Sir Edward Burne-Jones. (Illustrated.)

Lady Henry Somerset at Duxhurst.

Should Women Marry?

THE

SUNDAY·STRAND

6D.

No. 19 VOL. 4

JULY 1901

"I FORBID IT." See Page 45.

THE·HOME·MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY AND WEEK-DAY

GEORGE·NEWNES·LTD 7-12 SOUTHAMPTON·STREET · STRAND W.C.

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SYMMETRY, SLIMNESS, AND STRENGTH ASSURED BY THE "RUSSELL" TREATMENT.

SYMMETRY, slimness, and strength are what all stout people sigh for, and none need sigh in vain. The splendid results brought about by the famous "Russell" treatment for the cure of corpulence should be made known in trumpet tones to all the stout ones of the earth. We, at any rate, will assist in spreading the fame of this remarkable reductive process by recommending our stout readers to write to Mr. F. Cecil Russell for a copy of his exhaustive treatise—"Corpulency and the Cure"—enclosing two penny stamps for postage, under plain sealed envelope. The address is Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It is quite a common fallacy to assume that fatness is constitutional, that it cannot be *radically and permanently cured.* A thousand letters of gratitude and thanks reprinted in Mr. Russell's book attest the contrary. By means at once pleasant and harmless, the corpulent sufferer can debarrass himself of his superfluous fat at the rate of ½ lb. to 2 lbs. per diem—in extreme cases of stoutness even more. This amazing reduction, which commences within twenty-four hours of beginning the treatment, has, moreover, an admirable tonic effect on the entire system, promoting appetite, aiding digestion and nutrition, and giving such physical and mental buoyancy and energy as stout people rarely experience. This is high praise, but it is well earned. Mr. Russell's researches into the causes and the cure of corpulency have extended over many years, and the multitudinous documentary evidence of his astonishing success—letters from thankful patients, medical and press opinions, &c.—are carefully filed for inspection at Woburn House, where all who wish to may see them. In any case our advice is, Write for "Corpulency and the Cure."

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THE SUNDAY STRAND.

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1901.

MSS. and Drawings must be submitted at the owner's risk, and the Editor will not guarantee their safety, though when stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return them. MSS. should be typewritten.

THE SUNDAY STRAND *will be forwarded direct from the offices of George Newnes, Ltd., to any part of the world, post free for one year, on receipt of 9s. Cases for Binding Vols. I., II. and III. may be obtained from any Bookseller, price 1s. 6d., or post free 1s. 9d., direct from the Office. Vols. I., II. and III., price 6s. 6d. each, are now ready.*

"I WAS IN THE MIDST OF THE CLOUD AND THE GLORY."—*See page 9.*

Drawn by T. H. Robinson.

THE SUNDAY STRAND.
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE HOME MAGAZINE."
VOL. IV. JULY, 1901. No. 19.

VOICES OUT OF THE PAST

STORIES OF THE HEROES AND HEROINES OF THE BIBLE RETOLD

BY L. T. MEADE

Illustrated by T. H. Robinson.

VI.—MOSES' STORY (PART II).

CHAPTER I.

"THROUGH THE FLOOD ON FOOT."

WE were freed men—slaves no longer. With a strong hand Pharoah had driven us from Egypt and we had gone forth with our hosts, our women, our children—our flocks and herds, and all that we had. When the sun arose, we were moving, a mighty army, from the land of our bondage. Behind us lay the darkness and the oppression—the Angel of Death with his drawn sword, and the anguish of those who mourned the death of the firstborn. Before us was the glory of the morning and the beauty of the Promised Land. Between us and that country there seemed but a step. We went forth, six hundred thousand on foot, besides women and children. Also a mixed multitude went with us, and flocks and herds and very much cattle. We went forth in the strength of the Lord, and as we journeyed no man looked behind, and no woman's foot faltered.

"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name, do we give glory," we sang. The mighty chant rolled far and wide, and the Egyptians heard our song of victory.

By and by we reached Succoth, and there we rested under the cool shade of the palms. We were travel-sore and weary, and needed food and rest, for we had left in haste, without due provision. Now we baked unleavened cakes of the dough we had brought out of Egypt, and these cakes we ate in the cool and pleasant shade.

On that first night, the Lord spake long to me, His servant, and what He said I told the people the next day. Fear and the stammering tongue no longer hindered me; I could speak as well as Aaron my brother, for my soul was full of the spirit of the Lord, so that when I uttered words it was not I but God who spake through me.

"Behold this great thing that your God has done for you, "I cried to the children of Israel," mark it well and lay it to heart, and let the wonder of the great Passover never be forgotten by you or by your tribes. Let it be unto you an ordinance for ever. For remember that by the strength of His hand the Lord brought you out of the House of Bondage. And behold, you shall tell your children, and your children's children, what the Lord God has done, and year by year you shall keep the Passover. You shall kill a lamb and sprinkle its blood on the door-posts of your houses, and you shall do this in remembrance; for when the Destroyer saw the blood he passed over you when he destroyed the Egyptians. And behold henceforth, in all your tribes the firstborn son shall be holy to the Lord."

And the people answered. "The Lord is good, and what the Lord saith that will we do."

Then, once again, we rode on our camels and asses, and those who could not ride went on foot, and we journeyed through the

way of the wilderness of the Red Sea, and presently we came to Etham, on the borders of the wilderness. Behind us lay Egypt with her goodly cities and cool groves of trees, and mighty river carrying life and refreshment on her broad bosom—and before us was the hard, dry desert. But our hearts knew no fear. For was not the Lord Himself going with our hosts? Was not His presence felt in so marvellous a way, that we could do nothing but wonder and rejoice. For this was the thing that happened. By day the Lord led the way with a great pillar of cloud, and by night with a pillar of fire. Thus He gave us light in the night time, and in the day we dwelt under His Shadow.

But even thus early on the journey the Lord would try His people. He, Himself, would go with us as He had promised, but by His own path, and this led through the Flood and through the Peril.

"Behold," the Lord said to me, "turn, and encamp between Migdol and the Sea."

And we did so.

Now, we had the wilderness on the one side and the rolling waves of the sea on the other, and behold, God told me what was about to happen, but I told not the children of Israel.

When God spoke to me, face to face, my heart beat more quickly than its wont, for the Lord was indeed going to try His people, as he had never tried them, even in the long years of trouble in Egypt. But although I feared for just an instant, soon my courage returned and I waited for what was about to happen, my soul leaning on the goodness of the Lord.

By that lonely seashore we encamped, and the people wondered, but I, Moses, spoke not a word.

Not long would Israel rest and be at ease, for we were pursued, and the enemy drew near—even Pharaoh with all the chariots of Egypt, and with his horsemen and his army, for Pharaoh had repented of letting the children of Israel go from serving him. Nearer, and yet nearer, did the mighty hosts of our enemy approach the shores of the Red Sea, and at last the children of Israel heard. They heard the tramp of the horses and the shouts of the horsemen, and they lifted their eyes, and lo, afar off was a mighty army, and on the breeze, ever louder and louder, came the voices of the warriors, and the noise of the chariots and the tramping of the horses. Then were the children of Israel sore afraid, and spoke bitter words unto me. The men spoke roughly and the women blamed me, the maidens wept at my feet, and the children turned from me and hid their faces in their mothers' bosoms.

"Why have you dealt thus with us?" they cried. "Were there no graves in Egypt that you brought us here to die? It had been better to serve the Egyptians than to die here in this desolate wilderness," and all the people bowed their heads and wept.

Now, what with the weeping of the Israelites, and the sound of the chariots and horsemen of Egypt coming ever more and more nigh to us, a madness seized me, and I spoke with the fervour of the prophet—

"Fear ye not, O people," I cried with a mighty voice, "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. For the Egyptians who come to meet us to-day, you shall see them again no more for ever. The Lord himself shall fight for you, and you shall hold your peace."

But the people believed me not, for fear held them in its cruel grip.

Then I turned and cried to the Lord of Hosts, and the Lord answered—

"Wherefore criest thou to Me—speak to the children of Israel that they go forward."

Now there was one only way forward and that lay through the Sea. Behind was the wilderness and in front the rolling waves of the Red Sea. The enemy were close behind—louder grew the shouts of the horsemen and more mighty the noise of the great advancing army.

"Lift up thy rod and stretch out thy hand over the sea and divide it," said the Lord.

Now these words, so full of marvel, had scarcely sounded in my ears before a thing most strange and wonderful happened, for the cloud that went before the children of Israel moved and went behind them; so the pillar of the cloud came and stood between the Egyptians and the Israelites; it was a cloud of darkness to the Egyptians, but it was a pillar of fire to us, so that we saw all things plainly, but the Egyptians could see nothing because of the darkness.

"Hearken to me, ye people," I cried, "for the Lord of Hosts has spoken. The Lord says go forward, and we will go. Behold now, get you ready, for the enemy are in hot pursuit, but the way is plain, and the people of the Lord need fear no evil. See with your own eyes the wonder of the Lord."

Then I lifted my rod and I stretched out my hand over the sea, and as I did so a mighty east wind arose and the waters of the

