards her. She said to her husband the day after they reached the Manor House—

"I like that girl, and I should like to do something for her. If we could take her home with us for a month or two I think it would be a good thing. I don't know if she has ever given a thought yet as to how she is to live for the future; but whatever she may do presently, she ought not to be left alone in this great house just now. I'll try and get her to come to us, and then things can be settled deliberately."

"Very good, my dear; I think it would be an excellent plan," Mr. Verner replied.

But Theresa, when Mrs. Verner spoke to her next day, felt differently, and, sore at heart though she was, shrank instinctively from going away, and from the thought of seeing any new place.

"You are afraid that I shall break down?" she said to Mrs. Verner. "You need not be afraid; I shall not do that. Wherever I went I should be sad and spiritless just now; but I would rather be sad here than amongst strange faces." And at first Mrs. Verner could not persuade her to change her mind. But she thought that Theresa was wrong, and, thinking this, she would not give up her point.

"I will try to enlist Mr. Harold on my side," she said presently to herself. "I don't quite understand about this Mr. Harold; I can't clearly make out whether or not he is a lover, but he seems to have more influence over her than anybody else, and I think he is a sensible sort of man."

So the next time that she saw Mr. Harold, which was within a few hours, she spoke of him of her plan.

"I have been trying to persuade Theresa to come home with us for a little while, but she is very much disinclined to do it," she said to him. "Now, I wish you would take my side, and advise her to come to us. Don't you think it would be a good thing?"

"Yes, I think it would be a good thing," he answered, after a moment or two's consideration.

"Then will you say so to her?" she asked him. "I have not influence enough with her yet" (she said this very demurely, but I think as she spoke there was a touch

of natural feminine curiosity in her heart)—"I have not influence enough with her yet to make her do anything against her will, but I think she will do what she finds you advise."

"I will speak to her about it presently," Mr. Harold replied, not saying whether he thought she would do what he advised or not; and presently, accordingly, he spoke to her.

"Mrs. Verner has been telling me that she wants you to go home with her. Theresa, I think you ought to go," he said,

"Do you want me to go?" she asked him. Her eyes looked up into his face with a sudden pathos in them. She had been tried almost beyond her strength this week, and her lip quivered as she spoke.

"Yes, I want you to go," he answered. "I want it, because I think it will be too much for you to stay here alone. And I want it for another reason, too. I want us to be apart just now for a little while."

She looked a sudden, startled inquiry into his face, and then in silence two tears crept from beneath her eyelashes and fell upon her cheeks. She did not speak to him, but after a moment he answered her as if he had read the question in her eyes that she did not ask.

"You do not understand me?" he said. "No, I know you do not; but be content for a little while *not* to understand. Do what I ask simply because I ask it."

She made no more opposition after that.

"I will do whatever you like," she only said to him. And, presently, when Mrs. Verner and she were sitting together, she told her the simple truth.

"Mr. Harold says that I ought not to refuse your invitation," she told her, "and I have promised him to go with you, if you are really so good as to wish to take me back."

"I wish it with all my heart, my dear," Mrs. Verner cordially replied; and, as she spoke—"Now, I wonder how in the world he got her to promise that; I should like exceedingly to have heard what he said to her!" she thought inwardly to herself.

The Verners could only stay for a week at the Manor House; so at the week's end Theresa accompanied them home. On the last day before she went away she broke down more than she had done throughout the whole time since her father's death. Changed as her life was now, the roots of her heart were clinging about all that she had known so long, and her parting from the familiar things about her was a new pain

that cut her to the quick. "I feel as if my heart would break to come back again," she said to Mr. Harold before she went away.

He came to bid her good-bye the last night, and he took her out into the open air, and they went round and round the garden together. She was crying more than once, as she walked beside him, and her tears were very bitter. It was a hard hour indeed to both of them. The grave and passionless kindness of his common manner to her seemed not enough for her to-night. She did not know—she scarcely dreamt—how strong a self-restraint it needed on his part to treat her as he did.

He said to her at last, "Let me go now. It only makes it the harder the longer I stay."

And then he brought her back to the house, and they parted at the door. He only took her hand in his and said, "God bless you!"

She broke into a sob as he turned away, and went into the house and up to her room, crying bitterly. She had never felt until to-night as if she needed to be more to him than she already was. She thought how, if she had been his wife, they would have clung together, and not have parted at this time. "I have to go away from him," she thought to herself, "when I want him most. I see now how other women are happier than I am. The poorest woman living may have something that I cannot have."

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.

CHRIST who art above the sky,
Teach me how to live and die :—
God has sent me here to be,
Born of human kind like Thee :
Thou hast gone before me here ;
Make my pathway safe and clear.

Pure as snow from taint of wrong,
Thou hast felt temptation strong :
Thou wilt help me firm to stand
When the tempter is at hand :
Thou wilt turn my thoughts to Thee,
And the thought of sin will flee.

When I fall, my weakness spare ;
Saviour, save me from despair !
By the mercy-gate Thou art,
Vision of the Bleeding Heart !
If I kneel before the gate,
Thou wilt never cry, "Too late."

If I fall on evil days ;
If the hope of life delays ;
If my dear ones leave me lone ;
Be Thou here when they are gone :
Thou hast known what sorrow is ;
Thou wilt turn my tears to bliss.

So far off, and yet so near,
Fill me with Thy presence here !
By the love that brought Thee down,
By the ancient cross and crown,
Aid me here to live and die,
Christ who art above the sky.

F. T. PALGRAVE.



CONVALESCENT HOMES AND HOSPITALS.

THE remarkable movement to promote Convalescent Homes and Hospitals is of an extremely modern date. Some dozen years ago they were very little known, but at the present time their number is considerable, and is increasing. It has been discovered that our hospitals, with all their vast appliances, and with the highest medical and surgical ability of the day, had nevertheless serious hindrances and drawbacks. Sir James Y. Simpson showed how hospitals generated what has been called "Hospitalism," that under the same illnesses, while there was a tendency in private patients to recover, there was a tendency in hospital patients to die; that the very atmosphere of the wards was very frequently injurious to the health of all. Much is done to obviate these evils by the best sanitary contrivances, and where practicable, by the separate or cottage system. As a rule in the old days, when a cure was medically or surgically complete, the case was at an end. The after-history of the case was not traced; the patient was lost sight of. Now, as most of us know, by some measure of personal experience, convalescence from illness is a very trying and critical time. Although technically cured, the patient is supposed to have a clear bill of health, and to be out of the doctor's hands, often he is left in a feeble state of health, which may excite the recurrence of the complaint, or lead to the entire breaking-up of the general health. These obvious considerations have led many religious and philanthropic people to take an active share in the promotion of Convalescent Homes and Hospitals, and their benevolent efforts have been warmly seconded by the public at large, and especially by the medical profession.

It has always been recognised in private domestic life that the kindest thing possible towards an invalid rallying from disease was to procure an entire change of air and scene, and to surround such a one with kindness and comfort. We know a case in which a poor clergyman, thoroughly overworn with care and anxiety, was ordered to go and rest at the seaside. "You must go and take all your family with you," said a kind and very wealthy friend, "and in this envelope you will find a cheque that will frank you." Immensely to his astonishment, the poor parson found that the cheque was for five hundred pounds. But in many in-

stances, though the offering may not have been so munificent, the intention has not been less kind, and the self-denial may have been still more complete. This wonderful restorative agency of care and change, which once seemed limited to the middle and upper classes, is now increasingly brought within the range of the poor. The working man now often makes an income that impinges on what may be called the middle-class income, and he is in many cases learning to utilise his gains by calling in the aids and helps familiar to the class about him. And when he is still unable to do this for himself, religion and philanthropy are prepared to do ever so much for him. It is extremely interesting to watch the incubation of the idea of a convalescent hospital or home, and its gradual development. Sometimes it has been some grateful sufferer, mercifully raised up from a bed of suffering, who has been anxious to evince his gratitude, and afford to others the remedies that have proved so salutary. Sometimes such a good work has been undertaken to do pious honour to the memory of parent or friend. Sometimes a kindly mind, touched with heavenly compassion, has cast about for means of usefulness to its fellow-creatures, and has seen reason to devote itself to this the latest form of the practical work of the Christian spirit.

The scheme has frequently commenced in the most simple and rudimentary way. We know a lady who took a little house in a row of little houses, put in some plain furniture, told her London friends to send down a few poor people recovering from illness in the London alleys, and put in a decent, motherly woman to do what cooking and cleaning they could not very well do for themselves. Sometimes a country farmhouse has been taken, for the sake of the pure, exhilarating mountain air, and some good soul has gathered around her a colony of the faint and sick and poor. A garden is thought the first necessary adjunct. When it has been at the seaside, there has been an early investment in a bathing machine or a donkey and chaise. Such simple beginnings sometimes develop into a large and remarkable institution, with its organization and staff, its elaborate system, its gorgeous chapel, and architectural effects. All the great hospitals are unceasingly putting themselves *en rapport* with these convalescent institutions. The Brompton Hospital for Consumption was

enriched some time ago by an enormous bequest, left in a most unlikely kind of way by an old lady of eccentric and penurious habits. It has been conjectured that she had at one time procured admission as an in-patient or out-patient, and having derived great benefit showed her gratitude by conferring this splendid endowment. The committee of the Brompton Hospital had intended to open a convalescent hospital, but not being able to obtain possession of a site that would satisfy all their requirements, they have extended their present work by occupying some buildings just opposite their beautiful and spacious hospital buildings, which are now really famous. The want indicated is supplied by the large and growing mass of buildings known as the Ventnor Cottage Hospital for Consumption, which in some points of view may justly be regarded as a convalescent hospital. We have known persons removed there apparently in an advanced stage of pulmonary disease, who have experienced the delicious sensations of convalescence at the Ventnor Cottage Hospital. It may easily be imagined how the care and tenderness with which they are treated indoors, and the exquisite outward scenery with which these homes are so often surrounded, act in the most wonderful and invigorating manner upon the poor patient. Take some poor London boy or girl who has been working away in the slums and alleys of London, whose notions of the country have been limited to the Victoria Park or Greenwich Common, and transport them to some sheltered retreat by green pastures and still waters, by the sea or amid the hills, and give them an outer peace and repose to which they are altogether unaccustomed, and it is no wonder that the change appears to them to be something paradisaical. I was told the other day of a poor woman, who appeared peculiarly hard and callous, bursting into sudden tears when she observed the beauty of the scenes by which she was surrounded. One is sorry to think, sometimes, that the pleasant season of change is so soon over, and that the patient has to return perhaps to the sordid, unhealthy surroundings of the back streets. Still the effectual help is generally obtained which enables them to resume the battle of life. Under peculiar circumstances the duration of stay may be prolonged at the discretion of sensible committees, who do not insist upon inflexible rules, but modify them according to circumstances. It not unfrequently happens also, that a patient has secured a timely retreat,

and so another home opens for him before he has finished with the one he has. Practically, then, very few of the convalescent patients return into the world before they have achieved all the good which rest and care might do for them.

We have spoken of these institutions being intended for the poor, but sometimes highly-cultivated and well-born people are glad to embrace their advantages. Every medical attendant of homes and hospitals know that such people form an element in such places. In some cases provision is expressly made for the reception of a better class of patients. These will pay fifteen shillings, a guinea, or even thirty shillings a week. We have never heard of their being allowed to exceed this last sum. The diet is always the same, and the same grounds are open to all; but there are separate sitting-rooms and the bedrooms, such as those into which we have been permitted to peep, have quite a luxurious character.

The small institution of Seaford is an extremely interesting one. It was, we believe, the very earliest of the convalescent institutions. Seaford is a remote, lonely, out-of-the-world sort of place. The railway goes no farther. The place seems to be the end of all things. The recollection is still fondly cherished at Seaford, how one night a gentleman arrived there, slept in the small plain room, which is nevertheless the best, the next morning took his walks abroad, ascended the heights and made his observations, and was none else than Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington. It has one of the many Martello towers that stud the coast; and when it is necessary to pull them down it is found out how solidly they are made. Seaford is only a mile or two from Newhaven; but, so to speak, it is left stranded high and dry, and of the thousands that stream through Newhaven for the Continent, hardly any tourist seems to think it worth while to stray onwards to the old-world town. The salubrity of the place is very remarkable on account of the dry, pure air, and the equable atmosphere. It suits all except those in an advanced stage of consumption. In thirteen years there has only been one death. This fact attracted the notice of the Registrar-General, who desired that the district registrar should take a special note of the case for him. The authorities of this hospital have been strongly advised to migrate from this old-world, old-fashioned place to some more fashionable neighbourhood, where they would be more sure of support; and,

indeed, they need all the support they can receive. As they have been so successful with their cases, they do not like to make any change which might be a change for the worse. The good report of the institution has been attended by an increase of patients, which is not, however, met by an increase of subscribers. The patients are of a somewhat peculiar class. They are not so much the very poor as the class immediately above them, to whom a little assistance would be valuable; a class too often overlooked. A small payment—about five shillings a week—is made by each patient, and this enables them to retain their self-respect, and become self-reliant. It is a great feature about this institution, that though hard pressed, it has never been in debt, and has always had a small balance to show. They are now obliged to build as their lease has run out, and we wish them every success.

One of the most remarkable of the convalescent homes, which deserves to be best known but is least known, is the private establishment belonging to the Merchant Taylors' Company at Bognor. The London City companies possess enormous riches, but it cannot often happen that they distribute them so well and wisely as is done in this instance by this company. Perhaps the country at large would be all the better for the free ventilation of the subject of the income and expenditure of city companies. Some remarkable statistics might be given of the number of luncheons consumed, and of fees paid for attending the luncheons. The Merchant Taylors' Company have performed a generous deed which may be held up to the imitation and close competition of other London companies. In 1870 the company furnished a fine old mansion in Sussex, just three minutes' walk from the sea-shore, standing in seven acres of ground, with a large lawn well timbered, affording plenty of shade in summer. They make up thirty-five beds, which they contemplate increasing to fifty; but they cannot go beyond that number, as otherwise the home-like character of the retreat would be destroyed. Only men are admitted, of which we are rather glad, as the majority of the smaller homes seem limited to women. The object of the company is to perfect the work of the surgeon, by affording rest, good air, good food, and good care to poor men who, after surgical operations for accidents, are dismissed from the hospitals as cured. They accept a few other cases besides surgical—such as rheumatic fever, low fever, and

general debility. The remarkable feature about this institution is, that not only is no payment required, but no introduction is even necessary, and no certificates or characters are asked for. Men present themselves one day in the week at the company's hall, where they are examined by a medical attendant, and if they come under the description of convalescent—that is to say, do not require medical attendance, and are without wounds, unless so far healed that the patient can attend to them himself, the applicant is admitted in the order of vacancy and priority of application. Everything is done in the kindest way, for the company consider their patients their guests, and treat them royally. A gentleman who has been chairman of the committee, and has had to visit the Home every week, gives us some interesting particulars. "We give food of the very best description that can be bought—meat, the best joints, excellent new milk, bread the purest, and the best fresh butter. Our ambition is to renew the system, and produce bone and muscle. Our total cost, without counting original outlay, is £40 a bed per annum. It is wonderful to me to think that so many men, taken without the slightest knowledge of their characters, should turn out so well." They come for terms of from three to five weeks, but, of course, they can leave whenever they like before the expiration of the term; and if they do not conform to the rules the matron is empowered to dismiss them at once, without appealing to the company. Since July, 1870, about fifteen hundred patients have been admitted. Only some fifteen have been sent away, almost entirely for going to public-houses contrary to the rules. Of course, unless such rules were adopted, and stringently carried out, the whole character of such institutions would be altered and debased.

Many varieties of these institutions might be enumerated, each with its characteristic note. Thus there is one home at the seaside, which is entirely devoted to sick children. Another very interesting home is Mrs. Kitto's Home, situated at Bletchingly, where that lady and her friends receive poor people from the East-end of London for rest, good food, and pure air. Similarly the Countess of Ducie has a Home on Lord Ducie's estate at Tortworth, in Gloucestershire. At Shirehampton, near Bristol, just below the famous Penpole Point, which commands such magnificent views of the Avon, the Channel, and the Welsh Hills in the distance, there is a small Convalescent

Home, to which the Bristolians might be urged to give a more liberal measure of support. It only has six beds; it was originally started and maintained, as in so many similar instances, by a single individual; and as it has only been languidly supported since it exchanged an individual for a general support, it may be commended to any one who, like Howard, would tread an open but unfrequented path to immortality. At Eastbourne there is a Convalescent Home established and maintained by the numerous and wealthy congregation of the now famous church of All Saints. This receives nearly two thousand patients a year, although one of the wards is lost to patients, being used as a temporary chapel. It is sad to know that here, as in kindred institutions, many are rejected for want of space, and weeks often elapse before the nominated can find admission. This hospital is almost singular, in the fact that a subscriber's letter admits a patient free, and that it admits patients who are generally considered ineligible, namely, young children, and those who still require nursing or surgical care. The Bournemouth Sanatorium is a remarkable and well-known place, accommodating some forty consumptive patients; and still more recent and remarkable is the beautiful Convalescent Home, with its striking architecture, situated at the head of one of those romantic inlets for which the Hampshire coast is so famous. This was established in memory of the late Lord Herbert of Lea, and is conducted by a memorial committee; his widow, Lady Herbert, took the management, and the first stone was laid by his son, the Earl of Pembroke.

Then there are various convalescent homes that are open to the educated or "better" classes. There is an institution for "gentlewomen" at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, which admits convalescents, and also admits those who are seriously ill. Of course, a convalescent is liable to a relapse, and such cases are treated with great tenderness and consideration. The St. Raphael's Convalescent Home, at Torquay, is a very remarkable institution. It is not situated by the water-side below the hills, as would suit the hopeless pulmonary invalid, but is boldly placed on the height to catch the invigorating breezes from the moorlands and from the Channel. There is a very interesting history connected with this home. It had been planned by a private speculation, and was hardly rising two feet above the ground, when one afternoon it was seen by an individual, who at once dis-

covered that it was peculiarly fitted for a Home of this kind, and promptly secured. It has the noble hall and large rooms of the great palatial villas of Torquay, without any of the expensive ornamentation in which private residences rejoice. A kindly lady paid for the building and provided large sums for its maintenance; but eventually she went over to the Church of Rome, and her income having become materially reduced, whatever remained unexpended was returned to her. A medical man attends the institution constantly and gratuitously, according to the Good-Samaritan fashion prevalent among the members of such institutions; one of the sisters, as I can speak from practical experience, knows skilfully to dispense. The institution is under the management of the Sisters of St. John's of Clewer. They showed us all over it—the dining-room, I beg pardon, the refectory; the bedrooms, I again beg pardon, the cubicles. Some of these last, where the ladies pay a guinea or thirty shillings a week, are elegant and even luxurious, as large and well furnished as any in the Imperial Hotel. They all dine in common, but there are separate day-rooms for ladies, and for those who are not their social equals. One large room is beautifully decorated as a private chapel, where the service is performed daily by the chaplain of the institution. The chapel is not an exquisite structure like that of the parent institution of Clewer, nor yet like that of the House of Mercy at Bovey Tracey, some dozen miles from Torquay, but we have no doubt some such chapel will eventually be added. The institution appears to be doing a large, prosperous, and most benevolent work. All the visible signs of happiness and reviving health were around us, and those who support it might see at once the good which they were doing.

"You walk lame, sir," said the Lady Superiress to me, as I hobbled across the hall to my "midge," the peculiar vehicle of the Torquay hills. "Yes," I answered; "a new boot has broken the skin of the heel, and has quite lamed me." A look of the most good-natured kindness and concern was on her face, and an intimation was given to the Sister of the dispensary gift that she should attend to my hurt. In a moment the obnoxious boot was removed, bathing applied to the suffering heel, and the boot was sentenced to dismissal. Then a corset was adjusted and carefully bound up; and a slipper of somewhat ecclesiastical pattern was given me, and also its fellow.

that I might keep the pair as a *souvenir*. I was implored to take liniments with me. Nothing could exceed the grace and gladness of those two refined ladies, in being permitted to show this act of courtesy to the wayfarer, not for the sake of his unworthy self, but that they might indicate the character of one that would wash the feet of a disciple. I have reason to believe that they saved me from what might have been serious consequences; and I am sure that I would not exchange those slippers, which I design for an heirloom, with any pair of Wellingtons that might be offered in exchange.

Another small convalescent hospital of another kind, but connected with Torquay, that I visited was at Moreton-Hampstead, on the frontiers of the Dartmoor country. A kind-hearted Torquay physician was struck by the fact that the Torquay poor did not make such progress as might be expected in their beautiful climate. That climate, so admirably suited for consumptive patients, is found a great deal too relaxing for the natives. The soft cultivated seaboard country is girdled by an elevated region, that is swept by the keen bracing moorland breezes. It is remarkable within what slight a distance there are such varying climates in South Devonshire. The good doctor was satisfied that the change from relaxing air to the keen air was the one thing needed by his poor Torquay patients, and after his death his daughters honoured his memory by carrying out his designs. They found an old pleasant mansion, which they hired and furnished, and a kind lady-like body to superintend it. The place was just an old-fashioned house, with all the comforts and appointments of a gentleman's residence. The air is so keen and bracing, that it is thought best to shut it up in the depth of winter. The charge made for patients was only half-a-crown a week. The patients are limited to the county of Devonshire. Five months passed after it was opened and not a single patient made an appearance. Then they came in with a rush. It was necessary to put up more beds, and I am afraid that the necessary number of cubic feet was not preserved in the bedrooms. But in the summer the patients live almost entirely in the open air. The hospital is open to men and women alike, the women preponderating in number. They have all their meals together in a comfortable dining-room; the men seem to be unlimited in the important item of tobacco.

Many and most interesting are the details

that come out respecting the management and support of these institutions, evidencing touching self-denial and Christian love. Thus there is one convalescent hospital which has always refused to advertise its existence and its claims, and which is remarkable for the most economical management. I may be permitted to mention that this is the Dover Home. A kind lady was the foundress of the institution, and gave it an effectual start. The same lady, year by year, devotes the greater part of her income to its support. She also takes upon herself the offices of lady superintendent, secretary, housekeeper, head nurse; in short she delights in her work, and finds it to be her meat in doing the Father's will, in such loving-kindness and self-denial. The superintendent of a great London hospital writes to me: "I send usually from this hospital eighty or ninety patients annually to the Home, and they all express themselves as highly gratified with the care taken of them, and the manner in which they are fed. In fact it is the most popular home of any to which we send patients, possibly from the circumstance that both sexes are admitted, and Mrs. — allows them to meet at meals and at other times, under her own superintendence. A husband and wife, or a mother with a weak child or two, may also be accommodated at the Home in separate rooms, and it is made as much as possible a family party." These words indicate the true character of what such institutions ought to be. The convalescent hospital ought always, as far as possible, to be the convalescent home. Everything must be done to deprive it of that barracks character which is so soon acquired, and to make the tone of intercourse with the managers affectionate and familiar, rather than official.

It is astonishing how much depends on the matron in all these institutions. Nothing but a real love of the peculiar work could sustain a matron in all her arduous duties. In her soul there must brightly glow the love of God and the love of man. A friend who has had the best opportunities of closely watching such institutions, writes of the matron that the main good of the work carried on was due to her. "Her heart is in her work; she identifies herself with each patient, learns his history, amuses him when in health, and enters into his joys and sorrows. She always passes an hour or two with them in the evening, and reads aloud when they desire it. One evening in the week she obtains the assistance of a few

neighbours, and they have a musical entertainment. Another evening they have music and singing among themselves." We have ourselves had occasion to observe the absolute reverence and affection with which all the household regard the matron or mother of such an establishment. Many are the evidences of this. One girl writes thus to the matron of the institution at Weston-super-Mare: "I think so much of your happy home. Oh, how much I should like to come again to see your home! I miss the sweet and happy smiles you used to cast upon me. I never shall forget you. I hope I may be spared to visit you once more on earth. It seems to me but a dream that I have left you entirely. I think of you the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. My earnest prayer is for you and all dear to you. I cannot drown the sweet tones of your voice from my ears. I hope all the patients feel towards you as I did. I wish you all the love and gratitude and blessing that this world can afford." Another young lady, who is not equally gushing, writes in a style which, though not effusive, is perfectly satisfactory: "On arriving home I had a dose of the dumps, for I could not bear to part with you all. They all say at home that I am looking heaps better. My little sister says that I have grown as fat as a pudding. I feel so well and strong. I feel so different now I'm going back to school than I did when I left. I feel able to learn anything now."

Of course there are peculiar difficulties attending all these institutions. There is the clear distinction to be maintained between the convalescent home and the convalescent hospital, and again between the convalescent hospital and the ordinary hospital and infirmary. Although the distinction is clear enough, it is often lost sight of by the poor patients, and even those who recommend them. All these institutions, with only one or two exceptions, are unanimous in declining any cases that require an active medical or surgical treatment. There are institutions in numbers that deal with such cases, but they are entirely outside the province of convalescent institutions. These have not got the staff and the appliances for such cases; their functions and objects are altogether different. It is found that subscribers, with a right of nomination, fre-

quently send up patients of whom they have no personal knowledge, who are not convalescent, but, on the contrary, seriously ill. These poor people arrive at their destination in a distressing state of absolute illness, expecting and requiring continuous medical attendance and treatment. Sometimes they are so ill that they cannot be sent away, much as all the normal arrangements are disturbed by their presence; generally they are passed on to the other hospitals or returned to their homes. As one of the reports observes, "Every one is disappointed through such an error; first, the well-intending friend, who charitably procures a nomination under a misapprehension; secondly, the members of the society whose nominations and influence are used to no good purpose; thirdly, the patient who travels, it may be, a long way in sickness, deriving no benefit, but the reverse, and at a cost which is more serious when the power to earn wages is suspended." It is found necessary to adopt very stringent rules to prevent the recurrence of such cases. They devolve the cost of sending back such cases on the people who sent them, and they take care that all candidates are medically examined for admission before they present themselves at the gates. In the course of time the peculiar character and province of these institutions will be perfectly understood. It is gratifying to be able to add, that although we have freely indicated the great need that exists of continuous aid, yet they are all fairly prosperous, and the movement seems to be extending in various directions. We observe that an analogous kind of institution, called "The Rest," is being established in several places. There is abundant room for every phase of this kindly sort of institution. From the point of view of economy and public safety, it is a service to society to make its maimed and sickly members recruited, strong, and bread-earners once more, rather than that they should, in too frequent cases, drag on an existence burdensome to themselves and to the community. But there is a still higher point of view which could alone have enlisted the active effort, sympathy, and self-denial of so many brothers and sisters of mercy—the earnest, simple desire to follow the blessed steps of Him "who went about doing good."

AN INVITATION.

LISTEN, what do the breezes say,
Full of the breath of the sweet fresh hay?
"Come away!
Leave your work, and come and play,
Or make the hay!
Come away, come away!"

Listen, what do the thrushes say,
Thrushes and finches and wrens to-day?
"Come away!"
All the birds twitter of mirth and play,
So merry are they—
"Come away, come away!"



Look at the sunbeams how they play,
Chasing the shadows so madly to-day!
Come away!
Put all the books and the work away,
It is holiday,
Old Dame Nature's holiday.

XV—47

Are you then deif that you plod to-day
At common tasks while such messengers say,
"Come away?"
Oh, learn the worth of an idle day,
Come away, come away
Into the fields with the sweet fresh hay!

J. BESEMERES.

THE CONFLICT IN THE BERNESE JURA.

HAVING lately returned from a trip through the Bernese Jura, I think some notice of the politico-religious conflict going on there may interest some of our readers. Being desirous of fairly hearing both sides of the question, I felt myself fortunate, just before entering the Jura, in falling in with one of the most zealous of the revoked, or as, he said, he gloried in styling himself, exiled curés. I afterwards found he had taken an active lead in the affair throughout. His "exile," like that of many of his brethren, is not a far-off one. He freely moves about the rest of the Canton Berne, and makes his abode only a few miles from his old parish, just over the cantonal border, whence he can keep up constant written and frequent personal intercourse with as many of his old flock as wish to visit him, and avail themselves of his ministrations. Nor is he without the occasional excitement of a visit to his old parish—of course, in disguise. This also is the case with many of his brethren. Thus far, moreover, the large resources at the command of the "Pius Vereins," and other of the widely spread "Mission" associations of the Church of Rome appear to make up very fairly for the losses these clergy have sustained through deprivation of their benefices. I listened with deep interest to my friend's graphic and fervently-told story: he was unmistakably in earnest, and the facts he gave, showing the steps by which the affair has reached its present stage, I found fully confirmed by after-testimonies both oral and documentary. So, I could honestly assure him, I admired his conscientious adherence to his convictions, though wholly unable to share those convictions. For, I added, careful study of the principles on which he made it his boast to act,—those of the Syllabus and Encyclical, under the "infallible" guidance of "the old man eloquent" in the Vatican,—convinced me that no free constitutional government could admit such claims, on the part of a State-paid clergy, as, on his own showing, he or his brethren had advanced.

Few Englishmen, I think, could come to any other conclusion, on listening to this good priest's story, and reading the very strong, bold protests he and his fellow-clergy, as also their deposed bishop, addressed to the Berne Government, as well as to the Supreme Judicial Court of Appeal, which ultimately passed the sentence of revocation. My

friend was naturally proud of the fact that not one of the ninety-seven Jura clergy, who signed their joint protest to Government, had withdrawn his name, though remission of the revocation sentence was offered to all who, within fourteen days of its issue, would withdraw their signatures. Their brother-curé, in the city of Berne, apparently did not feel it his duty to join in the Protest, and he remains undisturbed at his post. I visited four chef-lieux, Porrentruy, Saignelegier, Delemont, and Lauffen, also some of the principal country parishes, and obtained information about others. In this way, I made personal acquaintance with more than half of the clergy recently placed in the Jura: these at present amount to twenty-two; twenty-eight will be shortly elected to the remaining vacant cures. By re-arranging parishes, it has been found that about fifty clergy may fairly be expected to do the duty formerly done by nearly double that number. Further, I was kindly furnished with information by a considerable number of laymen, in various positions, including some of the leading officials and others well qualified to form opinions—Liberal Catholics, Ultramontanes, and Protestant lookers-on. And, if I mention them last, I by no means value least the views expressed by earnest good women, on both sides;—for where religious, as well as patriotic, feelings are so deeply stirred, the women cannot fail to be profoundly influenced, and influence in their turn. These inquiries gave me two clear impressions: (1) That the Liberal Catholic party, in favour of the recent action of the Berne Government, and also of eventual Church Reformation, includes very real and important, though mingled, elements, and their movement gives good hopes for the future, notwithstanding the many grave obstacles with which, at present, it has to contend.

(2.) That the word "persecution" (which one often hears both in and out of Switzerland), applied to the conduct of the Berne Government, whether as regards the revoked clergy, or the Ursuline nuns sent away from Porrentruy, or the "Sisters," who will shortly have to follow them (from St. Urzanne and Saignelegier), is simply out of place—a misuse of language. Allow me to give a few details.

In three out of the four chef-lieux, the movement is fairly progressing. I spent a Sunday at Porrentruy, and one at Delemont.

In both those parish churches I found very respectable congregations. At Porrentruy, I had not expected to see so many ladies, evidently of the upper families, and well-dressed women, old and young. There were also a goodly number of girls and boys for catechism. The chanting was excellently performed by a choir of young men. In the morning, I counted more than two hundred persons going out of church. Several persons assured me that the congregation was not as full as usual, owing to summer absence of several families. The curé, Abbé Deramey, said the same of his catechetical classes: he has a hundred and thirty children on his list.

He has instituted a *Comité de Bienfaisance*, which includes some fifty ladies. I had the pleasure of meeting one of these ladies, an extremely intelligent person, her heart wholly in the movement, and full of confident hope for its future. She recounted her experience of the former religious conflict in the Jura, when a military occupation was necessary, and assured Abbé Deramey his difficulties now were not so great as then. I found it hopeless to get concordant estimates of the relative numbers of Ultramontanes and Liberal Catholics, beyond the broad fact, admitted by all alike, that the Ultramontanes are in a considerable majority, especially in the country districts, and notably in the Franches Montagnes. Otherwise, widely differing estimates are held by different persons. The publisher of the leading Ultramontane journal, *Le Pays*, estimated the Liberal Catholics at one-fifth of the population, but allowed the proportion to be greater in the towns. The official report on "The Causes, Course, and Present Condition of the Jurassian Church Conflict," recently published by the "Church Direction" department of the Berne Government, states that the last "Folk Vote" showed one-third of the population were not ultramontane, and that, on that account, it became needful for the Government provisionally to supply their religious needs by selecting and appointing new clergy. Most of the new clergy are instituted for six years; a few are temporarily placed, until the forthcoming elections. All will be elected only for six years, with capability of re-election; as is also the case in Canton Solcure. This term is fixed on as being that for which the State civil officials are also elected. For Porrentruy, the estimate I felt nearest the truth gave about one thousand Liberal Catholics, fifteen hundred Ultramontanes, and another fifteen hundred of what Irish priests call "not practical Catholics," indif-

ferent, in many cases free-thinkers, and heedless of their religion; politically, many of these vote, on public occasions, on the Liberal Catholic side. Persons placed outside the movement assured me it had steadily gained ground in the town. Two priests, who had not signed the Protest, regularly officiate for the Ultramontanes in Porrentruy. Their services are held in the court of a large house; the entrance opens on one of the principal streets. It was filled with a compact crowd; some twenty persons stood round the entrance, unable to get room inside; all were quiet and reverent. I thought the assembly larger than in the parish church; but it was not easy to judge.

At Delemont, the congregation in the parish church was, at least, as large as that at Porrentruy, the proportion of men larger; the day was very wet. There, the Ultramontanes worship in a temporary wooden church they have erected; it is neatly fitted up. They have no priest; their old curé is on the French frontier; he says mass at the same hour they assemble, and they "assist in intention." Their congregation, especially the number of women, was much larger than in the parish church. At Untervelier, just at the mouth of the picturesque gorge of Pichoux, is a fine cavern in the face of the bold cliffs which line the high road; this the Ultramontanes have fitted up as a temporary church; the "genius loci" there must tell impressively, I think. In the large country parishes of Courgenay and Cheveney I found the Liberal Catholic movement had gained a larger proportion of the population than in the two towns. The population appears pretty equally divided into one-third Liberal Catholics, one-third Ultramontanes, and one-third "neuters." In the country, there are comparatively few "indifferent," scarcely any "free-thinkers;" but everywhere I heard of and found "neuters," *i.e.*, persons who at present stand aloof from both sides, and frequent neither worship, are awaiting the ultimate issue of the struggle. Probably these will end by joining the winning side. Many are known to be more or less in favour of the Liberal Catholics, but have not courage to avow themselves; many are under pressure of social and material interests. In several other country parishes, in the districts of Porrentruy and Delemont, the movement is reported as making good progress. At St. Urzanne, I found the new curé a true good Samaritan; the evening I reached there he returned from starting on his way home an Italian railway

employé, whom he had kindly taken into his parsonage and nursed for five weeks, through a severe typhus fever. In that parish, as in others, the old *curé* before leaving had held a special service, and summoned the people, with candles in their hands, to swear before the altar to have nothing to do with his "intruding" successor; not to attend his services, nor listen to his teaching. Such an appeal and oath naturally tells on superstitious minds; but the people are beginning to feel such an oath ought not to bind them. The "Sisters" also have formed a powerful hindrance at St. Urzanne. They are French, not Swiss citizens; but the Government had entrusted them with the *obligatory* girls' school of the commune, and with a large house in which they also have boarders. They openly and vehemently opposed the Government and new *curé* in this conflict; turned children out of the school who went to the new *curé's* catechizing; refused him admission to give the religious instruction in the school required by law; got up processions and loud singings close to the church, to disturb his services. On one occasion, the parents of a poor girl, who died in their house, wished the new *curé* to bury her; thereupon the "Sisters" left her body outside, unattended, to be fetched by the friends and *curé*. Their overt acts of opposition have been so repeated, that the Government has given them notice to quit.

Thus, the school will pass into other hands, and a great obstacle be removed. The school committee are now in favour of the new *curé*. At Saignelegier, and throughout the Franches Montagnes district (with one notable exception), the opposition to the movement is strongest, and as yet most successful. Some special causes help to account for this. All agree that the Franches Montagnards are a remarkably vigorous, intelligent, hardy, strong-willed race; but their country had been too long neglected by Government; the roads were defective; some details given me reminded one of England's too long neglect of Ireland. Thus, the obstacles common to the rest of the Jura have been intensified there. The clergy, trained for the most part in French seminaries under Jesuit influence, were heart and soul in sympathy with their neighbouring French Ultramontane brethren. In this neglected district they had gained overweening influence, and their parishes were often, practically, little "states of the Church." The new *curé* of Saignelegier is a notable man; one can't move about the Jura, with-

out hearing the wildest stories of him and his revolver! Monsieur Bissey is a French priest, long resident in America, and a naturalised American citizen. Being in France, and hearing of the want of clergy in the Jura, he volunteered for the post of greatest difficulty and danger. The *Préfet* gave fair warning of the probable risks at Saignelegier. This decided *Curé* Bissey to take the post. He is a man of stalwart frame, determined look, and full of vigour. I could not help feeling Dickens would have been charmed to find such a bizarre character, and would not have forgotten to note that he lived on "Mount Terrible." The menaces and stones of a large crowd put his courage and steadfastness to the test, the first time he came out of church; his not large congregation fled in alarm, but he quietly stalked through unhurt. The *Préfet* summoned the *gendarmes*, and a further force was sent to the parish for a short time. Finding prowlers threatening his house at night, he wrote a characteristic, I must add rash, letter to the mayor—a strong Ultramontane—warning him that if any night-assailant fell under his revolver the mayor must be held responsible. He also fired twice into the air at night to frighten assailants away. This incident has, of course, sufficed for a plentiful crop of "revolver" stories. All is quiet now. However little the bulk of his parishioners relish his ministrations, all own his pluck and indefatigable discharge of his duties, and those who know him best gladly testify to his real kindness of heart. This parish furnished two or three incidents which showed me, in the strongest light, the difficulties and painful social divisions this conflict has evoked. I fell in with an Ultramontane innkeeper of the place on my way there. In reply to a remark that the Jura conflict was much talked of, both in and out of the country, he replied: "Ma foi! beaucoup trop, monsieur!" and his face was of rueful length as he went on to tell how the neighbours would no longer meet for a chat over a friendly glass in the inns. "I assure you," said he, looking very solemn, "a man needs to look well round the company now and see who his neighbours are, before he ventures to open his mouth freely." Another innkeeper is a Protestant, the only one there: the new *curé* went to his hotel for a few days, before the parsonage was ready; forthwith all his old Ultramontane customers deserted him. The innkeeper, however, is also the only veterinary surgeon in the neighbourhood, and as cows and horses would fall sick as heretofore,

the Ultramontanes were driven to get dispensations for his heretical services. A comical incident, which might have had graver consequences, occurred two days before I reached Saignelegier. A sick man sent for the ex-vicar, who lives just over the French frontier; he came disguised in blouse and straw hat, ministered in the house, and was returning, accompanied by some friends. Their somewhat indiscreet demonstration caught the eye of two gendarmes, who recognised the disguised vicar and gave chase. The young vicar proved a good runner and led them helter-skelter across country toward the river Doubs, which there forms the frontier. Just as they neared the bank one of his pursuers collared him; the ground was slippery and over they both rolled. The vicar rolled into the river, which is deep, and he could not swim; so, after clutching an overhanging branch, he was fain to let himself be dragged to terra firma by the gendarmes. The Doubs there is wholly French water, so the vicar quickly protested against this illegal recapture. The gendarmes, loth to lose their hard-won prisoner, carried him to the Préfet, who telegraphed for instructions, which at once were sent, directing the vicar's release, as his plea was good. So, his sympathizing friends escorted him in triumph, with a band of music, across the frontier again. I was glad to hear he was none the worse for his ducking.

This incident illustrates the state of matters on the border. Such a state, however, cannot go on very long. Already some of the revoked clergy are posted elsewhere, and the hopes they have all done their best to inspire into their old flocks of French intervention, if Henri V. or Napoléon should mount the throne, must be greatly dashed by recent events. Still, their persistent keen opposition, so near at hand, is a great obstacle at present. Throughout the Jura the social pressure brought to bear, through the skilful organization of the old clergy and "Pius Vereins," has been and is most stringent. "Instructions" have been found, and are in the hands of Government, urging the parishioners to "flee from the stranger priests—make a void, a complete void, around them and around those who favour them, visit them, and aid them to remain in our parishes." In the house of the ex-curé of Courfaivre, was found a correspondence urging the formation of an association such as the writer was taking part in. He says, "Try to make one like it, to render their life, if not impossible, at least

painful and intolerable to the intruders and their adherents." "Respecting their adherents, do not go at all to buy in their shops, nor to drink in their public-houses; give them no business, do not take them as workmen, &c." (Official Report of "Church Direction," p. 21.) Threatening letters have been freely sent to the new clergy. One curé I visited, on a Monday morning, had received one the day before, and read it from his pulpit. Generally speaking, though the best educated and most intelligent part of the population are among the Liberal Catholics, they are not the most wealthy. "L'argent ici est noir," was a remark I heard more than once. Very many workmen and peasants are under obligations for small loans; their Ultramontane creditors, or employers, hold them tight by this means. Where an influential employer is a Liberal Catholic, the result is favourable to the movement. This is the case in the parish of Soubey, the exception I spoke of in the Franches Montagnes. The most popular layman there is a leading master watchmaker: he has thrown his influence heartily on the side of the new curé, who also is a man of great tact and ability, and much liked; the result is the movement has gone forward rapidly in that parish. Thus far, the Ultramontanes appear to have been much more prompt in effective organization for bringing all their moral and material influences to bear on the working people and small dealers, &c., than the Liberal Catholics, some of whom are now anxious to concert measures for combating the "Pius Verein" pressure by all like fair means, such as loan and saving banks, &c.

In Lauffen, the chef-lieu of the German-speaking district of the Jura, the movement has made the most remarkable progress; the curé and the whole parish, with hardly an exception, have heartily thrown themselves into it. The curé, Dean Migy, had been for several years one of the staff of the upper school in Lauffen. On the death of the last curé, the parishioners unanimously desired Herr Migy to succeed him. The Bishop did his utmost to prevent his nomination, and for some time placed a monk as administrator of the parish; but the firmness and unanimity of the parishioners prevailed, and the Government nominated Pfarrer Migy. Hence, on the outbreak of this conflict, his flock followed him in rejecting the new Infallibility dogma, and in siding with the Government. The movement has progressed largely also in other parishes of that German-speaking district. But, as Soubey is exceptional in

the Franches Montagnes, so in this district one notable Ultramontane exception is found; the name of the parish escapes me, but Dean Migy assured me the unfortunate new curé, the "intruder," cannot get any of his flock to enter the church, nor can he move about his parish without the children hooting after him. Each locality seems to have its own special difficulties or advantages. Throughout Switzerland the German-speaking Old-Catholics have one element of strength which their French-speaking brethren as yet lack: viz., the German-speaking priests are native Swiss citizens; almost all the French-speaking priests are Frenchmen. The choice of new clergy for the Jura has been one of no little delicacy and difficulty; so far as I could venture to judge, it has been successfully performed, with the exception of one or two weak cases, as was almost inevitable in an arrangement of such urgency. For this both Government and people have been largely indebted to the prudent caution, tact, and experience of the Abbé Deramey, the respected curé-dean of Porrentruy, on whom the choice has mainly devolved. To Abbé Deramey also, in conjunction with a lay-representative of Government, has fallen the task of publicly introducing the new clergy to their flocks, and inducting them into the churches. The abbé is a doctor of the Sorbonne, and a theological writer of no mean attainments.

At present, no external changes or reforms have been made in the Jura church-services, such as Père Hyacinthe and his colleagues had introduced in Geneva. But all the Jura clergy are prepared for such reforms. They await the action of the forthcoming Synod of the Swiss National Reformed Catholic Church, and are ready to follow its decisions. Meantime, the only great step they are taking in this direction is the spread of the New Testament among their flocks. Already, Abbé Deramey has spread several hundred copies, and he and his brethren desire to extend this good work. Last Lent, several curés took a Gospel, and read out a portion every evening in church, so as to finish the reading of the whole book during that season. The reading was accompanied by short, simple comments. I felt it a hopeful omen for the movement when I left Abbé Deramey, at the entrance of the Normal Training College for Jura schoolmasters, with his Bible in his hand, going to give religious instruction from it to the students. The changed direction given to the Jura schools bids fair to be an important element of

strength to the Liberal Catholic movement, as it must also be a heavy loss to the Ultramontanes. The Catholic schools had been wholly under the influence of the old clergy. The Government regulations are the same for all the primary schools, Catholic and Protestant, in the Jura; the secular instruction is the same; but the religious instruction was carefully arranged for the respective schools of the "Reformed" and "Catholic" "confessions." Some simple historical bible-teaching, stories, biographies, &c., were entrusted to the school teachers; but the dogmatic teaching was entirely reserved for the clergy. In the Catholic schools the religious books used were sanctioned by the bishop, whose Diocesan Catechism was the dogmatic book.

All this, however, did not suffice the clergy, who did not scruple to set aside and violate the Government regulations at their will. The late Government inspector, himself a Liberal Catholic, assured me that during the last ten years he had repeatedly reported such infractions to head-quarters. The Government, however, avoided clashing with the clergy on this ground until the recent events occurred. Then Government ordered an extraordinary inspection, which fully verified such abuses, and clearly brought to light the very marked inferiority of the Catholic schools, as compared with the Protestant. I was struck with the concordant testimony to the fact of this inferiority, admitted on all hands. The one side had observed the law; the other had neglected and set it at naught. Now, in place of one inspector, Government has appointed three, to watch over its more careful observance for the future. From all I could learn by oral inquiry, and by reading a variety of documents, official and others, kindly furnished me by both sides, I could not resist the conclusion that nothing would really have satisfied the Jura Ultramontane clergy and their adherents short of an absolutely independent *imperium in imperio*, in which the ecclesiastical *imperium* should hold undisputed sway over all they could possibly claim as appertaining to the domain of faith, morals, and education. The limits of this domain they were fain to push throughout all relations of life, public, social, and domestic. In this conflict there may have been,—I think there has been,—a somewhat needless peremptory tone and manner of acting on the part of both Government and clergy alike; but at bottom the real principles and issue at stake appear perfectly clear and simple. Either the Ultramontanes, with their pre

tensions to regulate all in accordance with canon law, the Syllabus, and Encyclical, under Papal infallible guidance, or the Government, with its public right and common law, had to remain masters of the country. The issue could not remain doubtful when once fairly raised in a free constitutional country, like Switzerland. True it is that had France beaten Germany in the late war the

issue might not have been raised so soon or so decisively. In 1836 the Jura Ultramon- tans, backed by French diplomacy, fairly beat the Berne Government, and forced it to knock under. They doubtless counted upon a second victory now; but the Government may fairly think and say—

“Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.”

LEWIS M. HOGG.

LETTERS FROM H.M.S. CHALLENGER.

VIII.—TRISTAN D'ACUNHA—(concluded).

WE landed after breakfast, and proceeded to explore the strip along the shore. We were anxious to have reached the plateau, but the sea was breaking heavily on the weather-coast, and it was considered unsafe to land opposite the practicable ascent in a ship's boat. The hut was built to the extreme left of the strip, close to the water-fall, for the convenience of being near the bountiful supply of pure fresh water yielded by the stream. To the right, for about a quarter of a mile, the ground was broken and uneven,—an accumulation of debris from the cliff, covered with a close thicket of well-grown *Phytica arborea* tangled with long grass, and the low branches of the trees overgrown with moss and ferns, the most conspicuous of the latter the handsome *Lomaria robusta*, and the most abundant a spreading *Hymenophyllum* matted over the stones and stumps. The noddy (*Sterna stolidus*) builds loose nests of sticks and leaves in the trees, and the ground and the accumulations of moss and dead leaves among the fragments of rock, are honey-combed with the burrows of a grey petrel about the size of a pigeon, of a smaller petrel, and of *Prion vittatus*.

The holes of the larger petrel are like rabbit burrows, and those of the other two birds are smaller. They have the entrances usually more or less concealed, and it is odd to hear the chirping of the birds, old and young, muffled by the layer of soil above them all among one's feet. According to the Stoltenhoffs, the petrels come to the land in large numbers in the beginning of September, having previously been at sea fishing, when they pair and prepare the burrows for their nests. They disappear for a time in the beginning of October, and return early in November, when the female at once lays a single long shaped white egg, about the size of a duck's, in the burrow. The young are

hatched in the beginning of December. The full-grown bird has a rank taste, which is even communicated to the egg, but the young are good eating. The smaller petrel, a bluish grey bird, is not much larger than *Thalassidroma wilsoni*; it breeds in company with *Prion*, in old holes of the larger petrel or in smaller special burrows. The smaller petrel and the *Prion* fly chiefly at night or very early morning, and are called, at Tristan, “night-birds.” The egg of *Prion* is white, and about the size of a house-pigeon's.

After passing the wood the ground becomes more level, and here the Stoltenhoffs had made a clearing for a potato plot and a vegetable garden. It was a bad season for vegetables, but our blue-jackets carried off a boat-load of cabbages and radishes before the establishment was broken up. They likewise rifled a little hut in the garden, where a large supply of fresh penguins' eggs were stored. Many thrushes and finches were perching on the low trees about, and they were so tame that we had no difficulty in knocking down several with our sticks, to get uninjured specimens for stuffing. Both birds are constantly on the island; the thrush builds in the tussock-grass, a couple of feet from the ground, in the beginning of October, and lays usually two eggs—brown spots on a pale greenish ground, very like those of the common blackbird; the finch builds on the bushes and lays four to five eggs, very like those of the common canary.

Beyond the garden, the tussock-grass of the Tristan group, which is *Spartina arundinacea*, not *Dactylis cespitosa*, the well-known tussock-grass of the Falklands, forms a dense jungle. The root-clumps, or “tussocks,” are two or three feet in width and about a foot high, and the spaces between them one to two feet wide. The tuft of thick grass-stems—

seven or eight feet in height—rises strong and straight for a yard or so, and then the culms separate from one another and mingle with those of the neighbouring tussocks. This makes a brush very difficult to make one's way through, for the heads of grass are closely entangled together on a level with the face and chest. In this scrub one of the crested penguins, probably *Eudyptes chrysochoma*, called by the sealers in common with other species of the genus *Eudyptes*—the "rock-hopper," has established a rookery. From a great distance, even so far as the hut or the ship, one could hear an incessant noise like the barking of a myriad of dogs in all possible keys, and as we came near the place bands of penguins were seen constantly going and returning between the rookery and the sea. All at once, out at sea a hundred yards or so from the shore, the water is seen in motion, a dark red beak and sometimes a pair of eyes appearing now and then for a moment above the surface. The moving water approaches the shore in a wedge-shape, and with great rapidity a band of perhaps from three to four hundred penguins scramble out upon the stones, at once exchanging the vigorous and graceful movements and attitudes for which they are so remarkable while in the water for helpless and ungainly ones, tumbling over the stones, and apparently with difficulty assuming their normal position upright on their feet—which are set far back—and with their fin-like wings hanging in a useless kind of way at their sides. When they have got fairly out of the water, beyond the reach of the surf, they stand together for a few minutes drying and dressing themselves and talking loudly, apparently congratulating themselves on their safe landing, and then they scramble in a body over the stony beach—many falling and picking themselves up again with the help of their flappers on the way—and make straight for one particular gangway into the scrub, along which they waddle in regular order up to the rookery. In the meantime a party of about equal number appear from the rookery at the end of another of the paths. When they get out of the grass on to the beach, they all stop and talk and look about them, sometimes for three or four minutes. They then with one consent scuttle down over the stones into the water, and long lines of ripple radiating rapidly from their place of departure are the only indications that the birds are speeding out to sea. The tussock-brake, which in Inaccessible Island is perhaps four or five acres in extent, was alive

with penguins breeding. The nests are built of the stems and leaves of the *Phalaris*, in the spaces between the tussocks. They are two or three inches high, with a slight depression for the eggs, and about a foot in diameter. The gangways between the tussocks, along which penguins are constantly passing, are wet and slushy, and the tangled grass, the strong ammoniacal smell, and the deafening noise continually penetrated by loud separate sounds which have a startling resemblance to the human voice, make a walk through the rookery neither easy nor pleasant.

The penguin is thickly covered with the closest felting of down and feathers, except a longitudinal band, which in the female extends along the middle line of the lower part of the abdomen, and which, at all events in the breeding season, is without feathers. The bird seats herself almost upright upon the eggs, supported by the feet and the stiff feathers of the tail, the feathers of the abdomen drawn apart and the naked band directly applied to the eggs, doubtless with the object of bringing them into immediate contact with the source of warmth. The female and the male sit by turns; but the featherless space, if present, is not nearly so marked in the male. When they shift sitters they sidle up close together, and the change is made so rapidly that the eggs are scarcely uncovered for a moment. The young, which are hatched in about six weeks, are curious-looking little things covered with black down.

There seems to be little doubt that penguins properly belong to the sea, which they inhabit within moderate distances of the shore, and they only come to the land to breed and moult, and for the young to develop sufficiently to become independent. But all this takes so long that the birds are practically the greater part of their time about the shore. We have seen no reason as yet to question the old notion that their presence is an indication that land is not very far off.

Eudyptes chrysochoma is the only species found in the Tristan d'Acunha group. The males and females are of equal size, but the males may be readily distinguished by their stouter beaks. From the middle of April till the last week in July there are no penguins on Inaccessible Island. In the end of July the males begin to come ashore, at first in twos and threes, and then in larger numbers, all fat and in the best plumage and condition. They lie lazily about the shore for a

day or two, and then begin to prepare the nests. The females arrive in the middle of August, and repair at once to the tussock-brake. A fortnight later they lay two, rarely three, eggs, pale blue, very round in shape, and about the size of a turkey's egg. It is singular that one of the two eggs is almost constantly considerably larger than the other. The young are hatched in six weeks. One or other of the old birds now spends most of its time at sea, fishing, and the young are fed as in most sea-birds, from the crop of the parents. In December young and old leave the land, and remain at sea for about a fort-

night, after which the moulting season commences. They now spread themselves along the shore and about the cliffs, often climbing, in their uncouth way, into places which one would have imagined inaccessible to them. Early in April they all take their departure. The Stoltenhoffs witnessed this exodus on two occasions, and they say that on both it took place in a single night. In the evening the penguins were with them, in the morning they were gone.

There are three species of albatros on Inaccessible Island, the wandering albatros, *Diomedea exulans*; the mollymawk, which



Party of Rock-hoppers.—Inaccessible Island.

appears to be here, *D. chlororhyncha*, though the name is given by the sealers to different species—certainly farther south to *D. melanophrys*; and the piew, *D. fuliginosa*. About two hundred couples of the wandering albatros visit the island. They arrive and alight singly on the upper plateau early in December, and build a circular nest of grass and clay, about a foot high and two feet or so in diameter, in an open space free from tussock-grass, where the bird has room to expand his wonderful wings and rise into the air. The female lays one egg in the middle of January, about the size of a swan's, white with a band

of small brick-red spots round the wider end. The great albatros leaves the island in the month of July.

The mollymawk is a smaller bird, and builds a higher and narrower nest, also usually in the open, but sometimes among the brush and tussocks, in which case it has to make for an open space before it can rise in flight. It breeds a little earlier than the wandering albatros, and its eggs were just in season when we were at Tristan. *Diomedea fuliginosa* builds a low nest on the ledges of the cliffs.

The other common sea-birds on Inaccess-

sible are the sea-hen, here probably *Procellaria gigantea*, which is always on the island, and lays two eggs in October on the ground, and a beautiful delicately-coloured tern, *Sterna cassini*, white and pale grey with a black head and red coral feet and beak, which breeds in holes in the most inaccessible parts of the cliffs.

Inaccessible, like Tristan, has its "island hen," and it is one of my few regrets that we found it impossible to get a specimen of it. It is probably a *Gallinula*, but it is certainly a different species from the Tristan bird. It is only about a fourth the size, and it seems to be markedly different in appearance. The Stoltenhoffs were very familiar with it, and described it as being exactly like a black chicken two days old, the legs and beak black, the beak long and slender, the head small, the wings short and soft and useless for flight. It is common on the plateau, and runs like a partridge among the long grass and ferns, feeding upon insects and seeds. An "island hen" is also found on Gough Island; but the sealers think it is the same as the Tristan species.

Some of our party returned to the ship about mid-day, and we cruised round the island, the surveyors plotting in the coastline, and thus filling up a geographical blank, and in the afternoon we dredged in sixty and seventy-five fathoms.

We returned to the anchorage about seven o'clock, and the exploring parties came on board, the Germans accompanying them with all their gear. As we hove in sight of the hut a broad blaze shot up, followed by a dense volume of smoke, and in a few minutes the solitary human habitation on Inaccessible Island was reduced to a heap of ashes. I do not know whether the match was put to the dry straw of the thatch by accident or by design, but the Stoltenhoffs seemed to feel little regret at the destruction of their dwelling. They left the place with no very friendly feelings towards their Tristan neighbours, and had no wish to leave anything behind them which might be turned to their use.

Early on the morning of Friday, the 17th, we were off Nightingale Island, so named after the Dutch skipper who first reported it. The outline of this island is more varied than that of the other two, and its geological structure is somewhat different. Towards the north end there is a conical peak of a grey rudely columnar basaltic rock 1,105 feet high, and the southern portion of the island, which is more undulating, consists of bedded tuffs with included angular frag-

ments of dolerite, like the rocks above the settlement in Tristan. Near the south shore these softer rocks run up into a second lower ridge, and a low cliff bounds the island twenty or thirty feet high, with creeks here and there where boats can land through the surf. In the sea-cliff there are some large caves worn in the friable rock. These used to be the favourite haunts of the fur-seal and the sea-elephant; but these have been nearly exterminated, and the annual visit of the sealers from Tristan is rapidly reducing the small number which still come to the island in the pupping season.

The ship stopped off the east end of the island to land surveying and exploring parties at the foot of what looked at a distance like a gentle slope of meadow with some thickets of low trees, running up into the middle of the island, between the two elevations.

The party who landed found, however, that instead of a meadow the slope was a thick copse of tussock-grass,—and one mass of penguins. Struggling through the dense matted grass which reached above their heads, they could not see where they were going, and they could not move a step without crushing eggs or old or young birds. The crowds of penguins resenting the intrusion with all the vigour at their command, yelled and groaned and scrambled after their legs, and bit and pecked them with their strong sharp beaks till the blood came. What with the difficulty of forcing their way through the scrub, the impossibility of seeing a foot before them in the grass, the terrific noise which prevented shouts being heard, and the extraordinary sensation of being attacked about the legs by legions of invisible and unfamiliar enemies, some of the servants got nervous and bewildered. They lost their own masters, and were glad to join and stick to any one whom they were fortunate enough to find, and thus several of our explorers got separated from their apparatus, and some lost their luncheons.

Fortunately at five o'clock all our party returned in safety to the ship, save one,—a fine old setter answering to the name of "Boss," one of a brace we had on board for sporting purposes, got astray among the penguins. His voice, clamorous for a time in his bewilderment and fear and the torture he endured from the beaks of the penguins, was soon lost in the infernal uproar; and as the men had enough to do to look after their own safety, they were compelled reluctantly to leave him to his fate.

C. WYVILLE THOMSON.

THE HOME OF GLEN,

AUTHOR OF "WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE GRANGE FARM," ETC.

ABERFOYLE, that romantic district of "Rob Roy's country," rendered classic by the magic pen of Sir Walter Scott, though neither the birth-place of William Glen, nor the spot where he breathed his last, has nevertheless many interesting associations connected with his name.

It was here he often wandered in his youth, fishing in its streams, dreaming bright dreams on its heathery hills, singing of their beauty and grandeur, and courting in their shadow the pride of the neighbourhood, the fair Kate of Aberfoyle, winning the while the hearts of the peasantry; for though come "o' gentle bluid," he was the friend and favourite of all. Even when far away, beneath the glories of a tropical sky and amidst the balmy fragrance of foreign groves, memory recalled fondly the home he loved so well, and his thoughts often found utterance in song.

The "Howe" of Aberfoyle is watered by the Forth. Sometimes the river flows on smoothly, scarcely moving the branches and long grass that grow on its margin, and again, thundering and eddying round a nook, it sweeps over jagged rocks, carrying all before it "full brown flood," the very picture of a mountain stream.

Its banks are beautiful and varied, here steep and rugged, there smooth and grassy, but everywhere shaded by thickets of dwarf-oak, hazel, and the "bonny rowan tree," while mountains rise on either side, bold and peaked, the whole combined forming a pleasant contrast to the tame, uninteresting scenery but a few miles distant.

The lovely Loch Ard, "bright mirror set in rocky dell," lies in the mountain gorge of the river. The streaks of silver-sand on its shores, varied by tufts of feathered larches and dark, stiff holly, or thickets of black-thorn and bramble, which here and there touching the edge, cast dark shadows upon the generally unruffled surface of its waters.

The family from which Glen sprung was long one of importance in Renfrewshire, tracing its origin back as far as 1452, when it is said that one of his progenitors held the lands of Bar, Bridge-end, and Lyntchels, in the lordship of Paisley, from Robert, Abbot of that place.

In the latter part of last century, Alexander Glen, a Glasgow and Russian merchant,

married Jane, sister to the Rev. Dr. Burnes, minister of Renfrew; and William, the eldest of a family of three sons, was born in Queen Street, Glasgow, on the 14th of November, 1789.

In 1803 young Glen joined the corps of Glasgow volunteers as lieutenant, an appointment well suited to his taste, though he could not hold it long, owing to business engagements. He had entered a mercantile house, and was often forced to leave the country in connection with its affairs. Indeed, for a considerable period he resided altogether in one of the West Indian Islands.

In 1812, having met sore reverses of fortune, Glen withdrew completely from business, and, supported by the bounty of a relative, lived during the remainder of his life, almost constantly at Ranagour, a farm in the parish of Aberfoyle, with an uncle of his wife's, where he tried to forget his failures and disappointments amidst the wild beauties of the Forth and Loch Ard, and the grandeur of its mountains.

One cannot excuse or cease from regretting a life thus seemingly wasted in its prime. Had Glen forgotten that no new thing had befallen him, man being "born unto trouble as the sparks fly upwards?" Why, then, did he not rouse himself as thousands had done before, and begin to work anew? Or it might have nerved his arm if he had only remembered and acted upon the pithy Scotch saying which our forefathers carved so often over their doors: "He that tholes overcomes," meaning that he who bears the ills of life with patience and fortitude, remembering that sorrow is man's birthright, and who, though cast down, does not despair, but braced and strengthened by trials and disappointments, grasps his weapon more firmly and goes to the fight again.

Besides, Glen had others for whom he should have laboured. He had that Kate whom he had wooed beneath the shadow of the lofty Craigmore, and of whom he often said he "was not worthy;" and his child, with her winning ways and merry prattle, so dear to his heart. Strange and unaccountable it seems that one so young, only twenty-four, thus gave up in despair. In youth we step so quickly out of gloom into sunshine, and hope for the future is still so bright; yet what can we say? for thus it was William

Glen spent eight years of his prime, fishing and dreaming and making poetry, and, as it seems to us, wasting God's precious gifts of youth and time. But his wife excuses him by saying he was never strong, and that a bad cold caught when fishing sowed the seeds of that disease of which he afterwards died.

Glen was long remembered by the simple peasantry as one who sat by their hearths, sharing their joys and sorrows, and making the place vocal with the music of his songs and the sweet notes of his flute, with a spirit wonderfully free from bitterness or malice, and untinged by his own sorrow, which was sad enough to bear at times.

In all his troubles his wife was his kind and sympathizing companion, showing towards him, though often sorely tried, a depth of devotion not often equalled. After his patriotic ways became known he seldom spent an evening at home, yet she never received him save with a word of kindness.

His mother, though he was her favourite son, and, it was said, "thocht mair o' him than a' the rest," would sometimes say to her, "Ye're far ower gentle wi' him, Kate; if ye were like mony a wife ye wad ne'er put up wi' thae late hours. Ye should scold him weel: it would be better for ye baith." To which the wife would answer, "It would ill become me to scold him, and if he'll no tak a tellin' frae his mother, it's no likely he would frae his wife."

This forbearance and long-suffering often made him exclaim in sorrow and remorse, "Oh! Kate woman, ye deserved a better fate; I was no worthy o' ye."

On his return from one of these social meetings she said to him (and it was as harsh a word as ever she was heard to utter), "Oh! but ye're late, late, the night, Willie, man;" to which he laughingly replied, "Say rather early, woman, for the doos were peckin' on the stanes as I came along."

Yet Glen was not a dissipated man. He did not love drink for its own sake, but only for the sake of good fellowship; and he was an amusing companion over a tumbler of punch—witty and entertaining, with an un-failing fund of good humour. Late hours and hard drinking were the fashion of the times.

His parents and friends did not encourage or approve of the life he spent. They would rather have had him a steady and shrewd man of business, and doubtless they were right; for however it may be the fashion to decry homely virtues, there is no mistake that a combination of the finest qualities of manhood are needed to constitute such a man.

Glen does not seem to have possessed these necessary qualifications. He loved better to dine abroad and joke and make songs.

Even his mother disapproved of his love of poetry, though there lurked in her heart a certain pride in her gifted son—a flutter of satisfaction when strangers praised him; and yet she would hide these feelings from herself. It is the stern, Scotch way; concealment of emotion being deemed a virtue.

But these happier moods of Glen's refer to his earlier days, for one who knew him well in his later years at Aberfoyle, says of him that, though always kindly and interested in the people amongst whom he lived, he, was in general sad and depressed, and rarely brightened up to laugh and joke, except it might be in the inn parlour amongst his friends.

William Glen died of consumption, at the early age of thirty-one. He had been a decided invalid for two years, but six weeks before his death, feeling that his days on earth were numbered, he said to his wife—

"Kate, I would like to go back to Glasgow." (They had been living for a long time at Aberfoyle.)

"Why, Willie," she asked, "are ye no as well here?"

"It's no myself I'm thinking about," he answered. "It was of you, Kate, for I know well it is easier to take a living man there than a dead one."

So the sorrowful woman with her dying husband departed from the place, and the warm Highland hearts missed and mourned for him, forgetting his faults and remembering only his virtues.

Even in his most careless times Glen had always been a man who revered what was good and upright in the world or among his fellows. His wife said of him, "He could speak on politics, on the every-day things of life, had a gude memory for sermons, but, aboon a', loved and revered the *Book*, which he kent weel, an' though whiles he mightna' be a' I could hae wished, I had great comfort in his death;" and she added, "His friends, ye see, were a God-fearing race, and he was brought up to hear naething but what was gude in his father's house."

Every scrap of Glen's writings which tell of his feelings, doubtless of his sorrow for a life in a measure wasted, has been lost.

It is said that there was a MS. volume containing poetry, religious sentiments, and reflections, from which we might have gathered much of his inner life, written in the latter period of his days—this, too, we have failed to discover. Like his greater brother-poet,

Burns, Glen also had his noble and grand impulses gleaming out in sentiments of beauty and tenderness, which the world will never let die, while the man lapsed into depths of sin and weakness which brought its own punishment. Everything that the deepest affection, the most unwearying love could devise to alleviate suffering, was done for the poor invalid, and now, after the storms of a troubled life, "he sleeps well."

At the death of her husband, Mrs. Glen, like the Moabitish Ruth of old, left her own people and her father's house to be a daughter to his aged parents, drawn to them by the irresistible appeal, "Kate, ye'll come and be kind to us, as ye were to our own Willie." So faithfully did she perform this duty, that when they were on their dying beds the devoted woman nursed and tended them, till she often needed to grasp the post of the bed to keep herself from fainting from fatigue.

However little William Glen's name may now be known, it was once a household word in the city of his birth.

Some years after his death, when the anniversary of the battle of Vittoria was celebrated in the Glasgow theatre, and Glen's songs were to be sung in connection with the event, Mrs. Glen was persuaded by her friend, Mr. Sheridan Knowles, then one of the actors, to accompany him to the celebration.

When the performance was over, Mr. Knowles mentioned to one of the officers of the 71st Regiment, then quartered in Glasgow, that there was amongst them the widow of the man who had sung of their battles and their victories. The officer requested that he and his brother officers might be introduced to her; and so heartily did they receive her, and so warmly express their admiration for her husband's memory, that she was quite overcome, and was carried out almost fainting with suppressed emotion. The theatre was the old one in Queen Street, Glasgow, celebrated for its drop-scene by the famous painter, Nasmyth. The subject of the painting was the vale of the Clyde as seen from Dalnotter. Before the building was burnt down £500 had been offered, but was refused, for this which was really a much-admired work of art.

Glen's patriotic songs were often sung in that place, and one can imagine the effect of such stirring strains on a public audience in these war times, when every heart in the country beat in wild tumult to the call of the bugle and the roll of the drum, which sounded to arms across the seas.

Dr. Charles Rogers says that on one occasion Lord Lynedoch was in the theatre when his lordship's achievements, and the circumstances of his joining the army, were referred to in Glen's song. He was so moved that he burst into tears.

It was on a dull misty morning about the middle of June that we set out on our journey to Craigmuck to visit the widow and daughter of William Glen in their Highland home. After travelling some miles through a bleak and uninteresting country, we at length came in sight of the grand Highland mountains, catching glimpses of them through the thick pall of mist in which they were shrouded. Sometimes this mist, swaying with the wind, rent asunder, disclosing giant figures that fancy might have deemed wraiths of the sons of Fingal. Again it hung over the sides of the gorge in thin wreaths of golden vapour, through which the sun sought to penetrate, with its gauzy mantle covering every tree and rock in its path, then closing up in deep frowning darkness. It added much of awe and majesty to the scene.

At last the hills began to emerge out of the gloom, and showed us all their streaks of silver—the streams that "shine at the sun's outbreak"—while the dark and sweeping clouds had already begun to melt away. About a mile from Aberfoyle we reached a clachan called Milton, and upon inquiring there, found that since our way to Craigmuck consisted only of a foot-track across the hills, we should require a guide. As no boy about the place could be found to render us this service, a kind Highland woman volunteered her assistance. Our walk was anything but a comfortable one, for the moor (to which we were often afterwards driven), from the foot-track being filled with water, was like a sponge below our feet. Nevertheless, everything was new and strange, and our guide an interesting woman, a Macgregor, almost the last of the clan in the district. We forgot the discomfort in the novelty of the scene and circumstances in which we found ourselves placed, so different were the quietness and grandeur around us from the bustle of the city which we had so recently left.

The next day we saw the glen under a very different aspect when the sun shone out clear and bright. The black pall of mist had disappeared, and snow-white fleecy clouds moved slowly on and on in grand procession over the boundless sea of blue sky, casting tranquil shadows on the sides of the hills around, while the straggling fir-trees waved gracefully with the breeze which wafted to

us the lemon-like fragrance of the mountain fern and wild mint growing by the sides of the burns in our path—those burns which, with filled and freshened currents, sang merrily under the sun. At our feet bloomed sweetly, their leaves still glittering and twinkling with undried dew, the fringed bog-bean, golden asphodel and purple marsh violet, children of moss and moor; while overhead the lark filled the air with his song, mingling pleasantly with the whirr of the moorcock and the plaintive cry of the peasweet, which, in childhood, we associated with sorrow, for we used to repeat, when hearing it,—

“Peasweet, peasweet,
Harry my nest and gar me greet.”

But we return to our first day's experience. A little distance from the house whither we were going our guide bade us a courteous farewell, indignantly refusing any reward for her services; it was enough to her that we were strangers requiring assistance, and visitors to Craigmuck, the dwellers in which she seemed to view with much respect.

A small boy in kilts was herding two cows in the strath, and, having seen us approaching, ran to the house to warn its inmates, and Mrs. Glen came out immediately to bid us welcome. We found her a fine specimen of an old Highland lady—I say lady, for, though her manners were simple and her speech unpolished, she had a bearing that might have graced lordly halls, retaining also much of that beauty in age which in youth had caused her to be named “The Flower of Aberfoyle,” and which won poor Willie Glen's heart, making him sing in distant lands his “Farewell to Aberfoyle”—the “Kate” mentioned there being the “only love” for whom he sighed and pined.

I may here say that Mrs. and Miss Glen receive ten or eleven children, boys and girls, from the Glasgow city poorhouse, and train them up to occupy important situations in the world; so the widow and daughter of the poet lead no idle life.

Craigmuck is a prettily situated cottage at the top of the strath, with a pleasant cheer in the very air of the place—a healthy, homely cheer, for a busy spot is this house from “morn till dewy eve.” There is its little garden surrounded by its “dry stane dyke,” over which straggles the vine-like bramble, with its white flowers in summer and its rich black fruit in autumn—fruit that could almost rival the southern grapes. And that garden has to be dug and tended carefully. It must have rows of hardy vegetables, curling greens, smooth round cabbages, and

feathery-headed carrots, and beds, where, interspersed amongst gooseberry-bushes, are knots of humble flowers, candy-tuft, pink and white daisies, sweet-williams, &c., together with its plants of mint, southernwood, and thyme, a sprig of which, with a rose from the “bonnie briar-bush,” forms the nosegay of the children—a nosegay richer and fairer, to my fancy, than rarest exotics; for with the fragrance of its simple flowers return the thoughts of quiet country kirks and peaceful cottage homes.

Around the house the hills rise steep and grey, with here and there a “siller” saugh, or “rowan” tree dotting their rugged slopes, while below, emerging from a rift in the glen, the river rushes down, sometimes clear as amber, again a reaming flood. Dashing over a rock, it forms a beautiful waterfall, which catches golden gleams from the sun, and sapphire tints from the sky.

Within doors everything was plain, but wore an air of comfort and cleanliness. The kitchen, the family apartment, was low-roofed and dark, as far as daylight was concerned; but summer and winter a large fire burned in the ample chimney, glancing brightly on the dishes, which filled the shelves of the dresser opposite. The chairs were black with age, but clear and shining with careful polish, while the wooden floor, white with washing, was sprinkled with yellow sand. The parlour had its home-made carpet, and plain deal chairs. It had also its small cabinet, on which were placed a few ornaments of value, showing that the inmates had seen “better days.”

After our wet clothes had been changed, we were very happy to be seated round the tea-table where smoked a savory dish of ham and eggs. We soon forgot the hardships of the way, listening to the witty remarks of our kind hostess, and the intelligent conversation of her daughter.

Our beds, though hard, were spread with lily-white sheets, and we fell asleep, wearied after the fatigues of the day, the blessing of Mrs. Glen, “May the Almighty spread his wings over ye,” sounding in our ears, mingling pleasantly with the soothing rush of the river close by.

I awoke in the sweet fresh morning with the sunbeams streaming in through the panes of my small window, and what a lovely morning it was! The mist of the night before had vanished, and the mountains stood out calm and clear, bathed in golden light. The lark was on wing filling the air with his song, blending with the coo of the

cushat in the neighbouring wood. Already all was stir and life in and around the little dwelling; for the young folks knew nothing of idleness and *ennui*. Boys and girls, were all at work, some hoeing potatoes in the field, others attending to household matters, such as making the wholesome oatmeal porridge, the homely breakfast of most of the inmates, or sweeping and washing, as circumstances required.

In course of the talk of the evening before Mrs. Glen had told anecdotes of the children, and many an interesting and sorrowful tale we had heard of the crime and destitution with which Miss Glen had become familiar in her search after the lost lambs who had been, or now were, in her fold. Though these tales interested us much, I would rather have heard something of that husband and father so long dead, and of whose history the world knew so little, for few of those who sang his exquisite song, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," had ever heard his name. However, the first salutation of Mrs. Glen when we entered the parlour to breakfast, showed us our visit had not been in vain—"The Lord forgie ye, bairns," (and compared to her we were bairns) "for ye filled my heart sae fu' o' lang syne wi' your questions last night, that ye pat me frae my prayers."

Yes, we had touched a chord in that heart which had been buried in the dust of years, and the husband of her youth appeared again, just as he had been in his glad some prime, before disappointment and disease had cast their dark shadows over his young life and dimmed its lustre.

She told us how gallant and true he had been, how bright had been his eye, and how sunny his hair, and how proud she was of his wit and talent, while he in his turn had carried her off in triumph from her many lovers, a happy man; how pleased he was at her humour, and how he liked to show her off when friends *foregathered* at their social meetings. She had been famed for her dancing, and her husband used to say, when pressed to join the reel or strathspey, "Dinna ask me; go to Kate, she'll do it for us baith."

She repeated his songs, some of which had never been in print, making comments upon them as she went along. Of one of them "Inchory," she said, "It had affected him deeply to hear that the old tenant of Inchory had lost his lease, the family having occupied the farm for three hundred years, and he wrote the poem to give expression to his feelings.

INCHORY.

Fareweel, ye hills, ye braes, ye glens,
Ye towering wuds an' leafy dens,
Fareweel, ilk spot that memory kens,
Among the hentsis of Inchory.

Fareweel, ye hallan auld but dear,
Ye've sheltered a' our bairnhood year,
We'll never hae, we sairly fear,
A hame sae sweet as Inchory.

Fareweel, ye hills, fareweel, ye springs,
Ye glens where clear the blackbird sings,
An' wuds that wi' its music rings,
Among the hills o' Inchory.

Nae mair we'll stray the braes amang,
Nae mair we'll hear the blackbird's sang;
Nae mair in spring-time when it's thrang,
We'll guide the plough in Inchory.

A stranger, and a stranger's son,
They tend our flocks and till our grun',
A bauld intruder sits upon
Our father's seat in Inchory.

Then with a voice tremulous with emotion she repeated his "Farewell to Aberfoyle," which has been already published. Mrs. Glen also recited to us a few verses of one of his battle songs (they were all she could remember of it), telling us that it and the "Battle of Vittoria" were so popular in the Glasgow theatre that they were sung in it every night during the season, adding, "The folk never tired o' them."

THE BATTLE OF BAROSSA.

Shame, shame upon the ranks of Spain,
Shame motionless ye a' remain,
Spur on and fight to win your fame
This day upon Barossa.

Who'er their foes, the Scots won't fly,
They'll show to a', they'll do or die,
And well will sword and musket ply
Upon thy field, Barossa.

Our chieftain knew our Highland stuff,
And creed amid war's noises rough,
"Spare powder, give them steel enough,
My lads, upon Barossa."

Shout, shout ye heroes, swell ilk voice,
To them who made poor Spain rejoice,
Shout Wellington and Lynedoch, boys,
Vittoria and Barossa.

Like mountain streams down hills we swept,
While pibroch's wildest measure kept,
The foe fled fast, of glory stript,
The day was ours, Barossa.

Miss Glen's recollections of her father were scant, for she was only a few years old when he died; but she could recall like a dream the deep interest he took in her childish sayings, and one incident connected with him she well remembered. Having often occasion to pass the corner of a street where a poor negro used to beg a few coppers, being afraid of him because of his colour, she was wont to cry and hide her head in her mother's dress. Her father seeing this tried to wile her gently up to the man and give him a penny, until she gradually got the better of her fears, telling her she "should be kind

to the poor and helpless," a lesson she has never forgotten.

"Wae's me for Prince Charlie" is so well known and takes so high a place amongst Scottish songs, that it is hardly necessary to quote it, more particularly as it is to be found in most selections. Every line is well sus-

tained, and all are characterized by extreme simplicity and pathos. Reverence to fallen greatness too is shown in it, and a recognition of the ancient line of kings in that poor wanderer, when the poet says—

"I took my bonnet off my head."

Again how affecting the contrast between the



lot that the prince was entitled by birth to expect, and his present homeless condition:—

"On hills that are by right his ain,
He roves a lonely stranger."

And yet he—

"Whase hame should been a palace,
Row'd him in his Highland plaid,
Which covered him but sparely,
An' slept beneath a bush o' broom."

And then, these last lines, I wonder if any true Scotch man or woman could read them and the eye remain unwet by a tear of sympathy for the ill-fated Stuarts, underserving though they were:—

"A while it hovered on the wing,
Ere it departed fairly;
But weel I mind the fareweel strain
Was 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie.'"





“NOVANTIA.”

NOVANTIA :

INCLUDING THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF DAVID GROATS, GATEKEEPER.

CHAPTER XXV.



“P.S.—
We have
been
talking
here
once or
twice
about
I'll ta-
fend,
and
about
your
young
minister
and his
sister;
but
when I
was

asked about them, I was really obliged to confess that I could not even tell from what part of Australia they come. All that I could say was, that their father is a squatter there, and reported to be rich. Do you know the name of their place, or whereabouts it is?”

This postscript to Lady Best's first letter from Tintrae furnished Mrs. Hope with much material for reflection, besides what was supplied in the body of the epistle by names and accounts of people who were to fill the house at the time of her daughters' visit. Her reflections were not all of an agreeable kind.

“I really never thought of asking about these things, and I wonder why she, or rather they, should ask about them now. It is odd, is it not? I wish I could just ask Hetty her opinion. But that will have to be very cautiously done, if at all. I should like myself, I confess, to know a little more than I do about our young friends at the Abbey. We were happier, I think, after all, before they came, delightful as both of them are, every way. Somehow or other, since they came, we have not been free from trouble, but always out of one thing unpleasant into another. And always it is Mr. Francis this, and Mr. Francis that, and Mr. Francis the other thing—somebody or other always criticizing him, or differing with him, or displeased with him. It is very odd.”

“Is it all,” she continued, “I wonder, because people don't like the new school to which the minister belongs that there is so much said about him, and so much against him, too, or is there something we don't know of wrong somewhere?”

Mrs. Hope was burdened in spirit by the engagement she had come under to Lady Best not to tell her daughters of Mr. Richard Argall's matrimonial intentions respecting Hetty. She was strongly tempted, therefore, to let herself speak freely on all other subjects interesting to her and them. It was too much to have not one thing, but several things, on her mind with regard to which there must be silence or reserve between her and them—interesting things, too; and thus, though she judged it to be her duty not to show Lady Best's letter, she could not long refrain from advertizing to the postscript.

“Charlotte and the Argalls have been talking, it appears, about the minister and his sister, and want to know all about them—the name of their father's place, and all that. Do you know, Beatrice?”

“Yes, all about it. I am an Australian dictionary in spotted muslin. Why don't they write and ask me? Ask me where Packman's Seat is, and I'll tell you. I'll show it you on the map—at least where it ought to be. It is on the way to Nonernong, so is Croydon, so is Hurry-scurry (such horrible names, are they not?—why could they not take and buy a lot of good ones with their Australian gold?), and Nonernong is where old Mr. Francis lives, is it not, Hetty?”

“I wonder,” inquired Mrs. Hope, “whether he is really as rich as they say, and what sort of person he is?”

“I can answer that too,” said Beatrice. “I know him as well as I know Charlotte or Hetty. He has forty or fifty thousand sheep—eighty perhaps it is; those big numbers do confuse one, just like the solar system, which always gets into a mess when one tries to remember the distances of the planets from the sun and the earth. I wish my name was Norval, and I kept such a flock on the Grampian Hills. How much would they be worth at five or ten shillings a piece?—for that is the price of them there. Now there's a question for you, Hetty.”

“You know, dears,” said Mrs. Hope, anxious, after glancing at Hetty, not to be thought of too inquisitive a turn of mind—

"you know, dears, when one takes an interest in people, as we do in our minister and his sister, the next thing is to take an interest, too, in those belonging to them."

"Also," said Hetty, who was not as much soothed by the well-meant commonplace as she might have been, "when one dislikes people, and can't find anything to blame them for, the next thing is to see whether there are no relatives or connections or friends or namesakes of theirs against whom something could be said."

"Bessy says her father is so good and kind and gentle, and all that," interrupted Beatrice, "and I am sure he must be, only I have heard her say, too, that he is rather a sad sort of man—melancholy, don't you know? very likely because his wife is dead, and because he is rather an old man, though for all that he ought to be very happy."

"Why very happy?" inquired Mrs. Hope.

"Because he has Bessy for one of his family, and the minister for another, and both so nice—which of them is the nicest, Hetty, do you think?"

"I was sure of that," good Mrs. Hope affirmed, with an emphatic nod, for she was easily satisfied with a good report of any one, and though commonly cheerful herself, was much comforted and edified to think of old Mr. Francis's sadness and melancholy as probably signifying that he was a man affectionately mindful of his departed wife, and not forgetful of his latter end. "I was quite sure of it," she repeated, "quite sure of it. I wonder any one could doubt it."

"Who does doubt it, mamma?" Hetty asked, with emphatic intervals between her words. "Does Charlotte doubt it, or the Argalls, or who?"

"Well, you know, my dear," Mrs. Hope explained, "that was rather a stupid expression of mine, I confess. I do not mean to say that any one has doubts about our friends. Only, you know, these inquiries look as if Charlotte and the Argalls would like to know a little more about them, so as to have no doubts whatever."

"Has any one any right or any business to make these inquiries?" persisted Hetty, in the same hard, emphatic manner as before.

"No, no, my dear," Mrs. Hope hastened to allege on behalf of inquiring minds; "I don't mean that either. But it is natural, is it not? to wish to know as much as we can about people we are acquainted with. Charlotte, you know, is very particular about her friends and ours being well-

connected, and all that. She is great, you know, for people being of good family."

"Like the Argalls," said Beatrice, echoing the tone with which her mother had finished her explanations.

"I know what Charlotte means," frowned Hetty; "we are too high and lofty to have any acquaintance or friendship with people unless they have a pedigree to show like Sir Joseph's."

"That was a pedigree, was it not?" said Beatrice, with a ringing laugh, alluding to the fact of Sir Joseph having once employed a strolling genealogist from Edinburgh for a month at his house to trace his descent by means of the family papers, and of his having been forced by his wife to cut short the rogue's labours with a fifty pound note at the Norman Conquest, at which point he had just arrived, and beyond which he was prepared to go as far as might be wished in carrying back the honours of the Bests."

"It only shows," said Hetty, "what are Charlotte's notions of good family that she doubts whether the father of Miss Francis is a gentleman, for I suppose that is what she means. Even if her education and manners did not show it, there are little things about her which prove whether or not she can have been low-born. Any one who is not blind could see that. Does she not ride perfectly, Beatrice? You say she does."

"Yes," said Beatrice, with persistent candour, "but then Bessy herself says everybody rides, nobody thinks of walking, in Australia, on account of the heat. Horses are dog-cheap there too; so there's not much in that. I don't count upon that. You might as well say now, 'See how James Wright carries his head and shoulders when he is carrying a tray; that shows his father must have been butler to the queen.'"

"My dear," put in Mrs. Hope, troubled about Hetty's look and manner, and deprecating with sundry nods and frowns Beatrice's reckless levity, "I am sure you must be quite right. But Charlotte does not say the family are not respectable. She says nothing at all about them, I assure you. She knows nothing about them, in fact—I mean those in Australia—less than we do ourselves, though that is very little."

"It is not because she likes them she inquires about them, I fear," replied Hetty. "She would be quite satisfied with Bessy's friends if she were satisfied with Bessy herself. And she might well keep her mind at ease. We can surely judge something of parents from their children."

"Judge old Mr. Francis by young Mr. Francis," said Beatrice, carefully avoiding her mother's eye, "instead of judging an old man by his young daughter. Shall I do that for you, Hetty? Here is my judgment. The Rev. Henry Francis rides well, as well as Charles Romain; therefore his father is a peer, the same as Lord Layton. What is this Mr. Ogg calls this kind of argument?"

"Your habit of turning almost everything into ridicule is growing upon you, I fear, my dear," interposed Mrs. Hope, with a face of tremulous concern, a great part of which was owing to a strong temptation to smile. "That is the worst of you, Beatrice. I almost think, Hetty, you are too serious sometimes. It is not good for you to be quite so serious. But, Beatrice, you go too far, often, the other way—too far."

After which little lecture to both of her daughters, she addressed herself to the younger—

"It is quite true, however, my dear, that we may judge of old Mr. Francis pretty well by his son and daughter, and if we do so we may be sure he is a very excellent and amiable man, and a gentleman besides, and I do really hope he is as rich as they say."

"I did not say, mamma," rejoined Beatrice, "that we should judge old Mr. Francis that way, but that is the way Hetty judges. She likes Mr. Francis's style on horseback, you know. She talks of it often, and so she makes out that his father must be a gentleman, and I don't know what all. Isn't it so, Hetty?"

"All the same, Hetty," Beatrice continued, tempering judgment of Mr. Francis with mercy to her sister, "old Mr. Francis is a gentleman, for not to speak of the minister, Bessy is his daughter—and if she don't come here this forenoon I'll go to the Abbey after lunch."