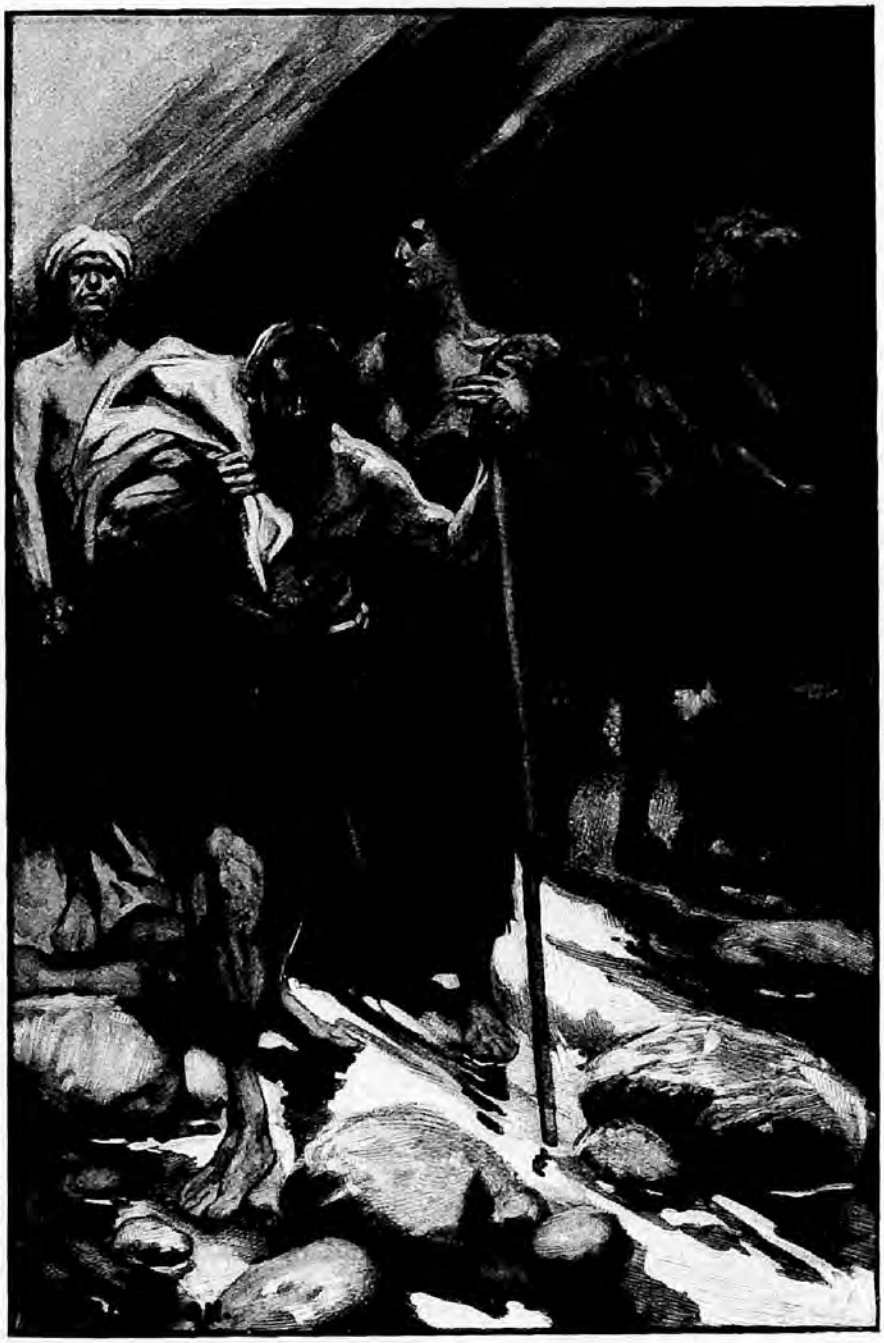
sea were divided, and there was a wall on the right hand and a wall on the left, and there was dry ground in the middle of the sea.

Then I went before the people, and Aaron, my brother, went with me, and the people themselves with their herds and cattle, and all that night we walked through the midst of the sea.

That was a night never to be forgotten, for neither moon nor stars appeared, and the mighty wind from the east grew stronger until it raged like a hurricane, and the thunders of heaven rolled, and the lightnings flashed. But fast and silently the People of God went forward, for to each heart was given the knowledge that the Lord Himself was in the midst of the storm, that the Lord Jehovah went with us through the depths of the sea. In each heart dwelt this knowledge, so that even in our peril we were calm.

When the day broke I looked behind me and I saw the hosts of Pharaoh, his horsemen and his chariots—they had followed us into the midst of the sea. They pressed so hard to overtake us, and so near did they come, that even above the roar of the tempest we could hear the neighing of the horses, and the shouts of the horsemen.

But as I looked, a brighter flash of lightning than any that had gone before shone from the midst of Heaven, and behold, trouble and confusion had come to the hosts of the Egyptians, and they drove their chariots heavily.



"ALL THAT NIGHT WE WALKED THROUGH THE MIDST OF THE SEA."

Then, I cried in a loud voice to the children of Israel—"Hasten forward, for the shore is near, and the Lord's deliverance at hand."

In hot haste and silently we went. No

word was spoken. There was no time for speech. As we hurried on the enemy still pursued. But the shore was within view, and as the morning freely broke we and our armies stood on dry land.

Then said the Lord unto me—"Stretch out thy hand over the sea that the waters may come again on the Egyptians and upon their chariots and upon their horsemen."

And I did so, and the sea returned in his strength, and the Egyptians fled before it. We, who stood on the shore, heard their cry and saw the anguish on their faces, and we beheld their terror. Well might they fear and be dismayed, for God, who had fought for us and had brought us safely through the flood on foot, fought against them. The sea fell back into its proper place, and we saw the armies of Pharaoh destroyed in the midst of the sea. Not a man was left of them all. Thus the Lord saved Israel with a great deliverance out of the hand of the Egyptians.

That day, as I stood on the desolate shore of Arabia, I saw the bodies of the Egyptians dead on the sea-shore. Israel's old task-masters were there, dead and powerless for ever. Then it was given to me to behold as in a vision a greater victory and a more enduring triumph. For a day would come when Sin would lie slain, as were the Egyptians now. As I thought of that mighty Deliverer who would save His people from their sins, my soul went out to Him, and through the ages I saw His face divine.

"There will be a mightier victory," I cried aloud.

"What mean you, great prophet?" asked a man who stood near.

"Saw you not the sun this morning as we struggled through the sea?"

"Ay, I saw the sun and it warmed my heart," he made reply.

"So will the Sun of Righteousness arise," I cried. But the man understood me not.

"Behold, the women with the timbrels," he cried; "I go to join their song of victory."

Then I turned and I saw my sister, Miriam, the prophetess, and behind her a train of Israelite women. They danced as they came, and as they drew nearer they sang—

"*The Lord hath triumphed gloriously:*
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.
The Lord is a man of war—
The Lord is His name.
Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea.
Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods?
Who is like Thee, Glorious in Holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?
Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously:
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

CHAPTER II.

THE MOUNT OF GOD.

THE song of victory was past. The land of Egypt, with its cruelties and its delights, its feasts and its riotings, its splendour and its hardship, had given place to the vast solitude of the desert. No strange voice broke on our ears; we were in the midst of a great silence. We had been accustomed to the loud tones of our task-masters, to the noise of the drum and cymbal, to the echo of a thousand voices as the King's armies marched past.

Now the feast and the song and the merriment were at an end. We were going through the great and terrible wilderness, and the Promised Land, to which we journeyed, seemed far away.

I was going to my tent one evening after a long and weary day's march, when the same maiden, who, full of faith in God's promise, had addressed me on the night of the Passover, suddenly crossed my path.

"Moses, prophet of God," she cried, "may your handmaid speak of that which lies heavy on her heart?"

"Speak, my daughter," I answered her.

She drew a deep sigh, and, raising her hand, pushed the raven locks from her brow. When I saw her last she had looked young, with the bloom of the tenderest youth, but the desert had already brought lines to her face and robbed her eyes of some of their fire.

"I would speak," she said brokenly, "of that which I know. The Lord's people murmur against Him, and forget His mighty works. The Children of Israel murmur in the camp and forget the Lord."

"And you?" I said. "Great, once, was your faith. Does the Lord still reveal Himself unto you as a God faithful and true, who will keep His promises and remember His covenants for ever?"

The rose of a swift shame came to her cheeks and she lowered her eyes.

"Behold," she said slowly, "my spirit is troubled. We have been three months in this great and terrible wilderness, and though we journey day by day and ever and ever go forward, we see no Promised Land. Is there a Promised Land?"

She raised her eyes, wild with the agony of doubt, and looked in my face.

"MIRIAM, THE PROPHETESS, TOOK A TIMBREL IN HER HAND."—EX. XV., 20.

I laid my hand on hers and spoke.

"Recall the days that are past," I said, "and see what the Lord has done. Has He not brought the Children of Israel out of Egypt and made a way for them in the sea, even in the Red Sea, and did He not cause the waves of the sea to turn again so that the hosts of Pharaoh perished in the midst of it? And when the people here in this great wilderness cried for bread the Lord sent them manna from Heaven, and when their souls were faint for water did He not command me to smite the rock and did not the water gush forth? And when Amalek came to fight against Israel did not the Lord fight for Israel so that we prevailed? Is there anything that the Lord has not done for His people? Why, therefore, should you doubt the word of the Lord?"

Now the name of the maid was Salome, and she was of the tribe of Judah.

Her voice dropped to a whisper, and she came yet closer and the tears stood in her eyes.

"I recall the days that are past," she said. "I have seen the wonders of the Lord, and yet, and yet—oh, shame on the weakness of my heart! But answer me, great prophet of Israel—Is there a Promised Land?"

Then I spoke as the Lord bade me, the Lord Himself putting the words into my mouth.

"Afar off I see it," I answered,—"afar off and yet nigh. A good land and a fair. Milk is there and honey and the shade of the cedar and the fig tree, and there are to be found green pastures where Abraham fed his flocks; and the people of the Lord dwell in quiet, no man making them afraid. There is a river in the midst of the country, and there are goodly cities to dwell in, and the people of the Lord need fear no evil."

"You see the land, Moses, in very truth you see it?" she asked of me.

"With the eyes that are invisible I behold it," I cried. "A good land and a fair—and the people of the Lord shall walk there. Oh, keep the faith that was yours at the time of the Passover, Salome, and you too will behold the Promised Land."

Then she shaded her eyes and looked towards the sunset, and stood silent. After a time she turned to me, and behold her face was shining.

"Very far off I see it, but it is there, and I doubt no longer," she cried.

Two children ran up to her. She took their hands and they danced away together to the sound of a cymbal which a woman was playing near by.

"I will tell you of the Promised Land. It is yonder, just where the sun meets the earth," I heard the maid say to the children.

That night I lay in my tent; but I slept little, for the words of Salome still sounded in my ears.

She had but spoken the truth when she said that murmurings and doubts filled the camp of Israel. Notwithstanding our great deliverance and all the wonders of the Lord, His people doubted Him, and believed not His word. Then, because my spirit was sore, I cried mightily to God, and God answered me—

"Fear not," said the Lord Jehovah, "I will be with thee, and even though My people doubt Me, yet will I show unto them My glory."

Then did I rest on the word of the Lord and took courage. At this time we were going deeper and deeper into the mountains, and by and by, having journeyed through many valleys, and under high cliffs, we encamped beneath the great rock of Sinai. The mountain of Sinai reared its massive head over us, and on every side were other peaks and cliffs, so that we were shut in by the mountains.

We pitched our tents, and I saw discontent and fear on the faces of the people. They dreaded they knew not what. Only to each heart came the knowledge that God was about to reveal Himself by a very special manifestation. How was this manifestation to come? By what sign or token would God show Himself to the Children of Israel?

Early in the morning I arose and beheld the Mount under which we had encamped covered by a cloud. All eyes were fixed upon that cloud. Would Jehovah appear in His glory? Wonder became great—it grew to doubt—it reached fear. A passion of expectancy filled the hearts of the people, and lo, as we watched, the cloud grew darker, and it covered the whole of the Mount; and then, out of the midst of the cloud, came thunders and lightnings, and there was the voice of a trumpet. The mountain was on fire, and the smoke ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the mountain trembled.

When the people saw the smoke and the fire, and heard the voice of the trumpet, and felt the earth tremble, then were they sore afraid, and fell on their faces and wept.

But God called to me and spake unto me, and what He said I told unto the Children of Israel.

"Hearken, O people," I cried. "Behold, the Lord has said 'Did I not bear you on eagles' wings and bring you unto Myself. Now therefore obey My voice and be unto Me a peculiar treasure—a kingdom of priests and an holy nation.'"

Then the people answered—

"All that the Lord says that will we do."

So I bade them wash their clothes and sanctify themselves and not go nigh unto the Mount.

And behold, it was the third day, and the mountain burned, and the thunder rolled, and the trumpets sounded louder than before, and then, wonder of all wonders, God Himself called unto me, His servant, to go up to Him into the Mount, and I went up.

CHAPTER III.

THE FACE THAT SHONE

OF that time I cannot speak. There are periods in life when words fail us, and of what the Lord said to me, and of what I answered Him, it behoves me not to tell.

I was in the midst of the cloud and the glory. I, a mortal man, spoke face to face with the Maker of Heaven and Earth, and the Lord came close, and was unto me both a Friend and a Counsellor, both a Companion and a Guide. This was unlike the time at Horeb, and unlike the passage through the Red Sea. When at Horeb I had learned that there was indeed a God. In the darkness of that night, when we went through the midst of the sea, and I led the chosen people from Egypt into the wilderness, I received my first deep personal knowledge of the God of Abraham. But now! Close as the beating of my heart He came, so near was He that I felt He was both within me and around me. Never more could Life or Death part me from God, or God from me.

SHE SHADED HER EYES AND LOOKED TOWARDS THE SUNSET, AND STOOD SILENT.

The Lord sent for me into the Mount, and there communed with me, and what He spoke for my ears alone I never told to living soul. But what He told me to say to the Children of Israel that did I tell them. I went straight down from the Mount, and gave to the Children of Israel those Laws which were to be unto them a guide through all

time, a wall shutting away sin and making righteousness the guardian of life. And when I uttered those ten great commandments, saying unto the people:—

"You shall have but one God."

"You shall do Him reverence."

"You shall keep His Sabbath holy,"

And when I spoke of those other laws which make for order and brave conduct and purity in this mortal life, once more the thunder rolled and the trumpets sounded and the mountain burned with fire, so that the people feared and stood afar off.

Then I returned once more to the Mount, and the Lord spoke to me as a man speaks to his friend. Not only did He breathe into my spirit those higher things of God, which when revealed to man make for the highest reverence and the deepest humility, and love the most profound, and peace which passes knowledge; but He also instructed me in that knowledge which was to help me in the great work which lay before me. For I was to be not only the Prophet of my people and their Leader, but I was also to be their Lawgiver. Thus while I was on the Mount I was learning the laws which were to guide the lives and actions of the greatest nation upon earth. God said, further, that He would have a Tabernacle built for His Sanctuary, so that He might dwell among us. It was to be made with gold and silver and brass, and blue and purple and scarlet and fine linen, and there was to be oil for light, and spices for anointing oil; and within the Tabernacle, the Ark, most wonderful, most holy, was to be placed, and in this Ark was to be kept the sacred Tables of the Covenant. The Ark was to be made of Shittim wood, covered with pure gold, and on the Ark two Cherubs of gold were to stretch forth their wings, covering the top of the Ark or the Mercy Seat. And God gave me two Tables of Stone, even the Tables of the Covenant, and on these were His laws written with the Finger of God.

Thus I spent forty days and forty nights in the Mount, and then I returned to the people.

Now as I went down there never was man before who felt as I did, for God had been unto me as my familiar friend and had spoken with me face to face. To sin seemed impossible—to grieve that Holy One beyond the conception of man. And with what words would I speak now to the people, with what fervour would I discourse of His greatness and love.

Had He not promised that in the Tabernacle, there by the Ark, He would meet us and commune with us Himself above the Mercy Seat. Thus, all this great people could learn from Him and see for themselves the beauty of Holiness, and learn for themselves how wonderful and sustaining, how great in splendour, and how magnificent in power was that knowledge of God which He reveals to those who seek Him.

So I went down from the Mount, the Tables of the Testimony in my hand.

As I descended I thought of those whom I was so soon to meet, and especially I thought of my brother Aaron. Marvellous, indeed, was the honour which awaited my brother, for in the great service of the Tabernacle he was to minister to the Lord as the Lord's High Priest. Holy were to be his garments, full of glory and of beauty; and he was to be anointed with oil and consecrated and sanctified; and on the mitre which he was to wear on his forehead was to be engraved the words—"HOLINESS TO THE LORD."

I wondered how best I could tell him of that mystery and of that honour which lay before him. Now, by my side, there walked a young man Joshua, the son of Nun, who had ever been to me both friend and servant. He had accompanied me to the foot of the Mount, and now he returned with me to the camp of Israel. He was a youth of single purpose, brave as a lion and ever valiant for the truth. I loved him as though he were my son, and in trouble and in joy alike I turned to him for sympathy. Now with my spirit exalted to the very gate of Heaven I approached the camp. As I did so I heard the people shout.

"Is there war in the camp?" Joshua asked.

Then I answered him, speaking hastily, and the veil of that glory which had shut away sin from my eyes falling from me:

"It is not the voice of those who shout for mastery. Nor is it the voice of those who cry for being overcome, but the voice of those who sing do I hear."

After I had said the words, I hasted and went quickly, and entered the camp. But when I got there I stood still. For a moment I did not speak—for a flash of time I failed to understand. Then all was made plain to me. The people feasted. They ate and drank and played and made merry. They danced and shouted—they were as those who are mad; and behold, in the midst of the camp was an altar, and on the altar was a calf of gold, such as they

worshipped in Egypt, and the people offered burnt offerings and brought peace offerings to it, and they bowed down to the calf that they had made and worshipped it; and Aaron, my brother, worshipped with them.

He knew the Lord—to him had been revealed the deep and wonderful things of God. I had but to close my eyes to see him as I had seen him with the eye of faith but a moment ago, clothed in the garments of beauty, and with these words written across his forehead—"HOLINESS TO THE LORD."

Nevertheless he had built an altar to strange gods, and he, my brother, had led the people astray. Hot and burning was my shame and bitter the anger that consumed me. I knew not what I did. I had the Tables of Stone in my hand—the Tables which were written upon by the Finger of God. I cast them from me and broke them within the camp.

I had come from Heaven to earth—from Holiness to sin.

Aaron spoke. He made excuses for that which could never be excused. And my anger burned hotter and hotter, and I stood in the Gate and said:

"Who is on the Lord's side?"

And there came to me the sons of Levi, and I spoke to them and they rose up, and slew every man his brother, and there perished three thousand men.

Then was my spirit more sore than ever; but lo, my anger had passed, and so full was my compassion now, and so deep my pity for those who had sinned, that it was as if the sin were my own sin.

How could I lift my eyes to the God who dwelt in the Holy Place? And yet I must cry to Him, for the burden was too heavy for me to bear.

All night I lay and wept, but on the morrow I went back to the Mount, and I fell down before the Lord and cried to Him:

"Oh, these people have sinned a great sin,

DAY BY DAY THE LORD GAVE THEM MANNA TO EAT.

and have made them gods of gold; yet now—forgive their sin—and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of Thy Book."

There came an answer low and tender, and I wept once again as I listened. Then I lay silent drinking in the words. The Lord was a God of Mercy—His anger endured not for ever. Sin must be punished, but the

sinner who repented should live. It was enough.

When after many days I returned from the Mount, bringing with me the two new Tables of Testimony, the people wondered and feared, and turned away their eyes, for they beheld that my face shone as the light, for I had looked long into the glory of God; then because of the people I took a veil and covered my face when I talked with them, but when I went into the presence of the Lord I uncovered my face until I came out.

CHAPTER IV.

The Promised Land.

Forty years in the great and desolate wilderness! Had we known it, when with songs and rejoicings we left the land of Egypt, could we have borne it? Then the Promised Land seemed nigh, even at our doors. But because of our sins God would punish us, and only our children would go in to possess the goodly and beautiful country of Canaan. We ourselves were to die in the wilderness. It is true that Caleb, the son of Jephunneh, and Joshua, the son of Nun, were to see the land, for in their hearts was the fear of God, and they had ever served Him and walked in His ways, and they murmured not when the rest of the Children of Israel had spoken against Him.

Now Joshua was my minister and my servant. Without him I could scarcely have borne the burden of those forty years, for the ways of the wilderness were rough, and the murmurings of the Children of Israel many. Oftentimes my heart was too sore for speech, and my sorrow greater than I could bear, and oftentimes bitter was my wrath that they should so treat the God of Heaven. Did not His wonders and His goodness surround them? Day by day He gave them manna to eat, and He supplied them with water out of the rock. He shielded them from the burning sun with His cloud by day, and by night He lit their path with His pillar of fire. Nevertheless they rebelled, and so one by one they perished in the wilderness. Even the gentle and beautiful maiden, Salome, never lived to reach the Promised Land. She beheld the fire coming out from before the Lord, and saw the glory of the Lord on the day that the Tabernacle was consecrated to the worship of God, and that night she died.

Thus she passed away before her youth had faded, or before her beauty was dimmed. I was with her when she died.

"I go not into the land which floweth with milk and honey, O great Prophet," she whispered. "That country lieth where the sun kisses the earth ere he sinks to rest. It is a good land and a fair, and since you spoke to me of it I have seen it many times in my dreams. I go not there, and yet I die with rejoicing. For there is a Better Country, and it lies beyond where the sun shines at noon. In the highest firmament you find it, and God is there, and His servants who enter therein shall serve Him continually. They go not out day nor night, and nothing enters that defiles, and sin is not in that Land of Glory."

Thus she passed with smiles on her lips, and we laid her body under a juniper tree in the wilderness.

But these things happened in the early days of our pilgrimage, and now forty long years were over. I was an old man and full of years, yet was not my sight dimmed, nor had my strength abated; nevertheless I was to die in the wilderness, and so also was Aaron, my brother—the great High Priest of God.

Aaron had long ago repented him of his act of idolatry. For forty long years had he served God with incense and prayer and praises in the Tabernacle. In his priestly vestments he had prayed for the people, and been mediator for them with the Lord. Nevertheless, the great High Priest was to die.