Miss Hope's pleasure in the prospect of going to Tintrae was not increased by this conversation. It was never much. It had grown less and less. There had been times of late when it had changed to positive dislike. Beatrice, whose instinctive antipathy to the Argalls expressed itself with freedom and energy, was sorry to find the time approach for going to them, but it was only because her mother and Bessy were to be left behind. Otherwise she was happy at the thought of meeting a lot of gay people, in the gayest house in the county. She had lived quietly long enough to enjoy a little excitement. Hetty, however, though taking from her mother a tone of grateful feeling towards Mr. Argall and his family, found herself

growing more unhappy the nearer the time came for her to fulfil her engagement. She asked herself why, and was puzzled to find an answer. She was sorry to leave her mother, though it was only to be for a few days. It was the first time they had been separated for a year or two, yet this she felt was not all that came between her and ecstacy, at the prospect of leaving home. She would find Lady Best in the company of Mrs. Argall, and that conjunction would seem a sort of committee on certain persons and certain affairs they had no business with, and it would not be quite pleasant to see either of the two ladies under these circumstances. Yet neither was this the whole or sole cause of her growing dislike to the intended visit. It did not so much threaten to produce vexation or annoyance as to interrupt the only pleasure which she had known of late—to be left quite alone, and have leave to think and think without any one to ask what it was all about. She had spent much time in thinking, and, on the whole, started more questions than she had answered by thinking so much; still there seemed to be nothing for it but to continue the process and see what would come of it. The question of going or staying, however, was one the determination of which could not be indefinitely postponed. As to other things, possibly, she might take what time she pleased to make up her mind. But that question would not wait long for a reply. If she did not go, she would have to give some reason for not going. What reason could be given? Did she know herself? Could she tell what she knew or guessed? Had Rachel Carvie's talk, and talk like Rachel's, had anything to do with her present state of mind in regard to leaving Laighlea? for, as for going to Tintrae, it was all the same as going anywhere else one had no wish to be. Was it because Rachel's gossip stuck fast in her mind that she could spend hours alone, and wish society were abolished for the present, and duty, and pleasure, and occupation of every sort along with society? Was it because there was this to think of and debate, that she was so fond now of the melancholy company of the half-extinguished fire in her room at night? Was it because she felt that time would be wasted which could throw no light on this, that she was so averse to spend time anywhere but in one place? What would be thought and said, however, if she gave up the idea of going to Tintrae, and of course caused Beatrice to give up too? Mr. Francis was

at the bottom of it. People would perhaps say that. She was perplexed and saddened. It seemed a sort of providential indication of what she ought to do, and she was thankful for it accordingly—that her mother continued to urge her going as a duty which must be fulfilled.

Bessy did not come to lunch, but as Beatrice was getting ready to go and see why she did not, a note from her arrived, which, though brief, was calculated to produce a great sensation at Laighlea, for it intimated that her brother had gone off to London to arrange for both of them going by the first passenger ship to Australia, the mail having brought the news, not altogether unexpected, that their father was alarmingly ill. Beatrice was shocked, and darted out of her room to shock her mother, but in her haste dashing against her sister in the dull light of the corridor between their apartments, she stopped to take away Hetty's breath with the news, and then, with redoubled speed, flew on her errand.

"Nothing but marvels and surprises," said Mrs. Hope, quite out of breath, and sitting down to consider the situation. "Poor Miss Francis—and the minister, I am sorry for him—sorry for ourselves too, for, at any rate, no one preaches like him, and he will be a long time away from us. Only a few months here, too, altogether. What a lot of things have happened in that time, and mostly connected with him too!"

Hetty's eagerness to know more, if more was to be known, than Beatrice had told her, overcame her other feelings, and after going back to her own room for a few minutes, she glided into the library as Beatrice was saying—

"He will never come back, I believe. He does not like the place as he used to do. I am sure of that. How could he like it when people won't let him alone?"

"If it is his duty to come back, that would not prevent him, would it?" inquired Hetty, noticing the agitation of her mother and sister, and careful to repress her own. "Why should he care for people who won't let him alone, considering who they are who won't let him alone?"

"My dear, don't agitate yourself," said Mrs. Hope. "We must be calm and cool, and consider what is to be done, if anything—if anything. I see you are very much shocked—you are quite pale, my dear, and you, Beatrice, I declare you are quite flushed. We are all very much surprised and grieved. There is something very mysterious about it

all coming so suddenly upon us, and when we had not the least idea of it. We shall hear more about it, however, when Miss Francis comes—she says, does she not, that she will come to-morrow—no, in a day or two."

"I'll go and see her this afternoon," said Beatrice.

"And I too," said Hetty; "her brother being away, she must be terribly dull and sad."

"I fear she will be busy," Mrs. Hope suggested; "besides, she may not wish to see any one till she has had time to recover herself a little. It is a sad thing altogether."

"Sad for us, at any rate," said Beatrice.

"And yet," said Mrs. Hope, with some confused reference in her thoughts to Hetty's prospects in life—"and yet I suppose everything is for the best."

"But not in this life, surely," inquired Hetty, "and in regard to whatever one likes to think of or wish for?"

"I don't know as to that, but somehow or other I suppose everything must be for the best."

When Bessy came over to Laighlea, as she did in a few days, she appeared to her friends there much less afflicted and less agitated than they expected to find her. She was not exactly cheerful, but neither was she sad or silent. They were struck with her calmness. Her father's illness, on reflection, did not seem nearly so alarming to her as it did to her brother, whose feelings rather than her own had been reflected in the note she dispatched to Laighlea after his departure for London. She was sure it would soon pass over, as other illnesses of his had done before. Her concern about him, frantic for a moment, had abated rapidly, and now amounted only to a wish to lose no time in the matter of going back to him. Meantime, it was anything but painful or trying to spend an hour with friends with whom many happy hours had been spent, and talk over the past with them once more.

"He talks of giving up his charge," she said, in answer to a question of Mrs. Hope's as to what her brother had done or meant to do in regard to filling his place in his absence.

"You don't mean that!" exclaimed Beatrice. "Now, then, Hetty, did I not tell you he hated Braidarden, and would not come back?"

"He does not intend to stay at home," replied Bessy, "and I don't see, therefore, why he should give up his charge; but he has

done it or is going to do it. It is not, though, because he does not like the place, I am sure. But he will tell you his reasons himself when he comes to-morrow to say good-bye."

"It is terribly sudden," said Mrs. Hope; "we were not prepared for anything of the kind; not even for your going so soon, let alone your brother leaving us altogether. I can hardly believe it. And you talk of going at once. It is more like romance than reality."

"Only romance is pleasant," said Beatrice, "and this is just the reverse. I call this tragedy. You will come back though, will you not?"

"If Henry comes back I may, too, though not very likely. I fear I must stay at home for a long time to come; and, besides, it is not every day one can make a trip round the world."

"You remember our long rides with Mr. Fox, and Charles Romain, and Lady Mary, and all the rest?" inquired Beatrice.

Hetty glanced sideways at Bessy to see how she took this question. Their eyes met, and both directed their attention suddenly to the carpet.

"They are all over now," said Bessy, looking up and glancing at Hetty, who still kept her eyes on the ground.

"When you come back," said Beatrice, "as you will, as you must, next year, the Laytons will be here again, and we'll have those afternoon rides over again."

"Charles Romain is away for one," said Mrs. Hope. "You won't have him for some time."

Hetty looked up to take a sidelong glance again at Bessy, and found her engaged as before in the study of the carpet.

"But he'll be back in good time," said Beatrice.

"I fear," replied Bessy, rising to go, and betraying more agitation in her voice than she had shown before—"I fear I shall not be back next year, if ever."

"So we are all to part for ever—don't say so," said Beatrice.

"Not for ever, I hope," said Bessy, "that sounds too tragical and awful; but at any rate for the present."

"We say for ever," thought Hetty as, together with Beatrice, she accompanied Bessy to the door, and affectionately parted with her—"we say for ever, and it is more than we mean, and we don't mean it at all. But 'for the present,' that is sad, for we mean it, and we know that we have no future."

"I shall leave them some time to talk to each other, if they have anything to say"—this was Mrs. Hope's conclusion, after much anxious reflection on the subject of Hetty's feelings in regard to Mr. Francis, and of his towards her; and accordingly, when he came next day to say good-bye, he found Miss Hope alone in the library. Both were surprised—for Mrs. Hope had just left the room on hearing the bell ring—but Hetty was the less embarrassed of the two, though he had come with the express purpose to say good-bye, and to be signally cool in doing so.

"We were all so very much grieved and shocked to hear that you are going with your sister," she said, rising and advancing to meet him as he entered the room.

"I am very sorry to have to go—so abruptly—and on such an errand," he replied, vexed instead of being gratified by her cordiality.

"Yet not so sorry to go that you mean to return. Miss Francis told us yesterday of your intention to leave us altogether. But you really don't mean anything so unkind?"

"Should I find you here if I came back?" he asked, provoked into an immediate explosion, and looking at her with an expression which was meant to be polite, but which was actually hard and fierce, and caused her a slight shudder.

"For aught I know you should. We are going for a few days to Mr. Argall's, but only for a few days, and coming back here directly; after that we have no plans."

"No plans, thou incarnate hypocrisy!" was his first thought, and his second was—"If it is hypocrisy, it is like everything else about her, perfect and beautiful. Who could imagine that there were plans hid in those sweet open eyes, under those long lashes?"

"Was it possible," he asked himself, "there might be no truth in Mr. Fox's rumours after all?"

"Is Tintrae Castle at its best?" he inquired; "it is head-quarters for society, is it not, at this time of the year?"

"A great many people, I hear, are there already," she replied, "or are expected, and I am sure I wish heartily I for one were not going to swell the crowd."

"You don't like crowds, or you don't like Tintrae?" he asked in a dry manner, which was as irritating to her as it was foreign to him.

"I don't know whether it is the crowd or the place, or what it is, or whether it is anything at all; but I should rather not go just now."

"She cannot possibly mean it," was his ungenerous thought, all his suspicion, in spite of her sweet eyes and their long lashes, returning to his mind. "This is going too far; she cannot mean all this."

"You could not refuse to go, I suppose? You must go?" he said, with a frigid politeness, the sarcasm of which betrayed itself to her ear in the altered and unusual tone of voice.

"Without some better excuse than we have we could not decline to go, after having promised," said Hetty, wondering as well as grieved, and resolved not to think even his manner at fault.

"This is marvellous," he said to himself. "In this madness of hypocrisy what method there is! Could any one have fancied that so much deceit would escape observation even in the disguise of such a form? Yet I never dreamed of its existence till now."

"No, I fancy not," he said, with increased politeness and more rudeness.

Hetty was brought to despair. His manner and look painfully disturbed and even alarmed her. She quailed inwardly before those eyes of his. His remarks were riddles, which seemed to be understood only when they stung to the quick. Yet it was inconceivable that, coming to say good-bye, he should have come with the deliberate intention to give pain. What could he mean?

"You will change your mind, we all hope," she said, "and come back, after you have seen your father."

She did not care how it was taken; this was true, and she could say it on behalf of others with more earnestness than she could employ in speaking for herself alone.

"It is exceedingly kind of you to say so, Miss Hope," he answered, relaxing from his severity into a frame of mind in which pity for himself, as a miserable man, mingled with some tenderness for her as a frail and erring woman. "It is exceedingly good and kind of you," he repeated. "I ought not to forget this house and the kindness which I have received in it and from it, and it is a thing I shall not forget, I know."

"I hope you will change your mind before you go," she urged. "Lord Layton, I am sure, would be grieved and shocked, and so would the whole parish. You don't like us. You have not been long enough here to fall into our ways. Dear old Braidarden, you could not be expected to like it all at once, as we do, who were born in it and bred in it."

"I have reasons, Miss Hope, for not wish-

ing to come back, now that I must go—reasons beside those I could tell any one, and they are stronger, perhaps, than any."

"You could not tell them?"

"No."

"I am pretty sure they could be answered."

"I will tell you the first and the last of them," he said, walking away from her side towards the table in the middle of the room, and taking up the book which she had been reading, or pretending to read. "I will tell you, and if you are shocked, I cannot help it. I cannot go away and not speak. I came here to say good-bye, and no more; but that is impossible. Will you forgive me if I grieve you terribly?"

"Yes; only you won't need my forgiveness. What are your reasons?"

"You, and you alone. I know what presumption, and folly, and wicked selfishness it is to have worshipped you, even though I thought it was friendship, till that lie was worn to rags, and the truth had to be told—at least to myself; but worship you I did, and you are going now to this rich man's house to marry his son; and I am glad I am going far enough away to be sure—not that I shall be a long time away, but that I shall never return."

"Promise me," she said, rising hastily from her chair—"promise me you will come back. I hear mamma and Beatrice, and they will see something is wrong. I shall go and leave you with them." Saying which she crossed the room to be near the door, and have the advantage of the shadows of that corner of the apartment furthest from any of the windows.

Beatrice, who entered first, caught them in the act of whispering or kissing—so she afterwards maintained; but, at any rate, she was sure they both looked very guilty.

Mr. Francis was as guilty as he looked. His feelings, though confused, were decidedly criminal. How much or how little of what had passed he was at liberty to hint—what it exactly meant to himself—was one great confusion consisting of many parts. He did his best to return Beatrice's banter and to soothe Mrs. Hope's fevered mind; but his farewell to the two ladies was, on the whole, he felt, a poor affair, destitute of pathos, and certainly of dignity.

"He will come back, you will see, and Bessy along with him," said Beatrice, after his departure.

"What makes you say so?"

"Hetty went to her room—darted out

just as we came in—and has never returned. Do you suppose they parted for ever and ever, without good-bye, like that—those two—such friends as they were? Not they indeed! He would never come back—never! Ha, ha! And Hetty was so sorry for that! Ha, ha! They are a pair of cunning rogues and impostors, to be sure, and both of them so hard upon all of that sort, too.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. ARGALL, M.P., was standing at the bottom of the steps leading up to the front entrance to Tintrae Castle, waiting the arrival of a large party of friends, coming from Nickle-Jarvieston and some intermediate parts, by his splendid steam-yacht the *Semiramis*. The Rev. Mr. Nuckle, dressed, though a Latter-Day Saint, in High-Church costume, stood beside him, prepared to take his proper part as old friend, confidant, and occasional unpaid private chaplain, in the business of the day—to receive distinguished guests in such a way as to make their first impressions of the place agreeable. Mr. Nuckle was of gigantic stature, stout, sallow, oily, altogether to appearance a commonplace or even vulgar man, but with an unmistakable gleam of light, and also of kindness, in his grey eyes. His coat, though affecting style in its cut, was a trifle worn and greasy, as if the wearer, though a man of taste, did not wish to be thought rich, or else cared not if he was considered frugal. Mr. Argall, by contrast with his friend, was dressed with studious attention to quietness and commonplaceness. His black felt hat and light grey suit were such as his superior clerks affected, and members of the aristocracy, and even of the royal family, did not disdain. Mr. Nuckle displayed on one of his fat fingers a diamond ring, presented to him by his friend. Mr. Argall was careful to wear no jewellery, thinking that a man who is known to be a millionaire gains nothing by so meagre a display of his wealth. In other respects, more or less notable, the two men were contrasts to each other. Mr. Argall, with broad shoulders and spare, sinewy limbs, had a flat head with a projecting brow, which gave him a cavernous look about the eyes, while his mouth, though large, was rather a pleasing feature of an otherwise plain face. His clerical friend beside him, and in comparison with him, from the large bald head above to the large glittering boots below, seemed round and flaccid, and shining with oil.

It had somehow been a thing quite under-

stood on board the *Semiramis* since leaving Ribsand, at which she had called to pick up the Misses Hope, that something was on the *tapis* in which Mr. Richard Argall and Hetty were specially concerned. As the party alighted, therefore, and were met by Mr. Argall and Mr. Nuckle to be conducted up-stairs to the terrace in front of Tintrae, Hetty and her sister were foremost, and led the way, having been projected into that prominence by the general consent of their friends. Mr. Argall was gravely and demurely affectionate in his welcome to the sisters, as if his heart were too full to admit of his being more demonstrative at present, and pressing the hand of each a second and a third time, made them over to the care of Mr. Nuckle, who had already bowed to half-a-dozen old friends in the group, and who, before he had crossed the terrace, conveyed to Miss Hope the interesting information that her mother, Lady Sarah, was one of his oldest and dearest friends. He remembered her—for he was getting old—as quite a girl, then as ever fairest of the fair. It was at his friend, Lord Pitcomry's, he first had the honour and pleasure of meeting her. Those days, as he had said, were long past, and the men and women along with them that made them brilliant and memorable. No (after taking a stealthy and modestly hurried glance at Hetty), he was not sure that those days were altogether past, as long as daughters were in the habit of resembling their mothers.

While Mr. Nuckle thus led the way up to Tintrae, Mr. Argall was extending his welcome downwards and laterally, among his other guests, exchanging as he did so his grave demure manner for a jaunty and hearty one, as of a man who had never known happiness till now that he was clasping the hand of his large friend, Lord Gooz; and again that of the Right Hon. Ascog Sims; and once more, on a lower step, that of his Serene Highness the Prince of Meinigen-Deinigen.

“I say, Argall,” whispered young Lord Pitcomry, in response to the cordial welcome which he received, “that's a match, sure enough, and a capital match too—wish you joy. Mr. Richard's a very lucky fellow, I assure you.”

At which Mr. Argall's paternal countenance beamed with much pleasure, and endeavoured to express, but in vain, a considerable amount of surprise or mystery.

“Your voyage, I hope,” he said, “has been comfortable, though short. If matches

have been made, all the better ; glad always to assist in that way, your lordship knows."

Lady Best, who was still at Tintrae, was delighted with the accounts which she received of the latter part of the voyage of the *Semiramis*, and was prepared to be much better pleased with her cousins than she was on parting with them ; but notwithstanding this, she was surprised to find how much they were both changed for the better by a little society. Hetty in particular was delightful—quite her old self, pleased and ready to please. It was really creditable, both to her head and to her heart, that she had so well taken the friendly hints which it had been necessary to give her, and that in fact she appeared to have quite forgotten all about Mr. Francis and his affairs.

Lady Best was not altogether mistaken on this point. Hetty was wonderfully buoyant and like her old self again. She had presaged for herself nothing but dull misery at Tintrae, and now it seemed as if she could enjoy herself as much as any one in the crowded house.

"You don't like crowds, or you don't like Tintrae, which?" she said to herself, repeating Mr. Francis's words, and recalling, with altered and less painful sensations, the tone and look with which the question was asked. "Crowds are not so bad, nor Tintrae either ; it all depends upon one's mood. I don't wonder people like coming here, after all. It is not much of a home, to be sure ; but it is a very fine private hotel—amusing company, endless entertainment, freedom to do what you please ; all very good things in their way, and enjoyable—for a time."

She had not known till now, she felt, how changed and unhappy she had been for months past. Much was still doubtful and dark, left so even by that last amazing interview which had disclosed so much ; but for the present it was enough for a strange joy to think of what had been made sure and certain. By comparison with a moment of that parting, how miserable a time that was that had gone before !

Lady Best's delight in her cousin's improved behaviour went on increasing from hour to hour.

"When Hetty," she wrote to Mrs. Hope, "came into the drawing-room yesterday evening, there was quite what I call a grand sensation. It was a sight worth seeing. I wish some of those newspaper people, who are always picking up things to put in about the family here, and their visitors, had just been present to give a

description of the scene. It was really brilliant. Besides his Serene Highness, we have all the great people, I was going to say, in the country, staying here ; and they were all gathered in the room in groups, expecting, as I cannot but think, Hetty's first appearance. Pink silk always suits her, and most fortunately, though I had forgotten to give her a hint, it was that she wore. When she turned the marble pillar supporting the arch in the middle of the room, laughing and chatting with Mrs. Argall, and, like one of those clever actresses on the stage, throwing herself back, as she often does, from the waist, with so much grace, I never saw her look half so charming, and I could see that all eyes were turned to her, which, however, had no effect upon her, for she came on chatting and laughing to where I was sitting at the opposite side of the room, and began to talk just as if nobody but ourselves was present. She is a wonderful creature. You should really have seen her last night—it would have done you good ; though of course we should not forget that it is wrong to make an idol of any of our friends. At dinner she attracted, you may be sure, great attention, and the Right Hon. Ascog Sims, M.P., who was her partner, was quite delighted with her, as he afterwards himself assured me. He is of a very old family, very old ; and, besides, he is in the Government, and high up in it ; and it is just what you would expect, therefore, from such a man (but it was so pretty, I thought), what he said about her—it is not every one who can pay compliments like such a man—"Your cousin, Lady Best"—this was what he said—"has a perfectly superfluous stock of beauty ; for if she were plain, or even ugly, her conversational talents would make her one of the most charming women in existence." Was it not prettily said ? And what do you think of Hetty now ? I could not help telling her, though it is not right to flatter young people ; and she seemed very much pleased, though she turned it off with a laugh, and pretended she thought Mr. Sims a bit of a noodle."

A day or two afterwards, writing again to Mrs. Hope, Lady Best was in the same good-humour with her cousin.

"The Rev. Mr. Nuckle, Mr. Argall's great friend, is as much taken with Hetty as Mr. Sims, or any one. He is such a clever man, too ; I like him very much. We have had some very pleasant, and I hope improving, talks this year. I always knew that he was a clever man, but I did not know so well before how good he is. His goodness only comes

out, as it were by accident, in the course of one's talking with him. He is quite affected, do you know, when he speaks of some old friends of ours, whom he knew long ago. He had to wipe his eyes more than once when he was speaking of Aunt Sarah, yesterday—'fairest of the fair,' as he called her—and he says Hetty is her very image. The labour that he goes through, too, for the good

of the public, is something quite wonderful. Just now he is engaged in constant correspondence with both Houses of Parliament and with the Government in reference to the establishment of working men's baths and reading-rooms—surely a very good thing—and he has always something of that kind on hand, which causes him to spend the best part of the day in writing to influential people,



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among whom, by the way, he has the most extraordinarily extensive acquaintance. In the course of the last thirty years he has been, if I remember right, on thirty-five deputations to Government. And this is all in addition to his work as a minister in England, and without any reward except that of a good conscience. He is, too, a man of sound views in religion, as you might expect from

his age and great ability. What a treasure, I cannot help saying to myself sometimes, that man must be to dear Mr. Argall, with his enormous business and immense circle of acquaintance—too much for one man's shoulders. He knows everybody and everything. Mr. Argall, I believe, has only to refer to him about anything, and out comes the information he wants, as if from a

book. Is it not truly wonderful, what the human mind can accomplish?

"P.S.—It is one of Mr. Nuckle's sayings, 'Keep what is important in your letter out of it, and put it in a postscript.' Everything goes on as well as could be wished, so far. But I shall write you before anything is fixed."

In regard to her estimate of Mr. Nuckle, Beatrice Hope—to whom, as well as to her sister, he was most devoted in his attentions—was not quite at one with her cousin.

"I just hate that plausible Mr. Nuckle," she said to Hetty, when they were alone in the latter's room, "with his compliments to one's self and all one's relations, and the aristocracy in general, and his stories and anecdotes about everybody. Who cares for stories about everybody and everybody's uncle and grandfather?"

"He's a very nice man, and I believe he is a very clever man," said Hetty. "Besides, he was a friend of mamma's. Did you not hear him say that yesterday?"

"All humbug," replied Beatrice. "He is everybody's dearest friend on earth, and in heaven too. I heard him mention at least half-a-dozen people who were each his dearest friend on earth, while he was eating his salad."

"Poor Mr. Nuckle," laughed Hetty, throwing herself back from the waist in the way Lady Best admired; "he did not know, when he was talking to you, what a serpent he was warming to sting himself."

"Is Mr. Nuckle in the English Church? His coat is High Church. What is Mr. Argall's religion?" inquired Beatrice.

"I rather think," said Hetty, trying to piece together scraps of information which she had picked up here and there—"I rather think both of them were Saints once, but Mr. Argall is of our Church when he is here at Tintrae. Mr. Nuckle, however," she added, referring to one or two conversations she had with the Rev. gentleman, "is a man of broad and liberal views—wonderfully so, for an old man like him."

"All humbug, too, I should think," replied Beatrice.

It was quite true. Mr. Nuckle was invaluable as a friend. Though he was now more independent of their favour and support, and had long been intent upon loosening gently and gradually their hold upon him (without loosening his hold upon them), it was among Latter Day Saints (not the Mormon species, but another) and largely

through their aid, that the member for the Hempton and Flaxton burghs had got on as he had done in the world, both commercial and political; and no one being more prominent and influential in that section of society than Mr. Nuckle, to no one had Mr. Argall reason to be more grateful. Mr. Argall was not grateful, however; his gratitude, at least, was not nearly as great as it pleased his friend to imagine at times, when he was grieved and ashamed to think how excessive it was. In truth, from being a sort of patron to the member for the Hempton Burghs, Mr. Nuckle had insensibly declined into the position of humble friend and useful companion of the owner of Tintrae, and for his part accepted the change with gratitude, which, instead of giving, he might have claimed. It was his continued usefulness which attached Mr. Argall to his friend, and to which were owing his frequent and prolonged visits to Tintrae. On that large scale on which his political and social life was now conducted, Mr. Argall needed to have at his command more information as to persons, families, parties in Church and State, and a host of other subjects, than his early career had afforded him the chance of acquiring. Mr. Nuckle was a mine of this kind of information. He was a peerage and baronetage, a Church almanac, a political index, an universal genealogical tree, a cyclopædia of anecdote and biography, all in one. He was a Bodleian library of useful information—useful for Mr. Argall, M.P.—and it was on this account, above all, that he was exhibited at Tintrae as the dearest and most intimate friend of its illustrious owner.

Mr. Nuckle took every opportunity of conversing with Miss Hope, and, notwithstanding her sister's dislike of him, she, like Lady Best, and like most people who met him, found him a very agreeable person. She was amazed to think of what he knew, or rather of what he did not know, of everybody worth knowing. Then it was really true, though Beatrice scouted it, that his sentiments, for one not a Churchman or a youth, were liberal, and his sympathies broad.

"Your young minister, I hear, is an admirable preacher—admirable!" he said, pursing his mouth to look solemn, and directing his eyes, with the same intention, to the gravel on the terrace.

"We think him so," Hetty replied, glancing at him out of the corner of her eyes to see if he meant more than was said.

"And I suppose, like most young men—

and, in fact, like most of us, both young and old, nowadays—he does not preach the old stock commonplaces of the pulpit, worn out by our forefathers' grandfathers, but grapples with modern difficulties and modern ideas?"

"He is not old-fashioned, certainly," she replied cautiously.

"I am very sorry to hear that he is going away for a time, perhaps for good and all. You must feel that to be a loss, though of course you have not had much time to make acquaintance with him."

"We are intensely sorry he is going," Hetty said; "but he is coming back."

"Oh!" thought Mr. Nuckle, "Lady Best gets from your mother one account, and you have another to give—a later and more accurate edition. If it is that way the wind blows, it is better not to proceed further on this course."

He relaxed the purse-strings of his mouth, lifted his eyes from the terrace to admire the prospect in front, and in doing so released his companion from her embarrassment.

"You admire the view here, I daresay; it is very much admired by most who come here. It is not unlike Pitcomry, do you know, where I had the honour and pleasure of first meeting your sainted mother, Lady Sarah Merle, fairest of the fair. Tintrae, as you know, belonged to the Senacres, oldest family except your own in this quarter, but now very much decayed. It passed from them into the hands of old Lord Snares, and from him was bought by one whom I hope to live to see Baron or Earl Tintrae of Tintrae; certainly one who deserves, if ever it was deserved, the honour of a British peerage.

"I have sometimes," he continued, hardly allowing Hetty to express a cordial concurrence in his hopes of his friend's elevation to the peerage—"I have sometimes seen such an honour bestowed where it might just as well have been withheld—where, for example, as in the cases of Baron Megrim and the Earl of Harvie, there was no one to inherit it, or, still more in cases, like some that have occurred in my time, where it has descended, or must descend, to some one too poor to maintain it decently, or too stupid and foolish to be saved by it from contempt; but in this case, fortunately, there is everything that could be wished, for I have often said that, of all his vast possessions, Mr. Argall is happiest in the possession of his house."

To which proposition, uttered with much

fervour and not without pathos, Hetty assented with so much readiness and heartiness that somehow Mr. Nuckle was put out, and cut short his eulogy of Mr. Argall's possessions.

Mr. Argall himself was careful not to boast of his possessions or of anything else. He had no need to do so. He was certain it was bad policy to do so. Modesty, he was sure, was the best policy for a man whose policy has been successful. Honesty, however, had been his policy, and to that fact he could not help alluding at odd times. He valued that in others; he wished to lay claim to that, if to anything meritorious, for himself. In the course of a somewhat varied life, he had tried at least to be, in a plain way, straightforward and upright, and any little success he had obtained was simply owing to that; but to prove his uprightness to the world he was not so absurd as to consider it necessary to take off his grey wig and exhibit his bald pate, or carry his artificial teeth occasionally about in his hand. He had common sense as well as common honesty. It was enough to be sincere and honest in one's general plans and purposes, without considering whether every word that one spoke could be proved in its literal sense; and in this commonsense way he took the opportunity, towards the end of her stay at Tintrae, to be polite, with an extra flourish, to Miss Hope.

"I should have liked we had been more alone, so as to have seen more of you; but we are here for so short a time, and so many of one's city friends are going about at this season, that the house is seldom less full than it is now."

"We have enjoyed ourselves very much, I assure you," said Hetty.

"I hope you have; but so many people being with us, we have had little of your society, compared with what we might have had, if we had been fortunate enough to be alone. However, I hope it may be different another time."

"It is exceedingly kind of you to say so," said Hetty, with an involuntary sigh, with which there mingled the reflection that another time, in this case, meant a year, and that there was no saying what might happen in a year; and also the feeling that she had already exhausted her capacity for living a gay life, and wished again to be quiet, and have leisure to think her own thoughts, some old and some new.

"It is a great honour as well as great pleasure you have done us by coming, for

we know how devoted you are to home life and its duties," said Mr. Argall.

"I should have liked to show you," he went on, "if you had stayed just a little longer—I hope you will be induced to do that yet—I should have liked to show you one or two little things we have been doing for the improvement of the place here—religious and moral improvement I mean. Of course we are not to let our left hand know what our right hand doeth, but then you are so much interested and engaged, I know, in good works of every kind, that I fancy it would please you just to see the little efforts we are making here, and besides we should be much the better of your advice."

"Oh, Mr. Argall," said Hetty, laughing heartily, "I should like indeed to give advice of that kind, just to feel for once what it is to be awfully wise and good. I assure you my doing good is on the smallest possible scale."

Mr. Argall deprecated, with an incredulous smile and some head-shaking, the idea of Hetty's good works being inconsiderable, and then proceeded to allude to his own modest merits on that score.

"Time, with us who are engaged in business, is so much occupied that the most we can do often for the good cause is to help others who are toiling in it with a little pecuniary aid. You have read, I dare say, a sermon by that great preacher of ours, preached before the Court, and called 'Religion in Common Life.' That sermon, I should say, must have been a great comfort to many who, like myself, are engaged in business pursuits, showing, as it does very clearly, that we may be diligent in our business and yet fervent in spirit—that, in fact, to labour honestly is to pray. That is a great comfort to think of, for it is in that way mostly, if at all, that religion is possible for us. 'Religion in Common Life'—a capital idea, is it not?"

Hetty agreed that it was a capital idea, and allowed Mr. Argall, who had still something on his mind, to proceed.

"There is our Sunday-school, however, with fifty children in it—that's one of the little efforts we are making. We have started a clothing society too; that is managed by my wife, with the assistance of my son, who is also superintending the building of a mission station in the parish; and, in short, for the little time we are here, we are trying to do what little good we can, and I should have liked, as I said, you had been able to see it; but another time your stay will be longer."

"If you must go, however," he added, "you will go back as you came—by sea?"

"By no means, Mr. Argall; we have arranged with mamma about that; and it is far too much trouble to take with us, to get up steam again in the *Semiramis*."

"My son, it appears, has made up his mind on that point; and I am sorry to say I am no longer his master, or able to control him—though I should hardly say I am sorry either, for he generally does what I should wish. He will go with you and see you safely landed, and perhaps you will kindly excuse me not going, seeing we have so many people still here. We consider ourselves responsible for you till you are seated in your phaeton at Ribsand."

"Pray be good enough, and oblige us all," replied Hetty, with much concern, "and ask Mr. Argall not to think of such a thing. You will be good enough to send us over to Gorton, and thence we shall easily find our way home."

"You don't dislike the voyage, do you?" he asked.

"Oh, no, but we would rather go home from Gorton, as that was arranged before we left."

"If that is all the difficulty," said Mr. Argall, "I am afraid Richard will not see much in it, though anxious enough to please both you and me."

It was Mr. Richard's intention—perhaps a suggestion of some volume for railway reading—to make known to Miss Hope the state of his feelings towards her in the larger of the two conservatories, which, with the triumphal arch connecting them, formed the grand entrance to the gardens. His idea was to pluck a flower, geranium or camellia, and with that offer his devoted heart, and (in prospect) all Tintrae and all belonging to it. He had little or no doubt as to the result. His course in life had been smooth, and had shown him that all things were possible, if they were expedient. He had a smiling, or rather giggling and fawning, manner; the head held deferentially a little to one side, as it might be wisdom inclining towards the side of compassion; and by this manner very well expressed his character, for while he intimated by it a condescending intention to listen to all you might have to say, he also signified that, considering the difference between your intellect and his own, he would probably have to keep to or recur to his own opinion after all. There had been doubts in his mind at one time, not as to the possibility, but as to the expe-

diency, of marrying Miss Hope. With all her beauty and grace, she lacked one thing which it would have been very desirable she should have possessed—viz., title. Doubt upon this point, however, if it still had a lingering effect upon his mind, only heightened his calm and smiling confidence, as, in prospect and in imagination, he plucked his geranium or camellia in the large conservatory.

Hetty was surprised, and confessed guilt in her manner and look, to find herself alone with Mr. Richard Argall, the bevy of ladies with whom she had entered the conservatory having all mysteriously disappeared. It was to marry the rich man's son that she had arranged to come to Tintrae. Had the moment come when it was to be shown whether or not that was her errand?

Mr. Argall, smiling and deferential, noticed the change in her look, and liked it. It was natural under the circumstances, and formed the proper preamble to what was to follow.

"I have waited for the chance of seeing you alone."

"Me!" said Hetty, starting back from him with a face of astonishment, and something very like anger.

"Yes, you," he said, following her as she retreated into one of the side galleries of the conservatory; "and I thought I was not going to have a chance at all. Will you wear this flower to-day for my sake?"

The roses on Hetty's cheeks paled and faded as fast as they had bloomed. Here was a perfectly histrionic lover, with his smiling air, his geranium, and measured tones, as unlike another lover once seen as imagination could have conceived. Suspicions slumbering in her mind awoke. Not Mr. Argall alone, but a conspiracy had to be answered.

"Pray be good enough to let me pass," she faltered, or rather gasped. "This is a mistake, if it is serious, and means anything. A strange mistake."

Mr. Argall was so much astonished at her look and tone of voice, and understood both so well, that he retreated in confusion a step or two, with his flower in his hand, looked at her—his head held to one side—with a ghastly, instead of his usual self-complacent, smile, and could only helplessly repeat after her some of her words.

"A mistake, a strange mistake; you don't mean that surely?"

"Yes, Mr. Argall," she said, pressing forward to pass him. "It is a mistake, and I wish very much you had not made it."

"Mistake," he repeated again. "There is no mistake whatever, I assure you. I was never more serious in all my life than at this moment. I was never so serious, in fact."

"I am all the more sorry, then," said Hetty.

"You do not understand me," he proceeded, trying to clear up the mistake, if there was one. "I am asking you if you will be my wife. That is what I meant."

"If that is what you mean," she replied, "and if you are serious, I am very sorry. But it is impossible. Nothing is so impossible."

She advanced once more to make her escape from the material trap in which she was caught, but was prevented by her lover, who stood his ground, blocking the way, and in whose mind, though he still tried to smile, doubts as to the advantage of marrying her had received a still more fatal blow than hopes. There was no doubt about all this being earnest. She really did decline, sharply too, his proffered hand. It was astounding. But it was significant too. It showed that he was not mistaken in the estimate which he had formed of her. She was worth having, beyond doubt, if she could be caught.

"Will you accept this flower," he said, resolute to gain his point at once if he could, nothing doubtful that he would gain it eventually.

"No, Mr. Argall. You do me a great honour. I know that. But I have told you the truth. It is impossible."

He saw that it was useless to block the way further at present. Stunned by the shock to his pride, and only distinctly conscious of the fact that what was so mortifying to himself must be made known to others, in an absent manner, he stuck the flower intended for Miss Hope in his coat, and followed her out of the conservatory.

On board the *Semiramis*, however, as she steamed her way to Ribsand with Hetty and her sister on board, he had recovered his spirits. He could not, after reflection, imagine that her refusal was final, and since it was revokable, and certain to be revoked, it was in fact well it had been given; it positively pleased him to think of it, for it assured him conclusively that in the offer which he had made of his heart, he had not thrown it away recklessly.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SOLOMON GRIFFEN had begun to employ his leisure time in the office of Major McSumph, in writing an account of the

Popular Rising at Crawfoot in the —— year of his late despotic Majesty—a task which he was the more willing to undertake that in some narratives of the affair which he had seen published, his own part in it had been grossly misrepresented, and in one instance the suggestion thrown out that he escaped being taken in the act of rebellion on the occasion on which his confederates were seized, in consequence of his being purposely late of arriving on the field of action. An old translation of Sallust, which he had picked up, and to the perusal of which he had been drawn by the attractive title, “The Conspiracy of Catiline,” furnished him from the first chapter of the Jugurthine War (into which he had also dipped after finishing Catiline) with hints for a powerful preface, into which he was throwing his whole intellectual and moral force. The general complaint against complaining of human nature with which the chapter opens, was a point with respect to which he was not quite at one with the historian, and there were other matters in what follows on which he had criticisms to offer—especially the large sphere assigned to intellect and virtue in the conduct of public affairs (Sallust was here led astray by his imagination, or else his times were different from some later times)—but the caustic and withering allusions to political schemers and place-hunters were touches of the classical pen which, to the mind of the modern observer of political affairs, needed no vouchers for their fidelity. Mr. Griffen was so deeply absorbed in his task, his emendations of Sallust so engrossed him, that when the office door was hastily opened, as it was by Mr. Compt of Melbourne, M.P. for Croydon, who had just arrived by the afternoon coach, he was much flustered, and instead of quietly restoring his book and papers to his desk, and turning the key in the lock (his custom when he happened to be interrupted), he hurriedly and awkwardly attempted to cover them with blotting-paper, and in the attempt knocked them over on the floor.

“You have had some transactions with the Francis family in Nonernong? You do business for them, don’t you?” Mr. Compt asked, after greeting the clerk in a familiar manner, and making some inquiries as to the Major’s health and present whereabouts.

The Major, not content with his municipal honours, aspired to be a member of the Legislature—Upper House—and with that view had been engaged (as Mr. Compt knew) in canvassing for some weeks in the district of Wady-Wady, leaving Solomon, who

was now partner in the legal department, to manage the whole business of the office.

“They were clients of ours at one time,” said Mr. Griffen, slowly executing a half-turn on his seat, so as to present his “noticeable” profile, and direct one eye to his visitor—in which attitude, what with his large hooked nose, heavy eyelid, and side-long glance, he bore a curious and laughable resemblance, as Mr. Compt thought, to a venerable and studious cockatoo. “At least,” he explained, clearing his throat, “we had people of that name as clients at one time.”

Mr. Compt at first declined the seat which was offered to him, but he sat down now, having probably changed his mind as to the length of time it would require to pursue his inquiries.

“You have nothing to do with them at all now?” he asked.

“Yes and no,” said Solomon, sticking his pen behind his ear, as if settling to a task of some duration or difficulty. “I cannot say we have nothing to do with them. I cannot say we have anything to do with them. All I can say is, we have nothing to do with them as clients.”

“You have not split with them, and taken up the other side, have you?”

“Is there any particular process to which you refer?” inquired Solomon. “We are not in the habit, as you will be aware,” he explained, with grave candour, “of giving information respecting our clients, or people who have been our clients, unless there is occasion. You have an interest, a beneficiary interest, I presume, in the property of the family?”

“Not the very least in the world, I assure you, Mr. Griffen,” said Mr. Compt, curbing with difficulty his inclination to laugh outright. “I will be quite frank and candid with you, and tell you ‘all and whole’ my reason for asking about them. It is simply this—one of our English correspondents, a great man at home, and well known here, M.P. and all that, asks us if we know the family, and being here at any rate, and having heard you had dealings with them, I thought I should ask for any information you have to give.”

“So you see you are quite safe and won’t betray any professional trust,” he added, smiling, in spite of himself, at the wisdom of Solomon’s countenance.

“Quite so,” thought Mr. Griffen. “There is some deep underhand design in view in one great man at home getting inquiries made, and another great (small) man here making

them for him. The meaning of this frankness is very obvious."

In this reflection of Mr. Griffen's, the feeling which expressed itself was not merely one of habitual suspicion and distrust of mankind. Since fate had thrown him into the position in which he was, of being concerned in the administration of justice, or at any rate the practice of law, he was strong for justice. To his mind there was a capital distinction—made capital by his early experience—between an offence against a corrupt government, and an offence against the law of the land, between treason and every other form of felony. It was a distinction which besides being manifest, was very much in his own favour, and in proportion as it was so he allowed his mind to dwell upon it with the effect of continually heightening his own estimation of himself as a sinner whose very sins were of the nature of virtue, and of making him regard all other offenders with increasing severity. The management of the Major's relations with the Francis family being now almost entirely left to him, and these involving considerable things in the way of property, he was not altogether free from the influence of covetousness in managing them as he did. But his desire to thwart wrong-doing, and to see that it did not go undetected or unpunished, however underhand its methods were, was a stronger desire still, especially as it was stimulated in this instance by the conviction that there never was such a scoundrel as Jeremiah Tippett must be, considering how he boasted of his honesty, and how he prated of the constitution and law, and justice and equity. Besides distrust of human nature, there was in Solomon's mind an alert conscientiousness to make him cautious of accepting and responding to his visitor's confidences. He was pretty sure there was an intention to catch him in a trap, and by means of some potent, sinister influence, working outside of the sphere of law, to obstruct the course of justice in a matter confided to him.

"We have some correspondence going on still with the parties you refer to," he said, "and therefore, without consulting with Mr. McSumph, it would be improper for me to give you any information."

"Are they wealthy?" persisted Mr. Compt, highly diverted by Solomon's reticence, and caring little whether he got anything out of him or not.

"Times are bad, as you know, for the squatters these last two dry years, and their property, whatever its value was, must be

very much depreciated, I should think. Besides, there is a question of title. I may tell you that, at least, though I am very sorry I cannot say more."

"In that case," said Mr. Compt laughing, "if there is a question of title, good-bye to the rent and the stock too. It will take a lot of fleeces to line the lawyers' pockets."

"One of them is a lawyer himself," said Solomon, showing his teeth a little—"at least, if he is not one of themselves, he has all the management of the property in his hands."

"So much the worse for the property, I should say, Mr. Griffen, eh? A lawyer in the family, and a question of title! Fluke and scab together would be nothing to that, or half a dozen dry years either."

Mr. Compt, obliged to prolong his visitation of his constituents for a few days, had the opportunity of congratulating Major McSumph on his return to Croydon as member for Wady-Wady, and he did so the more heartily, that he thought it possible the Major might be found to be less close and impenetrable than his partner in regard to other things.

"It is a great victory you have gained," he said, "and you may well be a proud man to-day. It is a victory for Government, too, and still more for us squatters, considering the questions that are to come up in your House shortly."

"It is," replied the Major; it is a very great victory for us and the Government, and a very great blow for the opposition too."

"A very great blow," he repeated, shutting his small eyes under his capacious forehead, as if in deep and solemn meditation. "A very great blow, and it was good for them to get it too, telling all the lies and stories they did about myself all the time, and printing them in their papers every day, as if a person was not a public man since ten years or more ago, and my character very well known to everybody."

"There is far too much personal abuse going in our politics," said Mr. Compt. "However, you are in, Major, and can afford to laugh. You will have to make arrangements about business here. Rather awkward, that. By-the-bye, I was talking the other day to your partner, Mr. Griffen, about a family who I understand were clients of yours at one time; perhaps you could tell me something about them. They have friends in England, who make inquiries about them; one of them a correspondent of our firm. I mean the Francis family up here."

The Major was under peremptory instructions from his partner to keep his own counsel with regard to this family; but in spite of his dull irritation at the scurrilous tactics of the opposition, he was much humanised by his success, and disposed to be complacent, and besides being anxious to cultivate friendship with his visitor in case his well-known political influence and his superior parliamentary experience might sometime be found useful, was not sorry to have the opportunity of asking his opinion on certain points on which he and his partner were not quite of the same mind, Mr. Griffen being in favour of strict and even extreme measures, and himself rather looking to what was useful and expedient. Under seal, therefore, of the greatest possible privacy, he confided to Mr. Compt a number of particulars concerning the Francis (omitting his attachment to Bessy, and emphasizing his dislike to Jeremiah), which he thought might be safely communicated; and with these, the young merchant, as he took leave, was so much satisfied, that he once more cordially congratulated the Major, and hoped to see him make a great figure in Parliament.

"A great figure," he muttered to himself, when he had gone a few steps from the house. "Six feet high, at any rate, and broad in proportion. An enormous figure. Which of the two rogues, however, is the bigger? That is a question for Parliament, or rather for the Supreme Court; and I hope it will come before Judge —, if it comes there. They would both be the better for hanging."

It was several weeks after this interview of Mr. Compt with the new member for Wady-Wady that Jeremiah Tippet, together with Mr. Francis and Bessy, passed through Croydon on their way home.

Jeremiah had been almost the first man to come aboard the ship in which his friends had sailed from England on their long voyage.

Bessy rushed to the spot as soon as he made his appearance.

"Is he better?" she asked, grasping his arm.

"He is," he said, placing his hands by his side, soldier-fashion, and looking at her with a fixed stare, as of a practised mute at a funeral.

"Henry, he is better," she said, turning to grasp her brother's hand in one of hers, while still holding Jeremiah fast with the other.

"Could not have been here," said the

little man with the same rigid solemnity, "if he had not been better; glad you are come, however, Mr. Henry."

Mr. Francis, whose forebodings as to his father's illness had been of the gloomiest, after affectionately greeting his old friend, muttered some words of thanks to Providence that his fears had been imaginary—to which Jeremiah, overhearing what was not intended to be heard, responded with a low Amen.

"Jeremiah is more solemn than ever, I think," whispered Mr. Francis to his sister, while Mr. Tippet was making himself fearfully busy on deck in looking after luggage.

"He has a kind heart, for all that," said Bessy, smiling happily. "I dare say he is very glad to see us, and he is always particularly solemn when he is highly pleased. Besides, Henry, you forget you are a clergyman, and Jeremiah has a great respect for clergymen."

After the arrival of the party at the hotel, at which it had been arranged they should stay for a day or two, Mr. Tippet took Mr. Francis aside and whispered,—

"I said he was better: I did not wish, you understand, to make a scene on board. He is better—you know what I mean."

"He is gone, is he?" gasped poor Mr. Francis.

"He is what!" Bessy screamed, starting to her feet, and rushing from the fire-place, where she had been sitting, to the window, where her brother and Jeremiah stood.

"Bessy, go up to your room, please," sobbed her brother, placing one hand on her shoulder, while he kept the other on his averted face.

"Is he not better, Jeremiah? Tell me the truth at once," she said, seizing Mr. Tippet's shoulder with both hands, and leaning on him.

"He is better," Jeremiah said, seeing that the scene which he had wished to postpone was unavoidable now; "he is better—he is gone."

"Oh, Jeremiah! my father! my father!" wept Bessy aloud, clinging to Mr. Tippet, while he, with his arms kept close to his side, acted as a stiff support in trouble, and was resolute not to give way to his feelings for the moment.

"That's the hounds' kennel up there," said Jeremiah, on the top of the coach, pointing over his shoulder in the direction of the largest cottage to be seen in the township of Croydon.

"Poor Hubert, with his reckless, generous

disposition, was sure to be caught in some such spider's web," said Mr. Francis, sitting beside Jeremiah, after having preserved, till within the last half hour, an almost unbroken silence since leaving Melbourne.

"It was my fault, Mr. Henry," said Jeremiah, "all my fault, his getting into that web, and drawing your father and all of us into it after him, all my fault; but I did not know the man—spider is the proper name for him, and for his clerk too, who is an uglier spider than himself. It was all my fault, only I was not to blame altogether. I would be entitled in law to plead good intentions, for how could I have fancied that a man occupying his position, holding several offices under the crown, and all that, would be such a spider? I have been calling him blackguard, and scoundrel, and thief, every one of them actionable terms; but spider is the word for him. You have fitted him exactly, Mr. Henry. Griffen is spider number two—the man with the hook nose and oyster eyelids, you are right, sir. 'Spider Brothers, web-makers, and fly-catchers,' would be just the right name for the concern to have."

"Before these troubles began, I used to think," Jeremiah rattled on, "that you could do anything with law and justice, if you were well up in forms of procedure, and all that; in fact, knew exactly how to go to work. But, sir, I see that there are villains whom it is difficult to get at, even by our unrivalled system of jurisprudence. Do you know, Mr. Henry—of course you do—that Judge Blackstone founds all human law upon divine law? That is the beginning of it. I will tell you where I think it has to end—in a last appeal in certain cases, from the administration of the law by human judges to the tribunal of the great Judge Himself. That is my opinion, Mr. Henry, and I think, as a clergyman, you will say I am right."

Week after week passed away after Mr. Francis's arrival at home, without adding anything material to the information respecting the state of the family affairs, which was thus imparted to him by Jeremiah on the top of the coach; except, indeed, that he now learned for the first time, in connection with the fact of Duke George and Mr. Tippett having been named executors and trustees in his father's will, that the overseer had always had a small share in the station. One point, however, was pretty clear. Things were altogether in a bad or hopeless way. It was doubtful whether the property, bad as times were for selling, would not have to be thrown into the market, as the only way of

settling the complicated claims pending over it. Very little good was to be hoped for from those extensive negotiations and processes which appeared to be going on between the agents of the executors on the one hand, and McSumph on the other. More than likely the whole property would be found to have passed into alien hands.

It was not Jeremiah's fault that there was delay in getting the affairs wound up, or that in regard to the adjustment of them Mr. Henry was not as well informed as himself. He was most anxious to unbosom himself to everybody, and to Mr. Henry in particular, anxious above all to inform him with what ingenuity and craft he had tried to counteract the nefarious proceedings of the enemy, and how often he had enjoyed the satisfaction of suggesting to the lawyers ideas which would never have occurred to them. But Mr. Tippett was tongue-tied in regard to all this, having come under obligation to Mr. Jamieson (when that gentleman was obliged by the death of his wife to return to Tasmania) to give Mr. Francis only a general notion of the state of affairs, and to ask him to trust himself entirely for a time to the executors.

As weeks grew into months, Mr. Francis, in spite of his absolute confidence in Duke George and Jeremiah, was consumed with impatience. His one wish, except for Bessy's welfare, was to have things settled somehow, so as to allow of his return to Scotland. He found, after many attempts, it was difficult or impossible to write to Hetty; to tell her on paper neither too little nor too much of what had happened to him. He could refer to his father's death with freedom; but as to the state of the property and some other things, especially the disappearance and character of Hubert, it was impossible to decide whether he ought to be silent, or frank, or neither. How would she feel if she knew all? Was it right, whatever might be her feeling about it, not to tell her all? These were questions which it was hard to solve for the purpose of correspondence by letter. But it would be different with them and with the whole state of affairs if he were at home again, and could talk to her. And he did burn to see her again and talk with her, not only of what had happened since they met, but above all as to their last meeting, and how much or little what was said might mean. He was tormented with hopes founded upon a word, a phrase, a look, a tone of voice, which, in the face of facts, paled into fears. Every week that these endless negotiations

about the property lengthened themselves out was felt by him to be an age of misery.

Bessy had letters from Laighlea waiting for her when she arrived in Melbourne, and had received others since, a long one especially from Beatrice, in which all the affairs of the parish were gaily handled; but these letters, though sufficiently interesting to Mr. Francis, threw no light for him on the questions with which he was chiefly occupied regarding his parish. One thing which was casually mentioned was of deep interest to him, however, and that was that David Groats had completed the desolation of the neighbourhood, after the departure of the Laytons, by starting from London for China to receive his fortune, instead of returning to his gate. It hardly sufficed to explain to Mr. Francis this adventure of the old gatekeeper, that it was reported he had been advised by an eminent and friendly authority connected with the Court of Chancery that the only chance of getting his own was to go out and take it.

One occupation alone Mr. Francis had, to put bounds to his impatience. Bessy and he had many hours of mutual sorrow for the dead. They visited the lonely graves, shaded by the clump of pines; they walked and talked in the garden, and through the bush; they turned over and read old letters and papers. Among these, Mr. Francis found a pile of his own letters, well thumbed, most of them, but all carefully docketed and assorted, a few of the earlier ones by his mother, and the later by his father.

"He used often," said Bessy, "to lay down his book in the evening when we were alone,

or only Jeremiah going about, go in to his desk there and bring them out, and sit and turn them over and choose bits of them to read to me or to himself. He was never so happy, I think, as then."

"There are few of Hubert's, I see," said her brother; "he must have written many too."

"They were mostly about money, I fancy," she replied, "and were burned or concealed. He did not want Jeremiah or anybody to know about them, and was often sad and ill latterly after receiving one of them, though he did not even tell me what was in them."

"What cruelty is possible for those who have no cruelty in their nature!" said Mr. Francis. "And how much enjoyment we may be the cause of, when we little think it, by only not doing what is positively unkind! One wrote these old letters, I suppose, in all sorts of circumstances, and places, and moods, perhaps, sometimes, from a feeling of duty merely, or from habit, certainly without thinking what they might be worth where they were going. And now, and here, in this empty house, peopled only with shadows, how strange the half-sad, half-comfortable feeling one has (more sad than comfortable, however) to think of him, sitting here at nights and reading them again and again!"

"Often I have seen him with tears in his eyes, as he went back to his desk with the bundle—happy tears, not sad," said Bessy. her own eyes filled with tears which were not happy.

"He was the best of fathers and the best of men," groaned Mr. Francis, bending down to hide his distress from Bessy.

TINY TOKENS.

I.

THE murmur of a waterfall
A mile away,
The rustle when a robin lights
Upon a spray,
The lapping of a lowland stream
On dipping boughs,
The sound of grazing from a herd
Of gentle cows,
The echo from a wooded hill
Of cuckoo's call,
The quiver through the meadow grass
At evening fall:—
Too subtle are these harmonies
For pen and rule,
Such music is not understood
By any school;
But when the brain is overwrought,
It hath a spell,
Beyond all human skill and power,
To make it well.

II.

The memory of a kindly word
For long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means "I cannot speak
But I have heard!"
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own word:—
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry;
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy:
But when the heart is overwrought,
Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

I.

NOT many months ago, at a book depôt not many miles from Paternoster Row, an application was made for a tract of Mrs. Hannah More's entitled "Will Chip; or, Village Politics." The answer returned was that "*Will Chip* and *Hannah Moor* were both out of print."

In a popular history, for the most part written with candour and care, whilst Wilberforce's sunny, genial nature is represented as breaking through the mingled "slavishness and pride of his sect," of Hannah More it is stated that it would be hard to attribute to her sect all the spiritual pride, censoriousness, and narrowness which pervade her writings; the various evil tendencies of the "sect," that is, the Evangelical party, being in Wilberforce neutralised, and in Hannah More aggravated by the constitution of the individual.

These two misapprehensions put together seem to indicate that there is some need of the revival of a memory which time has not so much effaced as tarnished. To be forgotten, is a fate little to be dreaded by those who, having served their generation, have gone to be with the Master at whose bidding they served; but, to be misunderstood, is a wrong from which, as far as may be, it seems a duty to guard good memories.

That a woman like Hannah More should be so misunderstood, when the religious fashion which once made her writings so immensely popular has become antiquated, and when the multitudes of men and women, rich and poor, who rejoiced in the warmth of her most loving heart, and in the sparkle of her kindly wit, have passed away, is perhaps not much to be wondered at.

If some men are less than their writings, probably most women whose writings are worth anything are more; because, with all respect to the oratorical rights and powers of women, the large audience which inspires a man, usually limits and restrains a woman; because the world is ordinarily the natural sphere of men, and the home, of women; and where good people are most truly natural, their nature is at its highest.

Immediate and universal popularity, moreover, such as that of Hannah More's writings, is scarcely the popularity likely to last. It is probably, in large measure, the popularity of fashion, which passes away. The hearts of

men are reached more slowly; and out of these, out of the wide, deep, common heart of humanity, are the issues of life—of the life even of books.

Hannah More's admiring bishops, and approving princesses, and applauding coteries, and editions demanded over and over before they were out of the press, cannot secure any real immortality to her books, or to her memory. They can only, at furthest, add duration to a name, as a collector may secure the preservation of a costume to hang around a lay-figure, representing nothing—or, worse still, around a wax image, roundly and rosily, or grimly and ghastly misrepresenting the form to which the drapery once belonged.

To be "out of print" is little; but to be turned into the title of a tract, to be misspelt into "Hannah Moor," and set down amongst the shavings with one's own "*Will Chip*," is a fate to reconcile the majority of us to oblivion. Yet since oblivion has not yet flowed over this good woman's name, or has merely flowed over it to tarnish it with a little rust, it may be worth while to spend a few moments in rubbing up the old lamp. If it cannot work wonders any more for us, or be lit up with its old light, it may be well to see how it looked and shone in the season when men were so willing to rejoice in its light—not religious or "evangelical" men only, but poets, wits, actors, men and women of the world.

Hannah More would have needed no stranger's hand to defend her, in her brilliant youth, when Garrick called her "Nine" (all the Muses in one), and could for days think or talk of nothing but her *Percy*; when her *Percy* was acted for the ninth night to an applauding house, and the Duke of Northumberland and Dr. Percy of the "Reliques" sent to thank her for the honour she had done them in writing it; when Dr. Johnson said to her and her sister Patty, "I love you both; I love you all five. I never was at Bristol. I will come on purpose to see you. God for ever bless you; you lead lives to shame duchesses;" or in her genial old age, when Bishop Jebb, not agreeing with all their opinions, speaks of her and her sisters as "noble creatures;" when government officials from India, and Persian noblemen, and missionaries from Russia and Iceland came to her country

home at Barley Wood (often ten or twenty visitors in a day) to tell her of translations of her books into Cingalese, Persian, Icelandic, or Russ, and of hearts of men and women helped and raised through them.

She came, like so many of our strongest and sweetest, of a good old Puritan stock.

There are few lives which, if they could be pictured to us in detail from the beginning, would give us a greater variety of links uniting different historical periods, different classes of society, and different schools of thought.

There are not a few yet living who can remember conversing with her, yet two of her father's great-uncles are mentioned in Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," as having fought in Cromwell's army. That is to say, Mrs. Hannah More, with her actual unmetaphorical lips, has spoken to contemporaries of Professor Huxley, and with her bodily ears had listened to one who had conversed with the contemporaries of John Milton. Her grandmother was a resolute, vigorous woman of the grand old type of the mother of the Wesleys, who, in her childhood, had been present at midnight services held at peril of imprisonment in her father's country house, whilst he had stood at the door with a drawn sword to defend the "conventicle." She continued to rise at four in the morning, even in the winter, when she was past eighty. And, living at some distance from a doctor, and being subject to seizures, she learned to bleed herself. She would reproach her grand-daughter with lightly esteeming the Word of God, if she complained of fatigue in walking a long way to their place of worship.

It is another curious link with the past that Hannah More's nurse had lived in the family of Dryden, and that little Hannah was continually demanding stories of the great poet and his family from their old servant.

The Puritan grandmother and her husband were possessed of large estates, said to be worth £8,000 a-year, and a fine old family mansion in Norfolk, and Hannah's father was brought up as the son of a family in that position. But the unfavourable termination of a lawsuit deprived him at once of house and lands; he was glad to accept the mastership of a foundation-school near Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, and subsequently he married the daughter of a farmer in the neighbourhood.

Yet nothing either of the depression or

the bitterness of reverse of fortune and of disappointed expectations seems to have saddened the childhood of Hannah More and her four sisters. Mr. Jacob More seems to have accepted his changed position with contentment, cheerfully making the best of life, such as it had become to him. There is not a trace of ancestral pretension or of democratic envy about any of the family. True gentlemen and gentlewomen they must have been; true, brave, bright Christian men and women.

Mr. More had lost not only house and estate in the overthrow of his fortunes, but by an accidental subsequent misfortune, almost all his books, a loss which probably proved a gain to Hannah. Instead of having to spell her Greek and Roman history out of books, she learned it from her father's voice, sitting on his knee. The old, heroic stories of Greece and Rome in "Plutarch's Lives," with the speeches of the heroes, were stored up in his memory, and he used to ring out the grand old words in Greek and Latin to delight her ear with the sound, and then to translate them to her. In all the records of the training of literary men or women, there can scarcely be a pleasanter picture than that of this bright, eager little girl, with eyes, which till old age were (her sisters said) like diamonds, drinking in the beautiful old stories, not then crumbled away by criticism, from her father's lips.

Mr. More had, however, by no means advanced views as to the higher education of women. Hannah More's pursuit of knowledge was not without the wholesome zest of difficulty. It is said that Mr. More, having begun to teach her Latin and mathematics, was frightened at his own success, and that it was only at the earnest persuasion of her mother—to whose generous nature her own want of education only increased its value—that the study of the Latin classics was permitted. To her mother's sympathy she owed her learning, and to her father's fears, perhaps, something of her entire absence of pedantry.

All through her life she is a delightful instance of the gifts of the "wonder" of a family, being delighted in by all the rest without a shadow of envy, and yet never paraded as a kind of family diamonds to the weariness of others. But to this end no doubt the high level of the general family intelligence contributed. In Hannah More, the sweet nature and bright wit of the family blossomed to perfection, but in various ways it blossomed in all.

Other incidents of her childhood are full of character and curious prophecy; such as the astonishment of her mother at finding when she began to teach the child her letters, that she could read already; or the admiration of the clergyman to whom, as a baby of four years old, she repeated her catechism in church; or her making a carriage of a chair, whereon to ride to London to see "bishops and booksellers;" or her secreting in a dark corner among the housemaid's dusters and brushes, her infantine poems, written on scraps of paper which her little sister had crept down in the dark to procure, and to get a candle that she might write; or the first precious quire of paper, sympathetically bestowed by her mother, which, the future moralist characteristically covered with "letters to reclaim depraved characters from their errors," and the pathetic replies of the same characters, "expressive of contrition."

The old Puritan traditions evidently mingled in the child's mind with the classical stories; prophets and poets, Greeks and Hebrews, heroes and saints. The Puritan ancestors of her father, and the orthodox yeomen forefathers of her mother, moved about freely amongst each other in her early world; and, closing the vista, the potentates of the church and of the press, bishops in friendly conjunction with booksellers.

When Hannah was still a child her world began to widen. One of her sisters was sent, from Monday till Saturday, to a French school at Bristol; and from the gleanings of her sister's harvest of learning, gathered between Saturday and Monday, the child Hannah gained such a knowledge of French, as made her the chosen interpreter of some French officers who, being on parade in the neighbourhood, were frequent guests at her father's table.

Again a pleasant picture, and an interesting link between many things.

The fair, frank English child, with her quick sympathies and perceptions, interpreting between those officers of the old French *petite noblesse*, with their French sociability, and love of children, and their manners of the Old Court; the hostess of the hearty old English yeomanry, the host of the old English gentry. How far that table leads us! Two almost extinct classes; and the one still existing as much changed by continuous life as the others by death.

Into what regions did the conversation diverge, when it strayed from the *politesse* of the moment? France on the edge of the volcano never since extinguished, her nobles

playing with philosophy and classical republicanism as unsuspectingly as children near Vesuvius might have played with the lava of the eruption of Pliny. No doubt respect for childhood would exclude Voltaire's scepticism and Rousseau's sentimentalism. The Plutarch, in which Mr. More delighted (soon afterwards "adapted" for the princesses of France), would, probably, make a fair field of friendly fight.

The early home-life did not last long unbroken. Fortune never came back to Mr. More. The sisters had been trained to maintain themselves; and, not as a grievance or a hardship, but as the fulfilment of a long-cherished scheme, as a sphere of useful and honourable work, Hannah's elder sisters started a school at Bristol, a boarding-school for young ladies; evidently a place of hearty and healthy mental work, and of most pleasant recollections to many; the eldest of the sisters at the commencement being not yet twenty-one, and Hannah, the next to the youngest, sixteen.

One of the pupils writes, half a century afterwards, of having been received and treated by the sisters, not as a scholar, but as a child of their own.

As a means of livelihood, the school prospered steadily. In less than thirty years, the four sisters, still in middle age, were able to retire in "affluent circumstances," having built themselves a house in Great Pulteney Street, Bath.

Bristol was not without a vigorous intellectual life of its own in those days, and if lectures were not especially constructed for ladies, ladies nevertheless profited by lectures. The elder Sheridan gave lectures on eloquence, Hannah More's youthful delight in which expressed itself in the fashion of the time in a "Copy of Verses," which induced Mr. Sheridan to seek her acquaintance.

Ferguson, the "popular astronomer," also lectured at Bristol, and formed a friendship for Hannah More, he undertaking to instruct her in science, and she, at his desire, correcting his compositions.

But her chief literary friend and helper at that time seems to have been a linen-draper, of the name of Peach, who had been the friend of Hume the historian, and having been entrusted with the correction of his history, is said to have detected in it more than two hundred Scotticisms.

Among the most remarkable proofs of her conversational fascination is, perhaps, her charming Dr. Woodward, an eminent physi-

cian, who had come to see her professionally in a serious illness, into forgetfulness of the object of his visit. He had left her, and was half-way down-stairs, when he exclaimed, "Bless me! I forgot to ask the girl how she was!"

At seventeen she wrote her first drama, a pastoral called "*The Search after Happiness.*" It was written by way of providing innocent subjects for the recitations of her sisters' pupils, to displace the older dramatists,—scarcely, one would think, a true source of dramatic inspiration, or altogether a satisfactory remedy. Our great grandmothers must have been in danger, intellectually, of starvation, in such carefully-weeded pasture, and Hannah More's own verdict, on this early composition, twenty-five years afterwards, "A poem of which the public have taken ten thousand copies, but which I have not the patience to read," has apparently been confirmed by posterity.

Hannah herself fed in freer pastures. At twenty she read in the best libraries of the neighbourhood. Latin, Italian, and Spanish, and wrote translations and imitations of Horace.

Altogether it seems probable that the motive which originated this pastoral drama helps to explain much of the oblivion which has fallen on Hannah More's writings. They were few of them the spontaneous outflow of that bright wit, and wide, quick sympathy

which made her conversation so fascinating. They were constructed for educational purposes; and the native power and grace which do nevertheless now and then break through them, are not enough to save them from the fate of other school-books. Let them rest among other dead leaves and grasses. For a book to have sweetened and purified the air of one season, is not to have lived in vain.

None of these warm-hearted and quick-witted sisters ever married.

It seems as if their contemporaries in general regarded them, like Dr. Johnson, too much as an inseparable company to think of dividing them.

"I love you both; I love you all five!" seems to have been the sentiment of all who knew them. And "five" they remained, until one by one the happy affectionate band was broken, and Hannah left alone.

The only love episode recorded relates to Hannah. She was once engaged to be married to a man of fortune, uncle of one of her sisters' pupils. But the gentleman's temper was peculiar, and his difficulty of decision extreme.

Hannah More broke off the engagement, and it was never renewed, although, as her biographer quaintly remarks of the discarded suitor, "her virtues and excellences were his favourite theme among his intimate friends to the end of his life, and at his death he bequeathed her a thousand pounds."

THE LIFE-HISTORY OF A ZOOPHYTE.

TO the ordinary seaside visitor on the one hand, or to the naturalist on the other, there is no more pleasant or interesting occupation than that of searching for nature's treasures and curiosities in the chaotic mass of seaweed, shells, and other objects, thrown up on the beach by the waves, and to which the very appropriate and collective term of "rejectamenta" has been applied. In this heterogeneous mass, "rejected," as it were, by the waves, and tossed back as if in a fit of indignation upon the land, the zoologist's keen eyes ferret out many a rare and curious specimen, fraught to him with much instruction, and with many lessons of use and worth, beyond his purely scientific studies. And the mere delight of finding anything new or strange, induces the non-technical sojourner at the seaside to spend not a few of his leisure hours in turning over the seaweed and stones, and in thus endeavouring

to secure the rare as well as the more "common objects of the shore."

Of all the groups or classes of the animal kingdom which are represented in the dissimilar and confused collection of objects thrown up by the waves, none are more frequently found, or are more plentifully dispersed over all our coasts, than the group known to naturalists as that of the *Hydrozoa*. And although this designation may, indeed, sound most unfamiliar to ordinary and non-technical ears, yet the equivalent term of "Zoophytes" will serve to explain away much of the mystery of scientific nomenclature, and indicate the group of beings with the general life-history of which, it is the purpose of this paper briefly and comprehensively, to deal.

The term "zoophyte" has long been popularly applied to such animal organisms as bear a close and most wonderful resem-

blance to plants. Nor has the name been given to such animal-forms, without signifying more than a mere outside or external resemblance. As we shall presently notice, the likeness to plant-form is of a deeper kind than is indicated by external configuration, and may be traced through a goodly portion of the history and life we now purpose to chronicle.

Our wanderings by the shore, or our expeditions with the dredge, will most surely have familiarised us with many of the forms known collectively to the zoologist as *Hydrozoa*, and popularly as "zoophytes." Every rock-pool between high and low-water marks teems with life of this description. The sides of these miniature seas, the broad fronds of tangle, and the lesser branches of seaweed, afford a resting-place, and constitute the typical *habitat* of these curious forms. And our dredge comes up from the sea-depths laden with such forms. Every cast-off oyster-shell and every stone gives origin in certain localities, and at certain depths, to colony upon colony of these curious creatures. No group of organisms can boast of such a wide distribution, or of such community of *habitat* as the *Hydrozoa*. And although thus numerous and common, we may still find them comparatively unknown to the general reader, who may, with all praise and commendation, wish to know something of the wondrous life-cycles which surround him, and which exist in the universe at large.

Our aim in the present instance will be most readily and satisfactorily fulfilled, if we select a few typical examples of the large group before us, and set ourselves to examine the various points of interest in their history. By so doing we shall avoid the details of technicality which so perplex the non-technical reader, and at the same time gain a general idea of the relations of the zoophytes as a whole. At any rate I may hope to introduce the reader, by aid of this one life-history, to the study of an interesting group of beings whose further acquaintance he or she may be disposed to make, when opportunity may present itself, and when the holiday-time at the seaside once more comes round.

Firstly, then, let us make acquaintance with the general appearance and nature of our zoophytes. The illustrations (Fig. 1. *a b c d*) will serve, better than mere word-description, to convey an idea of the appearance of familiar species. We at once notice the essentially plant-like configura-

tion. *Plumularia* (Fig. 1 *c*) thus exhibits a perfectly shrub-like appearance, and in *Sertularia* (Fig. 1 *a*) a tree-like form is mimicked to perfection; this last species, indeed, belonging to a group of the zoophytes, which has thus gained for itself the appropriate name of "sea-firs." We may thus realise how readily the seaside visitor who is an enthusiast in the art of collecting and preserving seaweeds falls into error, and collects many a zoophyte or true animal-form under the belief that he or she is adding a new and rare species of *Alga* to the seaweed herbarium. And we may also conceive how impossible it is, under the head of form or configuration, to distinguish between the animal and plant series. We have thus before us true animal forms which possess not only in appearance, but, as we shall presently observe, in all the details of life, a very marked and intimate relation to their vegetable neighbours.

If we now bring our microscope into use, and subject our zoophytes to a close examination, we shall readily enough, and without much trouble, discern sufficient of their structure to incite us to further research. A small portion of a branch of our *Plumularia* magnified will give us a perfect knowledge of the whole organism, and enlighten us as to its true nature. In Fig. 1 *d*, we accordingly find a portion of *Plumularia* magnified. We observe in the organism, as a whole, its tapering stem, and the main divisions of this stem bearing lateral shoots or branches. The branches in turn bear smaller shoots, or "pinnae," as they are called; and it is to the more intimate and minute structure of these ultimate branches or pinnae that our attention must be directed.

Along one side of each pinna or branch, we notice in the magnified sketch a row of little cup-like bodies (*d*) to be disposed. These little bodies are known as "hydrothecae" (Fig. 1 *b*) or "calyces," and we shall presently notice their due import and relations to the organism as a whole. Then we may also discern a variable number of larger bodies, each shaped somewhat like a pear or urn, terminating above in a sort of trap-like aperture, provided with a valve or lid, and attached to the pinna or branch by a short stalk or pedicle. These latter bodies, indeed, resemble enlarged calyces, and an examination of their relations will show us that this resemblance has a deeper meaning than at first sight we might be tempted to think. These larger cells are termed "gonophores," "gonothecae," or "capsules" (Fig. 2 *B b*), and these, together with the lesser cells or calyces

constitute the most important parts of the zoophyte.

The branches of *Sertularia* (Fig. 1 *b*), when magnified, show an essentially similar arrangement. The calyces in this "Sea-fir" are set, however, in double rows, and alternate with each other; and the gonothecæ are borne on the upper side of the pinnae or branches, and exhibit a close resemblance in shape to miniature pears.

The remaining part of the zoophyte that demands notice is the connecting medium, or substance which assumes the tree or plant-like form, and by means of which the various parts of this organism are supported and bound together. This medium or substance is termed the "cœnosarc" (Fig. 2 A, *c*), and consists of a fleshy tube, with double walls, which accommodates itself to all the exigencies of form and variations in shape witnessed among the zoophytes. In the great majority of instances we find the outer surface of the cœnosarc to secrete a horny covering, known as the "polypary," which more or less completely invests and protects the zoophytic form. And thus we may find the cups or calyces and gonothecæ, together with the branches and stem, enclosed in a horny and protective case.

We have now examined the entire organism of a zoophyte. We know it to consist of a branching stem, bearing lesser branches, on which two kinds of bodies—the lesser calyces and the larger gonothecæ—are borne; and we also note that the stem and branches of the organism are formed of a common fleshy and hollow substance, the cœnosarc, which, in the generality of cases, further secretes or develops an outer horny crust.

Such is a brief but sufficiently correct idea of the general nature of a zoophyte, or, as the naturalist would term it, a *hydrozoön*. And such are the forms which the sea casts up in wild profusion on all our coasts, and which in the clear rock-pools, or in the deeper recesses of the ocean, thrive and grow as rooted, fixed, and attached organisms—true animals in every sense of the word, but mimicking with a marvellous success the forms and shapes of the plant-world.

What, therefore, is the true nature of the zoophytes, and what are their relations with other and more typical animal forms? If we watch one of these organisms in its living state, and in the full exercise of its vital functions, we may very fully and accurately answer these queries. We shall then observe each little cell or calyce to be occupied by a

tiny tenant, which makes its presence known by the waving of the crown of tentacles or feelers with which it is provided (Fig. 2 A B). And if our examination be of a very close description, we may discover that to each crown of tentacles a very simple body is appended. The tentacles we find to surround the mouth-opening, and this latter aperture leads into a simple body-cavity, unfurnished with organs or structures of any kind. Then if we trace out the connection between the little organism and the tree-like stem and branch to which it is connected, and on which it is borne, we discover that its simple body-cavity leads into and becomes continuous with the cavity of the hollow cœnosarc, or connecting medium; so that substances received into the mouth of the little inhabitant or tenant of each cell or calyce appear to benefit it but little, since they are transferred to the common and general cavity which pervades the entire structure.

We may at this stage be prepared to gain some idea of the general relations of this curious organism, and we now notice its essentially *compound* nature. We are not dealing with a single and individual animal, as we ordinarily know animal forms, but with a truly compound form. The entire organism, as we have seen, outwardly resembles a tree, but the analogy is closer and deeper than we might at first suppose. The tree is rooted and fixed, and grows by a process of continuous budding; but so also does our zoophyte, whose cœnosarc, with its little cells and equally minute tenants, thus imitates very closely the trunk, stem, and leaves of the tree. The zoophyte, by a literal process of budding and growth, has attained its present form, and the loss, extermination, or death of its component parts will be made good by the reproduction of new parts, through a like process of budding. And as the tree nourishes itself through the efforts and agency of its many leaves, so also do the animal-buds or organisms of our zoophyte contribute to the nutrition of the structure of which they thus form so characteristic a part.

We are thus dealing with a colony or aggregation of animals in which the principle of co-operation attains its highest and most useful phase. The whole zoophyte represents but one individual, just as a single horse or a single man are individuals; and the separate animals contained and comprised in this compound individual or colony—that is, the little tenants of the calyces—are known as "zoöids." The entire organism,

despite its intricately branched form and its numerous population, sprang by a process of budding from a single egg; and the result of the total development of any single egg is to be viewed in all cases as a single individual only. The single egg of the oyster or of the fish produce, it is true, but a single individual, and the total development of the egg of the zoophyte is similarly but a single form, although the result of that development exhibits so wondrous features, and culminates in the production of a compound being.

The nutrition of this compound organism is, as already remarked, a strictly co-operative process. Each little zoöid by aid of its tentacles as prehensile organs and its simple body-cavity as a digestive sac, contributes to the general stream of nutritive matter and fluid which is constantly flowing through the hollow cenosarc, and from which it in turn derives its own nutrient supply. Similarly as the sap is elaborated by the leaves and other organs of the tree, and as

this sap constitutes the one and common source of food-supply to the individual parts of the plant, so the nutrient fluid circulates throughout the cenosarc of the zoophyte, and affords the means whereby the vital energies of the organism are recruited and sustained.

The life-history of any living being is essentially cyclical in its nature. In other words, it exhibits a defined series of actions, occurring throughout a certain cycle, and which repeat themselves either in its own history or in that of its neighbours and progeny. The life-history of our zoophyte, so far as we have seen, has been stable and nutritive in its character. We have beheld it as a fully-formed being, reproducing new and similar parts by budding, and we know how it maintains this adult and uninterrupted existence. But we thus become acquainted with a mere part of its history; we know only a single phase of the many which make up the

entire cycle of its existence. Let us, therefore, complete our research by inquiring into those portions of its history anterior and subsequent to the adult period of its existence.

Our inquiries will thus assume the nature



FIG. 1. ZOOPHYTES.

a, Portion of the "hydrosoma, or entire organism of *Sertularia fusca*, one of the "Sea Firs" (a little larger than natural size); b, part of a branch of a, greatly magnified, showing the horny cups or "hydrothecae," in which the "zooids" or polypites are contained; c, "hydrosoma" of *Plasmalaria fraxinea* (natural size), with reproductive capsules; d, portion of a branch of c (greatly magnified), showing the cells of the "zooids," and a reproductive capsule.

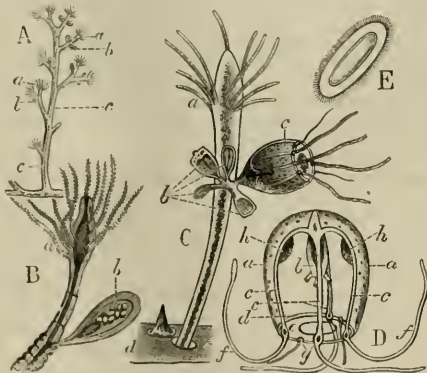


FIG. 2. ZOOPHYTES.

A, Portion of the "hydrosoma" or entire organism of *Cordylopora lacustris*, a zoophyte (natural size); a, nutritive polypites or zooids; b, b, reproductive zooids or "gonophores"; c, c, connecting medium or "cenosarc." B, Branch of *Cordylopora*, greatly magnified, showing a nutritive zooid or polypite (a), and a reproductive zooid or "gonophore" (b) containing ova. C, Portion of *Podocoryne carnea*, greatly magnified; a, an ordinary "polypite" with tentacles; b, "gonozooids," or reproductive zooids, in various stages of development; c, a gonozooid fully developed, and on the point of detaching itself; d, connecting crust or medium of the polypites. D, The free gonozooid or "Medusoid" embryo of *Podocoryne carnea* (C), having detached itself from the plant-like organism; a, a swimming, ciliated "umbrella;" b, manubrium; c, c, "radiating" canals terminating in, and connected by, the "circular" canals (d); e, "vel" with central aperture; ff, tentacles; g, ocelli; h, h, reproductive organs. E, "Planula," or general form of the "embryo" of *Hydrozoa*.

* The illustrations have been adapted from Mr. Wilson's "Students' Guide to Zoology," by kind permission of Messrs. J. and A. Churchill, the publishers.

of a research into the *development* of our zoophyte, and will lead us to the observation of events and phases compared with which the most wondrous fairy-tale or legend will seem dull and uninteresting. For by far the most curious and marvellous phase of our zoophyte's existence concerns its development; and to follow out the transformations through which it may pass before assuming its mature form, constitutes one of the most fascinating departments of research which can fall to the lot of the naturalist or observer of nature in any aspect.

Our comparison of the zoophyte and the tree admits of further detail in considering the concluding phases of its life-history. The tree is capable, by means of its reproductive or flower-buds, of giving origin to new individuals or plants. It thus possesses a double phase of reproduction—there being, firstly, that of adding to its own substance by ordinary growth, and so producing new leaves and other structures; and secondly, the production of flowers, and through them of seeds, from which new individuals will in turn be produced, to exactly and faithfully repeat the details of existence through which the parent-tree has already passed. In our zoophyte we can trace relations of an exactly similar kind. The process of ordinary nutritive growth suffices to extend the colony by the budding forth of new individuals. But we also find that the zoophyte possesses buds analogous to the flower-buds of the tree or plant, and by means of which new individuals are in due course produced.

These reproductive buds of the zoophyte are the "gonophores" (Fig. 2 A B, *b b*), or the larger cells which we have already noticed. And the colony thus consists of two sets or series of zooids—one set destined to nourish and maintain it; the other devoted to the reproduction of new individuals, and through these of new colonies. In primary structure the ordinary or nutritive zooids and the reproductive zooids are identical; they, however, differ essentially in function. The reproductive buds are ordinarily known as "gonophores;" the terms gonothecæ, or capsules, already mentioned as applying to the reproductive buds, being generally given to the entire reproductive zooid, with its contained and essential part, the gonophore.

In the gonophores, therefore, the reproductive elements or eggs are produced, and these at the proper period may escape by the rupture of the gonophore into the surrounding water; and after swimming about for a time as free

and locomotive bodies, gradually attach themselves to some fixed object, and by budding soon reproduce the compound tree-like zoophyte, with its zooids. Such is the essential course and cycle of development amongst the zoophytes, and such forms as the *Plumularia* and "Sea-firs" exemplify more or less closely the process thus described.

But in the history of many other zoophytes a more wondrous cycle of development is represented, and with a brief recital of the main features of this process, our remarks may fitly be brought to a close. In such a form as *Podocoryne* (Fig. 2 C) we may trace those phases with which the life-history of the zoophyte may be said at once to begin and end. Here we observe the same arrangement of nutritive zooids or "polyrites" (*a*), and of reproductive zooids (*b c*) as we noticed in the other zoophytes. Nutrition and growth, and the ordinary tenor of life proceed in the present case, just as in the former instances. By-and-by the reproductive phase of the life-circle is entered upon, and we find the reproductive body or sexual zooid now making its escape from the gonophore in which it was matured and contained, and appearing as a body totally different from the being from which it sprung.

Now we behold a bell-shaped organism (Fig. 2 D), formed of a clear crystalline jelly tinted with the most exquisite of cerulean hues, and seeming but little more solid than the water in which it so buoyantly floats. Now we see it moving and propelling itself gracefully through the surrounding water by expanding and contracting its bell-shaped body—a form this, which appears as the realisation of all that is beautiful and delicate and lovely in animal form and symmetry. From the centre of the bell a clapper-like body (*b*) depends into its interior, and at the free extremity of this body we find the mouth; whilst a system of canals (*c, c, d*), radiating through its structure, subserves the function of elaborating and of distributing through its body the nutritive material. The mouth of the bell is closed by a membrane (*e*) of exceeding delicacy; and from its edge or margin long streaming tentacles (*f f*) are attached, to form a train behind it as it gracefully sweeps through the calm azure sea. And, lastly, we find it provided, round the margin of its body, with certain bodies (*g*) supposed to be organs of sense; but the relations of these bodies have not been so satisfactorily determined as to warrant us in stating their functions as a matter of fact and demonstration.

This, then, is the free floating zoöid of our rooted zoophyte; and such is the organism which is destined to reproduce its parent-stock—a form, this latter, with which it has no appearance of kinship or relation. And the seaside visitor will readily recognize in the free floating zoöids of the zoophyte, the forms familiarly known as the medusæ, sea-blubbers, or jelly fishes of our seas. For the better investigation of the zoophyte class, has resulted in the demonstration of most of our jelly-fishes, as merely the free reproductive buds or gonozoöids of zoophytes.

But soon the medusa enters upon the final phase of its existence. Within its crystalline body, the reproductive elements from which the future zoophyte is to be produced are gradually elaborated; and with the escape of the fertilised eggs into the surrounding water the existence of the medusa comes to an end. The glassy dome, with all its wondrous complexity of structure, soon dissolves away, and becomes one with the water, to which, in delicacy of outline and nature, it was so near akin.

Then we find the eggs or embryos appearing as minute oblong bodies (E), actively locomotive in all their movements. This egg, or embryo, next attaches itself to some fixed object, and, by a process of budding, gives origin in due course to the form of the zoophyte, with its buds and zoöids, from the prototype of which, its parent the medusa-like zoöid, sprang.

We have thus a cycle of development involving characteristic phases, and repeating itself in definite order and arrangement. The zoophyte invariably gives origin to its reproductive bud, whether this be fixed as a "gonophore," or whether it appears as a medusa. And the "gonophore" or medusa in turn produces the embryo, from which the

plant-like form of the zoophyte is again produced. The older naturalists, imagining that two distinct or individual animals—the zoophyte and the medusa—were concerned in the process, called this process of development an "alternation of generations." They thus thought that the generation of zoophytes alternated with the generation of medusæ. But clearer views of the animal form, and better conceptions of the phenomena of development, showed that the process was not one of alternation of *generations* at all, since no two individuals were concerned in its performance; and that it was merely a highly specialised form of development in which the production of zoöids by budding, alternated with their production by a true reproductive act, and through a complicated cycle of development. The entire phenomena belong to *one* organism or individual—the zoophyte; the phase of reproduction being exemplified in the one part of its history by the process of budding, and in the other by the exhibition of a higher and more complicated process of development and transformation.

The "rejectamenta" of the shore may thus be shown to teem with histories and biographies even more wonderful and interesting than those which pertain to humanity. And I cannot avoid the final conclusion, that the seaside visitor or holiday-maker, who will rightly appreciate the life-history of the zoophyte, or of any other and equally interesting form, will be much nearer the realisation of the wonders and fulness of beauty, adaptation, and design, than the deeply-read philosopher full of lore and wisdom, but who is dead to the exquisite harmony and order which everywhere prevail throughout the things and ways of living nature.

ANDREW WILSON.

DAYS NEAR ROME.

VII.—THE LATIN SHORE.

THE sea-coast of Latium is seldom visited except by those who pass the summer in Italy; yet it is full of interest, and is now rendered easy of access by the railway.

After leaving the Albano station, the road to Porto d'Anzio runs at first through a richly-cultivated plain, leaving the hill of Monte Giove (Corioli) on the left; but soon it reaches a wilderness of the deadly asphodel, which eats up the whole country for many miles. The latter part of the drive is

through forest—a continuation of the beautiful wood we have seen at Castel Fusano—which here skirts the coast for so great a distance. The road is excellent the whole way, and the descent upon the white houses of Porto d'Anzio, ranged along the blue sea, and backed by swelling hills, reminds one of many an English watering-place. On entering the town, we pass, on the left, the desolated Villa of the Pope.

Xenagoras, a Greek writer quoted by Dio-

nysius, ascribes the foundation of Antium to Anthias, son of Circe and Ulysses. It was one of the Latin cities which united against Rome before the battle of Regillus, but was afterwards taken by the Volscians, under whom it rose to great power and wealth. Hither Coriolanus retired when banished from Rome, and here he is said to have died. Dionysius speaks of Antium as "a most splendid city of the Volscians." During the latter days of the Republic, and under the Empire, the town was most prosperous, and it became the favourite resort of the emperors. Here Augustus received the title of "Pater Patriæ," and here Caligula was born. Nero, who was also born at Antium, was greatly devoted to it, and constructed a magnificent port here. He was staying at Antium when he received the news of the burning of Rome. Antoninus Pius built an aqueduct for the town, and Septimius Severus added largely to the imperial palace. Cicero had a villa here, and amused himself by "counting the waves." The place declined with the Empire: it has been much injured of late years by the filling up of its port, which is now quite useless except for very small vessels.

The existing Roman remains of Porto d'Anzio are very obscure, and offer the merest suggestion of its former grandeur; but the size of the old Antium is attested by the marble columns and pieces of pedestal scattered over the fields for miles around, and by the opus-reticulatum work which often lines the cliffs on the sea-shore. Here, projecting far in the sea, worn and cavered by the waves, are the picturesque remains of the two moles of Nero, which enclosed the ancient harbour.

The town is very small, merely a knot of modern houses grouped around a square, in which stands the new church of S. Antonio, and a few more ancient fishermen's cottages near the pier, constructed by the architect Zinaghi, for Innocent XII., at a cost of 200,000 scudi, upon one of the old moles of Nero, of which he filled up the arches, and thus caused the accumulation of sand which has destroyed the harbour. Behind the town are open downs, strewn here and there with fragments of ruin. The sands in either direction are delightful for walking, and the views towards Nettuno are most attractive. To the left of the town, the cliffs are covered with Mesembryanthemum, hanging in huge festoons, and making a grand mass of purple colour with their great sun-like flowers, like large sea anemones. Aloes form the hedges of the cottage gardens.

The chief feature in the views from Porto d'Anzio is the wonderfully picturesque little town of Nettuno, which juts out into the sea about a mile and a half to the south. A broad road lined with trees leads to it from Porto d'Anzio, but the pleasantest way is to follow the shore as far as the sea allows, and then clamber up the winding path beneath the villa of Prince Borghese, which, since the change of government at Rome, has been the principal residence of his family.

At the entrance of Nettuno is a machicolated but now decaying fortress begun by Alexander VI. and finished by Alexander VII. The town is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient Cæno mentioned by Dionysius as a dependency of Antium. Nettuno is surrounded with walls and Guelphic battlements, and is full of picturesque nooks and corners, and fragments, probably of the Temple of Neptune, whence its name is derived. The number of women passing with brazen *conche* upon their heads guided us to a quaint well, near which is a beautiful old Gothic house, with twisted columns dividing its windows, and a pig on the coat of arms which adorns it. Beneath the town a wave-beaten terrace forms a wall only accessible in calm weather; in storms the waves beat furiously against the old houses themselves.

The magnificent Saracenic dress, described by Murray as still existing here, has long ceased to be worn. The people were persuaded that a great visitation of cholera was a judgment from heaven for their barbaric costume, and it was left off by universal consent! Those who wear any costume here now, adopt that of the towns in the Volscian Hills.

It is a charming drive from hence to Astura; but for pedestrians the walk is somewhat dangerous owing to the vast herds of buffaloes and *bove* which come down every day through the forest, with the early morning, to the sea, and spend the day upon the shore. They are generally unattended by herdsmen, and lie in black battalions on the white sand between the forest and the waves. Some of the bulls are most magnificent, with horns three feet long. They are very fierce, and can only be kept in order by the *Guardia della Campagna*, who rides after them and manages them wonderfully with his long lance. But far more to be feared are the savage red-eyed buffaloes, which, when they pursue a man, do not attempt to toss him, but knock him down, and kneel upon him till they have beaten all the breath out of

his body. They give the milk from which the *provatura*, or buffalo cheese, much eaten by the peasantry, is derived. The flesh is coarse and hard, and is for the most part sold to the poor Jews in the Ghetto.

The shore is lined by the forest—*arbutus*, juniper, phillyrea, tall flowering heath, and myrtle, which have grown into great trees, and are all tangled together with garlands of smilax and honeysuckle.

It is seven miles to Astura, whose tall tower is visible from so great a distance. This and a little chapel are the only buildings which rise out of the vast solitude. Cicero, who had a favourite villa at Astura, describes it, in writing to Atticus, as "a pleasant place, standing in the sea itself, and visible both from Antium and Circeii." A marble pavement on the shore, and the massive foundations on which the tower is built, are remains of the villa of Cicero; but the latter is no longer an island, but connected with the mainland by a causeway of masonry. Nothing can be more picturesque or romantic than this utterly solitary wave-beaten castle; nothing more melancholy than its associations. Hither, in November, B.C. 44, Cicero fled from his Tusculan villa, upon hearing that his name was upon the proscription-list of the triumvirate. He embarked in safety, intending to join Brutus in Macedonia; but sea-sickness induced him to land again at Formiæ, where he was overtaken by his enemies, and murdered within a mile of his own house. Augustus Cæsar is said to have been first attacked at Astura by the illness—a dysentery—of which he died (August, A.D. 14) at Nola. Strange to say, it was also at the fatal Astura that his successor Tiberius was stricken with his last illness. Strangest of all, Caligula also received at Astura the fatal omen of his approaching end, when about to sail from thence to Antium.

But these ancient associations of Astura are less sad than those which cling around the octangular mediæval tower, which was built by the great family of the Frangipani upon the Roman foundations. Hither (1268), after the lost battle of Tagliacozzo, fled the brave young Conradin of Hohenstaufen, with his faithful friends Frederick of Austria, Count Lancia and his sons, and the two Counts of Gherardesca. The people of Astura gave him a vessel in which the fugitives embarked in safety for Pisa, when the Lord of Astura, Giovanni Frangipani, returning to his castle, heard what had happened, and roused by the hope of a reward from

Charles of Anjou, pursued them in a larger vessel and brought them back. Conradin implored Frangipani, who had received great benefits, and even the honours of knighthood, from his father, to save his life, and not to deliver him up to Charles. He even promised to give his hand to the daughter of Frangipani if he would permit him to escape, but the Lord of Astura, unmoved by his misfortunes, began at once to propose terms for his surrender to Robert of Lavena, who had appeared before the walls to demand the prisoners for Charles, and only concealed them in a remote tower that he might make better terms. Conditions were soon after agreed upon with the Cardinal of Terracina, and the prince and his companions, sold for large estates in the principedom of Benevento, were hurried through the hills to Palestrina, and thence to Naples, where they were cruelly executed, Conradin, with his last breath, saying, "I cite my judge before the highest tribunal, my blood shed on this spot shall cry to heaven for vengeance."

The Frangipani did not long enjoy their ill-gotten gains, and the only son of Giovanni perished miserably in the very castle of Astura, where he had betrayed his friend.

We spent Good Friday at Anzio. Every house along the water-side illuminated in the evening, even the poorest fishermen along the pier displaying their little earthen lamps, and all were brilliantly reflected in the sea. At eight P.M. the church doors were thrown open, and, preceded by bands of music, the dead Christ was carried through the streets by the brethren of the Misericordia, followed by the figure of "Our Lady of Sorrows" in mourning robes. The costumes, the torches flaming against the deep-blue star-lit sky, and the vast number of kneeling figures made the sight a most picturesque one.

The coast between Porto d'Anzio and Ostia is very difficult to visit except on horseback, and then leave must be obtained to sleep in the old Chigi Palace at Castel Fusano. The greater part of the way leads through the grand memorial forest of Silva Laurentina, part of which was sacred to Picus and Faunus, where the spirit of Virgil still seems to pervade the silent depths of the wood, and where, while the buildings have passed away and the very sites of the towns whose foundation he describes are forgotten or disputed, Nature remains absolutely unchanged—the same pines raise their vast umbrella-like heads on the stars (*Æn.*, xi. 361), the same thicket of brambles and impervious brushwood are ready to mislead the

wanderer (ix. 381), the same springs sparkle in its deep recesses (vii. 85).

The easiest way of reaching Ardea is from Albano or Rome. The traveller who follows the track of the charcoal burners near the coast from Porto d'Anzio will in turn pass Torre Caldana, Torre di S. Anastasia, and Torre di S. Lorenzo. Then, crossing the stream Fosso della Moletta, he at length sees Ardea rising before him on the top of a rock, three miles from the sea, and twenty miles from Rome.

Desolate and forlorn as it is now, and almost totally deserted by its plague-stricken inhabitants during the summer months, Ardea was once the most important as well as one of the wealthiest cities of Latium. Tradition ascribes its foundation to Danaë, the mother of Perseus.

In the story of Æneas, Ardea appears as the capital of the Rutuli and the residence of their king Turnus, who was dependent on the Latin king, Latinus, though holding a sovereignty of his own. It was during the siege of Ardea by Tarquinius Superbus that the tragedy of Lucretia occurred, which led to the overthrow of the monarchy. It was also here that Camillus

took refuge in his exile; and the people of Ardea are said to have contributed greatly to victories which the Romans gained over the Gauls. From this time Ardea lapsed into the condition of an ordinary Roman colony, and was one of the twelve towns which declared themselves unable (B.C. 209) to furnish supplies of provisions and men to Rome during the second Punic war. The unhealthiness of the situation hastened its decay. Many great Roman personages, however, had villas here, among them Atticus, the friend of Cicero; and the town spoken of as "castellum Ardeæ," in the Middle Ages, has never quite ceased to exist, but has continued to occupy the rocky platform, which gained its name from Ardua—the cliff-girt.

The existing village and its castle, which belongs to the Duke Cesarini, occupy an isolated rock, evidently the ancient citadel, which is joined by a narrow neck of land to a larger platform, still called Civita Vecchia, and once covered by the ancient city, of which not a vestige remains. The citadel was surrounded by walls built of tufa in square blocks.

Four miles and a half from Ardea, at the church of Santa Procula, the road crosses the frequently dry bed of the Rio Torto, which has been identified with the Numicius, on the banks of which the great battle was fought between the Trojans and Rutulians, in which Æneas fell, and whose waves are supposed to have carried away his body, which was never found. The descriptions which the poets give answer to the present appearance of the river. Near the coast it

still spreads into a marsh—the Stagna Laurentia of Silius. On its banks Æneas was honoured in a temple under the name of Jupiter Indiges.

The Sugareto, which flows into the Rio Torto, is believed to be the stream of Anna Perenna, in which Anna, the unhappy sister of Dido, is said to have been carried away when fly-

ing from the palace of Æneas, and to have been borne into the "horned Numicius."

Eight miles from Ardea we reach La Sofatara, with sulphur springs, identical with the "Fons in Ardeatino," which Vitruvius mentions as cold, sulphureous, and of an unpleasant smell. It is probably also the site of the oracle of Faunus consulted by Latinus, king of Laurentum, on the coming of Æneas, who is hardly likely to have gone so far as the Albunea near Tibur.

A road practicable for carriages leads from La Solfatara, passing the church of Sta. Petronilla and proceeding through a forest to Pratica, the ancient Lavinium, seventeen miles from Rome, and three from the sea-coast. According to the tradition, this city was founded by Æneas shortly after his land-



Coriolo.



Fiumicino.

ing in Italy, and was called by him after the name of his wife Lavinia, daughter of King Latinus. This, from a resemblance of names, has been confused with Lanuvium, now Città-Lavinia, where an absurd tradition, regardless of geographical possibilities, shows, fixed in a wall, the iron ring to which the vessel of Æneas was attached.

When, thirty years after its foundation, Ascanius, the son of Æneas, removed the political capital of the Latins to Alba, the household gods persistently returned at night to their old dwellings, so that he was obliged to allow them to remain there, and to send back their priests to the number of six hundred. Thus Lavinium not only continued to exist, but grew to be regarded as a kind of religious metropolis, its gods, to a very late period, being regarded as equally the property of Rome and of all Latium.

The town is situated, like Ardea, upon an almost isolated hill, united to the table-land by a little isthmus, and surrounded everywhere else by deep ravines. The natural fortifications of tufa rock appear to have been strengthened by artificial cutting away, and some remains of ancient walls may be traced. The area of the town must always have been very small, and its principal building is now a great castle of Prince Borghese, with a tall tower. The place is almost deserted owing to the malaria.

A beautiful forest road of five miles leads from Pratica to Tor Paterno, a lonely tower, joining a farm-house half a mile from the coast, which is usually regarded as marking the site of the famous Laurentum, though Nibby (followed by Murray's "Handbook") places it at Capo Cotto, three miles distant, and inland, in contradiction of Pliny and Pomponius Mela, who describe it as near the coast. There are no ruins at Capo Cotto, those described by Murray being entirely fictitious, but plenty at Tor Paterno, though they are all of imperial date. Near Tor Paterno also are still remains of the marsh spoken of by Virgil, and whose frogs are celebrated by Martial.

Laurentum was the ancient capital of King Latinus, and according to the legend was his residence when Æneas and his Trojan colony landed on this shore, though upon the death of Latinus the seat of government was transferred first to Lavinium and then to Alba. Laurentum was never afterwards a place of much importance, though, because it was the only Latin city which took no part against Rome in the great war of B.C. 340, the treaty which had previously

existed with them was "renewed always from year to year on the 10th day of the *Periæ Latinæ*." But Lucan speaks of Laurentum as among the deserted cities—"vacuas urbes"—in his time.

For the seven miles which separate Tor Paterno from Castel Fusano, we wander through the depths of the great forest of the *Silva Laurentina*, which still covers the coast here as at the time when the Trojans landed and made a raid upon its timber. Amid the huge stone pines grow gigantic ilexes and bay-trees, descendants of the "laurels" which, says Aurelius Victor, gave its name to Laurentum, and whose scent was considered so salubrious that the Emperor Commodus was advised to retire to a villa in the wood during a pestilence at Rome. Here Varro relates that the orator Hortensius had a villa, and a park full of wild boars, deer, and other game; and here, near the shore, where remains of buildings may be discovered here and there, was the favourite villa of the younger Pliny. Still, as in ancient times, the forest is beloved by sportsmen, and famous for its wild boars: and it is still the thick pathless wood in which Virgil describes the tragic fate of the friends Nisus and Euryalus.

At length, passing Castel Fusano, we approach the salt-marshes of Ostia,—

"Dove l'acqua di Tevere s'insala."

Here the river bends considerably to the right, leaving, three miles to the left, Ostia, which already in the days of Strabo was called "a city without a port, on account of the alluvial deposits continually brought down by the Tiber." Julius Cæsar was the first to form a plan for a new artificial port, but it was Claudius who carried out the work, and who, finding it hopeless to attempt to cleanse the original port of Ostia at the mouth of the Tiber, constructed an entirely new harbour two miles north of the old one, opening upon the sea, and protected by two moles, which had an insulated breakwater between them, supporting a lighthouse.

In course of years the port of Claudius was also choked up, and a fresh harbour was begun in A.D. 103, by Trajan, united with the port of Claudius on the west, and with the Tiber by a canal, Fossa Trajana, which, since the increasing filling up of the old bed of the river, has become the Tiber itself, and is now the only branch which is navigable.

The port of Trajan, still called *Il Trajano*, is now a bason of still blue water, surrounded by low underwood. Along its sides

the quays and warehouses by which it was once surrounded may still be traced. Near it, by the roadside close to the Villa Torlonia, is placed an inscription recording the cutting of the canals of Claudius in A.D. 49.

Through a picturesque gateway, now called Arco di Nostra Signora, we reach the tiny group of buildings which is all that remains of the mediæval town of Porto, consisting of the bishop's palace and the little cathedral of Santa Rufina, with a tenth-century tower. The place was ruined at a very early period, owing to the Saracenic invasions, and though many popes have made attempts to recolonise it, they have always failed. As early as 1019 there were no inhabitants save a few guards in the tower of Porto, though it was the seat of a bishop, and though it has always continued to give a title to the sub-dean of the College of Cardinals.

The meadows near Porto, which are encircled by the two branches of the Tiber, form the Isola Sacra, a name first given to it

by Procopius. The island is described by Aethicus, who wrote in the fifth century, as most beautiful and fertile—"Libanus Alma Veneris." Now it is in great part overgrown with asphodel and mallow. The name of its church, with the tall mediæval campanile—S. Ippolito—will recall the famous Bishop of Porto.

Here Dante makes the rendezvous of the happy souls, whom the celestial pilot is presently to transport to Purgatory.

"sempre quivi
si ricoglie,
Qual verso
d'Acheronte
non si cala."

From Porto, two miles of road or river, take one to Fiumicino, which derives its name from its situation on the smaller branch of the Tiber, and which stands at the present mouth of the river. A row of modern houses was erected by the late Government, but have little view of the

sea, owing to the sandbanks. The handsome castellated tower, with a lighthouse on the top, was built by Clement XIV. in 1773.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.



Good Friday at Porto d'Anzio.



In the Church of Nettuno.



AUTUMN IN THE HIGHLANDS.

OCTOBER.

(AFTER KEATS.)

I.

OCTOBER misty bright, the touch is
 thine
 That the full year to consummation brings,
 When noonday suns and nightly frosts combine
 To make a glory that outrivals spring's ;
 The mountain bases swathed in russet fern,
 Their middle girths with deer-grass golden-
 pale,
 And the high summits touched with earliest
 snows
 From summer dreamings lift to thoughts more
 stern ;
 Then doth the harvest-moon in beauty sail
 O'er the far peaks and the mist-steaming
 vale,
 While silver-sheened our household river
 flows.

II.

Who hath not seen thee clambering up the
 crag,
 On sunny days in many-hued attire,
 Making wild-cherry leaves thy scarlet flag,
 And kindling rowan boughs to crimson fire ?
 Sometimes on dizzy rock-ledge thou art seen,
 Even as an angel from high heaven new-lit,
 Quivering aloft in aspen's pallid gold ;
 Or far up mountains queen-like thou dost sit,
 Cushioned on mosses orange, purple, green,
 Or down their bases homeward thou dost
 lean,
 Loaded with withered ferns a housewife old.

III.

What though the summer mountain fruits
 are gone,
 Though of black crowberries grouse have eat
 their fill ?
 A few belated cloudberries linger on
 High on the moist hill-breast where mists
 distil ;
 And now the prickly juniper displays
 On dry warm banks his pungent fruitage
 blue,
 Deep in pine-forests wortleberries show
 Their box-like leaves and fruit of bright red
 hue,
 And old fail-dykes along the upland braes,
 Fringed with blaeberry leaves in scarlet
 blaze,
 Add to October sunsets richer glow.

IV.

And for thy songs, home-carting late-won
 peats,
 Crofters low-humming down hill-tracks re-
 turn,
 While here and there some lone ewe-mother
 bleats
 Fitfully, for last summer's lamb forlorn ;
 O'er heather brown no wild-bee murmurs
 float,
 The pewits gone, shy curlews haste to leave
 The high moors where they screamed the
 summer long,
 From slaughtering guns the mountains win
 reprieve,
 But still far up on mossy hags remote
 The plover sits and pipes her plaintive note,
 And cackling grouse-cock whirs on pinions
 strong.

GARTH CASTLE.

Alexander Stuart, son of King Robert II. commonly known, for his ferocity, as the Wolf of Badenoch, burnt the cathedral and town of Elgin, owing to a quarrel with the bishop. He is said to have built Garth Castle, and to have founded the family of the Stuarts of Garth, who possessed it till recent times. His tomb, surmounted by a marble effigy, is still to be seen in the cathedral of Dunkeld.

GARTH CASTLE, he hath borne the brunt
 Of twice three hundred years ;
 Yet dauntless still his time-rent front
 A ruddy banner rears.

Bethinks he of the blood-red flag,
 Was waving there of old,
 When Badenoch's Wolf that island crag
 Chose for his mountain hold ?

On either side a torrent's roar—
 A jagged dark ravine—
 A headlong precipice before,
 Behind, yon mountain screen,

Here, warder-like, the gorge he keeps,
 Firm foot and aspect grim ;
 Schihallion from his mountain steeps
 Looks calmly down on him.

O well he chose this dark defile,
 Who harried far and near,
 Fire-wasted Elgin's holy pile,
 And filled these glens with fear.

And then—his work of ravage sped—
 To this stern hold withdrew,
 And Scotland's lion, bloody-red,
 From its proud forehead threw.

Those robber chiefs are in their graves,
And from this ruined brow
A gentler power the red flag waves,
Not man, but Nature now—

Calm Nature, who these autumn eves
Her silent finger lays,
And kindles those wild-cherry leaves
To bright purpleal blaze.

Deft worker ! who like her can rich
And rare embroidery weave,

To hide the rents of ruin which
Time's unseen wedges cleave.

O well for thee ! that thou canst find,
After thy stormy day,
A nurse so beautiful and kind
To gladden thy decay,

And give to passing hearts to feel
How under wrong and ruin
A deep power lies, can gently heal
With beautiful renewing.

J. C. SHARPE.

THE DEATH OF THE SEED THE LIFE OF THE HARVEST.

A Sermon in Westminster Abbey.

By THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."—JOHN xii. 24.

IT would be impossible in one sermon, or indeed in many sermons, to exhaust all the meaning that resides in these words; and yet they are words singularly suitable for the text of a detached sermon, which has no connection with any pastoral work, or with any other discourses that have preceded it in this place, or that may come after.

For we have in these words one of our Lord's proverbial utterances—we might call them parables condensed—and, as in all those sacred proverbs, the truth which He enunciates here has many sides, while yet the proverb stands out well in relief so as to invite separate attention.

At the same time it is obviously desirable that we should first see clearly what the occasion was on which these words were spoken, and so obtain a correct starting-point for the reflections which are to follow.

The occasion was remarkable, as regards both the time to which it belonged and all the circumstances of the case. The time was very shortly before the Passion. Jesus Christ was at a great festival in Jerusalem, never to attend that festival again. "And there were certain Greeks among them that came up to worship at the feast: the same came therefore to Philip, which was of Bethsaida of Galilee, and desired him, saying, Sir, we would see Jesus. Philip cometh and telleth Andrew; and again Andrew and Philip tell Jesus."

In this incident we can hardly fail to see something prophetic. As the Jewish day is preparing to set, it would seem as if the Gentile day were already preparing to arise. As the Jews persevere in shutting the door

of salvation, the Gentiles begin to knock at that door, which is Jesus Christ.

But how does our Lord treat the incident? Not altogether as we should have expected. He makes no direct answer. We are not able to ascertain whether He did grant to these Greeks the interview which they wished. There seems at first sight to be no connection between the incident and the words which the incident called forth. And may it not be worth while to ask, in passing, whether this be not a mark of naturalness, of truthfulness, and of the authenticity of this Gospel? What we should have expected would have been a striking account of the proposed interview, with all the links of the connection between the words and the occasion made clear and distinct. The absence of all such provision for elucidating the coherence of the incident and the words, may be adduced as a proof that the incident occurred and that the words were spoken.

Yet certainly there is a connection, though it may require some exercise of thought to perceive it. The very appearance of these Greeks was to Christ a token that His glorification was at hand. As Gentiles from the East had come to His cradle, so now Gentiles from the West were come to His cross. In the first-fruits He sees the harvest. But this glory could not be without suffering first. It seems as if there arose suddenly before His mind, in all its vastness and all its agony, that redeeming work for the whole human race which was now about to reach its consummation in death. "And He answered them, saying, The hour is come, that the Son

of Man should be glorified. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." This appears to say, The gathering-in of the nations will take place; the Son of Man will be glorified; but this must be done by suffering, by self-sacrifice, by death; and the time is now close at hand. Then, as if our Lord forgot His own impending agony, to think of us His weak and tempted disciples, and as if He would fortify us by His example, He adds, "He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal. If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall my servant be; if any man serve me, him will my Father honour." Then it would seem as if a violent agitation suddenly overcame the Lord in the prospect of His agony—as if already He were in Gethsemane. The impression which we derive from the original Greek is far stronger than that which is given to us by our English version. "Now"—*now*—in the original the word is emphatic—"is my soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour: but for this cause came I unto this hour." Such are His surprising words. It is one of the most striking moments in the recorded history of Christ. To see any man in strong emotion, which he cannot master, in the prospect of dreadful suffering, is extremely affecting; but to see Christ thus—and, on this occasion, not in the silence and gloom among the olive-trees in the Garden, but in the Temple, in the open and public court, in the midst of a conversation, and with many persons all around, this fills us with wonder, with awful pity, with shame for our sin. This was followed by a voice from heaven, in the audience of all the people, bearing testimony to Him and to the work that He came to do, just as in Gethsemane an angel came bringing strength and comfort. Then again Jesus thought immediately of His disciples. "He answered and said, This voice came not because of me, but for your sakes. *Now* is the judgment of this world; *now* shall the prince of this world be cast out." The victory over Satan was to be made sure—nay, was in that very moment made sure—through the will of Christ to suffer and to die. "And I," continues the Lord, "if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." It is thus, by the crucifixion of the Saviour, by the attraction of the Cross, that the Gentiles will be gathered in. Thus will the "Greeks" indeed "see Jesus." And the Evangelist adds,

"This He said, signifying what death He should die."

We are now, therefore, in possession of the context, and we feel that it is a passage—if we may presume to describe it—marked by much grandeur and much pathos, and that it evidently is very deep and copious in its meaning. From out of this context must of course be drawn part of our comment on the text. In fact, in the mere reading of what has been quoted the best comment has already been given.

As to the text itself, it is an image from the natural world. This is quite in harmony with our Lord's manner. His teaching was constantly based on the objects of nature, as when He said, "Consider the lilies how they grow," or "Behold the fields, that they are white already to the harvest." But it is more than an invitation to attend merely to one of the expressive *aspects* of nature. It is an allusion to one of the *laws* of nature, to an ordained method, according to which an important process is carried on, as when He described the silent, gradual, pervading progress of religion by saying that the kingdom of heaven is "like leaven which a woman hid in three measures of meal," or when He counselled wise adaptations of means to ends in critical times by saying that during the process of fermentation it is essential that "new wine" should be put in "new wineskins." So here He calls our attention to the secret force that resides in the seed, which force, however, does not exert itself till the seed has been placed in the ground and begun to pass through the process of disintegration. This death is followed by a new and wonderful life. "If the corn of wheat die, it bringeth forth much fruit." We are familiar with this law of nature, with this life coming out of death; and all through the year we have occasion for thankfully watching and reviewing the great results of this law.

But it is worth while to look yet more closely into the illustration which our Lord uses. It will bear the test even of what may be called the physiological inquiry. Of course such passages are meant for the instruction of the popular mind, even more than of the scientific mind. Otherwise it could hardly be true that it is "to the poor" especially that "the Gospel is preached." Still such passages may often with advantage be examined and illustrated from the scientific side. The process of the germination of the new plant, after the seed is placed in the earth, is one of the most interesting, one of the most curious, of all the changes that go on around us. It is

a process, as it were, of self-sacrifice. There is a true death for the sake of a new life. This is more evident in some classes of plants than in others. But in the class of plants to which the wheat belongs, the process of dissolution can be watched, and the method by which nutrition and strength are given to a new and vigorous life, through the decay of the old.

It is to be added further, in order that we may see all the force of our Saviour's parable, that the seed itself presents a most extraordinary contrast to the living plant which comes from it. Nothing can be more apparently helpless—more separated off from everything else—more hard and dry and poor—than the corn of wheat in itself: and so it remains, until it is buried in the earth. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." One of the marvels of our life is to compare the broad waving fields of grain with the mere corn-heaps from which they came. Could there be a greater difference? And yet the law that connects them is an immutable law: and it is the law of *death*. "That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him. . . . It is sown in weakness: it is raised in power."*

The first application of the parable before us is, of course, to Christ Himself. Let us adore this holy corn of wheat, cast by the Incarnation into the field of this world,† then by Resurrection and Ascension springing up and growing into a marvellous life, and now, over all the great harvest-field of God, bearing "much fruit."

But while adoring this, as the highest fulfilment of a Divine law, let us not forget the personal agony which it required. Nothing could show the reality of this more forcibly than the shudder on this occasion which came over the Saviour's mind, when the torture of His crucifixion, now close at hand, was presented to his thoughts, and the earnest cry of prayer which He uttered here in the Temple, as afterwards in Gethsemane. There was no insensibility in Christ to the horrors of a painful death: on the contrary, His soul was moved to its very depths in contemplating the price He was about to pay for the salvation of mankind.

In all this Christ was absolutely, necessarily, unapproachably, supreme and alone. But the principle enunciated in this solemn sentence of His has other applications, extending to ourselves.

It is sometimes the case, in the most literal sense, with the servants of Christ, that death is the condition of life. This is the essence of what we mean by *martyrdom*. When great principles are at stake, when the time is critical, when mighty changes are in progress, some conspicuous act of self-sacrifice is required, in order that the future may be made safe. It has on various occasions, and in more senses than one, been proved "expedient," as Caiaphas said, little knowing the right meaning of what he said, "that one man should die for the people."* The dying of the corn-seed is the condition of fructification. St. Stephen probably did more for the cause of Christ by his death, than a prolonged life of active service would have done. Even as an example to us, there is perhaps more permanent good in the story of his martyrdom, than there could have been in two or three additional chapters of the Acts of the Apostles.

And let this thought have its full weight with us Englishmen, when we stand in Smithfield, or look at the Memorial at Oxford. Probably nothing gave such force to the Reformation as the death of the Reformers. We talk of these things lightly now. We are reaping the harvest: and we forget the dying of the corn-seed.

And as with martyrs at home, so with *missionaries* abroad. What at this moment is one of the brightest hopes for Africa? Is it not the light that rests *here* on Livingstone's grave? May we not justly think of that body, borne by loving hands across the wilderness, and brought home over the seas, as an assurance to us that his death, according to the Divine law, shall be followed by a harvest of life?

But even in the general course of ordinary experience—without any persecution and cruelty—without any wonderful adventures, or toil among wild beasts under a tropical sun—and on the small scale of common things—this principle is often exemplified. Those deaths which we deem premature are not unfrequently found to be incentives to a higher life in those who remain. A good man passes away: and good men are so scarce, that it seems as if he could not be spared. But let us not conclude too hastily that his influence is gone. The seed is in

* 1 Cor. xv. 36, 37, 38, 43.

† See Quesnel, "Le Nouveau Testament, avec des Reflexions Morales," vol. ii. p. 257.

* John xviii. 14.

the ground. Let us look for the harvest. The mere fact that he is gone from our view, that he is mourned, that his loss is felt, may result in the truths that he taught being more widely known, his example more thoughtfully followed. Many religious biographies, for instance, and their wide influence, have been the "much fruit" that has followed the departure of one whose loss seemed irreparable.

But in another sense, and without literal death, this principle is applicable to us all: and Jesus gives us this truth in the context which has been quoted. The habit of self-sacrifice, the voluntary losing of life, is always potential for great results. Two things ought to be deeply impressed on all those who are seriously considering how they may serve God. First, no real good is to be done without self-sacrifice. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." Without this *death*, our work in life, even if it is very active, even if it is very much applauded, is hard and dry, and isolated from the true progress of spiritual good in the world. But, on the other hand, if this death be a reality, if, like the Apostle,* we can say "I die daily," then the smallness, the meanness, of the seed presents no argument in depreciation of the large benefit that may be expected. "If the corn of wheat die, it bringeth forth much fruit." God's law is precisely this, that great results follow from small beginnings. And the harvest is referred to again and again in Scripture as an illustration of this law. So in our Lord's very first parable. "Behold, a sower went forth to sow: and some seeds fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some thirtyfold, some sixty, some a hundred."

And so with this later parable now before us. This law, whereby great results follow from small beginnings, is to be well borne in mind, in our application to ourselves of those words of our Blessed Lord, which we have now been considering. The original insignificance and apparent poverty of the seed is not to be so regarded, so as to cause to us any discouragement. Every oak was once an acorn. Every broad harvest-field, where the warm sun shines in autumn on the gathering in of plenty for the blessing of man, was once a heap of "bare grain." This seed has prodigious powers within: but those powers cannot be evolved, except by the process of death. And that this is true of ourselves is evident from His own words, following the text, as we have seen, so unexpectedly. "He

that loveth his life shall lose it: and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal. If any man serve me, let him follow me: and where I am, there shall also my servant be: if any man will serve me, him will my Father honour." What is true of Jesus Christ, is true of His members. Death is the condition of fructification and of the life which communicates true spiritual blessing. Whosoever is of the harvest must also be of the sowing. We must go *His* way to glory. All who serve and follow Him, them will His Father honour, and where He is, who died and rose again, there in the end will all His servants be.

And one thought still remains to be touched—without which our reflections on this copious many-sided text would be very incomplete. It is not so much the wealth of the harvest contrasted with the poverty of the seed, on which we are invited to dwell, as the multitudinous character of the harvest contrasted with the isolation and *solitude* of the seed.*

Christ's personal ministry was to the Jews: but potentially it embraced the world. And when these Greeks made their inquiry, He saw, close at hand, the accomplishment of His mission. They were the pledge of the new harvest which was to come. They stood before Him as specimens of the Universal Church—and (Nature being dear to Him, and full of meaning in His eyes—Nature, in fact, being His own work, His own great manifold parable) He sees in a rich ear of corn the emblem of His future glory. In our own watching of the growth of the corn-plant, it is not merely "the blade" that we look for, but "the full corn in the ear."† The harvest is not merely resurrection after death, but manifold reproduction. There is now not one grain, but many. The grain re-appears, but no longer alone. Then Christ was, so to speak, alone upon the earth: the one perfect seed. But isolation was not that which He desired. That He might not be alone, He died, and through death found many brethren, with His own life reproduced in all of them. Since He rose from the dead, He not only has a new and glorious life, but imparts it and lives to impart it. Having been "lifted up," He draws all men unto Him. Virtue goes out of Him perpetually, so that He brings many sons to glory. The self-sacrificing of the Master, and therefore the reproductive life, is infused into all His servants.

And herein is our encouragement and our

* The thoughts which follow are partially borrowed from a sermon on the same text preached in Chester Cathedral by the Rev. J. H. Chescon.

† Mark iv. 28.

* 1 Cor. xv. 37.

confident hope for our own work in the world. Christ asks us, "Art thou sinful?" and He answers, "I have died, and in my death have atoned for thy sin. Art thou weak? The strength of my resurrection-life is thine." But He asks likewise, "Art thou solitary and alone?" And He answers likewise, "Take the new life which I give thee, and learn to sacrifice thyself: and thus thy death shall be life to those around thee: and thou shalt be

no longer alone." It is true that to Christ only, in the highest sense, belongs "the joy of Harvest." But He shares this joy with His true people. They, too, will be accompanied by many brethren, but on this condition, that they learn the law of self-sacrifice. Of self-seeking and self-indulgence the penalty is this—and it is a sad and awful penalty, and it is incurred alike in small things and great—that every selfish man "abideth alone."

IN MEMORIAM—SYDNEY DOBELL.

"DEL grande siene poco," and it is unfit that one of those few should pass from among the living with no more immediate record of the world's loss than is contained in some brief and inadequate newspaper notices, constructed, for the most part, by those who know nothing of the man, cataloguing the published books of which he was the author (all written during five or six years of his life), and enumerating a few facts of his outward career.

There is little doubt that Sydney Dobell, who died at Barton End House, near Nailsworth, Gloucestershire, at the age of fifty, on the evening of the 22nd of August, is a Poet of the Future. We mean that a time will come when the sober-minded *study* of his work by open-eyed and competent critics will lead to a fuller acknowledgment of its grandeur, its subtle truth to the deeper and finer heart of things and to the rarer aspects of nature, its magnificence of imagery, its intensity of inspiration, its solidity and thoroughness of execution, than any it received in the lifetime of the author.

Of his work one of his oldest and most intimate friends thus writes:—

"In estimating Mr. Dobell's place in the Pantheon of British Poets we must bear in mind that his genius was eminently comprehensive and architectural, and that the severe affliction which so prematurely crippled his powers, forced him to leave, as a half-hewn Torso, the grand designs which his early intellectual ambition had conceived. His mind was of a nature to go on for long years laying strong historical foundations for his poetical work, when others of a more slight genius would have been blowing beautifully iridescent bubbles, or bursting into luxuriant but too fleet blossom. The hard labour which this his mental constitution implied as a necessary condition of all poetical excel-

lence became impossible when the disease, which after many years of painful lingering proved fatal, attacked the great organ of intellectual activity, which in him was originally remarkably strong, and capable of working at an enormous pressure. Notwithstanding this capital misfortune, he has left behind him not a few specimens of first-rate excellence in the poetic art, which will go down to future ages with the most valued intellectual products of the English lyre."

Of his work much more must be said at another time. It is not now of the Poet but of the Man we wish briefly to speak.

By those who had the privilege of intimate intercourse with Mr. Dobell, his intellect and genius were felt to be less remarkable than the beauty of his personal character. Wonderful as was the clear strength of the great brain, the largeness of his heart and the depth and the width of his sympathies were yet more wonderful. Reverently and without exaggeration we may pronounce that personal character to have been Christ-like, in its mingled tenderness and strength, in its high and pure ideality, in its unspotted integrity, in its sternness of self-discipline and its wide and wise charity towards faulty and failing human nature, in its unswerving inflexible sacrifice of both interest and inclination to duty—duty to God and duty to man.

Mr. Dobell's nature was exceptionally reverent and devotional. "One only needed to hear him say 'grace' to be sure of that!" was the remark of one of his friends. There can be no doubt (though this is entirely unknown beyond his most immediate circle) that the foundations of the disease which, in later years, gradually and insidiously sapped his strength, and ultimately subdued and ex-

tinguished life, were laid by the too frequent and too-prolonged strain upon what may be called the religious imagination involved by a habit, acquired when he was still a mere boy (for he, to quote his own words, written of one of his dramatic characters—

"had thoughts
Of Paradise, when other men have hardly
Look'd out of doors on earth.")

of spending many hours out of every twenty-four in the effort to abstract himself from all earthly things, and pass into communion with God and the spiritual world. The spirit too much despising the body, the body cruelly revenged itself upon the spirit.

Neither pleasure, nor business, nor literary labour, nor physical fatigue,—of which he incurred a good deal, for he was by no means a Carpet Knight or indoor Poet, but delighted in out-door life and in active exercises, riding, shooting, and so forth,—nor any kind of physical discomfort, were ever allowed to shorten the hours given to this intensity of prayer. What time the day had failed to yield was taken from the night.

A naturally splendid constitution, and one never weakened by any kind of physical indulgence or disorder, was thus by excessive mental, intellectual, and spiritual strain, combined with scant sleep and often scant and too hastily taken nourishment, prematurely weakened. A finely strung and highly sensitive nervous organization was rendered to some extent morbid (though not in any ordinary sense) and *exalté* by deficiency of physical stuff to supply its waste.

While still quite young Mr. Dobell became comparatively an invalid. His most important works, "The Roman," "Balder," and "England in Time of War," were all published before he was five-and-thirty—before, as he himself felt, he had come to the maturity and equal balance of his powers.

The delivery in Edinburgh (to which place he had gone to seek medical advice for his wife), while suffering from bronchitis, of a lecture "On the Nature of Poetry," pronounced by savans to be a masterpiece of philosophy and eloquence, produced so serious an irritation of the chest that Mr. Dobell was immediately ordered to a southern climate.

Several winters were passed in the Isle of Wight, but the delicacy increasing, he, with Mrs. Dobell (in whom, considering the suffering it involved, the resolution to face the

needed amount of travelling was little short of heroic), wintered for some years in the south of France, in Spain, or in Italy. In these places Mr. Dobell occupied himself with study of the peculiarities of the tongues and the peoples, with the policy of nations, and the political geography of Europe. He also added largely to the long accumulating mass of materials destined to have been employed in the book which he has not lived to write. In each country he made warm and earnest friends.

In April, 1865, at Pozzuoli, near Naples, when trying to realise the exact scene on which St. Paul had looked as he landed in that bay, Mr. Dobell fell through a hole in the hillside into an underground passage, a depth of from ten to twelve feet. He was soon extricated, and appeared to be almost uninjured, proceeding on his excursion to Baie. But the blow on the back of the neck sustained in this fall, and the shock to the nervous system, are medically supposed to have been the last provoking cause of epileptiform seizures to which, about a year afterwards, he first became subject.

Mr. Dobell by no means succumbed, mind or body, to the early attacks of his disease. He rallied sufficiently to ride daily on horse-back, and to write several vigorous and subtle brochures, "England's Day" and "Consequential Damages" among them.

Unhappily, however, three years later, in 1869, while trying a recently-purchased horse on Hampton Common, near Stroud, before allowing a lady friend to mount it, Mr. Dobell met with another and a more serious accident. The creature reared and threw itself backwards, falling with and upon its rider.

After three months Mr. Dobell partially recovered, but he was not able to resume his habit of constant horse exercise, on which his physical well-being had always much depended, and from this time his health failed more and more rapidly.

All who had the privilege of knowing him will bear loving and admiring testimony to the noble and cheerful patience with which he suffered illness of a kind peculiarly distressing to one of his great mental activity, and most genial, social, and sympathetic temperament.

He was always more than calm and resigned, he was bright, happy in himself, and striving to make all about him happy. He was never once known to murmur at the mysterious dispensation which laid him aside, while still in the prime of manhood, from the

work of his life, and shut him back from the possibility of carrying out noble schemes, and of gratifying noble ambitions. He never lost his keenness of interest in the affairs of others—whether those of nations or of the humblest member of his household. The gracious charm of his courtly manner, a charm coming direct from his heart, made devotees of his servants, enthusiastic worshippers of many of his mere acquaintances. The edge of his sympathies, whether public or private, was never for one moment blunted by any personal suffering or experience.

In the grandest sense of the words he was a man, in the holiest a Christian. Of the man the same friend from whom we quoted before writes—

“Mr. Dobell’s life was the bright complement of his books.

“In his intercourse with the world he presented a model of dignity, affability, and grace, which, combined with his remarkable personal beauty, made an instant and an indelible impression on all who met with him. His manners were not in any respect *made*; they grew, and were possible only where a highly-refined social taste, a large intellectual sympathy, and an eminently generous nature acted in happy concert. His gracious nature delighted to exercise itself in deeds of public and private beneficence, which will live long in the memory of many who never dreamed of forming an estimate of, and perhaps were naturally unable to appreciate, the intellectual excellencies of his work. Add to this what those who knew him intimately might, perhaps, call the music of his domestic character, and we have a picture before us which, cherished in the memory, will be the best consolation to the world for the loss of so beautiful a human presence.”

Owing to the seclusion, the unwilling seclusion, in which the state of his health latterly made it necessary for him to live—seclusion borne for the sake of those whose love, perhaps selfish in some senses, sought to eke out what was left to him of life by economizing the small remainder of

vital fuel—it is now sad to think how few know the greatness, the value, the beauty that has passed from among us. This generation, at all events, will not see another such combination and concentration of strength and gentleness, of manliness and tenderness, of keenness and sweetness, of clear-seeing, deep-thinking, eloquent-speaking, most constant, pure, and fervent loving.

“Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom” were the words he had himself, some time back, chosen to be engraved on his coffin. And surely, with a peculiar love, the Lord will remember this one of His beloved to whom He has given sleep.

“Absolute rest,” was the frequent and the last prescription of his earthly physicians. Absolute rest being impossible of attainment in this world, where the trusted prove untrustworthy, where even the nearest and dearest and most devoted love is often failing and faulty, planting a thorn where it should pour in balm, the Great Physician took him to that rest which remaineth for the people of God.

During the last few months of a suffering, and yet we dare to think on the whole a happy, or if not a happy at all events a blessed, life, disease gained ground and strength failed rapidly. Towards the very end his illness took an acute and unexpected form. Unconsciousness succeeded to delirium, and at length he sighed himself to sleep with perfect ease and peacefulness.

He can now, doubtless, to quote his own words from “An Aspiration of the Spirit,”

“— smile, with dazzled wisdom dumb,
—Remembering all he said and sung—
That man asks more of mortal tongue
Than skill to say, ‘Thy Kingdom come.’”

Though but fifty when he died, Mr. Dobell leaves behind him a wife of thirty years, from whom he had never been four-and-twenty hours separated. A wife who, as she was a wife indeed, will be a widow indeed, till such time as God sees fit to give her the privilege of his kingdom, calling her to rejoin the lost Beloved.





"A MUSIC LESSON."

THERESA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SYLVIA'S CHOICE."

CHAPTER X.



HE Verner's house was in Lincolnshire, on the borders of the fen district, but yet a pleasant house, with large sunny gardens, and wide

views across the level country round. "You will find the place quite unlike everything you are used to here," Mrs. Verner had told Theresa beforehand, and when she saw it she did find it wholly new to her.

"How curiously flat it is! Do you see no hills at all?" she asked Mrs. Verner, as on the evening of her arrival she stood at one of the windows that overlooked the great spread of unvaried landscape stretching to the east, all bright with sunshine and green with verdure, but broken, as far as the eye could see, by only here and there some straggling stunted trees. She looked at this unfamiliar scene with a sense of surprise, but with no pleasure, with even a kind of shrinking from it. She did not say aloud, but she was thinking to herself, "I should lose heart and hope for everything, if I had only these flat monotonous fields to look out upon for ever."

This was her first feeling; but yet presently, as her eyes became accustomed to it, she began gradually to find a certain charm in this tame, unchanging, hill-less land. "It is a soothing place to live in for a time," she wrote after a week or two to Mr. Harold. "It refreshes me in the kind of way that sleep does without dreams. But I only like to sleep without dreaming when I am very tired, and I should

get terribly weary of it all if I lived here long. I only like it now because it seems to ask nothing from me in return for what it gives—no admiration, no love, nothing but a passive acceptance of it. And I am very indolent, and feel as if that passive acceptance was all I had strength to give to anything just now—at least to anything here."

She wrote this after she had been a fortnight in Lincolnshire. She had grown partly reconciled to the change then, but she was still, as she had told Mr. Harold, spiritless and dejected. "They are all kinder to me than I deserve," she had written to him at the first. "They treat me so tenderly that I am ashamed to feel always—as I do feel—tired and indifferent. I am trying to rouse myself, but it is hard to do it—at least it seems hard here. I often think that if I were at home again I should have more life in me." And then sometimes in her early letters she had broken out to him almost passionately. "Am I to stay away all the three long months that we talked of?" she appealed to him once. "You know I promised you that I would do whatever you wished, and I will keep my promise, but I get almost sick sometimes with longing to come home again." But yet as time went on, removed as she was from everything that could excite or pain her, the new faces roused her, the new air she breathed, the new sights she looked on, the placid quiet of the life she led, began to soothe and comfort her.

They were a kindly family,—a sort of household that it is a wholesome thing for an outsider to come into, unselfish, good, refined, pure-hearted. By degrees Theresa came to love them. Her eyes had been clouded at first by her own sorrow, but as her tears dried slowly up she began to have sight and thought for other things besides herself and her own griefs and longings.

"Shall I tell you how we pass our days?" she wrote to Geoffry Harold. "Our life is almost as monotonous as this great stretch of green flat land that lies all round us, but I think I am beginning to find a certain charm in monotony. We read and work and talk all through the morning. Then we go out, for long drives sometimes, sometimes for walks, and to sit in the sunshine on the grass. In the evening Henry Verner often comes up from the vicarage to dine with us, and I always like those days best on which he comes.

After dinner we talk and read and have music. They are all fond of music, and to please them—for I can do so little to please them—I have begun again during this last week to sing. I thought at first that it would be a pain to do it, but I find now that it is not a pain, but a pleasure. And yet sometimes it brings back thoughts and memories that are very hard to bear. Last night suddenly one of the girls began to sing that little song of Beethoven's that he calls *Sehnsucht*, and brought the tears to my eyes. Do you remember that I sang it to you two the night my darling died? Oh, if I could but live again through that last evening that we spent together—we three! I feel at times as if I would give half my life to do it. Do you recollect how happy he was that night? You had made him happy so often. I like to think that almost the last words he ever spoke to me were about you, and that his last thoughts of you must have been grateful thoughts."

In her heart she was still yearning to be at home again, but yet she grew fond of the Verners before her stay with them in those long summer days had ended.

"You have given me something new to love for all the rest of my life," she said to Mrs. Verner when the time was coming near for her to leave them. "I feel as if all these weeks I had been doing no good to any living creature, and you all the time have been so good to me. I think I shall be a better woman when I go home for having lived so long amongst you."

"My dear, I don't think you want to be made a better woman," Mrs. Verner answered cordially, and drew the girl to her side, and stroked her hair and kissed her. For Mrs. Verner had become fond of Theresa during these three months; her harmony of nature had been very sweet to her. She had thought more than once that she should like to see her son bringing such a girl home to her as his wife.

But Henry Verner had laughed on the only occasion when she had said anything like this to him.

"If I were to fall in love with Theresa Thurston, mother, I might break my heart for her before she would ever marry me," he had answered. "I don't know anything about her history, but she has done *her* loving already; you may take my word for that."

And then they said no more; but suddenly after he had begun to talk of something else, it flashed across Mrs. Verner that the young man must have watched Theresa with

some yearning towards her in his own heart before he could speak with so much confidence of what no one else amongst them had suspected; and after this day she talked no more about Miss Thurston to her son.

But she thought to herself, "Then, if Henry is right, she *does* love that man at Farnham, I suppose!" and before Theresa went home (for, sweet and good woman though she was, she liked to get at the bottom of a secret, and above all of a secret that involved a love affair, with all true feminine ardour) she tried to find out whether her son was right or not.

I don't know, however, that she got very much out of Theresa. The girl answered the questions that she put to her in a way that puzzled rather more than it enlightened her. She was betrayed by no *ruse* on Mrs. Verner's part into making any confession whatever about Geoffry Harold.

"And indeed, for my own part," Mrs. Verner finally confided to her daughters, "I doubt if there is anything to confess, for I don't really think she is going to be married to him. She seems to me to be quite honestly looking forward to leading a solitary life in her own house."

She was right in this; Theresa *was* looking forward to leading such a life, and she spoke of it frankly and readily, and combated the opposition that Mrs. Verner made to it (for she opposed it warmly) with steady determination.

"Why should I not live alone? I am not a girl: I am five-and-twenty now," she would say. "If I were younger it might be necessary that I should find somebody to take care of me, but, as it is, do you think I need to be taken care of by any one? If I were ever tempted to take anybody to live with me, I think I should choose some one who was younger than myself, not older, and whom I could direct and chaperone, not who would direct and chaperone me; but at present I am not inclined even to do that; I feel no wish to have any one with me, either old or young." And Mrs. Verner could not shake her in her resolution.

She argued the point with her for a good while, and then she gave it up at last.

"You have a strong will, my dear," she said to her. "I don't like you the less for it, you know. It will lead you wrong sometimes, as it is leading you wrong just now, I think; but, if one is to choose between the two extremes, better be strong-willed than weak-willed, a hundred times over. So you shall have your own way, and I will say no more."

In the hot August days Theresa's heart

began to grow glad within her, because the time was drawing near when she should return home.

"I think sometimes," she wrote to Mr. Harold, "that you were right in sending me away, and even right in making me stay here so long, for this idle time has made me strong. At first I only wanted to come home to be comforted, but now I want to come home to work. I feel as if I could work,—as if I had new hope and new life in me. My heart throbs when I think of coming back, and I am thinking of it all day long."

"You are very glad to be going away from us?" Henry Verner said to her a few days before she returned to Kynaston.

She had been saying something to him about her return there,—speaking to him with the light shining in her eyes; but she coloured when he asked this question, and felt the half approach that was in it. And yet, how could she help it if she was glad?

"You must put it more fairly. I am not glad because I am leaving here, but because I am going home," she answered quickly. "I am not glad to be leaving all of you—no, I am not glad of that at all."

"Are you not? But yet we have been very little to you all this time," he said.

"You have not been little. You have been as much to me as any people could have been."

"As any strangers could have been," he said quietly. "You have never forgotten all these months that we are strangers."

"Have I not?" she answered a little sadly.

She was standing beside him at one of the drawing-room windows; they had been looking out together, and she had been contrasting this open level unbroken view with the hills and valleys about her own home; it was in speaking of them, and of her longing for the sight of them again, that her eyes had grown bright.

She spoke a little sadly, and looked up with sudden large grave eyes into his face.

"Have I not forgotten that? Then I have been ungrateful," she said, "and I should like to ask you to forgive me before I go. And indeed," she added quickly, "I have felt all along from the first that you have a great deal to forgive me, for you have been far kinder to me than I have deserved—every one of you, but I think your mother and you most. Your mother has been more patient and sweet to me than any words can say; and you—you have made many an hour pleasant to me."

He opened the window before which they

were standing, and leant out. It was an up-stairs window, opening on a balcony rich with August flowers. He stooped down and gathered two or three of them, and gave them to her.

"This is in token of amity," he said with a moment's laugh.

And then suddenly—

"If I have made any single hour pleasant to you, do you not think I have been repaid for it?" he asked her.

There were other men besides Geoffry Harold who had found Theresa's face beautiful, and who had loved to watch her until they felt as if they had learnt first from her what melody of movement meant. "She was the woman who was likeliest to music of any woman I ever knew," Henry Verner said in after years; but he said this when he had a wife by his side, whom he loved far better than he had ever loved Theresa Thurston.

Her heart was full during those last days that she stayed in Lincolnshire, and torn by contrary emotions of joy and pain. Could she dare to say which were uppermost? She shrank a little at first, but yet presently she was honest enough to dare. It was hard and bitter to her to think of the empty house at home; but it was sweet with a sweetness that was greater than that bitterness to think of seeing Geoffry Harold again. The dead was dear to her, but the living was dearer still.

She went back to Kynaston on one of those sunny August days. It was a seven hours' journey, and she reached the end of it only towards evening. She had counted the hours as they went past; she counted the minutes when the last hour had begun. When the familiar landmarks began to meet her eyes she saw them through a mist of tears. She saw the village that she knew so well at last, and the church spire amongst the trees.

A hand was laid upon the window ledge of her carriage almost before the train had stopped—and then her eyes and Geoffry Harold's met, without a word. He held her hand, but he did not speak to her till the door was opened, and she was standing by his side.

"I only came to see that you were safe," he said then. "Reynolds is here with the carriage. Come, and let me put you into it."

They walked to where the carriage was standing almost in silence. When she had taken her seat he bent forward and held out his hand to her again.

"I am not coming with you now," he said. "I shall see you early in the morning. Go home now and rest."

And then he looked into her face, and said quickly, "Are you glad to be back?"

She tried to answer him, but she could not do it; she almost burst into tears instead. The colour came to his face: as if he feared to lose his own self-control he suddenly let her hand go; and then the door was shut, and the carriage took her home.

CHAPTER XI.

SHE had been eager to come back, and yet after she had come it seemed very hard to her. Her return had a sadness about it that she hardly knew how to meet, or to bear up against. There were times during the first weeks when the loneliness of the large silent house oppressed her with such a sense of pain and loss that she seemed hardly to have courage to support it, and her only relief was to go away,—sometimes to busy herself till she forgot her own sorrow with her poor people and her parish work,—sometimes to sit (but she did not allow herself this luxury of grief often) beside her father's and mother's grave. The Squire and his wife lay buried together, and in Theresa's absence the inscription recording his birth and death had been placed upon the headstone—a simple inscription of names and dates, and nothing more. She would come here sometimes, and sit alone for some quiet half hour, trying to gain resignation and recover strength. It seemed to her that she was only now beginning to realise what she had lost—that only now, when she had returned to her old life, was the absence coming home to her of the love that had sheltered and encompassed her for so many years. Before she had left Lincolnshire, her keenest thought had been the thought that she was coming back to Geoffrey Harold. The joy to which she was returning had seemed greater than the pain; but now the pain seemed all to have enlarged, and the joy—it was not less in degree perhaps than she had looked for, but it was given to her in a measure whose scantiness made a perpetual ache of hunger about her heart.

For she did not see Mr. Harold often during those first lonely weeks. He had come to her the morning after her return, and they had talked together for a long time; but after that first morning he had contented himself with few and short meetings with her. She had had a vague happy dream of long hours that he would spend beside her, but those hours never came. Sometimes for days together he would not be within the house, and sometimes out of doors she would meet him merely by chance, and her meeting and parting would

fill up only a few minutes of the long day. He kept himself apart from her, and the girl locked all her disappointment in her own bosom, and never let him see by word or sign that she had expected more from him than what he gave her.

So the days were sad and solitary to her, though she was spared the one pain which would have been worst of all—the pain of doubting if he still cared for her. The moments that he spent beside her were not cold, though they were few and rare. There was enough cordiality in his manner to make her always know that he met her gladly, and never left her willingly. All the comfort that this knowledge could give her she had; but yet when she had been at home for a month, there had come to be a perpetual gnawing of restless pain about her heart—a rebellious cry within her that she could not quiet. She tried to quiet it by throwing herself more actively than she had ever done yet into the work that she had it in her power to do for others, but busy herself as she would, it was too strong to be silenced so. He said to her once—one day suddenly—"You are not looking well; since you came home you have been getting worn and thin;" and the tears, as he spoke, started to the girl's eyes. If she was looking worn, was it for him to tell her of it? "I shall get stronger presently; some things are hard at first," she answered; and then against her will those tears fell, and with a sudden murmur of pity he put his hand on hers. She looked up to him presently and blessed him in her heart. If she ever thought he was cruel to her, a word or the slightest act of kindness from him could make her accuse herself instead of him. "He is right and I am wrong," she thought to herself now. "He has always been in everything wiser than I."

But though she might acknowledge at moments that he was right, she was not strong enough yet to content herself with that thought. He loved her, and yet it seemed to her now that she was nothing to him. "I was so rich of old, and now I am so poor," she used to think to herself. There was a dreary chillness about her present life that struck to her heart, and made her often sadder than words could utter. She had never yet yearned as she yearned now for the warmth once more of her father's love. Many people were kind to her, and thoughtful of her, but for all that she was alone. Not even Geoffrey Harold, if he had tried (and he did not try), could have given back to her all that she had lost.

The leaves began to fall, and the summer to pass away. She had seen little of Mr. Harold for several days, when one September afternoon he came to her when she was sitting in the house alone. The day had been a dreary one, and he said as he came in, "I thought I should be sure to find you at home to-day."

"You do not often come and find me out," she answered, perhaps a little quickly.

"No, I do not often come and find you out. I do not often come to find you either out or in," he gravely said.

And then he sat down. She had been reading, and she put away her book. As soon as she had spoken to him, she felt that her words sounded like a reproach, and she hated herself for having said them. She did not want him to defend himself to her. Whenever he seemed to defend himself, her unreasoning loyalty rose up within her to take his side and say that he was right.

She began to talk to him. She had not seen him except once or twice for a few moments all the week, and she had questions to ask him, and news of himself to gain from him. She cared for that news in its minutest details. "I like to know what you have been doing," she said to him, simply and frankly.

He told her what he had been doing. He had been to this place yesterday—to that the day before; he had been writing only a little of late; he got on slowly at present with his book, he said. "I am too unsettled to work well," he told her.

"You are unsettled? Why?" she asked him; but to that he made no answer.

There was a little silence after those last words. He broke it presently with a sudden question.

"You have had a month's trial of your new life now. Are you getting used to it?" he said.

She had her work upon her knees, where it had lain untouched since he came, for until now, as they talked together, she had looked into his face. But now she instinctively took it up, and bent her head over it before she answered him. She said, after a moment or two—

"No, I am not used to it yet. On some days it is less hard than on others; but it is not easy yet on any."

"It is harder than you thought it would be?" he said.

"Yes, it is harder," she answered.

There was another silence after that. She went on sewing, but the tears had rushed

into her eyes. At that moment there was a sharp feeling of self-pity in the girl's heart—of pity for herself and of something that was almost anger against him. His questions seemed to cut her like a knife.

He said again, after a few moments' pause—

"You thought, perhaps, that you would feel your loneliness less than you do? That is natural. You did not realise it at first."

And then, when she made no answer to him—

"And I have been so little with you," he said quietly.

She went on sewing still, though she could not see the stitches.

"Theresa, put your work away," he said at last. "I came here to speak to you. Put it away, and let us talk together."

She put it down, and after a moment or two she quietly wiped away the tears that had filled her eyes. She said simply and deprecatively to him—

"I am often very weak yet. When I am alone I do not sit like this and cry. But sometimes a word upsets me."

She tried to smile as she spoke; but her smile all at once ceased as her eyes met his, for there was something in his face that made her breath come quickly with a sudden presence—an instinct which told her that something had changed, or was about to change, between them.

He sat in silence for a few moments, and then he said to her—

"Do you think I have not found it hard to come to you so little? There has not been any hour since you came back that I have not wished to be beside you. For four months we have been almost parted from one another; and—I do not know what the separation has been to *you*, but it has been like partial death to *me*."

"And now?"—he had paused for a little—"I have come to ask you what is to be the end of it. It is you who must decide this for both of us. I have something to tell you; I will tell it to you at once, and then you will understand what I mean. I believe that woman that I married once is dead."

"It is a strange thing to say to you that I believe it," he went on quickly, without waiting for her to speak, "as if it was a thing that could not be made certain of. But that is where the difficulty lies; that is the thing that has kept me in a strait from the time your father died. I cannot give you certain proof of her death. She was drowned, as I believe, last winter in a vessel that was wrecked on its passage from Marseilles to

Southampton. The ship foundered in a storm in the Bay of Biscay, and though some of the passengers were saved, she was not saved. I have made all inquiries that it is possible to make, and this is the result of them. She was coming home—I don't know why. She had given notice at her banker's in Naples that she was about to return to England, and it was through some negotiations with them that my lawyer learnt the fact first; and from finding that she had had her account transferred to a London house, we were led to make the inquiries that have ended in bringing us tidings of her death. This is all I know—all that I can tell you.

"And now, Theresa"—he had made a pause here, but only for two or three moments—"and now you must decide for us what we are to do. I believe that she is dead; but understand fully that I can bring you no evidence of it—that I can *never* bring you any absolute evidence of it. In the face of all probable assumption to the contrary, it is within the limits of possibility that she was saved from that wreck, and that she may be living now. Weigh this well before you resolve what you will do. But remember this, too, in making your decision, that whatever you resolve upon, we cannot now be any longer as we have been hitherto. Your father's death has made that cease to be possible. We must be less to one another than we were then, or we must be far more. You have to take all this into account before you can make up your mind—before you can decide finally whether you will wholly give me up, or whether you will hold to me wholly. For your choice lies between these two things. If you are afraid to run the risk of that unhappy woman being still alive, then—it will be the only thing for us to do—we will part; but if you have courage enough and love enough to come to me—"

He broke off here. He was a man in whom the custom of reserve was strong—so strong, that he often spoke calmly when all his heart was stirred within him. She had learnt this long ago, and had come frequently to read more of what he was feeling from the quiver of his lip and the light of his eyes than from the words he uttered. He had looked steadily in her face while he spoke to her. Hers had flushed to a wild, sudden crimson. The almost constrained speech came to her ears, not as it sounds here, but throbbing with an emotion that, control it as he might, spoke in his voice, and in his look, and in the broken sentence with which he ended.

It had seemed to her as if life and the world had changed while he spoke. Bewildered and dazzled, as she might have been by a great flood of light, she remained looking in his face when he had become silent. During a few moments she passed through something like a trance—a dream—something in which existence seemed to pause—before the new life opened to her eyes that his lips offered to her. She hardly knew how long the silence lasted before she answered him. It was not long; but she could not count the time.

She said to him, in a low, steady voice—"I have courage enough for whatever you have courage for."

"Are you sure of that?" he asked her quickly, and for a moment, as he looked at her, a great light was in his eyes; but almost in the next instant he checked himself, and "No," he said abruptly; "you had better give me no answer to-day. You cannot judge calmly yet. I did not speak to you to get your answer now. God bless you, my dearest," he said suddenly and passionately, "that your first impulse has been to come to me! But do you think I could let you come, or have any gladness in the future, if I believed I owed you only to a generous impulse? Oh, my darling!" he cried, with something in his voice that in its pathos struck her like a blow, "it is not that I doubt you; but remember, many a woman who loved well would not do what I am asking you to do now."

"I cannot judge for other women," she answered in a low voice. "How can I tell what they would do? I can judge only for myself."

"I had learnt the first of this at the time I made you go away," he said abruptly. "The first news that she had left Naples reached me, strangely, the day your father died. When I let you go away I knew that she was probably dead, but I knew, too, that I had little chance of ever being able to prove her death; and so at that time, when you were so unwilling to go, I wanted you to go, because I wanted to test the strength of the regard that we had for one another. You know how that experiment has answered. God knows you were more to me, and I think I was more to you, when we met again a month ago than we were the day we parted. Then, when you came back, I tried one thing more. I tried how I could bear to live beside you, knowing that no real barrier any longer kept us asunder, yet seeing you

only in the way and in the degree in which it would be possible for me to see you as long as you live here alone and unmarried. I have tried this for a month now,—and if you could bear it much longer, I could not."

He rose up from his seat hurriedly. He went away from her, and stood looking through the window for several minutes without speaking to her. He stood there till she went to him at last, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"We will not suffer any more. Let us be happy," she said to him.

The colour and light had come into her face, but it was not the brightness of ordinary joy. It was something that gave her the look of a woman raised above all care for her own life—raised by love for something out of herself above all thoughts of fear. As she said, "Let us be happy," she was not thinking of her own happiness; she was thinking in the wide world of nothing but him.

They stood side by side, he looking into her bright uplifted face. When she had spoken to him, he did not answer her at once. He only stood looking into her eyes till a kind of cloud came over his own, and then—

"Am I doing a selfish thing in trying to gain you?" he said to her. "I have been asking myself this all through these months, and I cannot answer it yet. There have been often moments when my whole conduct to you from first to last has seemed to me like the conduct of a man who has been blindly pursuing his own happiness without thought of yours—"

"Can you say that to me?" she interrupted him, and broke—the sound of it jarring strangely with his troubled words—into a little glad, quick, sudden laugh.

"Ought I not to say it?" he answered her. "Well, you may say I ought not; but do you think that there are not thousands and tens of thousands who would give a different kind of answer to me? And yet, viewed in one way," he said quickly,— "viewed in one way, you are right; for you were not contented before I came to you. You wanted what I have given to you. You have been happier during these three years that I have been near you than you ever were in all your life before. And you have become a nobler woman too. You are a nobler and a completer woman now than you were the day I saw you first."

"Then, if I am that, can you have one doubt that you have done right—one wish

that you had done otherwise?" she said. She put her hand again upon his arm. "Let the future bring for us both what it may, you have done well," she said. "Never doubt that. There is nothing to regret in the past; not one thing, from the first moment until now, that I would have undone."

They both stood silent for a few moments, and then at last, for the first time, he put his arm about her, and drew her to him.

"I do not know how we could live apart," he said. "Whether I was right or wrong at the beginning, I do not know how we could part now."

"No, we cannot part," she said. The same flush and light were still in her face. "God has not made us so dear to one another only to tempt us. Look,—there is one little risk to run, and we will both run it; and God will not be angry with us, for we are trying to do right. Dear, we are trying to do right," she repeated. "If we were to part from one another, what could we do with our two broken lives? What, at least, could I do with mine?"

He was holding her to his heart. As she spoke he stooped down at last, and put his lips on hers. He had told her that he would take no final answer from her to-day, but yet he was taking an answer now; how could he say to her any more, "Wait till to-morrow before you give me your reply?" There was no to-morrow for them to wait for now.

It was a strange, grave, even solemn hour to them. They might have been happy when they sat down again presently side by side, but they were not light of heart. And yet they sat together with a sense of infinite love between them—with a sense of a new world having opened before them. They spoke of the future as of a future that they should spend together; they spoke of all interests that they had as common interests.

Except on the day after her return from Lincolnshire they had scarcely during this month spent so long as a single hour together; but now they did not know how to part. For the first time since he had known her he told her of his love for her—not calmly, as she might have thought beforehand that he would do if he ever spoke of it, but with passionate words. She had thought till now that she had always loved him best, and now she read his heart for the first time. With a strange, half-sad, intense yearning he talked to her. He sat beside her, looking into her face with a look whose joy was clouded still by doubt and pain; for even while they sat together hand in hand,

and with their faith plighted to one another, he was saddened by a sense of insecurity—by a fear he could not drive away.

He said to her, when he rose to go at last—

“I cannot bear to leave you. How can we tell what may happen before to-morrow? The only thing I want is to have you beside me—to have your voice in my ears and your face in my sight.”

“The time for that will come—it will come soon,” she answered.

“Yes, it will come soon,” he repeated; but still he looked at her as if he were saying in his heart, “The present is ours, but not what is beyond the present; this hour, but not the hour that is to come, nor the day that is to come.”

The month was September, and the leaves



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had begun to fall. All day it had been dull and dreary, but when he had gone the clouds began to break, and some straggling beams of sunshine pierced them before the sun set, and lighted up the room where the girl sat thinking. “I am glad the sun has shone on me to-day,” she said to herself, when they came. “I wish it had shone upon us both together.”

She sat doing nothing from the time he

left her till the autumn twilight had come and gone. How could she do anything? She had lost hold of her old life; she had scarcely grasped the new. This present time—these moments that were passing over her—were like moments passed in the borderland between two worlds. She sat by one of the windows, with clasped hands upon her knees, thinking—thinking.

To be his wife; to become what other

women were ; to be to him what that woman who was dead now ought to have been, and might have been, and had failed to be ! She had thought until now with strangely mingled feelings of that former wife of his—with indignation, and yet with pity—with aversion, and yet with a strange, at times almost a passionate, gratitude. "I should never, perhaps, have known him if she had been his true wife," she used to think ; and then it would seem to her as if she owed the gladness and the triumph of her life to that poor woman's failure. And now at last that woman was dead, and she was to step into her place.

Dead ! The wasted, unbeautiful life all ended ! Lying dead, while they had thought of her bitterly, and grudged her, perhaps, the life that they thought was still hers ! "Ah ! we are hard to others when they stand in our way," Theresa said.

She sat looking out into the twilight. She thought to herself, "I wish I could have seen her once. I should like to have seen her once, to have asked her to forgive me. I feel to-night as if I wanted her forgiveness—as if I had taken what was hers away from her—as if, perhaps, in spite of all, at the bottom of her heart she had loved him, and he would be sorry for her now if he had never known me." Sorry, instead of glad,—as he was. Glad that she was dead ! The girl shuddered suddenly in the darkness, and broke into a kind of sob. "Oh, my God !" she thought, "what would it be for me to die, and to feel that my death made Geoffrey Harold glad !"

But that could never be—never in this world. The quick, momentary agony passed away as she thought of the words that he had said to her to-day. Yesterday she had thought that no mortal lips would ever speak to her as his had done ; she had thought that no living soul would ever hold hers so close to it. But yesterday belonged to the time that had passed away now. A new day had come since then.

And yet it was all strange to her still. To take the place of that dead woman—dead, in fact, near a year ago, but still, for her, only, as it were, dead to-day ! She shivered and made a sudden movement, and then next moment she was angry with herself. "I am a coward to think of this," she said. "I was truer to him and to myself when I spoke to him first. I thought of him alone then ; I will think of him alone now. Yes, I will take her place. By God's help, I will take it, and make him happy. Oh, my love !"

the girl cried out, and pressed her clasped hands with a great sob upon her bosom.

There was something in her heart beyond words—something she could not utter—a woman's impulsive, self-forgetting desire to lose the world for him—to do more than die for him. The same light was in her face again that there had been when she had said, "I have courage to do whatever you have courage for."

She had said to him before he left her, "I wish my father had known before he died that I was to be your wife."

"If your father had lived, I would not have asked you to be my wife," Mr. Harold had answered her. "I only ask you now because you stand alone."

Was she beginning for the first time to-night to feel that that loneliness had its bright as well as its bitter side ? She had often said to herself of late, "I wish I had some one belonging to me who was near to me. I wish I had a brother or sister to live with and care for." But to-night she thanked God that there was no one in the wide world who could stand between her and Geoffrey Harold. She had to answer to God for what she was about to do, and to no one else but God. No human judgment could meddle with her—no human condemnation touch her.

CHAPTER XII.—THERESA'S JOURNAL.

October 4th.—We have been engaged to one another for a week to-day, and it seems to me already as if I had belonged to him for months instead of days. I feel sometimes curiously stupefied, as if I could not look back,—as if even already I could scarcely recall the days when we were so much less to each other than we are now. Those weeks when I saw so little of him, with all their pain and weariness, have passed away from me like a dream ; and the life before that—the life when I was not here alone—seems as if it was parted from me by whole years. The present is swallowing up everything,—making me forget everything.

We are often very grave,—graver, I should think, a great deal than ordinary lovers are, yet sometimes, too, we can be gay and light-hearted, almost like children. Last night Geoffrey sat in the firelight, telling stories to me of his boyhood and his college days, till we laughed as if we had both been young. I have laughed so little of late that it seemed strange.

It seems to me sometimes as if we hardly had the right to be gay like other people.

I had a curious feeling once or twice last night as if we were laughing beside two graves—a morbid feeling, I know; but yet—

Yes, I know why it comes. I know how it can scarcely help coming. There is something that chases light feeling away in the thought that it is two deaths that have brought us together. I went to my father's grave yesterday, and laid my face down in the grass that covers it, and longed—longed for a few moments with such desperate yearning that I cannot write of it—to feel his hand upon my head again, blessing me as he used to bless me every night. I think I cried to him to do it—as if he could hear me. I told Geoffry at night what I had done, and he drew me to his side without speaking.

"I loved your father more than most men I have known," he said to me, after a little while. God bless him! he has loved both of us well.

I wonder if it is very childish to desire something that is impossible as intensely as I desire one thing! As I sat by that little mound of grass yesterday, I thought that I would give half the years that God may let me live with Geoffry if I could sit in the same way beside the grave of that poor drowned woman. I think, that to read her name upon a tombstone in some quiet green churchyard, and to know that after all her wasted life she was lying there asleep, would be worth a dozen—worth twenty years of life to me. It can never be, I know that; but if it could!

. . . . *October 10th.*—My father always used to hope that, even if I married, I should go on living here after he was gone. We were speaking of this to-day, but we both had the same feeling,—a feeling that at the first I should go home to Geoffry. Afterwards he can give up Farnham if he likes, but I want to live a little while at first in the house where he has lived, to grow familiar with what is familiar to him now, to be beside him in the rooms where he has lived alone so long. "They have been sad and solitary rooms to me on many a day," he said this evening; "but when you come to me there you will brighten them and consecrate them for ever."

I am glad this has been settled so. I am glad, with a foolish gladness like a child's, to think that I shall go first to *his* house.

And yet I cannot believe that I shall do it. I feel as if I were living in a dream, and as if the awakening would come some day. When I am with him the future he believes

in seems possible; but there are hours, there are almost whole days now, when it seems—

Oh no, I will not say it. I am a coward. I will not talk about fear. *He* feared at first, but he does not now. He has grown so secure, so calmly and entirely happy, as if the past were all some forgotten thing—a page of his life that he had folded back for ever. And I am glad too. Yes, I am glad with an unspeakable gladness. He asked me to-night if I was happy, and I said to him, "Yes,—yes!" and I say it again now—and again and again. I am more than happy; happiness seems to me a light word. I want some other that has more depth in it, more colour, more passion. We say we are happy about a thousand things. I want some word that will mean one thing only,—that will express something whole worlds away from common joy.

. . . . *October 15th.*—He likes so to talk about our future life. His own mind is so full of thoughts and plans about it. Now that he is happy I do not think that he will be content to live always here; he will want to go back to a life that has more activity in it, to one where he can meet with men who are his equals again; and I am glad, too, that he should wish this. For myself it does not seem to matter now, for my world has become wherever he may be; but for him I want something more than this: I do not want him to be buried here. He laughed at me to-day, and said I was an ambitious woman; and so I am. I am ambitious for *him*. I think the sweetest thing in all the world would be to hear men praise him, and to know in my heart, while I was listening to them, that he cared for *my* praise most.

He said to me to-day, when we were talking of our coming life, "If I ever do anything worth doing or remembering, I shall owe the power of having done it to you." He told me a day or two ago that I had come to him like a new spring time. The tears blind me for gratitude while I write. To be this to him that he says I am—has not this been the utmost desire I ever formed, the thing I scarcely dared to ask God for? I tried to say so to him to-night, and broke down and could not do it. But when he looked into my face I thought he did not need any spoken words to tell him how I loved him.

. . . . *October 20th.*—When Geoffry asked me first to marry him I thought that our marriage could not take place yet; I thought I could hardly bear to go to him before the grass was almost green over my father's grave;

and perhaps, too, I thought a little of what people would say, and shrank from the feeling that so many would talk of us and blame us. But now it seems to me that I am strong enough to face this ; and for the rest, I think my father, who loved me so, would be glad if he could know that I was going to be Geoffry Harold's wife. To-day I promised him to let our marriage be next month. He said to me, "A quiet marriage, such as ours will be, need offend nobody. Left alone as you are, no reasonable person will blame you for marrying me so soon." And I think that he is right.

In a month's time! Oh, am I wrong to take this happiness? Is there anything that either of us ought to do that we are leaving undone? Through all the gladness of these days there runs one thought for ever. There is one shadow always between me and the sun, and it makes me ungrateful and wicked and rebellious sometimes, till I cry out and ask God why all this sweet should have so bitter a drop in it. It would need so little more to make me wholly happy,—only one last certainty added to all the glad certainties that are mine already,—one pain removed—*one fear extinguished*. There are times when I sit and think of the possibility—the one chance—that may divide us even yet, till— Oh God, be merciful to us!

. . . . *October 23rd.*—We had a grave, sad talk to-day. I have never hitherto, since the day he told me of her death, spoken to Geoffry about his wife ; but to-day I spoke of her. I asked him to tell me all he knew about the way she died. He was unwilling to do it at first, but presently he told me, and I know all now that he knows. I have been sitting this evening thinking over it all. They say she stood by the ship's side, crying wildly to be taken into one of the boats, and offering money—everything she had—if they would save her. She would have been saved if the vessel had lived till another boat had been launched ; but Geoffry has spoken face to face with two of the passengers who escaped, and they say that they *saw* the ship go down with her on board. She was called the *Europa*. There were many people drowned.

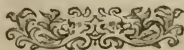
Poor thing—poor thing! What did she want life so desperately for, I wonder? Lonely

and unloved as she was, how could it have been so dear to her? Geoffry said to me, when he had told me all the story, "I think you are the only creature who has ever shed a tear for her." God help her! *I* to be the only one to do that! I, of all women in the world,—who have gained so infinitely by her death—whom her death has made so glad!

. . . . *October 25th.*—I think that people are beginning to suspect our engagement, and—it is foolish, I feel,—but yet I shrink from their knowing it ; I do not want them to know it. It seems to me something so wonderful and sacred that I grow hot when I think of common tongues that do not care for him talking of it. To-day, when he came and joined me after church, I know that they were looking at us and speaking of us, and as we passed through the churchyard I felt myself growing red, not with shame (though he laughed at me afterwards, and told me that I was ashamed of him)—ah, not with shame, but only with such great consciousness of my gladness that I could not bear their curious eyes. I said to him to-night, "Don't let us tell anybody yet ; let us have one more week alone," and he has given me my week ; but it seemed to me, and it seems still, that when this week is gone, I shall have lost something—as if after these few days my treasure will never be again, as it is now, solely my own.

. . . . *October 31st.*—To-night ends the last month that I am to be alone. "Thank God!" Geoffry said, when we spoke of it together a little while ago ; and I say, too, "Thank God!" He asked me if I was glad, and I told him Yes.

I have been very happy to-day,—more calmly happy than for weeks past. I saw Geoffry in the morning, and in the evening he came again, and we talked by the fire-light nearly all the time he stayed. It seemed so peaceful and homelike. He had been talking a great deal to me, with that stream of "golden words" that used to seem so strange and wonderful to me once (it is not strange, but only unutterably sweet and beautiful now) ; but he grew silent, and for half an hour before he went away we hardly spoke—we were too happy to speak, I think—we were too happy to *need* to speak.



DISCOVERY OF THE BASILICA OF SANTA PETRONILLA, NEAR ROME.

FOR many centuries the *fiesta* of the little-known saints Nereus and Achilleus, which falls upon the 12th of May, has been celebrated at the basilica dedicated to them, a short distance inside the Porta San Sebastian; but on the last occasion all those, with many others, who have been accustomed to observe the anniversary, left the quaint old church deserted, and, passing it, went out to the Campagna beyond. Turning into the Via Ardeatina, where it branches off to the right from the Via Appia, at the church called *Domine quo Vadis*, they came to the spot known as Tor Marancia. There the ground, rising in grassy hillocks, affords on three sides an extended view across the open country, while on the fourth, at the distance of a mile and a half, Rome lies spread out beyond. Leaving the road, they made their way to where a large cross of red camelias had been erected, as it seemed, in the middle of a field; but on approaching it a large gulf was seen, in which were ruined walls, fallen columns, and fragments of sculptured marble, decorated with green leaves and fresh flowers. The cross surmounted an awning erected above a temporary altar, where mass was being said, the worshippers kneeling on and among the fragments of ruin lying below, the ruins of the newly-found basilica of Santa Petronilla, who, it is said, was the daughter of St. Peter.

This discovery is due to the explorations made by Signor de Rossi, or, to be perfectly exact, by the Commission of Sacred Archæology, acting under his guidance, in the catacombs beneath the farm of Tor Marancia, which with great critical acumen he had, as long ago as 1852, conjectured to be that of Santa Domitilla, second cousin of the emperors Titus and Domitian.*

Important as were the discoveries made in the catacomb of St. Calixtus, with its papal crypt, this possesses far deeper interest, for it is not to the fourth century only, but to the time of the Apostles, that it carries us back.

Bosio, writing about this catacomb in the seventeenth century, but ignorant of its exact

situation, says, "We may enumerate this among the most ancient of the cemeteries in Rome, for it had its beginning about the time of the holy apostles, and in it was buried Petronilla, *Santissima Vergine*, who is commonly called the daughter of St. Peter, either because, as some will, she was really his daughter, inasmuch as we read in Clement of Alexandria, St. John Chrysostom, and Nicephorus, that St. Peter had a wife who became a martyr, or because, as others will, this holy virgin was baptized by St. Peter, and therefore called his daughter. . . . It was then with the sepulture of Santa Petronilla that this cemetery had its beginning, distant a mile and a half from the walls of Rome, in a sandy grotto which was on the Via Ardeatina, at a farm belonging to Santa Flavia Domitilla, *illustrissima Vergine*, niece, on the sister's side, of Flavius Clemens, consul. . . . And in this cemetery were also buried the bodies of the holy martyrs, Nereus and Achilleus, chamberlains to the same Santa Domitilla."

That a basilica, of which all traces had disappeared, was built at some later period upon or within this catacomb, and dedicated to Santa Petronilla, had been conjectured by some; for the "Salisbury Itinerary," ("Libri de locis sanctorum martyrum," records, "Juxta Viam Ardeatinam ecclesia est S. Petronill; ibi quoque S. Nereus et S. Achilleus sunt, et ipsa Petronilla sepulit;" and Francisco Albertini, in his book, published in 1510, on the remarkable things in Rome, writes, "Cœmeterium Domitillæ Via Ardeatina apud ecclesiam Sanctæ Petronillæ." Inasmuch, however, as in some codices St. Gregory is said to have delivered his twenty-eighth Homily on the Gospels to the people in *Cœmeterio Nerei et Achillei*, and in others in *Basilica SS. Nerei et Achillei*, and as *cœmeterium* and *eccllesia* or *basilica* were often used as synonymous terms, no great importance was attached to the passages I have quoted, particularly, also, as no mention of an ecclesia or basilica is made in any of the other seven ancient Itineraries, while all enumerate the sepulchres of Petronilla and Nereus and Achilleus; and, as regards the writings of Francisco Albertini, they belong to a late period, and contain many erroneous statements.

It was not, therefore, with any expectation of finding the basilica that Signor de Rossi con-

* It is not positively known which of the Flavia Domitillas this was. We have record of three who were Christians—Flavia Domitilla, wife of the consul and martyr, Titus Flavius Clemens, first cousin of the Emperors Titus and Domitian; Flavia Domitilla, their niece, and daughter of their sister of the same name, and Flavia Domitilla, daughter of their first cousin, Plautilla, sister of Titus Flavius Clemens. Santa Domitilla is believed to be the last-named.

tinued his explorations under Tor Marancia. His researches were confined to the identification of the catacomb, and this he has not only successfully accomplished, but his work has been crowned by a discovery, of which it is difficult to say if the interest or importance outweigh each other.

The catacomb consists of three *piani* or storeys, cut one below the other, and in these, and upon the floor of the second, counting from above, the basilica was built in like manner as that of St. Agnes: thus it was necessary to descend into it, while its roof, with about half the height of the walls, were above the outer level at that time.

In continuing his explorations along the second *piano*, as long ago as 1854, Signor de Rossi entered what he then supposed to be a crypt of more than usual importance. Three columns, one being of beautiful African marble, were disinterred, together with two sarcophagi adorned with lions' heads; but unfortunately, before the character of the place had been fully ascertained, the ground from above gave way, and the work was interrupted. This interruption, however, need only have been momentary; but just at the same time the celebrated crypt of the Popes, in the catacomb of St. Calixtus, was discovered, and the limited force and means at the disposal of the Commission of Sacred Archaeology required the concentration of its attention at that point. Since the change of government the owner of the land has thrown obstacles in the way of the continuance of the work; but these having been overcome in the most effectual manner by Monsignore de Merode, who cut the Gordian knot by purchasing the property, the excavation was recommenced in November last, and the supposed crypt was found to be the basilica of Santa Petronilla, so long lost that no positive record of its existence had come down to us.

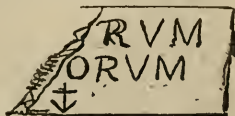
Behold, then, at the bottom of a wide gulf, in the middle of a grassy field, on the rising ground of Tor Marancia, the remains of this basilica; its walls and apse standing to the height of some twelve or fourteen feet; the bases of the columns dividing the aisles from the nave still in their places with the columns—alas! those first found had been stolen during the interval—lying prone from them. On a higher level are the foundations of the choir and ambones, which, evidently from the circular bases *in situ*, have small columns at the angles. The floor, stripped of its pavement, and broken in many places, reveals marble sarcophagi still remaining

where they were originally laid, and walled chambers, with pent-house coverings of tiles, the resting-places of the less wealthy dead; while, through some of the larger cavities, the lower *piano* of the catacomb is visible, the bones of its occupants lying in the *loculi*, and fragments of lamps and glasses scattered about.

In announcing at the end of last year, that what he had supposed to be an important crypt, was evidently a basilica of considerable dimensions, constructed within a catacomb, like those of St. Agnes, St. Lorenzo, and St. Alexander, Signor de Rossi added, "But what may have been its name, what the venerable sepulchre in honour of which this sacred edifice was erected, the discovery of some historic inscription may possibly reveal to us."

No complete inscription of such a character has been found. With the exception of such as relate to unknown persons, nothing but fragments have been brought to light, and now from these fragments, mere vestiges, Signor de Rossi has been able, not only to identify the basilica beyond the possibility of contradiction, but also the date, within five years, at which it was built, and which forms by no means the least interesting part of the discovery.

The first that arrested his attention was a fragment of inscription, affording sufficient base for tantalizing conjecture, but nothing more. It was evidently the name of a cemetery, in all probability of that he was exploring, but nothing beyond the terminations of the words remained. There could be no doubt that they agreed with the name he had attributed to the catacomb before the excavations were commenced; the character of the letters belonged to the period at which that cemetery was opened; but granting all this, it yet might be no more than a curious coincidence. The fragment contained the letters—



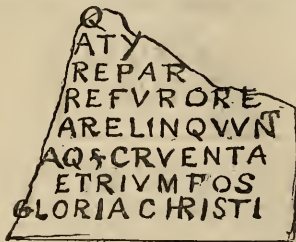
with a cruciform anchor below, indicating the middle of the slab. With this guide, and calculating the number of the letters required to fill the space, it might, as regards measurement, be accurately restored—

SEPVLCRVM
FLAVIORVM

but, accepting the letters R V M to be the termination of SEPULCRUM, O R V M might belong to any other name of the same number of letters, or of such others as would fill the same space.

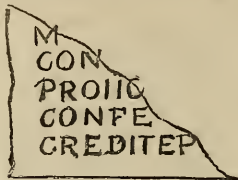
The next was a *graphite*, one of those rude scratchings, which, though made by idle or mischievous hands, prompted by the spirit which has moved the "cockneys" of all ages to disfigure walls by recording their names or fancies upon them, nevertheless often contain most valuable information. This graphite was found on the *intonaco* of the apse. It represented in rude outline the profile of a bishop seated, evidently preaching from the episcopal chair, with a kind of background showing the side of the choir, with the pulpit or ambo for the epistle. It was clearly a reminiscence of an event which had occurred within the basilica. Here, again, conjecture could only offer an explanation, but what event could the representation of a pontiff preaching in a basilica within the catacomb believed to be that of Domitilla suggest, other than the sainted Gregory delivering that homily he is recorded to have preached to the people in the cemetery where the saints Nereus and Achilleus were buried, and which tradition has connected with the church dedicated to them within the walls?

There is nothing leads so easily into error as the too prompt reception of circumstantial evidence upon any scientific subject; without affording any positive solution, it often leads in the wrong direction, or tends to the rejection of what would throw light upon the subject, by occupying the mind with foregone conclusions. It is only when substantiated by evidence of a positive character, that points resting on well-founded conjecture only, receive a specific value, and such was the next obtained. It consisted of



two fragments of a great slab of marble, which had borne an inscription, cut in the

beautiful large, clear characters known as Damasene, from Pope Damasus. The first of these fragments found bore the letters represented in the cut above. The second—



These few broken words do not seem to contain any very positive information, but they were speedily recognised by Signor de Rossi as fragments of the elegy written by Pope Damasus upon the martyrs Nereus and Achilleus, and inscribed on a marble slab placed by his orders in the cemetery where they were buried; and there copied and handed down to us by the writers of the *Itineraries*.

Gruter, who first published the inscription from the celebrated Palatine Codex of Heidelberg, gives the lines as follows, but neither Gruter, Baronius, nor others of that time, know to whom they related, and they are entitled by Sarazani, "De Incertis Martyribus."

Militiae nomen dederant saevumQ gerebant
Officium pariter spectantes jussA TYRanni
Praeceptis pulsante metu serviRE PARati
Mira fides rerum subito posueRE FVROrem
CONversi fugiunt ducis impia castra RELINQVNT
PROIICiunt clypeos faleras telAQ&CRVENTA
CONFESSi gaudent Christi portarE TRIVMFOS
CREDITE Per Damasum possit quid GLORIA
CHRISTI.*

Mabillon, however, found the same inscription registered in the topographical codex of Einsieden, as having been copied from the sepulchre of Nereus and Achilleus on the Via Appia, and headed, NEREUS ET ACHILLEUS MARTYRES.