It was by the rock at Meribah that Aaron and I disobeyed the word of the Lord. For the people murmured louder than ever, and our hearts were sore within us, and we forgot the command of the Lord—for the Lord had said, "Speak to the rock, and the waters shall gush forth." And when the congregations gathered themselves together, and we heard their words, and saw the look of discontent and rebellion on each face—

"Behold," I cried aloud, "hear now, ye rebels. Must we fetch you water out of this rock," and I lifted up my hand and with my rod I smote the rock. Thus did Aaron and I disobey the word of the Lord, and for our sin we were to die.

It was on Mount Hur that Aaron died. We clothed him in all his priestly garments—his ephod of gold and blue and purple, and fine linen, and his breastplate of cunning work, with its four rows of precious stones—each stone according to the names

of the twelve tribes of Israel. They glistened on the breastplate of Aaron with the brightness of the sun at noon—emeralds, sapphires, diamonds, and many other stones of marvellous splendour. And upon the hem of his robe were pomegranates of blue and purple and scarlet, and there were bells of pure gold between each pomegranate, so that when he walked the bells rang forth joyfully. And upon his head we put his mitre with its plate of gold, on which was engraven, "HOLINESS TO THE LORD."

Thus we were ready. For the last time the first great High Priest turned and looked on the congregation, and he lifted up his hands to bless them, and then he went up into the Mount. Eleazar, Aaron's son, went with us, and I took the robes of holiness and beauty and stripped them from Aaron and put them upon Eleazar, his son.

"I BESOUGHT THEM TO CHOOSE LIFE THAT THEY MIGHT LIVE."

And Aaron died upon the top of the Mount.

For me, also, the end of my pilgrimage drew near. For me, too, the day was far spent, and the night, when no man can work, drew on apace. But still there was much to be done, and I would work while it was day. I hurried from the Mount.

Now the people mourned for Aaron thirty days, and afterwards we continued our journey. The way was long and the country mountainous, and the people were much discouraged. They spoke against God and against me, His servant, and bitter were their words. And behold, God was angry with the people, and He sent fiery serpents amongst them, and they bit them and many of the people died.

Then the cry of the children of Israel rose to Heaven, and they came to me and repented of their sin, and prayed me to entreat of God to take the serpents away.

So I cried to the Lord, and the Lord heard me, and He told me what to do.

I made a Serpent of Brass, and set it on a pole, and held it up high in my hands. And I went into the midst of the camp. And when I stood in the midst of the camp I cried to the children of Israel—

"Behold now, and see the salvation of God. See, on this pole is a Serpent of Brass, and whosoever looks upon it, even though he be bitten sore and lies at the point of death, he shall live. It is only to look."

Then I walked through the length and breadth of the camp, holding up the Serpent of Brass on the pole, and everywhere I cried aloud—

"Look and live—Look and live!"

And the sick and dying looked, and they revived and they lived.

Then we continued our journey, and many and great were our trials, but great also were our deliverances.

At last the time drew near when I must die. Then I prayed to the Lord that He would put a man in my place wise enough to guide so great a people. And the Lord said—

"Take Joshua, the son of Nun, a man in whom is My Spirit, and lay thine hand on him, and put some of thine honour on him." And I took Joshua and told him what the Lord had said.

At first he had no words so great was his sorrow, for truly his soul was knit to my soul. But at last he cried—

"My father."

And he fell on my neck and wept.

Then Eleazar the Priest took Joshua and set him before the congregation and blessed him and gave him a charge, and the congregation knew that he would be their leader when the night had fallen on me and my sun had set.

Behold, even now it was the time of the sunset, and I would charge Israel before I went hence.

We encamped in the plains of Moab, by Jordan, and my soul yearned to enter the Goodly Land. But the Lord said—

"Let it suffice thee: speak no more unto Me of this matter. Nevertheless, thou shalt see the country when thou goest up to the top of Pisgah; east and west and north and south shalt thou look, and thou shalt behold the Beautiful Land, but thou shalt not go over."

Then I murmured not against the will of God, but prepared me in very truth for that last work of my life, when I would charge the people, and tell them of all that God had done for them.

So day by day I spoke to them, standing before them on the plain, on this side Jordan in the wilderness. All the story of the past, of the long forty years, did I tell to them, and God's commands did I lay afresh before them; and I reminded them also of the great and wise laws of God.

Then, too, did I set before them Life and Death, Blessing and Cursing, and I besought of them to choose Life that they might live.

Finally, I, Moses, blessed the Children of Israel before my death.

Standing before them, I spread out my hands on high, and I blessed them by their tribes and by their families. Each tribe by name did I speak to, and on each did I bestow a blessing.

My last words sank low, for my heart was full, but I think all heard—

"The Eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the Everlasting Arms. Happy art thou, O Israel. Who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord?"

Then was I ready—an old man, one hundred and twenty years of age. Truly I had talked with the Lord face to face. I would see Him again on the top of Pisgah.

"Associations."

By E. M. Jameson.

Illustrated by Tom Browne, R.I.

"DOES your mother ever take you visiting?" asked Geoffrey, giving his clean collar a vindictive twitch that brought his tie under his left ear.

"Not likely!" Billy spoke with fervid thanksgiving as he glanced at his friend's spick-and-span condition. Even in his party best, he himself had never arrived at Geoffrey's state of absolute perfection.

"And she ain't likely to," he resumed, cutting a fresh notch in his fishing-rod. "I knock things over, and then you see there's girls in our house, and girls always like being dressed in their best to go visitin'."

Billy was already an observer of the frailties of the sex.

Geoffrey tweaked his tie back again, and looked enviously at Billy's state of dirt and contentment.

"I wish my mother'd borrow a girl," he said disconsolately; "there's heaps of 'em about that'd be glad to go."

"Heaps!" echoed Billy, with sympathy; "there's five of ours would."

The day was fine; there was fishing—of a kind—to be had in the frog-pond. If fish were rarely among the finds, the frog-pond held glorious possibilities, and one never knew exactly what to expect at the end of the line.

All Geoffrey's plans for the day had fallen through as usual, owing to his mother's insatiable thirst for society. Geoffrey was a handsome little boy and suffered accordingly; Billy was plain to a fault, and therefore greatly to be envied.

Mrs. Madison disapproved of Billy, whom she considered vulgar, despite the fact that his father was the largest landed proprietor in these parts. She said Geoffrey had deteriorated since associating with Billy; her friends said he had become more manly.

"I s'pose I must go," remarked Geoffrey, getting up from the tree trunk regretfully. Billy was in the act of baiting his hook, doing it with a science and a half-closed eye that had been acquired from the under-keeper. He opened it to give his friend a farewell glance.

"It's a beastly shame," he said concisely. "James says it's just the day for sport, and that things ought to be plentiful even if they ain't fish. Wonder what I'll catch to-day?"

Geoffrey blinked away a mistiness that dimmed his vision, and was half-way home when Billy overtook him running at full speed.

"I say, Geoff, I've thought of such a good idea." He paused for breath.

"Well?" asked Geoffrey, but as one without hope.

Billy glanced round, and spoke in a whisper: "Why don't you break somethin' when you go out visitin', or knock things over a bit? I did by accident twice, and mother said she'd never take me visitin' again."

He darted a look at Geoffrey's horror-stricken countenance. There were depths of wile in Billy never yet sounded.

"P'raps," he went on, kicking a stone about to escape Geoffrey's eye. "Well—anyhow—it was a china dog I broke, and they said it didn't matter a bit."

Without another word he ran back to his fishing preparations, leaving the poison to permeate Geoffrey's being.

It was a glorious day. As they drove along, at one turn of the road the frog-pond was visible with Billy sitting absorbedly on the muddiest bank—the side that sloped in a way bordering upon the dangerous.

Geoffrey turned his head aside. It was not a day to sit in drawing-rooms drinking tea, and even the choicest cakes were no consolation for the loss of the frog-pond.

The end of the third visit found him desperate, and the approach of the fourth convinced him that something must be done to put an end to visiting for ever.

He followed his mother into Mrs. Allison's drawing-room in a state of revolt. Mrs. Allison was a semi-invalid. She had white hair and very dark eyes, and a sad expression. She spoke kindly to Geoffrey, but he was in no mood for kindness and refused all offers of cake. His hostess was seriously concerned at this anomaly among boys.

"He has already had *three* teas, dear Mrs. Allison; he will be quite happy sitting still, or perhaps he might look at some of your charming curios? He is not at all a rough boy. Now, Billy Harcourt——!"

"By all means," said Mrs. Allison, and Geoffrey slipped from the high-backed chair, and began a tour of inspection.

Had his mother allowed him to sit still he would never have gone to the far end of the room, and in that case he would not have seen the china dog that eventually led to his downfall. It would never have occurred to him to break any other article of china.

There it stood staring him full in the face with its yellowish goggle eyes, whose impish expression resembled Billy's when on the war path. The china dog invited his own destruction by sheer ugliness. It certainly resembled no dog that had ever lived, and moved, and had its being upon earth, and it was strangely out of place amid the delicate bits of old china surrounding it.

The room was very hot; full dress is wearing to the nerves. Geoffrey was tired and wanted to go home; Billy's words came back to him.

"It was a china dog, and they said it didn't matter."

His mother was beginning to make her adieux, and was talking of a fifth call. It was too much. The next moment the china dog lay in several pieces on the floor, the goggle eyes in one portion retaining their mocking expression and gazing up at Geoffrey, whose conscience was causing him absolute torture.

THE CHINA DOG LAY IN SEVERAL PIECES ON THE FLOOR.

Amidst his mother's expostulations he heard Mrs. Allison's voice with a sharp ring of regret in its tones,

"Oh, not *that*, surely. Not *that*!" She

stooped and lifted up the fragments with trembling hands.

Then she recovered herself and waived aside her visitor's regrets with quiet dignity.

"Of no intrinsic value," she said; "it had —associations."

Geoffrey never looked up, he felt like a murderer, and was following his mother to the carriage when she discovered that he was hatless.

"Run back and get it," she said, and Geoffrey stole into the drawing-room unobserved. Mrs. Allison was still standing beside the table piecing the little dog together, and as Geoffrey hastened away he felt rather than saw that she was in tears.

"One never knows nowadays what is expensive and what isn't," said Mrs. Madison on the way home—the fifth visit was held in abeyance—"hideous thing it was! Now if it had been one of those exquisite bits of Sèvres —it was very careless of you, Geoffrey, the kind of thing Billy Harcourt would have done. I shall not take you anywhere with me for the future."