Here, then, was the required proof, full and sufficient. The mutilated remains of the inscription itself are discovered in a basilica, built within a catacomb, situated on the Via Ardeatina, close to the Via Appia, at the distance of a mile and a half from Rome, exactly where the ancient *Itineraries* place that of Flavia Domitilla; the cemetery wherein first the virgin Petronilla was buried, and afterwards the martyred soldiers Nereus and Achilleus; the cemetery in which St.

* The capitals indicate the letters on the two fragments found.

Gregory preached his twenty-eighth homily, and in which, according to the Salisbury Itinerary, there was an "Ecclesia Sanctæ Petronillæ."

There could no longer be any doubt that the rude scratching on the wall was intended to represent St. Gregory, as, within this building, he lamented the misery and desolation the Lombards had inflicted upon Italy, and exclaimed, "Ubique mors, ubique luctus, ubique desolatio; undique percutimur, undique amaretudinibus replemur . . . aliquando nos mundus delectatione sibi tenuit, nunc tantis plagis plenus est ut ipse nos mundus mittat ad Deum." The fragment of an inscription, also, ending RVM, and ORVM, may now, with sufficient show of reason, be accepted as the end of the slab bearing the name of the cemetery, SEPULCRUM FLAVIORUM.

But when was the basilica built? This was ascertained in examining the foundations. It was constructed, as I have said, on the floor of the second series of galleries; the corridors of both the first and second being obliterated to the extent of the area occupied by the church, and the foundation walls built down into the third series below. These necessarily blocked up all communication along the corridors passing under the church, and, being built across them, abutted against and intersected the slabs which closed the horizontal *loculi*, or shelf-like recesses, where the bodies were laid. The inscription on one of these slabs, half-covered by the foundation wall against it, gave, in addition to the name, and the customary *IN PACE*, the date when the occupant of the *loculus* died, viz., the consulate of Valentinianus for the third time with Neoterius, who held office in the year 390. It became evident, therefore, that the church could not have been erected anterior to that date, for it is superfluous to say that the slab was placed in its position before the foundation wall was built against and across it. On the other hand, a slab was found within the church, covering a double grave made under the floor of the apse and close to the altar, bearing an inscription recording that it contained the bodies of two persons named Beatus and Vincentia, who died during the consulate of the brothers "Anicius Olybrius et Probinus," corresponding to the year 395. More conclusive evidence than this could not be required to prove that the basilica was built within the short period intervening between the years 390 and 395 A.D.; and the construction of the walls agrees perfectly

with that in use at the time. This last inscription belongs to the very rare class of those which give not only the year, but the month and the day of the week; and it is at least curious that Beatus died on Saturday, the 4th of the Ides of May, "defunctus est III idus Maias dies Saturnis," which, in the year 395, fell upon the 12th of May, the festival of SS. Nereus and Achilleus. This may be a mere coincidence, but it would seem as if the date of the death had determined the relatives in their choice of the place of sepulture, in the cemetery where the martyrs, whose anniversary it marked, were laid.

During the siege of Rome in 755, by Astolphus, King of the Lombards, the cemeteries and basilicas around the city suffered great devastation, and, consequently, when peace was restored, Paul I. commenced to transfer the relics of the more illustrious saints and martyrs to places of greater safety in the churches within the walls. Among the first of these translations was that of the remains of Petronilla, with her sarcophagus and inscription, to St. Peter's.

The abandonment of the basilica is conjectured by Signor de Rossi to have taken place in the time of Leo III., 795—816. In the life of that pontiff it is narrated that the basilica of the blessed martyrs Nereus and Achilleus, having fallen out of repair through age, and being constantly inundated with water, he rebuilt it from the foundations on a higher spot. This passage is fully borne out by details which attracted observation immediately the basilica was discovered. The very low level of its floor, at the depth of the second *piano* of the catacomb, must have rendered it especially liable to be flooded at all times in wet weather; from the absence of the choir and ambones it may reasonably be presumed that they were removed to be used in the new building—a parallel case to that of St. Clemente; the marble slabs of the pavement had also been taken away, while the sanctity of sepulture had been respected by leaving the sarcophagi (all more or less richly sculptured, and the more valuable spoils had plunder been the object) untouched in their places; and the doorways are found to have been entirely walled, for what other purpose than to save the remains of the deserted church, still accessible through the second *piano* of the catacomb, from further inundation.

But where was the church built "in loco superiore" by Leo III.? Was it in the immediate vicinity, where, in fact, the ground

rises considerably and takes a higher and continued level, or was it on the spot where stands the Church of SS. Nereus and Achilleus, inside the Porta San Sebastiano, the church that was rebuilt by Sixtus IV., and again by Cardinal Baronius in 1596? Here there is no ground for anything beyond conjecture, but Signor de Rossi, taking the text as his guide in its simplest meaning, expects to find the remains of the Pauline basilica near that which it replaced. "Till to-day," writes De Rossi, "this passage has been supposed beyond a doubt to refer to a rebuilding of the church of SS. Nereus and Achilleus within the walls, but how many memories, which the erudite have attributed to that church, are now proved by this discovery to apply to the suburban church on the Via Ardeatina!"

What Signor de Rossi says might be carried still further. How much does this discovery disprove and prove about the interesting group of persons to whom it relates! In the same way in which time overlaid the early history of Rome with the preternatural, to an extent sufficient to cause the rejection of many events as mythical, which deeper investigations have proved to be historical, so the fanciful and miraculous details with which the sublimely simple histories of the early martyrs and converts to the faith have been travestied, have caused disbelief in the existence of many of those who led the way by glorious example, and gave their blood to cement the foundations of the Church. How different is the story of Nereus and Achilleus, as told in the verses of Pope Damasus, from that which has handed them down to us, as two boys, given by Plautilla to her daughter Domitilla! First her pages, then they became her chamberlains—some call them eunuchs—who attained martyrdom through dissuading her, while dressing for her bridal, from wedding a pagan husband. The story, which the inscription tells us, is grand in its simplicity. Soldiers—probably prætorians and ministers of a persecuting tyrant—they became converted, abandoned the army, renounced its honours and emoluments, fled from the impious camp, and having confessed the faith, acquired the palm and crown of celestial triumph.

And Petronilla, was she St. Peter's daughter either of the flesh or by the spirit? That she was not a Jewess, Signor de Rossi thinks that he has proved by the discovery that she belonged to the *gens* Aurelia, and, as regards her cognomen, Petronilla, he thinks that it was probably derived from Titus Flavius Petro, the grandfather of Vespasian. Had she been called after St. Peter, her name, from Petrus, would have been Petrilla, and not Petronilla.

The Church legends tell us that, sought in marriage by Flaccus, a young Roman noble, she told him that he might come and claim her after three days; and then, praying to God, Christ took her to Himself, and her earthly lover found a corpse arrayed for heavenly espousals, and so, wearing her bridal wreath, they buried her. This is the moment represented in the mosaic copy in St. Peter's from Guercino's picture. The simple story may have been that, becoming a Christian, she sacrificed her pagan love to higher duties, and renounced a wealthy marriage. All that we know is the fact of her existence, of her having been one of the earliest converts to the faith, and the probability that she was nearly related to the Flavian family—that family whose various branches, in such different ways, and yet to the one same end, seem to have been special instruments in the hands of God. What material for contemplation is afforded by the consideration, that while, on the one hand, Vespasian and Titus accomplished the fulfilment of prophecy by the destruction of Jerusalem, their blood-relations, Plautilla, Flavius Clemens the Consul, the three Flavia Domitillas, Petronilla, and others converted to the faith, advanced the spread of Christianity beyond what could have been accomplished by the members of any other family less powerfully related, notwithstanding that their position did not ultimately save them from banishment and martyrdom. St. Clement, also, he whose name was "written in the book of life," is supposed to have been a member of the same family. And finally, though a Flavian, the Church triumphed in Constantine the Great.

SHAKSPERE WOOD.



A CHAPTER OF FROISSART.

(ROMAN DE GRAND-PÈRE.)

YOU don't know Froissart now, young folks.
This age, I think, prefers recitals
Of high-spiced crime, with "slang" for jokes,
And startling titles;

But, in my time, when still some few
Loved Horace yet, and praised Pope's *Iliad*
(Nay, thought to call him "poet" too,
Were scarce misnomer),



Sir John was less ignored. Indeed,
I can recall how Some-one present
(Who spoils her grandsons, Frank,) would read,
And find him pleasant;

For by this copy hangs a Tale.
Long since, in an old house in Surrey,
Where men knew more of "morning ale"
Than Lindley Murray,

XV—52

In a dim-lighted, whip-hung hall,
'Neath Hogarth's *Midnight Conversation*,
It stood; and oft, 'twixt spring and fall,
With strange elation,

I turned the brown old leaves. For there,
All through one hopeful happy summer,
At such a page (I well knew wherc),
Some unseen comer,

Whom I can picture, "Trix, like you
(Though scarcely such a colt unbroken),
Would sometimes place secure from view
A certain token;—

A rose-leaf, meaning "Garden wall,"
An ivy-leaf for "Orchard corner,"
A thorn that said "Don't come at all,"—
Unwelcome warner!

Not that, in truth, our friends gainsaid;
But then Romance required dissembling
(Ann Radcliffe taught us that!), which bred
Some genuine trembling;

Though, as a rule, all used to end
In such soft confidential parley
As may to you kind Fortune send,
You long-legged Charlie,

When your time comes. How years slip on!
We had our crosses like our betters;
Fate sometimes looked askance upon
Those floral letters;

And once, for one long week disdained,
The dust upon the folio settled,
For Some-one, in the right, was pained,
And some-one nettled,

That sure was in the wrong, but spake
Of fixed intent and purpose stony
To serve King George, and 'list and make
Minced-meat of "Boney,"

Who lived, not less, ten years at least.
Then last, when She I mean came hither
One day that need for letters ceased,
She brought this with her.

Here is the leaf-stained chapter:—*How
The English King laid siege to Calais;*
I think Gran knows it even now,—
Go ask her, Alice.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

A SUCCESSFUL PHYSICIAN.

IF we may judge from the opening sentences of that repository of quaint wisdom—the "Religio Medici" of Sir Thomas Browne—the charge preferred against the medical profession of materialism is not of recent date. And certainly much might be said in their excuse, even if we incline to hold that exceptions abound. For one thing, their duties require of them firmly to put aside all emotion at the very moment when sympathy and grief and pathos are most potent in the cases of others; and we know how powerful allies of religion these are. The steadiness of nerve, the clearness of eye, which are needful for handling instruments or detecting symptoms, and which a medical man must perforce encourage in himself, are more likely to be attained where a habit of mere intellectual curiosity has been formed, than where the feelings have been allowed to have play. It is true, that the very idea of healing carries with it a suggestion of sacredness, such as wholly relieves the sense of the repellent and disagreeable that may be connected with some phases of the office; and that, bating the clerical profession, there is no class of men who have more right to assume the air of "privileged" persons. The difficulty in their case is, to unite the calm, self-possession of the man of science with the susceptibility and earnestness of the Christian—to temper the scientific curiosity, without which progress in the profession, or even faithfulness in it, were impossible, with the earnest thoughtfulness and educated feeling. It is no

scandal of the profession, at any rate, to say that prominent examples of this happy combination are not so frequent as could be wished; and that the cases where the union of these is illustrated in any striking measure—especially when, at the same time, there has been exhibited such self-dependence, assiduity, and energy, as would have been memorable in any walk of life—do not deserve to fall out of view, but to be kept before the eyes of the rising generation. We believe that the life of Sir James Simpson is full of suggestive lessons in this regard, and that much profit—especially for the young—may lie in following an outline of it.

Sir James Simpson came of respectable, hard-working people in Bathgate, a little town in Linlithgowshire, about eighteen miles from Edinburgh. His ancestors had for a long period been small farmers, one family sometimes holding the same farm for three or four generations; so that feelings akin to those of ownership were called into play; and when, "as in the case of James Simpson's father, a son left the farm for other work, his early training bore its characteristic fruits."

David Simpson, the father of Sir James, was a baker, who had commenced business in Bathgate in 1810, after two other unsuccessful attempts in other places. James, the seventh son and eighth child, was born in June, 1811, and, at that time, circumstances were at a low ebb with the family. David Simpson, in spite of great energy and intelli-

gence, does not seem to have possessed the sort of tact for managing such a business in a small town. For a long period he had hidden the condition of affairs from his wife, but a crisis came, just shortly after James's birth, which made it necessary that she should be made acquainted with the state of matters. Hitherto she had left the business wholly to her husband, contenting herself with the management of her household; but now she assumed control of the business; and soon things began to look better. She was a woman of great energy of character; difficulties only developed her more sterling qualities: she was gentle in disposition and sincerely religious—such a mother as makes faithful sons. She died when James was about nine years of age. But the impression left on the boy was deep and abiding. "In after years he loved to speak of her worth. During his childhood her health had begun to fail, and he was left much with her while the other members of the family were at work. The memory of her appearance as she knelt in prayer, which was her habit several times a day, continued fresh with him through life."

After his mother's death his sister Mary became a second mother to him, watching over him with great solicitude, "helping him with his lessons, and storing his memory with tales of local superstitions, and cherishing high hopes of his success in the future." He had been sent to school when he was about four years of age, and his quickness and industry soon gained for him the top of his various classes. Lessons were very easy to him; he delighted in the school-work; and any instructive book was welcome to him. But he was ready also to romp and play, though his appetite for facts was insatiable, and he soon began to show fine observing faculties, and to take note of recondite appearances in nature. Seeing the decided promise of talent in the lad, it was resolved to give him a superior education. In this all the family joined with great good-will; for they were always loving, united, and self-respecting. He was the Benjamin without exciting the envy of any. And they had their reward; for he was willing and helpful to them. His lessons were none the worse learned that he "was at the call of the older members of the family—running with rolls to Balbardie House, where, as the 'bonnie callant,' he was a great favourite; or ready to keep the shop for a time, when he always had a book in his hand."

It was a happy family life. The children

were taught to consider their own interest as that of all the family. The father was the friend and companion of his children. The "till" in the shop had no lock and was free to all. By the time James reached boyhood, the family was in comfortable circumstances, and lavish care was bestowed on him. Alexander, the eldest, especially watched over him with care and tenderness. "He felt he would be great some day." When the social usages of the town and the prevalent free mode of living presented strong temptations to the boy, Alexander would put his arm round his neck and tenderly warn him: "Others may do this, but it would break a' our hearts, and blast a' your prospects, were you to do it." Having been thus spoken to on one occasion, when he had been later out at night than usual, "Jamie was greatly troubled, and cried a' the night, like to break his heart."

Bathgate is a thriving town in the midst of a bleak country, depending much on its coal and ironstone, and the mineral yielding the parafin which has become so famous. It has its objects of interest too: it is rich in flora and fauna, and has its "Catstane" and cromlechs inviting attention not far off—objects which claimed interest from an inquiring boy like James Simpson; which interest did not cease with maturer years. Before his school-days were over, he had made many excursions here and there, making notes of these and comparing them.

At fourteen, James Simpson entered the art-classes at the University of Edinburgh, where his position was respectable, but not distinguished. What is most notable in his life at this time is, the evidence of the home influence in producing thrift and self-respect; for, though the family at Bathgate, now in fair circumstances, were willing to contribute to James's expenses, he was determined to make no demand on the home-circle that he could by any means help. He tried for a Stewart bursary, and succeeded: the rent of his room in Adam Street was only three shillings a week, and he kept an exact account of his expenses, which at the end of the session was submitted to the family.

No sooner did he enter the medical classes than his singular aptitudes made themselves apparent. He took notes with the greatest care, interspersing them, however, with queries, and odd remarks occasionally upon the lecturers. Liston, the anatomist, was then the famous man in Edinburgh, and Simpson was much attracted by his power, his dash, and his blunt manners. He

must have admired, too, Liston's quick eye and dexterous hand as an operator, and his contempt, ever freely expressed, for the cumbersome appliances then in vogue. The young student must also have fully sympathized with his loud demands for hospital reform. What would, no doubt, astonish many people—though it is the key to much in Simpson's character—is his almost feminine tenderness of heart, which threatened at first to make him seek some other destination than that of medicine.

"After seeing the terrible agony of a poor Highland woman under amputation of the breast, he left the class-room, and went straight to the Parliament House to seek work as a solicitor's clerk. But, on second thoughts, he returned to the study of medicine, asking, 'Can anything be done to make operations less painful?'"

He would relieve his nights of hard study at this time by throwing off funny rhymes, in which he had considerable facility; but when at home for his summer holidays he did not let them pass unimproved. He took care to verify by observation, as far as he could, what he had read in books; and it is certainly remarkable to find a lad of eighteen or nineteen able to put such questions as Simpson now put, and to contest so ably the positions of scientific men of mark.

His father's death occurred in 1830, and somewhat interrupted his studies just when he was on the point of going up for his examination for his degree. He was afraid of being "plucked," but he passed with ease—becoming a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, in his nineteenth year—still too young to practise. He now took up his abode in the house of his brother, Alexander, who describes him as "ever busy, fond of wandering about the Bathgate Hills in search of stones and plants; assisting Dr. Dawson, the local practitioner, by visiting his patients, or sorting his laboratory."

In 1831 he returned to college, took his degree of doctor in medicine, for a time assisted Dr. Gardiner, and cast about for a steady appointment, being disappointed in an application for a ship's surgeonship, and also for the situation of surgeon to the small village of Inverkip on the Clyde.

Dr. Thomson, the professor of pathology, had been struck by the ability of Simpson's graduation thesis, and offered to make him his assistant. It was under Dr. Thomson's advice that he resolved to devote himself specially to midwifery, with a view to becoming a teacher in this department. With characteristic foresight and decision, he immediately

began to seek distinction in the scientific literature of this department. His papers soon secured the notice of great continental physicians, and were at once translated into French and German. The high ideas of his profession, which, in after years, he never lost an occasion to set forth, were now what guided and directed his own practice from day to day. As a good specimen of his mode of regarding his profession, take these few sentences from one of his addresses to the students at the close of their studies:—

"In some professions and occupations man's principal duty is to *think*; in others his principal duty is to *do*. The practice of physic and surgery calls for the constant and resolute exercise of both qualities—of thought and action. It is, however, the part of a medical practitioner not only to be ready to think and act for the relief and cure of his patients, but *also to feel for them in their sorrow and suffering*. An unsympathizing physician is a physician bereft of one of the most potent agencies of treatment, and of cure. He knows not, and practises not, the whole extent of his art, when he recklessly neglects and eschews the marvellous influence of mind over body."

Professor Simpson was now fairly launched on that busy career of careful practice and devotion to the literature of the profession which are often said to be incompatible. It was his habit—notwithstanding his rare original powers—to make a complete study of all that had hitherto been done on any subject on which he proposed to write. Greek and Latin authors, as well as mediæval, were hunted up, and not only read, but studied; so that on one occasion when he had a difference with a fellow-physician in Edinburgh, this opponent, on repairing to the library for a little-known book, was told that the doctor had it, "Nobody knows of these books but himself." His antiquarian studies, to which latterly he gave a good deal of attention, and in which he succeeded so well as to become an authority, were the natural out-branchings from the pathway he, in this manner, so perseveringly opened for himself in the antiquities of medicine.

So intent was he on his professional work, now, that his visits to Bathgate became rarer in spite of his love for his family, who began to fear his excessive application might have a bad effect upon his health. "James," said his sister Mary to him, in 1834, "you are working too hard, and hurting your health." "Well, I am sure," he replied, seriously, "it's just to please you all." And no doubt this was sincerely spoken, for the Simpsons were always anxious to please each other.

In 1833 he had become a member of the Royal Medical Society, and met there with

much stimulus and aid. In 1835, through the ready monetary help of his brothers, he was enabled to visit London, Paris, and other places, in company with his friend, Dr. Douglas Maclagan, with a view to observing medical practice. And he now found the benefit of that cultivation of the eye, which led one to say of him, that "he sees not only everything that is, but a great many that are not." Some of his letters home have a touch of that humour which he often afterwards found of signal service.

It was on his way home from this excursion that he called on Mr. Grindlay, of Liverpool, and first saw Miss Grindlay, who afterwards became his wife.

In the beginning of 1836 he was elected a corresponding member of the Medical Society of Ghent—the first of those honours which began to fall on him so thickly not long afterwards—and in the spring of the same year a chance of promotion as a lecturer in association with Dr. Mackintosh was allowed to slip, because he would have been required to give lectures in Medical Jurisprudence, as well as midwifery, to which he had ere this resolved to devote himself, and from which the other lectures would have tended too much to withdraw him.

In this circumstance we see another instance of that concentration of purpose to which he owed so much; and a further instance is found in the fact that, in order to become more thoroughly acquainted with practical midwifery, he, in May, applied for the situation of house-surgeon to the Edinburgh Lying-in Hospital, and, through the liberality of Dr. Hamilton, was immediately appointed to it, and continued to act in that institution for upwards of twelve months. He had great pleasure in hospital work, and did it thoroughly. Recently he had often asked, "Cannot something be done to render the patient unconscious while under acute pain, without interfering with the free and healthy play of natural functions?" He had carefully studied mesmerism and magnetism in relation to this, without result. But the idea had taken hold of his mind, and was yet to yield fruit. In the end of 1837 he was appointed interim-lecturer on Pathology in the University, which raised his reputation, though he said afterwards that it was a mistake—that he ought to have been lecturing for himself.

Meanwhile his practice had increased to such an extent that he had to rise regularly at three in the morning to get all ready before breakfast. On the resignation of Dr.

Hamilton in 1839, he became a candidate for the midwifery chair, and by dint of great effort on his own part and that of his friends, he obtained it in spite of his youthfulness, of which his opponents did not fail to make use. He was only in his twenty-eighth year. Immediately after his appointment he was married to Miss Grindlay, and began to prepare for his chair. Hitherto his personal expenditure had been of the smallest. But now, what with the expenses that had been incurred in connection with his candidature for the professorship, and his extra outlay, he had for a time a severe struggle to make ends meet. But he had learned the virtue of self-help, and he was full of faith in his own capacity to raise himself to the top of his profession.

"Even in the beginning of his career, his work was engrossing, and he gave himself up to it, heartily and enthusiastically. But never merely for the money it was expected to fetch. . . . Had the getting of gain been Dr. Simpson's ruling motive, he would have looked more closely after his fees, and have given less of his valuable time to work that brought no fee. When urged by relatives and others to regulate the management of practice so as to make the fee secure, he said, 'I prefer to have my reward in the gratitude of my patients.'"

So, with a class-room crowded beyond precedent, and largely increasing practice, time passed on—the Scottish disruption, among other things, taking place, and Dr. Simpson going with the Free Church. In 1845 he was sent for professionally to London; and, while there, was entertained at Stafford House. He was appointed a physician to the Queen in the beginning of 1847; and an operation which he saw about that time revived all his long-cherished desire to find relief for such sufferers. "I most conscientiously believe," he says, "that the proud mission of the physician is distinctly twofold—namely, to alleviate human suffering, as well as to preserve human life." He therefore once more set himself earnestly to find a prevailing anæsthetic. Sulphuric ether had ere this been made trial of; but had been accompanied with many drawbacks, especially irritation of the bronchial membranes after application. Simpson set himself to experiment on other chemical substances; and, for this purpose, spared neither himself nor his more intimate friends. Chloric ether had, a few years before, been the subject of purely theoretic investigation on the part of several chemists—Dumas amongst them; but its practical application in this way had not been dreamt of by any of them. Simpson, at length, found that the

inhalation of a certain preparation of pure perchloride of Formyle answered all the demands; saw it successfully applied in obstetric and other cases; and as chloroform it has become known over the wide world.

With his wonted ardour, he now set himself to make it known to the medical faculty everywhere. But to his surprise he had a battle to fight. He found prejudice, in many forms, arrayed against him. The medical profession were divided, not on its abstract merits, strictly understood, but on the advisability of it; and much was made of the "moral ground." Others urged different pleas, and the whole gamut of objections, sound and unsound, was ranged; and what wonder that a man of Simpson's quick and impetuous nature was stirred to say some hasty words? Some of his own colleagues in the University of Edinburgh stood out against the use of chloroform as an anæsthetic. Attempts were even made to rob him of the honour of its discovery. One comfort was, that his gift was more readily appreciated at a distance. Foreign physicians took to it, and extolled the discoverer. For a while the attacks did not cease, but became more personal.

Religious objections took decisive shape shortly afterwards, and caused a great stir in Scotland; and Dr. Simpson had to write a third pamphlet to prove that a man did not commit sin in trying to lessen pain, because there would always be plenty of suffering in the world to testify to the original curse!

To qualify these painful attacks came messages of more grateful savour from many quarters; and Dr. George Wilson, the famous chemist, wrote one of his most graceful and characteristic letters, from the patient's point of view, in defence of chloroform.

No sooner was the battle of chloroform over, than Dr. Simpson was interesting himself deeply in cottage hospitals, at the same time that he was busy in scientific researches that lay close to the proper work of his chair. An occasional holiday was much enjoyed; and, in midst of his many calls, he could afford a social evening now and then, when he gave himself up unreservedly to innocent pleasure; his children now afforded him another interest, especially a lame boy—Jamie—with whom he would spend hours in working out a piece of carpentry, or such like. His next great work in practical surgery was his experiments with metallic ligatures, instead of silk, for stitching and tying arteries. So successful was this plan, that, in spite of a difference of opinion, it

was soon adopted by large bodies of the profession, under the name of *acupressure*.

Hitherto the development of his character had been mainly on the moral and intellectual side; now circumstances were arising that were to bring religion, as a new power, into his life. He began to question and to feel the need of something which knowledge, however wide, brings not to the human heart; and at length he found it. This determination was made the more decided by the death of "Jamie," with whom he used to spend those quiet hours in carpentering; but now, at any rate, he interested himself more thoroughly in home-mission efforts, and the work of evangelization generally—never sparing person or money where he was convinced that real good was to be done. "Jamie became a changed boy for many months before he died; and perhaps he was one of the great means (let me *whisper* this in your ear)—for God has raised up others—why my whole household has seemed to change to me."

One of the first-fruits of this change was the desire to come to a better understanding with any of his colleagues from whom he had been estranged, and a new life in that respect was also begun. He was still as busy as ever in his professional work, and as interested in scientific and antiquarian researches; but all who were brought into close contact with him saw that some of the fire had gone—that he was more alive to the feelings of others and readier to make allowance for them. He was now visited by attacks of illness, which made it necessary for him now and then to seek rest and strength in change of air and scene—now in the Isle of Wight, now in Ireland, and again in Switzerland.

In 1866 the Queen conferred on him the honour of a baronetcy; but scarcely had the sound of the congratulations on that royal gift ceased to be heard, when his household was once more darkened—another son, David, called away. It was a little time before he recovered from this stroke, but, by-and-by, he resumed his antiquarian work, writing on the sculptured stones of Scotland. One disappointment of his life he had yet to experience, and that was his non-appointment to the Principalship of the University of Edinburgh. Hospital reform in 1868 and 1869 engaged much of his attention. He had come to the conclusion, which he had taken care to support by a wide induction of facts, that in the greater hospitals, where large numbers of patients are congregated

together in one ward, what he called "hospitalism," or the generation of special forms of disease, largely increased the death-rate. He sets down figures to prove that the numbers that die after certain operations in hospitals are four times greater than in rural practice. He therefore urged the adoption of cottage hospitals, and gave to this subject immense thought and close attention, and was unwearied in his efforts to rouse the public mind on the subject. "The great disinfectants and antiseptics," he said, "should be abundance of space, abundance of light, and, above all, abundance of fresh, pure, and ever-changing air to every patient and every ward."

It became clear to his family that he was more "easily knocked up" than he used to be. The year 1867 saw symptoms of declining strength, and in April he was con-

finned to bed, from which he never rose. After suffering a good deal of pain, he passed away peacefully in May of that year, to the great loss of his country and of the world.

In spite of some faults—warmth, occasional indiscreetness of speech, and obstinacy of opinion among them—of which Sir James Simpson cannot be held altogether guiltless—there were very lofty qualities in him, which did much to counterbalance them. He was faithful to his friends, generous, and self-denying in view of the general good. Two things he deserves to be specially honoured for. The first is his faithfulness to his early associations, his love for his family, and honest pride in his origin. The second is his love for the patients. He never sank the man in the physician; and never ceased to regard them as men and women.

P. Y. REID.

LETTERS FROM H.M.S. CHALLENGER.

IX.—KERGUELEN ISLAND.

KERGUELEN ISLAND, or Desolation, as it seems to be universally called by the whalers who are almost its only visitors, was discovered on the 13th of February, 1772, by Lieutenant Yves Joseph de Kerguelen-Trémarec, in the French ship *La Fortune*.

Two small outlying islands, which he named after his ship *Isles de Fortune*, were first observed, and afterwards the west coast of the main island. One of M. de Kerguelen's officers, M. de Boisguchenneu, landed in a boat in a bay, which he sounded and to which he gave the name of *Baie du Lion Marin*, and M. de Kerguelen fixed the position of two promontories on the west side, *Cap Bourbon* and *Cap Louis*; he was, however, almost immediately driven off the coast by tempestuous weather, and had to run for Mauritius. The cursory view which he had of the land led him to believe that he had seen a portion of the Antarctic continent, which was at that time supposed, on certain theoretical grounds, to occupy a great part of the space within the parallel of 50° south latitude; and the importance of the discovery induced the French government to send him out again in the following year, in command of the *Rolland*, a ship of war of sixty-four guns, and accompanied by the frigate *L'Oiseau*, commanded by Captain de Rosnevet. After sighting the island, M. de Kerguelen was once more driven off the land

by heavy weather, and failed to make it again; but on the 6th of January, 1774, Captain de Rosnevet succeeded in rounding a point which he called *Cap François*, and in entering one of the bays on the north-east side, which he named *Baie de l'Oiseau*, and landed and took possession with all formalities in the name of the King of France.

One of Captain Cook's party found attached by a wire to a rock on the north side of the harbour, in 1776, a bottle which had been left by De Rosnevet, containing a parchment with the inscription,—

"Ludovico XV. Galliarum
rege, et d. de Boynes
regi a secretis ad res
maritimas annis 1772 et 1773."

M. de Kerguelen was certainly very unfortunate in having done so little, with all the resources at his command, in acquiring any definite knowledge of the land which he had discovered, and he appears to have fallen into deep disgrace at head-quarters. The French government published no official account of his voyages; and it was not till some years after that two accounts appeared, one by M. de Pagés, a lieutenant on board De Kerguelen's vessel, in which he ignores the very existence of his commander, rather leaving it to be understood that what credit there may be rests with himself; and another by De Kerguelen.

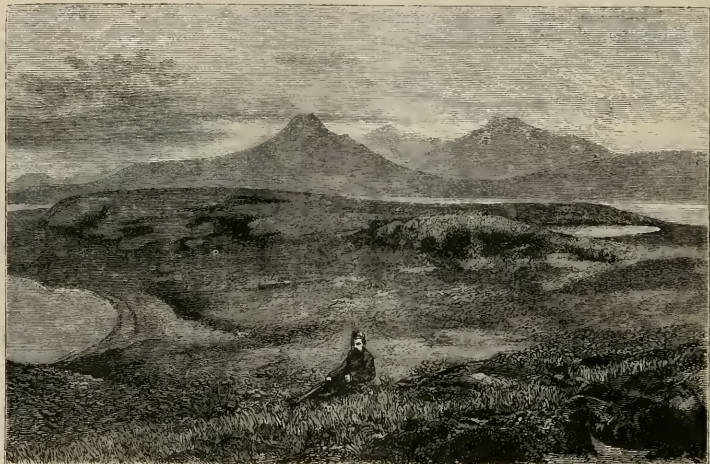
In July, 1776, Captain Cook left England

on his last voyage. Before his departure news had arrived of Kerguelen's first voyage and of his discovery, but the information with regard to the position of the newly discovered land was of the vaguest kind. In Cook's instructions, however, he is directed to "proceed in search of some islands said to have been lately discovered by the French in the latitude of 48° south, and in the meridian of Mauritius."

On his way out Captain Cook met the Chevalier de Borda, at Teneriffe, in command of the French frigate *La Boussole*, and just before he left Teneriffe, Captain de Borda informed him that "the pilot of the *Boussole*, who was in the voyage with Monsieur de

Kerguelen, had given him the latitude and longitude of a little island which M. de Kerguelen called the Isle of Rendezvous, and which lies not far from the great island which he saw. Latitude of the little isle by seven observations, $48^{\circ} 26'$ south, longitude, by seven observations of the distance of the sun and moon, $64^{\circ} 57'$ east from Paris."

On the 24th December, 1776, on his course to the eastward from Prince Edward's Island, Cook saw two high islands, doubtless two of the three which had been seen by Kerguelen in his second voyage—of which Cook had not heard—and named by him Isle Rolland, Isle Crouy, and Isle de Clugny. They are now known as the Cloudy Islands,



Vegetation in Kerguelen—*Asorella selago*.

and are conspicuous from the entrance to Christmas Harbour. Shortly afterwards he had a good view of a small island, which he called Bligh's Cap, and recognised as the rock whose position had been given him by M. de Borda. By four in the afternoon land extended from south-east-half-east to north-west by south, distant about four miles. The point to the extreme left of the land was De Kerguelen's Cape François, and the following day, December 25th, the *Resolution* and *Discovery* anchored in the commodious and tolerably safe harbour which Captain de Rosnevet had already named Baie de l'Oiseau, but which Cook, in ignorance of the previous

visit of the French, called Christmas Harbour, to commemorate their arrival there on Christmas-day.

Captain Cook surveyed Christmas Harbour carefully, made a rough survey of the eastern coast of the island, putting in, in succession, Cape Cumberland, Point Pringle, Howe's Foreland, Port Palliser, Cape Digby, Prince of Wales' Foreland, Royal Sound, and Cape George, names which still hold their honoured places on the chart.

The question whether Kerguelen-land formed part of an Antarctic continent was set at rest by Captain Cook, who found, on consulting the log of the *Adventure*, in which

Captain Furneaux accompanied him in his second voyage, that in February, 1773, when the *Adventure* was separated from the *Resolution*, she crossed the meridian of Kerguelen about fifty miles south of Cape George, thus showing that it was an island of which no part extended southwards beyond the parallel of 50°. M. de Kerguelen was satisfied of this, for he says, in his account of his voyage, "La terre que j'ai decouverte est certainement une isle; puisque le célèbre Capitaine Cook a passé au sud, lors de son première voyage, sans rien rencontrer. Je juge même que cette isle n'est pas bien grande. Il y a aussi apparence, d'après le

voyage de Monsieur Cook, que toute cette étendue de Mers Méridionales est semée d'Isles ou de rochers; mais qu'il n'y a ni continent ni grande terre."

At the time of its discovery, Kerguelen Island swarmed with whales, sea-elephants, and fur-seals, and it soon became a favourite cruising-ground for whalers. In March, 1799, Captain Rhodes, in the whaling-ship *Hillsborough*, worked out and described a labyrinth of bays and inlets along the lee side, and left valuable sailing directions to his successors.

On the 6th of May, 1840, Captain Sir James Clark Ross, on his celebrated mag-



Vegetation of Kerguelen—*Fringia antarctica*.

netic expedition to the Antarctic regions, sighted Bligh's Cap, and passing close to it steered for Cape François. A thick fog came on, however, followed by a heavy gale which drove him out to sea, and from the continuance of heavy and unsettled weather it was the evening of the 16th before the *Erebus* and *Terror* could warp up to their anchorage within easy reach of the shore at the head of Christmas Harbour. This expedition had the extraordinary advantage of having Dr. Hooker attached to it as one of the assistant-surgeons; and the surgeons to the *Erebus* and *Terror*—Dr. M'Cormick and Mr. Robertson, and the assistant-surgeon of the

Terror, Dr. Lyall, were all zealous naturalists, and co-operated heartily with Dr. Hooker in his work, so that every possible advantage was taken of the sixty-eight days of their stay in Christmas Harbour. Their visit was, however, in the depth of winter, and although the actual difference between the winter and summer temperature is not so great as might have been anticipated, the winter weather is so boisterous and unsettled, that on forty-five of the sixty-eight days it blew a gale, and on three days only neither snow nor rain fell.

The *Challenger* sighted Bligh's Cap and the Cloudy Islands on the evening of the 6th of January, 1874, by a curious coincidence the

centenary of the landing of the boats of the French expedition in Baie de l'Oiseau. The night was squally and misty, and she was obliged to lie off and on till morning, when she rounded Cape François and steamed into Christmas Harbour.

The general structure of Kerguelen Island very much resembles that of the volcanic district of Antrim, or of part of the west of Scotland. The coast presents a series of abrupt cliffs and headlands six to eight hundred feet high, terraced with horizontal beds of alternately softer and harder volcanic rocks. Long narrow inlets or fiords, bounded on either side by precipitous cliffs, run far into the land between the ranges of hills, cutting up the island in a singular way into a number of straggling peninsulas connected by narrow necks. Masses of debris, produced by the disintegration of the friable rocks, form rough steep accumulations at the base of the cliffs, and at the heads of the fiords and skirting their upper reaches. There is usually a steep beach of dark volcanic sand succeeded by a slope covered with vegetation. In summer a great deal of rain falls, and, what with the rain and the melting snow, water collects everywhere on the higher grounds, and small streams straggle down the valleys and ravines and toss themselves over the terraces and cliffs in frequent waterfalls.

Wherever the slope is sufficiently easy, the banks and mountain sides are covered with green vegetation to the height of about six hundred feet, which appears to correspond with the limit of spring and autumn rain. Above this line, where as a rule snow only falls, except occasionally in the middle of summer, the number of species of plants is much reduced, and the few which remain are stunted. The only flowering-plant which seems to show a preference for this region is a small tufted grass, *Triodia kerguelensis*; but at a still higher level, all the broad bare surfaces of the rock are covered with a splendid lichen, *Usnea melaxantha*, with an erect branching thallus, three or four inches in height, and large flat apothecia with jet-black disks.

The soil produced by the wearing away of the trap is in itself fertile, and, especially near the shores, it is richly manured with the dung of the innumerable sea-birds, so that, in a belt round the bays, the few plants which thrive on the island grow to a large size and in special luxuriance.

Azorella selago, an umbelliferous plant, but differing widely in appearance from the

familiar European plants of the order, is very conspicuous even at a great distance, owing to its peculiar mode of growth. Its green shoots are much like those of a club-moss. The leaves are small and fleshy, rounded and divided into five or six segments, with a short sheathing petiole, closely imbricated on a small soft stem. The flowers are of a yellowish colour and very inconspicuous. The plant forms large hemispherical or irregular hummocks, very like the balls of the well-known "Balsam-bog," *Bolax glebaria*, of the Falkland Islands, but not so definite in form or so compact. Each hummock of *Azorella* springs from a single seed; the young plant has a tap-root, and the stem divides into a few radiating shoots of equal length; as the plant grows, the secondary stems divide in like manner, the branches always keeping the same length and the clump consequently expanding equally all over. This goes on until it is two or three feet in diameter and a couple of feet high. Sometimes, by the coalescence of several plants, the clump becomes very large, eight or ten feet long and three or four in height, and takes an oval or irregular shape. The green growing part of the plant forms a shell on the surface only a couple of inches or so in thickness; the interior of the hummock consists of the vegetable matter of the shoots of past years, more and more decayed the greater the distance from the surface; into this mass a few rootlets are sent down from below the growing part of the stem, but nutrition seems to be mainly carried on through the axis of the stem, which remains white and pervious to fluids for a considerable distance down. Often, in old hummocks, the whole of the lower part has become decomposed into a friable peaty earth, and often the plant has died out and a mound of decayed vegetable matter only indicates its former site. Mr. Moseley made some observations on the temperature of these clumps, and he found that of the interior usually about 5° F. higher than that of the air. The heat is probably due to the fermentation of the dead vegetable matter.

These great green cushions of *Azorella*, covering in some places three-fourths of the surface of the ground, form a most striking feature. They are a great advantage in walking in the low grounds; they are usually soft and spongy, and one sinks into them up to the top of his sea-boots, but they are never boggy, and sometimes on a comparatively dry hillside, they are firm elastic pads, only yielding slightly to the foot.

The Kerguelen Island cabbage, *Pringlea antiscorbutica*, about which so much has been written, is another plant remarkable in appearance, even from a distance, and certainly altogether peculiar from the fact of its being emphatically a natural vegetable, in the culinary sense. It belongs to the *Cruciferae*, the natural order of the cabbage, the radish, and the horse-radish, and it is probably most nearly related to the latter in habit and mode of growth. A thick rhizome, which in a plant I measured was upwards of five feet in length and nine inches and a half in circumference, lies along the ground, partly hidden by the grass and plants among which it is growing, and often partly covered with epiphytic mosses and liverworts. The rhizome gives off below a tuft of fibrous roots, and above, from one to four or five large heads of broad, handsome, rounded, somewhat fleshy leaves, ciliated round the margin; the outer loosely imbricated, six or eight inches long, and of a dark bluish-green colour; the inner pale green, becoming yellow towards the centre and crumpled together and "hearted" like a cabbage. A section across the heart shows globules of a pale yellow pungent oil, escaping from the cut ends of large ducts rising parallel with the ribbing of the leaves. In the example measured, which was selected on account of its large size, the group of four large cabbages and a small one springing from one rhizome was eight feet nine inches in circumference. The flowering stems are about a foot in height, and closely covered with imbricated leaves; they start from the crown of the rhizome below the leaves; there are usually three or four flowering stems round each cabbage. The flowers are green and inconspicuous with green sepals, no petals, stamens with broad filaments, a rounded ovary, and a short style with a capitate stigma. The axis goes on growing during the development of the large siliques, and the fruit-bearing spike is sometimes from three to four feet high.

The heart of the *Pringlea*, eaten raw, is pungent and rather pleasant in flavour. The cabbage when cooked gets a somewhat rank taste. I confess I could never bring myself to like it. It was very popular, however, on board; many of the officers liked it, and the men brought boat-loads off at every opportunity. The whalers eat it constantly, both the cabbage and the rhizome—they they boil and eat with pepper and the fat of salt pork, and consider the best part of the plant. Dr. Hooker mentions, that for a hundred and thirty

days the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror* "required no fresh vegetable but this, which was for nine weeks regularly served out with the salt beef or pork, during which time there was no sickness on board."

At first sight one would be inclined to think with Captain Cook, that the Kerguelen cabbage was specially created to be modified and ameliorated into one of the best of kitchen vegetables. Dr. Hooker has already, however, pointed out some of its defects. Both the rhizome and the cabbages are perennial, and a good-sized plant is probably the result of the growth of many years; and there is no certainty that if a cabbage were cut, a bud from the rhizome would replace it. Still it seems to me to be worth a trial, for it is already far on its way towards excellence, apparently infinitely more promising than the wild *Brassica oleracea* and *napus*, *Beta maritima*, and *Daucus carota*, the parent stocks of the cabbage, the turnip, the beet, and the carrot.

On the level ground and on the lower slopes of the hills there are large spreading brakes of a Rosaceous plant, one of the sub-order *Sanguisorbeae*—*Acana affinis*. This plant has a general resemblance in habit and appearance to the British *Poterium sanguisorba*. It forms round compound heads, and the calyx is armed with strong barbed aristae, which when the fruit is nearly ripe make the heads stick to the clothes like burrs. *Acana* is one of the most abundant plants on the island, giving with its purple flowers and stems and purple-green foliage a reddish tone to the colouring of large tracts.

Near the sea-shore, and particularly near the haunts of the sea-fowl where the soil is moist and saturated with guano, there are large clumps of *Leptinella plumosa*, a composite plant, with a long creeping stem, with at intervals small solitary button-like heads of yellow flowers on short footstalks. The leaves are pinnate, and covered with silky hair, and resemble somewhat those of *Potentilla anserina*, only they are much softer. The plant has a powerful and rather pleasant aromatic perfume; it grows very luxuriantly a few yards inland, among the long grass and the *Acana*, with stems a foot or more long, and leaves rising through the foliage six or eight inches in height. Close to the shore one would scarcely recognise it; the stems are barely an inch in length, and the leaves half an inch, and the whole plant is coated with close wool. In this state it forms a sod over tussocks and banks, even within reach of the sea spray.

In bare stormy places, and particularly about the flanks and upon the tops of the lower basaltic hills, we find rounded lumps, generally resembling the hummocks of *Azorella*, but much smaller—the largest a foot and a half or so in diameter and six or eight inches high—much more compact and harder, and of a pale greyish-green colour. *Lyallia kerguelensis*, so named by Dr. Hooker in compliment to his zealous coadjutor, the assistant surgeon of the *Terror*, is a very aberrant member of the natural order *Portulacæ*, and really not very far removed from our stickworts and chickweeds. We found it in flower and fruit; the flower green and obscure, sessile at the end of the shoots. The surface is composed, as in *Azorella*, of the growing points of constantly dividing branches, and the inner structure of the tuft is nearly the same as that of *Azorella*, only the stems all retain a low vitality, and all remain in connection with a long tap-root. Often, in the jostling of the rapidly multiplying terminal shoots for elbow-room, one of the original branches is strained and broken, and the whole wedge, produced by its successive bifurcations, is gradually shoved out of the mass—yellow and dying, by its more successful rivals.

Two quiet little English plants, *Callitriche verna*, the starwort, and *Montia fontana*, the water chickweed, are very abundant in the streams and marshes, and the mudwort, *Limosella aquatica*, flowers, as usual, under the water, along the edges of some of the mountain tarns; these plants are almost cosmopolitan in their distribution, but it is pleasant to see them again so far from home.

There are four grasses on Kerguelen Island, and, of these, three at all events contribute to the physiognomy of its flora. On the low ground, near the shore, and along the banks of the watercourses and lakes, one of the fescue grasses, *Festuca cookii*, abounds, and forms a rough sward. This grass seems to be very nutritious; it is abundant at the head of Christmas Harbour, and the stock on board both Cook's and Ross's ships were fed with it during their stay, and picked up flesh rapidly. A little way up the slopes it becomes mixed with *Agrostis antarctica*, which is the prevailing grass on the higher ground; *Triodia kerguelensis* I have already noticed as affecting the higher zone of the mountain sides; and one of the hair-grasses, *Aira antarctica*, is generally distributed, and grows, especially in long loose tufts, on the sea-shore.

Lomaria alpina seems to be the only fern. It is abundant, and fruits freely, half buried among the grass and *Acæna*. There are two club-mosses, *Lycopodium clavatum*, the commonest British species, and a curious variety of *Lycopodium selago*.

There are many mosses and liverworts, and the former, represented by species of such well-known European genera as *Dicranum*, *Hypnum*, and *Bryum*, contribute their usual quota to the character of the vegetation, spreading over the waste ground in bronze, green, or hoary patches. Everywhere on rocky patches along the coast, and in the fiords, to a depth of fifty fathoms, the well-known southern kelp, *Macrocystis pyrifera*, grows in abundance, its long streaming fronds shifting with the tides and currents, and often forming a tangle through which it is difficult for a boat to make way, and greatly incommoding our operations in the steam pinnace by getting into the screw. *Durvillea edulis* forms a fringe along the rocks between tide-marks.

There are no indigenous land mammals on Kerguelen. Mice, rats, and cats have been introduced from whaling ships. The mice have multiplied rapidly, and are now found all along the east side of the island, living in holes in the ground, particularly where the cabbage abounds. The cats seem to be confined to one of the islands in Royal Sound; we did not see them, but they are described by the whalers as being large and fierce, with tails more bushy than the domestic cat. The Norway rat occurs only near the whaling stations.

We met with three seals—the sea-elephant, *Cystophora proboscidea*, which was at one time in large numbers on all the coasts, but which has now become scarce from the exterminating war waged against it on account of the value of its oil, which fetches a higher price in the market than whale-oil; the sea-leopard, *Leptonyx leopardinus*, which seems to be the most abundant species, frequenting the sheltered bays and feeding on fish; and a fur-seal,—probably *Arctocephalus falklandicus*; but there seems to be still a good deal of confusion in the nomenclature of this group. The fur-seal, like the sea-elephant, has been almost exterminated at Kerguelen. Mr. Moseley got two examples, a mature and a young one; and when we were in Fuller's Harbour, the whalers took, between sixty and seventy on Swain's Islands. The beautiful skins of these animals are worth from £1 to £3 each in the rough; and as the whalers look upon them now as

a kind of treasure-trove beyond the line of their regular work, they are of course picked up on every possible occasion.

The mode in which the seal-fishery is carried on is most extravagant and destructive. It has led, in an incredibly short space of time, to the reduction of the most valuable species to a mere remnant, and their utter extinction must soon follow. The seals, like the penguins, live chiefly at sea, and only frequent the shore at the pupping season. On the beach they are equally incapable of flight and resistance, and old and young fall in one general massacre. It is difficult to see how this is to be avoided; the whalers, pursuing their arduous vocation in these wild regions, must be expected to make all they can, but the inevitable result is not the less to be regretted. We saw several whales, but had no opportunity of observing them closely. The right-whale, like the fur-seal, is becoming scarce among the more northern Antarctic islands.

There are no land-birds, unless the sheath-bill, *Chionis minor*, be regarded as such. The position of this curious bird is still a matter of question, but the most competent authorities seem now inclined to place it among the waders, near the oyster-catchers. It is a very handsome bird about the size of a small bantam hen, which it very much resembles both in appearance and manner. It is pure white, with strong yellowish unwebbed feet, rather short wings like those of a game bird, a strong black bill with a remarkable horny plate covering the base of the bill and the nostril, from which it gets its name, and a bright black eye. It lives in pairs or in small numbers among the rocks, never alighting on the water, or flying any distance to sea, but taking short flights from rock to rock, and feeding upon shell-fish and any kind of garbage it can pick up. It haunts the breeding-places of the penguins and the shag, scraping among the nests and dung, and picking up the insects and rotten eggs, and even seizing, under the very beak of its owner, any fresh egg which may be left for a moment unprotected. *Chionis* is a bold inquisitive bird; if one is collecting plants or shell-fish along the shore, a couple of them are sure to come close to see what is going on, sometimes almost getting into the way of what one is doing; and it is impossible to lay a scrap of luncheon down for a moment in their neighbourhood. Their inquisitiveness was often the death of them; the blue-jackets thought them very good

eating—though some of us, who had seen too much of their very questionable domestic economy, did not care to make the experiment—and if any of us happened to be looking after anything with a gun in our hands, a couple of them were sure to put themselves temptingly in range on the top of the nearest point of rock and squint down at us. One evening when we were in a penguin rookery, picking out some specimens of penguins, Mr. Murray killed four brace in this way at four shots.

The sheath-bill was breeding when we were at Kerguelen. It makes a very bare nest on the ground under a shelvy rock, often so far in that it is difficult to get at it. The entrance can always be told by a kind of pathway of broken shells leading up to it. The eggs are usually two in number—sometimes one or three, somewhat like those of the plover, with large purple blotches on an olive-green ground. The young are covered with grey down.

A wild duck, somewhat resembling the teal, was abundant in low swampy ground in the valleys. Sometimes our shooting parties brought in as many as ninety brace. They were excellent eating.

The other birds which we observed on the island were a species of cormorant; the graceful little tern, which we first became acquainted with at Tristan d'Acunha; the Antarctic skua; a black-backed gull; and the wandering albatros, which was not, however, very common. Its breeding-places were local, on the flats near Mount Campbell, and on some of the islands in Fuller's Harbour. The sooty albatros was abundant, and in a few of the bays the mollymawk, which is here *Diomedea melanophrys*; a *Prion*, somewhat larger than the Marion Island species, breeding in great numbers in holes in the ground; three species of *Procellaria*, and a pretty little *Thalassidroma*, smaller than *T. wilsoni*; the Cape pigeon;—this bird occurs in large numbers, and it must certainly breed at Kerguelen, but we never met with it nesting there or elsewhere. *Puffinuria urinatrix*, a pretty little thing very like the northern rotche, *Mergulus alle*, both in appearance and habits; and four penguins—the king penguin, which is in small numbers, and apparently breeds only in two or three places; a black and white species, which the scalers call the "Johnny;" and two species of the genus *Eudyptes*, one larger, with a handsome double tuft on his head of a rich orange colour, and the other a smaller bird, with a sulphur-yellow crest.

much like the penguin of Nightingale Island, but somewhat smaller. In the absence of named specimens for comparison and books of reference, it is impossible to determine the species of these little-known birds with certainty; the former of these two is probably *Eudyptes chrysolophus*, the "Macaroni" of the whalers, and the latter *E. nigripes*.

There are neither reptiles nor amphibians on the island.

The insects are few in number; we found a single moth, rare upon the tufts of *Asorella*. Three beetles, one of them a handsome species nearly an inch in length, belong to the weevil family (*Curculionidae*), and a fourth is a small *Staphylinus*. There are six *Diptera* and one *Podurid*.

These insects are in most respects normal and usually insignificant representatives of common groups, but there is one remarkable peculiarity which they share with the insect faunæ of many of the remote ocean islands;—the greater number of them are either entirely without wings or they have the wings rudimentary. A *Muscid*, with the body larger than that of a house-fly, very common, nesting among the blades of the cabbages, is totally without wings; two other small flies and the gnat are in the same condition, and another fly has the wings represented by abortive straps. One at least of the beetles is wingless, and the wings of the moth are rudimentary. We have as yet scarcely sufficient data to enable us to speculate as to the cause of this peculiarity. The natural-selection hypothesis offers a ready if not a very satisfactory explanation. The area of the island is limited, and it is subject to almost constant high winds. Insects, with wings large in proportion to their bodies and a corresponding flightiness of disposition, would be liable to be blown out to sea—how liable one can fully understand who has seen the clouds of *Heliconia* darken the sky off the coast of Brazil, and cover the sea like autumn leaves. The safe direction for variation is, therefore, evidently towards winglessness, and those races which by a judicious selection of partners can gradually divest themselves of these beautiful but dangerous appendages, and can accommodate themselves to a lowly existence under stones or among the herbage, may be supposed by grace of humility to gain an advantage in the "struggle for life."

The interior of the island is very mountainous; a central range of volcanic peaks, the higher rising to an elevation of from three to five thousand feet, sending spurs

into the various capes and peninsulas into which the country is so singularly broken up. Snow lies constantly in the gullies, and in large patches on the sides of the hills above the first thousand feet, so that even the lower ranges, which average in height from fifteen hundred to three thousand feet, are striped black and white, dark volcanic ridges showing up between snowy valleys and gorges. The lower and more level land consists of wide stretches of undulating morass; the soil, as elsewhere, the detritus of volcanic rocks, with here and there low, conical, flat-topped, terraced hills, of a constantly repeated pattern; and shallow marshy ponds. The ground is soaked with moisture, and the two or three plants which cover the surface of the morass, like the heather and sedges on a Scottish moor, are soft and spongy, and grow in a peculiar way which seems to retain the water. We experienced, however, less difficulty than we had been led to expect in walking in Kerguelen. Although there are great masses of wet vegetable débris, there seems to be no regular peat forming, and the ground is usually tolerably solid, except in the watercourses. The vegetation forms in many places a kind of false surface, honeycombed beneath, and spongy tufts meet over deep holes and watercourses, so that one has to walk with caution, probing his way.

Christmas Harbour is a good example of one of the features of Kerguelen-land, which gives by its perpetual repetition its distinguishing character to the scenery. It is a deep inlet bounded by abrupt terraced walls of igneous rocks. Its special features are somewhat remarkable. The outer half of the inlet is a mile in width; about the middle it suddenly contracts; and the inner half, little more than a quarter of a mile wide, runs up to a smooth beach of dark volcanic sand. The terraces of basalt and volcanic ash on the north side of the harbour rise abruptly from a steep and narrow bank of rough débris which skirts the water-edge, and terminate, at a height of eleven hundred feet, in a level plateau, called "Table Mountain," with a small lake on the top, about thirty yards in diameter, apparently filling up an old crater. On the south side, a rounded terraced hill rises somewhat higher; but between the highest point and the mouth of the bay another landmark is much more striking,—a huge solid lump of dark rock, four hundred feet in height, differing in character from all the rocks about—a paste of dark volcanic ash of

some kind including angular fragments of a hard, heavy basalt—rests, at a height of about six hundred feet upon the lava terraces, and almost overhangs the water. But the most remarkable thing is that, under this mass, reposing upon and partly mixed up with the basalt and ash, there is an irregular black carbonaceous accumulation, consisting chiefly of portions of trees, more or less silicified. Fragments of wood are in abundance, and many pieces of large trunks are exposed. A portion of one of these, seven feet in circumference, was brought home by Sir James Ross. Above the wood there is at one place a bed of sedimentary shale, but no trace of fossils of any kind could be found in it. On the south side of the harbour, close to the entrance, stands the celebrated "arch rock," an oblong block, one hundred and fifty feet high, of bedded volcanic rocks—like a piece of human masonry—left by the sea in the process of denudation; with a curiously symmetrical arch, a hundred feet wide, worn right through it. On both sides of the harbour, in a little bay close to the arched rock on the south side, and in a small cave near Cape François on the north, beds of coal crop out. That on the south

side is thirty feet above the level of the sea, and about four feet thick. It has been worked and used for fuel from time to time by the whalers, but though the best of it burns tolerably, it contains a large quantity of ash and dirt. Mr. Ferguson, the chief engineer of the *Challenger*, reports that it is totally unfit for steaming purposes. It is technically a "brown coal;" it is full of strap-shaped impressions like those of the culms and blades of large grasses, but they have lost all structure; it closely resembles the brown coals which are found under so nearly similar circumstances in the northern hemisphere, as for example, the brown coals and leaf beds between the layers of basalt in Antrim and Mull, and the coal beds of Disco and Melville Islands, though the latter seem to be more serviceable, and partake more of the character of lignites. These coal-seams are found in several places on the east side of Kerguelen, intercalated among the newer igneous beds; about the best of them is said to be on the shore of Cumberland Harbour, an arm of the sea, running far into the island, a little to the south of Christmas Harbour.

C. WYVILLE THOMSON.

THE OLD MAN AND THE SHIP;

An Armenian Legend.

BY THE BISHOP OF DERRY.

THIS sunset, and the wind is blowing fair;
Her anchor soon the good ship will be
weighing.

Toward the Cross above the harbour-stair
The mariners are praying.

The sky was flaming westward, and the flood
Was flashing all afire by bay and cape,
Till their dazed eyes upon the awful rood
Could scarce discern the shape.

Where all day long they saw from off the
ship

The imaged Man of Sorrows on the tree,
With blood-drop on the brow, and thin white
lip,

Above the pitiless sea,

Now they averr'd that some resplendence
came

And on the carven hair and face did
smite,

Till in a furnace as of silver flame

The whole was lost in light.

And in the glory as it disappear'd
Suddenly hung an aged Pilgrim there;
White as the snow was his majestic beard,
White as the foam his hair.

No thorny crown was on his ample brow,
No blood-drops issuing from side or palm,
Divinely was the bitter Passion now
Changed into passionless calm.

The fierce light faded then above, below,
And on the deck the sailors were aware
Of an old man with beard as white as snow,
Sweet was his pleading prayer.

"The land I seek is very far away—
Long have I tarried on this shore remote—
My brothers, ye are bound for it to-day,
O take me in your boat!

"So shall I sooner see its mountain line,
Its immemorial forests' purple dome,
And hear the musical murmurings divine
Of rivers round my home.

"Those rivers run in crystal ever clearer,
Baptizing bluer violets on the sod,
And those eternal mountain-tops are nearer
Than other hills to God.

"Silver and gold for guerdon have I none,
But prayers, deep prayers, I offer for my
freight,
Such as Heaven's gentle heart have often won
When man hath said 'Too late!'"

The mariners replied, "Our ship is large,
And words are light, and merchants must
be paid;
A ship like this, with all her heavy charge,
Is not for prayers," they said.

Then stepp'd the old man down upon the
sand,
Wind-sifted, sparkling as the mountain
sleet,
And scoop'd it with his thin and feeble hand,
And flung it at his feet,

And down it fell in spangles on the shore,
A marvellous dust of silver and of gold,
Nor ceased until the mariners twice o'er
The greybeard's freight had told.

Blind souls of men, refusing their true bliss,
God highest offers, and yet sweetly still
He bribes them by these lower gifts of His
Against their own proud will!

So to the bark once more the pilgrim pass'd,
Out sailed the gallant vessel homeward-
bound,
But evermore in silence by the mast
The pilgrim might be found,

While the ship raced upon an even keel
And floated buoyant as an ocean bird,
Upon the deck, or up beside the wheel,
No voice of his was heard.

Only sweet virtues grew beneath his eye,
Both Charity and Hope which are heaven's
sole

Prime roses, and Humility, the shy
Meek violet of the soul.

Only at vespertide, from time to time,
Invisible angels, from the star-lit stair,
Touch'd all their spirits to a more sublime
And an intenser prayer.

Only by night, what time they crossed the pale
Moonlight into the darkness, high and
higher
Each topmast seem'd a cross, and its white
sail
Was snow'd with sacred fire.

At last a storm rush'd down upon the flood,
And the tyrannic winds sang loud and
strong.

The Pilot cried, "Beneath this dreadful scud
No vessel can live long."

Soon rose surmise who might the Pilgrim be,
His passage-money how he came to win,
"God's wrath," they thought, "is working in
the sea
Because of this man's sin."

Whereat the old man rose, and, "Through
the storm
Give me your ship," he said, and straight
did take

Mysterious likeness to the wondrous Form
On Galilee's wild lake.

"Sleep sweetly, while the ocean works and
stirs,
Sleep sweetly till we cross the seething bar,
Sleep on and take your rest, O mariners,
For mine own crew ye are."

So look'd He upward with His calm bright eye,
So made the holy sign with His right hand,
His left upon the helm—immediately
The ship was at the land.

But as the ship, with all sail set, was steer'd
Bravely into the port around the cape,
No more might ye have seen a silver beard,
No more an old man's shape.

But calm He stood, as when He wears His
crown
Upon the Calvary on some Southern peak,
Or where above the altar He looks down
With blood-drops on His cheek.

And those who knew the Cross so far away
Toward which they pray'd above the har-
bour stair,
Said that its perfected reflection lay
Upon the Pilgrim there.

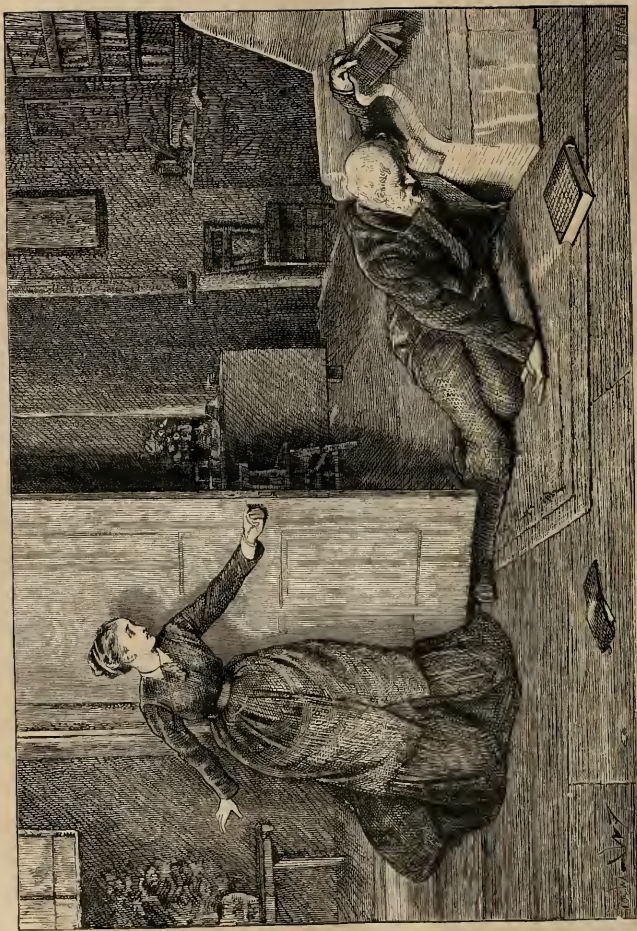
So the shore reddened with the holy dawn,
And the bells chimed from all the churches
round,
And the long surf's fall on the beach was
drawn
Into one psalm-like sound.

And, "Rise from your sweet sleep," the hymn
outrang,

"From your sad dream, or from your
slumber sweet,
Here is our Lord, and here our ship," they
sang,

"O fall at Jesu's feet!"

WILLIAM DERRY AND RAPHOE.



"NOVANTIA."

NOVANTIA :

INCLUDING THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF DAVID GROATS, GATEKEEPER.

CHAPTER XXVIII.



gave an unusual throb. Jeremiah, though voluble, was precise; weighed his words well, though he did not measure them carefully. He would not have called any ordinary traveller arriving at his inn (every house in the bush is such) a person. His name for an ordinary arrival would have been "tramp," or "customer," or "man," or "gentleman," according to appearances. Yet if it were any one from England—but it could not be—Jeremiah would certainly have recognised a gentleman as something more than a "person."

Hastening along the narrow, crooked passage which led from her room to the parlour, and entering the latter with more haste than ceremony, Bessy found herself face to face with David Groats, strangely disguised indeed, in a grey beard and moustache, but not to be mistaken for any other living baldhead.

"Ye may weel start back," he said, with a short chuckle. "Supposin' even ghosts are no common in the day time hereabouts."

"David Groats! Henry will be astonished and delighted, and I am so glad to see you. But how did you come? How did you find us out? You were just off to China the other day, though, to be sure, the letter which told us that was written some time ago."

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"Here's the minister himsel'," said David, listening to a footstep in the hall, and refusing to sit down. "He'll just as soon expect to see the Chinese Emperor as me."

It was evident when Mr. Francis entered the room and glanced from his sister to the person whose arrival had been also communicated to him, he was quite as much prepared for a visit from the emperor as for one from his old friend the gatekeeper.

"What! David, impossible! no mistake! delighted to see you! man alive! well, if ever! time-honoured Lancaster!" were a few of his confused exclamations.

"I've been aye tellin' you and the dominie that I was determined to see this side o' the world before goin' to another and a better, and here I am, as you see, as large as life, and as true's death."

"Sit down, sit down," said Mr. Francis and Bessy together.

"You were in China last week or last month," said the former, "and now, as you say, here you are."

"Ay, but I had little to do there, and no mickle to see. John Chinaman's no bonny, nor his wife, nor his country, nor his manners and customs, nor anything that is his; and as sune as my business was done I said good-bye to him.

"I've heard what's happened to ye here," he abruptly interjected, afraid he was displaying irreverence for other feelings in the minds of his friends than that of astonishment at his arrival.

"We are none the less happy to see you," said Mr. Francis.

"We just need you," echoed Bessy, glad for her own part of a friend's arrival, and still more glad that a friend and companion had turned up for her brother, of all his friends, too, the one most likely to divert him and cheer him.

After wandering about in the bush for a day or two with Mr. Francis, occasionally having a turn with Jeremiah, David was as much delighted with Australia as he had been disgusted with China. He was full of comparisons of things Australian with things at home, comparisons generally favourable to the former.

"This happy land here puts an in mind o' the sunny seas. Baith land and sea, it seems, hae fewest inhabitants where they've maist beauty. Comin' this way, ye ken, or goin'

to China, ye maist never see a living thing, after ye leave the cauld weather and cauld seas behind, till ye get into them again; the finest belts o' the ocean are no inhabited; where the sea is in heaven, and heaven is in the sea, and its aye summer, there's maist never a fin stirs or a wing flaps. It's near about the same here. It's a Paradise as big's Europe, an' it's tae let."

"The inhabitants are still few," assented Mr. Francis.

"There's nane ava," insisted David. "The blacks hae vanished like a squad o' crows, and as for whites, I saw nae sign o' ony for twenty or thirty miles at a time on the road up."

"Has this big Paradise here no' been keptit, d'ye think, to the last days for the just? They're to inherit the earth, some time or ither, and they never inherited it yet, as far as I ken. It wid haud them a', I wid na wonder. Maybe tae the fourth an' fifth generation tae."

"In the meantime," said Mr. Francis, who had no reason to think of Major McSumph as one of the class to whom David referred—"in the meantime, the just and the unjust here scramble for possession of the earth the same as elsewhere, and I don't think the just have always the best of the struggle here any more than at the opposite side of the world. Opposite sides of the world are like."

He was glad to be able to unbosom himself to some one respecting some of his troubles, and took the opportunity to tell David what he knew or guessed of the state of affairs in regard to his father's property, indicating the least hopeful view, as to much of it being saved.

David was much grieved, attributing to this misfortune only too much power to crush a young man's spirit, at least for a time, and he felt, as sympathetic people are often obliged to feel, that a commodity of good consolations would be very desirable, but he did venture to hint in the first place that the best way of being concerned in villany is to suffer from it; in the second place, that youth, and health, and talent constitute a fortune; and thirdly, that Illtafend, though not exactly a bishopric, was a living.

In saying this, however, he was thinking how he could say or hint something else. He relieved his mind, as was usual with him, by exercising his legs, and after limping to and fro for a little, muttering to himself, he said,—

"The earth gangs round frae east to

west, but the world, as it aye did, gangs its ain road. It's my turn, like the fool, to be rich and increased in goods. When ye saw me last I was na worth what wid hae buried me, and noo, as I stan' here in this present shoe-leather, I'm a man o' fortune—it's as true's death."

David meant to go further in this vein, and hint that his new fortune would be at the service of his friends in any emergency, but the exact terms in which to put this, without offence to his friend's pride, did not readily occur to him, and he waited another opportunity.

"What sort o' cratur is that ye have about the place, takin' charge o' things—great charge, too?" he asked, with a view, for one thing, of changing the subject.

"Jeremiah Tippet has been always with us. He is one of ourselves."

"Honest?" inquired David.

"As honest as yourself, David—why do you ask?"

"Weel, he says he's honest, and that's suspicious a weel."

"He's honesty itself for all that."

Mr. Francis spoke of weeks, perhaps months, having to elapse before any final settlement of the affairs of the property could be made.

"Lang afore that," said David, "I maun be seeing the northern stars again. But when I am here there's ane o' yer colonies besides this I maun see, for I've wanted to see it for fifty years. Van Diemen's Land they used to ca't; it's now, as ye ken, Tasmania. Ane would like to see a nation that was a nation o' criminals—a peculiar people, chosen for breach o' the ten commandments."

"I should not mind going over with you, by-and-by," said Mr. Francis. "My uncle would be glad to see us, and I should like to see him very much."

"Strange scenes," he continued, "must have been seen in that island, if all accounts be true. There was one of our fellow-passengers, himself, it turned out, an old convict, who gave us a lively idea of these scenes in some stories he told, particularly when they were taken with the commentary supplied by the appearance and the character of the man—as miserable and odious a specimen of humanity as could be imagined. His story of the wreck of the *Georgium Sidus*, a convict ship, was a masterpiece of the sensational, worth a fortune to a popular novelist."

"I mind it perfectly," said David, shuddering at the recollection. "It was in the year ——. and a horrible affair it was."

There were twa or three mair wrecks aboot the same time and the same place too—an in particular, as awful a tragedy as the first. What like was the man ye speak o'?"

"A dwarf with an ape's face—face of a dissipated ape suffering from jaundice."

"Like, and no like, our frien' Mr. Tippet," said David, his expression changing suddenly from deep thought to merriment. "He's a dwarf but he's no dissipated and he's no ugly."

It occurred to David Groats sometimes to fancy that Jeremiah must be a remnant of some ancient pre-historic Australian white men. His dwarfish figure, preternaturally solemn face, chalky eyes, and marvellous alacrity of movement, suggested to David's mind the ludicrous idea of there being something "no canny" about his history and his person. Yet he was soon on terms of friendship with the little man, and spent much time in his society. Jeremiah, on his part, took kindly to David, finding he was a good listener when he liked. The latter, in fact, had soon discovered that the overseer's talk, though rambling, was not without point or character, and that his egotism was itself a delightful study.

"I came up on the coach wi' ane o' your M.P.'s," said David in one of their conversations; "ane o' the Opposition he maun be, for he grumbled near the whole road—a hundred mile or mair o' grumble it was."

"A red-faced man was he?" asked Jeremiah, one of whose foibles was universal knowledge of men and things.

"Ay, and he reddened away at it every eight or ten mile; every halt we made he reddened it mair and mair, till it gaed doon oot o' sight wi' the setting sun, and every bit as red, doon by at what d' ye ca' the place?"

"Packman's Seat."

"Ay, or Pedlar's Pack, or something o' that kind, for ye're no particular aboot names here. Well, but aboot his talk. I was sayin' it was just ae growl wi' him frae end to end o' the road."

"Price of wool?" inquired Jeremiah.

"Ay, and everything else he could think o', no excludin' the drams he was drinkin'. He'll be an Australian Pitt or Fox, I'll tak' my oath, for a man wi' sich a policy o' grievances is sure to come to the front in ony country. Everything and everybody's gaun to wrack and ruin, accordin' to him. The colony's no worth biddin' for, if it was put up to auction. Wages, he says, hae gane doon and doon, wi' the present rascal government, till a tradesman noo can only

make eight or ten shillings a day, or, at the maist, twelve or fifteen."

"He's right there," said Jeremiah, always arithmetical when he could be so; "that's just aboot the figure at present of tradesmen's wages."

"I tell't yer M.P., for his comfort," proceeded David, "that I had kent in my time tradesmen tak' a week to win sich a day's wage, or maybe the half o't. Ye have every-thing the heart o' man can desire in this country: ye've gold, ye've lands, ye've sunshine, plenty o' meat, plenty o' drink, plenty o' work, and ye're no content for a', mair than we are at hame wi' our porridge and skim milk, and poor soil and dreepin' climate."

"We have great reason to be thankful to a kind Providence," said Jeremiah, in the voice in which he read the service on Sunday mornings, and with the same solemnity in his chalky eyes; "and that was what Mr. Henry's father, my late respected master, was in the habit of saying. It was one of his favourite sayings, in fact. He had his troubles, but he never complained. He was a gentleman, as gentle as a woman; that's what I always said of him. There was just one weak point about him, Mr. Groats," proceeded Jeremiah, who felt that now he might have something to say after listening with so much patience, and who on this subject had had little opportunity of late of talking to any one. "There was just one weak point in his character, and I told him of it often: he had no system—he hated accounts and account-books. Now, Mr. Groats, accounts are as necessary for a man's character as for his business; that has always been my motto. You know very little of me, being a stranger here; but now mark me. I have a book in which I have put down, for the last thirty years, every farthing I have received and expended; and if you want to know anything about me or my character, that's the place to get your information. Take up that book, look at the one page and the other, compare the two, and you'll see at a glance what sort of person I've been, and what sort of life I've lived for these thirty years past; for, as a matter of course, a man can't live one way or another without first having money to spend, and then spending it. I hope that's a maxim of yours; it's one of mine, he! he! The art of self-defence," he went on with increasing vivacity and glee—"the art of self-defence, properly so called, lies in properly-kept accounts. Any man who does not keep accounts is at the mercy

of every lying scoundrel, unless he obtains the protection of a court of justice. But now, for example, if any consummate villain were to charge me with any misdeed, I should just trouble him to fix me the date of it, and my book would at once show what truth there was in his story. You suspect me or accuse me of being a drunkard (I am supposing a case), all I have to do is to produce my book: it will show I have never spent a sixpence in intoxicating liquor in my life. Or take another example: you doubt my honesty — you say I am a thief; turn up the book at the alleged date, and you will see whether or not there is an entry of goods received without being paid for."

"Ye could strike a balance at any time w' a book like that," said David, "and show how it stands between you and your Maker."

"No, not exactly," said Jeremiah, a moment staggered by a new application of his art of self-defence; "that's different; I would need to consider that. My mind is very rapid in its movements, and it is generally made up on a point in no time; but I shall have to take what you say into *avizandum*, as we say in legal phrase."

"Even his failings leaned to virtue's side." Your master was a man o' that kind, was he no? If he had a keepit a book o' that kind, noo, wid it hae shown that—that leanin' to the richt side?"

Jeremiah looked thoughtful, perhaps puzzled; but he had supreme confidence in his method.

"It would," he said, after a momentary pause, "I am positive it would; it would have shown his virtues and his failings, and the balance, which is what you mean by leaning to a side."

"It would abolish the judges and the law courts, and the lawyers, no to speak o' anticipatin' the last day, if we a' kept books o' that kind, would it no?"

"It would abolish lawyers at any rate, or the most of them, and a very good job too."

"Ay, but the worst o't maybe," objected David, "keepin' a book o' the kind, ane wid need to hae naething to put in't except odds and ends—naething he wid na like everybody to ken as weel as himsel'. Man alive," he continued, dropping his voice to a stage bass, which made Jeremiah start—"man alive, things are done in this world, by folk like oursels', ane daur hardly think o', let alane gang and put them doon, day and date, in a book."

Jeremiah made a motion with his foot

expressive of dissent, but allowed the old man to proceed for a moment.

"Supposin', now, ye had happened maybe in some ill rash moment to do a deed o' darkness o' that kind, after ye began yer book, wid ye hae put it doon along w' yer tobacco and new trousers? Which side o' the book wad ye hae put it on?"

Jeremiah's patience would have given way at any rate. But this was a point on which, of all points, he was the most easily touched.

"There's nothing in the course of my life, sir, I am ashamed of. I can prove it. My book w'ld show it. That's the use of it, as I said before."

"Ay, my frien'," said David, "but everybody's no like you in that partic'lar, or else the history o' mankind would be a sum in arithmetic, instead o' being partly a big tragedy and partly a big farce."

"I understand you," said Jeremiah, raising his voice and gesticulating with his arms to show that he was going to make no concessions—"I understand you perfectly. You are not the first person who has heard, almost as soon as he arrived in this country, of portions of my history. It has been an eventful one. There have been two events in it especially, and it is to them you mean to allude, no doubt?"

"Is't written in the cash book?" inquired David, who was in the profoundest ignorance of his friend's history, and its two great events.

"I shot a man once; you know that, don't you—you have been told that?" Jeremiah asked with a glassy stare in his eyes.

"Faith, no," answered David, stepping backwards a few yards to look at him. And what's mair, naebody would hae guessed it, for ye're nae giant. I believe ye, though, a' the same."

"And that was not the first event in my history."

"Was't no yer first attempt that way?" inquired David, still keeping his distance, and still eyeing the little man, but with relaxing gravity.

"I was going home one evening from a musical party, rather late—sober though, of course, never was drunk in my life—found a big hulking fellow of a prisoner ill-using a woman, also ticket-of-leave. I step up to him with my flageolet in my right, grasp him by the arm, and presenting the barrel at his head as if it were a pistol, I marched him along half-a-dozen streets to the Penitentiary, and lodged him there safe and sound. He was hanged after that for murder, that big brute."

David started off at the conclusion of this narrative on a tour of a dozen yards or so, his face beaming with delight and fun, and returning, planted himself in front of Jeremiah, with his hands resting on his haunches, and, as if by way of honorary salute, took off his hat.

"Ye're a bit o' richt stuff, Mr. Tippett; ye could nae have been a much bigger man if ye had been the size o' Goliath o' Gath. That was yer beginnin', was it—yer outset in the heroic line? And the next time, I expect, ye fired aff yer gun—yer flageolet, I mean, or what d'ye call it?"

"Next time it was no flageolet," replied Jeremiah, more solemn than ever. "It was a horse pistol, loaded with sound lead, next time, I give you my word. I was clerk in a large store; to look after it I slept on the premises at night, though I was not obliged to do so. It projected over an old quay, so that boats could come under and be loaded through a trap in the floor. Entering in the dark one night, and throwing the door, as I was accustomed to do, quickly open, so as to frighten, damage, and knock over any one behind it, I just caught sight, I thought, of a man's head over the open trap, and heard the water at the moment ripple down below, which made me certain the trap was up. 'Stand!' I shouted, 'or I'll fire; stand there, stand! Move, and you're a dead man.' He did make one spring, and the next moment he dropped through the trap as dead as a red herring. That's my history, and I don't care who knows it. It's no secret. I am not ashamed of it, not I. Tell it when and where you like, in the newspapers, if you please; and in fact it has been told there before now more than once."

"Ye're nae common man, Mr. Tippett," began David, resuming with a meditative face his usual rounds, and as he continued his march stopping now and then to look at the little man with a half-admiring, half-humorous glance; "that's ae thing, plain enough. To hae saved a man's life in ane's time is a great thing; there are medals, and ribbons, and a' that in Christian countries for that. But it's a great thing tae in its way—greater maybe than the ither—to ha' ta'en a life ane. It's no every common man can lay his han' on his heart, and say, 'I have slain my man,' or can fall back on a sensation like that when life's dull and flat a wee."

"Blackstone," said Jeremiah, drawing himself up to his full stature, and planting himself firmly on his feet by way of protest against David's unnatural and superfluous marching

and counter-marching—"Blackstone is explicit on the point, sir. It was just one of those cases in which homicide is completely justifiable. It was my duty to kill that man. Besides, does not the Bible itself say, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed?' And since, according to all law, human and divine, the intention is the same as the deed, that villain intending to kill me, it was my duty to kill him."

"Ye can hae nae qualms o' conscience, I'm happy to think, wi' authorities like these at yer back," said David, pausing in his march, and confronting Jeremiah with a serious, but friendly and sympathetic expression of face.

"Qualms!—no," replied Jeremiah; "I was thanked publicly for the service which I had done to the country in ridding it of such a scoundrel, by the judge upon the bench."

"All the world's a stage," muttered David, after a moment's thought, halting and looking at the ground, "and fu' o' queer trap-doors. Happy the man that can stan' by his ain trap, wi' his Bible in ae han' and his Blackstone in the ither, and say, 'There it is, an' I don't care wha kens it's there, or what gaed doon thro't.'"

"True," responded Jeremiah, to whom the relation of his history was a customary and commonplace affair. "But this is away from the point. We were speaking, you remember, of my late master. He had one weakness besides what I told you. He was too good. He could not bear that anybody's feelings should be hurt. He would often say—it was a favourite saying of his—that he liked his Uncle Toby for putting a blue fly out at the window, instead of killing it. It was a treat, sir, to hear him play the violin. He had so much feeling, I used to say, that he had only to touch the instrument, and it spoke to him."

"Most musical, most melancholy," said David.

"That's just it," said Mr. Tippett, "that's just my late master to the life. You could not have hit him off better if you had known him, as I did, for twenty years. Mr. Henry, do you know," Jeremiah rattled on, "resembles him more than he did. Of course he's older, for one thing; but he's more grave, too, and that makes him more like his father than he was. He has his mother's eyes, though, and Miss Francis has the same; only, though she is cut up by her father's death, I don't see so much change in her."

"What sort of woman was their mother?" inquired David.

"Listen to me," said Jeremiah, with a face of terrible solemnity; "you think, perhaps, I have little or nothing to do here. If you have ever lived in a town, as I did for many years, you will say perhaps that this, compared with that, is a sleepy life, with nothing for any one to do. But I give you my word I am busier now than I ever was in my life. I am over head and ears in business (except when I spend a few minutes with you or some one like you) from morning till night. You have no idea how many things and persons there are to look after about a station."

"Man alive!" interrupted David, inexpressibly tickled by the irrelevance and aimless egotism of the little man, and intending to disavow all idea of disparaging his responsibilities. But Jeremiah, though egotistical in style, had his end clearly in view, and would brook no interruption.

"Every hour, and I may say every minute, of my time is occupied. But, sir," here Jeremiah drew himself up as if on military parade, or performing the part of a mute at a funeral, "though it is ten years, 10th of August coming, since we buried her—you've seen the place, it's more than a mile away—I go there once a week on Saturday afternoon, and say my prayers for the evening beside her grave. I allow you to judge from that what sort of woman she was. She was not a woman at all—that's what I say—at least of the sort I've seen; she was an angel."

"Is her dochter like her in the face? She's like her otherwise, if she was an angel," said David.

"No, the features are different, except the eyes; and then, she was thin and delicate for many years, and very pale. But Miss Bessy walks as like her as can be—straight up, you know, like this; and she smiles exactly the same smile, and has the same low-set musical voice, exactly the same to a demi-semi. My poor master, he was never the same man after losing her—could not be, sir. I am not the same man myself, and never will be again."

CHAPTER XXIX.

DAVID GROATS was almost as soon weary of Australia as, by his own confession, he had been of China. After a week or two his talk was incessantly of going home, only he would first see Tasmania when he was so near the shores of that country of a chosen race—chosen for breach of the Ten Commandments. He laughed at the idea of making the most of his time by roaming

about, saying that it would suit him better to visit the diggings Hamlet inspected along with Horatio, than to travel over the colonial gold-fields, and also that he had no friends in the pastry-cook line at home to whom a new book of Australian travels would be acceptable. In his impatience to leave it, he was disposed to depreciate the colony as far as he was acquainted with it. He complained that it was as flat as a frozen ocean, and as hot as a baker's oven, and that the only hill to be seen for hundreds of miles was a manifest importation from Europe, having nothing to attach it to the earth, no natural claws or roots, like a respectable mountain. The ups and downs of European history he contended were impossible on a continent as flat as the pavement of Nickle-Jarviestone. It would be ridiculous, he declared, to think of a pitched battle like Leipsic or Waterloo taking place where the combatants would have to march hundreds of miles in straight lines, climb no hills, ford no rivers, storm no forts, sack no towns, show no valour, or strategy, or endurance, and meet like two cattle-trains on a railway. Mr. Francis, whether agreeing with this view of his native country or not, attributed its disparaging tone to the proper source, and seeing that his old friend's impatience was mastering him entirely, he had all but determined to set out with him at once on their intended journey, leaving the affairs of the property just as they were, when an unexpected event occurred to shelve the project, or perhaps end it altogether. This was the arrival of Mr. Jamieson, who, immediately after his wife's decease, had hastened back to finish his work as executor—if possible without litigation.

For some days after he came Duke George was much occupied in consultations with his nephew and Jeremiah, and with the latter alone, the upshot of which justified their number and their length, being nothing less than the final break-up of the establishment and of the family. Much was to be said in favour of other plans, especially considering the state of the property market, much depressed at the moment. But on the whole it seemed best to realise the estate at once, pay Jeremiah £2,000, due to him as partner and overseer, make the best terms before or after sale with M'Sumph, and thus wind up affairs, without resort to litigation, which must be tedious, and might be ruinous. Bessy and Jeremiah, it was agreed, were to go over to Tasmania, the former to have charge of her uncle's household, and the

latter to take part in the management of his estates.

To David the Duke was admirable, apart altogether from his devotion to the interests of his young relatives. His laugh delighted him. Hearing it resound at short intervals through the wooden walls of the house, he muttered to himself,—

"A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith! he maena fa' that."

"A man does na need to be a philosopher like Bacon, or a poet like Shakespeare, to be a Duke—a proper Duke," he soliloquised in a more critical vein. As for the Duke's "intellectual machinery," he decided that it was rough but useful: "made o' fir or hickory, no o' brass or polished iron; no fit for great work or fine work. But for a' that it gangs like clockwork in the cause o' friendship and honesty."

He was eager to hear all that Mr. Jamieson was willing to tell of his early experience in the colony so long his home, and he was especially captivated by an account of a solitary encounter with the blacks, which the Duke had to narrate.

"Ye never had anything to do wi' the ither blacks, British blacks?" he inquired, when the narrative was finished.

"The convicts, ye mean," Mr. Jamieson answered. "Like everybody else, I had them for servants for years; and have some o' them yet, for the matter o' that; and some o' them were neebors o' mine."

"Convicts?" asked David.

"Ay, convicts," said Mr. Jamieson. "The system was abolished long ago; it was not a very good one, though it answered us settlers at the time; but for a good many years with us, when a vessel arrived from home with a lot o' prisoners, ye got your government license and went down to the depôt where they were landed, and picked out one or two, or as many as ye wanted—first come, first served. They were assigned to you, and ye were bound to give them their meat and clothes for their work, and ye had to report them if they deserted or misbehaved."

"They were na a' devils nor villains o' the deepest dye. Ye've seen a lot o' them in yer day?"

"Some o' them were desperate fellows, or they would not have seen our side o' the world, but for my part I must say most o' them were very like other folk. We had little trouble at our place with any of them,

except may be one, and his bit failing was to steal a sheep now and again; it must have been just to keep his hand in, for he had more mutton than he could eat, and if he had wanted the wool he could have stolen as much as he liked from the sheds, and no way the trouble o' shearing. It was just his way, poor chiel! He was a countryman o' ours, David."

"The fact is, as oor doctor aye says," continued Mr. Jamieson, "the most o' them had the misfortune to be found out, and that was the difference between them and us."

"And some o' them," sighed David Groats, as if sympathizing with the sighing of the prisoners, "were nae doot banished by mistake; for man's justice is no infallible like God Almighty's."

"You are right there," responded the Duke energetically, "though most likely the cases o' that kind were a wee uncommon. The fact is, it was drink sent oot maist o' them to us, and our greatest trouble with them after they came was to keep drink from them."

When the executors were busy with their affairs, and Bessy also had hers to attend to, David was sometimes driven by the want of other companionship into the society of William Francis's favourite authors, ranged exactly as he had left them on the shelves of the book-case in the parlour. There, if anywhere in the house, he was often to be found, usually turning over the leaves of some volume as if rather refreshing his acquaintance with it, than new to the study of it.

"No much theology here, or science, or the like o' that," he sat and reflected, looking up at the library shelves (now grown very familiar to him), a volume of the "Rambler" open on his knee, "no much theology or science, but heaps o' moral essays, history, and poetry, maistly a' o' ae kind tae—no trash or dirt, but gold and gems."

He had leisure to pursue these reflections at length. It was a hot-wind day, one of the hottest of the season, and though the enormous suffocating clouds of dust whirled along the plain had not prevented his friends from going out into the bush, they would have kept him a prisoner in the library, even if it had been punishment to be confined there.

"If they had na found—

'Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything,'

in the forest o' Arden, here's a collection that would hae fitted them tae a T. This might

hae been the banished duke's library, and the melancholy Jaques might have been a monthly subscriber. It's filled wi' 'pastoral melancholy.' Tak' down maist any volume ye like; it's the vanity o' human wishes or the frailty o' human life, or something like it, that's the subject; a' pastoral and a' melancholy. Nane or maist nane o' yer information for the people, and nane o' yer cursed sensational literature. A mild musical melancholy soul that got thae books thegither and thumbed them as they hae been."

David rose at short intervals from his

chair, lifted the heavy dark window-curtain, close drawn to exclude light and heat, and gazed out with a bewildered, awe-struck, half comical expression on the whirling clouds of dust, and wondered if they were the commencement of the last day.

"Every country," he muttered, "has its plagues like Egypt, and this is as like Egypt and its plagues as Egypt is like itself'. That's just the sirocco o' the desert. Pharaoh himsel',—bring his mummy here and put life in't, would na ken the difference.

"And faith he would na be long till he was



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back tae the mummy again," David sniggered as he limped half-fainting across the room, to resume his seat and his meditations.

This hot wind was a kind of terror to him. It gave him unearthly sensations he could not tell of what or where, only they were such that he wished himself either not so old or not so far from home, and was sure that an old man, like an old tree, bears transplanting ill.

When Miss Francis had finished her afternoon's work, her first thought was to look into the library and see how the day

was passing with David, and have some chat with him, and she was in the greater haste to do this, thinking she could predict from the look of the sky, that the usual sudden fall of the temperature after hot winds was near. Opening the door, she started back with a loud scream, and ran to seek help in the kitchen. She had found the old gatekeeper lying beside his chair, apparently lifeless, the book he had been reading still in his hand.

David did not long remain unconscious. When he came to himself, seated in an arm-chair and surrounded by friends with anxious

faces, he could give little account of what had happened to him. Mr. Tippet was persistent and dogmatic in attributing the seizure to the hot wind (having himself been once all but upset by a hot wind), but to this David seemed willing to assent, only with some reserve in favour of old age and frailty as superior causes of an "effect defective." He was only sure of one thing, that whatever was the cause, the effect was past. He was easily persuaded to retire early to bed, but before going he jocosely challenged Mr. Tippet to a contest of early rising in which he was sure to be victorious.

Jeremiah occupied a dwelling of his own behind the station. When he threw open his window, as his custom was on jumping out of bed, he was astonished to see David standing outside.

"Glad to see you," he nodded at the open window. "Right again. Just the hot wind did it, as I told you. Look here now, it's cool this morning, is it not? and you are all right again, you see, which just proves I was right."

"Open the door," said David solemnly.

"There you are," said Jeremiah, jauntily throwing open his door. "Walk in, you have beat me after all. It's not very often I am beat in the same matter."

David, after entering, shut the door and sat down on the edge of a box, his eyes directed to the floor and apparently deaf to the overseer's chatter.

"Was yer mistress's name Grace Macarthur?" he asked.

"It might be, I think it was, suppose it was, I believe it was," replied Jeremiah, and his conscience checking him as he reflected that though he was not in court he was bound to tell the truth all the same as if he were upon oath, he corrected and amended his answer,—“Yes, it was Grace Macarthur, that was her name, I am prepared to say it was.”

Jeremiah heard such a groan escape the old man at this answer, and saw him so much perturbed, that he feared another fit was coming on, and rushed to open the door and go for help. David, however, rose and placed his hand on the latch.

"D'ye ken her story," he asked in a whisper. "Ye need na be feared to tell me."

"I do," said Jeremiah, throwing his head on one side, as if shifting cargo (of information) to ease the ship.

"Ye ken she was your master's wife. What more d'ye ken?"

"As much as anybody," answered Jeremiah, jerking his head to the opposite side.

David sat down again on his box, the strain which had been put on body and mind for the last dozen hours—for he had never slept—giving way and his strength along with it.

"I found her name in a book yesterday, an auld copy o' Watts' 'World to Come.' I ken that book. It was gi'en to her by her mither. But answer me my question; d'ye ken onything o' her history?"

"I do," said Jeremiah, looking down upon David's bald head, and trying to imagine it, and to treat it as that of a cross-examining attorney.

"And her husband's tae?" inquired David.

"Yes," replied Jeremiah, with obstinate taciturnity.

"Ye ken the reason he cam oot here at the first, and her after him. Ye ken he had to come."

"I do. I know he was transported. Judge's mistake though, all the same."

"Man alive," said David, rising to his feet and approaching Jeremiah with a beseeching expression, "tell me whatever ye ken, for the love o' God. Ye need na hide onything frae me. I'm no like him; but I'm a frien' o' his, for a' that—a near frien'. His name was Morton, and it's mine tae."

Jeremiah, thunderstruck, hastened to show that his understanding was quick even when he was amazed.

"Then I presume you are——"

"His born brither," interrupted David.

"And Mr. Henry knows that, does he? You have told him?"

This question recalled to David a long night's misery. He had found it impossible to sleep, or even to be at rest, and had spent the hours of darkness marching up and down his room. More confident the longer he thought of it, that the discovery he had made was genuine, he was only astonished to think it had not occurred to him before that the minister's gentle, melancholy father and his delicate, sad wife were the loved and lost ones for whom he had grieved, and after whom he had yearned the greater part of his life. But in proportion as he was certain of this, he was doubtful whether any one else should know it. However it was told, the story was sure to fall like a thunderbolt on the minister and his sister. They would feel all, and more than all, the shame and sorrow there was, or appeared to be, in it, and would not see there was comfort and consolation in it too. Yet they were in danger of having

it told to them some day or other—possibly when the gates of death had closed upon the gatekeeper, and there was no one left to tell it to them, except partially, from hearsay, with all the distress and none of the consolation belonging to it.

Jeremiah, ignorant of the mental conflict through which David had passed on this point, was quite clear that Henry Francis must be told the whole story right off. Duke George and he had made up their minds to that on other grounds, and were only waiting their opportunity.

“Read that, Mr. Groats,” he said, presenting a letter he drew from a bundle, for which he had dived into his desk—“read that, and you’ll get an insight into our affairs you have not yet got. It is necessary for us as executors, you will perceive, to mention something of his father’s history to Mr. Henry. Griffen writes that letter; Griffen is M’Sumph’s partner. He went over to Tasmania and found out who your brother was. He followed Miss Bessy and me over there, when she was talking of going to England. I shut him up, snuffed him out, riddled him through and through on the top of the coach going down from here. I caught him in Tasmania, and routed him out there, old fox that he is, and that letter is his revenge. He hates me. We could perhaps have made some arrangement with the other scoundrel, the big, fair-haired fellow; but as for Griffen, with the big nose, after he had done eating you he would charge your executors for a toothpick. That’s my opinion of him, Mr. Groats. But read for yourself.”

David had to be shown he was holding the letter upside down, and began to read in an absent, mechanical manner:—

“SIR,—You refer, in yours of the 26th ult., to two Acts of Vict. 12. With your great knowledge of law, you will no doubt be aware of an Act 18 Vict. of the Lieut. Governor and Legislative Council of Victoria—”

“That, sir,” interrupted Jeremiah, “in the first place, is a hit at me. You will see the letter is addressed to me; it is the last we had from the scoundrel, before Mr. Francis, your brother’s, death. In fact, sir, it was his death. But, Mr. Groats, you are an intelligent man; you can understand a plain fact. That act is one of the most infamous acts that ever was passed in a Christian country, or a barbarous country either. It is a barbarous act, intitled ‘An Act to Prevent the

Influx of Criminals into Victoria,’ and it provides that any convict who has come here from any penal colony, no matter how he has conducted himself, may be ordered to quit the colony within seven days, with, of course, public exposure and disgrace and the loss of his property; can even be sentenced to hard labour, with or without irons, on the roads; and it also provides that persons aiding or abetting such convicts, or concealing them, are to be punished. That infamous and atrocious act, sir, is the one referred to there by that scoundrel. But read on, and you’ll see.”

“You are no doubt acquainted with that act, and understand its bearing upon you and your senior partner, as holding property under the Crown. We think it is only necessary for us to say, therefore, that it will be proper for you to consider the provisions of the said act before availing yourself, as you propose to do, of the other acts referred to in your letter.”

“Yes, sir,” interrupted Jeremiah, “they were prepared to use that infamous act against us. But that letter was our death-warrant. At least, though it did not frighten me, it killed him—I mean your brother, Mr. Groats. He had been ill for some time; but after that he got worse and worse, till fever came on, and he sank fast—so fast, that Mr. Jamieson, whom I sent for, was here only just in time to see him breathe his last.”

David groaned aloud where he sat, which encouraged Jeremiah to continue his reminiscences, and to pitch them in a loftier key.

“We were a happy family once—for I was one of themselves. Fact is, sir, I am a man without friends at this moment. I have no relations; I have had none for years that I care for a gum-tree leaf more than I care for anybody else. You will not believe it, Mr. Groats, but I was the best friend and supporter my family ever had, and some of them had need of a friend’s help, and supporter’s too. My cash-book here will show it—show what I had to do for them, and did too. Yet these very people, my own relations, when I did my duty by shooting that scoundrel in the store, must shake their heads and say it was a terrible, an awful thing to kill a man, and all that. Kill a man! I killed Barney Cheese, who was not a man, but a beast. That was my reward. My feelings were hurt—for I am tender in my feelings. I was disgusted and indignant. Just at that time, then, Mr. Jamieson spoke to me about coming here with your brother, and told me, of course,

something of his history, and offered me a share in the station, besides my salary. I was glad of the chance, and I have never regretted taking it, and I don't regret it now, though all is gone, as I believe. All that I am sorry for is, that the happy family we once were is broken up now, and the best part of it is in the grave. Yes, that is where the best part of it is now."

David jumped up and wrung the overseer's hand with a passionate grip, which made tears (perhaps coming at any rate) start into his eyes.

"God Almighty bless you, ye've long been a frien' tae me, being such a frien' to them."

"Amen," responded Jeremiah, overcome by the unwonted benediction, and speaking with a huskiness in his voice.

Mr. Tippett exerted himself to satisfy David's curiosity concerning his brother's earlier history in Australia. But he was forced to acknowledge that, even with the aid of his cash-book, he could not answer all questions on the subject. He was never long at a loss, however, even if his cash-book failed him. Before David could say yes or no, he had darted out of the door to bring another memory to the assistance of his own.

Duke George, to whom Jeremiah had rapidly sketched the situation, was prepared to interpret correctly the reception which he met with from the gatekeeper. He understood the silent pressure of the hand by which David meant to say, "Beggars that I am, I am even poor in thanks." To his simple and kindly nature this was an excessive return for any kindness he had meant or done. His effort accordingly in what he had to say of William Francis's career was to depreciate his own part in its prosperity. While Mr. Jamieson told his story, Jeremiah stood by his desk with his book and some bundles of papers at hand, as if expecting to be referred to for exact information on some points. William Francis, it appeared, had the misfortune on his arrival to be sent to one of the outlying penal settlements of the colony, confinement in which was proverbially horrible. His health gave way, and he had to be sent back to the capital, where he was assigned to Mr. Jamieson.

"I knew he was a scholar," said the Duke, "and come o' decent folk. Besides, he was a countryman o' my own, and I liked the look o' him; and after he had been a while working with the other men at the station, I thought he would be better away from them; they were not bad fellows, but

he was not like them, or they like him. I had need of a man, too—that was the fact—to take a kind o' charge at an out-place I had, and so I sent him up there with a decent fellow to keep him company. It was a piece o' hill country, fifty or sixty miles from my place, and when I went there I had generally to stay over the night, and then I had a deal o' talk with him, and liked him the more the better I was acquainted wi' him. It was a perfect farce sending him out to us the way he came. He was the most harmless and peaceable soul that ever I saw in my life."

"Almost my very words, Mr. David," interposed Jeremiah, "almost my very words. The judge, sir, was a fool. I do not believe that he had ever read a page of Blackstone."

"Well, as I was going to say," continued the Duke, "I thought a pity of him after that, left up among the hills with nobody like himself to speak to, and so I brought him down again to the station, and gave him charge o' the books and stores."

"It was then you heard from Mr. F—— about him?" inquired Jeremiah, who was impatient of all prolixity but his own.

"Ay, it was," replied the Duke; "and what the good man wanted with me when he wrote to me asking me to call and see him, was what I could not imagine. But I did call the first time I was in the town, and there he introduced me to a young woman that he had taken into his house when she was ill, some weeks before."

"D'ye ken who she was?" the Duke inquired, turning so as to address himself still more particularly to David.

"Grace Macarthur," replied the gatekeeper, without lifting his eyes from the floor.

"Ay, it was her," proceeded the Duke. "It was just her. There she was. She had come out to the colony directly after him, and not wanting to make herself kent or her errand either, she did not ask about him, but travelled from place to place in search of him, expecting to fall in with him in some road-gang or other. For two or three years she supported herself teaching here and there through the country, particularly at Hobart Town; but at last she fell ill and was taken to the hospital, where Mr. F——, good man, found her, and got her story out of her."

"Poor Grace!" groaned David.

"Poor Grace!" responded Duke George, assisted by Jeremiah.

"What could a body do with them after that," asked the Duke, brushing away a tear, "but get them out of the country as fast as possible? And, thanks to Jeremiah, our friend here, that was cleverly done. There never was a cleverer trick than that o' yours, Jeremiah. Tell our old friend here how you dodged the port officer."

"My part," said Jeremiah, "I beg to assure Mr. David, in comparison with yours, was small, and not worth mention. Since you wish me to mention it, however, I will. The difficulty was this. Names of persons leaving the colony had to be registered by the port officer ten days beforehand, to prevent escape of convicts, of course. Well, it was time for your brother, Mr. David, to go. Miss Macarthur had previously left the island. I, myself, was to follow in a week or two, along with Mr. Jamieson, who had to attend the marriage in Melbourne. So I go to the office to report a lot of people going off by one of our schooners. William Morton is my first name. 'Who is William Morton?' 'Convict, sir,' I said touching my cap, 'district of Dolomite.' 'Oh,' said the port officer putting his finger to his nose; 'we know your tricks, Jeremiah. Come on with your other names; all convicts, I suppose?' I knew he would not believe the truth, and that my only chance was to tell it. When the officer came aboard at night your brother answered to his name, and there he was—all right, and we were all right too. They could do nothing to us for shipping him, except haul me up and drop me like a hot potato."

Duke George had heard the story often before, but he was as much amused by it as ever, and he was opening his capacious mouth for a shout of laughter, when his eye was caught by the figure of David sitting solemnly on the box, and he checked himself to stumble out the inquiry,—

"She was a minister's daughter?"

"Ay," replied David, turning round and grasping again the hand of his brother's benefactor. "She was the minister's daughter in the parish where we were born and brought up, and where my father and his father afore him had a sma' print-work."

"I have heard something of that from your brother," said the Duke.

"Did ye ever hear him speak o' his brither?" inquired the gatekeeper.

"He had a brother, he told me; but if I recollect right, he either fancied or was told that he left the country after he was banished himself."

"Ay, ay," said David, "I never g'ied up the hope o' hearing o' him or seein' him. But I might hae had common sense tae ken that if he was living he would hear I was off naebody kent where."

His father's death, he then went on to say, should have ended the business of the print-work; and it would have been a happy thing for all concerned if his brother and he had dropped it. But they determined to carry it on. Short of capital, they were joined in it by the son of a small heritor in the parish, who, along with a little money, brought a great deal of pride and temper into the concern. William had been at college for some years, and had little taste or talent for commercial life; and David himself, while he ought to have been learning the trade, was occupied "whiles wi' Shakspeare, whiles wi' mischief;" so that when it afterwards became necessary for him to work as a journeyman, he had not acquired the skill and experience of an apprentice. Things went on badly on the whole, though there were glimpses of prosperity; but at length young Murdoch wanted to withdraw himself and his cash; and though the one would have been a blessed riddance, the other was an inconvenient demand. This led to bickerings. And with these there were mixed up other questions than those of money. Since childhood William Morton and Grace Macarthur, the minister's daughter, had been friends and lovers. Murdoch, however, after joining the business, and coming to stay in the neighbourhood of the manse, was William's rival—secretly at first, then openly—and was favoured by Grace's parents, both of them "men, stern religious men," who were better pleased with the heritor's son than the printer's. William was asked to discontinue his visits to the manse. He was told that he was not treating Murdoch well, and that his early piety was fading away. One evening the young men met on the footpath at the side of the glen, in the gorge of which the print work was situated; and there, in the dark, a scuffle took place between them, in the course of which Murdoch, who was returning from the manse, was thrown over a rock into the burn, and taken up dead.

"The judge was a fool," interposed Jeremiah. "I said so before. As clear a case of homicide, not culpable, as ever was called in court. Read Blackstone, and you'll see. The man, I repeat, was a fool."

"There ye're wrang, I doot," said David. "He was mista'en for once, my friend, but he was nae fool. When the lang indictment

was read that day in the court, and it came out, bit by bit, that our partner wanted his money, that we had quarrels wi' him about that, that William and him were after the same lass, and we had mair and waur quarrels about that, and when the judge gaed ower the story frae the beginning, as if it did na concern onybody livin' in this planet or this century—discussin't, analyzin't, wi' nae feelin' whatever, in a harsh slow voice—it was terrible. Ye kent he was gaun to tell the jury to gie a wrang verdict; but, man alive, and as sure's death, ye would hae said, in spite o' yersel', that he was richt. He was wrang, far wrang, but he was nae fool."

"A fool he was," persisted Jeremiah, "a legal fool."

"Frae that day tae this," continued David, "Grace Macarthur has been to me a mystery—a mystery. She left the place before I left mysel'. She vanished into the dark, and I after her, as fast and as far as I could. And here the lang chase ends—here I am, and she is not."

CHAPTER XXX.

It was a painful morning's work for Mr. Jamieson to go to his nephew with the information which Jeremiah and he thought it necessary to give him. But when it was over, he was well satisfied with the style in which it had been done.

"It was just as I told you," he observed with a beaming countenance to David Groat and Jeremiah. "He stood it all like a man, and a minister o' the blessed gospel. There was a tear in his eye, maybe; he could not help that, poor fellow, for he was as fond of his father and mother as they were of him. But that was all."

"He is too well learned, and too clever by nature," said Jeremiah, "not to see through it all at a glance. I did so myself. You did not forget to tell him, I hope—for that is a great point in the case—that the judge on the bench must have been a fool. Mr. David here shakes his head; he does not agree with me yet on that point. But what I say is—read Blackstone, page 182, vol. 4, and you'll see; only a fool could have made the mistake, with his Blackstone before him."

"It's not much Henry does not understand, law or gospel either, eh David?" said the Duke. "My word, if he's not clever and sharp, what are you and me and the like o' us to think o' ourselves, David? He just sat and glowered at me, but he took me up almost before I was out with it, and he

hardly ever opened his lips to ask a question, or say what he thought."

"Poor lad," groaned David, interpreting correctly the silence of which the Duke was giving his account.

"We can explain everything to him now from beginning to end," said Jeremiah, "that's one good job. You would tell him, of course, I have the papers and accounts all ready for him, whenever he would like to see them."

"I said something to him about our affairs," replied the Duke, "but he was not curious that way, I thought; so I came away and left him to himself. We can have a talk with him again on that subject, you know, at any time."

Duke George was not so skilful an observer of a friend's countenance as of the faces of his sheep, and mistook in his nephew's case despair for indifference or courage. In the course of a few months Henry Francis had lived a long life. His troubles and anxieties, such as they were, and to whatever extent real or imaginary, had so completely occupied him and mastered him as to form the only past of which he was conscious, so that it seemed as if they were as old as himself. His very ecstasy, when at odd moments he allowed himself to hope for happiness in love, had its roots in torment, for it did not seem to have the right to be, which other fair and glorious things in the world had. He was prepared, therefore—only in a way which even a shrewder man than his uncle might not have guessed—to receive ill tidings with calmness. He was stunned by the Duke's first sentences, and hardly apprehended what came after. He knew, however, that at one plunge he had reached the bottom of those depths into which he had been sinking or fearing to sink, and that he could fall no further and need make no effort to rise. It was still early morning when the Duke came to him. It was long after midday before he left his room. How he had passed the interval he could not have made plain to himself. He had been as one who dreams that he dreams—dreams that the whole world of things familiar and dear and sacred has fallen in a moment into shapeless and hopeless ruin round about him.

Bessy's entrance into the room awoke him for a moment, and recalled him to himself. He started up with a suppressed groan on hearing the door opened. Seeing it was his sister, he came forward to meet her, affecting as well as he could his usual smile, placed his hands, as he often did, on her shoulders and looked at her for a moment to read in her eyes whether the

news which had stunned him had been told to her. Thankful to find that there was no sign of this in her look, he kissed her cheek, and wheeling her gently round as if in sport, but really to take her eyes off his face, he begged her to be gone and allow no one to come near him till dinner-time, alleging that though he was not ill, he was resolved to fast till then. Bessy saw the affectation of pleasantry in his manner, noted it as affectation, and did not stay to argue with him, but left the room after making her usual round in it, wondering what new grief had befallen him. Sitting down after she had gone, he was soon lost again in the strange confusions of his thought, so that it was near the hour of her return before he could rouse himself to determine whether or not he was yet prepared to meet her and other people at dinner. He felt that it was his duty to go at once and thank Duke George and Jeremiah for all they had been and done, and to recognise David Groats in that new character of relative which had been so strangely brought to light. But he needed some time yet, he felt still more keenly, to recover from his agony before seeing any one, and it had occurred to him that he might leave an excuse for himself to be given to Bessy by one of the servants, and go and spend the afternoon beside those two graves which had often before been his solitary haunt, and which would now, more than ever, be a fit scene for his meditations.

He stole out of the house by one of the side-doors opening on the garden, but had only gone a few steps before he hesitated, stopped, turned back and went to his room again, carefully locking the door behind him. No letter could be sent off to England for a week or two, but he must write to Hetty at once. So much of his burden he must throw off on the spot, there being no need to carry it further. Since the thing was such anguish to do and must be done, the sooner it was done the better. His face, for a moment, was buried in his hands over the small writing-table in the room, and then he took up his pen and began to write. He adverted to a previous letter in which he had had to mention sad events—his father's death, Hubert's disappearance, the probable loss of the property—and told there were misfortunes behind these, in one supreme respect more crushing than these, of which at the time he had no suspicion or apprehension. He explained how David Groats had made his great discovery, and confessed with anguish that in that discovery a death-blow

had been given to delirious hopes, the extinction of which was made all the more bitter and cruel by the doubt whether it was ever anything but mad and wicked selfishness to entertain them. He acknowledged that the events under the influence of which he was writing were too fresh and too painful to be calmly weighed, but declared one thing was certain—that they involved for him the loss of all that made life worth having. There was but one addition, he fancied, could be made to his misery; viz., to suppose that the shadow of it would long darken another life.

"Farewell, may you be happy!—a poor and heathen wish, but, poor and heathen as it is, it is the only prayer I have heart now to pray for you or for myself."

This passionate prayer uttered, he left the house again, taking the garden road as the quietest, and was soon lost in the bush. As he approached the neighbourhood of the graves, he made haste to gain the shade of the pines surrounding them, and escape the fierce sunshine, which made even a short walk distressing, and, weak and weary from his anguish, threw himself down with a groan at the foot of the first tree he reached. As he did so David Groats, who had been driven by the glare of the sun into the same shady place, and had lain down on his back and lost himself in thoughts of home, and scenes and acquaintance of his youth, started up and looked wildly round him. It was a groan of one in pain he had heard. He was sure of that. Heard there, too, of all places, it startled the very soul, as if the dead stirred, especially as it seemed to give voice to sepulchral thoughts.

Mr. Francis, hearing some one stir, was no less startled. He had come here now because, for one thing, the place was a solitude in solitude. He sprang to his feet, and advancing a few steps to see who or what had moved, met David a few yards from the graves. It was a great moment for both. They were both endowed with eloquence—that untaught and incommunicable eloquence which belongs to warmth and wealth of feeling—but just because thus gifted, they grasped each other's hands in dumb show, and could not have spoken without desecrating silence. David's explosive nature, however, was too much excited to admit of his standing still. Though his tongue was bound, his legs were free. He had taken off his hat, and carrying it before him, he began limping up and down among the pines, his bald head, as it was, struck here and there by a ray of sunshine, glancing like a ball of silver. Having ex-

pended time and force in this way, he halted, his hat still in his hand, and his head bent over one of the graves, and muttered as if to himself—

“So he led them through the depths as through the wilderness. Thy righteousness is like the great mountains; thy judgments are a great deep.”

Though the words were lost to Mr. Francis's ear in the sighs and groans with which they were mingled, he could guess their drift, and at any rate knew well the feeling which prompted them. His own feelings till now had been pent up, and found no relief or expression, but this burst of David's passion, though subdued, was more than sufficient to overcome him. He turned away with a groan, which caused David to lift his head with a start, and which drew from him a string of Shakesperian and biblical adjurations expressive of fright. Mr. Francis again threw himself down on the ground. David passed and repassed him in silence, or muttering to himself inaudibly. As he came and went again and again, however, he was saying—

“He took them from a fearful pit, and from the miry clay, and set their feet upon a rock, and established their goings, and put a new song in their mouth.”

Once more, limping past, he gasped out in a high falsetto—

“They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they are not divided.”

Next time he was audible, he appeared to be pursuing a similar vein of reflection—

“Death could na' divide them, for life could na'. Worse nor death was in their cup, but they drank it thegither, and it was sweetened to their taste.”

It appeared once in the course of his perambulations as if the prayer of Simeon had risen to David's lips, but if he got as far as “Now lettest thou,” he got no further, possibly as thinking that “thy servant” was a term somehow not quite applicable to himself.

“The dead and those that go down to silence do not record his praise; if they could they would though,” he said, halting opposite the minister, who was now rising to his feet. “I'm sure o' that. There's mair comfirt here nor sorrow, after a'. There's mair to be thankful for nor vexed for:” Saying which he fairly broke down and sobbed aloud.

Mr. Francis, as David and he, both silent, returned to the house together, argued with himself that all this must be true. But it

was not true to him; it yielded him no consolation. His nature had been too rudely shocked to admit of the cure of grief being summary. David knew this, and made allowance for it. But as time passed, and his young friend's depression and misery remained what it was or increased, he was forced to give himself a better account of it than he had done at first.

“Ass that I am, and aye was and ever will be,” he said to himself. “There's a golden lass tae every tragedy, and ane tae this. It's Ophelia, and nae ghost, that Hamlet's distracted about this time, and it 'll be hard tae cure him.”

David was much like a distracted lover himself, in spite of his age and limping gait, as he loitered about in the bush, and thought out the question of Hamlet's distraction. He was now extremely dejected, and then strangely excited, as he went on debating it with himself. Something sad occurred to him at one moment, and he limped along with his head bent and his arms akimbo—a picture of hopeless wretchedness. Then a grotesque idea entered his brain, and he looked up and around with a momentary smile and a hysterical snigger.

“Shades o' my ancestors,” he muttered, addressing himself to a huge gum-tree, at the foot of which he had halted on one of his solitary walks, “I tak ye for his lordship, and I come up to ye and begin this way: ‘My lord, I'm David Groats, yer humble servant. I'm weel kent to your lordship, being yer gatekeeper, and I'm happy tae inform ye you and me's gaun to be friens. My nephew, the minister—his father was banished—is gaun tae marry a frien' o' yours. Yer lordship, I'm sure 'll be glad to hear 't.’”

He looked round to see that his folly was not seen or heard, and ashamed both of the tears and laughter which mingled with it, and which united to choke his utterance, he cleared his throat once or twice, and resumed his walk and his muttering.

“If that's ane o' his troubles, I maun ease his mind aboot that. Exit the gatekeeper to make room for company. I'll no be a bogle in that pleasant yaird.”

Another idea struck him, which had some connection with this.

“Ophelia's a delicate subject tae speak tae him aboot, but may be it would be mair delicate yet tae mention cash tae him. His pride would na suffer 't, may be; but we maun see aboot cash tae—that's may be ane o' his troubles, though no the biggest.”

Duke George's "intellectual machinery," such as it was, worked wonderfully in one business—that of effecting a final settlement of the affairs of his deceased friend. "The law's delay" was intolerable to him. He resolved, at Jeremiah's instigation, to be his own lawyer for once, and see what he could do. He went down to Croydon, and, by dint of answering threat with threat, compelled M'Sumph to grant more favourable terms than could have been hoped for. There was nothing which he was not prepared to sacrifice to avoid the exposure of the family blot, but there was nothing for which he affected to care less. When exposure was threatened by Mr. Griffen, his reply was, that if the threat was carried out he should take care the only party who should profit by it would be the government, legally entitled to escheat the whole property. His policy was the best, as regards success, that could have been adopted. He returned home in triumph, and was congratulated by Jeremiah upon having done the very thing which he would himself have done under the circumstances.

In the course of a few weeks from the date of the resolution to dispose of the property, almost the only trace that remained to show where the Francis family had been was the graves of their dead. The transfer of estates, which in point of magnitude might be duke-dom, is a simple process in the bush, compared with what it is in England. It has more resemblance to the shifting of a Bedouin's tent in the desert than to the dis- possession from its paternal acres and its county dignities of an ancient English race. A purchaser had been found for the property of William Francis without difficulty; he had come up from Melbourne at once to see his purchase, and to take possession; and a few days later Duke George, Jeremiah, and Bessy, with a couple of dray-loads of personal baggage following them, were on the road to Tasmania by way of Melbourne, whither David Groats and Mr. Francis had preceded them, the former to sail for England, and the latter to take up his abode in the city until he had better considered what to make of himself.

To Bessy the journey to Melbourne was mournful, and was made not the less so by the combined and persevering efforts of her companions to raise her spirits by cheerful talk, and an occasional burst of jocular- ity. She clung with womanly devotion to scenes consecrated to her by the tenderest and sweetest affections, and she could not feel

that she had looked her last upon them all without a passionate sorrow. She loved Jeremiah much, and Duke George perhaps still more; but under the circumstances she wished she had been her brother's companion instead of theirs. Now for once his sadness would have been congenial.

The old gatekeeper was returning home, as he said to himself, carrying a heavy mixed cargo, and much of it dead weight. He understood better now how his great discovery affected others—his nephew in particular. They had had long conversations together, from which he soon inferred that his small plans for making the course of true love run smooth, by withdrawing his own shadow from it, and for supplementing the young minister's fortune out of his own, were quite beside the mark. Jeremiah and he had both talked with Duke George respecting Mr. Francis's position and prospects in point of means. Notwithstanding the fact that more favourable terms than could have been expected had been wrung out of M'Sumph, what remained of the estate, to be divided between Henry and his sister, was a sum which would yield only a modest yearly income for one. Jeremiah wished to supplement this out of his funds, because his conscience pointed him out as the original author of the family mis- fortunes. David insisted upon adding to it, because he had a kinsman's right, and (relatively to his wants and habits) a lord's ability to do so. Duke George, however, cut short all proposals on this head by the intimation that Bessy was already provided for, and that there was enough left for the present use of a young bachelor.

David was foiled in this matter of money. He was helplessly beaten in the other and more serious matter of romance. He confessed he had no advice to give, but that it was necessary to yield to fate. He would fain have counselled his nephew to return home with him, if only to make an effort to begin life anew, but the words choked him; and he acquiesced, with inward groans, in a conclusion which in all probability implied that they were parting for ever.

"Ye mind," he said to the young minister, "the sermon ye preached in Nickle-Jarvies- ton, in St. Peter's kirk, on Jacob and Esau. Ye mind ye quoted the lines,—

' Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
' Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.'

Ither folks' angels walk wi' us, as weel as our ain, but, man alive! wha kens what's

good and what's ill angel in this dim spot o' earth?"

Duke George and Jeremiah arrived in Melbourne just in time to part once more with David on the deck of his ship, and to infuse into an occasion, which decidedly tended to gloom, a dash of pleasantry. The Duke was full of glee; he had heard joyful news on his way down. M'Sumph and his partner were already at loggerheads; had quarrelled over the Francis affairs. The Major was suing Griffen for defamation, and Griffen was prosecuting the Major for assault. Almost to the last moment, and just before pressing the old man's hand once

more by way of final adieu, Duke George strove to impress on David's mind that this was a piece of famous news. As the boat which carried his friends shorewards, after parting from him, lessened in the distance, and the mournful faces of Henry and Bessy Francis could no longer be distinguished, David, standing on the deck, his hat in his hand, his eyes still wet with tears, thought he heard the Duke's wild guffaw resound above the murmur of the rippling waters, and mused upon the mystery of life, with its kindly narrow bounds for one man, and its vast shadowy borders for another.

"THE HOUSE."

By "A RIVER-SIDE VISITOR."

"THE House"—as the workhouse is familiarly called among officials, and the poor—is probably the most abused of the many much abused of our public institutions. It has a decidedly evil reputation, is regarded as

"A habitation,
But under some prodigious ban of excommunication"

—a veritable house of woe, over whose portals might fitly be written,—

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

It is often spoken of as the Bastille of the poor, and by many it is regarded as little, if any, better than a prison,—a sentiment which has been embodied in a doggerel song which I have frequently heard sung with much gusto among classes of whom it is no libel to say that they were qualified by experience to speak alike of prisons and workhouses.

"Penal servitude before the workhouse for me"

is the refrain of the song, and its general object is to set forth the comparative dietary and other advantages of a state of penal servitude—a state in which, according to this precious ditty,

"They feed you, and they clothe you,
Better than a working man or a soldier."

The feeling against the workhouse is not only intense, it is widespread also, being generally shared by such of the rich as give thought to the poor. In short, it is the popular view of the matter, and like many other popular views, it is erroneous. The "Bastille" view was doubtless founded on fact, and there may have been a time when the workhouse, as an institution, fully deserved such obloquy as this implies; but

those times have passed. This is a reforming age, and there has been reform in workhouse as well as in other public matters. Though there may still be instances of neglect or hardheartedness on the part of workhouse officials, "The House," as now constituted and conducted, does upon the whole beneficially and successfully discharge the functions assigned to it. As the publicly paid-for refuge for the destitute, to the maintenance of which many who are themselves upon the verge of destitution are forced to contribute, it is as desirable as, *all things considered*, it is wise or just that it should be.

Let us look at the "House" and its operations as they actually are. The one in my own district is a fair specimen, and we will take it as our example. It is pleasantly situated on a bit of semi-country road running between two metropolitan suburbs. It lies a little way back from the highway, in the midst of its own tolerably extensive grounds, and it is approached by a short drive. Its plainness of architecture and many-windowed aspect indicate at once that it is a public institution; but there is certainly nothing prison-like about it. This is especially the case on a first view, since in the board-room and other offices which are on the front or entrance side, the severe simplicity of the rest of the building has been slightly departed from with good effect as to cheeriness of appearance. The House is constructed to accommodate about eight hundred and fifty inmates, upon a scale of allowance of air space per individual such as rarely falls to the lot of the poor, not to speak of the better quality of the air;

for, unlike the homes of the poor, the House is in an open healthy situation, and is kept scrupulously clean and fresh, the labour of the able-bodied inmates being chiefly directed to maintaining cleanliness. The cooking arrangements are extensive and complete. There is a large bakery which turns out three thousand loaves per week, the bread for out-door as well as for in-door relief being made in the house. Very sound and sweet bread it is too, as we can testify, from having tasted it frequently and at all seasons. It is probably more wholesome, too, than the bulk of that supplied to the non-pauper public, for the flour sent to the House is tested, and the House bakers have not the same inducements to adulteration as private traders have. The able-bodied inmates take their meals in a dining-hall capable of accommodating four hundred persons, the men at one time and the women at another; while an array of specially made dishes with well-fitting covers secures that the meals of those in the sick wards or others who are unable to be present in the hall shall be served hot. Various appliances for testing goods are kept upon the premises, and anything not up to standard is returned to the vendor. Last but not least in the equipment of the establishment is a sixty-horse engine which furnishes motive power for the supply of hot water, the various cooking operations, and other things of that kind. In fact it may be said, that in a plain style the House is fitted up with all the appliances of a good hotel, and affords such convenience to its inmates as many a ratepayer might envy.

The orders for admission to the House are given by the relieving officer at his office, and when the person on whose behalf the order is made is sick or infirm, an order for the house cab is given at the same time. The able-bodied, however, are expected to convey themselves to the House, and to present themselves on the date named in the order—a date usually left to be selected by themselves—under penalty of forfeiture of the order. The person arriving at the House with an order is placed in the receiving-ward until visited by the doctor, who, after an examination, assigns a ward, this point resting entirely with him. If the person is suffering from any contagious disease, he is placed in the "Foul" or fever ward, while other cases of sickness or of infirmity are relegated to the ordinary sick wards, and the able-bodied are sent to the general wards. Before passing to the wards

assigned to them, they are—the state of their health permitting—well bathed, and after this they are provided with a clean suite of the house uniform. Their own clothing is taken, charge of by officials, and if, on being overhauled, it is found to be infested in a way that need not be particularly specified, it is put into a furnace and subjected to a heat just sufficient to extinguish animal life, without destroying the materials. After undergoing this process it is bundled, ticketed, and deposited in a rack similar to those to be seen in pawn-shops, and there it remains, to be claimed by the owner on taking his or her discharge. If, however, an inmate dies in the House, and is buried at its cost, the clothes become the property of the Board of Guardians, and are generally utilised in "rigging-out" tramps who may "do a tear-up," and who cannot, of course, be turned into the streets or taken into a police-court in a state of nudity.

The House uniform is perhaps not as sightly as it might be, but it is warm, comfortable, and clean, and the dietary allowance, though not sumptuous, is certainly a long way above "starvation" standard, being based upon calculations according to which it is sufficient for the maintenance of health in the able-bodied, or suitable to the wants of the infirm. The make-up of a day's or week's meals may vary slightly in different houses, but substantially the dietary scale is the same in all, so that the scale adopted in the House of my district may be quoted as it stands, without any danger of misleading readers as to what pauper diet really is. The scale is:—

FOR "ABLE-BODIED INMATES OF ALL AGES."

Breakfast:—Five ounces of bread and one pint of oatmeal porridge. Dinner:—Five ounces of meat and eight ounces of potatoes three days a week, four ounces of bread and a pint and a half of pea-soup two days a week, four ounces of bread and a pint and a half of Irish stew one day, and sixteen ounces of suet pudding one day. Supper:—Five ounces of bread and one pint of mutton broth three times a week, and five ounces of bread and a pint of oatmeal porridge four times a week.

FOR "INFIRM INMATES OF ALL AGES."

Breakfast:—Five ounces of bread, half an ounce of butter, and a pint of tea, every day. Dinner:—Four ounces of meat and eight ounces of potatoes four times a week, four ounces of bread and a pint and a half of pea soup once a week, four ounces of bread and a pint and a half of Irish stew once a week, and sixteen ounces of suet pudding once a week. Supper:—Five ounces of bread, half an ounce of butter, and a pint of tea daily.

For those engaged in the more laborious occupations of the House there is an "Extra Labour Diet," consisting of a uniform daily

allowance of six ounces of bread, half an ounce of butter, and a pint of tea, for breakfast; five ounces of meat and eight ounces of potatoes for dinner; and six ounces of bread, half an ounce of butter, and a pint of tea for supper. There is a separate scale for sick inmates, in which fish, soup, beef-tea, bacon, eggs, and milk are added to the articles in the scale already quoted, while in all cases of sickness the doctor has full power to order whatever special article of diet or nourishment he may consider necessary or suitable.

Such is the dietary allowance of the House as to quantity, and it is a standing order that any inmate can demand to have his allowance weighed or measured, if he suspects any deficiency. I can speak to the articles generally being good of their kind, to the soup, stew, and porridge being fairly strong and palatable, and to everything being well prepared. The cooking apparatus is, as I have said, extensive and complete, and the guiding principle of the culinary operations is that "care should be taken that the food is properly cooked, so that on the one hand no needless waste in cooking may occur, and on the other hand that the aged may be able to masticate it without difficulty." In conclusion, on the food allowance of the House, I can only say that, let whoever will—whether inmate or non-inmate—consider it insufficient, thousands of the hard-working poor out of the house, and hundreds of poor ratepayers who contribute to the maintenance of the House, would consider themselves fortunate to have such a scale of living secured to them.

Having been assigned a ward, the inmate is then told off for some particular kind of labour. The women are mostly employed in washing and keeping the house clean, a few also acting as nurses and attendants; the younger and more able-bodied women of course being put to the wash-tub, and the other more laborious tasks of the female labour department. The labour for male inmates is of a more diversified character. Attached to the house is an engineer's, a carpenter's, a tailor's, and a shoemaker's-shop, and men belonging to any of those trades are sent into the workshops, which are each under the management of a paid hand who acts as foreman. The repairs of the House, and of the house garments and shoes, are done in these shops, in which there is also of course a certain amount of unskilled as well as of skilled labour required. Those not engaged in the work-

shops assist in the bakery or the cooking department, or attend to the fires, or help with the scrubbing; while, as in the case of the women, some occasionally assist in the nursing, or sit up at nights with sick inmates whose condition requires such attention.

Any public sick-ward is but a dreary spectacle, but the sick-wards of a workhouse are, I think, the dreariest of all. The bare whitewashed walls, the sombre pauper-dress of those who are well enough to be sitting up, and the gaunt world-worn look on many of the faces go to make up as chilling a picture as can well be imagined; and one that strikes with a doubly depressing effect upon any one who, like myself, recognises familiar faces in it. Faces that you have missed from their customary haunts here meet you again, with perhaps the death-damp upon them, or distorted with agony, or painfully wasted with the hunger that has brought about the disease that has laid them upon the bed of a workhouse sick-ward—a ward in which almost every day "somebody's darling is dying;" some man or woman beaten down in the battle of life, and who perhaps, ere evil days drew nigh, had little thought of coming to die in a workhouse ward and fill a pauper's unmarked grave. Ah me! How many and many a sad and bitter parting the whitewashed walls of the workhouse sick-wards see, are daily seeing!

Scarcely less depressing are the but too well-filled Imbecile-ward, with its padded room, and moping, mooning gibbering inmates, some of the more excitable of whom buttonhole you and pour their foolish stories into your ear. Sadder sight still to some would be the day-room attached to the lying-in ward. Round its walls run a manger-like structure, divided by partitions into little beds. In some of these beds infants are peacefully slumbering, while up and down the room—and if the weather is fine, in the parts of the grounds immediately adjoining the room—walk some score or so of mothers, each carrying her infant. Some of these women are married, but many of them—a majority of them probably—could apply to themselves Motherwell's pathetic line,—

"A mither yet nae wife."

The babies are well attended to, and very pretty and comfortable some of them look, but still you can but think of them with deepest pity. Poor little innocents, theirs is indeed a hard fate. They are born in shame, and in all likelihood to sorrow. They rarely come to know anything of a father's love or

care, and but too often they are strangers also to the blessings of a mother's love. The mother is in most cases unable, and frequently unwilling to support them in anything like comfort. The fact of their being mothers makes it difficult for them to support themselves, and while they are out in the world seeking such living as they can gain, their children are left to "scratch for themselves," or consigned to the tender mercies of "minders," of the baby-farming type. Some of these unwedded mothers are in the House for the second or third time on the same errand, but the majority of them—and numbers of these mere girls—are newly fallen. They have for the most part been domestic servants, but they will leave the House without a character, their hands tied and a frowning world before them; so that it can scarcely be matter for surprise, however much it may be for sorrow, that many of them should go—as they do—to swell the ranks of the "unfortunates." These are a class of cases which might, I think, be watched by any society whose mission is to deal with fallen women.

In another part of the House is a children's ward, familiarly called "the Nursery," in which are the children of inmates, and others who are under three years of age—children over three being sent to the district schools. The children are well fed, well cared for, and well supplied with toys. They romp about freely, seem fond of their attendants, and look happy. Some are orphans, others have been deserted by parents who are known, and others again are "dropped" children of parents unknown—children who have been found on door-steps, or in gardens, or behind hedges; who have been christened by all sorts of whimsical names, and are regarded by officials as in an especial sense the children of the House.

The getting-up bell rings at six o'clock in the morning, and the breakfast for the able-bodied is ready at seven, and any who are not at table by that time forfeit the meal. The breakfast for the infirm is served half an hour later, and in their case the law of forfeiture is not strictly carried out. During the day the dining-hall serves as a common room; at eight in the evening the retiring-bell rings, and by nine all inmates are expected to be in bed. On Sunday the Chaplain of the House conducts a service within the walls. Attendance at the service is optional, and some of the inmates prefer to remain in their wards, while others among them who are Roman Catholics or members

of Dissenting bodies, are allowed to go out to attend places of worship connected with their respective denominations. The inmates of the House have also opportunities for mental as well as for spiritual improvement afforded them. Attached to reading-boards suspended from the walls of the ward are copies of the current numbers of the *Band of Hope*, the *British Workman*, and other periodicals of that stamp, while there is a small library from which those who wish can have books on application—this department being, I believe, under the management of the City Mission Society. Visitors to the sick are allowed once a week, and in case of any one being dangerously ill, their relatives—if they have any—are immediately communicated with, and can, if they choose, visit to the utmost extent that the doctor will permit. The able-bodied and others are allowed visitors once a month, and each inmate is allowed a day out once a month. The washerwomen of the House, who are the younger and stronger among the able-bodied women, have the first Saturday of each month as their day out, the washing always being well out of hand on Saturday; the male inmates have the following Monday, and the remainder of the women the Tuesday. The stoppage of the monthly holiday is the chief punishment inflicted for misconduct; but upon the matter of punishment, or any other in respect to which inmates may consider themselves aggrieved, they have both the right and opportunity to appeal to the Board of Guardians, who sit within the walls of the House once a week. The Visiting Committee, when making their round, are careful to ask if there are any complaints. Moreover, inmates can at any time claim their discharge; and to hear the manner in which some of them do demand it, one might think that it was them who had been keeping the House, not the House keeping them. On the whole, therefore, those in the House are pretty securely protected against being, as they would say, "put upon."

The looks of the inmates certainly do no discredit to either the care or keeping of the House, and lend no support to the theory that it is a place where the poor are hardly dealt with—especially with any one who like myself may happen to know how many of these same inmates look when out of the House. Some whom I have known out of the House I experience considerable difficulty in recognising in it, by reason of the fact that when out I have never seen them with a clean face or whole garments, while

now they appear well washed and in comfortable attire; while others whom I have rarely seen from under the influence of drink when out, have now, as the effect of their enforced sobriety, quite an altered manner. The old and infirm look comfortable and contented, and numbers of them will tell you with expressions of thankfulness that they are so. The able-bodied look stout and strong, and this I can say, that having seen something of laundries, and knowing large numbers of women who earn a living at the wash-tub, never elsewhere have I seen gathered together as stalwart and equally light-hearted a body of hands as those to be found in the washing department of the House. Any of the inmates who present a miserable appearance are for the most part those who have been the shortest time in it, those upon whom its regular living and habits have not yet had time to tell.

From the brief description I have given of it, I think it will be tolerably evident that it is by no means a bad place for the poor. But if it is such a good place for them, it may be asked, why has it such an evil reputation? To the uninitiated this may appear a puzzling question, but the explanation is very simple. Whatever may have been the case in times past, the fault is not now in the constitution of the House, that constitution being framed upon just and humane principles, and as a rule carried out in a just and kindly spirit by those entrusted to administer it. The House gets an ill name, because the bulk of its inmates—I speak now more particularly of its able-bodied inmates—are persons of ill repute. They are the least deserving of the public poor. They are the lazy, loafing, thriftless, drunken poor; and it is a significant fact that on their days out numbers of them will return to the House more or less intoxicated, while some will not return at all. Indeed, it is no uncommon thing for the pot valiant of either sex to get up a grand fight among themselves on these occasions. The deserving poor are for the most part assisted with out-door relief—the form of relief they as a rule prefer. The House is only forced upon those who, as the administrators of poor relief have good reason to know, would make a bad use of any relief entrusted to their own hands. It is quite a habit with some of the greatest scamps among the men, and most worthless and dissolute among the women in the district, to "give the House a turn," from time to time, when all else has failed. They have been in and out the

House a score of times, just going into it long enough to "get their back up," and then coming out to loaf about again till they are once more on the verge of starvation, or broken down by dissipation. That such people as these should give the House a bad name when out of it is but natural. Its discipline is thoroughly hateful to them. They do not work when out of the House, and are resentful at being made to work when in it; and they frequently make use of the fact of their being compelled to give some little labour in return for their food, as a ground for finding fault with that food; or taking a high-handed tone at any such suggestion as that *they* should be asked to eat Australian meat, or anything of that kind. They object to the rules and regulations of the House; and, indeed, are the sort of persons to object to *any* rules or regulations, their life when out of the House having nothing of rule or regulation about it. They dislike the early rising and retiring of the House, the methodical portioning out of their hours, their enforced abstinence from drink, and above all the strict personal cleanliness insisted upon in the House,—many of them having an almost hydrophobic objection to water, and esteeming the right to go dirty an inestimable privilege. On these grounds, while sullenly and ungratefully accepting its shelter, they give the House a bad name; and the more worthy and deserving classes of poor object to enter the House except as a last resource, because they know that there they will be associated with such people as I have been speaking of, and will in consequence be set down by others who may not know them individually as belonging to that class.

These remarks may sound harsh, but they are true. In making them I speak from experience, and simply with a view to showing, as I proposed to do, that the House is not deserving of the ill-fame popularly attaching to it. Like other institutions, it exhibits occasional short-comings; but on the whole, and considering the classes with which it has to deal, it fairly discharges its functions. To make it more desirable as a place of residence, might be generous to the poor, but would not be just to the ratepayers. Many of the ratepayers are also poor, very poor; and the poorer they are, the more likely they are to know what manner of people they be who make up the bulk of the inmates of the House, and to feel any undue pandering to that manner of people as an injustice to themselves.

CYMBELINE AND THE QUARRELLERS.

CYMBELINE, the king, and his queen
Went with a lordly train to ride,
To see the land in its summer pride,
And what besides there was to be seen.

Prancing along with laugh and song
They found a quarrel of man and wife ;
And these when asked of the cause of strife,
Each on the other cast the wrong.

Each one said, "That ever I wed—
Wed with a creature so froward and ill !"
Spake the king with a right good will,
"Let them both to the palace be led !"

That same night, when lamps were bright
Over the lords and ladies there,
Cymbeline said with his kingly air,
"Bring the two we found at fight !"

Mute with shame the culprits came,
And each was set to stand alone
Out before the royal throne,
While Cymbeline spoke to both by name,

Saying, "As wide as side from side
Of the heaven above us I set you twain ;
Each is free to marry again—
Choose from the court a bridegroom and
bride."

Each in guise of blank surprise
Looked around on the circle there,
Lords so fine and ladies so fair—
Ended in the other's eyes.

"Choose !" cried the king ; "by my signet
ring
I promise to wed you with your choice !"
They scarcely heard the royal voice,
So passing wonderful seemed the thing.

Round she gazed, her vision dazed
With splendours of manly form and face ;
He beheld the womanly grace
Deckt in jewels that melted and blazed.

Then the scene and all between
Their tender wooing vanished away ;
There came a waft of their marriage day,
And all the sweetness that had been.

She was there, that maiden fair,
As first he saw her when times were glad ;
And he was there, that blooming lad,
As he first went by with his jaunty air.

Then the thought of their babes was brought,
—Into each other's arms they sprang !
Loud and loud the rafters rang,
And noble eyes with tears were fraught.

"You choose the best, and leave the rest !"
Cymbeline cried with a shaking voice ;
"I promised to wed you with your choice,
And each has chosen the way I guesst !"

WADE ROBINSON.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

II.

IT was not until 1773 (or 1774) that
Hannah More made her first sojourn in
London, in her twenty-eighth year.

Her two great wishes seem to have been
to see David Garrick act Shakspeare, and,
"from some hiding-place," to see and hear
Dr. Johnson.

Her enthusiasm in both cases was genuine,
and with both she formed an acquaintance
which rapidly ripened into close friend-
ship.

There was a truth and freedom about her
which naturally drew out the truth and
goodness of all she met. Some of the

pleasantest, most human glimpses of the
circle of men and women then in London
are to be found in her letters and those of
her sisters.

It seems as if the faith in God, the
hidden reference to a Love, and a Will,
deeper and higher than anything around or
within her, which gave her faculties free play
amidst all the cramping fetters of conven-
tional life, diffused an atmosphere of freedom
and freshness around her.

The truest and best recognised her at
once, and brought out their truest and best
for her. And so the entertainments of

society became for her a kind of *Agapæ*, and its tables family tables.

London then dwelt within narrow limits. For Hannah More it was bounded on the north by Mrs. Montagu's, Portman Square; on the west by St. James's Street; on the south by Fulham Palace, where she used to stay with Bishop Porteus (one of the two bishops steadfast all through for the abolition of the Slave Trade); and on the east by Sir Joshua Reynolds's town house in "Leicester Fields," or by Garrick's, in the Adelphi, which was for many years her London home.

Bolt Court, where she paid her first visit to Dr. Johnson, in his own house, was an excursion out of ordinary bounds; and Richmond and Hampton were Sir Joshua's and Garrick's country quarters.

It was a London of *salons* and circles of manageable size, in which people had room to see and "mutually admire" one another, and time to write "copies of verses" to each other; where, until Garrick laughed them out of it, the ladies wore "acres of shrubbery, besides orchards, grass-plats, tulip-beds, clumps of peonies, and kitchen-gardens" on their heads,—and, for dresses, silks from France, lined with a *soupir étouffé*, and *brodées d'espérance*, with apparently little sense of the "stifled sighs" of the multitudes below them, or of the storms through which some "hopes" were yet to burst on the world.

Occasionally, indeed, the higher classes might be exhorted from the pulpit to be "charitable," because they were by position "exempt from the severer virtues," but the poor are surely absent from the thought of the assemblies Hannah More attended in a very different sense from now. The education of the people, the dwellings of the poor, the nursing of the sick, the visiting of the prisons, were not certainly either the "concern" or the "cant" of those circles. Nor would Sir Joshua Reynolds be asked now by a "fashionable lady," in reference to his picture of the praying child, "*And who was Samuel?*"

Surely there is some progress since those days. Surely the "multitudes" are in the foreground now as they have scarcely been since the days of the Gospels. The French Revolution, whatever it destroyed, and the "Clapham Sect," whatever it left undone, have surely broken down some barriers between man and man.

The great gulf between Dives and Lazarus is at least, in this world, no longer unbridged.

And of that bridge Hannah More was among the first in this country to lay the foundation-stones.

But this came later.

For the next fifteen or sixteen years her path lay among the "wits" and "fine people" in London. A few extracts from her own and her sisters' letters give vivid glimpses into that society so recently peopling the streets of what was then the West End.

The welcome of the young "poetess" into the charmed circle was instantaneous and cordial. David Garrick had seen a letter of hers describing her first impressions on seeing him act in *King Lear*. He sought an introduction, found her more than he expected, and he and Mrs. Garrick adopted her at once among their intimates, and introduced her to the leaders of the literary world.

In a few days Sir Joshua Reynolds introduced her, at his own house, to Dr. Johnson. To her, as to so many besides in those days, this was evidently like a presentation to the autocrat of the empire; an autocrat, moreover, on whose moods none even of those nearest him could rely. It is amusing to read how with fatherly kindness Sir Joshua, as he led Hannah More up-stairs into "The Presence," endeavoured to prepare her for disappointment. The doctor was to them all like some unaccountable elemental force, or inaccessible mountain summit. It was as on a first introduction to Mont Blanc or the Matterhorn. There might be nothing to see to-day. No one could ensure fair weather; and no one seemed to feel those Johnsonian mists and tempests at all more amenable to human reason than their counterparts among the eternal snows.

But, on this occasion, all was serene. The great man came to meet her, "with good humour in his countenance and a macaw of Sir Joshua's in his hand," and with royal grace and condescension, accosted her with a verse of her own Morning Hymn.

Then came the return visit to "Dr. Johnson's very own house," as Patty writes to the sisters at home, "yes, Abyssinia's Johnson, Dictionary Johnson! Rambler's, Idler's, Irene's Johnson! Can you picture to yourself the palpitation of our hearts?"

Such magic lay once for young women's hearts in titles which certainly have ceased for some scores of years to occasion any perils of palpitation! But the *Idler* was not then more than thirteen years old, and Hannah More not more than twenty-eight.

Hannah sat in what she believed to be his chair, to "catch perhaps a ray of his genius."

Her enthusiasm pleased him; he felt its genuineness.

Some recollection of his own brave struggle with poverty probably gave him sympathy with that of the sisters. Only eleven years before, he had written *Rasselas* to pay for his mother's funeral.

One of the sisters writes:—

"After much critical discourse he turns round to me, and, with one of his most amiable looks, which must be seen to form any idea of, he says, 'I have heard that you are engaged in the useful and honourable employment of teaching young ladies.' Upon which, with all the same ease, familiarity, and confidence we should have done

had only our dear Dr. Stonehouse" (one of their oldest and most intimate Bristol friends) "been present, we entered on the history of our birth, parentage, and education; showing how we were born with more desires than guineas; and how as years increased our appetites, the cupboard at home began to grow too small to gratify them; and how with a bottle of water, a bed, and a blanket, we set out to seek our fortunes; and how we found a great house with nothing in it; and how it was like to remain so till, looking into our knowledge-boxes, we happened to find a little *learning*, a good thing when land is gone, or rather none; and so at last, by giving a little of this learning to those who had less, we got a good store of gold in return; but how, alas! we



Barley Wood, Residence of Hannah More.

wanted the wit to keep it. 'I love you both,' he cried, 'I love you all five. I never was at Bristol. I will come on purpose to see you. What, five women live happily together! I will come and see you. I have spent a happy evening. I am glad I came. God for ever bless you; you live lives to shame duchesses.' He took leave with so much warmth and tenderness, that we were quite affected at his manner."

The relations between them were not merely literary, but human and heartfelt, from the first; honest tears, and hearty laughter, and lingerings in their genial company of Garrick and Johnson to tell stories of their boyhood at Lichfield.

Yet Hannah More had courage to stand

up bravely against the autocrat in defence of any to whom she thought him unjust. The three recorded battles between them do honour to her breadth of sympathy and the truth of her taste.

One was for no less a spoil than Milton's "Lycidas." "Johnson," she writes, "was in full song, and I quarrelled with him sadly; I accused him of not having done justice to the 'Allegro,' and the 'Penseroso.' He spoke disparagingly of both, and I praised 'Lycidas,' which he absolutely abused, adding, 'If Milton had not written "Paradise Lost," he would have only ranked among the minor poets; he was a Phidias that could cut a Colossus out of a rock, but could not carve heads out of cherry-stones.'"

Another battle was for the Puritans.

"I was very bold in combating some of his darling prejudices;" (valiant great-grand-daughter of the Puritan Squire who defended the conventicle with the drawn sword!) "I ventured to defend one or two of the Puritans, whom I forced him to allow to be good men and good writers. He said he was not angry with me at all for liking Baxter. He liked him himself; but then said that 'Baxter was bred up in the Establishment, and would have died in it if he could have got the living of Kidderminster. He was a very good man.' Here he was wrong, for Baxter was offered a bishopric after the restoration."

The third recorded battle is for the Port Royalists.

"He reproved me with pretended sharpness for reading 'Les Pensées de Pascal,' or any of the Port Royal authors, alleging that, as a good Protestant, I ought to abstain from books written by Catholics. I was beginning to stand upon my defence, when he took me with both hands, and, with tears running down his cheeks, said, with most affecting tenderness, 'Child, I am heartily glad that you read pious books by whomsoever written.'"

Good, honest, cordial human intercourse with fire and salt, sweetness and light, tears and laughter, in it.

A good line of battle for Hannah More, and along a sufficiently wide front—"L'Allegro," "Lycidas," Puritans, Port Royal.

Good men and women of that "unlightened" period do not, after all, seem to have been so very much behind our "advanced" age, in breadth and tolerance.

Mrs. Garrick, Hannah More's faithful friend through many years, a Viennese, was a Roman Catholic.

On one point, as she candidly relates, Dr. Johnson attacked, and she confessed herself vanquished. It was the "only occasion on which she saw him really angry" with her.

"I alluded," she writes, "rather slipperily I fear, to some witty passage in 'Tom Jones.' 'I am shocked,' he replied, 'to hear you quote from so vicious a book. I am sorry to find you have read it; a confession no modest lady should ever make; I scarcely know a more corrupt work.'"

She thanked him for the rebuke, saying she had read it at an age when she had been caught by the wit, and had scarcely discerned the mischief.

So those "sunshiny days," as "Patty" calls them, went on. Breakfasts at the

Garricks', which were little "literary societies." Dinners at which "Roscius" kept the table in a roar for four hours.

"There is generally company at meals, as they think it saves time, and Mr. Garrick sets the highest value on his time of any man I know. From dinner to tea we laugh, chat, and talk nonsense; the rest of the time is generally devoted to study."

"Literary society," not of the dullest, Edmund Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, David Garrick, Dr. Johnson, Horace Walpole, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Boscawen; around, a golden cloud of "duchesses in gilt coaches, of Percies, Pembrokes, Spencers;" and in remote inaccessible light, shadowy Personages higher still, approving the books, and benignly conscious of the writer.

For Hannah More, moreover, the scattered gleams of literary fame were concentrated in the focus of a great dramatic success. Her admiring public more than once became visible and audible to her, as she sat hidden in the corner of a box in the theatre. She heard her hero speak through the voice of Garrick. She felt her thoughts thrill through a great sympathetic audience.

"One tear is worth more than a thousand hands," she wrote to her sisters, "and I had the satisfaction to see even men shed them in abundance." "The speech about war is always so warmly received that it frightens me." "An honest man in the shilling gallery, when Douglas tore the letter he had intercepted, called out, 'Do pray send the letter to Mr. Percy!'"

And afterwards, at the performance of her *Fatal Falsehood* (even after the play and the public had lost Garrick), a lady observed to her maid-servant, when she came from it, that her eyes looked red, as if she had been crying, and the girl, by way of apology replied, "Well, ma'am, if I did, it was no harm; a great many respectable people cried too."

Her biographer, who is a little uneasy at all this "favour with man," hopes that her letters show how she gradually became indifferent to it. It seems more apparent that she enjoyed it to the end, as simply as a child.

The men and women she associated with were too individual and too acute for empty adulation of her, and she was too natural and too original for empty adulation of them. There was, indeed, more danger of that most paralyzing form of praise, the admiration of a coterie of worshippers, in her retirement at Barley Wood, than in the London world of

authors, dramatists, *bas bleus*, statesmen, great ladies, bishops, and duchesses. But happily at Barley Wood Hannah More had four sisters, clever enough to exchange wit with her, and to do and say many things better than she could; yet affectionate enough to delight in all she did best; among them, Sally, who, Garrick said, had more humour than any woman he knew, and Patty, Wilberforce's prime friend.

The world necessarily changed to her as time went on. To Johnson's appreciation and Garrick's sympathy she certainly never grew indifferent; but when death removed them and others of the brightest and best from the world altogether, London doubtless lost for her much of its charm over the rest of the world.

"Poor Hermes Harris!" she wrote at Garrick's country-house, a year or two after Garrick's death. "Everybody is dead, I think. One is almost ashamed of being alive."

For, not more than six years after their acquaintance began, the pleasant breakfasts, and the busy work, and the healthy play of wit, at Garrick's house passed away.

Mrs. Garrick sent for Hannah More, as the first she turned to, immediately after her husband's death.

"She ran into my arms," Hannah More writes, and "we both remained silent for some minutes. At last she whispered, 'I have this moment embraced his coffin, and you come next.' She soon recovered herself, and said with great composure, 'The goodness of God to me is inexpressible; I desired to die, but it is his will that I should live, and He has convinced me that He will not let my life be quite miserable; for He gives astonishing strength to my body, and grace to my heart; neither do I deserve, but I am thankful for both.' She thanked me a thousand times for such a real act of friendship" (Hannah More had risen from a sick bed to come to her), "and bade me be comforted, for it was God's will."

Surely to Hannah More loving the Garricks had not been "loving the world."

After some touching homely details of Garrick's last illness, his gentleness and patience, and tender thoughtfulness for his wife to the last, "I paid a melancholy visit to his coffin yesterday," she writes, "when I found room for meditation, till the mind burst with thinking." His new house is not so pleasant as Hampton, nor so splendid as the Adelphi, but it is commodious enough for all the wants of its inhabitant; and

besides it is so quiet, that he will never be disturbed until the eternal morning; and never till then will a sweeter voice than his own be heard. May he then find mercy!"

She gives a vivid description of Garrick's funeral in the Abbey.

"The bell of St. Martin's and the Abbey gave a sound that smote upon my very soul. When we got to the cloisters we found multitudes striving for admittance. We gave up our ticket, but unluckily we ought to have kept it. We followed the man, who unlocked a door of iron, and directly closed it upon us, and two or three others, and we found ourselves in a tower, with a dark, winding staircase, consisting of half a hundred stone steps. When we got to the top, there was no way out; we ran down again, called and beat the door till the whole place resounded with our cries. Here we stayed half an hour in perfect agony: we were sure it would all be over; nay, we might never be let out; we might starve; we might perish! At length our clamours brought an honest man, a guardian angel I then thought him. We implored of him to take care of us, and to get us into a part of the Abbey where we might see the grave. He asked for the Bishop's ticket; we had given it away to the wrong person, and he was not obliged to believe we ever had one; yet he saw so much truth in our grief, that although we were most shabby, and a hundred fine people were soliciting the same favour, he took us under each arm, carried us safely through the crowd, and put us in a little gallery directly over the grave, where we could see and hear everything as distinctly as if the Abbey had been a parlour. Little things sometimes affect the mind strongly. We were no sooner recovered from the fresh burst of grief than I cast my eyes, the first thing, on Handel's monument, and read the scroll in his hand, '*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*' Just at that moment the great doors burst open with a noise that shook the roof; the organ struck up, and the whole choir, in strains only less solemn than the 'archangel's trump,' began Handel's fine anthem. The whole choir advanced to the grave, in hoods and surplices, singing all the way; then Sheridan as chief mourner; then the body—alas! whose body?—with ten noblemen and gentlemen pall-bearers; then the rest of the friends and mourners; hardly a dry eye—the very players, bred to the trade of counterfeiting, shed genuine tears.

"As soon as the body was let down, the

bishop began the service, which he read in a low but solemn and devout manner. Such an awful stillness reigned that every word was audible. How I felt it! Judge if my heart did not assent to the hope, that the soul of our dear brother was now departed in peace.

"On Wednesday night we came to the Adelphi, to this house. She" (Mrs. Garrick) "bore it with great tranquillity, and went alone into the chamber in which he had died that day fortnight. She had a delight in it beyond expression. She first prayed with great composure."

And afterwards, she writes from Hampton.

"We have been at this sweet and once cheerful place near a week. Alas, it has lost its perfume, yet it is in great beauty; the weather is fine, the verdure charming, and could we 'pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,' all would appear as beautiful as it used to do. A very few intimate friends came with us. Our first entrance was sad enough. Dragon looked as he used to do, and ran up to meet his master. Poor Mrs. Garrick went and shut herself up for half an hour. Not a sigh escapes our poor friend that she can restrain. When I expressed my surprise at her self-command, she answered, 'Groans and complaints are very well for those who are to mourn a little while; but a sorrow that is to last for life will not be violent or romantic.'

She stayed every year some time with Mrs. Garrick.

"My way of life at Hampton," she writes, is different from what it used to be: you must not expect much entertainment from my letters, for, as in the annals of states, so in the lives of individuals, those periods are often the safest and best which make the poorest figure."

Yet the world outside the house of mourning was going on much as usual.

During this visit she saw Miss Burney (Evelina), and thought her an extraordinary girl; "her knowledge of nature and low life, of the St. Giles's gentry, is astonishing."

"Pleasure," she writes, "is by much the most laborious trade I know, especially for those who have not a vocation for it. I worked with great assiduity at this hard calling on Monday. The moment I had breakfasted I went to Apsley House (Lady Bathurst's), where I stayed till two; then insignificant visits till four, when I went to Mrs. Boscawen's to dinner, where I stayed till eight; from thence went to spend the evening at Mrs. Vesey's,

where there was a small assembly of about thirty people, and all clever. She keeps out dunces because she never has cards."

Again, in 1780, she writes from Hampton, where she spent many winters in quiet seclusion with Mrs. Garrick:—

"Mrs. Garrick and I read to ourselves, sans intermission. Mr. Matthew Henry and Mr. David Hume (two gentlemen of very different ways of thinking on different points), at present engage a great part of my time.

"Here we are still, and as little acquainted with what passes in the world as though we were five hundred instead of fifteen miles from it. Poor Mrs. Garrick is a greater recluse than ever. I fancy she will never go much into the world again. Her garden and her family amuse her, but the idea of company is death to her. We never see a human face except each other's. Though in such a deep retirement, I am never dull. We dress like a couple of scaramouches, dispute like a couple of Jesuits, eat like a couple of aldermen, walk like a couple of porters, and read as much as any two doctors of either university."

They used to walk out four or five miles to "some of the prettiest villages or prospects;" and when "we are quite tired, we get into the coach which was waiting for us, with our books, and come home to dinner as hungry as Dragon himself. I took an airing one morning to Hounslow by myself, and paid a visit to the Sheridans, at their country-house."

Another agreeable day she spent at Wimbledon Park, Lord Spencer's, "as un-Londonish as if it were an hundred miles; and I enjoyed the violets and the birds more than all the marchale powder and noise of the town. We strolled about, or sat in the library just as we liked. This last amused me much; it was the Duchess of Marlborough's (Sarah), and numbers of the books were presents from all the great authors of her time, whose names she had carefully written on the blank leaves."

There are, however, occasional glimpses into the outside life; of "comfortable days" in Leicester Fields, with Dr. Johnson, now in poor health, but "the mind having lost nothing of its vigour;" of a select party at Mrs. Delany's, where Hannah More was the "young nobody," among the ladies and gentlemen of the declining age, the venerable hostess herself, once a friend of Dean Swift, who has seen the beginning of the *Tattler*, and considered the *Spectator* modern; the

Dowager Duchess of Portland, the Peggy of Prior, "my friend Horace Walpole," the Countess of Bute, daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Mrs. Dashwood, the "Delia" of Hammond; of invitations to Strawberry Hill; of a farewell party at Mrs. Vesey's on her departure for Italy; of the last gathering at Mrs. Montague's house, Hill Street, on a square of carpet in the middle of the rooms dismantled for the migration to the celebrated Montague House, Portman Square; of a pleasant party at the Pepys's, "all the pride of London there, every wit and wits;" "though these, when they get into a cluster, I have sometimes found to be as dull as other people, but the spirit of the evening kept up on lemonade till past eleven without cards, scandal, or politics."

Then there is a glimpse of Mrs. Delany, alone:—

"I spent a delightful day with Mrs. Delany. She is eighty-two years old, and blind, yet she is the object of my veneration, I had almost said envy. Such an excellent mind, such a tranquil, grateful spirit, such a composed piety! She retains all that kindness of heart which people are supposed to lose, and generally *do* lose, in very advanced age. She told me with some tears that she had no dread of death (besides her extreme unworthiness) but what arose from the thought how terribly her loss would be felt by one or two dear

friends. Her courage entirely sank under that idea."

Of Lord Monboddo she writes:—

"He said we moderns were entirely degenerated. I asked in what. 'In everything,' was his answer. 'Men are not so tall as they were; women are not so handsome as they were; nobody can write a long period' (a remarkable complaint from a contemporary of Dr. Johnson's), 'everything is dwindling.' Consolatory to those who are reproached with the same. The process of 'dwindling' did not at all events commence with our own generation."

And next came the passing away of Dr. Johnson himself, an old friend, Mr. Langton, taking a little lodging in Fleet Street to be with him in his last illness. Before the end, the dread of dying which had tormented the brave heart all but subdued, "The bitterness of death is past," he said; he made his last requests to Sir Joshua Reynolds "that he would never paint on Sunday; that he would forgive him a debt of thirty pounds, as he wanted to give it to a distressed family; that he would read the Bible whenever he could;" and so the veteran ended the hard struggle with himself and with life, and "offered up his soul to the great and merciful God: offered it up, full of pollution, but in firm assurance that it would be cleansed in the blood of the Redeemer."

THE PECULIAR PEOPLE.

PROBABLY no better example of the ineradicable tenacity of conscientious religious conviction could be found than is at present to be seen in our midst, amongst "The Peculiar People," who have so often, in the practice of their tenets, brought themselves under the eye of the law. And it is really difficult to withhold from them some meed of admiration, if only for the courage with which they carry out their "peculiar" ideas, and the Christian fortitude with which they bear their reverses. Poor and humble as may be the class in society to which they belong, there is a calm, quiet dignity in their manner. If a brother or sister is suffering from a misfortune, pecuniary or physical, they assist him or her from their limited means with true Christian charity; and when any of their number are suffering from what they consider the oppression of the law, they aid them with money and advice to the best of their ability.

The Peculiar People, with great justice, have acquired a reputation for sobriety, integrity, family love, and strong religious feeling, but, in one respect, they carry the latter virtue to an unreasonable extent, on account of an imperfect reading of one Scripture text: "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord." This they construe as a command not to accept scientific aid in cases of disease; although they admit the value of science in surgical cases. Even among those who look with an eye of favour upon them (and I admit that I am one of the number), they certainly carry the precept of St. James unjustifiably far. It would of course be a gross infringement of the liberty of the subject to insist on adults, in cases of sickness, receiving and following the advice of any medical man against his wishes or convictions; but the blind prejudice of a

parent has no right to stand in the way of his child's recovery.

It should, however, be remembered that their literal interpretation of St. James's text has great and honourable antiquity to recommend it. There can be little doubt that the ceremony of extreme unction in the Roman Catholic Church is but a corruption of the texts of St. Mark and St. James,—corrupt, inasmuch as the oil is not used by the Roman Catholics with a curative intention, but rather as a sign that no hope of recovery remains. In the Greek Church the practice of anointing with oil is of greater antiquity than it is in the Roman Catholic, but with them it is used far more in accordance with the words of St. James. Anointing with oil by the priests, with prayer, is used for the recovery of the sick person, and not as a solemn leave-taking with a dying man. With the Armenian branch of the Greek Church the curative power of the oil, combined with prayer, is held in still higher respect. At the commencement of our Reformation anointing with oil, conjointly with prayer, was not only used for the recovery of the sick, but in 1549 a form was introduced into the prayer-book. "If the sick person," it says, "desires to be anointed, then shall the priest anoint him on the forehead or breast, making the sign of the cross, and saying thus: 'As with the visible oil the body is outwardly anointed, so our heavenly Father, Almighty God, grant of his infinite goodness that thy soul inwardly may be anointed by the Holy Ghost, who is the Spirit of all strength, comfort, relief, and gladness, and vouchsafe from his great mercy, if it be his blessed will, to restore unto thee thy bodily health.'" There is not a word here about dying. It is simply a prayer for recovery.

But it may be said on the other side, and with justice, that the prayer of Edward VI. does not in any manner deny the value of medical aid in disease. Still the idea that medicine was unnecessary seems never to have been completely extinct among us. The celebrated William Whiston, in a letter dated February 24th, 1749, when objecting to the practice of touching for the king's evil, says, "It" (the touching) "seems to me to be a great mistake, or to be rather the remains of the old healing of the sick by anointing them with oil, or in the want of such oil, by prayer and the imposition of the hands of the presbyters, according to St. Mark, St. James, and the apostolical constitutions." Further on he continues, "I

cannot think but that this matter" (curing by anointing with oil and by prayer) "deserves a more serious consideration than it has of late met with." He then quotes a number of congregations and private individuals, in different parts of England, by whom the practice of healing by prayer and anointing with oil was used, and with great effect. In the Baptist communities it was extensively practised, a presbyter generally officiating.

Nor is my respect for the good conduct and honourable life of the Peculiar People given without some inquiry and knowledge. On lately reading a description of their community or sect, in which they were held up to ridicule, not only for their unreasoning literal adherence to the text in the Epistle of St. James, but for their humble position in society also, I determined to make some personal investigation of the subject, and to form my own conclusion. Having heard that at Witham, in Essex, there was to be found a colony of their community, I obtained a letter of introduction to the Rev. Barton Dadd, a highly-respected congregationalist minister in that town, who had greatly interested himself in studying their habits and manners. Nor was I wrongly informed respecting the reverend gentleman's knowledge of the subject; and I here gratefully acknowledge not only the willingness with which he imparted it to me, but the trouble which he took in showing me their chapel and the localities they were in the habit of frequenting.

Although without the slightest pretensions to display in the appointments, there was a scrupulous neatness and cleanliness about the chapel, which spoke well for the congregation. It is substantial and well-built, capable of holding two or three hundred people. Remembering that I had heard the Peculiar People, as a rule, were very poor, I was somewhat puzzled at the aspect of the building, not a plank or a seat being out of order, nor a broken pane of glass in any of the windows. I inquired the worldly occupation of the congregation, and whether there were any persons of substance among them. I was informed that there are neither rich nor men of substance among them; that, as a rule, they are farm labourers; the men earning on an average 14s. a week, and the wives and children (if the latter are old enough to work) generally adding some trifle to the family exchequer, the earnings of a whole family being considerably less than 20s. a week. The best-paid man among them is a workman in a brush manufactory.

I then asked how it was that, being in such poor circumstances, they had become possessed of so good a chapel.

In answer I was told that the chapel had belonged to the Society of Friends, several families of that community some years since having resided in Witham. One by one these families had left, and at last, their meeting-house being completely deserted, the trustees determined either to let it or to sell it to some other Christian congregation. For some time no tenant or purchaser appeared; but one day a labouring man called on the agent and inquired the terms, saying that he wished to hire it for the Peculiar People. The agent knowing the character the community bore for integrity submitted the offer to the trustees. They requested the agent to make rigid inquiries respecting the history, respectability, general conduct, and reputation of the Peculiar People.

The report was that, apart from the poverty of the community, it would be hard to find a better class of tenants. The Peculiar People had been known to reside in the neighbourhood of Witham for some forty years. They came into notice in London and other localities about the same time. They appeared to have no wish to conceal the origin of their society; in fact, they seemed to hold that their creed, or Peculiar views, had been handed down to them from the time of the Apostles. They do not, however, deny the respect due to other Christian denominations, but consider that theirs had deviated less than other sects from the original teaching of the primitive church. During the time that they had been known in the neighbourhood of Witham, although they now number some seventy families, in not a single instance had a member of their body been even suspected of a dishonest action, nor, in any manner, had any one of them ever come under the notice of the police authorities, either for taking part in a disturbance or assault; nor has a drunkard, or even a solitary case of intoxication, been known among them. At the time of their application for the meeting-house they had no regular place of worship, and assembled either in each other's houses or in the fields. This, for many reasons, was an inconvenient practice, and they had resolved, when an opportunity offered, to hire a place for worship. The elders of the body were to be the representative tenants, and they would take upon themselves the onus of collecting the rent from the congregation.

By any one acquainted with the religious

and moral precepts of the Society of Friends, it will readily be believed that it would have been difficult for them to have had an offer for their meeting-house from more eligible tenants. Possibly, many among them remembered that some of the views of the Peculiar People, especially that of relying more in sickness on the curative power of prayer than on science, resembled their own. The trustees met to consider the offer, and the result was most flattering to the Peculiar People, who were not only accepted as tenants, but told that as long as their reputation remained as unblemished as it was, they might retain possession of the meeting-house without payment of rent.

I now examined more attentively the appointments of the chapel, and the bench for the elders beside the preacher. Taking up a thick hymn-book, I found, to my surprise, that it was printed expressly for the use of the Peculiar People. Many of the hymns, it is true, were the same as those in use in other nonconformist places of worship, especially those of Wesley and Watts; but the rest had been written expressly for their own use. On saying that I was surprised that a community so poor should have incurred the heavy expense of printing a selection of hymns, I was told that the collection was not solely used by the Peculiar People at Witham, but was in general use in the community. Although there seemed to be but little correspondence between the different chapels, when any work or action was to be taken for the benefit of the whole, they acted together with great unanimity.

As to their particular theological views, it seemed that they resembled the Primitive Methodists more closely than any other. Their preachers are generally selected from their elders, but not necessarily so. Although they do not positively deny the advantages of a regular theological education, they consider that the power of preaching is conferred by God on man without any prescribed theological studies. Many of them possess, in their rough way, considerable eloquence, and if occasionally their logic may be imperfect, and their grammar not the most correct, there is a large amount of genuine fervour and energy in their teaching. They do not admit the efficacy of infant baptism, nor do they insist on absolute adult baptism. The ceremony among them generally takes place when the child is old enough to understand the question, and express his willingness to be a member of the community. If he consents, he is taken to the chapel, where the ceremony

is performed by sprinkling him with water and by prayer. The sacrament is occasionally administered, in which, as may be supposed, all idea of transubstantiation is absent; and at their funerals the service performed is that of the Church of England.

Contrary to what might be expected, their religious views are looked on with respect by the other working classes in the neighbourhood. I learned that formerly they were occasionally subjected to annoyance in their open-air meetings. That soon went off, however, and the way in which they bore it evidently had the effect of raising them more into public esteem. At present, if any ridicule is cast on them for their religious views, it is certainly not by the working classes.

They wear no distinctive dress. The women tacitly adopt a costume something like that of the Society of Friends, possibly from the idea that it is neat and simple, and more in accordance with their principles than any other. Poor as their community may be, a more neatly-dressed congregation, or one more respectable in appearance, than attends this chapel is not often seen.

Their education is somewhat limited; but their English is better than might be expected. They are all, as a rule, remarkably well read in the Bible, and its style of phraseology may be frequently detected; and that, to a certain degree may account for their English being somewhat above their education. Their natural intelligence is above the average of that of their own class, one cause of which may be found in the fact that they are not in the habit of dimming their intellects by drinking. They are strictly honest in all their dealings, and those who know them best would not for an instant suspect them. The farmers around admit that they are among the most conscientious and hard-working labourers they have.

Sensational stories have been set afloat about their neglect of their children, but, apart from the mere question of medical

attendance, no parents could be more exemplary. So far as kindness and good nursing go, the children of the richest in the land are not better cared for. Night and day, when a child is sick, the mother, or a female neighbour, is at the bedside of the little sufferer, nursing it and praying for its recovery. It should also be remembered that they do not deny the value of surgery; and when we blame them, and justly, for rejecting medical aid in disease, and relying instead upon the anointing with oil by the elders, upon earnest prayer, and unceasing kindness and attention, it is but fair to state that, to judge of the tree by its fruit, their theory, as a whole, does not work badly. Their children are as healthy as any in the district, more so than the children of those who are far better off. Then, again, the brotherly love and charitable Christian feeling among them is worthy of all praise.

It would occupy too much space to describe the other localities in which the Peculiar People have settled. Those who feel interested in them may find them also at Southend, Raleigh in Essex, at Kentish Town in the metropolis, and at Plumstead in Kent. Everywhere they bear the same character for strict sobriety, unblemished integrity, and honourable life, and that, too, amidst great poverty and temptation. In youth the females are noted for rigid propriety of behaviour, and they make excellent wives and mothers.

One who has written of the Peculiar People, with apparently little love or appreciation, is compelled to do them honour for their high morality. And there is yet another point, which should be specially mentioned in their favour. The mortality amongst their children is, as a rule, considerably less than that among others of the same circumstances, this honourable fact arising rather from the kindness and attention they receive than from any other cause.

WILLIAM GILBERT.

A MUSIC LESSON.

FINGERS on the holes, Johnny,
Fairly in a row :
Lift this and then that,
And blow, blow, blow !
That's how to play, Johnny,
On the pipes sae shrill :
Never was the piper yet
But needed a' his skill.

And lang and sair he tried it, too,
Afore he won the knack
Of makin' bag and pipe gie
His very yearnin's back.
The echo to his heart-strings
Frac such a thing to come ;
Oh, is it no a wonder—
Like a voice frac out the dumb ?

Be patient noo, my Johnny lad,
Ye mustna hurry thro'—
Tak' time and try it o'er again—
Sic a blast ye blew!
It's no alane by blowin' strong,
But eke by blowin' true,
That ye can mak' the music
To thrill folk thro' and thro'.

The weak folk and the learnin',
'Tis them that mak's the din;
But for the finished pipers
They count it as a sin:
And maybe it's the very same
A' the world thro'—
The learners the very ones
That mak' the most ado!

Ye know the Southrons taunt us—
I sayna they're unfair—
About our squallin' music,
And their taunts have hurt me sair;
But if they'd heard a piper true
At night come o'er the hill,
Playin' up a pibroch
Upon the wind sae still:

Rising now, and falling
And floating on the air,
The sounds come softly on ye
Almost ere ye're aware,
And fold themselves about the heart,
That hasna yet forgot
The witchery o' love and joy
Within some lonely spot:—

I'm sure they wadna taunt us so,
Nor say the bagpipe's wild,
Nor speak o' screachin' noises
Enough to deave a child:
They would say the bagpipe only
Is the voice of hill and glen;
And would listen to it sorrowing,
Within the haunts of men.

Fingers on the holes, Johnny,
Fairly in a row:
Lift this and then that,
And blow, blow, blow!
That's how to play, Johnny,
On the pipes sae shrill:
Never was the piper yet
But needed a' his skill.

ALEX. H. JAPP.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

A Sermon preached before the British Association, at Edinburgh, in September, 1872.

"The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the hand to the foot, I have no need of you."—
1 CORINTHIANS xii. 21.

THE spirit of faction had broken out in the Corinthian Church, to which these words were addressed. Forgetful of the essential unity of the religious life, and of the duty of devoting, each his own special gifts and endowments to the common good of the Church, the members of this community had begun to be jealous of each other's attainments, and to quarrel about the merits of their respective teachers—going the length, in some cases, of denying to the teachers of rival sects any merit or authority whatever. St. Paul endeavours in this epistle to allay these unseemly dissensions; and he does so by setting forth, in a very graphic manner, the idea of the corporate or organic unity of the Church—a unity which is produced, not by the ignoring or contemning of any special class of gifts, but by the consecration of the energies and acquirements of all to that in which each individual and class had a deeper interest than in its own

advancement—the common welfare and progress of the Church.