But like many a desired end, the assurance brought no joy to Geoffrey. He would willingly have endured a week's visiting to have restored the china dog in all its hideous completeness. He felt what his mother's coarser fibre did not, that something irretrievable had happened. Billy could not comprehend his gloom. "She said it wasn't worth anythin'," he remonstrated, "so what's there to fuss about?"

Geoffrey hesitated. "She said something about something else," he said vaguely. "Billy, what's 'sociations?"

Billy shook his head. "Never heard of 'em," he said, "unless—" with a sudden burst of inspiration—"it's somethin' to do with football."

"No, they mean something *sad*," said Geoffrey, and there and then he took Billy into his confidence.

"P'raps, if I bought her another china dog and gave it to her," he said timorously, for all great suggestions usually emanated from Billy, "it might have 'sociations too.

Billy foresaw exciting possibilities.

"How much money have you got?" he asked.

"Five shillings—no, four—I bought a fishing rod."

Billy gave a whistle of astonishment at this stupendous wealth.

"If it's as ugly as you say it was, it oughtn't to cost more than a shillin'," he remarked. "I'll ask father to let James drive us to a china shop I know."

The following day found them in the nearest town pricing yellow china dogs to the best of their ability, but, to Geoffrey's dismay, china dogs, and especially yellow ones, proved to be a rarity.

"It *must* be yellow and goggly and a kind of sittin' up dog," Billy said, "and just *awfully* ugly."

"I'm afraid I've none of that kind," said the perplexed attendant—"these—" placing various highly coloured and utterly impossible canine specimens on the counter—"are the only ones we have, and these are quite pretty."

"It *must* be ugly and it must be *yellow*," he persisted, turning a cold eye on the blue and pink oddities before him. "Can't you find one somewhere about?"

The attendant melted at the anxious appeal in Geoffrey's eyes. He was, as usual, playing a respectful second to Billy.

She pondered for a moment, then her face brightened. "I've a kind of yellow brown one," she said, diving beneath the counter; "it's rather expensive and our class of customers won't buy it."

Billy nudged Geoffrey. The dog was certainly ugly enough to gratify the most exacting taste.

"It's not a bit—" began Geoffrey, when Billy, whose inner man needed refreshment, broke in—

"That's a kind of yellow, isn't it?" he asked, "and it's eyes are much gogglier than the others. How much is it?"

"Half a crown."

"We'll take it," said Billy.

Geoffrey paid the bill like a man. It was not the price but the want of resemblance that troubled him; he feared "associations" would be lacking in such a dog.

Then they adjourned to the confectioner's, where with the remainder of the money he treated Billy right royally to jam tarts, lemonade and almond rock.

James had long ceased to be astonished at the vagaries of his young master, and he turned towards Mrs Allison's without questionings, under the bribery and corruption of almond rock. Needless to say, Billy ordained to see his friend through the trying ordeal of presentation.

Mrs. Allison was at home, and the butler ushered them into the drawing-room.

The lady suddenly became aware that a small and perplexed little boy was standing at her elbow, while another with eager

brown eyes stood twirling his cap in the distance.

Geoffrey was far less magnificent than on his former visit, his fair hair was roughened, the remnant of a jam tart adorned his cheek. He was too shy to introduce himself, and Billy again came to the rescue.

"He's the boy that broke your china dog," he said. Billy's worst enemy could never taunt him with beating about the bush.

"Yes?" queried Mrs. Allison, her gaze passing from Geoffrey's guilty countenance to the large paper parcel he held at arm's length.

"Is this for me?" she continued, feeling sorry for his embarrassment.

"It's—it's—a new dog," stammered Geoffrey. "N—not—q—quite so yellow—but nearly—and I'm sorry I broke the other."

Mrs. Allison drew him towards her.

"Accidents will happen," she said kindly.

Then Geoffrey made a valiant effort.

"I—I did it on purpose," he said, "because I don't like going visiting, and I wish I hadn't."

Mrs. Allison hardly comprehended the full meaning of Geoffrey's admission. She opened the parcel.

"It's extremely handsome," she said, keeping her countenance with difficulty as the brown and gilded ornament issued from its wrappings; "indeed it is far handsomer than the other, but——"

"That's just what I thought," interrupted Billy, coming more prominently to the foreground, "the other must have been *awfully* ugly, only Geoff said that *you* said it had so—so——"

"'Sociations," interposed Geoffrey, "and we don't know what they are."

Mrs. Allison took Geoffrey's sticky hand very gently in her own.

"Yes, the other had—associations—would you like to see it?" She led the way to the scene of the disaster. Geoffrey stood transfixed. There stared the china dog in all its former hideousness. A white seam scarred the yellow of its side; that was all the difference.

Mrs. Allison touched it gently with her forefinger. "It was given to me by my only son when he was seven years old; he spent all his pocket money upon it—two shillings, and last year he was killed in battle, Geoffrey, and his sword and the ugly little china dog are my dearest possessions."

Geoffrey looked up quickly at a sword that hung on the wall above the table.

"That means having 'sociations?" he asked, while Billy crept round and touched the scabbard with a reverential finger.

THE DOG WAS CERTAINLY UGLY ENOUGH.

Mrs. Allison placed the yellow dog, which patent china cement had brought back to maimed life, and the yellow brown dog side by side.

"This will have associations too," she said, stroking Geoffrey's fair hair with a hand that shook slightly.

LADY·HENRY·SOMERSET AT DUXHURST

by :: SARAH·A·TOOLEY

RESTORING WOMAN'S IDEAL.

In this age of social reform people talk glibly enough about placing lofty ideals before the people, but comparatively little is said with regard to the restoration of lost ideals. The sacred words, "God created man in His own image," point to a Divine germ in every human being, however obscured by sin and misery, and the true remedial work seeks to summon back the loftier instincts which self-indulgence has all but obliterated. This is the spirit which pre-eminently distinguishes Lady Henry Somerset's work for the reclamation of inebriate women at the Duxhurst Village Colony. Those who have fallen so low through drink, as apparently to have lost even the maternal instinct, learn again the sweet lessons of motherhood as they listen to the prattle of children in the Bird's Nest, and feel baby arms again clinging to their necks; while women whose evil habits had deadened them to the little pleasures of feminine life, find in the peaceful cottage homes of the colony a re-awakening of domestic interest. One cannot better describe Duxhurst Village than as a Settlement for the restoration of woman's ideals.

A drive of four miles through typical English rural scenery—luxuriant hedgerows, cornfields and green pastures—leads from Reigate Priory, the fair ancestral home of Lady Henry Somerset, to the industrial village of Duxhurst, which she founded in 1895 for the treatment of inebriate women. It is beautifully situated on a green plateau amid the Surrey hills. A stranger is scarcely prepared for the extreme picturesqueness of the village; of course something "model" is expected, but somehow the latter adjective, like the word "reformatory," has an unpleasant suggestiveness of a barrack-like building, the very monotony and ugliness of which almost makes one long to be wicked. But those rustic thatched cottages, reposing peacefully in old English style around a village green, suggest a softening and refining influence. A woman could scarcely pass one of those cottages without wanting to enter and set the kettle on the fire. Each cottage contains from six to ten inhabitants and a Nurse Sister to superintend the family.

Opposite the Green stands the village church, a charming little sanctuary, simple yet artistic, where each Sunday gathers a unique congregation composed of women of every class—from the lady of gentle birth to her poorer sister—each valiantly striving against the besetting sin. There are, too, rows of eager-faced children from crowded courts and alleys, many of whom are listening to the Gospel message for the first time. It is pathetic to see the intense earnestness of the worshippers, and to hear the singing of a choir composed of women over whom the drink curse until recently held its fatal spell. In the interior of the church I noticed a little tablet inscribed with the words, "At evening-time it shall be light." This was

INTERIOR OF THE PRIVATE CHURCH AT DUXHURST.
Photo. by Robinson and Son.

erected, I subsequently learned, to the memory of a woman who died shortly after leaving Duxhurst, and her story will give an idea of some of the desperate cases which yield to the gentle and rational treatment there given. "She came to us," said Lady Henry, "with the reputation of being one of the most unmanageable women in Holloway Gaol. She had been imprisoned nearly 300 times for drunkenness, but so far from its effecting the slightest reformation, the police had given her up as absolutely incorrigible. We found, however, that she was submissive and affectionate when sober, and determined to try what Duxhurst would do for her. She remained a year, and was at the end of that time quite reformed; but past habits and constant imprisonment had sown the germs of a fatal disease, and she died six months after leaving us. It was nevertheless cheering to know that, in spite of severe bodily suffering, she remained sober to the last, and one feels that to that poor soul the Light did come at evening time."

Pursuing my way round the little colony, I wandered from the church to the sun-lit meadow where stands the "Bird's Nest," the pretty name which Lady Henry has given to the children's holiday home. Throughout the summer batches of poor children are received to enjoy the fresh air and sunshine, and be taught—for, unhappily, they have still to learn—the innocent games of childhood. And how pretty the children looked, the girls in their quaint blue frocks, and the boys in scarlet blouses and knickerbockers, running about the meadows, or sitting in open-mouthed wonder on the railings around the cow-shed at milking time. "Guess, I never knowed where the milk comed from afore," said one young Arab as he viewed the operation. "Why don't you allus keep us 'ere?" he continued, as the peacefulness of the scene awoke his better nature. "Sure as I go 'ome, I'll be bad again," and he heaved a dismal sigh at what he deemed the inevitable outcome of a return to slum life.

Sister Kathleen, the lady in charge of the children, had many stories to tell of the

INTERIOR OF LADY HENRY'S COTTAGE, DUXHURST.
Photo. by Robinson and Son, Redhill.

wonderment of first arrivals, many of whom had never slept in a bed before. "My! Jack," said one boy, as he stretched his limbs in the clean little cot all to himself, "ain't this a bloomin' beanfeast? what makes 'em give us these 'ere beds?"

"I suppose they have a rooted objection to the daily bath," I queried.

"There is, sometimes, a little difficulty at first," was the Sister's reply; "but when once they have tried it the trouble is to prevail upon the boys to come out of the bath. Some are much astonished at the sight of the water, and one little girl when she saw it, said: 'What is this great lot of water, is it the big sea?'"

A great point is made at the Nest of teaching the children pretty games, such as All Round the Mulberry Bush, Keeping School and Boiling the Kettle, as shown in our illustration, for if left to themselves they invariably play at going to fetch father and mother home at closing time, and every tree serves for an imaginary public house. A very touching incident occurred a little time ago which will serve to show how the minds of even the tiniest children are full of the sad scenes witnessed in the homes of drunken parents.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.
Photo. by Alice Hughes, Gower Street, W.C.