It is not St. Paul's idea, however, on which I wish to-day to speak, but an analogous one pertaining to a different region of thought, and which derives special importance from recent discussion as to the relation of the Natural and the Supernatural:—I mean, *the organic unity of the sciences*, the correlation and harmony of the various departments of human knowledge. The sciences which together make up the totality of human knowledge are not a mere aggregate of unconnected acquirements, but constitute a system, each part of which is affiliated more or less intimately to the rest. Universal knowledge, were it attainable, would consist of elements, not mechanically heaped together, but harmoniously related, having innumerable lines of mutual interdependence, and forming together one organic whole. The phenomena of the universe are common

to all sciences, but no science exhausts that of which it treats; one science, so to speak, overlaps another, each is the complement of the rest. A celebrated modern thinker, in attempting to trace the law of man's intellectual development, distinguishes three successive stages or epochs in its progress—three phases through which, he affirms, the sciences pass, viz., the *Theological*, in which the phenomena of nature are regarded as the manifestation of an invisible personality; the *Metaphysical*, in which the Divinity has vanished and the observer tries to account for the objects and events around him by principles, notions, metaphysical entities, supposed to underlie them; and, finally, the *Positive*, in which science at last learns her true vocation, and, dismissing all fictitious notions and abstractions, confines herself to her proper work—the observation of phenomena and the elimination of their laws of resemblance, co-existence, succession. Regarded as an account of successive stages or eras through which human knowledge advances to perfection, this classification we believe, with many, to be both philosophically and historically false. No such progress of thought can be traced, nor are the three terms expressions for discordant views of the objects of knowledge, any one of which supersedes or implies the futility of the rest. But if unsatisfactory as a chronological, may not this classification be regarded as a not inapt logical expression for the varied yet harmonious aspects in which, by the man of science, by the philosopher, and by the theologian, the phenomena of the universe may be viewed? Science, Philosophy, Theology, are not rivals, but sisters; not successive claimants of the throne, but harmonious rulers of the realm of knowledge. The problems with which philosophy deals are of a different order from those with which science is conversant; those of which theology treats different from both. But each prepares for, and hands the inquirer on to, that which is next in rank; each starts questions which it makes no pretensions to solve, and the solution of which the others are ready to contribute. The natural philosopher in generalising the phenomena of nature, is compelled to make use of ideas and processes of which his own science gives him no sufficient account. He employs axioms based on ideas of space and time, he is obliged to speak of matter, of substance, of causes, of quantity and quality, of force—ideas which are not contributed from outward observation, which do not belong to the

province of phenomenal knowledge, and the nature and relations of which experimental science can do nothing to explain. In all his investigations, moreover, he is constrained to submit to certain conditions or canons of thought, to conduct his inquiries in strict submission to certain laws of induction and deduction by which alone can they yield true results, and yet the validity of which it is not the business of science to vindicate. He leaves this to the philosophy of mind, to logic, to metaphysic. He erects a noble edifice, but he works on a plan prepared to his hand, on a foundation the solidity of which he must presuppose. The metaphysician again, in his turn, when he has tried to perform his proper task, leaves the great work yet incomplete. He discerns at the end of his furthest investigations certain wider problems opening up, of which it belongs to theology to treat. The order of the world and the order of thought find their final cause in God; and no one even of our simplest logical abstractions, such as substance, cause, force, can be fully treated without reference to their theological application. Nature lacks its highest interpretation, natural science its consecration, till we know that nature is the vesture of God and science the evolution of the infinite thought and will. And still less can we know the world of mind, understand the spirit of man, its powers and tendencies and aspirations, without reference to that Being in whose image it was formed and in whom alone it can find satisfaction and rest. On the thought of God all our thinking ultimately depends, to that thought all thinking tends as its consummation. Of all thoughts, all objects of all thought, this is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and end, the thought that comprehends and transcends all other thoughts. It is this idea, then,—that of the essential unity of all knowledge, on which I think it not inappropriate to insist on such an occasion as the present. Our divisions of knowledge, our separating of the different provinces of thought and inquiry, will prove hurtful and delusive if we treat these arbitrary divisions as if they were objective and real, or if they so imprison us that the inquirer in one department refuses to see or believe in any other than his own. We cut off our sections from the sphere of knowledge as we make separate maps of the quarters and countries of the globe; but the subdivision is artificial, and we are ever meeting with rivers the source of which lies further on, and vast mountain ranges the beginning and ending of which our little

section does not embrace. It is a sign that a science is pursued in a narrow and unphilosophic spirit when it contemns or secludes itself jealously from other departments of knowledge. The theologian can only be a weak or ill-informed one who is afraid of the results of physical investigation, or sees not that if his theology be true, all knowledge must be friendly to it. He, on the other hand, is only a superficial and unphilosophic natural philosopher who tries to flout theology from the field of science. The inquiries of both will be prosecuted with truer results and in a better spirit, when they are prosecuted under the conviction that neither theology can say to science, nor science to theology, "I have no need of thee."

It cannot be denied, however, that this is not always the spirit in which theologians and men of science regard each other's studies. Physical inquiries may be so pursued as to engender habits of thought unfavourable to the acceptance of the truths of theology, an exaggerated estimate of that which lies within the province of positive science, and a false contempt for all that lies beyond it. And, on the other hand, religious ideas may be so apprehended as to place them in an unreal antagonism to scientific discoveries. The province of the supernatural may be so regarded as to be falsely exclusive of the natural, and the observer of nature may be so captivated by her material and positive certainties as to deny, if not the reality, at least the possibility of a science of the supernatural. In what remains of this discourse, I shall submit to you a few brief remarks on the misconceptions on both sides, the false notions both of nature and of the supernatural which have caused and kept up the unreal conflict between science and theology.

1. Where God is so conceived of as to place Him outside of nature, the tendency will be to seek the most significant proof of His presence in interferences with her order, and to regard the assertion of the absolute uniformity of her processes as equivalent to the denial of Providence or the exclusion of God. And there can be no question that a false jealousy has often been entertained by sincere but mistaken religionists with reference to the idea of natural law and the ever-widening domain which science has won for it. The supernatural has been too often represented, not as embracing and realising itself in law, but as beginning only where law ends, and as asserting its presence and authority not through law, but by controlling,

infringing, or subverting it. In the infancy of science, and to the ignorant and unscientific mind at all periods, the craving for the supernatural manifests itself in the disposition to ascribe all natural events to the immediate and arbitrary volition of invisible powers. There is a stage of mental development in which every unexplained fact or phenomenon is translated into the direct expression of a divine will and purpose, and Nature, in all her manifold movements and appearances, is but the thin veil of a supernatural activity. But as knowledge progresses, the domain of the marvellous is driven further and further back. Innumerable effects, accounted for at first only by immediate supernatural agency, begin to be traced to the operation of natural causes. Fixed sequences and relations displace isolated facts, and law begins to take the place of arbitrariness and caprice. First the greater and more obviously uniform phenomena—the motions of the planets, the recurrence of the seasons, the ebb and flow of the tide, the changes of the moon, and the like, are reclaimed from unaccountable will and reduced to law. Then by degrees, other and seemingly more inconstant and mysterious effects, such as the changes of the weather, the phenomena of light, heat, electricity, &c., are wrested from superstition by the discoveries of science. It is no longer the voice of a God that is heard in the thunder or the breath of his fury before which men tremble as they listen to the storm, or the fiery brand flung from his avenging hand that is seen in the white lightning flashing athwart the heavens, when the laws of meteorology begin to be known. In the darkened luminary there is no frown of a retributive power when the observer witnesses in it only the exact fulfilment of his calculation as to the period and duration of the solar eclipse. And so, step by step, as irregularity disappears, and science sheds on nature its all-penetrating light, the darkness in which superstition lives is chased away, and its divinities are exorcised from the world.

But, as this process goes on, it has unfortunately sometimes happened that religion has exhibited that jealousy of science which only superstition has just cause to feel. At least, sincere but unenlightened friends of religion have looked with suspicion on the pretensions of science, as if reduction to law were equivalent to the ignoring of God, as if the phenomena of the universe in ceasing to be arbitrary ceased to be divine. Unable to dispute the uniform action of law in the

more obviously regular phenomena of nature—such as the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, the times of the tides, and the like—it has appeared for a time as if they could still claim as the exclusive domain of supernatural power the apparently inconstant and unaccountable phenomena of the weather—the sending or averting of sunshine or storm, of favourable or adverse winds, and other meteorological influences; or, again, the phenomena of health and disease, the advance or arresting of plagues and epidemics, the sending or removal of blights and famines,—as if in these and like events, in which no natural sequence of causes and effects had been discovered, the finger of God could more immediately and impressively be traced. But when, in turn, these once irreducible phenomena began to yield to the advance of discovery,—when, in mysterious pestilences and unaccountable storms and tempests, the operation of laws as uniform and invariable as that by which the planets revolve in their orbits, begins to be discerned; nay, when even the sphere of creative power seems to be invaded, and the notion of a series of isolated supernatural acts of creation begins to yield more and more to that of evolution according to definite laws,—pious minds are not seldom revolted by such discoveries, and in their discomfiture and bewilderment, scientific but sceptical minds have been too ready to conclude that science has gained ground and theology has lost it.

The conflict on this ground between science and theology is, however, I need scarcely go on to remark, a purely imaginary one. In the observation of nature and the tracing out of her uniform sequences and laws there is, rightly viewed, nothing that leads to the suppression of a higher faith; and such an influence could only be ascribed to scientific pursuits by setting up in the mind a false opposition between law and personality. Men want to trace a personal thought and agency, the marks of a spiritual, supernatural presence in the universe. But the unreflecting mind is apt to associate personality with mere will, and to attach to fixed movement, unbending order and adjustment, the notion of something mechanical, of a blind material necessity, over which it is the prerogative of a personal intelligence to assert its superiority. Our ordinary notion of personality is derived from persons in whom it manifests itself by the acts of a will that is always more or less wayward, capricious, incalculable. We can't help perceiving, indeed, that the wiser and better

any human being is, the more do his actions become uniform, self-consistent, determined by fixed principle, the less by unaccountable, irrational, and incalculable impulse; in other words, the nearer do these actions, under the guidance of a free intelligence, approximate to the steady, undeviating, almost mechanical constancy of law. But although we do perceive and admit this, people cannot disabuse their minds of the feeling that voluntary intelligence will best manifest itself by fresh impulses, by acts that have the look of inspirations of the moment, by *ex tempore* devices to meet unforeseen emergencies—by anything, in short, rather than by the immovable and changeless uniformity of law. Yet this notion is obviously one which deeper reflection and higher culture tend to remove. For the more we advance in intelligence, the more clearly do we begin to see that it is only a vulgar necessity of thought which identifies personality with changefulness and arbitrariness, with sudden, paroxysmal acts and special interferences. When we consider the idea of personality more carefully, it will be seen that it manifests itself as mere will only in the weakest and most childish natures, in persons whose actions are unprincipled, governed by no plan or rule, with respect to whose conduct you can form no calculation, forasmuch as you know not what whim may seize them, what error may mislead them, into what vagary their inconsistent life may drift. But the more wise and thoughtful a man becomes, the wider the range of his knowledge and the reach of his forethought, the more firm and consolidated his principles of action, with so much the greater confidence can you predict what he will say and do; for the more numerous become the data on which calculation can be based. And the highest certainty, the nearest approach to absolute and infallible uniformity would be attained, if the agent became, what no human or finite person ever is, perfectly wise and good. So far from irregularity being necessary to free intelligence, in this case law and personality would become one. What, then, we ask, to a thoughtful observer will be the kind of phenomena, the aspect of things and events which will look most like the signs of a personal thought and will in nature? Surely those phenomena, surely that aspect, from which the indications of anomaly are most completely banished, throughout which, from beginning to end, reigns calm and changeless order, unbroken sequence and continuity, the majestic presence and power of law.

Even if the modern theory of evolution were conclusively established, even if it were proved that as surely as the germ contains virtually the full-grown plant, the whole history of the material universe was potentially contained in the first atom or cosmic vapour, and that not a single act of what is erroneously designated supernatural, creative power, had ever been intercalated into it; so far from excluding, this would only be more profoundly consistent with, the agency of an absolute personal intelligence. For it would be only more truly significant of an intelligence in which the end is ever presupposed in the beginning, and the beginning surely prophetic of the end, and all things are woven together in the grand necessity of thought. It would be only the more fit expression of a personality whose wisdom is perfect, whose foresight embraces all events, all problems, all conditions of all problems, from the mightiest to the most minute, in its illimitable range, and whose plans and purposes are, like His nature, "without variable-ness or shadow of turning."

II. Granting, however, that in physical law, rightly viewed, there is nothing inconsistent with the agency of a personal intelligence and will, and that all jealousy of science on that score is absurd and futile, there is another question to which these reflections give rise, the answer to which has been supposed to mark out an important distinction between Science and Religion, and to be fatal to the claim of theology to be ranked among the sciences. Science deals with nature; theology deals, or pretends to deal, with the supernatural. But can we know anything of the supernatural, or anything beyond the bare fact that it is? Is the supernatural accessible to human intelligence in such wise that you can build up, by the rigorous and unerring processes with which in our physical investigations we work, a science that can claim co-ordinate rank with Astronomy or Chemistry or Biology? And the answer which many eminent men of science seem to be disposed to give to this question is, No! we altogether deny the possibility of a science of the supernatural, or your right to call theology such a science. The fact and importance of the religious sentiment we admit. All history and our own experience tells us that there are irrepressible instincts which point to something beyond the domain of Nature, to that realm of mystery by which we are surrounded. When we have done our best in the field of human knowledge, in the ob-

servation and generalisation of facts and phenomena, we know that there lies behind and beyond a vast impenetrable region out of which all phenomena spring, and we recognise in this the sphere of the religious sentiment, of those feelings of reverence and awe and submission which are awakened in every rightly constituted mind in the presence of the unknown and the inscrutable. But when you attempt to go beyond this, when you present us with a cut and dried series of detailed propositions and dogmas with reference to this world of mystery and inscrutability, in which the personality and interior nature of the absolute, his eternal purposes, creative acts, and relations to the finite world are laid down with the air of systematic precision, and ask us to accept this so-called science of theology as entitled to rank as knowledge beside the sciences of observation and experience, we cannot admit the claim. "Natural theology," says a very eminent scientific authority, "is a science falsely so called It seeks to weigh the Infinite in the balance of the finite It is to the scientific man a delusion, to the religious man a snare." "The office of theology," says another distinguished writer, "is now generally recognised as distinct from that of science. It confesses its inability to furnish knowledge with any available data. It restricts itself to the region of faith, and leaves to philosophy and science the region of inquiry."

Now, there is much in this view of the distinctive provinces of science and theology which a theologian may, without giving up anything worth contending for, be ready to admit. If it means, merely, that theology is not a science of the same order, dealing with the same class of objects, and reaching its results by the same method as the physical sciences, in other words, that theology is not an inductive science; this is only what a judicious theologian will not only concede, but earnestly maintain. For it means no more than this, that the objects of religious knowledge cannot be perceived by the senses, or generalised out of the facts and phenomena which sense perceives. It means that God cannot be seen, nor touched, nor handled, and that by no mere generalisation from the finite world could you ever reach the Infinite. He who holds that theology contains any universal and necessary truth, that it does not affirm merely the existence of a probable God, but traces and justifies the steps of that process by which we rise by the negation

of the finite, the transient, the accidental, to the affirmation of an Infinite Eternal Being, the true essence and life of the universe, must be ready to accept, nay, to welcome the position here assigned to theology. But, on the other hand, if the implied affirmation be that human knowledge is absolutely limited to things finite and phenomenal, that there is no organ of knowledge by which thought can transcend the objects that exist in space and time, and take cognisance of that which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor imagination in its highest constructive efforts can conceive, and that theology, in so far as it pretends to the possession of such knowledge, is a fictitious and spurious science, and its dogmas and systems mere moonshine—this, of course, is a view to which the theologian, without surrendering his most cherished convictions, cannot but demur, and for which he is entitled to demand solid and satisfactory reasons. It may be that those intellectual instincts, which, age after age, have attracted the highest minds towards this sphere of inquiry, have been all vain and illusory, that when the observation of physical sequences and laws has left the mind still unsatisfied, still craving for a discovery of the cause of all causes, an antecedent which transcends them all, it has only been lured by a false light towards that world of mystery which no mortal step can enter. It may be that when the irrepressible aspirations of men's hearts have strained the cords that would confine them to the finite till they seemed to snap, and the spirit rose into communion with the infinite and eternal, it has been all self-deception, the heated fancy mistaking its own wild wishes for realities, and that the voices that seemed to respond to it from the invisible were only the echoes of its own wistful cries sent back upon the empty winds. But if this be so, the very extent and persistency of the delusion may well lead to the most careful scrutiny of the arguments of those who claim to have exposed it.

Now, the view to which I have referred—that of the exclusive right of the experimental sciences to the name, and the impossibility of any such science as theology—is that which, held perhaps in a vague and uncritical way by many, has received its fullest exposition and defence in the writings of a very acute and careful thinker, with whose speculations many to whom I speak are doubtless familiar. I mean Mr. Herbert Spencer. His thesis is, that the provinces of science and religion are distinguished from each other as the

known from the unknown and unknowable. Science deals with ascertained phenomena, their order and relations, and comprehends all knowledge that is definite and positive. But positive knowledge does not and cannot fill the whole region of possible thought. Every addition to the gradually increasing sphere of science does but bring it into wider contact with the sphere of nescience, *i.e.* of the unknown and unknowable background in which lies the origin of all things, the unascertained something which phenomena do not reveal, but which phenomena and their relations imply. Now, this dark impenetrable background beyond experience is the province of religion. But the attitude of mind which alone is possible with respect to this, and which constitutes religion is, not intelligence, but simply silent reverence for the unknown and the inscrutable; and, this, he maintains, gives to religion the widest and purest sphere of action. The more completely our notion of the unknown reality is purified from all earthly analogies, from all positive and anthropomorphic notions and images, the more, in short, we approximate to the state of simple awe before the altar of the Unknown, the nearer do we come to the perfect ideal of religion.

On what grounds is this thesis maintained? Mainly on a critical examination of the nature of human intelligence, in which the writer adopts and carries to its extreme logical results the doctrine of the relativity of human knowledge which, propounded by Kant, has, as is well known, been reproduced with special application to theology by a famous school of philosophers in this country. From the very nature of human intelligence it is attempted to be shown that it can only know what is finite and relative, and that therefore the absolute and infinite, the reality that lies behind all appearances, the human mind is by an inherent and insuperable disability debarred from knowing. A science of nature, of man, of all that this finite world contains, we may have; but a science of God and things divine is precluded by the very conditions under which knowledge is possible. A theological science, therefore, is a contradiction in terms.

To criticize the elaborate reasonings on which this doctrine is based would be a task foreign to the place from which I speak, even if it had not already been performed by other and more competent hands. But as it is a doctrine on which many very eminent men seem to rest their depreciation of all non-empirical science, it may be per-

mitted in one whose vocation in life it is to teach theology as a science, to offer in conclusion one or two brief remarks on this doctrine of the unknowable.

1. May it not be asked, for one thing, whether in the assertion, as the result of an examination of the human intellect, that it is incapable of knowing what lies beyond the finite, there is not involved an obvious self-contradiction? General and sweeping assertions as to the impotence of the human mind seem to cut away their own ground in this respect, that they are themselves affected by the impotence they assert. The examination of the mind can be conducted only by the mind, and if the instrument be, as is alleged, limited and defective, the result of the inquiry must partake of that defectiveness. If you assert that all knowledge is relative, you assert at the same time that your knowledge of the fact is relative, and not absolute. To say that you know that you have no absolute knowledge, is to affirm and deny knowledge in the same breath.

2. Again, does not the knowledge of a limit imply already the power to transcend it? In affirming that human science is incapable of crossing the bounds of the finite world, is it not a necessary presupposition that you who so affirm have crossed these bounds? For the affirmation that the mind cannot know anything must be grounded on reasons; and the reasons must be derived in part at least from the nature of the thing that cannot be known.* Suppose you say

* In the number of the *Fortnightly Review* for November, 1873, Mr. Herbert Spencer has discussed the foregoing amongst other objections to his "metaphysical-theological doctrines." A full examination of his reply would be unsuitable for the pages of this magazine, but a brief indication may here be given of what, I conceive, might be said in answer to his strictures. Conceding the force of the argument that the affirmation of an absolute limit to human intelligence is self-contradictory, as implying already the power to transcend it, he goes on to maintain, nevertheless, that the alleged limitation of the sphere of human reason does admit of proof, both inductively and deductively. *Inductively*, by the fact that all attempts to understand matter, motion, time, force, in their ultimate natures, have brought us, and therefore may be expected ever to bring us, to "alternative impossibilities of thought," which show the futility of all such attempts. In other words, the limitation of reason is proved by this, that all attempts to transcend certain limits land us in Kant's Antinomies. To this it may be answered (1), that at best this proof would be merely empirical, and in this respect it falls short of Kant's, whose Antinomies, or "alternative impossibilities" are not reached empirically, but by an examination of the necessary conditions of human knowledge. (2) That, if valid, it would be fatal to our knowledge, not only of the infinite, but also of the finite—to all scientific knowledge whatever. For such notions as matter, force, &c., are not merely ultimate insolubles before which the mind is arrested at the final stage of its investigations, but notions with which all our scientific investigations and reasonings are implicated, without which we could scarcely advance a single step, and the demonstrated contradictoriness of which, therefore, would bring down the whole fabric of human knowledge. (3) That "all attempts to understand matter, force, &c.," it may respectfully be submitted, have not failed or landed us in contradictions that prove their futility, but only the failure of one not quite universal school of thinkers, whose attempts admits of explanation. It arises, I would maintain, from the fact that they are attempts

that there is a certain atmosphere in which human beings cannot breathe, the ground of that assertion must be a knowledge, not merely of the structure of the lungs, but also of the composition of the atmosphere. If you don't know anything at all about the latter, how can you tell whether it is or is not fit to breathe in? So, the allegation that human intelligence cannot deal with infinite realities, can be proved, not simply by an examination of the structure of the human organ of thought, but also by an examination of these realities, pointing out what in them prevents all human thinking. But in furnishing this proof you have already passed the limits you are trying to lay down, entered into the prohibited territory, and shown the possibility of a science of the unknown.

It may be said that as, without knowing any more than the structure of the organs of breathing, it would be possible to assert that they cannot breathe where there is no air, so it may be possible, without knowing any more than the human organ of thought, to affirm that it cannot act where the conditions of its acting cease. But the answer is, that the equivalent supposition to no atmosphere, is not an unknowable God, but that God is nothing. Human lungs cannot breathe without air, and human intelligence cannot think where there is absolutely nothing to be thought about.

3. The reason alleged why human intelligence can never know God is, that whatever object you know can be known, not as it is in itself, but only in relation to the faculties of your mind. Attributes, qualities, you can discern; but what lies behind these, what things are in themselves apart from all cogni-

to deal with abstractions as independent, self-identical realities—to treat the above notions as if they were each an independent thing in itself. And the contradictions to which they seem to lead arise from an absurd demand being made on thought—a demand as absurd as if you should ask me to conceive of an inside without an outside, or to think of a stick with only one end.

Mr. Spencer's *deductive* proof of the limitation of reason is derived from the admitted doctrine that "the product of thought is in all cases a relation, the process of thought the identification and classing of relations, and therefore that being in itself, out of relation, is unthinkable." The argument here amounts to this, that human reason cannot know the infinite because it cannot know the absolute or being out of all relation. Mr. Spencer, as above noticed, had already conceded the truth of the argument that we cannot know the absolute limitation of human knowledge without transcending that limitation. He now proposes to show that we cannot transcend limitation because our knowledge is relative. But if, as he allows, we cannot know the limitation of knowledge without transcending it, by parity of reasoning we cannot know the relativity of our knowledge without transcending that relativity. His second argument, therefore, for the incompetence of reason to know the infinite is simply a repetition in another form of the argument of the incoincidence of which he himself had admitted. He has now to meet the same difficulty with respect to the proof of the relativity of knowledge which he has been trying to overcome with respect to the proof of its limitation.

tion, you do not and cannot know or conceive. But God, the Absolute Being or Reality, is out of all relations, apart in his own ineffable nature from all conditions. What He is in himself, therefore, you can never know, and your science of Him is only a make-believe science, a substitution of shadows and figments for realities.

But this is either to beg the whole question whether God is out of relation to thought, or it is to degrade Him under the name of Absolute while pretending to exalt Him. To be in relation to thought, to be thinkable, is that which gives, not deprives of reality, which lends grandeur, elevation, not degradation and meanness, to any object; and the more profound that relation, the more there is to be thought about in any thing or being, the greater it is, the further it is raised above the realm of nonentity. In organized existences there is more than can be thought of, a greater richness of determinations, than in mere brute matter; in animals than in plants; in man than in other animals, and amongst men, it is not the shallowest whose thin and unideaed character can be read off at a glance, but he whose rich, subtle, many-sided nature is a study for the wisest, that defies the common observer to pluck out the heart of its mystery. And so the true greatness of the Absolute, or the Absolute that is greatest, must be so, not because it lies behind all thought, but because it has in it more that can be thought about, more and deeper depths in which thought can lose itself, than man or all other finite being, whose incomprehensibility lies in this, not that it has nothing in it that can become an object of thought, but that thought may contemplate it for ever without exhausting it.

4. Lastly, and as a consideration more within our province here, let me add that the real attraction of this notion of an unknowable God, to those eminent thinkers to whom it represents the highest object of veneration, seems to lie in this, that they tacitly substitute for the unknowable the *unexplored*, the realm of the unexplored secrets of the universe. The grandeur that surrounds the thought of the absolute, the reality behind all appearances, arises from this, not that it is something utterly inconceivable and unthinkable, but that it is conceived and thought of as the region of knowledge yet unmastered and in which are contained the untold explanations of all things. It is this view alone which explains how men whose whole life is a life of thought, whose supe-

riority to other men lies in this, that they think more and to better purpose than others, should yet venerate that from which thought is excluded, and maintain that the worship of this blank inscrutability is the highest and purest form of religion, or, in the words of the eminent writer to whom I have referred, "that a sincere recognition of the truth that our own and all other existence is a mystery absolutely and for ever beyond our comprehension, contains more of true religion than all the dogmatic theology ever written."

Mystery indeed there must be in religion. To suppose the contrary would be to make the finite the measure of the infinite, to bring perfection to the bar of impotence and error. To reject as incredible all that is mysterious or obscure to human intelligence, to receive nothing as true concerning God and divine things which cannot be verified by processes of reasoning, would be indeed a most irrational use of reason. It would be the attempt to measure the waters in the hollow of an infant's hand, to weigh the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance. A God completely understood would be no God at all. But a religion all mystery is a notion still more absurd and impossible than a religion with none. To try really to believe in a religion made up of nothing but mystery is to attempt to see in the dark, to lean on empty space, to sustain life in a vacuum. In the mysterious and inscrutable, again, there is much to call forth those emotions of awe and veneration, and humility and self-abasement, which enter so deeply into the essence of religion. But if these emotions are to have anything higher in them than the fetish-worshipper's crawling dread of the supernatural, it must be because their object is known for something more than a mere portentous enigma. Humility and reverence are awakened, indeed, in the presence of the unknown; but it is not because I know and can know nothing about it, but because I do know that it contains more of those qualities that are admirable to me than I can grasp, because it is immeasurably above me in my own line. There are probably in this church to-day men into whose presence one could not come without a feeling of deepest humility and silent respectful admiration. And this too would be a reverence for the unknown. But it would not be for an unknown that it is a mere blank inscrutability, but one of which I know this much, that I am in the presence of mind essentially the same

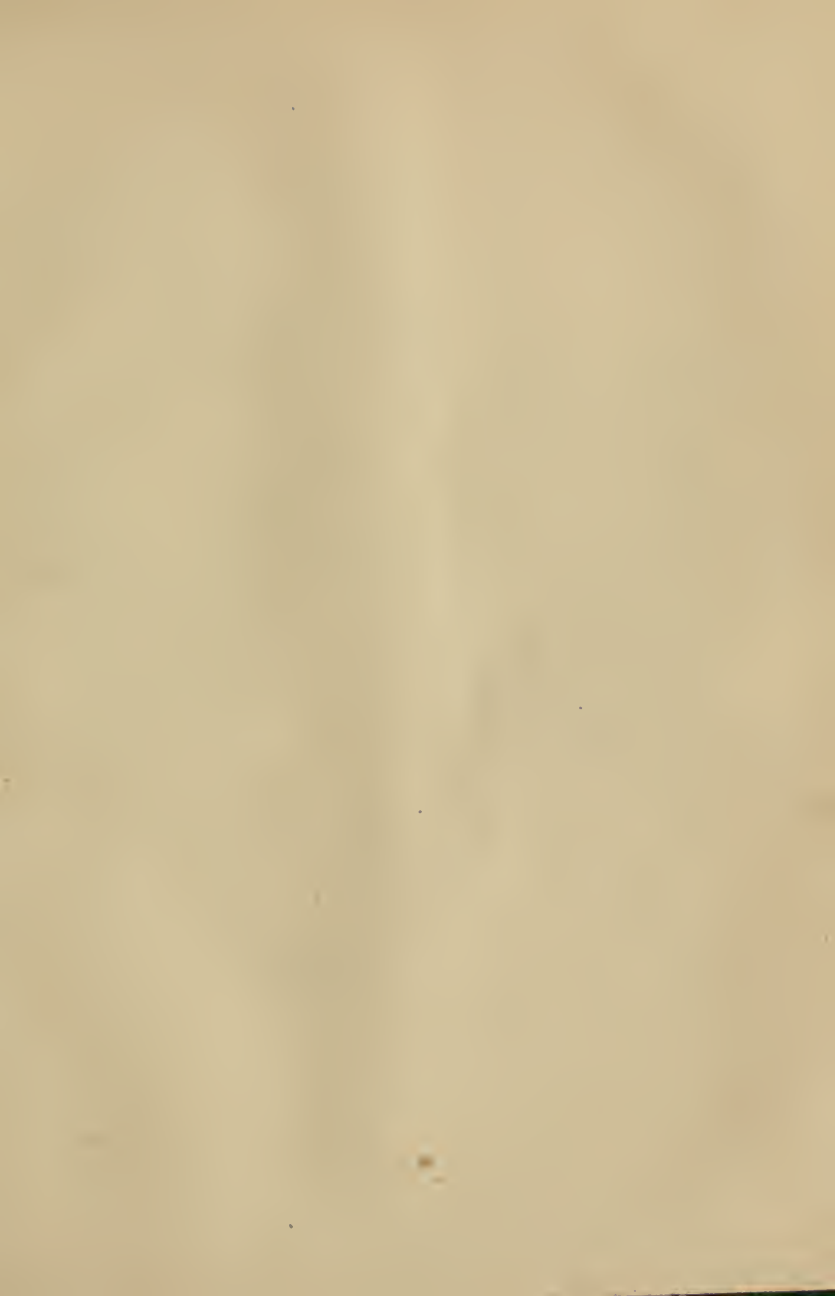
with my own, though far transcending mine in its reach of thought; and the wholesome humility that possesses me arises from the fact that I know and can appreciate the thing they are, and that they are possessed of more of it, that they have explored regions of thought and attained to a range of comprehensive knowledge which dwarfs one's own petty attainments. Far removed is this, however, from the dumb awe of ignorance. It is rational reverence, reverence for intelligence, reverence for thought, reverence for which I can give a reason, and therefore reverence which, unlike the savage's base and craven awe of the supernatural, it is good and wholesome for me to feel.

And so, if my veneration for the great source and origin of all is to be a wholesome reverence, it must be for an unknown who is yet well known, not the nameless dread with which I shrink before an abyss of darkness, but the ennobling reverence I feel for a Being who, after filling to the full all my capacities of knowledge, leaves me with the sense that in Him there is an infinitude of truth, and goodness, and beauty, which I have not explored. If this God be dark to me, it is because He is dark with excess of brightness; if I know Him not, it is not because I have no sense of his glory, but because it dazzles me with its intolerable splendours. Why should I worship an unknown and unknowable God? What claim has such an object on my devotion? Tell me that behind this fair and ordered world, in the study of whose phenomena and laws I find the noblest exercise of thought, there is a dark inscrutable background, and that this is the Absolute before whose Altar I am to bow in mute reverence and submission, and I answer, No! I cannot. How can I revere that of which I can neither affirm nor deny anything, and which it is just as allowable to call foolish as wise, malignant as good, diabolical as divine? How can I submit to that of which I cannot tell whether it is good or evil, whether the proper attitude, if I could know it, might not be resistance and abhorrence? At best before such a phantom the fitting emotions would be blind wonder, superstitious awe, doubt, insecurity, a shrinking incertitude rising into absolute dismay as the inevitable hour draws near when I shall fall into the hands of the Unknown God.

On the other hand, bid me think of a Being whom all nature and life and thought reveal, whose presence is reflected in all order and beauty, in all thinking things, all objects of all thought, and, best and highest

of all, in the nature which He has made in his own image; tell me that wherever in man's experience there is anything good or fair, in all bright and tender and beautiful things, in the guilelessness of childhood, and the strength of manhood and serene wisdom of age, in all love and truth and magnanimity and self-sacrifice, in the great deeds of history at the recountal of which our hearts thrill with involuntary admiration, in the sweet charities that bind us to the living, in the hallowed recollections that gather round the thought of the dead—in all these we may discern the expression of that infinite Good and Fair which underlies all things. Above all, bring before me the thought of one who in a long past age lived in this world of ours, and who has been ever since and will continue for ever to be the world's ideal of perfect goodness—one whose life gave reality to all that men in their highest moments of inspiration, in their most rapt dreams and imaginations, had conceived of what is surpassingly fair and good; whose character concentrates in a form of perfect harmony all the scattered and contrasted elements of moral greatness, all that awes us by its sublimity, tempered with all that wins us by its sweetness; a Being who has drawn forth age after age the love and veneration and self-devotion of countless human hearts and breathed a new elevation into the moral history of our race;—bring the thought of this transcendent goodness before me as that which I am permitted to recognise as the revelation of the inmost nature and being of God, and say if there is not here a conception of Deity of which we can at least aver that it is more salutary for us to believe in than the Absolute inscrutability for which we are called to renounce it. Instead of ignorant wonder, it calls forth intelligent worship; instead of blind submission, trust and sympathy and love. Instead of arresting the noble ardour of thought by the announcement that the highest reality is inaccessible, it lends to thought fresh and ever-new impulse by the assurance that the whole realm of truth is open to us, and that it will be life eternal to know God. If all this be a mere anthropomorphic illusion, surely it is one by which it is good to be deceived. If it be all a dream, would it not be well for humanity to dream on for ever? And may not they who believe in its reality be bold to say to the worshippers of the unknowable, "Ye worship ye know not what; we *know* what we worship?"

JOHN CAIRD.





“NOVANTIA.”

NOVANTIA :

INCLUDING THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF DAVID GROATS, GATEKEEPER.

CHAPTER XXXI.



HORTLY
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tween her and Mr. Richard Argall. This intimation, though in point of fact due to that zeal for news of Mr. Argall, M.P., and his family, which for many years had consumed the press of Great Britain, displeased and disconcerted that eminent man, and was suspected by him to be the work of an enemy. He denied, as he was able to do conscientiously, that there was any foundation for such a rumour. But in this laudable effort on the side of truth he was not seconded as well as he might have expected to be by his son, who was the more bent on marrying Miss Hope the greater the difficulties in his way, and who, with a certain querulous and contentious obstinacy, which belonged to his feeble mind, took pleasure in making his purpose known.

Mr. Argall was thus suffering the penalty of social pre-eminence such as his, when Mr. Compt's reply to his casual inquiries respecting the Francis family reached him in London. He had made those inquiries very casually indeed. He liked, when he was in the country, just to show people whose lives were mostly passed within narrow parochial or county bounds, how wide a great city-merchant's ken is. It surprised and delighted such people to have glimpses of a business which gloried about itself, as it

were, Australia, India, Japan, America. With hardly any more definite or more exciting views than these Mr. Argall had asked his Melbourne correspondent to tell him whether he knew anything of the Francis family. Mr. Compt's reply, however, took away his breath. He had known for some time that his son's matrimonial failure, with all the awkwardness and discredit to the family connected with it, was due to the Rev. Henry Francis, and here was news relating to that gentleman which might serve (since Richard was obstinate in his purpose) to give another turn to affairs, and, at any rate, was a curious revenge executed by time upon one against whom it was impossible not to bear a heavy grudge—just grudge as well as heavy, considering what impertinence it was for a man in the position of a country clergyman (not to say of peculiar antecedents) to aspire to the hand of a young lady of county dignity. Mr. Argall's hand trembled as he read a second and a third time that part of Mr. Compt's letter which did not relate to business. Mr. Compt expressed himself with caution; but he did say that the Francis family had been unfortunate, most unfortunate, and, what was more, lay under the imputation—true or false he could not tell—of having come from Tasmania, an ugly imputation enough, as Mr. Argall would understand. "Whew!" whistled Mr. Argall, after satisfying himself that this was the gist of his correspondent's news, "who could have supposed it?" He rose from his chair, took a turn or two in his room, and smiled and nodded as if repeating pleasant news and emphasizing it to himself.

Almost simultaneously with this reception of Australian intelligence at Mr. Argall's office in London, and long before any communication could have reached any one from Mr. Francis himself, Illtafend was convulsed with rumours respecting the absent minister. No one knew precisely how or where these rumours originated. But this did not restrict their circulation or their credit. They blossomed anonymously all over the parish and scented the air like a crop of spring flowers sown by no human hand. Rachel Carvie had to redouble her diligence to supply the demand for information which they occasioned. She had to explain what was obscure, reconcile what was contradictory, eke out what was

imperfect, contradict what was mistaken. She needed the approval of her zeal and faithfulness which she occasionally received from Mrs. Slipper and Mrs. Corrypeel, and other friends, to sustain her in her duties. Thus sustained, however, she accomplished wonders. She availed herself of friendly carts and waggons to extend her journeys; she rose early and went to bed late, so as to overtake neglected districts. At first she had much to do in the way of reconciling contradictions. No two stories altogether agreed; some gave the lie direct to others; but in due course harmony was restored among them or evolved from them, and what Rachel had then to do, and what she did with cheerful alacrity, was to vouch for the absolute truth of the latest and best version, viz., that the minister's family were bankrupt—as might have been expected from some of them having been sent to Botany Bay; and that the parish was vacant.

Mr. Argall, at the suggestion of Mr. Nuckle (seeing that Lady Best was averse to entering on any correspondence with her relatives at Laignlea, on account of the way in which Hetty had behaved at Tintrae), had had a hint of the news in his possession communicated by his wife to her correspondent, Mrs. Corrypeel, so that the Hopes might just hear some rumours, and be induced to make inquiries concerning their absent friends. But in adopting this suggestion of Mr. Nuckle, Mr. Argall had been careful to avoid exposing himself to any charge of slander. The story now told in the parish was not his, except in so far as the seed was his out of which it had grown. He had not, in fact, reflected upon the reverberating and reduplicating character of rural gossip. Still less had he considered how, by a process of natural selection and survival of the fittest, applicable to growths of mind as well as of the soil, there is developed in time from absurd and contradictory rumours a story which, whether true or false, at any rate lacks neither coherence nor verisimilitude. Thus it was, however, that Mr. Argall gave more and also more correct information to Illtasend parish than he intended—the process of natural selection in this case being facilitated by the fact that Botany Bay—rich in suggestions of crime—was in Braidarden the best-known part of the Australian world.

Hetty was among the last to hear anything of the news which convulsed the parish. She half suspected that something uncommon was passing in those confidences between her mother and Beatrice, from which

she could not help seeing she was excluded; but she dared not ask what it was, or whether it was anything. What had been a half-formed suspicion before her visit to Tintrae was now grown to be painful certainty. She was no longer in sympathy with her kindred, nor they with her. There was before her a time of unendurable suspense, from which it was impossible to withdraw her thoughts. Yet of this she could give no sign, especially to those she loved best. How sad to feel that one supreme affection had ruptured and dislocated all friendships! Was there not something to be said for poor Charlotte and her pitiful way of looking at things, odious as it seemed to be, and no doubt was? She was always thinking of the family dignity. If she had only looked instead to the family love, would she have been so far wrong?

The paragraph in the *Evening Argus*, announcing her betrothal, helped to strengthen in Hetty's mind her sense of alienation from her kindred. For weeks congratulations poured in from every quarter. Friends of the family who had not been heard of for years hastened to declare their existence and their happiness. Hetty suffered terribly from these congratulations—above all, because she could not help seeing how well they were received by her mother and Beatrice. Mrs. Hope, though she had her anxieties about her daughter's feelings, could not altogether refrain from exhibiting her own. Among those whose letters were received from day to day, she distinguished this person for his sense, and that for his high principle, and a third for his enormous influence, not intending to say, but saying, "If this had not been a very good match, we should not have had congratulations upon it from that quarter." With reference to some other friends, too, she suggested that when they wrote with so much warmth, being good people, they were no doubt thinking that the wife of a man whose wealth was something enormous (or would be so) would have large means of doing good, which was quite true; and that was a consideration certainly, for, as for doing good without means, it was not satisfactory. All this was a grievous affliction to Hetty. She could have borne her congratulations, if only others had not been too much delighted by them. As it was, the effect of them was to deepen her sense of loneliness even at home.

"Other people," she said, talking to herself in a passionate, almost tearful mood—"other people are rich, I hope, as well as these

Argalls, since it is so great a thing to have a lot of money, and since, if you have money, no one will ask how you got it."

In this allusion to Mr. George Argall, M.P., Hetty was drawing on recollections of her conversations with old David Groats. To David the "rich man in the parable and Mr. Argall, M.P.," were a pair of types to which, in his peculiar style of argumentation, it was often convenient to refer, and to justify his use of them he was driven once, by some remarks and questions of Miss Hope, to admit knowing something of the early history of the lord of Tintrae. Mr. Argall was a self-made man, and spoke of himself as such with becoming modesty and humility, but also with evident respect and even a touch of admiration. David knew that he was self-made, and could tell the moment, or at least the circumstances, of the creation. John Jackson, printer, David's friend, had an agency in Nickle Jarvieston, of which George Argall, after having been an apprentice to the trade and then a kind of clerk, was sent to take charge. That agency did not pay, and Jackson wrote to Argall that he had a mind to give it up, and was so promptly taken at his word that when he again referred to the subject he was told the premises and the business together had been sold on advantageous terms (the agent himself being the generous donor of those terms); and in less than ten years, while John Jackson was bankrupt, his former apprentice was the biggest man in the trade in Europe. Such was David Groats's account of the genesis of one of the most eminent of self-made men; and to this in her perplexed and painful meditations Hetty had somehow recurred. If it helped to justify her contempt of mere wealth, it deepened also her sense of estrangement from those to whom wealth seemed to be better than character or gifts.

"It is odd," she said, with a touch of bitterness strangely foreign to her nature—"it is odd that brains are so scarce, and yet not much valued, or not at all."

For some time after her return from Tintrae Hetty was remiss in the matter of her duty to the poor—that duty the standard of which she had set up for their minds by her own conduct. Without suspecting, however, that there were complaints against her on this score, she had resumed of late her old rounds in the parish, intent perhaps as much upon killing time as doing good. Rachel Carvie (to whom the poor, not duly rewarded for their piety by half-crowns, had

confided their wrongs) noticed the change, and had her own construction to put upon it, which was that Leddy Hetty had left off visiting because she had taken offence on the day of Mary Reid's funeral at what was said on the road about the minister, and that she had begun to visit again because she had heard no doubt stories now current about him, and believing them, as other people did, had forgiven and forgotten the funeral day and what was said then. Rachel, consequently, instead of avoiding Leddy Hetty, as she had done for some time, threw herself in her way, intending first to refer to the project on foot for raising her salary, and then to bring on the minister and his affairs.

Hetty's distress was keen on seeing her old acquaintance, for she hated herself for not loving any one, and she felt that time had not abated her detestation of this cringing creature, who was coming to meet her.

"Alas!" she said to herself, as Rachel, with her eyes bent on the ground, drew near, "I cannot enjoy the sunshine myself. Yet why should I grudge this woman her share of it, or think her a blot in it?"

Rachel was eloquent on the subject of her parochial labours. She ran over glibly the names of a dozen distant farms, which she had probably once visited, but of which it seemed as if she had to make a daily round. She had a wonderful deal to do, for of course, though the minister was a clever man, "supple on his legs," and some people said he was a fine preacher, the fact was he was absent, and the whole burden of the work of the parish rested on those who remained.

Hetty smiled a sickly smile to think of Henry Francis's work being done by a deputy in dingy black bonnet and shawl; and Rachel perceiving from this smile that her ledlyship was pleased, proceeded to hint at the business of the salary.

"The labourer is worth his hire, my ledly; the minister himsel' tell't us that, and forbye that it's in the Bible; and Mrs. Corrypeel and Mrs. Slipper, and twa three mair, are sayin' the same the noo—about me they're sayin't, yer ledlyship; for they're speakin' about gicin' me may be five pounds mair in the half-year, or the like o' that. No that I am asking for mair wages, ye'll ken that as well as onybody, my ledly, for ye've kent me noo a guid while, and it's no for filthy lucre ategither I'm missionarin' in the parish; but when the leddies themsels began about it, I could na jist tell them no to gang on wi't."

"Of course not," said Hetty abstractedly. "That was not your part."

"It wud be naething," continued Rachel, "if I had jist the tracts tae carry, for they're licht at ony rate, and folk tak them fast enough, for naething, ye ken; but it's the Bibles is aye the heavy end o' the pack, and it's no many o' them I get aff my hands, for they've to pay for them, and sae I'm near as heavy comin' hame as I am gaun oot."

"You have a good deal of work," said Hetty, with difficulty, in spite of her contempt, refraining from laughter; "you ought to be paid for your work, certainly" ("by those," she added privately, "who think it is worth paying for"). "I am sure the minister, if he were at home, would see to that. Would it not be as well for you and your friends to wait for him?"

"Him!" said Rachel, to whom no greater shock could have been given than the slightest hint of contingency or delay in the matter of her increase of salary; "him! we'll hae tae wait long, I'm thinkin', if we've tae wait for him."

"He will be back soon," said Hetty, biting her lip to repress excitement.

"Nae fear o' him," said Rachel, "or there's few folk in this parish 'll no be far cheated."

"How is that?" asked Hetty, almost fainting where she stood, but affecting to be on the point of starting on her road.

"Ye've maybe no heard it, but it's a' ower true, I doot that, though I dinna wish onybody ony ill."

"Nothing has happened to him?" gasped Hetty. "He is not dead?—tell me the truth."

"'Deed, no, he's no deed."

"What is the matter with him?—why do you say he will not come back?—how have you heard it?—what is it?"

"I'm thinkin' there's naebody in the parish doesna ken about it as well as me, but when yer leddyship has na heard it afore, it's maybe no for me tae be the first to tell't."

"Has he been shipwrecked, or is he ill?"

Rachel was cowed by the light in Hetty's eyes, and the forward-bending pose of her figure. She glanced helplessly round her, and feeling that there was no escape, she said—

"He's lost his money, him and his folk thegither, and some o' them—no him, but his father—was sent oot tae Botany Bay lang syne. That's what's gaun in the parish, and everybody has't noo, and it's ower true, I doot."

Hetty did not go her intended rounds that

day, or for many days. When, instead of going to her room, she walked into the library at Laighlea, pale and silent and weary, and sat down near the fire, her mother knew from a single glance at her what had happened.

"Who can have sent abroad such reports?" she asked.

"You have got them, I see," said Mrs. Hope, averting her face to hide the guilty expression of which she was conscious.

"Who could be wicked enough to do it?"

"We have some idea, Beatrice and I."

"Any one here?"

"No; you had better not ask just now, Hetty. You don't believe them, of course?"

Hetty replied by turning her face to the wall to hide the tears which had started to her eyes.

"It is better, perhaps," said Mrs. Hope, with tears in her own eyes, "that you should know, dear, all that we know. I wrote to Charlotte, and asked her if she knew anything of horrid stories going here. She answered that she had heard them, but thought it was better to wait for further information. So that is what we must do, dear; we must just wait with patience, you know—wait for further information."

"With patience!" Mrs. Hope repeated, with fond and anxious looks, while Hetty still sat motionless, with her face turned to the wall.

CHAPTER XXXII.

IT was from Mr. James Ogg that Mrs. Hope and her younger daughter got their earliest information as to these rumours. To the dominie, whose acquaintance Beatrice now cultivated more than ever, the whole story was a splendid jest—splendid, considering the sensation which it was beginning to create.

"You see, Miss Beatrice," said Mr. Ogg, "how one of our Braidarden peasants trails his feet after him when he goes, as if they belonged to the parish and not to himself; a tortoise in Spitzbergen could not be more torpid, and everything about him corresponds to his gait. His intellect is as slow as his heels."

"Come, now, Mr. Ogg, you are too hard upon Hodge's intellect, if he has any," said Beatrice.

"Not at all hard, Miss Beatrice. I am speaking of him under ordinary circumstances. But see him under circumstances that are extraordinary. Tell him an 'ower true' story, either of impossible misfortune or incredible wickedness, and you put life

into him from head to heel—you make a man, a philosopher, a poet of him—to go and tell what he has heard.”

“They do love gossip, I know, almost as much as ourselves,” replied Beatrice, smiling; “but where have they got this story of yours from?”

“It has grown, miss,” said the dominie, preparing his mouth to whistle and his eyebrows to be highly exalted in admiration of his own ingenuity. “It is a popular legend, Miss Beatrice, a myth, a saga, and these things grow. They have a wonderful growth—an inch soon becomes an ell.”

“But the ell is quite a mile this time,” said Beatrice; “and yet people believe it, you say. Now, Mr. Ogg, I’m sure they don’t.”

“Believe it,” said Mr. Ogg, energetically tugging at the mane of Beatrice’s pony, “like the very gospel. They would almost believe the gospel itself if it were as new as this. Why, Miss Beatrice, you must have observed, I am sure, that they believe everything they hear till you show them that it is impossible or monstrous, and after that they shake their heads, and believe it more than ever, because they are sure you must have some pecuniary interest in contradicting them, and would be sure to tell them lies.”

“They don’t really believe Botany Bay, do they?”

“Botany Bay is just what they do believe; that bay is to their imagination more charming than it is to the eye of the beholder. It is the cream of the story for them. Something that implies sin and misery is an unmistakable touch of human nature to them, and vouches for itself, as orthodox and historical, and besides being true, therefore, is pleasant.”

“At all events, this will be news at home,” Beatrice inwardly reflected.

“And the parish is going to be vacant?” she said. “That is the report, too, is it? How very absurd, to be sure!”

“Oh, yes,” replied Mr. Ogg. “Lord Layton has sent the minister notice that he is cashiered, and need not come back; and as his lordship was sorry he did not present Mr. David Garsegreen last time, he is going to do so now to please the people, for he wants to be popular at the next election.”

“So the people would be pleased if Lord Layton would only rid them of Mr. Francis?”

“No: but they are delighted to have a revolution in the parish, because it is something to talk about. They would like London, Edinburgh, and Nickle Jarvieston to be

burned down week about, in order to have a bit of a sensation to warm the inside of their pates, and, like ginger, be hot i’ the mouth too.”

Mrs. Hope, when this conversation was repeated to her, agreed with Mr. Ogg in his opinion. These rumours were too ridiculous. She exerted herself at short intervals to be as much amused by them as Mr. Ogg was reported to be. But besides being amused, she was so much disturbed as to show that their effect upon her was not exactly the same as that which they produced upon the dominie. They came thick when once they began to come. That was one thing rather strange. Surely different sets of people were not going to combine to invent such things out of nothing at all? Might there not be just a single grain of truth in them, like what there was in most stories? There always was something strange, at least so many people thought, about the Francises. Might not a little bit of this now reported, something at the bottom of this, be just what it was that was strange?

Two ladies of her acquaintance were, so to speak, on their way for a week or two to relieve Mrs. Hope’s mind, thus a little burdened as well as diverted. Mrs. Corrypeel and Mrs. Slipper, for that period—ever since the latest parochial excitement began—had resolved to pay her a visit. They had an errand which would serve as an excuse for a forenoon call, viz., the proposed increase of the Bible-woman’s salary. Setting out on this errand in Mrs. Corrypeel’s coach, an ancient and capacious vehicle, they were friendly and happy. Neither was much addicted to the vanity of dress, but each wore a new bonnet, or an old one freshly trimmed, and looked a picture of that virtue one of the rewards of which is to be always blooming and irresistible.

Mrs. Hope was soon satisfied, and readily fell in with the views of her visitors, in regard to Rachel Carvie’s parochial labours, and the reward which ought to accompany them, besides that which Mrs. Corrypeel was sure Rachel enjoyed, viz., the sense of doing great good. For different reasons, none of the three ladies liked to break off from this subject (even when it was fairly exhausted) and begin another. None of the three liked to take the lead in what was to come, and there was an awkward pause, during which Mrs. Slipper shifted her spectacles backwards and forwards on her nose in some uncertainty. Mrs. Corrypeel, however, felt that the opportunity was precious, and that

her friend and she had not come out for nothing, but were there on a particular errand, which must be fulfilled.

"You have had no word from the minister since he went away," she observed. "He left us very abruptly, but I suppose he could not help that."

"It is not time yet to hear from him," said Mrs. Hope.

"You have heard, I dare say, the reports that are going about him and the family," said Mrs. Corrypeel, exchanging her blandest smile for an expression of tragical distress. "Sad, are they not?" she asked, turning to her friend, "when a minister of the gospel is the person they refer to."

"Ministers are but men," sighed Mrs. Slipper, inclining her head away in token of her desire to check the flow of her friend's confidences towards her. "That is a common saying, but we often see how true it is."

"We have heard some of these reports," said Mrs. Hope, glancing from Mrs. Corrypeel to Mrs. Slipper, and feeling that they understood each other better than she comprehended either of them. "They are too absurd, though. Do you know they are quite amusing when one thinks of them?"

Mrs. Corrypeel and Mrs. Slipper sighed together, and suppressed a groan, as sorry to be unable to perceive the amusement.

"Besides, as my daughters say," Mrs. Hope went on, turning with nervous quickness from one of her visitors to the other, "it is impossible, in the first place, for Mr. Francis to have written to anybody yet; and, in the second place, it is a fact that he has written to nobody. That settles the matter, don't you know, to my mind. At least I think we ought to be satisfied with that; for it is only from himself, or some one connected with him, that any news could have come, and we, at any rate, have not had a scrap from him—could not have had, in fact, unless, as Beatrice says, an albatross had brought it to Loch Dredgey."

Mrs. Corrypeel looked at Mrs. Slipper, and Mrs. Slipper returned the look. They were in a difficulty. They were aware that there were other agencies than an albatross mail by which news could have been received, but the question was whether it was wise to show their knowledge, or rather how they were to avoid showing it. Mrs. Slipper rather distrusted her friend's discretion, at any rate had more confidence in her own, and took upon herself the duty of tackling the difficulty.

"There are strange and mysterious ways,"

she said with unction, "which Providence has of bringing secret things to light."

"That is true," said Mrs. Hope, who could not dispute what she believed to be a scriptural truth; "but it is very strange, is it not? that here are these reports, and yet nobody, as Beatrice says, can tell who brought them."

"The ways of Providence are strange and mysterious," said Mrs. Slipper, maintaining the old position of scriptural vantage.

"My friend and I," said Mrs. Corrypeel, anxious to push on the argument a stage, and not understanding Mrs. Slipper's pursed mouth and deprecating nod—"my friend and I, as we came along in the carriage, were talking about the man who was struck down on the spot, without a moment's warning, for putting out his hand to stay the ark: that was a terrible judgment. Our ark is the word. My friend and I were just saying that coming along, were we not?"

Mrs. Hope looked from one of her visitors to the other, puzzled by their Scripture as well as their manner, and grieved besides being puzzled.

"My dear," said Mrs. Slipper, looking at Mrs. Hope and addressing herself to her friend, "I would not say that has anything to do with what we are talking about, except perhaps that it is true there were people who thought there was a little meddling with the ark in our young friend's sermons sometimes, and these people might think of this now, if anything has happened to him. It is not for us, though, to judge," Mrs. Slipper added with a sigh, as if of pity for those who were overtaken by severe judgments.

"No, it is not for us to judge," assented Mrs. Hope, glad to agree where she could with the letter of what was said, feeling that she revolted in a painful manner from the spirit of it.

"Meddling with the ark," said Mrs. Corrypeel, whose zeal for the ark was now warmed and could not be restrained, "is different from everything else. It does so much more harm than anything else; and that is the reason, I suppose, why the man was struck down in a moment, and without any warning whatever."

"One thing is certain," said Mrs. Slipper, helping her friend to let go the ark; "if there is any truth in these reports, you will have a vacancy in the parish again."

"That is certain," said Mrs. Corrypeel, "and I was going to say, I hope my friend—I call him my friend, for he is such an excellent young man—will have a chance this time. A word from you," she added,

addressing herself specially to Mrs. Hope, "would have great effect."

"Mr. Garsegreen, you mean, I suppose?" inquired Mrs. Slipper in a tone of indifference. "He would do very well indeed. It is a great thing to choose a useful minister, and I am sure he would be useful, very useful."

Mrs. Hope had not recovered from the shock of hearing a vacancy in the parish freely spoken of before her visitors rose to depart. As she accompanied them to the door, interrupting some talk on other subjects, she recurred to it with knitted brows. "There will be no vacancy, I hope. It is painful to think of such a thing—too painful." Yet she added, muttering to herself, "I must write to Charlotte at once, and ask if she has heard anything."

Lady Best's reply being what it was, Mrs. Hope could give her daughter no advice but what she did give—to wait patiently for further information. Hetty was resolved to wait patiently, but it was necessary also to wait silently. If anything was wrong she must hear, not what other people thought of it, but how Mr. Francis himself regarded it. As for the loss of money and property, that was nothing, supposing it to be true. In comparison with a tainted name, it was less than nothing—it was a thing to which it was weak and ridiculous to give a thought. How terrible to think of that taint! For who would be shocked and thrown out of course like Henry Francis himself, by anything of the nature of disgrace? That was what made it terrible to entertain for a moment the idea that there was any truth in these rumours; but the comfort was, they were not true. There was nothing to give them the least colour of truth, and there were scores of things to show that they must be monstrous inventions.

Hetty was displeased with her mother and Beatrice, because (though they did not say so) she was sure they were waiting for information as to the truth or falsehood of these wretched calumnies; and she thought they might well have dismissed them from their minds at once. She did not find it easy, however, to dismiss them from her own mind by a single effort. A vein of self-reproach, which mixed itself up with her reflections upon their absurdity, betrayed the hold which they had taken of her, even if it did not assume that they were possibly true, as well as ridiculous.

"What a fool, silly and ridiculous fool, one was," she said to herself, "to talk of birth and all that in the case of one like

him, gifted as he is, and noble as he is! Had I stood upon his genius instead of upon his birth, it would have been different now. Nobody could deny that, or dispute that! But birth and breeding, and such nonsense, why should one ever have thought of these things in reference to him?"

Hetty haunted the breakfast-parlour for weeks, at what the old butler called "unreg'lar hours," waiting for the information which she was painfully certain was superfluous. The letter-bag arrived at Laignlea usually a little before the hour for breakfast, and a little before the arrival of the bag she was sure to glide into the room, and make James Wright unhappy by the sense that the world had begun to move out of its customary course, for, as far as he could remember, Miss Hope, until lately, was always the last to arrive at table. At last the one letter, for the sake of which many had been despised and ill received, arrived; and Mrs. Hope, as she entered the room, could see from Hetty's face that it had come, and contained good news.

"Read it to us, dear," she said, glancing after James Wright, who had just left the room, and in answer to Hetty's admission that a letter had come from Australia. "I see you like the news. I am very glad it has come, and good news in it."

There were sentences at the beginning which Hetty could not read, and which prevented her also from handing over the letter to be read by Beatrice, who stretched her arm across the table for it.

"I can tell you what is in it. Old Mr. Francis is dead."

"Dead?" said Mrs. Hope, putting down her cup of tea and looking from Hetty to her younger daughter with a puzzled and funereal stare. "Dead! you don't say so?"

"And the family have got into great difficulties, and the property appears to be all lost," went on Hetty, looking down upon the letter in her hand, "and—let me see—"

"Difficulties! property all gone, my dear!" said Mrs. Hope, staring again at Beatrice, and nodding in helpless amazement. "Stop! You don't mean to say, my dear, that that is good—"

"Mr. Francis has to wait to see what will become of the property," said Hetty, not looking up, and unconscious of the effect of her intelligence.

"Show me the letter, Hetty," Mrs. Hope said, giving up all idea of breakfast for the present, and placing her elbows on the table to afford a rest for her chin, while she

perused Hetty's face, and considered the situation. "Hetty, dear, I was sure from your face you had got good news. You don't call all this good news?"

Hetty's face fell for a moment. Her conscience smote her as having been guilty of inhumanity, or at any rate, of laying herself open to suspicion on that score.

"No, it is not good news certainly," she stammered out, blushing scarlet; "but we have been looking for it all, have we not? We were sure old Mr. Francis's illness would be serious."

"How very sad they should have lost their means, too!" said Mrs. Hope, helping out her daughter's apology for herself. "I am truly sorry for them. But, to be sure, we were prepared for that, too, by these reports that we have heard."

"This is the foundation for them; this is all the truth in them," said Hetty, again smiling.

"Still it is sad to think of, is it not—the father dead and gone and the property all gone?"

"But what is not true," said Hetty, "is more than what is. That is one dear comfort."

Hetty, with the shadow of death lifted from her heart, looked forward without alarm to what had been a terror to her, the approach of the Braidarden season. She would avoid society, having no need of it or taste for it, but she would not have to shrink from it in horror. She was happier than she had been for a long time, happier perhaps than she ever was before. And some of her happiness found expression for itself in contributing to the happiness of old friends.

It was whispered that Mr. Ogg's roving fancy had at last rested on Maggie Groats, the gatekeeper's daughter, to whom his attentions, during her father's absence, had been more than friendly. Gossip affirmed that the dominie had resolved upon marriage after David Groats had written home from China that he had got his money, but Miss Hope did Mr. Ogg the justice of believing that this was an envious and calumnious report. She was determined at the earliest possible moment to congratulate Maggie on her prospects, and she did so in a way that brought tears into the eyes of the simple and tender-hearted girl.

"You will be very happy, I am sure," she said, holding Maggie's hands in hers. "Mr. Ogg is so clever and so good, he will be the best of husbands, I am certain. Your father will be glad; we shall all be glad."

"We'll have to wait for the minister besides my father," Maggie said, furtively wiping her eyes, and trying to look up in Hetty's face.

"That won't be long—at least I expect not—I hope not, for your sake;" Hetty answered, raising in Maggie's mind, by a long-drawn sigh, a doubt as to whether her own happiness was perfect.

Mrs. Hope felt that it did her good to watch her daughter now and observe the change which had come over her; how happy she was, how much happier she was growing every day; and she was especially pleased to see with what glee and merriment she employed herself in contriving and inventing things to be presented to Maggie Groats and the dominie on their marriage. She worked with needle and pencil to have a lot of small articles to give to the happy pair; and what Maggie would think, and the dominie would say in regard to her work was in the meantime made to supply no end of amusement to her mother and Beatrice and herself.

"I am sure," Mrs. Hope remarked to Beatrice, in one of those private conversations which they had got into the way of having, and had not yet given up—"I am sure this marriage of the schoolmaster is the greatest blessing that has happened to us for a long time. It has quite set Hetty up again, don't you know? When the doctor called yesterday to ask for her, I told him it had done her more good than all the medicine in his dispensary could have done. She does take such an interest in people she likes, and all their affairs. The gatekeeper's daughter is very pretty and very nice, and her father is a good man, though peculiar, and that accounts for Hetty being so much taken up with the marriage and so happy over it. There is nothing very remarkable, however, I should say, about Maggie."

"No," said Beatrice; "but when she is married, if she is not remarkable, she will be Remarkable's better-half. Do you know?" Beatrice continued, bursting with laughter at the recollection, "I stopped at the school-door the first time I heard of the marriage, and when Mr. Ogg came out, I congratulated him on the spot, and you never saw such round eyes and round mouth as he made. It was beautiful to see him—so like a Chinese mandarin on a soup-plate. After going into the schoolroom for his hat, he took hold of my bridle, and I am as sure as ever I was of the length of a long sermon, he went on for half an hour giving me his reasons, first of all for marrying in general, and then

for marrying Maggie in particular, and all the time nearly he was discussing the girl to me as if I had never seen her, but just as if she had dropped from the clouds at the school-door an hour ago, or had just come from New York."

"Queer character, to be sure, but a good man, I think, for all that," said Mrs. Hope smiling.

"What does he do in conclusion," Beatrice went on, "but dive into his pockets and bring out a MS., from which he read me one song and one sonnet in praise of Maggie, the one being, as he said, better poetry than the other, only a little too imaginative. Ha! ha! as if Maggie's charms were poetic in the first place and imaginary in the second."

"Anyhow," Mrs. Hope said laughing, "it is a good thing altogether, this marriage. It has done Hetty good. I never saw such a change as there is in her. It just shows how, if one waits and hopes, things are brought about in a way one could not have fancied. Is Maggie, by-the-bye, as proud and happy as the schoolmaster?"

"I don't know that; perhaps she may be; only if she is, she can't show it as he does. Then you know, mamma, he can be twice as big a fool as she, for he is double her age."

Mrs. Hope laughed heartily, and then sighed deeply.

"Yes, quite true, for we don't always grow wiser as we grow older."

When the Laytons returned to Sunbury, and Mr. Fox with them, Laighlea, to their great surprise, had been empty for a week or two, the Hopes having suddenly shut up the house and gone off to the south of England. Mrs. Hope wrote soon, giving a temporary address, and talking of going abroad with her daughters, but saying no more of the occasion of their hasty departure than that there were reasons for it which it would perhaps be proper to mention at another time, though not now. It was impossible, however, to prevent the occasion from being known or guessed. Hetty had received Mr. Francis's last letter, and knew from himself the truth of the story, on the falsehood of which her happiness, and almost her life, was staked. Her health was seriously hurt by the shock, and her mother at once resolved upon change of scene, and so assured the doctor (accustomed to give advice to the humble and to receive it from the great) that this was the only available remedy, that he prescribed the south of England with confidence only equalled by his earnestness. Hetty herself had no wish to go and none to

stay. Many times a day, before preparations could be made for leaving Laighlea, she sat by the window, in her solitary room, took from her pocket the fatal letter, and once more read it, hoping to find that it had more or less to say than at first.

"To read this is like interrogating the dead," she said, holding it before her face; "it speaks as does the face of the departed, but only of the past, and what one knows already and too well, and will answer no questions, let one call ever so wildly."

Forced always to acknowledge that the past was no dream out of which it was possible to awake, she could but try to see it under some less odious, forbidding aspect than that in which it presented itself at first.

"It is no blame of the children, surely," she said to herself often, and as if passionately arguing with persons of a contrary opinion—"it is no blame of the children if their father was unfortunate—for that is what he was, though in a strange, sad way. They ought not to suffer for that; they could not help it. It was an accident, and not a crime, at the most and at the worst; and whatever it was, it happened before they were born. Why should it affect them? Why should people, who have sins of their own to answer for, shudder at them for having to suffer for the sins, no—the misfortunes, of others?"

But, then, when all this was proved, whatever its effect might have been upon an opponent, it did not convince herself.

"But so it is," she would say, covering her eyes with her hand and muttering to herself aloud—"it is disgrace, intolerable disgrace, to be connected with anything like this, though it were at the distance of the stars, or after a million of years. No, he will never look at it in any other light, whatever other people may do. He will never get over it so as to come back to his old place and old ways. Never."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THOUGH he had done nothing, and resolved on nothing, since he parted with David Groats and his other friends, Mr. Francis yielded with reluctance to the request of his sister and Duke George to come over to Tasmania and give them his advice in a matter of importance. He had still much to do in the way of solitary thought, notwithstanding that it had been his only occupation for months, and even to go and meet Duke George and Bessy was an interruption

and a vexation which he would have been glad to avoid. He was as far as ever from having settled all that it was most important to settle soon—where to live, what to do, how to shape his future course. It was now in his power, if he shrank from following out his career as a minister, to turn to the medical profession, the attractions of which had more than once been felt by him. But he was disenchanting in regard to that profession. The pathology to which he was addicted now was not that of the body, but that of the mind. His sympathies were with mental rather than bodily distress. He looked back now with twinges of regret and shame on his career in the Church; for though he did not yet, perhaps, overrate a clergyman's opportunities, he felt that he had under-estimated them when they were his own. Considering how large a part of human life trouble and grief may be, and commonly are, that calling, he reflected, was not without its use, one part of which was to bring to trouble and grief the help and solace of divine and human sympathy. He shrank as much as ever from the idea of returning to the Church under conditions of seeming humiliation, and actual or possible disability. But his tastes and feelings gave him just so much preference for work which the Church does or professes to do, that only necessity itself could have spurred him to engage in any other. To David Groats, the only person to whom he could freely unbosom himself, he wrote more in earnest than in jest, "If you are really leaving your gate, apply for it for me, for I don't know another post for which I am fit, or to which I have not some morbid aversion." On the practical side of things he had gained little from the lapse of time. And from his correspondence with David it seemed as if this were only one respect, and not the most important, in which his gains had been small.

"It is ridiculous," he wrote, "to combat misery, when it is misery, by argument. Misery, I do believe, has its own mysterious law of periodicity, like epilepsy and the sea. It is, at any rate, beating back the tide with a cripple's crutch to argue with it. At times it ebbs you cannot tell how. But it flows again as it ebbed, and sweeps all before it. There are floods and storms, too, belonging to it, which, if you have done anything to break its ordinary wave, toss sportively what you have done to destruction."

He had still as familiar an acquaintance with sorrow as ever. Yet, as this slight essay in philosophy might have been taken to indicate, he had passed the stage of misery

at which it is the paralysis of intellect, and had reached that at which it fertilizes thought. Time had not really been altogether without result in restoring him to himself. There was solace now as well as sadness in recalling the story of his parents' love and sorrow, and of David Groats's lifelong quest of the loved and lost. It touched his own dark grief with something of poetic light to feel that it was connected with misfortune and sorrow in other lives, to which a sacred beauty had been lent by love and truth. He had even vanquished the past—at least for the time—when David Groats took, to his imagination, the form—the last the old gatekeeper would himself have assumed—of saint and hero, and made misfortune sublime.

"Talk of self-sacrifice, David's was a masterpiece in that kind, for it was the life of the man, and his whole life. Yet it did not affect to be religious; it was unconscious of being grand or sublime; it moved along the lines of natural affection; the pilgrim's progress which it inspired was from home to home. How unlike the saints and heroes of history! yet possibly more saint and more hero than most of the most renowned."

He was disposed to complain of fortune, if not of his friends, should their urgent business turn out to be trifling, and as he proceeded on his way he wondered much what it could possibly be. When he arrived at the end of his journey there was one person at least who was bursting with eagerness to inform him of the occasion of it. So far from its being a matter of delicacy, or one which it required discretion and caution to broach, it was, according to Jeremiah Tippet, an event that could not be too soon known to all the world. His understanding had never been so slow or dull as when its duty was to accept, as an actual fact, the arrival of the Hon. Charles Romain, Lord Layton's son, and to admit the inference that he had followed Miss Bessy all round the world with the view of offering her his hand. It was some days, indeed, after Mr. Romain's arrival before Mr. Tippet could have said with truth that he fairly appreciated the magnitude of the event. That mystic object of so much human idolatry, the British constitution, had suddenly dropped down from the clouds on a lonely spot in Tasmania, and in a shape the most impressive possible—unless the king himself had come—for after king came the lords, and was not the difference between a lord and a lord's son only the difference between a ripe fig

and a green one? Jeremiah forgot all his duties as he was never before known to forget even the most trifling, and was often to be seen in an attitude of deep thought, his hands clasped in front of him and his eyes directed to the ground, and if the excitement of which all this was the sign chanced to abate, it was revived whenever he had the opportunity of recurring to his Blackstone, and of tracing with his fore-finger sentences which ought to have been printed in gold.

"The distinction of rank and honours is necessary in every well-governed state."

"The nobility are the pillars which are reared from among the people to support the throne; and if that falls, they must also be buried under its ruins."

It was some time now since the constitution had descended from heaven, and Jeremiah's astonishment and delight had possibly subsided a little; but still, now that Mr. Henry had come, he was at a loss to conceive why there should be even a moment's delay in confiding to him the glad news. There was no delay, in point of fact, except of a few hours, but hours, to Jeremiah's mood, seemed days or weeks.

Mr. Charles Romain, on his arrival in Melbourne, learning that the Francis family had been broken up, and discovering Bessy's whereabouts, had dragged his companion, Mr. Kerr, over to Tasmania, where the latter was sharp-sighted enough to discover for himself the real reason there was for leaving one colony, without exploring it, in order to go and visit another.

"Veni, vidi," he remarked, as Mr. Romain and he sat and smoked together in the Duke's verandah the night of their arrival.

"I wish we could add the rest," replied Mr. Romain, who had so well sustained, in his own estimation, the part of friend and acquaintance of the young lady and her brother, as to be unprepared for the immediate detection of his real character.

"Don't be rash," Mr. Kerr said, speaking in a low tone of voice so as not to be overheard in the rooms above. "You always are one of those extremely clever, long-headed fellows who make bigger asses of themselves than other people can do. You are not far wrong, to be sure, one way."

"Which way?" whispered Mr. Romain, guessing what was to come, but wishing to hear the words.

"She is your sample, I suppose, of the Australian beauty, of which we have heard something since we started from home. She

is not ugly or deformed, I admit. But I would not be rash, if I were you. Whatever you do, remember, I have to go back home, and face your father and mother."

It was heartless on the part of Mr. Kerr, supposing him to have known the exact effect of his words, to remind his friend of home at the moment. The moment was delicious. To sit there in the charmed, still Australian night, with the scent of flowering shrubs loading the air, with the far-off girdling bush mocking unreality itself by faintness of line and shadow, with strange stars sparkling in alien and more brilliant skies; to sit there, the actual visible world softened into a dream, and feel that in a few hours it would be known whether the sweetest of dreams was to be fulfilled—this, though it had anxiety mixed with it, was as much happiness as Mr. Romain could have conceived. It jarred upon this happiness to be reminded of home and of obstacles to the course of true love, which were recalled by the mention of home. Whatever obstacles there were, however, he was resolved that they should yield to him, and not he to them. He was tempted to pour into the ear of his friend, what was the latest phase of his passion, and the innermost secret of his heart—that he had never loved Bessy till now, as she ought to have been loved; never seen till now how perfect was her beauty, both of mind and person, and it was only a faint smile which he observed at the moment on Mr. Kerr's face (a smile, as if in memory of a departed jest) that deterred him from yielding to this temptation.

Before Bessy came downstairs at her usual time in the morning to look after arrangements for breakfast, Mr. Romain had been loitering for an hour in front of the house, expecting her to make her appearance, and in the hope of having some talk with her before other people were astir. Seeing a swift little man, however, whom he took to be clerk or overseer, cross and recross his path, and look at him out of the corners of his eyes as if divining his purpose, he sauntered into the breakfast-parlour, and stood at the window looking out on the brilliant morning of one of the fairest spots of the loveliest of islands. As he thus stood and listened for sounds within, rather than admiring the prospect without, there was a faint click overhead, as of a door quietly opened or shut. Then on the stairs, and coming nearer, there was the rustle of a trailing skirt.

Bessy drew herself up with a start on enter-

ing the room and finding it occupied as it was. She had slept ill, and thinking of many things, of which the question as to how the coming day was to pass was one, she had somehow anticipated just this meeting in the morning, and was as one who dreamed on finding it a fact. Great as was her confusion, however, it was not equal to Mr. Romain's, for she had but to wait for what was to be said, whereas he was bound to say what his throbbing heart would not permit him to say, while to be silent was to be ridiculous, and to start talk on some ordinary topic in the extraordinary circumstances was impossible.

"Family portraits, I suppose," he said, after blushing a "good morning," which was indistinctly said.

Just as she came into the room, he had snatched up a small morocco case, and opened it, and was now deep in the study of the two faces contained in it.

"Yes," replied Bessy, glad to gain breath as well as give information; "both are portraits, you see, of one person."

"I did not observe that, I declare," he said, and by way of accounting for the fact, supposed they had been "taken at different times."

"Not at all," said Bessy, "they were taken at the same time, I believe, and by the same artist. The friend who presented them to me has several faces."

A pang of jealousy shot through Mr. Romain's bosom at the mention of a friend, one from whom medallion-portraits of himself were accepted, and again he applied himself to the study of the duplicate face, without remarking that if it was that of a rival, he was one who laboured under the disadvantages of years and plainness, and also without reflecting that it was more like a crazy egotist than a love-sick swain to present a pair of his faces in one case.

"You have not made his acquaintance yet," said Bessy, not surmising why he found Jeremiah's two faces so interesting.

"No; who is he?"

"Jeremiah Tippett, our overseer, a very old friend."

"Oh, indeed," said Mr. Romain, with a deep sigh.

"This face," continued Bessy, with something of the old chuckle in her voice, which Mr. Romain so well remembered—"this face, with the tragical expression, Jeremiah himself prefers. But I think this studious countenance the best—it is quite tragical enough, don't you think, for every day of the week?"

"I should much like to know Jeremiah," said Mr. Romain, relieved from a panic, such as is only known to pairs of the human race, and not to crowds.

"Only," he added, turning to her, and speaking with an emphatic slowness, "I must make his acquaintance to-day, or, at the farthest, to-morrow, if at all."

"You do not dream of going to-day or to-morrow either?" said Bessy. "My uncle would be shocked, not to say grieved. He expects you to stay and see the country."

"He is very kind—most kind and hospitable. But we must go, my friend and I, and get to the end of our journey."

This was truth, but, like much other truth, it was a lie too, and was no sooner uttered than he was ashamed of it. He laid down the portraits of Jeremiah, which he had continued to peruse, and as Bessy, seeing some movement on his part, was turning away to keep due distance, took her hand in his, and lifted it to his lips.

"I cannot be in suspense any longer. You must end it now one way or another."

Bessy waited a moment to hear what suspense was meant, confessing by her quickened breathing and her scarlet blushes that explanation was really as superfluous as her lover seemed to think it.

"Suspense?" she faltered out, trying to withdraw her hand, and beginning to give her attention anew, and more keenly than ever, to the things on the table.

"Yes, suspense—nothing but suspense since that afternoon—you remember it, do you not—by the side of Loch Novantia?"

Then, while she still devoted her whole soul to the arrangement of the cups and saucers and plates and cutlery before her, he told the story of his voyage—the story of every voyage—how he had thought of seeing the world in his travels, but since that afternoon, and in all his wanderings, had thought only of seeing her, and how he must know now, before a moment could speed, whether he had come so far, and suffered so much distress, to be happy or miserable.

Bessy turned to him when he stopped, and allowing him to take both her hands in his, looked at him from under her long eye-lashes with the saddest, forlornest, most despairing of looks in her dark eyes. With all her thinking, she had not imagined how hard it was to say no, when the heart said yes, as it did now. Her whole life had been that of home. She had convinced herself that her elevation to his rank meant humiliation for both—within that sphere of home

in which it would be most intolerable—and this humiliation was one thing she was resolved not to brook for herself, or be concerned in subjecting him to.

"You will be mine, say you will," he pleaded, impatient to get some answer, and alarmed by her look as to the answer which might come.

"I would have told you not to come," she said at last, "if I had thought, if I had been sure, you meant to do so. I am sorry you have come."

In answer to the whole eloquence of passion as far as Mr. Romain knew it, or could command it for the occasion, this was the sum of what Bessy had to say. She was sorry, unutterably sorry he had come. She hinted at blame mysteriously due to herself, in that he had not been prevented from coming. But the reason for all this regret was less apparent than its sincerity. It was impossible to look into those dark eyes of hers and doubt whether she was sincere. But her arguments, for one so much in earnest, were lame and weak. Those difficulties as to disparity of rank and what not at which she seemed to hint, were at any rate not so grave but that, if there was love on both sides, they could be easily got over. Bessy's lover did not fail to urge all this, and it was not well answered on her part. The only answer, indeed—conclusive answer—to be given to the contention that no difficulties existed if there was love, was to say that love existed, and yet there were difficulties. But Bessy, honest as she was, was still a woman, and could not make this confession to a rejected lover. And thus, as she fled from the room on hearing footsteps on the stairs, Mr. Romain was left in a condition not of absolute despair, but of torment between doubt and dread.

In this state he could do nothing but fall back upon the help of Mr. Jamieson, whom he had already taken into his counsel and found to be a friend after his own heart. Duke George was wild with excitement to learn that his niece and her wonderful fortune were at variance. He was ready to extol her virtues and her charms in season and out of season. But he was not bound to agree with all a woman's opinions. To him, the difficulties which appalled her had no existence. She was good enough to be any man's wife. The better the man, therefore, the more reason (provided she liked him) for taking him. These were the Duke's honest opinions, and he enforced them with equal vehemence upon Bessy's lover,

who did not need to be convinced of their truth, and upon Bessy herself, who continued to argue against them or oppose them without argument. And thus, Duke George being on one side and Bessy on the other, it became necessary to refer to her brother for advice, Charles Romain in the meantime going on to visit the Dutch settlements, and possibly China and Japan, with the intention of returning to Tasmania to hear his fate before going home.

Mr. Francis was less astonished than grieved when he was informed of all this. He saw, or feared he saw, that while Bessy was sincere in her resolution to reject her lover, there was danger that his persuasions, powerfully seconded by the Duke's, might in time shake her resolution. He was clear that it was his duty to prevent this. But how? Was he to tell her now that with which he had not had the heart to stagger her before? The thought of having to save her from herself fretted him in a way which he could not altogether hide. The Duke rallied him with his loudest laugh on being so true a Scotchman, notwithstanding his Australian birth, as to weep at a marriage and laugh at a funeral, and Bessy was in trouble herself, but was at a loss to understand it, if Mr. Romain's visit was the cause of so much trouble to her brother as he appeared to be in. As for Jeremiah Tippet, who in the background was well informed of all that was going on, he looked on Mr. Henry with a touch of unwonted concern and pity, thinking that too much book learning had weakened and dulled his brain for practical affairs. A happy thought occurred to Mr. Francis, while he was thus an object of curiosity or of compassion to his friends. He determined to leave a letter for Charles Romain (who was sure at any rate to hear everything as soon as he went home), telling him the whole truth. It was hard to be the executioner of fate in the matter of a love, possibly too like his own.

"Mine," he said to himself, "should not have been the hand to part this pair of lovers—for love him she does—but the pain I give is surely avenged upon me, if only because the irony of fate seems perfect when a man who has felt himself a bit of a coward has to order his sister to die bravely."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

YEARS after Laighlea was broken up, George Fox and Hetty Hope were the fastest and most confidential of friends and allies; so that it was whispered in various

quarters, in and out of Braidarden, that when by waiting upon providence or otherwise he had grown rich enough to support a wife, he meant to marry her. Hetty lived now chiefly with the Layton family, supplying to Lady Layton as no one else could the place of her two daughters, both married. Her mother had died abroad after a short illness, and Beatrice, two years later, had married Mr. Fox's cousin, Major Oaks. She had been therefore almost constantly with the Laytons during their residence in London, and she had gone with them once for a month or two to Cathay, their midland seat, but Sunbury she had avoided. She had not been able to trust herself to come into the midst of scenes only too deeply imprinted on her memory. But of late it seemed useless or impossible to resist Lady Layton's entreaties any longer, and now again, these entreaties having prevailed, she was in sight of Novantia and Laighlea—happy for one thing that her feelings could be, in part at least, confided to one dear friend, or at all events understood by him. That friend was Mr. Fox, whose grey tweed suit still appeared at Sunbury in the autumn as regularly as ripe apples. For years their friendship had been growing more intimate, so that Lady Layton and her friends wondered sometimes how it was that two persons so unlike each other should draw together so closely.

"I hear," said Mr. Fox, "there is a letter from Bessy this morning?"

"More than one," replied Hetty. "Lady Layton has one, and I have another."

"Any news?"

"Yes; that old friend of Bessy's—her uncle, you know, or supposed uncle—has left her all that immense property in Tasmania. She is ever so sorry, though, about him. Charles, too, it appears, is in great grief. They seem really to have both been fond of him; and indeed his kindness to them and to Bessy's father must have been something extraordinary. What a rare Good Samaritan he must have been!"

To George Fox and Hetty Hope any intelligence respecting the Francis family was almost equally interesting. As might have been expected, Charles Romain, on his return to Tasmania, instead of being deterred by Mr. Francis's frank and candid advice, from prosecuting his suit, threw into it, if possible, more warmth than ever. Aided by Duke George, and keeping Bessy in ignorance of what he himself had been surprised and indeed shocked to learn, he had wrung from her a promise that if he went home, and

came back with Lord Layton's consent to the marriage, she would not say nay, even if her brother would not say yes. With this promise he had returned home, and Hetty, his usual confidante, being abroad at the time, the first with whom he took counsel was George Fox, who, not less from a lingering tenderness for Bessy and an unusually strong attachment to her brother, than from friendship for Bessy's lover, took up the matter with alarming fervour. Mr. Fox's influence with the Layton family was greater than he or they supposed. His sole business and occupation was, with that discretion of which he hoped he was not destitute, to overcome the repugnance of his old friends to a match against which formidable objections could be urged. He hinted that it was better Charles should marry a good and extraordinarily beautiful girl, though there was an accidental blot on the family escutcheon, than run away with a painted *danseuse*. This suggestion was an unhappy one, and seeing that it did not go far with Lady Layton, or was positively unpalatable, he indulged in a variety of protestations to the effect that if the chance were given him, he would go straight to Australia and marry Bessy himself, and think himself the happiest man alive. This did better as an argument, and resulted in some doleful smiles and jests at his expense, which were really in favour of his cause. But above all, when it occurred to him to be astounded at the honesty of the whole family of the Francis in their whole procedure, he began to make progress in his business. It was not every son, Lady Layton thought, who would have done what Charles did—come home all the way from Australia to consult his parents. It was creditable, too, to the girl to have proposed it, and it was not less creditable to her brother that he seemed to have done his best to stop the whole thing. Perhaps, too, like other young men in love, Charles might defy his parents, if he did not obtain their consent. And after all, it was just possible he might do worse.

Thus Charles Romain, thanks to the good offices of George Fox, was able to return to Tasmania joyful and triumphant over the result of an errand on which he could hardly have hoped to be successful. He was welcomed by Duke George and by Jeremiah, with extravagant demonstrations of delight, which, however, did not at first quite compensate him for what he thought a lingering shade of doubt and hesitation in Bessy's look and manner. But this could be explained, and was explained in due time, in a way

which, so far from hurting his pride as a lover, was well fitted to flatter it. It would have been difficult to draw from Bessy Francis, with her laughing frankness of speech, the confession of her love which she was compelled to make, to excuse her manner—to show that by any doubt or hesitation, she was not contemning her lover, but still protesting in spite of herself that he must not be contemned on her account. Happy was the marriage day, if not to Bessy and Charles, at any rate to Duke George and Jeremiah, who in the unprecedented splendour with which the event was celebrated, found some relief for feelings almost dangerously wrought up. After spending some time in Tasmania, and in making the round of the colonies, Charles Romain returned with his wife to England, and took up his abode in the neighbourhood of London, where, to her great surprise and greater joy, Hetty found the young couple on her return from Italy.

George Fox, as having thus negotiated their happiness, was the warmest friend of Charles and Bessy Romain. He had made himself responsible for the happiness and beauty of their married life. He had given himself to fortune, and to all whom it might concern, as a hostage for them. They were, therefore, uppermost in his thoughts and plans. Hetty, for reasons best known to herself, but partly also to Mr. Fox, was no less engrossed in them; and as Bessy, with instinctive tact, kept at first a certain distance and practised a certain reserve in her intercourse with her husband's family, she had excuses for frequent visits to her, and spent many afternoons with her, talking of old times. One subject there was, and one alone, on which neither of them touched—the present whereabouts and pursuits of Henry Francis; possibly because Bessy was under obligation to keep silence, and Hetty had not the courage to be the first to speak. But there was no reserve in speaking of him any more than of others, in respect of times gone by. All events and all persons, indeed, alike recalled him. One event, in particular, to which Hetty had to give some natural tears, gave prominence to his name.

"My poor mother," she said, "we noticed, began to droop one afternoon; we were then at Milan: in the evening she fevered, next day she was prostrate, and so she remained for a week, till she died, all the time just able to speak to us, and no more."

"How very sad!" said Bessy. "I did so hope I should see her again, coming back here. How good and kind she was! Henry

and I used to say often we had never seen such a woman as she, except once."

"Your own mother?" said Hetty with a sympathetic and tearful smile. "She had much to say about all our friends, and very much about you and your brother. He seemed to be very much in her mind at last. I do think, that of all things in the world, she would have liked to see him once more."

"I am sure," said Bessy, "he would have flown to her bedside from Australia, or anywhere. Had he known she was ill, let alone that she had a wish to see him. He would be sorry indeed, if he knew of her death."

"I cannot tell," said Hetty, "although I have thought much of it, whether it was she wished to speak to him about some of his views or not—those she used to be struck by—or whether there was something else she would have liked to see him about."

"Something in one of his sermons might have troubled her mind," said Bessy, "for you remember she paid great attention to them, and had much to say about them always."

"Yet I can hardly think so, either," said Hetty, "for she knew she was dying, and was perfectly resigned and cheerful. I do not think there were any religious subjects about which she had doubts. I cannot think what it could be was on her mind."

"You did not think of asking her, I suppose?"

"I would have asked her, but I saw her dying, and I was paralyzed in body and mind, and did not believe my senses; but expected to awake, and find I had been asleep and dreaming. I said, 'It is impossible!' until it was all over."

Hetty had so much to talk of, and so much interest in talking of it, that, with something of her old archness, she was frequently anxious to be forgiven for being a bore.

"Your neighbours here will think," she said, "that Charles and you have taken this pretty villa to keep boarders—female boarders."

"I know one who comes the seldomer because you come sometimes," Bessy said to herself; but to Hetty her reply was different, though no less true.

"I told Charles before he went out this afternoon, if he would go round and send you, I did not care if he never came back."

Always something of a philosopher, if only in respect to the most familiar affairs of daily life, and in a homely way, George Fox had of late become addicted to specula-

tion in some of the higher and highest regions of thought. There were great social and religious problems with which, as far as they were handled in certain magazine and review articles, he was much occupied, and with regard to which, not without hesitation and an admission of the frailty of human intellect, he was ready to give his opinion. To Hetty Hope, as he would have been proud to acknowledge, he was indebted for his attention being drawn to these articles; and to her influence, though he was not altogether conscious of the fact, it was due that he was interested profoundly in those problems. He was willing to admit that a good deal which he read passed the comprehension of ordinary men in general, and himself in particular; but on the whole, he saw that it was wonderful (as Hetty declared), even where it was unintelligible, and was convinced that, to the extent in which he understood it, it was all as true as Holy Writ.

"Wonderfully clever men the writers of these articles," he observed. "They know everything, and a little more."

"I should think," said Hetty, "most of those I have showed you must be the work of one man."

"Then I should say he must be a regular genius. You call a man clever, don't you, when his ideas are different from most people's; and you say a man is a genius, when he has lots of ideas of that kind. Therefore, for getting on in the world, there is nothing like genius."

"Don't you think," said Hetty, "that the writer of these articles—supposing it to be one man—writes rather like a man who has not got on in the world? Though he does speak about progress and all that, and has great hopes to express for the poor, is he not himself rather sad and full of sympathy for all sad and miserable people?"

"Maybe so," said Mr. Fox; "but I should say, that a man with such brains, a regular genius, as I have said, could have got on in almost any line."

"And yet possibly not," said Hetty. "'The race is not always to the swift.' However," she continued, exchanging a sad for a smiling expression, "it is not perhaps itself a small thing, after all, to write such articles, considering what a powerful influence they must have upon thousands of readers, even though his name should never be known."

"It is a great thing, though, for all that," said Mr. Fox, "for a man to be well known.

It is as good as deserving it, to have the luck to be famous. I read that the other day somewhere, and it is perfectly true. Look now at our old friend, Mr. Argall. Who do you hear of in London? Mr. Argall. Who do you hear of down here? Mr. Argall. Who do you read about in the daily papers? Mr. Argall. And when it is not Mr. Argall, it is his son and Lady Esther Argall. That is what it is to be well known. I hear, by the way, her ladyship is a bit of a tartar. There is no love lost between her and old Napoleon, I know. She makes great game of old Napoleon."

"The worst of it is," said Hetty, pursuing her own reflections, "when you fall in with some one like this writer (if it be one), who seems to be able to clear up things for you, if you don't know who or where he is you cannot follow him up, so as to get all your difficulties explained at once. You want to ask him such a lot of questions; but he is no one; he is nowhere. That is the worst of it."

In her darkness Hetty did not look for light to one quarter in which the Presbytery had said that light should be found. Much was changed in the parish of Illtafend, beside Laighlea, in the course of the last few years. Mr. Ogg, shortly after David Groat's return home, and after being made happy for life by marrying the gatekeeper's daughter, had removed to Nickle Jarvieston to occupy an important sphere in his profession, to which a former minister of Illtafend had recommended him. David, with some demur on account of his age and frequent infirmities and crabbed temper being likely to prove troublesome to the young couple, had agreed to take up his abode with them. Greatest, or at any rate most notable to Hetty, of all changes, was that made by the appointment of a successor to Mr. Francis. Lord Layton had waived his rights of patronage, and the parishioners' choice, skilfully directed by Mrs. Slipper, and, in spite of some indiscreet moves by her lieutenant, Mrs. Corrypeel, had fallen upon Mr. David Garsgreen, who was now in possession of Novantia, and along with it of a popularity such as few or none of his predecessors had ever enjoyed. Even in that one point, in which Mrs. Corrypeel was willing to admit he was weak by nature, he was now strong by art. His manners were changed, indeed revolutionised. Considering how burly and farmer-like were his proportions, he was now if anything too free from every trace of boorishness and vulgarity. It was hardly

consistent with these proportions, or with the cast of countenance which admirably matched them, that whatever he did was done with attention to gentility and refinement. In the pulpit, though still sonorous and energetic, he was anglicised in his pronunciation, except when in the heat of some great rhetorical outburst he stumbled for a moment into his easterly accent. More remarkable still, he was no longer declamatory (though still vociferous) in his prayers, or denunciatory in his sermons. The former were now liturgical in form, and embodied as much of

the Prayer-Book as of Scripture; and the latter, in view of the tendencies of the age, were designed to subvert the strongholds of doubt and unbelief. He took up, with a smiling air, the doubts or denials of a sceptical generation, and showed that the difficulty of refuting them was, as some old commentator had said, that there was nothing in them. It was child's play to him to slay the giants of unbelief. There were first principles and ascertained truths to which he appealed, and by which he tested all things—as many as were needed for the occasion—and with



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these, together with certain irresistible forms of argumentation, he had no trouble in disposing of every false or doubtful opinion.

It was one of Hetty Hope's trials, however, on returning to Iltafend, notwithstanding the minister's popularity, that she had to go to church. Wicked misgivings as to the virtue and obligation of church attendance under all conceivable circumstances occurred to her, and refusing to be treated as unreasonable, had to be brushed aside as wicked. She sat in the Layton pew, and suffered keenly from that eloquence

which entranced most of her fellow-worshippers. She had to reproach herself, under the ministrations of a popular preacher, for hardness of heart in its most aggravated form. His roystering persuasions to a Christian life roused her indignation, and his easy victories over the enemies of the Christian faith dejected and depressed her.

Above all, his appearance and manner displeased her. She wished he had remained what he was, and was intended to be, and not set up as a scholar and a gentleman, his bearing in which character she resented as a travesty

of nature. Any injustice which was thus done to a good man, however, was promptly avenged. Hetty was conscious that she was unjust, even bitter; and this consciousness was one trouble to her, while she had another and a greater, in the discovery that wounds, which time and thought should have better healed, were still tender. Altogether Mr. Garsegreen, one of the most good-natured of men, most unconsciously on his part, was a heavy trial to Hetty Hope. Her only gleam of comfort, under this trial, was the reflection that what was misery to her was delight to others. She did not grudge Mr. Garsegreen his popularity. On the contrary, sorrowful as she was over her own hardness of heart, she recalled, with half a smile, some of his sounding platitudes, sang them mentally in imitation of his pulpit sing-song, and thought with a certain distinct comfort of the many simple souls, to whom these platitudes were eloquence and poetry and divine wisdom.

Hetty's equanimity, as the results of her return to Illtafend showed, was liable even yet to grave disturbance. But in the course of time, and by slow degrees, a certain equanimity had been regained by her, which if it was not happiness, was not misery either. There are many rounds of the ladder between perdition and Paradise, and all mankind are not clustered in two groups—one at the very bottom, and another at the very top. Hetty's place, if not high, was a good way above the lowest. She had too many healthy instincts connecting her with the living world to be incapacitated by one grief, however convulsive, for all future enjoyment of life. Her sympathetic nature, and those refined and delicate, yet simple and natural tastes and sentiments, fostered by the quiet life she had always led, were a poor preparation for meeting tragical misfortune, but they were not without use for the purpose of surviving it; for they served to create for her so many occupations, in which an unselfish spirit could take delight, that life seemed still worth having, and tended, as it went on, towards contentment, if not happiness. It was not every acute observer who would have noticed now, at a first or even a second glance, that Hetty Hope had once greatly suffered. There were those who knew she had had sorrows, but they were surprised to observe how well she had got over them. She sang now, they noticed, none of those songs with which she used to melt people to tears; in company, her singing, like her talk and her manner, expressed a

cheerful and happy mind. Hetty, indeed, deemed it was her duty to be content, and to seem cheerful. She had many minor reasons to give herself for thinking so, and there was one greater reason behind them that gave them weight. It was more in appearance than in reality she was unfortunate, for while love griefs in general relate to the break-up of some fond illusion, the place of which is taken by a deformed reality, there was left to her, by all her misery, an adorned and consecrated ideal. If one last touch had been needed to perfect to her imagination the character of her lover, that touch would have been given to it by his latest actions, so pure and chivalrous was the self-renunciation which they displayed. And in the contemplation of this consummate nobleness, the harshness of reality more than she yet distinctly knew, was mitigated to her.

While the influences of Illtafend were still agitating to her mind, Hetty was tempted to ask Bessy one question which she had often wished to put, but which she thought she could now put with safety, considering the past was so long past.

"Will you forgive me," she wrote, "asking you one question? Are those articles you have shown me at different times within the last year or so by any one I know? Your brother is not in this country, is he?"

Her trembling fingers as she wrote this signified to her that she could not have asked the question by word of mouth, but she was happy she had the courage and the opportunity to put it on paper. It would be days before it was answered, but those days would be, what few days now were, days of lively expectation.

Bessy was only too happy to answer the inquiry. To her there was something strained and unnatural in the silence which had been observed between her and Hetty as to her brother and his recent movements. She had been cautioned, indeed, to avoid mentioning him. But she might, she thought, fairly understand this to be a prohibition of speaking of him unnecessarily, and not a restriction upon answering questions which were put respecting him. It would be absurd, she concluded, that such a restriction should exist or be respected.

"Henry is the author of these articles," she answered. "I thought you would be sure to guess them from the style. You know the way he talks of such things—he calls them rubbish, and all that, and says if he had an enemy he would put his name at the end of them; but I know he takes great

pains over them, and Charles and I are constantly down upon him (is that a colonial phrase?) for not putting his own name to them. He came to London a year ago, and has been staying mostly here. I don't mean with us, but in the city, or in the neighbourhood. He comes to us pretty often, and Charlemagne (as he calls little Charlie) and he are all in all to each other. Shall I tell you the truth, my dear Hetty? I have wished very much for a long time past to tell you—you have once or twice narrowly missed meeting him here. But he always says that no offence would be taken by you even if you did know of his keeping out of your way, and that it is better he should not meet you. He will see no one whom he used to know at Novantia if he can help it. He tells Charles he is too lazy to do any regular work, and too poor to go into Parliament—'almost the only respectable lounge now left out of Africa,' he calls it—and so he has nothing for it but to remain a spectator of life. I don't know that he has friends. I hear of none. But for all that he does not mope, as he might be expected to do; at any rate, when Charles and he are together of an evening, especially if Charlemagne is beside them, they have plenty of amusing talk, and Henry laughs at himself and other people, just as he used to do at Novantia. He is in great distress just now, however, about our old friend (and your old friend) David Groats, who is alarmingly ill at Nickle-Jarvieston. Henry's attachment to the old man is extraordinary. I hope the doctors and old age too will be cheated, and he will recover yet."

Hetty had not forgotten David Groats, but this letter, showing as it did that Bessy was still kept in ignorance of her relation to the old gatekeeper, gave a fresh interest to her recollections of him. There was something strange as well as forlorn in the situation of an old man—such an old man especially—having friends like Bessy and her brother, to whom, in his last illness, his thoughts must be so much turned; yet with whom, on account of ancient mystery in the family history, he could not have the intercourse of ordinary friendship. With her eager fancy Hetty mused upon this, till David Groats became to her the most afflicted of men, and the question of questions in her mind was how she could contrive to go and see him. Her difficulty was to find an excuse for leaving Sunbury, but this difficulty was removed for her by a lucky suggestion of George Fox. Lord Layton's midland seat, Cathay, as it occurred to Mr. Fox to think, was occupied

at present by Lady Cecilia and her husband, and it was practicable, therefore, for Hetty to visit Cathay, and from Cathay it was easy to make an excursion to Nickle-Jarvieston.

Mr. Ogg's house, a commodious dwelling above his school, stood in a short, decent-looking street, opening off a series of tortuous and dirty lanes in the Spinnet, from which most of his pupils were drawn. It was a place difficult of access, and Hetty did not reach it without some trouble. But at last, strangely flustered, and out of breath, she stood at the door under the wooden porch at the top of the stair, and waited for admission to the death-bed of David Groats, and muttered as she stood, "A track, men; a track, a track." It was after school hours, and the dominie himself, perambulating the lobby with his little daughter, Bessy, carried aloft on his shoulder, was ready to answer the door-bell. For a moment, on seeing Miss Hope, Mr. Ogg stood amazed, his eyebrows lifted up almost perpendicularly; then he dropped Bessy on the floor with more haste than ceremony, and rushed forward.

"You have actually found us out here, Miss Hope, and caught me at my work, I declare—new work, you know, for me."

He was completely at a loss to guess her errand. That it related to himself personally he had no manner of doubt; but his difficulty for the moment was that he could think of nothing in his personal history so unusual as to account for an event so unexpected. He had forgotten David Groats's illness, having been used to it for some time, and though really sorry for it, thinking it only too natural to the old man's years. Of this illness, however, Hetty soon reminded him, and he had to explain to her in much detail its nature and its course.

"Old age," he said, "is the disease, and the symptoms vary; but the worst of them are attacks of heart disorder, which threaten to end him altogether."

Hetty had to wait and see Mrs. Ogg before being conducted to David's room, and in the meantime Mr. Ogg, with little Bessy on his knee, had the opportunity of some pleasing conversation with his visitor, all the more pleasing that it was one-sided.

"This is my work now," he said, squinting affectionately at his child, "out of school of course I mean, this is my principal work. I have no time now for poetry or anything of that kind. That is all past and gone, like the vineyards planted before the flood."

"Very pleasant work, I am sure," said Hetty, stretching her arm over towards the

child, and patting her head, "very pleasant. Your work in school though, I suppose, is rather hard. You have more to do than in our old Braidarden school."

"The truth is, Miss Hope," said the dominie, who was in his literary and scientific vein, "the air is not the same here as in Braidarden. Nervous energy does not go as far or last as long. My wife meets me at the door often as I come up-stairs in the afternoon and declares she is frightened to look at me; I seem so pale and exhausted. It is all or nearly all the effect of bad air, which means parochial stupidity and lack of ventilation. But I am always fresh for my work up here, eh Bessy?"

"Do you know," he continued, "she is a most wonderful creature for her years."

Hetty, though her errand was grave, was tempted to smile at the affectionate astonishment depicted on the dominie's face as he glanced from her to Bessy and from Bessy back to her, expecting an answer.

"She is very bright, I can see," said Hetty, with a faint cough. "What fine eyes she has to be sure!"

"Even if I had more time than I can command now," said Mr. Ogg, "or am likely to have in future, I should hardly think of beginning any new work or even finishing any of my old ones. My opinion has been for a very long time—pardon a fond father for saying it—seeing what brains the child has been gifted with by nature and seeing that (I was going to say) it is not every female child is born with such brains—but I ought to feel rebuked for saying that in this presence, Miss Hope—I could not do better than devote myself for the next ten or fifteen years to the task of doing justice to her talents by the most modern methods of education. I think when one sees a chance like this, it is one's duty to make the most of it. If it is a shame to bury our own talents in the earth, it is a shame too to let the talents of our children be tied up in a napkin."

Hetty, with some uneasy posturing from side to side, declared herself of the same opinion.

"Man the immortal, as I once said in an essay I printed long ago (it was one of my earliest efforts and rather crude, but there are some not bad things in it)—man the immortal has his destiny measured out to him by quarters of an inch or eighths of an inch. Look at this child's forehead—grand, is it not? Yet less than a quarter of an inch makes all the difference between such a brain and that of a blockhead, an idiot."

"I fear," the dominie went on, horsing Bessy on his knee, "the Great Epic will not be finished by me, but, as far as the original author is concerned, must remain a colossal fragment. Some one whose life is all leisure and no work, and who has no daughter, may complete it some day. The plan is laid out completely. It only needs filling up."

"A good many of our plans need filling up," said Hetty.

"Ay," said the dominie. "You remember the minister saying one day, 'there are more graves than graveyards in this world; our hopes and plans, the best part of us, are dead and buried long before we return to dust.'"

"True," responded Hetty, with a deep sigh of despondency.

Mrs. Ogg, the same modest winning creature she was when she was Maggie Groat, was full of blushes over Miss Hope's visit, not perhaps without an obscure reference in her mind to her husband's usual way of addressing strangers about little Bessy. She was sure her father would be greatly pleased, for there was no one of whom he spoke oftener than Miss Hope and Miss Beatrice, and she was glad that it was one of the days on which his state admitted of his seeing people.

Some threatenings of his old complaint of the heart hindered conversation between David and Hetty for some minutes after she came into his room. He kept fast hold of her hand during these minutes, and looked up earnestly in her face, his haggard and emaciated features lighted up with more than the usual intensity of expression. Several times he shut his eyes, and kept them closed for a moment or two as if the distinction between fancy and reality were obscured to him, and needed to be refreshed by thought as well as by sight. Hetty was deeply moved to see him in this state. She sat down at the bedside, when he would let go her hand, stammering out an apology for having come to disturb him, and several times charging him to be sure not to tax his strength by any effort to speak to her. Sooner, however, than could have been thought the old man rallied, brightened up into some likeness to his old self, and was talking, though in a weak voice, with something of his old fire. He spoke freely of his Australian travels, the great episode in his history since he had last seen her, and the strange discovery in which they had resulted, knowing that this discovery was no secret to her and judging that there was nothing in which she was likely to be so much interested. Her eager sympathy, ex-

pressed in word and look, drew him on to enlarge upon its results to his nephew as well as to himself, and though aware that the ground here was delicate, he ventured over it as one who knows that the aged and the departing are privileged.

"I'm nae Simoon," he said, "but I might be takin' my departure in peace if it was na for ae thing. There's jist ae thing vexes me—the discovery I made was na a' sad tae me, but it crushed him."

"I was never fit for much," he continued, "and at that time, like the noo, I was fit for naething. He was jist beginnin' life—beginnin' 't wi' the prospect o' leavin' a name behind him. It's mair like the British government than the government o' the universe to bring an auld battered hull intae port at the expense o' sinkin' a fine new frigate."

"And ither damage maybe," he added, heaving a long sigh, and fixing his eyes on a point at the foot of his bed.

"And other damage," Hetty sighed inaudibly in concert with him.

"Yet I canna think," said David, "he'll no get the better o't in time."

Hetty ventured to suggest it was probable Mr. Francis would yet return to his profession and acquire fame in it.

"I doot that," said David. "His ambition is no to get notice, but tae escape it. He would na like to be parish kent, let alane world kent."

"But for a' that," he continued, "though I'm vexed for him, I've hope o' him. He's ower young and ower brave tae dae nothing for the future but sit and mourn ower the past. Naebody kens better than him the way tae comfort ither folk. Pity, I tell him, he canna comfort himself."

"He has come to see you, I have no doubt?" inquired Hetty, explaining that she had heard of his return to England from his sister.

"Ay, and as he was for years the best part o' my pleasure he's a' my comfort noo."

"People always said," Hetty answered, "that there was no one like him in the art of consoling people."

"It's an art," said David, "and he kens 't tae perfection. If he has fifty words tae say for the dark side o' things and jist ane for the ither side, it's ay the last word wi' him, and jist because it's the last it has mair effect than if it was fifty. That's the kind o' consolation does na distress ane like maist o't."

"Yes," assented Hetty, "just what turns the scale from despair and no more."

"The least's aye the maist in the matter o'

consolation," said David, "for where there's maist need o't there's least stomach for't."

Hetty rose to signify that she meant to go, afraid that her visit was really distressing and dangerous to one so weak and excitable. But David, through the excitement caused by her presence, was stronger than usual, and would not hear of her going so soon.

"We've many a talk thegither," he said, divining that she did not soon grow weary of hearing of his nephew. "He comes here and sits where you've been sitting far intae the night. I was tellin' him last night as he sat there a thing I ance saw in your country. It was a fine harvest afternoon, the sun glancing on the stubble fields, and the air above as still as the earth below. I was standin' outside the gate, thinkin' maybe o' some auld story or ither o' my ain, when the rattle o' a cart in the field across the road made me start and look ower the hedge. The farmer was takin' hame his last load and had jist lifted his last bundle. But he had something yet tae dae—he marched straight ower tae his bogle up on the knowe, put his shouther below ane o' his arms, lifted him up, and tossed him intae his cart on the tap o' his barley. That bogle had been standin' there since the spring time—many a time I took aff my bonnet and said 'Good mornin' tae him, 'he imitated humanity so abominably'—he had been standin' there, I say, and wi' his villainous auld hat and his arms stretched out terrified the craws for near a year. But his time was come—his days were numbered. My frien' the farmer, no lookin' ower his shouther or kennin' anybody was lookin' at him, or thinkin' there was onything particular in liftin' a bogle mair nor a bundle o' barley, but jist finishin' his harvest the reg'lar way, he hoists him up and tosses him intae his cart."

Hetty was thinking what kind of conversation between the old man and his nephew might have called forth this reminiscence of her native county, and waited to hear his own account of it.

"Ane meets many bogles in his time," he said, after pausing to recover his breath, "and if he lives as long as I've done, sees many o' them taen hame."

A few weeks after this Mr. Francis and the Hon. Charles Romain (together with James Ogg) were chief mourners at the funeral of David Groat. On their journey home they agreed it was time now to tell Bessy the story which had been so long withheld from her. Now that it was ended, they were agreed that it was more in appearance than in fact a story of shame and sorrow.

LETTERS FROM H.M.S. *CHALLENGER*.

X.—KERGUELEN ISLAND.—(concluded).

WE landed at Cumberland Harbour after breakfast: the beach at the landing was covered with penguins, standing in groups, barking and croaking in various tones according to their wont. They were chiefly the Johnny, with about a dozen of the king penguins and one or two of the Macaroni. Some of the king penguins were the young of the year, just throwing off their coats of down, and exposing, in patches, the close layer of silky feathers beneath. At this stage the birds look enormously large; they have reached their full size, and are very fat, and the down is forced outwards by the growing feathers. Some of them had the down clinging to the neck and shoulders only, and as they waddled along with uncertain footsteps, lurching from side to side and croaking and grumbling, they bore a most ludicrous resemblance to fat, helpless old women, with grey fur tippets on. The penguins were apparently simply idling on the beach; now and then a party went out to sea to fish, and another party returned. It is singular that although we saw the Johnny in numbers at many places, we never found it breeding.

From the beach the land rises in a gentle slope covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, through which one has to wade almost knee-deep to a crest a couple of hundred feet above the sea-level, and a little farther on there is a fresh-water tarn, with bare rocky banks studded with clumps of *Lyallia*, except where on one side there is a low green swamp frequented by flocks of the Antarctic skua. Beyond the lake a second crest rises to a height of six or eight hundred feet above the sea-level, where it forms a precipitous cliff, bordering a bay on the weather side which almost cuts off the foreland terminated by Cape Francois into an island. A stream runs down from the tarn into the head of Christmas Harbour, and in one of the pools above high-water mark, we found three female sea-elephants. They were about seven feet in length, and their ungainly bodies were covered with a short smooth brown fur. They lay all day in the stream receiving curious visitors from the ship. The expression of the faces of these animals is very singular; the skin is oddly puckered up in a perpetual grimace, and their eyes are enormously large, and soft and beautiful. When disturbed, they open

the mouth wide, exposing bright scarlet palate, gums, and tongue, and give a rough bellow from the bottom of the gullet. We wished to have some good skeletons of this species, and in the evening when everything was quiet, Mr. Murray and I went ashore with a boat's crew and took the three of them. We got the blue-jackets to throw a strong rope noose over them, and while they were struggling we sent a long sharp hunting-knife into the root of the large vessels of the neck. We then dragged the carcasses down to the beach and towed them off to the ship; next day the flesh was removed as far as possible, and the bones headed down in casks with salt.

Among the basalt débris at the foot of the cliffs, round the harbour, the rock-hopper penguin had established several rookeries. The birds nestle on the bare ground, sheltered by the angular fragments of rock, and their colonies present all the usual characteristics of dirt, noise, and effluvium. At the time of our visit the old birds were feeding the young—soft lazy puffs of black down fast approaching their parents in size—with an emulsion consisting of little else than pure oil thrown up from their crops. In each rookery of the rock-hopper, consisting of perhaps four or five hundred birds, there were three or four pairs of the macaroni, and each seemed to have a brace or two of the sheath-bill in attendance. On the outer cliffs beyond the harbour mouth, there were some strong penguin rookeries, but almost entirely of the macaroni.

We at first intended to have remained in Christmas Harbour for a few days; but the weather was so fine, that Captain Nares wished to take the opportunity of pushing along the north-east coast towards some of the less-known harbours to the southward, and we accordingly weighed anchor on the morning of the 8th. The day was cold with a light wind from the north-west, and occasional snow-showers. The hills along the coast were generally clouded in the early part of the day, but in the afternoon the land became clearer, showing a fine range of peaks covered with snow. Towards evening we passed on our left a long low spit of land, with the curious isolated peak, Mount Campbell, entered Accessible Bay, another deep inlet, and cast anchor in Betsy Cove, a small inner bay, a frequent resort of whalers and

formerly one of their boiling stations. It is now no longer used as such; the huts have disappeared, and the only traces left of human occupation are an old iron boiling pot lying up on the beach, a very conspicuous object on entering the bay, and a small grave-yard with about a dozen wooden piles and crosses, bearing dreary legends such as the following:—

IN MEMORY OF
JAMES SKINNER,
SECOND MATE OF B.K. DOVE,
WHO WAS DROWNED OFF DESOLATION
MARCH 29, 1860,
WHILE FAST TO A WHALE. AET. 21 YEARS.

—
ALSO JOHN LEONARD AND JOSEPH PENA,
SEAMEN, LOST AT THE SAME TIME.

We remained at Betsy Cove for a week. The weather was as a rule fine, and we enjoyed greatly excursions in the neighbourhood by sea and land. We dredged the bay carefully with the steam-pinnace and found marine animals abundant, and although the species were in most cases different, the assemblage was as a whole startlingly like the fauna of a similar locality on the coast of Scotland. The most common things were a large *Aphrodita*, very much like the common sea-mouse, and a *Schizaster*, which one might take at a first glance for *Brissoopsis lyrifera*, the common fiddle-urchin of the sound of Skye. There is one curious difference, however, between them; we do not know exactly how the British fiddle-urchin produces its young, but surely the eggs are discharged in the usual way from the ovarian openings, and the young developed apart from the parent with a series of metamorphoses more or less complicated; at all events we have no evidence to the contrary. It is not so with its Antarctic relative. On the top of the shell of these creatures, there is a star formed by a leaf-like arrangement of rows of plates perforated for the passage of tubes which answer the purpose of gills. In the southern *Schizaster* four of these so-called "petaloid ambulacra" are depressed into deep shelly chambers, the spines along their edges bend over the openings, and the eggs passing into these breeding pouches from the ovaries, are developed there till they are covered with spines and assume nearly their native form. And this is not the only instance of this nursing process among the Echinoderms which we observed in the Kerguelen waters; species of all the orders—with the exception

of the crinoids—star-fishes, urchins, brittle-stars, and sea-slugs followed the same "marsupial" plan, as if the marine invertebrates shared in the peculiarities of the Austral Mammals.

A pretty fiord, called Cascade Reach, from the many water-falls which splash down its sloping green banks from shelf to shelf of basalt, runs up behind Betsy Cove. We went round and dredged there one day in the steam-pinnace, and had a pleasant walk across country from the head of the reach back to the ship. A fine chain of snowy hills closes in the view at the head of the inlet, and a stream, fed by the rainfall of the mountains and the melting snow, wanders in after a succession of linns, through a wide flat delta and a shelving sandy beach.

One evening we were startled by the unwonted announcement that a fore-and-aft schooner was coming into the bay. She proved to be the *Emma Jane*, a whaler from New London, the port to which almost all these South Sea whaling ships belong. Captain Baily, a quiet dry American, with a good deal of shrewd intelligence, gave us much information about the island, and their whaling operations. It seems that there are now only three schooners carrying on the "fishery" between Kerguelen and the Heard Islands. Two of these, the *Emma Jane* and the *Roswell King*, are tenders to a barque, the *Roman*; and the other, the *Charles Coalgate*, which we met afterwards at Royal Sound, is on its own account. It does not seem that the barque fishes much on her own account; she makes an annual run home and back again, relieving the schooners of their oil and skins, and supplying them with provisions. The schooners remain out about three years. The *Emma Jane* and the *Charles Coalgate* have a station on Young Island; and usually a part of their crews are left there killing sea-elephants, and storing their oil. The *Roswell King* works chiefly on the weather side of Kerguelen.

The whalers leave America short-handed, and pick up a crew of Portuguese and half-castes, usually at the island of Fogo, one of the Cape Verdes. The life the men lead is certainly one of great hardship and privation, and it seems wonderful that any one can be so constituted as to select it—even as an alternative from the Portuguese military conscription. After three years of cold and danger, and terrible monotony, with food of the roughest kind, and heavy labour, the crew have scarcely ever laid aside a

penny, and are counted fortunate if they are not in debt to their employers for clothes and necessaries supplied during the voyage. The skipper, if he make a successful cruise, may lay by a couple of hundred dollars; but it seems evident that a man of the intelligence and energy necessary to place him in that position could make a much larger sum in comfort by some lucrative occupation at home.

Captain Baily gave a glowing account of Royal Sound, and from his report and from other considerations depending upon its position in the island in reference to the disposition of the high land and the direction of the prevailing winds, Captain

Nares thought it probable that Royal Sound might prove a suitable station for the "Transit" party, an opinion in which he was confirmed by our own subsequent experience.

On the morning of the 16th we steamed out of Accessible Bay. It was raining heavily, and the barometer falling, and sundry plans for dredging and otherwise observing off the mouth of the harbour were abandoned. Next day we were off the entrance of Royal Sound on the south-east coast of the island. In the forenoon the weather was still boisterous, but as we rounded Prince of Wales' foreland it improved, and some surveyors were landed



Terraced Volcanic Hills near Royal Sound.

on the foreland and on an outlying islet. While they were taking their observations we had one or two capital hauls of the dredge. Here, as in some places in deep water off the Shetlands, the dredge came up half filled with a round corticate sponge. The Kerguelen form is also a *Tithya*, much resembling *T. cranium*, "the scaa'd man's head" of the Shetland fishermen, in general appearance and habit, but differing from it in the curious character of having large round openings or "oscula" on the surface, surrounded by firm semi-cartilaginous rings. It was a beautiful evening when we steamed into the Sound, past a number of

rocky islands which guard its entrance, and up to the whaling station. Island Harbour, Royal Sound, is now the only rendezvous at Kerguelen for the whaling schooners. They go to the Heard Islands, or round the weather side of Kerguelen, and among the outlying rocks, about the month of August or September, and return to Island Harbour in February or March to refit. The barque then goes home for stores, taking a cargo of oil, the proceeds of the last trip; and the schooners remain in the harbour, or make short excursions in search of whales and seals on the lee side of the island all winter. As the crews are paid in proportion to their

success, they take care to lose no favourable opportunity; but during the winter the weather is very inclement.

I have never seen a finer inlet than Royal Sound. It puts one in mind somewhat of the Cove of Cork, but it is much more extensive. It stretches upwards of twenty miles inland, spreading into a wide lake-like expanse, studded with low islands covered with rich verdure, and sending deep fiords in all directions far into the land. The fiords are deep enough for channels for the largest ships; their banks are steep and

terraced, and streams collecting on the upper grounds dash over them every here and there in sparkling silvery water-falls. A large party of us started from the ship early on the morning of the 19th in the steam-pinnace, towing one of the gigs and the dingy, to explore some of the higher reaches of the Sound. It was a lovely morning. The air felt quite warm. The sun was shining brightly, and with considerable power; and only the masses of snow lying in the middle of summer at low levels on the mountain ranges reminded us* that we



Island Harbour, Royal Sound.

were enjoying an exceptional day in a desolate region. The atmosphere had that peculiar opalescent translucency and almost imperceptible colouring in the faintest tints of mauve and apple-green, which in the northern hemisphere we rarely see except near the Arctic circle. The water was as smooth as glass, and the little puffinurias dotted its surface in myriads, coming up for a moment in the centre of a system of expanding circles and instantly disappearing again, or sputtering along with their short

wings dipping into the water, or resting and chattering in little mottled flocks.

Multitudes of penguins moved the water like a shoal of fish, rarely showing more than their heads above it; or, moved by a sudden freak, sprung right out of the water in long lines one after the other and showing their steel-grey backs and silvery sides, so that one could hardly believe that they were not fishes leaping in sport. We turned into a channel between a high island and the main-land; Captain Nares left us to establish a surveying

station on the top of one of the peaks; and the pinnace went up the channel and landed a large shooting party at the entrance of a wide green valley, and then proceeded to dredge in the channel at depths from ninety to one hundred and twenty fathoms. The fauna of the Sound was very much the same as that of the bays on the outer coast; the most striking object which we met with was a large yellow feather-star with twenty pinnated arms, and the most interesting, a *Cidaris*, very like the piper of the Shetland "haaf," producing its young in a pouch formed by drawing together spines over the mouth. When we had collected our party in the evening and set out on our return, the wind had risen a little, the sky was overcast, and the sea was grey and troubled. We had several more pleasant days at Kerguelen, but we never saw the island again in the same condition of tranquil beauty as on that morning of our trip up Royal Sound.

We left Island Harbour on the afternoon of the 20th, and anchored for the night off Murray Island, at the mouth of the Sound. The following morning we stood to the southward, hoping to get a view of the southernmost point, but it was misty and rough, and when we were off Cape George the wind was blowing stiffly from the north-west, and Captain Nares considered that to proceed farther would involve an expenditure of coal scarcely prudent considering the long cruise before us; we accordingly stood into Greenland Harbour, a somewhat tame little inlet, with sloping, grassy banks, showing, very markedly, the limit of ordinary vegetation at a height of five to six hundred feet. On the 22nd we were beating along the coast on our return to Christmas Harbour in the teeth of a north-westerly breeze. On the 23rd the wind had risen to a gale, with a heavy sea, which stove in one of the bow ports and carried away the fore sounding platform, and kept us all very cold and miserable. The gale moderated in the evening, and we made for Cascade Harbour and anchored; but the wind shifted towards morning, sending a swell into the bay, and we weighed and went round into our old quarters in Betsy Cove. On the 26th we made a little progress, and on the 27th the weather had greatly improved. We saw two schooners standing out from Swain's Islands, and during the forenoon they came down to us where we were dredging, and hove to. They proved to be our old acquaintance the *Emma Jane*, and the *Roswell King*. We were

particularly interested in meeting the *Roswell King*, for we had heard everywhere, at Tristan, at the Cape, and from all the whalers we had met, whenever they were in a difficulty about answering a question, that Captain Fuller, her skipper, knew more about Kerguelen than any one else. Indeed, Captain Fuller's omniscience had passed into a jest among us, and we were prepared to be thoroughly disappointed. Strange to say, it was not so. Captain Fuller is a handsome, quiet, intelligent young man of four-and-thirty. Some firm lines about his clear-cut mouth lessen one's surprise at finding him in such a rough command so early in life, but it is not easy to listen to him speaking without one's thoughts wandering to the singularly sweet expression of his eyes. He has knocked about Kerguelen for fifteen years, and he knows as much about the coasts and the weather as could possibly be expected. The schooners ran in the afternoon into Rhode Bay to an anchorage which was afterwards named, in honour of our new friend, Fuller's Harbour. We followed in the evening, and Captain Fuller and Captain Baily came on board to dinner, and a pleasant evening was spent listening to their "yarns." We left Fuller's Harbour early on the morning of the 29th, and stood northward through Aldrich Channel. We dredged and trawled during the day very successfully in from fifty to one hundred fathoms at the entrance of Christmas Harbour. One haul of the trawl was very extraordinary. The net was almost filled with enormous vase-shaped sponges, some of them a foot and a half in height and eight or nine inches across, white, and covered with a kind of veil, or outer network, of elegantly-formed hex-radiate spicules. This sponge belongs to Carter's genus *Roscella*, and is probably the same species of which a fragment, now in the British Museum, was dredged by Sir James Clark Ross, near the Ice-barrier.

We anchored in Christmas Harbour in the evening, and remained there until the afternoon of the 31st. The surveyors built a cairn, and Captain Nares deposited in it a tin case containing tracings of all the surveying work which might be useful to the Transit party, and his views with regard to the position of their stations. When we went on deck on the morning of the 1st February we were just off the entrance of Royal Sound. It was a fine clear morning, and we had a better view of the line of coast and the ranges of snowy hills than we had ever had before. As we passed along

the coast Cape Maclear, a bold, dark promontory, marked the entrance to Greenland Harbour; and then gradually Cape George, up to this time the most southerly point in the chart, resolved itself into an isolated, wedge-shaped mass of rock, curiously cut off from the cliff behind it. The coast still trended slightly to the southward, and a few miles farther on ran out into a point terminated by some jagged pinnacles of rock, and thence the coast-line took a decided turn a little to the north of west. This, then, was clearly the south point of the island, and Captain Nares named it, in com-

memoration of our visit, "Cape Challenger." Almost directly above the cape a mountain with two remarkable symmetrical peaks, Mount Tizard, gives a good landmark for its position, and our view was closed a little way beyond it to the westward by the highest mountain in the island, Mount Ross, 6,180 feet in height, magnificently bold in outline, covered with perpetual snow, and coming down with an abrupt, almost precipitous declivity, from the summit to the sea.

We should have liked to have gone a little farther along the coast, but we could not have done so without the expenditure of a



Christmas Harbour.

good deal of coal, and there was a strong fair breeze to the southward, so we bade final farewell to Kerguelen, locked the screw, made all plain sail except royals, and stood for McDonald Island.

From all we could learn from the whalers, the south-west coast of the island, which we had not an opportunity of seeing, is wild and desolate to a degree. Swain's Bay, a little to the eastward of Mount Ross, is a safe harbour to which the schooners frequently run for shelter. Farther along the coast there are many shoals and out-lying rocks, and sudden gusts from the mountains, and

westerly gales, are violent and frequent. Cape Bourbon, one of the points named by De Kerguelen, runs nearly as far south as Cape Challenger, and beyond it there is a long stretch of coast, called by the whalers Bonfire Beach, where there are many hot springs and at least one active volcanic vent. This region is almost inaccessible from the severity of the weather and the dangerous nature of the coast. On one occasion, some of the men from Captain Fuller's vessel walked to Bonfire Beach and brought back a strange account of what they had seen. The shore was crowded with sea-elephants, lying

about the sides of the hot springs. Sometimes one was jostled by his comrades into the hot water and was suffocated, or if he managed to scramble out, the hair peeled off in matted flakes from his scalded skin. Still farther west, on the opposite side of a deep bay, to this region of subterranean fires a large glacier, accumulated on the southern slope of the central range, creeps downwards to the sea-shore. The contrast between the severity of the conditions on the weather side of the island and their comparative amenity within so short a distance on the lee side is certainly very remarkable.

Kerguelen Island is very exceptional in its circumstances. In many respects it is wonderfully favoured. The soil is remarkably fertile; the surface is varied with hill and dale; the water-sheds are well-defined, and the streams are numerous, and from the form of the ground drainage would be in most places easy; the sun has plenty of power,—the latitude corresponds with that of Normandy in the northern hemisphere,—and yet on account of the absence of the influences which ameliorate the climate of our northern lands, Kerguelen seems to be for the present hopelessly beyond the pale of human occupation.

The flora of Kerguelen is excessively meagre, and it is remarkable in not including a single wood-producing plant, not even the smallest under-shrub. We now know eighteen flowering plants on the island. Of these, sixteen were observed by Dr. Hooker, a little sedge of the wide-spread Antarctic genus *Uncinia* was found by Mr. Moseley, and a chickweed (*Cerastium*) has spread abundantly round the head of Betsy Cove. The character of the flora is thoroughly Antarctic, and corresponds generally with that of the Falkland Islands and Patagonia. The *Pringlea*, we found on Marion Island and on Young Island in the Heard group, and we were told by the sealers that it occurs also at the Crozets, though their determination of a species can scarcely be considered trustworthy; it seems, at all events, to be confined to the islands within a moderate distance of Kerguelen. The only plant which still remains special to Kerguelen is *Lyallia*.

Why the flora should be so meagre it is difficult to say; the climate is by no means very rigorous. During Ross's visit, which extended over the two mid-winter months from the 12th of May to the 20th of July, the thermometer rarely fell below the freezing point, and the snow never remained on

the lower grounds beyond two or three days at a time. During our stay from the 7th to the 31st of January, when summer ought to have been at its height, the average maximum temperature was 49° F., the average minimum 40°·5 F., and the general mean 45° F. Spitzbergen, an island of much greater extent, but otherwise somewhat of the same character, lying between the parallels of 76° and 80° north, has thrice the number of flowering plants. Campbell Island, two degrees farther south, and with nearly the same summer temperature, has five times the number. Kerguelen Island is very much isolated, and if we suppose that its flora has within comparatively recent times been violently destroyed by volcanic action, or by some sudden change of climate, there is no ready source from which it might have been restored. Still one would imagine that a large island, right in the path of the westerlies, visited by myriads of wandering sea-birds most of which feed upon ripe grain when they get a chance, and the resort for many years of hundreds of whaling ships, must have had introduced, whether by accident or design, seeds of almost everything which could possibly grow.

I rather think that few plants will grow and propagate at Kerguelen, and probably one great cause is the want of summer heat and sunshine, and the excess of mist and moisture at seed time. When we were there the seeds of most of the plants were nearly full-sized; and some, such as those of the cabbage and of *Acæna* were beginning to ripen. From what we could gather from the whalers, it seems that the weather we had was exceptionally fine, even in the finest season of the year. Observations were taken during twenty-six days, and on thirteen of these the sun was seen to the extent that there might have been a reasonable expectation of getting equal-altitude sights. On sixteen days neither snow nor rain fell; on ten days it was misty all day, and on seven more for part of the day. We were at the Cape of Good Hope for the fifty days from the 29th of October till the 17th of December, 1873, and clear blue sky was registered for some part of every day.

That the climate of Kerguelen was very different within comparatively modern times, the beds of coal, and particularly the lignites and the silicified trunks of trees of large size, sufficiently prove. What the distribution of land in the southern hemisphere may have been which produced that difference, we have no means of telling; but in all probability

it involved the elevation of a wide area, including Kerguelen and the neighbouring islands, Gough Island, the Tristan d'Acunha group, and the Falklands; and continuous with Fuegia and Patagonia, and the southern portion of South America. The flora of these stations has in many respects

a common character, and it seems by no means improbable that the many plants common to all or to several of the stations, and the few plants special to each, are to be regarded as a remnant of the Alpine flora, which covered the mountain ranges of the now submerged land.

C. WYVILLE THOMPSON.

ON FORBIDDING THOSE WHO FOLLOW NOT WITH US.

BY THE LATE NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

"And John answered Him, saying, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not us: and we forbad him, because he followeth not us."—MARK ix. 38.

THERE is a great campaign now going on in the world. It is in the souls of men, between life and death, love and hatred, truth and a lie. It has been waged for at least six thousand years in this world, and as long as good and evil exist, there can never be peace through the ages of eternity.

This is a fight in which each man must take a part. There can be no neutrality, inasmuch as each must love the good or hate it. He must be for or against Christ. He must be a friend or foe. No man, indeed, can draw the line which divides the combatants. It is often easy to say who are on Satan's side, because thousands glory in their shame; and while many a man professes to be on the side of good who is on the side of evil, yet no man really is so. But God alone can see the heart, and therefore God alone can try the spirits of the family, of the congregation, of the world, and know who is on this side and who is on that. Now it is just because each man is on either side that there is, in the sight of God, but one real and eternal battle in the world—this great one between the evil and the good. Yet, alas, there is also something at least like a battle between the soldiers of Christ's army. I say *like* a battle, because it is from mistake, and is unintentional. True—alas! too true—there are mutual animosities, and strifes, and jealousies; but are these attacks made by one soldier of Christ's army upon another, because he is a brother soldier? or are they not made because he is deemed an enemy? Has not the suspicion (it may be a very wrong one) crossed his mind that this one is not for, but against Christ; that he is an enemy in disguise, wearing the King's uniform over a cowardly and treacherous heart; and therefore ought to be treated as an enemy? But so it is that

there are dark hates where there should be beaming loves, jealousy and suspicion where there should be confidence and co-operation; that there are stumbling-blocks laid where there should be a clear path for the feet; and consequent weakness, and disorder, and unhappiness, where there should be strength, growth in grace, order, beauty, and the oil of joy. Not, alas! for sin alone is our anger reserved, but also for brethren. Not alone for the honour of God are we jealous, but often much more for our own. Not alone for the advancement of Christ's cause, and Christ's kingdom, are we earnest and zealous; but often much more for that of our own cause and our own system. We blame not any one part for this more than another. It is a sad dimness in what are after all the world's best lights; a loss of savour in the world's only salt; the remains of ignorance in the world's highest teachers; it is the dross adhering to the world's true gold.

Now let us see if from Scripture we can discover our right position in reference to this conflict between Christians. The disciples had seen a man casting out devils. They do not doubt the fact. They do not allege that he impiously pretended to do this, but acknowledge that he did it, and that too in Christ's name. They were offended only because he followed not with them; and as he did not belong to their company, they forbade him. They tell all this to Christ, expecting, in all likelihood, to receive His approbation on account of their zeal in His cause, and their jealousy of every attempt to share with others the honour of doing such wonderful works. But what said Christ? "Forbid him not! for he that is not against me is for me."

But to see how much teaching is afforded to us in this narrative, consider what it is to follow Christ. There was a mode of

following Christ bodily which was true of many who lived in the same age with Him. Thus we frequently read of multitudes following Him from the different cities and parts of Judæa through which He travelled. They walked with Him, spoke to Him, and eat and drank with Him. The disciples themselves thus followed Him, journeying always with Him, and accompanying Him wherever He went. But this is not the only way in which Christ was and can be followed. To follow Christ, in another and in a higher sense of the term, is to follow His example, to possess His spirit, to do His will, to follow His footsteps in the path of holiness and peace. This kind of following is entirely unconnected with the other, inasmuch as the body hath been where the spirit was not, and the spirit hath been where the bodily presence was impossible. Many followed Him in body, and even touched Him, and yet there was an infinite gulf between them and Christ, wide as that which separates heaven and hell. Satan, who conversed with Him for days in the wilderness, was as far from Christ then as he is now, but not further than were some of the Pharisees, who followed Him to entangle Him in his talk; or Judas, one of the twelve, who had a devil; or His own brethren, members of His household, for whose unbelief He mourned.

When the disciples followed Him in body, they did so very imperfectly in spirit. For what a change is visible in their state of mind after the Holy Ghost was poured down upon them at the day of Pentecost! What a full understanding had they then of His will! How they entered into His mind, and were filled by His Spirit! But that was not until they had ceased to follow Him in body, for they did not put away childish things until they could say, "Though we knew Him after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we Him no more."

We cannot tell why the man who cast out devils was not one of those who followed Christ in body. It may have been in consequence of a command from Christ, or it may have arisen from weakness, or infirmity, or prejudice, or humility upon his part. But while he did not follow Christ in person, he followed Him in spirit; for he confessed Christ's name, and he did Christ's work, casting out devils in His name. Yet this is the man whom the disciples of Christ forbid, because he did not follow with them! But was that essential? Was it impossible to be a genuine disciple, and to follow Christ with a true and obedient heart, unless he did so

in their way? Who told them that? Not the Saviour; for the Saviour said, "Forbid him not! He that is not against us is for us."

Let us, then, apply these principles to the regulating of our duty in the present day. It is obvious that all Christians are now in the position of that man, and not in the position of our Lord's more immediate followers. It is impossible for us to follow Christ in body.

But if we may now, as then, truly follow Christ in the sense in which this man followed Him, so may we now, as then, be guilty of the sin of which Christ's disciples were guilty, and for which they were rebuked by Him.

Here is a man who professes Christ's name. He acknowledges Him as the only Saviour. He has felt the burden of sins, and, bathed in tears of penitence and of love, he has laid it down at Christ's Cross, and recognises the crucified Saviour as all his salvation, and all his desire. This man's knowledge may be very little, but he is learning, and what he has learned has taught him to esteem the gospel, and to value the Saviour. But this, you say, is mere profession. Not so; this man does more. Through Christ's name, he is casting sin out of himself, and helping to cast it out of others by his words and by his life. He has not many talents, he may be deficient in wisdom, he may be far, very far behind you; but still, though the work done may be little work, or imperfect work, it is nevertheless the Lord's work, and such as the Lord will accept and reward at the day of judgment. Now, you may forbid this man; you may cast him out of your society; you may hinder him, and condemn him because he followeth not with you and is not of your church, or sect, or party. What then? Has Christ anywhere revealed it to you, that ere a man be His follower, he must follow with you—that your sect and His church are coextensive—that ere he is entitled, without opposition and hatred, to lift up Christ's banner, he must lift up yours beside it? If you dare not apply such tests and act on such principles, what other tests, if any, can be applied than the confessing of Christ's name and doing Christ's work? Show me such a man—show me the minister or the humblest layman who does so, and that man is not against Christ; that man I will not, I dare not forbid, for the Lord will not confirm my judgment; and should I be guilty of such sin or folly, Christ, in spite of me,

will approve, and bless, and reward, whether I choose it or not.

The warning given here by our Lord is the more impressive, when we remember who the intolerant disciple was. It was John, the meek and loving! the same man who once asked fire to come down from heaven to consume the Samaritans. Oh, what a lesson is this! It teaches us that the finest minds and finest feelings are liable to coalesce with the pride of party and the love of sect. It shows us that in proportion to the strength of our attachment to our Lord, we should desire knowledge to guide our zeal, and heavenly wisdom to regulate and direct our love. Oh, how much do we need the Spirit of divine wisdom and love, to enable us to bear with others as the Lord hath borne with us; to move us to search for His image rather than our own, and so to enlarge our sympathies that every brother who calls upon the Lord Jesus in sincerity may find from us a welcome!

But there is another form of this sin of the disciples, which is very common in our day, though not so easily detected as intolerance, and is the more dangerous because more captivating to the carnal heart, which does not seek spiritual communion with God Himself. The error I allude to is the desire somehow or other to be linked to the Saviour by what may be termed physical ties, and to undervalue the spiritual union which ought to subsist immediately between each soul and Christ. It seeks to become connected to Him by some human instrumentality. Thus, the papist cleaves to his notion of transubstantiation. Now, putting aside all other arguments against this doctrine, suppose (and the horrid supposition

is not mine) the real Body which hung upon the cross were partaken of, and the Blood that flowed there were drunk—I ask with all reverence, what then? There would indeed be a closer physical union with Christ than they possessed who merely saw or touched His living Body, but it would still be a union of the same kind. Surely in all this there would not necessarily be a partaking of His Spirit, an appreciation of His moral character, an understanding of His love; and these are what we must truly have, if we would confess His name and do His work.

And so, too, there is a subtle gratification of the same carnal appetite, in the attempt to bring men back to the time when and the place where Christ lived, by endeavouring to form external chains whose links so lead up to the Redeemer, that if I lay hold of one end of this chain, I am thereby somehow or other connected with Christ Himself. But can such methods bring us really nearer Christ? Where is Christ? Must I travel up eighteen hundred years before I find Him? No, He is here, as much with me as with those who saw Him and heard Him in Judæa. I may be as near Him as John was when he leant his head upon His bosom at supper. I may as truly follow Him now as St. Peter did then. The Church of Christ does not by successive centuries depart farther and farther from Christ, but, like the globe, revolves round Him, being equally near to the source of life, light, and love, now, as eighteen hundred years ago. Thus may we all follow Him in spirit; and thus may we, in doing His will, be near and dear to Him as His mother, sisters, and brethren ever were.

THE EMIGRANT LASSIE.

(The following lines contain the simple unadorned statement of a fact in the experience of a friend, who is fond of wandering in the Highland glens.)

AS I came wandering down Glen Spean,
Where the braes are green and grassy,
With my light step I overtook
A weary-footed lassie.

She had one bundle on her back,
Another in her hand,
And she walked as one who was full loath
To travel from the land.

Quoth I, " My bonnie lass !"—for she
 Had hair of flowing gold,
 And dark brown eyes, and dainty limbs,
 Right pleasant to behold—

" My bonnie lass, what aileth thee,
 On this bright summer day,
 To travel sad and shoeless thus
 Upon the stony way ?

" I'm fresh and strong, and stoutly shod,
 And thou art burdened so ;
 March lightly now, and let me bear
 The bundles as we go."

" No, no !" she said, " that may not be ;
 What's mine is mine to bear ;
 Of good or ill, as God may will,
 I take my portioned share."

" But you have two, and I have none ;
 One burden give to me ;
 I'll take that bundle from thy back
 That heavier seems to be."

" No, no !" she said ; "*this*, if you will,
That holds—no hand but mine
 May bear its weight from dear Glen Spean
 'Cross the Atlantic brine !"

" Well, well ! but tell me what may be
 Within that precious load
 Which thou dost bear with such fine care
 Along the dusty road ?

" Belike it is some present rare
 From friend in parting hour ;
 Perhaps, as prudent maidens' wont,
 Thou tak'st with thee thy dower."

She drooped her head, and with her hand
 She gave a mournful wave :

" Oh, do not jest, dear sir !—it is
 Turf from my mother's grave !"

I spoke no word : we sat and wept
 By the road-side together ;
 No purer dew on that bright day
 Was dropt upon the heather.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.



BISHOP HORSLEY.

FEW, if any, have attempted to record even a small portion of the life of Samuel Horsley, one of our most eminent prelates; and it seems ungrateful that a life so well spent should be committed to oblivion, while numerous lights of fainter lustre procure for themselves places amongst our historic annals.

The author, a grand-nephew of Bishop Horsley's, having in his possession various family manuscripts, has attempted to compile from them a small sketch of the life and works of this great man.

Samuel Horsley was the only son of the



Rev. John Horsley, M.A., by his first wife, Anne, daughter of Dr. William Hamilton, Principal of the College of Edinburgh.

At the time of his birth, his father was clerk in orders at the parish church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and Samuel was born at his father's residence, in St. Martin's Churchyard, October, 1733.

Nichols, in his "Literary Anecdotes," has erroneously stated, that Samuel's grandfather was vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields;

"hence," he says, "Mr. John Horsley's appointment as clerk in orders to him." There is no foundation whatever for this statement, neither is there any record of a vicar of that name in the parish registers. Samuel's grandfather's name was John Horsley, and he, though at one time a noted Dissenter, conformed in or about the year 1727; but it is quite certain that he took no appointment in the Church.

The family is of great antiquity in the

county of Northumberland, and derive their descent from the Horsleys, of Long Horsley, in that county.

Samuel was educated at Westminster School, but was not a scholar, as some state. He completed his education at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he took the LL.B. degree in 1758. His father, by this time, had left St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and was presented to two livings, one at Thorley in Hertfordshire, and the other at Newington Butts, at which latter place Samuel, about this time, was appointed curate to his father, who resigned the living to him in 1760.

A few years after Samuel Horsley was chosen by the Earl of Aylesford as a private tutor to his son Heneage, Lord Guernsey, at Christ Church, Oxford. While there he was incorporated B.C.L., in 1774, and shortly afterwards took the degree of LL.D., and was appointed to the rectory of Aldbury in Surrey, by his pupil, Heneage, then Earl of Aylesford.

At the end of the year 1774 he married Mary, daughter of the Rev. John Botham, formerly rector of Aldbury. She possessed from her childhood a very weak constitution, and many proofs of Dr. Horsley's extreme gentleness and love may be found in his letters, showing with what care and anxiety he cherished her life, during that long illness, which terminated fatally in 1777, the year of his father's death.

At this time he was contemplating the edition of Newton's works; but owing to his domestic griefs, the work was greatly delayed. Thus early he was bereaved of a loving and devoted wife; but he spent much of his time in attending to his two little children, a daughter and a son, the former of whom did not long survive her mother. The son was christened Heneage, in compliment to his patron, the Earl of Aylesford. In one of his letters, at this sad time, he says, "It is very true that I am at present in a situation to think of nothing but the nursing of my two infants, who have just lost the best of mothers at an age when they least could spare her, the eldest not being a year and a half old. I am so overwhelmed by this great misfortune, that I cannot bear to think of the many duties which ere now should have been accomplished."

Dr. Horsley resigned Aldbury in 1779, and was presented to Thorley in 1780 (formerly his father's), obtaining at the same time a dispensation to hold that rectory with Newington. In 1781 he was appointed archdeacon of St. Alban's, and resigned Thorley and

Newington in 1782, on being presented to the vicarage of South Weald, in Essex.

Of his many publications, the chief of which we will mention hereafter, the best known are his famous letters to Dr. Priestley, which gave rise to the controversy in 1784. In a charge to his archdeaconry of St. Alban's, at a visitation holden May 22nd, 1783, Dr. Horsley undertook to defend the catholic doctrine of the Trinity from the attacks of Dr. Priestley, who, in his "History of the Corruptions of Christianity," deemed this doctrine to be the most erroneous.* The archdeacon contended that Priestley, in support of his imaginary progress of opinions from the Unitarian doctrine to the Nicene faith, produced scarce any argument but what was borrowed from divines of the last century. At the close of the charge, Horsley says, in referring again to the errors of Priestley, "It is a mortifying proof of the infirmity of the human mind, in the highest improvement of its faculties in the present life, that such fallacies in reasoning, such misconstruction of authorities, such distorted views of facts and opinions, should be found in the writings of a man, to whom, of all men in the present age, some branches of the experimental sciences are the most indebted." Dr. Horsley's learning and abilities, his able arguments, and finally his decisive victory in entirely uprooting the Priestleian doctrine of materialism, have all contributed to raise his name yet higher in the estimation of the friends and supporters of Christianity. The sermon preached at his funeral dwells shortly on this subject, and a part of it is here given:—"And now we may view him in a new light engaging to expose and overcome one of the most alluring as well as dangerous heresies, the Priestleian doctrine, which is something worse than the Arian and Socinian principles revived. In this controversy the thanks of the Church of England and the gratitude of the State were due to him for his seasonable inquiries, judicious arguments, and learned discussions, which proved him equal to any one that had gone before him, in examining the fathers, supporting the truths from tradition, and elucidating the Holy Scriptures."

Thurlow, who was at this time Lord Chancellor, became very intimate with Horsley, and presented him to a prebendal stall in the Church of Gloucester; saying that "those who defended the Church ought to be supported by the Church."

* See Horsley's "Letters in Answer to Priestley," published 1783.

In 1787, Dr. Horsley married a second wife—Sarah Wright, who was one of his servants, a very worthy woman, though somewhat ambitious, as may be gathered from the following anecdote, lately found among the family papers:—"Bishop Horsley's second wife was the servant of his first, and while in that station was told by a fortune-teller that 'she should marry her master,' and that she should

'Ride in a coach,
A coach and four,
And a coach and six,
From her master's door.'

Her mistress died, and she afterwards married her master. He did not then keep a carriage; soon after, however, he was made bishop, when he never travelled but with four horses; and to complete the prophecy, she was thoroughly persuaded that her husband would be appointed Archbishop of Canterbury (who in those days used to travel with six horses); but the coach and six was her hearse! Thus the prophecy was fulfilled."

Dr. Horsley was made Bishop of St. David's in 1788; and five years after he was appointed to the See of Rochester and also to the Deanery of Westminster. In 1802, he was translated to St. Asaph, to the regret of the subordinates in his deanery and the choir, whose stipends he had augmented. In his episcopal character he in a great measure answered the high expectations of eminent usefulness, which his elevation to the mitre so generally excited. His first act in the diocese of St. David's was to increase the salaries of the poor curates, many of whom had not more than £8 or £10 per annum. He permitted none to officiate for less than £15 per annum. He regulated the whole ecclesiastical concerns of that diocese with equal justice to the rector and curate. In the early part of 1805, his second wife died after a lingering illness, never having had any issue, and was buried at the church of Newington, where the bishop placed an eloquent Latin inscription over her tomb.

After much fatiguing service in his diocese of St. Asaph, he determined, in August, 1806, to spend a few weeks at Brighton, with his old friend and patron Lord Chancellor Thurlow. On arriving at Shrewsbury, news of his friend's death reached him; but he, nevertheless, proceeded on his journey. He began now to be much troubled with melancholy grief, and serious anxiety was entertained about his health. On the 30th of September, an internal complaint seized him, which terminated rapidly and fatally on Saturday, 4th of October, 1806. His re-

mains were brought up to London, and were placed for a few days in Queen Anne Street, at the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Palmer;* and on the 14th of October he was buried in the family vault at Newington. No man of the age, perhaps, possessed more of what is generally understood by the term of *recondite* learning, or was more profoundly versed in classical chronology. He was extremely eloquent, and his voice was deep and full-toned; his enunciation also was distinct, and his delivery in all respects commanding and highly impressive. His manner was rather dictatorial, but he was, nevertheless, an argumentative speaker, equally clear and strong. His mind grasped all the learning of the ancient and modern world, and his heart was as warm and generous towards all whom he had the ability to serve, as his head was capable of advocating their cause. His charity to the distressed was even more than prudent; he often wanted himself when he gave away; and in money affairs no one was more careless than the bishop, and no one so easily imposed upon. Though he was irascible, passionate, and easily moved to anger, yet he had a very large amount of human kindness; he was a devoted father and husband, and always bent both his mind and body to partake of the amusements of children, of whom he was particularly fond.

While living at Bromley, which was at that time the episcopal residence of Rochester, it was his favourite pastime to row his nephews and nieces on a piece of water within the grounds. Without coat or wig, the old gentleman would give himself up to the enjoyment of an hour free from the cares of his office, though too often obliged hastily to resume both on the arrival of strangers who had obtained an introduction to him. Among these the Rev. W. Faber, author of "The Many Mansions of the Father's House," records the pleasure which an interview with the bishop had given him.

During a visit at his brother-in-law's house, in Queen Anne Street, his kindly attention was attracted to the little children of a family occupying a house on the opposite side of the street. His "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," directed from his window to theirs, made him the familiar friend of the nursery long before the elders of the family had the opportunity of being admitted to his acquaintance.

On ecclesiastical and civil questions in the senate-house, where the Church or State was essentially to be served, the bishop took an

* Lord Selborne's grandfather.

active part. His speech on the Catholic Bill in 1791, in the House of Lords, is well worthy of notice. It ran as follows:—"My Lords, with great charity for the Roman Catholics, with a perfect abhorrence of the penal laws, I have my doubts whether the bill for their relief, which has been sent up to us from the Lower House, comes in a fit shape to be sent to a committee. Fixed as I am in the persuasion that religion is the only foundation of civil society, and by consequence, that an Establishment of religion is an essential branch of every well-constructed polity, I am equally fixed in another principle, that it is a duty, which the great law of Christian charity imposes on the Christian magistrate, to tolerate Christians of every denomination, separated from the Established Church by conscientious scruples; with the exception of such sects only, if any such there be, which hold principles so subversive of civil government in general, or so hostile to the particular constitution under which they live, as to render the extermination of such sects an object of just policy. My lords, I have no scruple to say, that the opinions which separate the Roman Catholics of the present day from the communion of the Church of England, are *not* of that dangerous complexion."

He then finishes by stating his objection to the bill on account of its partiality of operation, which was only to relieve those Roman Catholics who took the oath of allegiance. The bishop stated that the form of the oath was badly drawn up, and on his own motion it was expunged, and that form of oath which was taken by the Roman Catholics in 1774 was substituted.

In parliament he distinguished himself by the very hearty support which he gave to the measures of Mr. Pitt's administration. Some of his declarations of political sentiment were condemned by many persons as being adverse to the true spirit of the English constitution, and even to the spirit of Christianity itself. His political conduct, however, gained him the favour of the court, and his determined character clearly manifested itself at the close of the session (1801) in that great point of discussion—whether we should have peace or war. On that day the bishop came up from Brighton, remained in the House till four o'clock in the morning, and then rose with this observation:—"That such a premature peace would be a derogation to this country, and dangerous to the constitution," confronting at the time the warmest advocates of pacification.

His chief publications were,—the edition of the "Works of Sir Isaac Newton," "Letters relating to the Prestleian Controversy," "An Apology for the Liturgy and Clergy of the Church of England," various "Charges" to his clergy, and many sermons, amongst which is the memorable one that he preached on an anniversary of King Charles's murder, where his eloquence so moved the congregation, that they rose to their feet, and remained standing until he concluded. He published many other works, such as a "Commentary on the Bible," with numerous pamphlets. Also a careful "Translation of the Book of Psalms, from the Hebrew," which his deep study of that language rendered wonderfully complete.

In the preface to this work is a notice of the metrical version of the Book of Psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins, which was the only hymnal of our Church at that date. In these days, when hymnals are multiplying, it may be interesting to cast a look back upon that which our forefathers used, especially viewing it in the light which the bishop's comments throw upon it.

Speaking of the Book of Psalms itself, he says, "There is not a page in which the pious reader will not find his Saviour, if he reads with a view of finding Him; and it was but a just encomium of it that came from the pen of one of the early fathers, that it is a complete system of divinity for the use and edification of the common people of the Christian Church. In deriving this edification from it, which it is calculated to convey, they may receive much assistance from a work which the ignorance of modern refinement would take out of their hands. I speak of the old singing Psalms, the metrical version of Sternhold and Hopkins. This is not, what I believe it is now generally supposed to be, nothing better than an awkward versification of a former English translation; it was an original translation from the Hebrew text, earlier, by many years, than the prose translation in the Bible; and of all that are in any degree paraphrastic, as all in verse in some degree must be, it is the best and most exact we have to put into the hands of the common people. The authors of this version considered the verse merely as a contrivance to assist the memory. They were little studious of the harmony of their numbers or the elegance of their diction, but they were solicitous to give the full and precise sense of the sacred text, according to the best of their judgment; and their judgment, with the exception of some few passages, was

very good; and at the same time that they adhered scrupulously to the letter, they contrived to express it in such terms as, like the original, might point clearly to the spiritual meaning.

"It was a change much for the worse when the pedantry of pretenders to taste in literary composition thrust out this excellent translation from many of our churches to make room for what still goes by the name of the New Version, that of Tate and Brady, which, in many places where the Old Version is just, accurate, and dignified by its simplicity, is careless and inadequate, and in the poverty and littleness of its style contemptible."

A letter from Samuel Horsley, when tutor to Lord Guernsey at Christ Church, Oxford, to his step-brother George Horsley, in Bombay, contains a great amount of sound advice on the subject of education. It is the earliest letter of any importance among the numerous old papers, from which this sketch is compiled. It bears date February 20, 1770.

"MY DEAR GEORGE,— . . . I was very much diverted with the idea of your putting yourself to school again. To be sure you spent a great deal of time in learning to write and read under the Newington sage; and your idea of the present state of education is very just. It is certainly calculated to form a monk, not a statesman, a philosopher, a gentleman, or a merchant. The time that is spent in learning Latin and Greek is much more than is necessary, and more than the attainment of both is worth; and the scheme, which so great a majority of those who go under the name of scholars adopt, of spending their whole lives in learning more Latin and more Greek, with the addition, perhaps, of a little school divinity, is very worthy of the geniuses that pursue it. I fancy it will be some time before the cares of the world will leave you sufficiently at leisure to begin your education again; but if you find you have any propensity to the pursuits of science or speculation of any kind, I advise you by no means to lose any language that you have once acquired. As to the Latin and Greek languages, if the acquisition really required the time that is generally given to it, I would *not* recommend them to any whose lives are not likely to be wholly contemplative; but, the fact is, that a competent knowledge of them may be acquired in a short time, in the earlier part of life; and without the Latin language no considerable proficiency can be made in any branch of science. Nor is it possible to get a tolerable

information upon ancient history without both. And though ancient history is not much connected with what is now passing in the world, yet it constitutes a great branch of the experimental philosophy of the human mind, an object of the highest importance to philosophers and politicians; and, observe, that the very great difference between the Christian religion and the superstitions of former ages has made the state of the human mind, in countries equally civilised, and in other respects similarly circumstanced, very different in the ages that preceded Christ and those that have followed his nativity. To which it must be added, that what we have of the original accounts of the beginnings of the kingdoms now existing in Europe are, many of them (and the best of them), in the Latin language. I consider, therefore, the acquisition of these languages as one desirable thing in the education of a gentleman; and as you have some knowledge of Latin, I would advise you not to lose it. It will be easy to keep it up by reading now and then some of the easier historians, such as *Cæsar's Commentaries*, *Justin*, *Quintus Curtius*, *Aurelius Victor*, and the '*Historici Augusti Scriptores*.' You certainly are well acquainted with French, and I would advise you to acquire Italian, which you will do with great ease. You may learn the language by yourself with the help of a dictionary and a grammar, and learn the pronunciation from a master afterwards. This is what I take to be the most expeditious method; at least, it is what I pursued myself.

"The mere knowledge of the facts of history and their dates—where such a prince was born, what bishop crowned him, what lady he married, who poisoned him, and when and how—is a very useless and contemptible pursuit. To make history a rational and manly study it must have a reference either to politics or philosophy, and for this reason it must begin from the very beginning of things; at least, a man should have some knowledge of ancient times before he comes to modern history. However, for people in general, *i.e.* for all such as are in active life, I would abridge the ancient part as much as possible; and, indeed, those who do not understand the Greek language cannot enter into it very minutely. Perhaps *Sir Walter Raleigh's History* may serve their purpose as far as it goes. *Vertot's 'Histoire des Révolutions de la République Romaine'* may serve for the earlier part of the Roman history (adding to it *Plutarch's Lives* in the proper periods); a very general view of the

Roman affairs may suffice from Augustus Cæsar to Constantine the Great, when that vast empire began to hasten towards its end. From Constantine the Great to the extinction of the western empire is a period full of the most curious events, and is highly interesting to us, because the Decline of the Roman Empire was the beginning of things as they now are. Had the history of this period been written by Livy or Tacitus, it would have been more studied perhaps than any other; but it is totally neglected by those who value writings by the elegance of their style. I cannot say where those who are ignorant of the Latin language can get more than a very superficial view of it. To those who understand Latin I always recommend Sigonius 'De Imperio Occidentali.' It will be proper to know something of the eastern emperors that fall within this period; but people in general must be contented with such accounts as are to be picked up from the lamentable labours of our countrymen, Lawrence Echard and the continuators of his wretched work. Those that possess the Greek language will occasionally consult the Byzantine writers; they are far too voluminous to be read through.

"I should wish that every one was acquainted with so much of ancient history as I have mentioned before he turned his thoughts at all to anything more modern. And the study of modern history should begin with another work of Sigonius, entitled, 'De Regno Italiæ,' which is the most authentic general account extant of Italy, from the extinction of the Roman Empire till towards the end of the thirteenth century, when the House of Hapsburg ascended the imperial throne. In this you have a full, unadorned account of the kingdom of the Lombards in Italy, the rise of the Pope's temporal power, and the struggles that subsisted between the holy see and the princes of Europe for several centuries after Charlemagne; the great and generous efforts of the Italian republics for the recovery of their liberty and independence; the settlement of the Normans in the south of Italy, and the establishment of the kingdoms of Sicily and Naples. I just mention the way in which the study of history should be begun if you mean to pursue it seriously. While you read only for amusement, which is all you can do until you have much leisure on your hands, I would only recommend such books to you as Hume's 'History of England,' Robertson's 'History

of Scotland,' Harris's 'Lives of Cromwell and the Royal Stuarts,' Ludlow's 'Memoirs,' Whitelock's 'Memorials,' and things of that kind, that may be read like newspapers. I do not think I shall ever publish anything on this subject, but I may perhaps be able to give my friends advice that may be useful. I am just now engaged in a strict revisal of Voltaire's 'Essay upon General History from Charlemagne to the Present Time,' for I know no book that would be so proper to put into the hands of beginners as a clue to direct their inquiries if it were cleared of some gross mistakes. When you read Sir Walter Raleigh's history, begin with the times of Cræsus and Cyrus. Take the Jewish history, preceding the Captivity, from the historical books of the Old Testament, or rather read them first of all. Then read Littlebury's English Herodotus, an excellent lounge-book; then for a succinct and rational review of these earlier times, both sacred and profane, read Sir Isaac Newton's Chronology, omitting the astronomical argument taken from the 'Precession of the Equinoxes.' Then proceed to Sir Walter Raleigh, beginning where Herodotus leaves off."

The letter then concludes with private details, which are omitted; but we must add another from the family papers, bearing the date of September 30th, 1806, a few days before his death, and which gives a curious and striking insight into the feeling of those times. It touches on the then prevalent idea that Napoleon Bonaparte would assume the title of "Messiah," and raise his empire in the Holy Land. He says, "I give you joy, my dear brother, of the glorious conquests in Calabria, though I confess I am not sanguine with respect to their ultimate effect; but they will give us a present advantage in negotiation. But Bonaparte will remain master of Europe, at least of all the southern part. He will settle a considerable body of Jews in Palestine, which will open a door for him to the conquest of the east, as far as the Euphrates. He will then set himself up for the Messiah, and a furious persecution will take place, in which his friends in Palestine will at first be his principal instruments, but will at last turn their weapons towards his destruction."

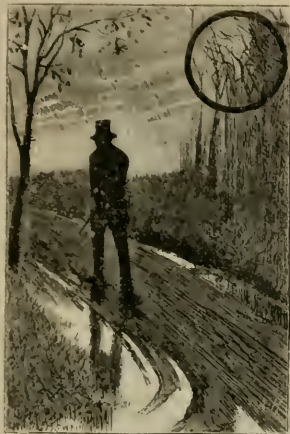
With this last letter let us close our sketch of the life of this remarkable prelate, a life devoted to the public good.

J. W. DANIELL.

THERESA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SYLVIA'S CHOICE."

CHAPTER XIII.



October evening Mr. Harold walked home in the moonlight. It was a moist and misty night, raw and autumnal, with withered leaves dropping sadly to the ground from the half-bared branches; but he was not in a mood to feel any depression from its dreariness or chillness. This last month had made the world young again to Geoffrey Harold. He was scarcely like the same man that he had been a few weeks ago; he walked with his head erect, with his eyes full of hope and light. For had not a new world opened to him?—had not that dark page of his life become turned for him at last? He walked home, thinking with unspeakable tenderness of this woman whom he loved. He thought of her not only with intense tenderness, but even with a kind of triumph. After his long failure this was the prize that he had won; after long years of defeat—years that had been bitter with a sense of wasted powers—there had come this victory at last.

It was but a short way to his own house—scarcely more than half a mile. The moonlight was throwing chequered shadows from the half leafless trees upon the road, and no other step but his broke the silence. There was no lodge at Farnham, and when he had passed through the open gate he paused to close it after him, and for two or three moments stood still and looked back—a last look over the peaceful country road, lying quiet in the moonlight like a picture.

It was an unpretending house, old-fashioned and quaint. During Mr. Harold's occupation of it, it had never been more than partly furnished; the drawing-rooms, over whose closed shutters Mrs. Martin had lamented three years ago, stood empty and unused still; the only portions of the house down-stairs that he had inhabited had been the dining-room, and another room adjoining it that was called the library. In this he always sat when he was alone. It had seen him in his brightest and his darkest moods, and was associated with all that he had thought, or done, or suffered, or enjoyed at Farnham.

During these last weeks the rooms, that had only been familiar to him before, had become dear, for a picture had grown up in his heart of the days, so near at hand now, when Theresa's voice should make music, and her face bring light, within its walls. In some moods its loneliness had even already ceased for him; she was but to come to him presently, yet sometimes it had almost seemed to him as if she had already come; and more than once, when all the house was silent, he had spoken to her; he had stretched out his hand to touch her; he had been able to imagine the future till it had almost attained to the reality of a present thing.

The room was bright with a glow of fire-light when he opened the door and came into it to-night. He had let himself into the house, as he did usually, with his pass key, for his establishment consisted only of a couple of servants—a man and his wife—and he cared very little for any attendance that could be dispensed with. He came into the room fresh from the damp chill outer air—from that misty October moonlight that in another frame of mind he might have found cheerless and saddening; and its warmth and subdued light were pleasant to him. It was a large room, with deep colours on its walls and floor—with crimson curtains drawn across its windows, and with books on which the firelight shone. A lamp was burning low upon a table near the fire, but for a few moments Mr. Harold did not turn it higher. There was a sense of repose in this subdued light that was in harmony with the feeling of content and peace within him. He stood before the fire for a little while, thinking still of Theresa, dreaming still about the future, forming plans for that life which, though his youth was gone, was yet only now in its

true sense to begin for him—the life that had eluded him so long.

He was a man to whom delicacy and refinement had been given in a larger measure than vigour; a man not strong enough to go his own way independent of outer circumstances. The sadness of his life had overwhelmed him hitherto; he had wanted sympathy, and where he had looked for it, it had failed him; he had wanted love, and love had receded from him. He had made a great mistake, and had suffered from the consequences of it with the bitterness of a sensitive, finely-strung nature to which every insult he had met with had been a wound, through which some of his life's blood had escaped. When the torture that he had suffered for six years had ceased, he had gained peace once more, but it had been a kind of exhausted peace. Life had been made so bitter to him that he had ceased to care for it—ceased to have elasticity or energy enough to try to hew out for himself another life; he had cared for his freedom mainly because at last his freedom had given him rest.

But now at length all this had ended. He was no boy any longer to dream of impossible bliss, or to picture all his years to come as flowing on in one ceaseless stream of happy days, because the woman that he loved should have become his wife; he did not do this, but yet he thought in his heart, "Whatever God has given me power to do I shall only do with her beside me; whatever I may taste of future gladness will only come to me through her." He thought and believed this; for she had become to him something that was perhaps more than any woman in his youth could ever have been; not his love only, but something beyond that—the blessing which God had given him to heal the wounds that other hands had made—the strong heart that was to stand beside him—the angel that was to bring peace to him on her white wings.

He stood in the half-lighted room with happy, thankful thoughts. He had gone forward to the fire, and was standing before it, with something like a prayer for her in his heart. He was thinking how in future winter nights he might come home like this, and find her here to meet him—here, sitting by this fireside that should be hers too then, in that empty chair that he turned to look at with his eyes half-dim. He said almost aloud, "God bless her!" Perhaps the reality of such a coming home could scarcely have been sweeter—it might have been less sweet—to him than those moments were while the

thought of it and the vision of it rose before him. The empty room while they lasted was filled with her presence; could it have been more to him if he had seen her with his bodily eyes, and touched her, and heard her voice?

His heart was full of her still when he went presently to the table on which the lamp was standing, and turned up the light. It was a table littered with his books and papers; it was the place also where, when any letters came for him, his servant placed them. There was one letter lying there now, and the sudden light fell on it.

Ah, it is such a little step sometimes between life and death!—only one moment, and everything may pass away—all peace, all hope that has made the soul glad, all confidence of joy. Only one such moment, and all this ended for Geoffry Harold. There was no warning to break the blow to him; it came suddenly—in an instant—in the plenitude of his glad content; and then all was over. There was no more for him to hope or fear; no more that it could help him to ask or know. As his eye fell on that letter he learned it all. The woman whom he had thought was dead was not dead; that was the whole; and the future of which he had been dreaming had vanished—gone out in a moment like a light.

One sound burst from him—inarticulate, half-repressed, a cry or groan or sob, as if his heart had broken. Then he stood still. He did not take the letter up, or open it. What could the contents of it matter to him? After a few moments his eyes even wandered away from it, as his thoughts wandered too. They left it, and went back with a silent agony to the woman whom he loved.

It was not death that had come; it was something that at this moment seemed worse than death—the thought of parting from her—the knowledge that all was at an end between them. How was he to tell it to her? How was she to bear the hearing of it? Her love for him, that he had been so proud of—it became suddenly, on the moment, a terror to him, an anguish. If it had been only his own sorrow he could have borne it; but how was he to bear, or to help her to bear, hers?

All this had passed through his mind before he took the letter up at last, and broke the seal. When he had opened it he read it without pause, straight on, quickly, without any further sign of emotion. It could do nothing more to him; it could not touch him any further. The thing that had placed

death in his heart had been the mere sight of it; all the rest signified nothing.

It was a coarse, insolent letter.

"MR. HAROLD," it began (the writer dated from London),

"I don't trouble you often, as you know very well; but when reports get abroad of my death, and you choose to believe them,

and to stop my allowance, it is full time to let you know I'm no more dead than you are. I must say I think it is a hard thing, when a woman has suffered all that I have—just escaped with her life, and been carried, as ill-luck would have it, to the other side of the world—(of course I don't grumble against the ship's people who picked me up; they showed me all the kindness that they



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could, and I shall be grateful to them as long as I live),—but still I do say it is a hard thing to have been taken off to Australia, and to find when I get back here at last that people stare at me as if I was a ghost, and tell me I was drowned eight months ago. I dare say you were very ready to believe I was drowned, and very glad to make up your mind to it, and I am exceedingly sorry to

disappoint you; but still I am not going to starve to please you. There is half a year's income due to me, and I hope you will let me have it at once, and pay it for me into Lupton and Harrison's, who are my bankers now.

"I dare say you will be very angry with me for writing to you; but I can't help that. I wouldn't have done it if Mr. Inderwick

had been at home; but I went there this morning, and they told me he had gone out of town for a week; and I can't wait for a week without any money. I said to his clerk that I had business with you, and got him to give me your address. It seems a curious notion of yours to go away out of London, and live in the country. I never knew in old times that you had much taste for a country life.

"I suppose you will let me have what is owing to me without any delay; so I need not say any more. As for me, if you have anything to ask me, I shall be quite ready to answer it, either to you or Mr. Inderwick. I have nothing to conceal about myself, and never had, and it would be well if every one else could say as much, and say it as honestly.

"Your wife,
"AGATHA HAROLD."

He read the letter, and laid it down. The contents seemed hardly to move him; he was beyond being moved by anything that words could do. He put it down, and pushed it from him. Then for a little while he sat still, stunned, paralyzed, almost incapable of thought. Everything had become suddenly dark as night to him. He sat like one crushed to the earth by a weighty stupor of dull pain, through which no acute feeling seemed to have power to pierce. It was all ended for him; he understood that. The hope he had had was gone; the light was quenched; the joy had ceased; the whole of it had been a dream after all.

A dream, he called it! Ah, would to God it had only been a dream! To awake, and find his gladness lost—he could have borne that, perhaps; but the bitterest part of it was something far beyond that. With a sudden groan he hid his face upon his hands. "My darling! my darling!" he was crying in his heart, "how can I help you to bear this?"

It was an impotent cry, for he could not help her; and that was where the worst sting lay. He had brought this thing upon her, and he could not help her to bear it. He might give his life's blood for her, but he could not ease her of one pang that he had entailed upon her, or give her back one moment of the peace that he had robbed her of. This was the bare, bitter truth. He had suffered sharp things before, but he had never before dragged any one else down with him into the dark places he had had to tread. He was about to do this for the first time now, and the anguish of it, when those first moments, to which the sudden shock

had given an appearance of calmness, had passed by; seemed too great for him to bear.

He was not by nature a man roused easily either to passion or resistance. There was a certain amount of patience in him, a kind of instinctive endurance and submission to what appeared inevitable. He had borne the burden he had carried so long with as little complaint hitherto as most men would have made, and six months ago, if he had been told that he must carry it to his life's end he would have submitted to that sentence with hardly a murmur, and with even some sense of the justice of it. But now it was not with him as it had been six months ago. He had thrown that thing off that had crushed him down so long; he had seen a new life before him; he had tasted the joys of freedom. The sentence of a renewed imprisonment came to him now, not as it would have done before, but, when the first shock was over, with a bitterness, a sense of intolerable oppression, a fierce instinct of rebellion mingled with his despair, that made him for a little while half mad.

Submission! Why should he submit? Why should he give up all that made life dear to him, because that woman was alive? He might have done it once; but now—now when he had all but gained the thing he wanted, and hope had almost grown to certainty! He sat bending over his fire,—brooding over it,—forming a plan in his mind of how he would take Theresa far away, somewhere where no one knew them. They would leave England; they might leave the old world altogether; they should begin a new life far away in a new land. He said this to himself half madly, crying in his heart that he would not give her up. The life that they had been looking forward to—that, indeed, he knew had become impossible. No peaceful, happy days for them now here in this place where she had lived as child and girl and woman; no proud years, such as she had loved to picture, while he should take his place amongst men who were his equals, and the quick, glad colour should come into her face as she listened to other voices praising him. All that—all hope of that—was gone; but yet for a little while, with brain and heart on fire, he sat thinking of what remained still that was possible: an honourable life at home no longer, but life of some sort far away; years through which they should at least be still together—through which, perhaps, they should be all the more to one another that each of them, for the other's sake, had lost the world.

It was a frantic dream—the dream of a man for the moment beside himself. He awoke from it presently, and recovered possession of his true self again—of the higher nature that would not have let him stain Theresa's name for any gain or any hope of gain on earth. It came back to him when the moment of passion was past; and then he knew once more that his resistance was useless—that, struggle and suffer as he might, the bitter thing had come between them that must part them, and make their lives go different ways.

For she was lost to him; that was now the one fact for him to face—lost to him, not in part alone, but wholly lost; their lives from this time forward to become separate; no day amongst the future days that were to dawn to be brightened for him by her presence or her voice. This was the bitter, irremediable truth, and he saw it with a cruel clearness of vision—a pitiless insight that, after that first momentary madness had passed, made all self-deception impossible. If he could have cheated himself into the belief that they might simply ignore these last few weeks, and once more meet as they had been used to meet before her father died, he would have escaped the sharpest part of his suffering. But he knew this could not be; he knew what she had become to him, and he knew that he could not live with her any longer in the way in which he had lived of old. She might be able to do it, but he could not do it. She must be his wife now, or she must not be anything to him; and she could not be his wife.

He sat for hour after hour bending over his fire that gradually sank low and died out, thinking, till thought became a deadening pain. To-morrow he must go and tell her. Ah! how was he to tell her? How was he to say to her that they must part?

If he could have suffered alone—that was always what he cried to himself, with a great fierce cry of agony; if he could have suffered alone! But to crush her heart too; to drag her, too, down into the dark! "God help us both!" he said; but he could not say, "God's will be done." He would have striven for her, if any striving had been possible for him at all. She was the one thing that he coveted, and instead of union between them there had come division—there had come, as the end of all, the sword that separates—a sword almost as sharp, almost as bitter (sometimes to the full as bitter), as the sword that kills.

CHAPTER XIV.

If it had been in his power to have delayed his going to Theresa perhaps he would have delayed it; but it was not in his power, for he had promised to see her in the morning. In the morning, therefore, he went to her, re-traversing the same road that he had trodden so joyfully last night, with other thoughts, with other feelings, with his whole being so changed, that within these twelve hours since he had parted from her he seemed to have become another man.

How was he to tell her? he thought to himself all the way as he went. What words could he find that would be tender enough? what words could he find that would be remorseful enough? He vainly tried to plan what he would say to her. Should he tell his bitter tidings abruptly? Should he break them to her gently? He could not decide. He had arranged nothing, he had prepared nothing by the time he came into her presence at last.

These autumn mornings had a kind of memory of summer about them still. Leaves partly green hung upon the trees; there were flowers in sheltered places, and the sun struck warmly yet on the red south wall of the Manor House. Nature, in her great impartiality, had little sympathy to-day with Geoffrey Harold. There were birds singing over his head as he took that melancholy walk of his, and the sky was blue and the clouds were bright.

She was in the garden, the servant said, when he reached the house; but he did not go and join her there; he waited for her in her morning room. She was out in the sunshine, gathering late roses,—lingering with happy steps about the flower-beds that would be empty soon—thinking, perhaps, of all that would have happened before those flowers should bloom again. There was a flight of steps leading from that morning room down to the garden, and through the open window he heard her voice as it went softly singing—murmuring little glad songs half aloud, which went to his heart, each note of them, like a stab.

In looking back, when all was over, these moments while he waited for her coming seemed to himself the moments that stood out above all others in their unendurable remorse and pain. No anguish afterwards equalled that anguish, before the blow he had to strike was given, and the words spoken that took the light out of her life. Whatever the pain might be after that was

done, the passion of suspense, at least, was over then ; there was no more fear, no more dread, of a thing that was to come ; only a bitter certainty, a mutual knowledge of the worst.

But when she came to him, that hardest agony was his still. The servant who had let him in had told her he was in the house, and she came to meet him up these garden steps, beginning to speak to him before she reached the room.

"I want you to come out," she said to him in her clear, happy voice. "It is so warm here. Geoffry," she said, "won't you come?"

She saw him in the room ; but it was darker there than out of doors, and she did not at first see his face ; she only saw it a moment or two afterwards. He came forward a little, and held out his hand to her, and said, "No ; I want you here ;" and then she saw it—the face that, do what he would to appear calm, was stamped already with the seal of his suffering.

She had come quickly to him, and her cheek had been touched with the delicate colour that sometimes came to relieve its paleness, and her eyes had been bright with the gladness that always filled them at the sight of him. But as they met she looked at him, and the light and the colour both died away.

She said to him hurriedly, "You have something to tell me. What is it?"

She spoke looking with large startled eyes into his face—the thought that had haunted her so often springing up in her again with a sudden, sickening, prophetic terror.

And then delay became impossible, and he told her. But he never knew afterwards what he said, or how he said it. All words that he had thought of speaking, or had tried to arrange beforehand, failed him now ; the cruel truth came out in other words than he had thought of—words that were broken and few. And then it was all ended ; and the new life had ceased. Ceased—as that first look of comprehension came into her face, the look of sudden helplessness that remained with him to haunt him through future years.

When she knew all she was very quiet. She only gave one sob—a half-stifled gasp for breath—and then sat down, stunned. It seemed like a dream to her. In dreams already she had passed through moments such as these ; only from dreams there had always come the blessed awakening that had brought her back to life and joy. Now there was to be no awakening.

"I think I have been half prepared for this all along," were almost the first words she said. And then presently she turned to him with a sad tremulous smile, and—"I shall be able to bear it. You must not think of me—you must not care for me," she said ; only her voice went into a sob at the last word.

I do not know that Theresa Thurston was any better, any braver, any less selfish than other women are. Her first impulse was to think only of her lover, but her weakness overcame her, and forced the thought upon her of her own pain and loss. Those passionate tears into which she burst were shed for herself as much as for him—for her lost gladness, her lost hope. For a few moments she could not help them, she could not check them ; they were as a wild river that she had to cross before her strength came back.

It did come back when they had ceased, and she was braver then than he was. Braver, I think, not because she suffered less, or that the annihilation of all she had desired on earth was less terrible to her than it had been to him ; but stronger for the moment because, when the first shock had been borne, above all thought for her own self rose once more her thought and her regard for him.