One afternoon, when Lady Henry was staying at her cottage at Duxhurst, Sister Kathleen, who arranges the children's holidays at the Nest, came to her saying, "Do come and look at our baby!" the name of endearment bestowed on the youngest inmate. Lady Henry at once accompanied the Sister, thinking that something was wrong with the little one; but when she entered the room where the children were playing she saw, to her grief and horror, a sweet little girl of four years old staggering and reeling about, as between well simulated acts of intoxication she lisped, "I'se doing mother drunk;" while around her were a group of other children applauding the all too life-like acting. Two of the women patients who worked at the Nest were in tears. The child's words had spoken more loudly than any homily on their former life could possibly have done.

But I must not linger longer at the Nest, for there are many other phases of this ideal village life to be seen ere I reach Lady Henry's Cottage, my final destination. Occupation is the key-note of the remedial treatment at Duxhurst. Go where you may about the colony busy workers are encountered. Women in cool cotton dresses and sun-bonnets, weeding or hoeing the flower borders, and mowing the lawns; others gathering fruit and vegetables for market, tending the forcing frames, or the tomatoes in the glass houses; and the faces which smile from underneath the bonnets look happy and peaceful, if a little pathetic, for the lost ideal of their womanhood is coming back to them, fanned into life by the summer breezes, stirred by the singing of birds and the humming of bees, and fortified by the presence of little children.

And so I pass on to take a peep at the workroom, where in winter the women find interesting indoor occupation in weaving fancy linen and woollen goods, under the superintendence of Miss Wadge, and also in

WOMEN EARNING PART OF THEIR BOARD AS GARDENERS AT DUXHURST.
Photo. by Robinson and Son.

said Lady Henry as she welcomed me to her cosy cottage, "it is a great pleasure to come here and do a little towards brightening the lives of the patients, and I shall be pleased to tell you anything about our work which may be of interest to the readers of the *Sunday Strand*." At this we passed into the chief apartment of the cottage, a long, low room, with ceiling of beamed oak, which extends the full length of the cottage. The floor is covered with matting and coloured rugs, the chairs are rush bottomed, a grandfather's clock ticks in one corner, the windows have tiny diamond panes and deep sills, wherein stand pots of fuchsias and geraniums, and are draped with short curtains of white spotted muslin. Ancient dog-irons stand on either side the red-brick open fireplace, a high-backed settle occupies one side of the hearth, and a copper warming pan, without which no semblance of an old English cottage would be complete, hangs on the wall. Over the high mantel-piece is a representation of the crucified Saviour, an

doing knitting and fancy needlework. Some really artistic work has been done during the past year, as will be seen from our illustration, and the patients are pleased to sell their work to visitors and to execute orders, as it enables them to do a little towards the maintenance of an institution which has saved them from an abyss of misery. A little removed from the cluster of cosy cottages is the Hospital, with its comfortable cots, which happily are empty. The health-rate at Duxhurst is a very high one, as testified by the medical officer, Dr. A. R. Walters. Far up the road from the village, standing in charming and perfect seclusion in its own grounds, is a House, where patients who pay higher fees find the comforts of a refined home.

And now as the setting sun of this glorious spring afternoon is bathing the picturesque settlement in its glory, Sister Eleanor, who has charge of the entire settlement, conducts me through the little white wicket gate and up the old-fashioned red-tiled path to the one story rustic thatched cottage which the founder of this beneficent work has had built for her special use. Under the rustic porch, with its quaint lantern swinging from the roof, stands Lady Henry Somerset herself, in the white cap and nurse's dress and apron, the uniform of the staff, which she wears when staying at Duxhurst.

"As I can no longer bear the strain of so much public speaking,"

TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.—TO-DAY, PLAYING AT "BOILING THE KETTLE" YESTERDAY, HIDING FROM THEIR PARENTS.
Photo. by Robinson and Son.

ever-present reminder of the sacrifice of redeeming love.

As the conversation turned upon the object of my visit, I expressed surprise at hearing the inmates of the colony invariably spoken of as "patients." At first, indeed, I thought that reference was being made to those in hospital, until I found that building empty.

"But we regard inebriety as a disease," was Lady Henry's explanation, "and consider that the women come here for special treatment. It cannot be too often reiterated that the penal system of sending inebriates criminal habitual drunkards may be placed in reformatories instead of being sent to prison. We have two cottages at Duxhurst licensed by the County Council and kept for police court cases, of which we have twenty-two."

"Then you have been able to try your treatment on the worst possible cases, Lady Henry?"

"Yes, and with a fair amount of success. These women are most difficult to deal with, as you can imagine, much more so than those who come to us voluntarily or are placed here by their friends. Perhaps sufficient time has

A NEW EXPERIENCE.—"THE ORDER OF THE BATH."
Photo. by Robinson and Son.

to prison is worse than useless, for it renders the offenders hard and callous, and saps every vestige of self-respect which may be left. Women have been sent to prison as many as two or three hundred times for being drunk and disorderly, and so far from being cured have gone from bad to worse. A woman sent to prison for ten days or a fortnight is released just at the time when the deadly craving is at its height, and of course falls a victim to the first temptation. The utter futility of the penal punishment is evidenced daily in the police courts; only recently I heard of a poor woman in Liverpool who had been convicted three hundred and fifty times. This kind of treatment is irrational and unscientific. However, things are beginning to move in the right direction, and it is a matter of deep thankfulness that an Act has now come into operation by which not yet elapsed for us to make statements regarding the police court cases, but many amendments in the way of classification will have to be made before the present Act is practically useful."

"Taking the patients generally into consideration, what proportion of those received at Duxhurst have been cured?"

"Fully half," replied Lady Henry; "and this percentage is obtained after deducting those found to be insane or otherwise unfit for treatment, and women who did not stay the full twelve months, which we consider the least time that a patient should remain. The wounds of the soul, and the damage done to the body by years of inebriety take time to heal, and the weakened will must be strengthened. But the best testimony to the good of the treatment comes from the patients themselves; many who have left us

ANOTHER OCCUPATION FOR THE WOMEN—WEAVING.
Photo. by Robinson and Son.

have been instrumental in sending others. A very touching case of this kind occurred a little time back. One Sunday morning a girl who had left Duxhurst for domestic service came to the church door during service and beckoned Sister Eleanor out. 'Oh, Sister,' she said, 'I have closed up the house, sent the little boy to school, and have brought my poor mistress to you, for if anything can do her good I know it is Duxhurst.' We found the poor woman outside in a deplorable condition and took her under our care. The girl had paid her own and her mistress's fare, such was her confidence that the treatment would be beneficial.

"Many cheering letters reach us," continued Lady Henry, "from those who have been restored, and all speak of our village with great affection. As a typical case I may mention A—, who occupied a good position in a house of business, but falling into habits of intemperance she came at length to the workhouse infirmary. While there she appealed to us for help, saying that she had been addicted to drink for ten years. After one year in the Home she emigrated to America, and now writes that she is in an excellent situation and leading a happy and contented life. A still worse case was that of a woman who had been twenty years a drunkard; we felt very anxious about her future when she left Duxhurst, but she has remained faithful to her pledge for more than two years, which is a good test."

"Do you find any difficulty, Lady Henry, in inducing inebriate women to come to Duxhurst? I am wondering whether they feel the prejudice which such people usually have against anything in the way of a reformatory institution?"

"There is no difficulty in getting patients to come to us," replied Lady Henry with a sad smile. "I have been compelled to refuse 3,000 applications in one year. It is very difficult to make a decision when possibly in a single week one gets fifty applications and there is only one vacancy: we can but pray to be guided rightly in the selection, still it is heart-breaking to think of the forty-nine poor women we are unable to receive."

"This points to a terrible state of affairs?"

SPECIMENS OF WOMEN'S WORK AT DUXHURST.
Photo. by Robinson and Son.

"Yes, the increase of inebriety amongst women in Great Britain is alarming. Ours is the only country in the world which has a drunken womanhood. I feel that what we are able to do here is a mere drop in the ocean, but if we reform only seventy or eighty women in a year it is something to be thankful for, and we hope that we are doing a double service by showing what the State might do on a larger scale. The key-note of the treatment is loving care, healthy surroundings, and interesting occupation."

"I have heard you say, Lady Henry, that you do not see why women should be expected to work out their reformation at the wash-tub?"

"Yes, and I am more and more convinced that you cannot reform these poor women by keeping them at uninteresting drudgery. You must take them out of their ordinary modes of occupation as well as away from their usual surroundings. Then I think there is more in thought transference than many people realise. We are beginning to find out that the old methods of herding criminals together, or those who have become slaves to an evil habit, defeats its own purpose. If you put a colony of inebriate women at laundry work only, for example, the result is a moral contagion, for their thoughts, as well as their talk, act and react prejudiciously upon each other; but when, as at Duxhurst, some are gardening, others tending poultry or bee-keeping, and all the patients are scattered over the farm, you prevent the contamination of word or thought, and the constant brooding over their failings and misfortunes which would inevitably result if the women were all working together in a body day by day. We are sometimes told," continued Lady Henry, "that our methods are too ideal, and that we raise the patients to a standard which they cannot retain when they leave us; but I am often cheered by hearing of the way in which women who have been at our colony try to raise the tone of their own homes when they return to them. They can no longer endure to live in dirt and untidiness, and they have grown to love flowers and to take an interest in nature, and a hundred little things which lift the mind above sordid standards. I have been told, to mention one amongst other similar incidents, of a lady who admired some choice flowers in the window of a poor woman whom she was visiting, and on asking how she obtained them the woman replied: 'You may think me a bit extravagant ma'am, but they are the same what we had at Duxhurst, and I like to have something to *particularly* remind me of my time there.' It is a simple little thing, but will serve to show that the raising of the ideals for these women, during even the short time that they are at Duxhurst, has not been in vain, or rather, as I prefer to think," said Lady Henry in conclusion, "the *restoring* of their lost ideals of womanhood."

LADY HENRY SOMERSET IN NURSE'S COSTUME.
Photo. by Robinson and Son, Redhill.

As I retraced my way back through the peaceful village I could only wish that its borders might be increased by the building of more cottages to receive some of the 3,000 yearly applicants to whom "No" has to be said.

My Jubilee.

A Complete Story. By Maria L. Jenkin.

NOW this story of My Jubilee has to be a story of close details. It was half past one o'clock when the Simpson's pony carriage, with Grace, met me at Ditford Station, and by midnight the day of My Jubilee would be a dead factor —fancy what happened in those few hours!

We had lunch, and then the young folks would have me out in the garden to see the extra ground, which Digby Simpson the father had bought. Most sweet gardens he had made round his house.

Grace lagged behind linking her arm in mine. "Moggy dear! I have something to tell you."