She spoke true, touching, tender words to him. She did not waste her strength in trying to realise the breadth and depth of the sorrow that had come to her—she knew that she could not realise it yet ; she knew too that there would be time enough to learn the whole weight and bitterness of it in the long lonely years of her future life ; time enough in those years for tears and weakness ; in these moments there was time only to speak last words that should never be forgotten, to hold hands in a last clasp, to look for the last time into each other's eyes.

The inevitableness of it all, which in one sense was cruel, in another, and perhaps a truer sense, was very merciful, for she was spared suspense, and all vain striving after the thing that had become impossible. To both of them this final interview was like a parting before death. She never said to him, "Let us return to the old life we used to lead." She knew they could not return to it. She knew that from this time henceforward they must live apart. No resistance was possible ; only submission was possible.

She had said no more than the truth to him when she had told him that through all the gladness of the last glad month she had for ever had the thought before her of this.

He had put fear away from him, but *she* had never put it away. She felt all through this final hour as though this thing that had come was only something that she had been waiting for, knowing it would come of a surety, soon or late.

They were able to talk together before they parted of something besides their pain and grief.

"When you go away from me," she said to him, "do not go and wander anywhere, nor waste time in regretting what is past. Go back to London, Geoffry, and settle down there, and work. You will grow content soonest so. Live the life, as far as you can, that we planned to live together. I shall be proud of it yet! I shall not look on when men praise you now, but I shall hear their praises from far off, and while I do that, do you think I can ever be wholly without comfort? Do you think I can ever be wholly without joy?"

"If you want to make me as nearly happy as anything in the world can make me now," she continued, "you will promise me what I ask." And then he promised her.

Almost at the end he cried to her bitterly—

"Why did I ever come to you, to ruin your life like this?"

"Do you repent that you came to me?" she answered him quickly, and looked up to him with the light coming into her face. "Geoffry," she said, "there is nothing to repent of in that, there is nothing to repent of in the past! We have been happy for these three years; we have been—one of us at least has been—more than happy. If you have ever understood all that you have been to me—all that you have made me—instead of regretting the past for me, you will praise God, you will thank God, you will bless God for it—as I do!"

She left him these for her last words to him. The rest was something dreamlike, too bitter to seem true, too hard to be believed in, till all was over. She awoke, like some one from the stupor of a great blow, to find herself alone at last.—

And so it ended for her—this little, poor romance of life; it ceased here suddenly, like a story broken off, half told. After this day what is there further to record about her? For a time, at least, she had nothing in her power but to fall back again into the old ways, to recover as she could from the blow that had fallen on her, and to go on living her former life again, with the same sights and sounds and things about her that

had had their dull familiarity thus brightened for three years. What could she do but live outwardly again as she had lived before she had ever known him? She could not carve out any new life for herself; she could but do the quiet, calm, monotonous work of each fresh day, patiently and submissively, till the healing and softening hand of time made greater and better things become possible once more to her, holding the while in her heart the memory of those years that had been hers, that golden time which, in one sense indeed, she had wholly lost, but which, in another and a higher sense, had become a possession to her for ever—a possession, and a strength. "Do you think I would part with the recollection of the past for any other happiness?" she had said to Geoffry Harold. "Do you think that with these years to look back upon, with these years to thank God for, I am not richer already than ten thousand other women are?" She had said this before that day came that parted them, but she said it to herself, too, on many an after day. Not in feeble repining, but rather in deepest gratitude that so much had been given her, that such fulness of gladness had been hers once, she used to say, "I have lived my life."

And it was true: she had lived her life; nor was she, I think, much to be pitied, even though she suffered sharply, and though in some things her lot was hard. For they who reach only to a certain height are happier sometimes than the others who climb higher and find disappointment at the top of the hill; and hope is often better than attainment, and desire sweeter than fruition. They are the happiest sometimes who never gain their heart's desire. She had the gladness of her life safe—secure and beautiful in its eternal youth, a joy that in its unstained brightness could shine on her like a jewel from the far off years.

Whenever all was well with her, and her heart was calm and content, she knew and felt this. She knew that, however lonely she might be, no sorrow had been laid upon her such as withers up the lives of many women. She had only lost that which she wanted most. There was no special bitterness in her grief; it was a trouble that was bearable, that had even its great alleviations. One of these, the greatest, was her knowledge that he had kept his word to her, and that he was wasting his life in no vain regrets. One fragment at least of the old dream had come true. She had the inestimable blessing

of knowing this. She had such blessings, too, as she could draw from her own peaceful life, with its quiet interests, its quiet kindnesses. As she grew older these interests and kindnesses touched her more closely than they had done when she was young. In her youth she had been intolerant of

many things, impatient of many things; but time and sorrow softened what was hard in her, and mellowed what had been once unripe, and made a nobler woman of her than she might have been if the lines of her life had been cast differently. So the years went on—so she lived and lives.

EUTHANASIA.

THEY thought he was asleep; but he was dead.
 And though some wept, the wisest said 'twas best;
 He had passed into his eternal rest,
 With ample honour on his snowy head.
 The world had naught but weariness and pain—
 Why should he ope his eyes on it again?
 And then all kissed him, and they ceased to weep,
 And said, "There is no victory for the grave
 O'er one so mild, so peaceful, and so brave;"
 And felt that death was better far than sleep.
 A pen and inkstand were beside his hand—
 Emblems of power, well wielded for his race;
 Youth's smile was on his lips, serenely grand,
 And the Christ-God's salvation on his face.

JOHN W. KAYE.

A DAY IN A DOCKYARD.

A VISIT to Portsmouth Dockyard is admirably calculated to impress a stranger with a due conception of the naval greatness of this country, and we trust that a brief account of such a visit may not be without interest for general readers. Passing along the almost historic "Hard" of Portsmouth, and looking out upon the harbour, considered to be the finest in the world for ships of war, we see the *Victory* and the *St. Vincent* floating calmly at anchor in front, and have an opportunity of contrasting these relics of England's maritime greatness in former days with the ships of the period, the monster ironclads, which have superseded them. The *Devastation*, the new turret-ship, is lying there too; and as we pause to examine this latest development of naval architecture, we cannot help pitying the artists of the future, to whose lot it may fall to depict the naval triumphs of England. Whatever advantages the turret-ships may have in actual warfare, it will certainly form but a sorry substitute on canvas for the picturesque old three-decker. Entering within the Dockyard, we are met, in whatever direction we turn our eyes, by vast structures of all sorts. Here are one hundred and forty-five acres

of ground covered by workshops, factories, foundries, store-houses, docks, building-slips, basins, &c., giving employment to no fewer than six thousand workmen. It will be remembered that a few years ago great dissatisfaction was caused by a considerable reduction being made in the number of hands employed in the Dockyard. Since then, increased activity in ship-building and other departments of labour has called for an increased supply of labour, and at the present moment there are more workmen in the yard than at any previous time. Portsmouth is the largest of our arsenals, and the most important of all our naval establishments. The Dockyard of Chatham, which is the next largest, covers only ninety-five acres of ground. It is also the oldest in the kingdom, being said to have been founded by Alfred the Great, to whom, as is well known, the British Navy owes its first establishment. It was laid out pretty much in its present form in the reign of Charles II., but continual additions and improvements have been going on ever since; and of late years especially, the vastly increased size of the ships which are constructed has necessitated considerable alterations. The first

buildings we enter, on commencing the tour of the Dockyard, are the mast-houses. In these houses are ranged the huge pieces of timber which are to be made into masts and yards for the ships of the navy. The main-masts of first-rate ships are over two hundred feet in height, and are made of many different pieces, tightly bound together. Here are laid-by the masts of Nelson's ship, the *Victory*, and some other relics which are carefully preserved in memory of the great battle in which he fell. In these buildings are also kept an immense variety of small pinnaces, gigs, and launches, all ready for immediate use. Issuing from these, we pass a long frontage of store-houses, in which are kept sails and rigging, hemp, and other naval stores. Passing the now disused Ropery, in which ropes and cables were formerly made (the manufacture of which has now been removed to Chatham), we come to the Anchor Rack. Here are laid up anchors of all sorts and of every size used in the navy. It may be mentioned that the old-fashioned anchor, with the pretty simple form of which we are so familiar as a symbol, shares the fate of most old things in these days, and is being rapidly "improved away." The one most generally in use at present in the navy is that known as the "Trotman anchor." It is very massive and heavy. Some of those carried in the larger ships weigh as much as six and seven tons; the cost is from £300 to £400. Next we are shown into the "Block manufactory," which is considered one of the most interesting departments in the whole Dockyard. An immense number of circular saws, lathes, boring machines, &c., all worked by steam power, are driven round with extraordinary velocity, and in the course of a few minutes the visitor may see a piece of rough wood converted into the most highly-finished specimen of a block. The whole process is done by machinery, and so great is the saving of labour effected by this means, that it is estimated that the twenty men now employed in the block-making department perform the same amount of work which formerly required two hundred and fifty. It is curious to witness the rapidity with which the circular saw slices through a block of the hardest wood that exists—*lignum vitæ*—and the precision with which the shells and sheaves are cut out by other instruments. The manufacture of blocks needs to be rapidly performed, as they must be supplied in great numbers to the navy. A fully-equipped ship requires about fifteen hundred blocks. The whole of the present system of machinery

was designed by the late Sir I. Brunel, and the saving to the country by its introduction into this department is upwards of £15,000 a year.

If the block manufactory is the most interesting department of the dockyard, the most picturesque is the foundry. In a large square building upwards of two hundred feet square, the flames from numerous furnaces, blown by steam bellows, are leaping high into the air, and showers of sparks fly from huge masses of red-hot metal, beneath the blows of ponderous hammers. The most attractive portion of this department is the anchor forge, where immense masses of iron, at white heat, are being moulded into form. Here may be seen at work the celebrated steam hammer, called after the name of its inventor—the Nasmyth hammer. This mighty hammer, which descends with a fall of many tons' weight, flattening a solid bar of iron, is under such perfect control, and so delicately adjusted, that the most fragile article may be touched without being broken by its blow. The favourite experiment is to place a nut underneath the hammer, which then descends upon it, cracking the shell without crushing the kernel. This hammer has often been compared to the trunk of an elephant, which has been so contrived by nature that the animal can either tear up a tree with it, or raise a pin from the ground. The simile, though an old one, is very exact. In these large buildings, there is also a copper foundry, where the copper taken off ship's bottoms is smelted and rolled, and then recast into bolts and other useful articles. There is also a steam factory for making and repairing steam boilers.

But, after all, it is in the docks themselves that the chief interest is centred for a non-professional visitor. There are twelve large basins, from two to three hundred feet in length. Into one of these a ship is floated. The water is then drained off, the ship remains in an entirely dry dock, so that any external repairs can easily be made. The great size of the ships now used in the navy has necessitated the construction of larger dry docks. A basin has recently been made of the great length of nine hundred feet, which can either be divided into two docks or used as one. Here we saw the huge *Warrior* lying under repair. The *Warrior* was the first iron-plated vessel built, and with a thickness of six inches of iron was considered a marvel. Now we have ships encased in fourteen inches of solid armour. In the building slips, vessels of every size

may be seen in all the stages of construction. In one we see the keel just laid down; in the next the huge ribs are fitted on to the backbone, which thus assumes the appearance of the skeleton of some great sea monster. In a third, iron plates are being coated on to the sides of the ship. Next, we see a large iron-clad, completed entirely as to the hull, but without masts or fittings. This is *The Shah*. It is the latest addition to our fleet, and, it is supposed, will be the fastest iron-clad afloat. So great have been the changes effected in our ships of war by the introduction of steam and iron, that the navy may be said to have been in a state of transition during the present generation, and will still be so, for many of the latest inventions are yet upon trial. Since the commencement of the present century, at least three different classes of ships have succeeded each other. At the Battle of Trafalgar in 1805, the *Victory*, Nelson's flag-ship, was considered a model of a line-of-battle ship. She carried one hundred guns, from twelve to twenty-four pounders. Comparing her with the *Duke of Wellington*, which now floats beside her in Portsmouth harbour, and carries the admiral's flag, we find a great advance in ship-building. The *Duke of Wellington* carries a hundred and thirty-one guns, and is of three thousand seven hundred tons burden. She is fitted with engines of seven hundred and eighty horse-power, and is altogether the finest specimen existing of a wooden line-of-battle ship. But when we look at our present fleet of iron-clads, at the *Warrior*, or the *Sultan*, or the *Hercules*, or the *Black Prince*, the change effected since the old days of wooden three-deckers, is truly marvellous. These ships are completely encased in armour, varying from six to fourteen inches in thickness; for it seems that, no sooner have we got armour for a ship which is conceived to be impregnable, than straightway a gun is invented which will pierce it. They are armed with large eighteen-ton guns, as well as with smaller ones on the Whitworth principle; these last are made of steel, which, by a peculiar process, is compressed while in a fluid state, and the gun is thus rendered extraordinarily tough. But in the navy, as in other institutions, in these days of rapid progress, the new very quickly becomes the old; and already since the construction of these fine ships, we find in our waters a strange and unfamiliar object, the new cupola, or turret-ship, such as the *Devastation*, in which the guns are mounted on turrets. The *Devastation* carries four guns of the immense

size of thirty-five tons, mounted on two turrets. Whether these unsightly ships, without either masts or rigging, will ever be available for sea-going, or whether they will be reserved as floating batteries for the defence of our coasts, is a problem still undecided.

The modifications and improvements in marine artillery succeed each other with surprising rapidity. There is at present in process of construction a new iron-clad, the *Inflexible*, which is to be completed in the year 1877. This sea-monster is to be armed with guns of the incredible size of eighty-one tons. They will be twenty-seven feet in length, and are expected to penetrate twenty inches of solid armour-plate at a distance of more than a quarter of a mile! Then, again, there is the torpedo, that destructive submarine engine, against which no man-of-war, armour-plated or otherwise, is safe. Truly formidable will be naval warfare in the future! Within the precincts of the dockyard stands the Naval College, which was founded by George II. for the education of young men for the naval service. The original constitution has been altered, and its function now consists in preparing midshipmen and sub-lieutenants for the higher appointments in the service.

Before leaving the dockyard our attention was called to the excellent system that is adopted for mustering the men. In a small building called the "muster-house," and specially built for this purpose, is a counter fitted with small compartments, numbered from one to ten thousand, in each of which is a metal ticket similarly numbered. In the morning, on coming to work, each man passes through the muster-house, and takes his own ticket (his number having been previously allotted to him), so that the superintendent, by glancing his eye over the counter, is able to detect immediately any absentees, and to identify them by the numbers of the tickets which remain. On leaving the yard, either for dinner or at the end of the day, the process is reversed, each man then depositing his ticket in its own place. By this simple system several thousand men are registered, and their punctuality noted without disorder or confusion, and in a surprisingly short time. Thus ended a very interesting visit to the Portsmouth Dockyard. We can confidently recommend those of our readers who are interested in navy matters, whenever an opportunity occurs, to make a similar visit for themselves.

SABBATH SONGS.

UP! this sweet Sabbath morning! Creation's matin hymn
 Began at early dawn along the woodland stream,
 And the breeze—like wandering minstrel—in soft celestial strain
 Already sings of Sabbath love, awakening hill and plain.

The river bright, in silvern light, runs on its smiling way,
 And chants its Jubilaté of welcome to the day;
 And eddies calm as placid psalm in tone beneath the shade
 To the hallelujah chorus of the mountain-side cascade.



The birds hold choral service—a sacrament of song,
 In brake and bush their warblings gush, like one melodious tongue,
 And the lark springs up above the clouds in sanctity of mirth
 To tell God's angels how we keep His Sabbath here on earth.

From many a wayside cottage, and many a stately hall,
 Praise echoes forth from south to north, with warbling rise and fall,
 The Morning Hymn of saintly Ken comes on the air like balm,
 Or the swell of that "How Pleasant,"—good Watts's holy Psalm!

And heard you not the bleatings of the lambs of Jesu's fold,
 The children's voices blend and swell from the schoolhouse on the wold?
 Down the radiant steeps of Ollvet they sang in olden time,
 And still they sing to Christ the King their harmonies of rhyme.

Those mellow bells on woods and fells proclaim the Sabbath rest
 The day of days, the time of praise, unutterably blest !
 And hundreds join in songs divine, and the loud organ peals,
 And hearts grow light, and heaven more bright, the love of God reveals.

In humble chapel, ancient church, and grey cathedral choir,
 The Sabbath songs are sung by throngs, where glow devotion's fire,
 The everlasting anthem rolls in music pure and clear,
 And love and heaven, and joy are given, and God himself draws near.

Up ! this sweet Sabbath morning, a thousand choirs unite,
 The loss of Eden is regained, and Christ's millennial light
 Glows rich and free o'er land and sea, and all creation longs
 For a thousand years of Sabbaths, all bright with Sabbath songs.

BENJAMIN GOUGIL.

MOSES AND EZEKIEL.

"Visiting the sins of the fathers on the children."—EXOD. xx. 2. "The son shall not die for the iniquity of the father."—EZEK. xviii. 16-17.

YEAR after year, as this nineteenth Sunday after Trinity comes round, we cannot help asking ourselves, "How is this?" The second commandment seems harsh enough when it is read weekly in its place in the communion, but never so harsh as when that wonderful eighteenth chapter of Ezekiel comes as the Old Testament lesson. The two seemingly contradict each other; yet both being emphatically God's word, both must be true. It will not do to fret ourselves with talk about the old Jews being under a wholly different system; if they were, what is the use of reading the Old Testament? No. The old Jews were human creatures like ourselves, and their God was our God, who "is not a man that He should lie," who says of himself, "I am the Lord, I change not."

But how can both be true? Well, just in this way, that one looks to one part of this our mixed human nature, the other to the other part. Very often we do not, sometimes we cannot, tell the whole truth at one time and in one sentence. If a man says one thing at one time, another at another, you call him a shuffling fellow, and rightly keep as clear of him as you can. But a thoroughly honest man may hold back a part of the truth, because it is not necessary or proper that his hearer should be told all. It is a case of conscience, a matter for what we call casuistry. The thing has got an evil name, because men have used it wrongly, holding back just that part of the truth which it was most needful should be known, and teaching others to do the same; but honest casuistry is nothing but the practice of sound discretion. We use it continually, above all in dealing with our children. We would not for worlds deceive them, but we don't tell them all, it would do harm and not good; they would misunderstand. We just take care that no-

thing which we tell them contradicts what they will learn by-and-by. And so God has dealt with men as with children, developing to them His truth, as they were able to bear it.

Of one thing we may be quite certain, the *sins* in Exodus are not the same as the *iniquity* in Ezekiel. God never could have given that second commandment in the way in which the Jews got to misunderstand it as if a man's favour or disfavour with the Almighty depended on his ancestry; that Jehovah was a sort of Baal, taking vengeance on the guiltless. No. Sin, in Exod. xx., means missing the aim of life (the Greek *ἀμαρτία*), wandering from the way in which man's feet are set. And Moses was enjoined to teach the Jews the bare physical fact that such missing, such wandering, such "breaking of the laws of nature" (as we say), are visited on the children. There's no doubt about it. Every doctor will tell you that it is so. A poor, puny little thing, whom no care and no nourishment can make to thrive, is as often as not bearing an inherited burden. Such is the "law" which the all-wise Creator has established; it is a part of the wider law that "no man liveth for himself," but is bound to all the rest in a joint-fellowship of which he cannot rid himself.

You may say it is hard and unfair; but so it is, and if you cannot through it all trust Him who "sees the end from the beginning," why, you've little right to call yourself a Christian.

God works no miracles to free us from the natural consequences of breaking his natural laws; whether we break them wilfully or not, makes no difference. If you put your finger in the fire you get burned, and the burn remains, though you may "repent" as soon as ever you feel the pain. And so if your hand accidentally rubs against a red-hot bar of iron, the burn remains, though of course you are

"heartily sorry." So, if a father gets habitually drunk, or indulges in other sins of the flesh, his children grow up feeble, more liable than others to any disease that may be going about. Ay, and if he is underfed, and works at unwholesome work, his babes will suffer in much the same way. No fault of his, maybe; they suffer for his misfortune. And if he lives in dirt, without enough fresh air and pure water, his children (not only those living with him, but those yet unborn) will suffer for his breach of the laws of health which God has ordained that men should live by them.

The sins of the fathers are so visited as Moses, in this twentieth chapter of Exodus, says they are, and the sins of the mothers too. When Shakespeare made Brutus lay the blame of his touchiness on "that rash temper that my mother gave me," his words were even truer than he thought. And you cannot sunder body and soul, and say that Exodus refers to the one and Ezekiel to the other; for pettishness and ill-temper are just as much the physical results of certain sins as a burn is of touching a red-hot iron. Of course, an immense amount may be done to counteract the old evil by care, and by working sedulously in the opposite direction, but seldom at the best can we get rid of it altogether.

It seems very hard that a sin which you or I committed in total ignorance of what would be its remote consequences, should be visited not on us only, but on our posterity. The feeling that it is so should surely make us careful (if anything can), because we see how terrible a thing it is to break God's laws. Not the least of them can be broken with impunity. If we habitually break His laws of health, we shall fall sick, as surely as we shall not come nearer to Him hereafter if we habitually break his laws of holiness.

And when the thing is done it cannot be undone; all the wishing in the world won't bring us back to our former state, all the "repenting" in the world won't do away with the results of our action. What is the good of repenting then? Ah, that's just where Ezekiel comes in to supplement Moses, and Christ comes in to combine and explain both. You can't alter the bare fact; you can alter the state of mind in which you meet it. It would be poor news to a world like ours just to have the fact which we know so well put before us in the second commandment, and there to be left. That would be no Gospel. It would be like a father who should chastise his child for disobedience without explaining why. The loving and wise father does not

so; he punishes, or rather, he lets the disobedience work its own punishment; and then he comes as a tender, affectionate adviser, receiving the child back to his love, proving to him how he had loved him all through, teaching him how such conduct could not possibly fail to bring suffering (punishment, as we call it). And that is how God does; we can trust Him to be infinitely more tender than the tenderest, infinitely wiser than the wisest of earthly fathers. He shows us practically, "teaches us feelingly" (as the phrase is), that "sorrow tracketh wrong, as echo follows song;" and then, when the discipline of suffering has led us to repent, He assures us of forgiveness, and gives us His Spirit to be our earnest of higher and better things for the future. Ay, He does more; He lifts us up out of the mire, makes our very failure an occasion of growing in grace, upholds us so that we may "rise on stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things."

Moses and Ezekiel are both true. The sin of the father is physically—as far as the bodily part goes, and, from one point of view, as to the mind also—visited on the children; but from another point of view, the mind—call it, if you will, soul or spirit—can stand against the bodily weakness which comes not only from this our mixed nature in general, but also from special hereditary taints.

Again, if the sinner repents, he comes back to God wholly absolved from the moral curse of his sin, though not from its physical consequences; they remain, but then how differently can he meet them now! As with the child who has transgressed, the father gives him the rod, and the smart remains exactly alike, as far as flesh goes, whether he is still stubborn and disobedient, or whether he comes to his father and confesses his fault and is forgiven. But, oh; how different morally are the two cases!—morally, *i.e.* as regards the effect on mind and heart. In the first case, there is nothing to lighten or soothe the pain; in the other, what loving son would care one bit for the smart? It is there, but it is lost, clean forgotten, in the feeling that, by means of chastisement, the two, father and son, are brought together again closer than before. And if this holds of the too often purblind way in which parents and children work together, how much more of man and God! Hence the value of repentance. And hence, because repentance is possible, the grand truth of individual responsibility. You have a nature made up of much that came from your forefathers;

but you have an informing spirit which makes you yourself, and which can rise above your inherited weaknesses. No one will say that it can always rise as it otherwise might, where there are inherited weaknesses to weigh it down. No human creature can tell; but God can. He remembereth whereof we are made, and He looks "with larger other eyes than ours to make allowance for us all," to *do right*, as becomes the Judge of all the earth, by every one of us. Hence responsibility. "The soul that sinneth it

shall die," as Ezekiel is careful to point out by a series of examples all bearing on the truth of individual responsibility, and all showing the value of repentance. St. Paul draws the two, Moses and Ezekiel, together—"The sin that doth so easily beset you." Why? partly no doubt because of inherited weakness—that is one side of the truth. The other is, "He hath redeemed us from the power of darkness," and "we can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us." H. S. FAGAN.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

III.

THE ties which bound Hannah More to London were fast breaking. She built a little house at Cowslip Green, not far from Bristol. It was not her feeling that she was retiring from "the world" in going into the country.

Having, as John Wesley had wished, served God, as he said he could not, in the fashionable world, with "a heart at leisure from itself," and found there "a fellowship with hearts to keep and cultivate," she came (as she believed, she was *led*) into another field. In London she had found human creatures rich and cultivated and wise to venerate, and love, and help, and some who could not be either approved or helped. In the country she found not flowers and trees and green leaves only, but human creatures, poor and uncultivated, and all but "savage," sorely in need of help, some of whom, also, could not and would not be helped.

From her cottage at Cowslip Green she writes to the Rev. John Newton, "I want to know, my dear sir, if it is peculiar to myself to form ideal plans of perfect virtue, and to dream of all manner of imaginary goodness in untried circumstances, while one neglects the immediate duties of one's actual situation? I have always fancied that if I could secure myself such a quiet retreat as I have now really accomplished, I should be wonderfully good. Now the misfortune is, I have found a great deal of the comfort I expected, but without any of the concomitant virtues. I am certainly happier here than in the agitation of the world, but I don't find that I am one whit better."

"A bunch of roses," she thought, "can turn the heart from its best objects as well as a pack of cards."

In the country as in the town, she found that the heart can only be occupied with creatures that have hearts. The sisters Patty and Hannah spent much of the summer of 1789 together at Cowslip Green, and made long excursions among the beautiful places near, especially to the fine ravine of the Cheddar Cliffs. There they found terrible ignorance and depravity among the people. They set to work at once to establish a school at Cheddar, which soon received three hundred children. The rich farmers objected, and one of them, unintentionally, rendered "homage due" both to the monks of Glastonbury and to the Misses More by classing them together.

"The country which these ladies were now coming to disturb," said he, "had never prospered since religion had been brought into it by the monks of Glastonbury!"

Hannah More's letters tell the story best.

She wrote to Mr. Wilberforce:—

"Though this is 'but a *romantic* place,' as my friend Matthew well observed, yet you would laugh to see the bustle I am in. I was told we should meet with great opposition, if I did not try to propitiate the chief despot of the village, who is very rich; so I ventured into the den of this monster.

"He begged I would not think of bringing any religion into the country, it was the worst thing in the world for the poor; it made them lazy and useless.

"In vain did I represent to him that they would be more industrious if they were better principled; and that, for my own part, I had no selfish views in what I was doing. He gave me to understand he knew the world too well to believe either the one or the other." (A different world, and a

different welcome, from Garrick's, and Johnson's, and Mrs. Montague's!) "Somewhat dismayed to find that my success bore no proportion to my endeavours, I was almost discouraged from more visits, but I found that if these rich savages set their faces against us, and influenced the poor people, nothing but hostilities would ensue; so I made eleven more of those agreeable visits; and, as I improved in the art of canvassing, had better success. Miss Wilberforce would have been shocked had she seen the petty tyrants whose insolence I stroked and tamed, the ugly children I fondled, the pointers and spaniels I caressed, the cider I recommended, and the wine I swallowed. After these irresistible flatteries, I said I had a little plan which I hoped would secure their orchards from being robbed, their rabbits from being shot, their poultry from being stolen, and which might lower the poor-rates. I gained at length the hearty concurrence of the whole people.

"Patty, who is with me, says she has good hope that the hearts of some of those rich poor wretches may be touched; they are at present as ignorant as the beasts that perish, intoxicated every day before dinner, and plunged in such vices as make me begin to think London a virtuous place."

Neither were the clergy exactly helpful, a hard fate for Hannah More, conservative and orthodox, guiltless of conventicles, delight of bishops, who earnestly protested that in all her tracts it was her custom to introduce "an exemplary parish minister."

The world, unfortunately, was not exactly modelled on those edifying and exemplary principles.

"The incumbent," she writes of one parish, "has something to do at Oxford, where he resides. The curate lives twelve miles distant." Another "is intoxicated about six times a week, and very frequently prevented from preaching by two black eyes, honestly secured by fighting."

"Thirteen adjoining parishes without a resident curate."

Perhaps, a little consolatory as to the general improvement in Church and State! Improvement slowly worked out through opposition and toil, through just such labours as Hannah More's.

The sisters spent their own money freely, and Mr. Wilberforce helped.

In a short time they found teachers, and established schools and various little institutions over a tract of twelve miles, and had five hundred children in training.

In one village only one Bible was found, and that was used to prop a flower-pot.

"It is grievous," she says, "to reflect that while we are sending missionaries to our distant colonies, our own villages are perishing for lack of instruction."

The success of the undertaking at Cheddar led them on. Two mining villages, at the top of Mendip, particularly attracted their attention. Those villages were more ignorant and depraved than Cheddar. They thought the ladies wanted to carry off their children to sell them as slaves. No constable would venture into the district, greatly as constables were needed. It was deemed scarcely safe for the instructresses to live among them.

Soon there were twelve hundred children in six schools. The permission of the incumbents was asked, and was usually granted with alacrity. The sisters had to travel many miles to visit their schools—to one fifteen, so that they had to sleep near it. They began evening readings with a printed prayer, a plain sermon read by one of the sisters, and a psalm. The psalm was not for Hannah More's own delight. "Unluckily," she writes, "I do not delight in music, but I see that singing helps the devotion of others." The school-mistresses visited the poor, gave medicine, and managed provident clubs. "At the end of a year we perceived that much ground had been gained among the poor; but the success was attended with no small persecution from the rich, though some of these grew more favourable."

"Many reprobates were awakened, and many swearers and Sabbath-breakers reclaimed." Bibles and Prayer-books were distributed, though never at random, but only to those who had given some symptoms of loving and deserving them.

A farmer's wife, who had been "a woman of loose morals," but who possessed good natural sense, became their friend, and let them a house.

A few years afterwards:—

"Several young day-labourers coming home late from harvest, so tired that they can hardly stand, will not go to rest till they have been into the school for a chapter and prayer;" and, "The farmer's wife, our landlady, has become one of the most eminent Christians I know."

The Sunday-schools were attended by many young men "with the humility of little children." The churches became filled with clean-looking men and women.

One village they took up because a woman was condemned to be hanged from it. In another the poverty was so great one hard winter, that one widow burnt her only table for firing, and another one of her three chairs. "No words," wrote the schoolmaster, "could describe the sensations of this poor village at seeing the waggon-load of coal the sisters sent."

No wonder that this life made Portman Square, and even the Adelphi, seem uninteresting in comparison.

No wonder Hannah More could write with joy:—

"I have devoted the remainder of my life to the poor, and those who have no helper; if I can do them little good, I can at least sympathize with them. I know it is some comfort for a forlorn creature to be able to say, 'There is somebody that cares for me.' Besides, the affection they have for me is a strong engine with which to lift them to the love of higher things; and though I believe others work successfully by terror, yet kindness is the instrument by which God has enabled me to work. Alas! I might do more and better; pray for me that I may."

It was a real and continuous warfare on which the sisters had entered.

"I ought thankfully to acknowledge that, on the whole, our work is going on prosperously, yet we have more difficulty now, after seven years, than at first, and most in those parishes where we have seen the greatest improvement. There is great delicacy required in the management of young converts."

The only conversion she recognised was "not from one opinion to another, but from sin to holiness."

"Some of them are very sincere, devout, and holy in their lives, but now and then fall into a zeal so fiery, that it needs coolness,—and then relapse into dejection, finding that earth is not heaven."

Some fell into mystical speculation, and some became doubtful of Hannah More's zeal because she declined to issue an edict against wearing flowers (that is, natural flowers), "which would be ridiculous in me," says she, "who passionately love them."

Asceticism, mournful mysticism, the "Thebaid," the "Fratricelli," the "Fifth Monarchy," all the germs of the weeds already there, as soon as the crop began to appear! And through all, the sisters standing up for the evangelical freedom and the glorious sanity of the New Testament.

Meantime Hannah More's heart continued to respond to any true interest in the world outside. She wrote tracts and popular ballads. She watched with the keenest interest every turn of the great struggle for the abolition of slavery. And of the terrible struggle going on all the time across the Channel, the French Revolution, she writes from London:—

"It is impossible to divert one's thoughts long from the horrors that have taken possession of every one who has an atom of head or heart left."

She had the pleasure of bestowing pleasure by sending the charge of the Bishop of Leon, "*faire le tour de ce quartier*, which is a good deal inhabited by considerable Roman Catholics, the Howards, &c. They met every day at mass, after the execution of the French king and queen, as soon as it was light, hanging their chapel with black."

For the emigrant clergy she felt deeply, and gave some hundreds of pounds for their relief.

"My compliments," she writes, "to the poor emigrant priests, who are so much with you; do not tell them that the French nobles and bishops now in this country are mentioned with dislike by some of our high people. My constant answer is, 'You should have found out their vices before they wanted a dinner. Our bounties are not meant to reward their virtues, but to relieve their necessities.'"

Persecution in this undeniably good work among the Mendip poor, proved good by obvious moral changes recognisable in the records of assizes, would have seemed impossible. The parochial clergy, always consulted, at the worst not objecting; many of the higher clergy and of the bishops fervent in her favour; guarded by her own character and common-sense from extremes, "regular" to the extent of never entering Wesley's or Whitefield's tabernacles; regarded by numbers of dignitaries terrified by the excesses of Jacobinism, as one of the pillars of Church and State; recognised by the majority of the farmers as an effective remedy against sheep-stealing, it was difficult to see from what quarter assault could come. But it came, blow on blow, year after year. Virulent pamphlets, secret insinuations, prosecutions at law on the ground of establishing schools without license.

"In one pamphlet," she writes to the Bishop of Bath and Wells, her diocesan, "I am accused of fostering seditious practices,

thieving, and vice; in another, reviled as an enemy to liberty; in one, of being disaffected to Church and State; in another, of being a ministerial hireling (paid, I think, by Mr. Pitt). In one I am charged with praying for the success of the French; in another, of fomenting by my writings the war with France. In one, of 'not believing' one word of Christianity; in another, of idolising the Athanasian Creed, which, when expunged from the Liturgy, I am advised to wrap myself in as a winding-sheet."

The Bishop replied most cordially:—

"I can only say that if you are not a sincere and zealous friend to the constitutional establishment in Church and State, you are one of the greatest hypocrites, as well as one of the best writers in His Majesty's dominions."

Lord Chancellor Loughborough advised her to prosecute for libel, but she refused to justify herself.

The churchwardens and overseers of the parishes in which her schools were, came forward, at last, to bear public witness to the good they had done. Still the attacks went on, and she felt them keenly. She was so depressed that she felt scarcely able to make up her mind to keep up the habit of thirty years, by paying her usual visit to London.

"Battered, hacked, scalped, tomahawked, as I have been for three years, and continue to be," she writes to a friend who wished her to come to London, "brought out every month as an object of scorn and abhorrence, I seem to have nothing to do in the world. For though God has given me resignation, it is a passive submission, and I want courage to leave my retirement."

Her religion was "no holy indifference." She loved, and rejoiced in being loved. She could not find it easy, scarcely tolerable, to be hated. She was so ready to believe good of all, that to be compelled to see evil in any gave her unspeakable pain.

The whole of this attack on Hannah More, not as a fashionable religious writer, but as a patient, loving labourer for the benefit of the poor and ignorant, seems scarcely explicable, except on the ground that there is in this world an organized spiritual opposition to good, in fact, as Luther believed, a Satan, a Devil, the "antithesis to the Ten Commandments."

Justifications by friends, and sympathy in the highest quarters came in abundance. But what can compensate a loving heart for being hated? The sense of injustice only

increases the pain, if we think not of ourselves, but of those who hate.

In 1802 she emerged again into society at Fulham Palace.

She was triumphantly vindicated; congratulations poured in. The Bishop of Durham wrote a most hearty congratulation. Bishop Horsley expressed his surprise that any person could have attended to such accusations. And, writes Patty from Bishop Porteus' Palace, "Nothing can exceed the behaviour of the Bishop and Mrs. Porteus. I cannot express to you the very marked attentions which are paid to Hannah from all ranks and descriptions of people; they say such a persecution of such a woman is unexampled. On Sunday, as we were sitting at breakfast, an old lady was announced; many rose to greet her, but she hobbled through them all to Hannah, whom she fervently kissed: I presently found it was Lady Elgin."

The sisters gave up the house at Bath, and went to live together at Barley Wood. Still Dr. Johnson's "five women, living happily together;" and a bright home they made, a fountain of blessing and good to all the poor and suffering around, and a "light in the window" to which men and women were attracted from all sides of this dark and bewildering world, never failing to find there warmth and shelter, welcome and guidance.

But here also the shadow had to fall. This holy and happy home also had to be broken up. No home but one is wide enough to be the abiding-place of any human creature, no home but the Father's, where the many mansions are, and where He is who has gone to prepare a place for us.

Outside the home the band of friends had long been melting away, year by year, and now, at last, one by one, the sisters were called away; Sally, whose humour had delighted Garrick, through lingering suffering nobly borne, in a deep content of patience, thankfulness, and love; Patty in a brief illness, all her last words, whether rational or delirious, indicating her faith in her Saviour, and her loving care for the poor, wept in all the churches round, the whole neighbourhood putting on deep mourning for her.

Through all these partings, and through a protracted and perilous illness of her own, Hannah More continued her vocation of writing, and continued to read everything of interest.

"I have such a propensity," she writes, rather apologetically, "to admire what is really good, that I may sometimes appear a little inconsistent in warmly liking books the authors of which dislike each other."

The greater number of her religious books were written during these darker days of decline—"Cœlebs" after she was sixty; and her purpose all through was "that the standard of religion should always be kept high." The best of us are sure to pull it down a few pegs in our practice; but 'cutting off a right hand' means surely something strict."

Then came the treachery of trusted servants, and the enforced abandonment of her pleasant country home, with all its associations; increasing delicacy of health, more frequently recurring severe illnesses.

In a high fever she once said,—

"Nothing but the icy hand of death will cool me: poor Patty! I shall very soon rejoin her."

But again and again she rallied.

For her also the meaning of the Book of Psalms, the meaning of the passion of the Saviour, was wrung out by suffering.

"I have often thought," she said, "since I have been lying here of poor Thistle-

wood's expression, 'We shall soon know the grand secret.'"

But to her it was the secret of the Lord, the good God; a secret of light, not of darkness.

To her also came the "loving correction" she felt she stood in need of: the revelation that "to annihilate self is the greatest point, and to rejoice that the thing does as well or better though I am not permitted to be the doer of it. 'Those also serve who only stand and

wait.' But I find it less easy to *suffer* than to *do* for God's sake."

From time to time the buoyant spirit sprang up afresh, and she observed, not without amusement, the contrasts between the days of the age and of her youth.

The tide she had helped to turn had already swept far past her. She had lived to see many things reversed. She had once been pronounced "Jacobinical" for teaching the poor to read. In her old age she asked a little girl, a servant's child, if she could say her catechism. "Ah, no, madam," was the reply, "I am learning syntax."

Referring to what she then thought the "multitude of amusing children's books"—

"In my early days," she said, "there was scarcely anything between 'Cinderella' and the *Spectator*!"

She lingered the last, not only of her family, but of her generation. "My dear," she said, to a friend who lived with her, "do people never die?"

Health failed, memory failed, but love never failed, around her or within. She was tended, watched, and cared for to the last, and she was always calling for blessings on those around her.

"It pleases God to afflict me, not for his pleasure, but to do me good. Lord Jesus, look down and strengthen me. I believe, with all the powers of my weak, sinful heart. I fall down at the foot of the Cross. Support me in that trying hour, when most I need it. It is a glorious thing to die!"

And at the last she stretched out her arms and said very plainly, "Patty!" and then "Joy!" These were her last audible words. And in a few hours she softly slept away.



Grave of Hannah More, in Wrington Churchyard.

MAY MELODIES.

TWO Robin Redbreasts sat on a tree,
 In the merry month of May;
 An apple-tree laden with blossom
 By a mansion old and grey,
 And aye as the sweet wind rocked the tree
 They sang a joyous lay.

Lovers true were the birds, I ween,
 Little of care knew they:
 They had built their nest 'mid the ivy green;
 The sunbeams stole through the leafy screen.
 To and fro swung the apple-tree bough,
 And the sweet wind murmured soft and low.

A maiden sat at a casement high,
 In the mansion grey and old,
 The last of a noble race was she:
 Ladies fair and barons bold
 Had danced in those halls in days gone by,
 Now they lay low i' the mould.

Mournfully drooped the Lady Clare,
 Spite of her ancestry,
 Though diamonds gleamed in her raven hair,
 Though she was rich and young and fair;
 He she loved best had gone to his rest:
 Jewels may cover an aching breast.

Far off in the little village street
 She heard the children at play,
 With merry laughter her milkmaids passed
 Down the green and shady way;
 The winds and the leaves made music sweet
 Round the mansion old and grey.

Sadly the lady closed her book,
 Pining for company;
 And she watched the robins with wistful look,
 But their glee was more than her heart could brook;
 And with drooping head she wept for the dead
 Lying so low in his narrow bed.

The roses that wreathed the casement high,
 Borne in on the summer breeze,
 Fondled the lady, with fingers shy,
 As the kiss of drooping trees;
 And aye as the sweet wind flitted by
 It murmured mysteries.

"Love is sweet," sang the robins twain,
 "Sweet as sweet can be;"
 But the blossoms fell like fairy rain,
 And the wind sighed, "Love is full of pain,
 The grave is strong, and its slumbers long,
 And Death can silence the sweetest song."

Away to their nest the robins flew,—
 Their nest in the tree hard by;
 And the lady raised her troubled face
 To the blue and sunny sky,
 Marvelling how it could be so blue
 O'ershadowing misery.

Till a voice spake low to the longing heart,
 Welcome as summer rain;
 And she clasped her hands with a joyous start,
 And cried, "Nay, ours is the better part,
 Let the breeze sigh on through the rustling trees,
 Death will unravel all mysteries."

MARY PATRICK.

A SAIL DOWN OLD EGYPT'S NEW RIVER.

"AFTER many storms a calm." So runs the old saw, and so we proved when, after a stormy winter's cruise in the English Channel, and still more wearisome succession of gales after leaving Plymouth, we at length left the Bay of Biscay far behind us, and, passing through the Straits of Gibraltar in the darkness, awoke next morning to see the day dawn clear and beautiful on the Spanish coast, revealing the grand range of the Sierra Nevada, stretching along the horizon. Its shapely snow-peaks, all flushed with rosy light, appeared in delicate outline, towering majestically above the purple bank of envious cloud, which, so soon as the sun touched the horizon, slowly ascended, and all too quickly veiled that vision of loveliness.

The following day found us nearer the African shore, and sunset did for the dreamy snow-hills of Algeria what sunrise had done for those of Spain—bathing them in warm crimson hues, short-lived but beautiful, fading away into ghastly ashen grey, with a feeling of deathlike chill. The association of idea

is scarcely pleasant, but that cold sad tone which overspreads all snows, when the opal tints of the dying day have just passed away, always recalls to my mind the descriptions of that living fish which was wont to grace the feasts of imperial Rome, not for its delicacy of flavour, but merely as a thing of beauty, that the enjoyment of the guests might be enhanced by gazing upon the wondrous ever-changing rainbow light which overspread the poor dying fish as it lay gasping in its last agonies, and which faded away so soon as merciful death released it from its pain.

Another week passed by, not without some slight reminders of the cold winds which we would fain have left behind us, but which even here ruffled the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Ere we bade them farewell, however, the breeze had lulled, and our last impressions were of gliding silently over a sea calm as glass, its azure flecked only with diamond-like flashes of golden sunlight, while myriads of flying-fish darted from the water at our approach, their strange delicate wings

(or fins) glancing in the light as they sped on their way—a flight which they seem capable of sustaining for well-nigh a quarter of a mile, not, however, without touching the wave at least once in thirty yards, just to moisten the wing.

It was near midnight ere we descried the lights of Port Said, off which we anchored till dawn, when the pilot came on board to guide us into port, and in the glowing sunrise we passed up between the long breakwaters built up of huge blocks of concrete loosely piled together, and past the great lighthouse (likewise built of concrete, for there is no stone in all this sandy district), and so came to our anchorage. A few moments later we were boarded by quarantine officers bearing yellow badges, who peered with excessive caution at our ship's papers, though obviously unable to read one word of them. Their curiosity being at length satisfied, straightway the vessel was surrounded with small and dirty boats loaded with merchandise of all sorts, chiefly rubbish—French and Egyptian goods of the commonest kind.

Already a garden of some beauty, even in our eyes, so familiar with the gardens of the west, occupies the centre of the new French town; and that others must exist is evident, for as we wandered through the streets generous people came up and offered us little bunches of flowers, not for sale, but as gifts, and right welcome they were—delicate lilac *ipomœas* with trail of graceful leaves, amongst others, brightly coloured—enabling us to carry back a suggestion of Mother Earth to such of our sick folk as were not able themselves to come ashore.

Of course, as soon as the great business of claiming letters was over, and that budget of mingled joy and grief had been duly divided, there was no time lost in hurrying ashore to see the wonderful mushroom town called into being by the new river—a town whose site, four or five years ago, was a marshy sand-bank, but which now owns five or six hotels, good French shops, and, in short, a fair share of life and civilisation. Remembering the picturesque bazaars of Cairo and Alexandria, we at once made for the native shops, but were ill repaid by the scene of dirt and squalid wretchedness in which we found ourselves.

We rested at the Hotel du Louvre, and drank indifferent coffee while listening to pleasant voices singing at the window above. Here we heard vague rumours of an Arab wedding which was being celebrated in the Arab village, half a mile distant so we bade

our dragoman conduct us thither. He started with alacrity, but we soon found that his small knowledge of English had totally failed to convey any notion of our meaning, so he landed us first in the fruit-market, and finding that would not do, led on to the poultry-market, after which he gave up in despair, amid a volley of chaff from the gentlemen. At this moment we descried a large gathering of people in the distance, and pointed it out to our bear-leader, on whose dull intellect the light straightway dawned. "Ah!" quoth he, "one man take one woman to wife." "Precisely," we replied; and forthwith struck across the sands to the Arab village, where we found a large native house surrounded by a festive though filthy crowd, who welcomed us with acclamations.

When we realised the horrible unfragrance of our position, we would fain have retreated, but it was too late, and there was nothing for it but to proceed with a good grace. A seat was brought forth, and the best rug laid thereon to do us honour, and we found ourselves seated in state in the centre of the gaping throng. Then a tall man stood up and danced alone, with an accompaniment of horribly noisy drums, his action being merely a quiver of muscles hideous and unnatural. Meanwhile tiny cups of excellent black coffee were brought, each resting in a minute brass stand, the size of an egg-cup.

The monotonous so-called dancing seemed likely to continue for an interminable period, so at the first pause we requested to be admitted to the presence of the bride. We were told that only the ladies might enter the women's quarters, so leaving the lords of the creation to share the entertainment provided for outsiders, we passed up a dark, narrow flight of stairs, and were ushered into a crowded upper chamber, crammed to suffocation with women dressed in their very finest raiment, many of them displaying a very large amount of really picturesque jewellery, chiefly consisting of coins and chains, arranged as heavy necklets and head ornaments. The bride herself had not yet arrived, but her friends bade us welcome, and a few of them shook hands cordially. One nice-looking girl (whose large brown eyes had as yet escaped the ravages of ophthalmia, and who moreover had neither stained her eyelids nor blackened her eyebrows with the fierce black lines which disfigured most of the women present) came forward and welcomed us in a few words of execrable French, which enabled us to

convey, through her, our congratulations to the young couple. Nearly all present (women and children only) were seated on the ground, packed together as close as herrings in a barrel. A few were smoking, but the majority were enjoying a comfortable gossip and eating sweetmeats and oranges. Retracing our steps as fast as was compatible with both dignity and courtesy, we once more rejoined the gentlemen, who somewhat impatiently awaited our return, and, having gladdened the original dancer with a handsome *backsheish*, we bade adieu to the wedding guests.

Panting for a breath of fresh air, we turned to the sea-shore, thinking that a quarter of a mile's walk (albeit across burning sand, and beneath the rays of the mid-day sun) would be well repaid by the scent of brine, and the pleasure of collecting a handful of African shells. Alack! we little knew the horrors of the Port Said shore!

We quickly turned away, and retraced our steps to the city, where we chartered a boat to take us to Lake Menzaleh. We were rowed a little distance up the great canal, when we landed, and crossing a narrow sand-bank found ourselves on the brink of the great calm lake, which stretched away to the furthest horizon as though it were a great sea; yet so shallow that a couple of sportsmen who had waded far out, in hopes of a shot at the graceful pink flamingoes, seemed to be barely knee-deep. On the yellow sands groups of camels lay couched beside their loads, or rather what seemed to be the accumulated loads of a whole camel corps, innumerable sacks of linseed piled up by hundreds, awaiting the coming of boats to convey them thence, the whole making a sad-coloured brown and yellow frame for the brilliant blue of lake and sky. The shore was strewn with small fresh-water shells, chiefly a tiny species of cockle, and with orange-peel and kindred fragments of vulgar association. We wandered on for some distance along the lip of the water, then, recrossing the narrow sand-bank, once more found ourselves beside the canal, which course we followed till we reached our boat.

At every step we noted strange and beautiful varieties of sea-anemone, like brilliant blossoms expanding beneath the clear green water, and stretching out delicate feelers of crimson and gold. Some were yellow, green-tipped, so strongly resembling tender young plants, that at first we could scarcely doubt their being such; but the most cautious

touch quickly proved their vitality, and in a second they disappeared in the mud.

Dinner—that great business of steamboat existence—recalled us on board, but later in the evening the beauty of the moonlight, and vague reports of good music, once more tempted us ashore. The promised good concert proved a delusion and a snare, the music being indifferent, and even coffee execrable, so we all went on our way, for what we fondly believed would prove a pleasant stroll in the moonlight. We thought if we could but get beyond the great light-house, and scramble as far as we could along the breakwater, there at least we might breathe with comfort, yea, pleasure. But in order to get there, we had to cross the low sandy shore stretching between the sea and the canal. It *looked* very calm and still in the moonlight; but nasal miseries assailed us in fresh force and new variety at every few steps.

After what could hardly be called a rest, we hurried back to the town, while our Egyptian boy entertained us with anecdotes of all the murders that have happened there even lately, to say nothing of their fearful frequency two or three years ago. He told us how, on this very path, a consul had been robbed, and only escaped with his life—an indignity which was speedily avenged by a wholesale capture of Greeks and suspected miscreants, all of whom were quietly disposed of, and either sunk in the harbour or buried with the camels. The result of this expeditious justice is the present comparative safety of the town, which, however, is still so far dubious, that many men deem it advisable to carry revolvers after nightfall. We ourselves benefited by a small instance of summary law, in the vigour with which a French policeman came down and settled a dispute with certain native boatmen by a sudden administration of stick, whereupon they immediately assumed a lamb-like demeanour, and rowed us "home" without more ado.

Long before dawn we were again astir to watch the day break over the plains of Pelusium, of old fame; and as the sun rose in his glory, turning the waters to molten gold, we started on our journey down the great new river which M. Lesseps has taught to flow through that dreary wilderness—a luxurious highway for all nations, across that desert which hitherto could only be travelled in weariness and danger, but where we were now to pass in comfort and security.

All the morning our course lay along the

banks of Lake Menzaleh, from whose broad waters the canal (or, as it is vulgarly termed, the Great Ditch) is separated only by that narrow belt of sand which we had crossed on the previous day; in fact, we had water on both sides, as there are lagoons and glimpses of the sea on the left hand also, the latter being apparently extended indefinitely by a clear mirage which seemed to carry the water-lines far into the desert, reminding us of many a terrible story of thirsting travellers pressing on toward that fair false promise, only to find out its bitter delusion when too late, and when the last grain of the strength that might have borne them on toward the true oasis had been spent in vain.

To-day, as we watched the calm vision of a limpid lake outstretched before us, gleaming and glittering in the sunlight, it seemed as though we could not be deceived, so distinctly did we discern the vegetation along its shores, and on the many isles which dotted its surface, these being all reflected as in a mirror. In fact, some of the would-be wisest among us stoutly maintained that we were all wrong, and that it certainly was a lake, only perhaps a little magnified in its limits, by the tremulous vapour. Judge of their surprise—to say nothing of our own—when on a sudden, from the very midst of the seeming waters, there arose a pillar of driest white sand swept upwards with circular motion, as if by a whirlwind, sometimes assuming the form of a convolvulus blossom, then changing to that of a fountain—now rising high in mid-air, now sinking into a low, dark mass, in form like a mushroom—while all the time the whole pillar was slowly moving onward. One after another, in quick succession, a series of these sand-whirlwinds rose from the bosom of the dreamland lake, proving the illusion beyond all doubt. The wooded isles and shores were, however, no fancy, being only the tops of the higher sand-heaps, studded here and there with dark stunted shrubs, which the quivering atmosphere magnified to the semblance of trees.

We counted as many as from fifteen to twenty of these sand-pillars simultaneously in sight, and watched with some anxiety lest in their onward progress they might prove unpleasantly near neighbours, for had the wind wafted them towards us, we should have come in for such a sand-storm as would have proved very disagreeable indeed. Nor is this by any means an unknown feature of a voyage through the canal.

Our shipmates told us how, on a previous voyage, the vessel had run aground so hard

and fast, that three days elapsed ere they could get her afloat, and during all that time such a sand-storm was sweeping over them, that they could scarcely see from one end of the ship to the other.

We turned from the false mirage to gaze on the true lake, whose calm gleaming waters lay outstretched far as the eye could reach, a wondrous mirror reflecting sky and clouds, all glowing in the early morning light. The whole surface of the lake was dotted with flocks of myriad wild-fowl of every sort and kind; thousands of dark-plumaged ducks, literally covering acres of water; and great bands of snowy gulls, of dazzling whiteness; with here and there a group of large white pelicans, looking in the distance like swans, till we discerned their huge beaks. In contrast with these somewhat ungainly fowls, were the flocks of graceful white ibis, a small and most elegant crane. But the chief feature in the bird-life of Lake Menzaleh is the incalculable multitude of delicate pink-plumaged flamingoes, standing motionless in endless lines, or stalking solemnly along in regular order, on long legs, till, startled by something to us invisible, one regiment or another took wing, still preserving their regular line, and revealing in their flight the pink flush of their pinions, with rich, warm colouring of the underside. In whatever direction we turned, as far as the extreme horizon, we saw the same long lines of delicate white and pink reflected in the still water, and we knew that they represented hundreds of the same beautiful cranes, patiently fishing—their presence revealing, at the same time, something of the multitude of fish which found their home in those calm, shallow waters.

All this strange bird-life congregates in families, never mixing; the flocks of white ibis, dark wild-duck, or pink flamingoes, each distinct, as though they had legally divided their fishing-ground, and had no intention of poaching. On the far horizon, like birds of larger growth, lay a flotilla of feluccas, the graceful Nile boats, their delicate white sails just tinted by the rosy light of early dawn. In striking contrast with the warm tones of sky and lake, was the wonderful green of the canal, like gleaming aquamarine, through whose clear waters we could watch fish of every size darting to and fro. The green was the more remarkable, as being the connecting link between waters so intensely blue as those of both Mediterranean and Red Sea—a blue which seems as though it could not possibly be merely the result of exceeding depth, in-

asmuch as the intensity of colour is greatest where you look right down into the clear crystalline waters, and even the breaking of tiny wavelets fails to betray a tone of green, such as we are wont to associate with our northern seas.

The multitude of fish tempted us to rig up fishing-tackle, as our progress was so slow that there seemed good reason to hope we might beguile some of the unwary and inquisitive swimmers which crowded so closely round us. Our bait consisted of cheese and flour, moistened with water, and beaten into the consistency of thick paste. Whenever we stuck in the sand, which we did six or seven times a day, there was time enough for the most leisurely fishing, and though we could not boast of great success, we had no reason to be dissatisfied with our sport, and Egyptian fish were voted a very good variety for breakfast.

All these pauses were peculiarly aggravating to a smaller steamer—the *Mid-Surrey*—which was following us, and which showed no tendency to stick on her own account, save when our repeated halts checked her progress and compelled her to swerve. Sometimes we swung right across the Canal, so as to obstruct the passage altogether, but as a general rule there was just space enough left for the native sailing-boats and swift, tiny mail steamers which ply between Port Said and Suez, and which shot past us at a startling pace. Larger vessels, proceeding in the same direction, are not allowed to pass one another, save for some exceptional cause, and then only at the sidings or stations, under the immediate management of the Canal Company's agents. At these sidings all vessels are required to halt till it is certified that no ship coming in a contrary direction has entered the next division of the canal. Telegraphic communication is established between all the stations, at each of which vessels receive their orders and general information by means of a simple code of signals—a black pennant, a blue one, a white flag with black cross, and three balls, run up in varied order, conveying all needful comments on the state of the roadway and of the tide.

Towards evening we contrived to run aground so effectually, that it was evident we were doomed to spend the night on the sand-bank. Had daylight favoured us, we might have inspected the village of Kantara, on the opposite bank, and some old Egyptian ruins in the neighbourhood, though whether they possessed much interest, we failed to learn. All we did see was a mound, which

we believed to be a distant pyramid—at any rate, a mound closely resembling those scattered round Memphis. It gave us some impression of size, though of course we could only guess at this. It seemed as if it might be about as high as the third of those at Ghiseh.

The sand hereabouts is very light in colour, quite distinct from that brownish sand which so readily fertilises at the touch of water, and which lies level over the desert. This is travelling sand, for ever shifting with the wind, and all along the banks near Kantara it is blown up into fantastic hillocks—no sign of vegetation anywhere. Near us lay the Ballah lakes, but these sand-hills close to us concealed the further view on either side. Happily we had stuck opposite a gap, through which we caught a glimpse of the distance, and when the moon rose like a globe of golden fire from behind the dark horizon of the desert, she revealed a quiet lagoon, wherein her beauty lay so calmly mirrored, that it was hard to tell which of these balls of mellow light was the true orb and which the reflection. It was a vision of peace and of exquisite beauty.

At daybreak we were once more afloat, and though from one cause or another (either stupidity of the pilot, or imperfect steering) we contrived to run aground again and again, we at length neared Ismailia, when, to the satisfaction of all concerned, we were met by a swift little steamer, bringing our new pilot, who proved decidedly more intelligent and more fully master of the situation than his predecessor. Under his guidance, the stoppages became fewer, whereat we rejoiced the more inasmuch as the first novelty of that curious sensation of running aground had altogether worn off. On our return voyage, in the same vessel, the whole distance from Suez to Port Said was accomplished in thirty-two hours, including one night at anchor on the Bitter Lakes. On this occasion we were not once aground, a circumstance which was attributed to an improvement in our steering gear—namely, an auxiliary rudder, that is to say, a considerable extra piece which was slipped on to the ordinary rudder as we entered the canal. Moreover, at the principal curves, where the great length of the ship rendered her most liable to run into difficulties, she was towed by a steam-tug, of which the company keeps a large flotilla, ready to convoy all sailing vessels of upwards of fifty tons, for the modest sum of twelve hundred francs for the first four hundred tons, and two and a half francs for every surplus

ton. The charge for towing-steamers is two francs per ton upon their whole tonnage, and, as the toll, which must be paid down before entering the canal, is ten francs per ton, and the same for every passenger, you perceive that the expense incurred by a steamer of about three thousand tons, with perhaps a hundred passengers, is no trifle.

Ere we reached Ismailia, a tumble-top-piece summer-house on the top of the bank, with broad steps leading down to the water, was pointed out to us as the place where the grand ceremony of opening the canal was performed by the assembled crowned heads of Europe—by all, at least, save England. Looking on that dismal, ghostly spot, it was hard to conjure up a vision of the bright and brilliant company who then thronged those stairs. The only sign of life about the place was a caravan of sad-coloured camels, with dirty Arab drivers; poor, poverty-stricken wretches they looked. A little further we met a large flock of meek Eastern sheep, with long, pendulous ears, following the tall shepherd, who walked on before them, clad in picturesque Arab cloak.

Towards sunset we steamed into Lake Timseh, whose clear, bright blue waters are alive with fish—its banks of white and yellow sand dotted with dark vegetation. The flourishing new town of Ismailia lies outstretched along the shore, making the prettiest picture we had yet seen. Groups of good French houses, half veiled by shrubs, tell of the gardens that have sprung up since the arrival of abundant fresh water; and, conspicuous above all, the palace of the Viceroy, built for that one great day of festivity, and never used since then. We were told that already it is literally falling to pieces, notwithstanding some slight occasional repairs.* Of course, on the occasion of that great ceremony, the accommodation of the town was vastly increased by immense encampments—thousands of tents overspread the plain, and the surrounding desert echoed the unwonted sounds of festivity, while unbounded hospitality was freely showered on all comers. The whole scene must have seemed strange indeed in the eyes of the assembled sons of the silent desert, beholding the city of fixed habitations, which had sprung up, like some wondrous fungus of rapid growth, in the midst of the desert, and which, as if by magic, they saw peopled by unknown races from distant lands, brought thither by innumerable vessels, which now for the first

time sailed into the lonely desert lake, hitherto known only to (or at least visited only by) themselves in their restless wanderings. Now, those blue waters reflected the stately ships that ever gladdened sailors' eyes, all decked with gayest flags—beautiful ships of all nations, peacefully anchored, while smaller craft plied to and fro with incessant motion. In out-of-the-way corners of the lake were ranged the old dredgers which had done so much good work, and which (as some one observed) appeared in the midst of that gay scene very much like groups of navvies in working-dress in a brilliant ball-room.

Still more startling to the Arab mind must have been the scene after nightfall, when suddenly the darkness was illumined by a wondrous blaze of coloured fires—every house in the new city, every tent, every ship, even every dredger, was brilliantly lighted up. Each ship was marked by lines of vivid light and festoons of lamps, so that the whole lake gleamed with long reflections. Then followed a brilliant display of fire-works, and for the first time the wondering Arabs beheld hissing rockets rushing heavenwards, while many coloured fires burst from land and water. Stranger than all in their eyes (had they been admitted to behold these mysteries) would have seemed that brilliant ball where the Viceroy entertained his guests, and where beautiful European women danced with unveiled faces to the newest and gayest music, the echoes of which were wafted far and wide, as the night-breeze floated lightly across the silent desert.

Now, all was well-nigh as still and peaceful as in the old days before the creation of the great new highway; and a sense of unwonted repose stole over us as we anchored for the night in the first of the Bitter Lakes, ere the golden glory of sunset had faded from sky and water. Then the brief twilight gave place to the full glow of moon and stars; and there was great calm in earth and heaven.

We tasted these bitter waters, and found that they justly deserved their title, being intensely briny. It is said that a layer of salt, well-nigh two feet in depth, lies at the bottom of the lake, produced by perpetual evaporation beneath that burning sun, while the supply pouring ceaselessly in, of course, continues for ever accumulating. We were told that the steamer's boilers tell the same story, and that they here become encrusted with salt far more rapidly than elsewhere, and consequently require more careful atten-

* Since the above was written the palace has been completely restored.

tion ; also it is desirable to empty the boilers as soon as may be after leaving the lakes.

At dawn we were once more under way, rejoicing in the delicious freshness of the morning, and in the ever-changing beauties of light and colour, while we slowly steamed onward through a succession of lakes, the channel being marked on either side by iron lighters ; and much need there was for careful steering, even within those narrow bounds.

You can fancy that our steering through this difficult channel was a matter of keen anxiety to the pilot, whose pay, as well as credit, is in some measure affected by success. Fain would he have anchored at the exit from the Bitter Lakes, to await a favourable tidal current which was due at mid-day. The order, however, was given to push on, with the usual result of more haste less speed, for as we neared Chalouf suddenly we were aware of a now familiar sensation—a sudden swerve and roll to right and left, and a consciousness of having run right on shore, with bow well up and stern right across the stream. So instead of spending a quiet Sunday morning, lying peacefully at anchor, there followed the usual striving and straining to get off the bank ; fixing of hawsers and floundering in wet sand.

We had morning service on board as usual, the masculine element, however, being poorly represented. After church, when we found that we might safely count on about a couple of hours longer ere the ship could be afloat, we almost all landed ; and scrambling over the high sandy bank (glittering with lumps of crystallized quartz and thick flakes of mica), we found ourselves on a strip of desert thickly strewn with broken fragments of pottery and other traces of the temporary occupation of this corner by the canal diggers. To the right lay a ruined village ; houses, which though now falling into ruin, still bore traces of the neatness of their French occupants ; an air of niceness and comfort which made one marvel, considering for how short a space they had been inhabited. In front of one large house there hung the broken half of a sign, still bearing the word " hotel," which now seemed a cruel mockery to thirsty travellers—a sign which, like the cracked and gaping sand on which we walked, was all scorched and blistered by the sun. Each house was surrounded by a little garden, where a few shady shrubs still flourished ; shrubs whose very existence had become a possibility only since the creation of the fresh-water canal from Zag-a-zig to Ismailia, which, acting as a talisman more

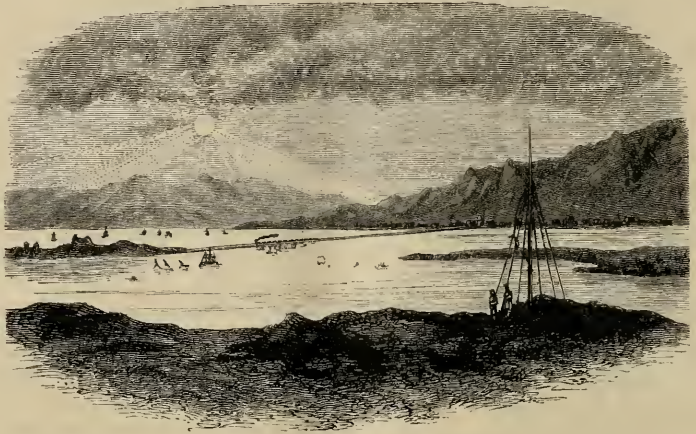
powerful than richest manures, has brought with it life and vegetation, transforming the parched brown sand into fertile land wherein all green things may spring up and flourish. With the white sand it is different. Sterile in the beginning, so it continues, notwithstanding all beguiling influences of the sweet waters. But wherever in its course the fresh water meets with the congenial brown sand, there follows an awakening of life and beauty, and the desert breaks forth into blossom. As a statistic conveying some notion of one of the items which M. Lesseps had to consider in beginning his vast work, I may mention that ere the completion of this canal, an army of thirty thousand camels and donkeys were kept continually at work carrying water a distance of fifty miles across the burning desert, to supply both the human multitude and the huge steam machines whose giant power was wholly dependent on the labours of these patient toilers.

Here and there, in the midst of that parched land, we found clusters of small gourds or sand melons—we knew not what to call them—growing in the dry hot sand, a fruit about the size of an orange, with withered leaves. We carried them off as spoils of the desert, and were much tempted to taste them ; but remembering the old story of the wild gourds wherewith the servants of Elisha made that evil broth, concerning which they cried out, " There is death in the pot," we judged it prudent to abstain, not having the like miraculous skill wherewith to counteract our imprudence. They made first-rate balls for the little ones, however, and so proved welcome additions to their store of playthings. Bunches of castor-oil nuts and blossoms were also among the novelties eagerly gathered by such of our number as were not already familiar with that beautiful plant of hideous association.

Finding ourselves on the brink of the fresh-water canal, we crossed in a small ferry-boat. A group of wretched-looking women and children had assembled from a native village close by to inspect the strange people from the great ship—a sight not altogether new to them, as the railway here runs parallel with the canal, and there is a station near the village. We crossed the line (along which a couple of tall Arabs were walking as stately as though no foreign master had ever dared to invade their desert sanctuary), and we wandered on over the hard dry sand, glittering with pebbles, all brightly polished by the incessant action of wind and blowing sand, till we reached a

hillock whereon we rested awhile, and sat gazing athwart the wide expanse of yellow desert till the eye rested, with intense relief, on the deep blue mountain range beyond Suez—the Ras, or Gebel-Attaka. To us,

wearied with the constant jarring of incessant steamboat noise, there was something strangely fascinating in the unbroken stillness of that vast plain, outstretched beneath the brooding mid-day glare. No living thing



Suez.



Port Said.

was near, and we pictured to ourselves how, in days gone by (and indeed even now), slow caravans of patient camels were wont to toil wearily across that bleak and pathless expanse of burning sand. Suddenly, as a

strange reminder of civilisation, we espied in the far distance a faint line of white steam, followed by a long dark line of heavily-laden trucks, whirling rapidly along the base of the great hills, and speeding on across the desert

till it vanished in the far distance. Small marvel if, to the slow and dignified Arabs, such a mode of transit seemed at first sight to be in truth some strange new form of magic—a thing to be looked upon with something of awe and dread.

Awakening all too quickly from our desert dreams, we hurried back to the ship. Half an hour later we were once more speeding cautiously on our way, and shortly ended our canal cruise, reaching Suez just when the golden glow of sunset glorified the dull town, and lent it a dignity somewhat wanting in the mid-day glare. But, in truth, we had hitherto seen it only from the Red

Sea, or looking back from the desert, from both of which aspects it is a singularly uninteresting spot. But as seen from the canal, the town lies outstretched in long line at the base of the great blue mountain range; and together with the crowded harbour, and the long narrow railway embankment connecting the shipping station with the main line, makes up a picture of considerable beauty. A mail steamer had just come from Bombay, and had already consigned her precious freight of "homeward-bound" travellers to the Egyptian railway; so that at the very moment of our approach a busy train was darting along the embank-



Ras Attaka, from Lake Timsch.

ment, which seemed but as a narrow dark line dividing the harbour into two parts, the train itself cutting black against the sunlit water, like some rushing centipede.

Short time were we suffered to tarry at Suez, for already too many precious hours had been lost in the canal. Ere the glow had faded from behind the purple hills we were sailing down the Gulf of Suez, and darkness closed round us just as we passed the spot where, according to old tradition, the Israelites crossed the Red Sea. We could just discern on the sandy further shore a dark line of palm-trees, date-palms, marking the spot known as

Moses' Well. We lingered on deck till night was far advanced, watching the phosphorous stars that flashed before our prow and fell in showers of glowing light from every rippling wavelet, seeming like reflections of the glittering stars above; while Venus set and Jupiter rose, each like little yellow moons, casting a long line of glory on the dark blue water.

Thus we sped on our way, leaving behind us a long wake of gleaming fire, and when morning once more broke, we awoke to see the light of early dawn tinging the grand Sinaitic range and casting a rosy glow athwart those barren awesome heights. Only from

one spot (just opposite the village of El Tor) is Mount Sinai visible, and whether amid those wondrous clusters of peaks we did, or did not, discern the true mount is a point which, I fear, must remain doubtful. To my own feeling the sanctity of the one mount

overshadows the whole range; and the memory of that early morning vision haunted me long after the land had faded from our view, as we passed from the narrow Gulf into the broader waters of the Red Sea.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

THE CHILD'S FIRST LESSON;

OR, A' ALANEY, JESSIE.

N OO, noo, a' alaney, Jessie,
My ain wee bonnie lamb;
Wi' back agin' the wa', dautie,
Heigh! unco proud I am
To see my rosy little wean
Attempin' sae to gang,
An' hear her tiny little feet
Gang pattering alang.
Ah! cannie, cannie, Jessie dear,
Place feety weel an' sure,
A slippery stane lies by the cheek
O' almost ilka door.
Mony an' alder head than yours
Has learned this lesson plain
That they could never budge an' inch
Gif they were left their lane.

Noo, noo, a' alaney, Jessie,
Aye keep your wakefu' e'n
Straight lookin' on your mammy's face,
My ain wee, bonnie queen!
Aye look straight in mammy's e'n,
And dinna glint aside,
For half the world has stumbled when
They this advice denied!
O, dinna keek to right nor left,
There's danger ilka road,
And mony things look promisn'
That little help afford;
Sae toddle on in trust, wee pet,
Your trust will no be vain,
For God delights to help the weak
Whae canna gang alane.

Noo, noo, a' alaney, Jessie,
Your mammy will be near
Wi' arms that you may rin into,
Sae, Jessie, never fear!
Your mammy winna leave you, love,
Sae come, my little pet;
For see the bright-eyed doll I hae,
An' Jessie will it get!
Ah! clever, clever, rosy lass,
Your daddie's ain wee wife;
Come, toddle, toddle, bit by bit,
Begin the race o' life!
An' I hae seen in bygone days
Mony a wise-like ane
Baith stout and strong, prove to the world
They could na gang their lane.

Noo, noo, a' alaney, Jessie,
I hear your daddie's feet;
Rin, rin, my winsome little thing,
An' we will daddy meet!
Haste, come awa to mammy's knee,
My bonnie baby-girl,
Wi' cheeks like the roses' leaf
An' gowden locks in curl,
O, haste you, a' alaney, love,
Come—steady!—come awa,
An' dinna fear, wee toddlin' thing,
Fear gangs afore a-fa'!
Ay! keep the way that wisdom gies,
My bonnie winsome wean,
An' mony tumbles you will jouk
Gif you would gang alane.

WILLIAM CAMERON.

THE HOSPICES OF PARIS.

PARIS is associated in most minds with all that is gay, brilliant, and attractive. Its magnificent buildings; its shops, displaying all the sumptuous and elegant products of the world; its spacious streets and crowded boulevards, along which stream incessantly the *élite* of fashion from all countries; its lovely parks and squares and gardens, cultivated with the most exquisite taste; and then its luxurious cafés and restaurants, with its theatres proffering every novelty to the solid appetite of the pleasure-hunter—these, and the like, are the objects which the name of the French capital recalls to the mind of the ordinary English visitor.

Comparatively few have opportunity or in-

clination to examine the reverse side of the picture. In London poverty and misery obtrude themselves at almost every turn on the notice of the most thoughtless and unobservant, whereas, in Paris, the case is different. Here that sensitive regard to good taste and scrupulous attention to all that is *comme il faut*, which is so characteristic of the French, leads to the careful concealment of the deep sores, and the dark under-current of misery, which exist in this as in every great city.

Mendicancy is here a crime. Under the Empire it was so severely punished, that a beggar was a phenomenon. Since the late foreign and civil wars, however, and the consequent terrible increase of distress, the police

seem to have relaxed their vigilance, and a well-dressed pedestrian is frequently solicited for alms. In any case, whether it be partially or entirely hidden, there undoubtedly is a fearful abyss of vice and misery of every kind, yawning like the catacombs beneath the glittering surface of Paris life. It is, therefore, a matter on which we may well congratulate our neighbours, that, deep and grievous as is the need, the machinery for its relief is, in some measure, proportionate.

Although almost entirely voluntary in its principle, like other French institutions, it has been systematised and centralised with almost mathematical precision. The care of the sick, suffering, and destitute is not left to the uncertainty of private benevolence, nor is it dependent, as with us, on the meagre results of the tax-gatherer's enforced demands. The funds are (with one exception, to be noticed further on) supplied by charity, while the distribution is vested in responsible committees, organized around one great central board of management, "l'Administration Générale de l'Assistance Publique."

The history of its origin and growth is remarkable. We can but glance at it before we pass on. The mighty tide of the First Revolution, whilst it swept away in its mad career so many of the ancient institutions of France, and overthrew alike the precious and the vile, did not leave the old charitable foundations untouched. We doubt not that there were many grievous abuses, which, like rust on monumental brasses, had encrusted and disfigured them: these things called loudly for reform, and afforded an excuse to the leaders of the moment for centralising the resources of all these establishments. But so wild and Utopian were the theories of some, that they proposed to abolish hospitals altogether, for this simple, and as they thought most conclusive, reason, because, they said, "there will, ere long, be no more poor." Infatuated men! they shut their eyes to the crying needs of humanity as well as to the verdict of Holy Writ, echoed by sad experience all down the ages, that the "poor shall never cease out of the land." For present exigencies they proposed to sell the old buildings, and with the purchase-money to relieve the poor in their own dwellings. Happily there were amongst them men of sense and feeling, better acquainted with the real wants and habits of the needy. These pointed out the serious practical objections to such a course. Many, they said most justly, had no house of their own in which they could be treated; and even where the

sufferers had a fixed abode, the difficulties in the way of so dealing equitably with all appeared insuperable. In this way the axe of destruction was stayed. The hospitals were continued upon a new and improved system, and new ones were built. The severe existing laws against mendicancy were put in force, the labour test was stringently applied, while relief was afforded at their own abode to the aged, the infirm, and children. It was not, however, until 1849 (just after the Revolution of February, 1848) that the present admirable system came into operation.

It embraces five principal departments—(1) the distribution of relief at the homes of the poor; (2) the direction of hospitals; (3) the management of hospices or almshouses; (4) the care of foundlings; (5) the provision for the insane.

The central control of these several branches of the service is vested in a Director with a Council, composed of the Préfet of the Seine, the Préfet of Police, and twenty others nominated by the Government. The first feature, which strikes one who has been accustomed to receive periodical visits from the collector of poor's rates, when he examines the French system, is the entire absence of compulsion in raising the funds. In days long past a poor's tax used to be levied in France by the authority of Parliament. But in 1793 the voluntary system was introduced, and has continued ever since. Legacies, charity-sermons, annual collections, made from house to house—these and the like are the sources of income on which it principally depends. There is just one exception to its otherwise spontaneous character, which all must admit to be perfectly legitimate. All places of public amusement pay eight per cent. of their receipts to the general fund for the poor; and thus even the most gay and dissolute habitudes of the theatres and casinos are made unconsciously to help those of whom in their wild revelry they never think, the poor outcasts of society, and the waifs and strays, who through reverses of fortune have failed in the struggle of life. This *droit des pauvres* realises the considerable income of 1,700,000 francs. The entire receipts of the "Assistance Publique," from all sources, amounts to 13,204,280 francs. Even this great sum is found insufficient. The ordinary expenses, calculated on an average, are not less than 23,806,027 francs. Accordingly the deficit which results has to be annually made up by the City of Paris with a subvention of 10,601,747 francs. A striking illustration

of the practical working of socialism is mentioned in connection with this subject by Maxime du Comp, in his very interesting work on the Institutions of Paris. He states that during the Commune, the representatives of mob authority almost succeeded in appropriating the public funds for the relief of the poor; and that it was only by an ingenious stratagem of M. Guillon, the Receiver (the particulars of which M. du Comp thinks it prudent to conceal, in the event of a recurrence of such days), that a sum of 78,000,000 francs was saved from their rapacity. For this heroic service this patriotic man was deservedly decorated. With this exception, the extreme pressure of the late almost unparalleled disasters does not appear to have interfered with the resources of this great charity. The irrepressible appetite for pleasure, which in the darkest days impels the Parisian to seek "distraction" at any cost, secures a considerable income; and the springs of a large-hearted charity, which no losses can altogether dry up, supply much of the remainder.

On the whole, a very important fact in social science is thus brought to our notice, which may well deserve the consideration of those interested in the poor law on the other side of the Channel. The necessities of the poor of Paris are relieved without any direct and special rate for the purpose. Whether the same system could be as successfully worked in our own country is a question which it is not the object of this paper to discuss. The hearts of many of our countrymen are so large, and their means so abundant, that we doubt not that the care of the poor might be safely entrusted to their benevolence. Still, as in Paris, and as experience has often proved in London, such a voluntary appeal would not elicit a proportionate response from all. We find that the burden of the support of our present charitable institutions and great religious societies now falls upon the willing few. The charge is never equally distributed. There will always be those who have not tasted of the God-like, "twice blessed" grace of charity. This is the very point in which the French system is found to fail. Our own, although it certainly lacks the generous sentiment which prompts spontaneous almsgiving, has the decided advantages of equalisation and stability. Whether the two systems might not be in some way successfully combined, and the good points of each united, is a matter which cannot be here determined.

We proceed to notice the admirable method pursued in Paris for the distribution of the great general fund. The town is divided into twenty districts, corresponding to the twenty *arrondissements* or municipal divisions. Each of these has its own committee, or bureau, which meets at least twice a month. Each *arrondissement* is subdivided into twelve sections. To the several sections are attached relieving officers, visiting ladies ("dames de charité"), whom the bureau elects by ballot, besides a staff of medical men, midwives, and sisters of charity. All applications for relief are referred to the visitors, who are required to fill up a list of queries respecting the circumstances and moral characters of the applicants. According to the nature of the report, relief is given or withheld. Two conditions are absolutely enforced. No aid is given to parents whose children are not sent to a free school, and have not been vaccinated. The latter of these two requirements is also wisely secured by means of reward. Three francs are given to every poor person who has his child successfully vaccinated. Thus the State, like a discreet and loving parent, watches over the physical and moral health of the younger members of its family. Assistance in money is very sparingly and cautiously given. Food, clothing, fuel, &c., are its most usual forms. These are distributed by means of tickets, bearing the stamp of the office. For the able-bodied every effort is made to secure employment; and for this purpose the committees are in frequent communication with masters and manufacturers. The sick poor receive special attention. If they can safely go out, they may consult the doctor at the poor-house of their district. Otherwise they may have medical attendance and nursing in their own homes. Only in very extreme cases is the patient removed to the hospital. In this way the limited number of beds is reserved for the most needy and afflicted, and the terrible evil is avoided of breaking up the home by the removal of its head. It is hardly needful to add that in Paris, as in all large cities, there are frequent attempts to abuse benevolence. Often practised impostors come to the doctor with the most heart-rending complaints. They feel a general lassitude, great difficulty in digestion, and with the most languid air possible, and with moistened eyes, they bring the matter to a climax by saying, "I declare, doctor, I have no more strength than a chicken." If the surgeon, who knows very well with whom he has to deal, turns a deaf ear to all these lamentations, the sick man will often add

with the greatest assurance, "I really think a little quinquina wine would do me good." And so it comes out that the wretched drunkard has resorted to this, as his last hope of obtaining something to allay his craving for drink, and, although this tonic, which they supply, is intensely bitter and nauseous, it is eagerly sought after. Still the greatest discrimination is used, and owing to the sufficiently large staff of medical officers, is quite possible. When we find that in 1871 there were one hundred and ninety-four doctors employed in visiting the poor in their own homes, who each paid about nine hundred and fifty-three visits—that is, on an average, 2.61 per day—we see how thoroughly their work can be done. And as they receive a fee for each visit, they are not tempted to neglect the poor, and give more attention to those who can remunerate them.

Another feature of the French system, especially admirable, is the provision made in connection with the "Assistance Publique" for the convalescent. As soon as they are pronounced by the medical officer fit for removal, these are sent, *at the public cost*, to Homes at Vincennes and Vesinet, where every necessary comfort and attention are carefully provided. And when they are quite restored, they are discharged (if they need it) with a special gift of money, to cover, in some measure, the losses and expenses which their illness has entailed.

Well would it be for many a poor sufferer and his family if similar institutions existed in our country, supported by public funds and under public direction. It is true that we have excellent convalescent homes, at the seaside and elsewhere, but their accommodation is so insufficient, and their terms often so high, that the greater number of the indigent cannot enjoy their benefits.

One more branch of our subject demands at least brief notice. The arrangements for the aged and infirm, of not only the lower, but the middle classes of society, who need assistance, are in many respects very commendable. To the very poor, who either do not desire to enter the hospices, or have not been so fortunate as to obtain admission, outdoor relief is administered in the following scale:—

Those from seventy to seventy-nine years of age receive 5 francs per month; from seventy-nine to eighty-two, 8 francs; from eighty-two to eighty-four, 10 francs; from eighty-four and upwards, 12 francs. The blind or paralytic, but not aged, receive 5 francs per month.

These are certainly very small sums; but

they are given in addition to material help in food, clothing, &c. And if the blind or paralytic have attained the age of seventy, they are entitled to the sum assigned to their years, as well as to that which they already receive as infirm. They are the most fortunate who are taken into the public hospices. Of these, the two principal for paupers are that at Bicêtre for men, and that at Saltpêtrière for women. The writer was much gratified by a visit to both.

The limits of this paper will not admit of more than a slight sketch of the former. Bicêtre is a very ancient château, founded in 1286, by John de Pontoise, then Bishop of Winchester; and by some antiquarians its name is supposed to be a contraction of that of the famous cathedral city. In the seventeenth century it was rebuilt by Cardinal Richelieu as an asylum for invalid officers. Like its present inmates, the place has seen great vicissitudes. By a strange irony of fortune, once the palace of the Dukes de Berri, it is now the refuge of paupers. Its architecture is somewhat bizarre, and presents a mixture of styles. It is extremely well situated, on high ground, far away from the smoke and din of Paris, and yet commanding a fine view of the city. It is approached and surrounded by a very spacious enclosure, almost worthy to be called a lawn, provided with benches for fine days, and spacious covered porticoes for bad weather. Containing, as it does, a population of about three thousand persons, it is almost a small town. Many of the pensioners are old soldiers, who, not having been wounded, are not admissible to the Hôtel des Invalides. These may be readily distinguished by the military bearing which they still retain, in spite of the infirmities of age. They have no need to show their medal of St. Helena to prove that they are old veterans; and as they fight over again with ever-fresh enthusiasm their old campaigns, others gather round, and listen with eager attention. We were sorry to learn, however, that a spirit of contentment does not always reign amongst the inmates. This would have been more than could have been reasonably expected. Poor shipwrecked mariners, long lost over the rough waves of this troublesome world, and after many heart-aches, and bitter sorrows and disappointments, obliged to eat the bread of charity, they much need to know the "secret of central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation." And they who have not found it are often impatient of control, fretful, and unthankful. Still they appear to

be allowed a very reasonable amount of freedom. Twice a week they can go out for the whole day, and on certain other days receive visits from their friends.

Unhappily the cabarets are very numerous in the neighbourhood, and those who love strong drink are enticed to squander there their hard scanty savings; as an antidote to this evil, employment is provided for those who will work. *None are compelled* to do so. Tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, &c., find each a workshop, where they can follow their own trade, so far as their remaining strength allows them. Their earnings are their own. The hospice is not a "workhouse." The arrangements of the house, so far as a hasty inspection enabled the writer to judge, appeared, on the whole, very satisfactory. The rooms were all well warmed, though from their low pitch and inconvenient construction the ventilation was very imperfect. On the whole, the establishment contrasted favourably with many English unions.

Through the great courtesy and kindness of the authorities, the writer was permitted to inspect two other hospices of quite a different character. These are situated in that extremely charming suburb of Paris, Anteuil, within a distance of a few hundred yards from each other, on the border of the Bois de Boulogne. The one is the Institution of St. Périne, the other the House of Retreat of Chardon-Lagache. The former is a lofty and spacious mansion, divided into several pavilions, which are connected by covered galleries: it will accommodate three hundred persons. It stands in the midst of large and well-planted grounds, in which the inmates can saunter at their ease, or sit musing under the cool shade of the spreading trees. They are all aged men and women, of at least sixty years of age. Some are married, and inhabit larger and separate apartments, the single live in common. They are exclusively taken from the ranks of public officers, widows of public servants, and others with straitened means, who have held a good position in society, and are thankful to find here a quiet retreat, in which to pass the evening of their days. The payment required from them is 950 francs, which includes lodging, board, laundry, medical attendance and medicine. They have the number and kind of meals usual in their station of life. The table is well served, if one may judge from the appetising odours which greeted the olfactory nerves, as we entered the clean, well-appointed kitchen, and surveyed the long row of substantial joints roasting before the huge fire.

The dining-room or réfectoire seemed very comfortable, although plainly furnished. The guests form into companies of ten around separate tables. Over each company is a president, elected by the director, who carves and keeps order. The evenings are passed by all whose health and tastes dispose them for society in the public saloons. These are well lighted and warmed, and almost luxuriously fitted up with mirrors, couches, piano, card-table, &c. Here the inmates meet, and amuse each other with friendly chat, and of course talk no scandal. The ladies work, or enliven the company with soft strains of music. And, if report speaks true, amidst such cheerful intercourse the tender passion occasionally revives, and from time to time widows and widowers, as well as venerable bachelors and spinsters, agree to share the joys and sorrows of their remaining days. Nor are their intellectual wants unsupplied. A library and reading-room are provided for all inclined to study. A handsome chapel and chaplain also form part of the establishment. To this, the most important point, our satisfaction could not extend. We could but long that the faith, free from superstition, might shed its benign and sanctifying influence on the otherwise excellent institution.

The other house, being very similar in design and arrangements, need not be particularly described. Suffice it to say that it is called after the wealthy and benevolent founders, Monsieur and Madame Chardon-Lagache, who still live to enjoy the happiness of seeing the good results of their charity. It is intended for a less opulent class, and consequently the annual payment is 400 francs for single persons, and 350 francs each for the married. One circumstance to which our attention was drawn was of painful interest. In the Infirmary, which was almost empty, were two patients who seemed strangely out of place. They were a girl of about eighteen years, and a little boy. Both were lame, and recovering very slowly from severe injuries. They were the last patients left from the ambulance which had been established there during the foreign and civil wars. The one was a victim of the first siege, the other of the second. As we looked on the pale features and crippled forms of both young creatures, the past, with all its painful memories, rose before the mind, and we rejoiced that a land which has suffered so terribly should have such excellent institutions for the relief of suffering.

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