Here I was dubbed "Moggy" long years ago, and as each child began to talk he and she learnt to say "Moggy dear," without even the prefix of Auntie. I was a friend—nothing more.

"Tell on!" I answered Grace.

"Here it is then. I am going to be married to Earle Fortescue."

"Earle Fortescue! What do you mean? You to be a Countess?" I made her a curtsey.

She laughed merrily. "Scarcely! I am to be the wife of a poor man and live in a cottage. Earle—E-A-R-L-E—is his name. No more. I shall have to look after the sixpences!"

"Well—it does not seem to trouble you," I said. "Shall I see him to-night?"

"Before to-night, I hope; his chief has heard what is up and is giving him extra leave of some sort or other. I don't understand these official ways"—her father was a trader—"but I'm glad enough to take advantage of them. I'm off at three o'clock to meet the 3.15 train *and Earle!*"

"Then you'll be late!"

"No fear, Moggy dear! You are a darling. Why were you never married?"

"Preferred not!" with my nose in the air.

The truth, however, concerning myself on the score of love affairs is that I never had a lover in my life. I had been a shy girl and had shrunk from the least sign of philandering. The consequence had arrived — I was fifty and a lone woman.

"YOU TO BE A COUNTESS?"

The details of the next half hour may go. At half past three o'clock I was standing in the hall with Mary Simpson, the mother, loitering and talking over Grace and her matrimonial prospects.

"They are quite determined not to wait," Mary was saying. "Digby of course will allow Grace something, and I do not really object to their beginning on small means. We did, you know."

"Yes; but with the surety of larger means. A public office man does not always rise so quickly."

As I spoke there came the crunch of wheels over gravel, and Grace was back.

Two gentlemen were with the girl, not one only. And the one that was not Earle Fortescue was an old and white-haired man.

Stay, he did not seem so very old, or decrepit either, as he took the reins from Grace.

But enough of him.

The young man had hastily sprung from the carriage, and was with Mrs. Simpson.

"I hope you will not be angry!" he began. "My good friend, Sir John, insisted on coming down with me. 'To see my bride,' he says. You will understand, will you not? He is so good to me I could not refuse."

"Why should you do so? We are very pleased," she said in her calm, dignified and gracious way. And before another moment had passed the welcome was as graciously and sweetly given in person.

Between old and young I slipped away and was mounting the broad staircase, thinking to write a letter in peace and comfort in my bedroom while the lovers and the elders had their various cogitations and conversations downstairs.

Standing by my window and by my writing-table—they have everything so delightfully luxurious at Ditford—I saw the lovers go hand in hand down the laurel walk. Earle Fortescue was a fine young fellow, tall and lithe and fair, topping tall brown-haired Grace by head and shoulders. No one could ever say that office work or the heritage of an ancestry of office workers had denuded him of any manliness. He looked to my mind—do not say I am romantic—as if he belonged to a race which had provided rulers for England and her colonies to some good purpose.

They went out of sight and I began my letter. There were the lovers again—down below on the edge of the Simpsons' ground and on the crest of the land, which, from that point, trends green and flowery downwards to the river.

Then I heard voices.

"I do not intend the difficulty to master him, but as he marries your daughter you must, at least, know it exists." This was in a strange voice.

The meddlesome old stupid!—who was he to come "spoiling sport" as the boys say?

The three elders were out of sight on the terrace below my window. I am no eavesdropper, yet I tingled with womanly curiosity to know what there was wrong about that very open-browed, viking-like young man.

"A serious matter," came in Digby Simpson's voice farther away.

Then Mary, his wife, said something, but each step was taking them away from me, and her voice being low and soft did not reach me.

I returned to my letter, got just as far as to write "My dear Priscilla," when the voices sounded again.

"I confess I blame you, Sir John, for not speaking before. They will be hard to move," Digby said presently.

"Are lovers so very determined?"—cynically. "Men rarely marry their first love!"

The old sinner! no doubt he had amused himself by many loves in the days of his youth. Perhaps he did it still. I looked out at him. On him, rather, for as my head went out, his white one was directly below me, a closely cropped, thick white-haired head, a stalwart virile body of perhaps sixty years of age, but—the face I could not see. Cynical and sneering no doubt it was.

"What say you to that, Mummie?" the husband said to the wife.

"I say that Sir John is suffering from a deal of ignorance!"

How these two could lift their hearts from the impending evil and joke, I could not say. Their voices had no particular ring of either joy or sorrow in them.

"Fortescue knows the stigma; he should have told you!"

The coward! A man of his age too! To shift from his own shoulders the dirty work he meant to get done.

Here Simpson's voice rang with a new tone in it—"Stigma, yes. And a vile one. His mother, you say?"

"His mother and his mother's kin, I am grieved to say."

"You know it—know it?" with emphasis.

I heard no answer, but I saw the old man, as if he were suffering tortures of mental agony, lay his hand upon Simpson's shoulder.

They moved away and I could see that Mary, Mrs. Simpson, spoke. She was the quietest little lady! But so brave and capable! and I imagined she was giving these two men a plan of action. So men are led—to their well being.

No more did I hear or see, and the next act was the ringing of the bell for afternoon tea, and the assembling of the family. I did not hurry down, for I rebelled against meeting Sir John—I did not like the man.

The commonplace, however, had to rule, and I was no sooner in the drawing-room than Digby Simpson, in his somewhat bluff host's way, met me with a cup of tea and said, "I must introduce you, Moggy! Our new friend, Sir John Sinclair—Miss Peters."

"I FELT THE OLD MAN WAS EYEING US."

Added to the bluffness, I thought, was a little pomposity.

Now I am only a small woman and of no presence whatever; yet I can nevertheless assume dignity sometimes. Grace said afterwards I might have been the Queen, so lofty was I. She wondered I did not freeze Sir John.

I made a remark about the weather—I was not going to let that man think he awed me! Certainly not!

As soon as my dignity allowed—and I meant to give it full play—I moved away from this unwelcome guest and seated myself on the sofa opposite Grace, who was pouring out tea.

There I got my introduction to Earle Fortescue, and set up a show of much conversation at once. I meant the young man to like me, and I believe he did.

I felt the old man was eyeing us; perhaps he envied us. I hoped he did, and I knew he was outside our circle. I meant to keep him there too!

The young people were so gay, and there were so many of them, and they so distinctly and persistently kept me as one of their party, that I believe I forgot Sir John and my antagonism to him.

Mr. Simpson called across the room, "Ralph, my boy, go and tell Harris the cart is not wanted. Stay—there is a telegram I want despatched. Go yourself; you've nothing to do just now, have you?" He was a father who was comrade as well as father to his boys.

"No—do you want it to go from the head office? They'll be sharper there." The lad—only just fourteen—spoke up in a capable way. All the Simpson boys were like that.

"Just as well—yes. Go on your bicycle; Sir John wants an answer."

There is the detail of that telegram. It was just five o'clock and the old creature—vanity!—was telegraphing to his man to bring down his evening clothes ready for dinner at 7.30.

It was nothing difficult to do; but, for a man of his age, what could it signify if he did have to dine in his rough morning suit?

The Simpsons were not so narrow-minded as to care for such a piece of punctiliousness.

Down he went a peg lower in my estimation.

I hoped my face expressed the scorn my heart felt, for if it did Sir John made acquaintance with a lady who would have liked to wither him with her scorn. As I

involuntarily glanced across the room he was looking at our young party, and, it is no use denying it, markedly at me.

No one knows why. I certainly was standing, and was, no doubt, drawn up to my full height, being so angry; but, with anger and all combined, I was such a small and insignificant woman that I was less than nothing amid those handsome Simpsons. I resented that look as a piece of impertinence.

Presently he came among us and I at once froze.

Then, I forgot myself, he became a centre, and a powerful centre, for even the lovers dropped hands and listened. He was telling of some travelling experiences,—matters quite out of the common, and told with a simplicity and vigour such as I had never come in contact with.

I lost myself and I listened.

Perhaps my soul, such as I have, was in my eyes. Anyhow the man saw I was interested, and by-and-bye gave me a word.

It was a word, too, which took it for granted I understood some allusion he had made that involved some little culture. For a woman I mean.

I was lost. I gave him unwittingly an answering word of comprehension.

"Moggy dear, come closer; it's awfully interesting. Just what you like!" This was in a burst from Oswald, a lad of nineteen. He made room for me beside him.

But it recalled me to myself, and I set myself, silly that I was, to veil my face with stony carelessness.

However, that chapter of events soon ended, for Mr. Simpson carried off Sir John and naturally the party broke up. I believe the lovers were sent for to the library.

I was alone and felt dull as ditch water, to speak vulgarly. There was nothing for me but to return to my letter, which had stuck fast at "My dear Priscilla."

I do not fancy that my dear Priscilla found her letter very interesting when she got it. But she did get it, for I had nothing else to occupy me.

I changed into my dinner clothes rather early, but did not go down at once. However, soon after seven o'clock, I did go down, and found Mary Simpson already dressed, though she was generally the last to appear, alone and ruminating over the fire, which was still necessary in the evening in the lesser drawing-room. Mr. Simpson I had met coming out of the room. Both husband and wife were grave.

"Moggy dear, we are rather grave; are we not? We shall brisk up presently; you must help us to talk nonsense to-night. There is —I must tell you——"

"Not if you would rather not," I said bluntly. "I can wait, or, if you prefer, I can remain in ignorance. Am I not an old friend?"

"That is just it—the oldest friend we have on my side. I *must* tell you. Sir John Sinclair has known the Fortescues always—" she spoke with a hesitating reserve—"and he has come down specially to tell us of——"

"A family secret, which as Grace's parents you must know, but which I need not know. Enough, Mary. You are worried, and I will sympathise, but I will not be told a word."

"I do not know what to do; but, Moggy"—with her firm hand laid on mine—"it is not *my* secret."

"That's all right! If it were I would have it out of you!"

"Grace's marriage is put off for a year, and they do not seem to mind. The two walked off hand in hand, as if a year were nothing."

"So it is to them."

"You old romancist!"

"Well! am I not to know anything of romance?" I pretended much wisdom I knew nothing about.

Dinner came. What a handsome old man Sir John was in his valet-brought clothes! and I was by my host, and Sir John miles away by Mrs. Simpson, with various boys and girls and flowers and wax-candles between us. I cannot say that the stranger neglected his hostess, but he would for ever be turning to Mr. Simpson and making the talk general.

I had had Mary's orders to talk, so I did my best. I can talk fairly well, too, when I choose. Without any undue setting of one's self to the front, I must say that we, Sir John and I, kept the ball of conversation during dinner going briskly.

The men stayed literally no time over their cigarettes; they were in the drawing-room long before we were ready for them. Mary and I were comfortably hobnobbing over the fire, and she was saying in her soft genial fashion:

"What a blessing you and your talking are, Moggy dear. We should have been as stiff as buckram and as awkward as school-girls if you had not been there with your broad way of bringing subjects forward."

This was hot flattery, for I had done nothing but talk of the things of the hour.

The door opened. Coffee came in, and on

the heels of the servant there sailed in the magnificent old Sir John.

And he walked straight up to me. Actually he attended to my coffee-cup and gave it me from the tray, as if he had been—been—well! my elder brother, or at any rate somebody who owned me!

"Miss Peters," he was saying, as he put the sugar in, "I am not going to let that subject drop you started as a fact, an idea which I only recognise as a theory. How do you get over the Stainland position?" naming a view some scientists hold.

"I can quash that in two minutes, Sir John," I said, completely falling into his trap. No doubt my face flushed and my eyes blazed as people tell me they do when I get excited. And I was excited over this, for the man (Stainland, I mean) had propounded views of rank absurdity, dignifying what he wrote by the false name of pure science. Science, indeed!

I do not know how long we talked. I know my coffee was cold, and I was restored to commonplace things by a sort of mesmeric power of silence. Silence round my own voice; do you know how horrible that can be? It is far more awe-compelling than a clap of thunder.

"Bravo, Moggy!"

That was the break into the silence.

"Well put," Digby Simpson said; "very well put. You've beaten Sir John in argument," he went on, but was stopped vehemently.

"No, no—not a bit of it."

* * * * *

I had to go downstairs that night half an hour after going to bed. I had a candle in my hand and my new blue dressing-gown on, for, of course, the household had all retired by that time. If Mr. Simpson and Sir John were up they would be together in the study, and the writing case I sought was one I had foolishly carried down with me and laid on the table in the morning room.

I was wide awake, was in fact nervously sleepless, which was the reason I had fallen back on letter-writing as an anodyne. *Pour passer le temps* there is nothing like a bit of scribbling.

I smelt the smell of tobacco, so rather hurried over the fetching of my paper case, because though I was sufficiently, nay, quite elegantly clad for an ancient party like me, yet I had no desire to have Sir John see me *en déshabille*.

Bother the thing!

The satin of my sleeve slipped on the polished leather of the writing case and it fell. Its clasp flew open, and paper and envelopes fell scattered. No sound was made over it, however, for the carpets were thick, soft Axminster, and I was already on the stair.

Sir John came out of the study.

Mr. Simpson was behind him, and the erect white head turned and spoke a word which induced Mr. Simpson to go back as if to fetch something.

I could not help seeing. How I scuffled up my best paper, and left pens and pen-wipers and bits to their fate! I was up from my knees in no time.

I saw I had spluttered candle-grease on the beautiful blue carpet. I could not help it!

"This is an adventure, Miss Peters; let me help you," and the dignified old personage seated himself on one stair, while he collected my bits from the next.

"Oh! please, don't trouble, I am in a hurry to write a letter." A base fib.

"For once give up the hurry—I want to speak to you for two minutes. The fates are on my side. I shall know what I must know to-night and not to-morrow morning. Come with me."

He took my hand, set it within his arm and, taking my candle in his other hand, led me to the morning room.

There he said at once words which shook me to the very innermost core of my being.

I heard what I never heard before, that a man loved me! A right royal man, too!

He said the same thing twice, nay thrice.

"Do answer me, Moggy dear! do answer me." He was as simple as a boy.

"It is so dreadful! so strange!" I blundered. "I—I am—you don't know me—how worthless I am."

"I think I do. Worth*less* is not the word. But whatever it is I want *you*. I am old, I cannot make love and throw off love. It is with me now and will stay with me to my life's end—and may that be a long life for your sake, Moggy dear."

He had put me in a chair, but as he spoke he had set his arm round me, and by the time he had finished he had drawn me up from the chair, so that I was wholly within his embrace. He was so tall and big and I so mean and small!

He was a masterful man. And perhaps I had no desire to resist.

I do not feel inclined to give any more detail just here. There is a limit to such things.

THE DIGNIFIED OLD PERSONAGE SEATED HIMSELF ON THE STAIR.

A man giving a tremendous cough in the hall staggered me. Sir John said, "Ah, Simpson. Good fellow that, and I must have exhausted his patience, and—Moggy dear, I forbid you to write that letter to-night."

"I have no wits left for it!" But I did not speak meekly at all. Was it likely? "Good-night! I'll be up in time to see you off in the morning!" Then I forgot myself, or more truly I gave my natural self a loose rein. I kissed his coat-sleeve somewhere above the elbow and flew.

Was I an old donkey? I think not. Three minutes after, when I believed myself shut in for the night, a rap came at my door.

I would not answer. Then it was repeated.

"It's only me, Moggy. He's safe. But you left your candle downstairs. Moggy, what have you been up to?" said Digby Simpson, putting his head in, and grinning as much as one of his own boys might have done. "I shall have to wake Mary to tell her."

"All right." It was quite enough to say, for I only wanted to get rid of him. But I lay awake till the sun rose, as the veriest school-girl might have done. A new day had come, My Jubilee had passed but had left its mark. Did ever any woman have such a jubilee?

* * * *

I am writing when six months have passed, instead of the year which was stipulated for. Sir John and I are just back from our visit to Ditford, where we went for the marriage of Grace and Earle Fortescue.

As to the reason for putting off that marriage, it exists still. Family inheritances will not fade away into oblivion. They can, however, thank God! be stamped out when the young generation orders its life to that purpose and obeys its own wise ordering.

So let the matter sleep.

And I stick to my own personal point and Sir John writes at the head of my MS.

"MY JUBILEE."

had recently also obtained possession of one of Rossetti's most beautiful drawings.

These works, but especially the little gem of Rossetti's, seem to have fired the imagination of the young divinity student, who resolved there and then to devote himself to art instead of to the Church.

Burne-Jones was seconded in this determination by William Morris, who had entered Exeter College at the same time as himself, and with the same intention. Similar in tastes and aspiration, they had become fast friends, and their friendship was now deepened by a common resolve; for Morris, too, made up his mind to devote himself to art. Both kept their intention to themselves for the time being; but during the Christmas vacation of 1855, Burne-Jones ran up to London with the express purpose of seeing Rossetti. They met, and so struck was the latter with the younger man's earnestness and talent that he advised him to quit Oxford at once and go in for art at all cost.

The advice was not thrown away, and the beginning of 1856 saw Burne-Jones settled in lodgings in Sloane Terrace, Chelsea, with Rossetti for his teacher and friend. Morris followed him to town in the ensuing year, when the twain took lodgings together at 17, Red Lion Square, Holborn, so long associated with an art movement whose influence was felt to the ends of the earth. That, however, as Mr. Kipling would say, is another story. It must suffice here to follow—in broad outline—the career of the limner

HOPE.
From the painting by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Photo by Fredk. Hollyer.

of the "Star of Bethlehem," "The Days of Creation," and "The Golden Stairs," the last named representing a troop of girls with musical instruments in their hands descending a winding flight of stairs. There is, so far as I know, no legend connected with this favourite picture. It is, as Blake would say, an invention pure and simple, but an invention of so delightful and suggestive a character that it deserves a story all to itself. May we not conceive that the artist had in his mind the conception of a fair heavenly host, a tuneful crowd of angels, descending the golden stairs from above to heighten and sweeten the lives of men with strains of celestial music?

Rarely has an artist of the first rank taken up the pencil so late in life as did Burne-Jones. He was twenty-three when Oxford and its hopes were given up, and at the age of twenty-five he was complaining that he had still to drudge to acquire the facility he ought to have gained at fifteen. To this circumstance is due the awkwardness and angularity of much of his early work. But though thus imperfect in line and deficient in facile grace, there is such evidence of thought, such manifestation of power, in these "first begettings" of his genius that they are full of undefinable charm.

Two visits to Italy during those early days did much to stimulate and ripen the artist's powers. Perhaps the first, in 1859, was the most productive. In that journey he visited Florence, Siena, Pisa, and the treasure-rich cities

of Tuscany. How he revelled amid the visions of beauty created by Orcagna and Angelico, and the other painters of the great age, need not be told here. He returned with renewed inspiration, and was soon busy in the realisation of many dreams. Amongst much other work that cannot be enumerated, he designed a window for the church of Waltham Abbey, the subject of which was the Creation — a subject which again, at a later period, engaged his pencil. In his "Days of Creation" we have one of the amplest and most original fruits of his splendid genius.

All the resources of his art are lavished upon these six winged angels, beautiful in their calmness and solemnity, who bear in their hands a crystal globe, wherein the successive acts of creation are depicted. Each is a separate picture in itself, and yet each is linked with each as day to day. The first angel holds a sphere in which we see the ordering of chaos, in obedience to the command "Let there be light;" the sixth shows us a sphere, in which are seen our first parents with the tree of knowledge, and the serpent coiled round its stem in the background. The illustration on page 33 is a reproduction of the fifth day, wherein we have pictured the creation of the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea. Here is the design, but for the colouring words utterly fail.

Those who remember the first exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery in the summer of 1877, will recollect the sensation caused by these canvases, and their companion pictures "The Beguiling of Merlin" and "The Mirror of Venus." Nothing like it has stirred the art world since that day. But of the three subjects that of the successive acts of creation touched the general and more serious-thinking public the most. There has, indeed, been very little in the realm of art in these latter days that has touched the public sentiment so profoundly as the depiction of those Six Days, wherein is shown, as it were, the six notes of creative might, which were followed by a seventh in G, marking a pause, in a contemplative and worshipful rest.

THE ANNUNCIATION.
From the painting by Sir E. Burne-Jones.
Photo by Fredk. Hollyer.

The same love of allegory which led Burne-Jones to picture the days of creation caused him to body forth in colour and form many other beautiful abstractions, such as the Seasons, and Day and Night. Few men have shown a nobler gift of thought in this direction. We have only been able to give one example, but it is among the best. Hope is the second in the trilogy of Christian virtues, and we here see it personified in the guise of a beautiful woman fast bound in prison walls, yet gazing upwards with serene and steadfast look, reaching out one hand towards heaven, whence comes all gladdest cheer, and holding in the other a bough of apple blossom as type of earth's sweetest promise.

In 1862 Mr. Burne-Jones was again in Italy, this time accompanied by his wife. Going with Mr. Ruskin to Milan, they afterwards proceeded to Venice, where the artist

spent some time copying works by Tintoretto and other favourites of Mr. Ruskin; his own favourites, however, being Carpaccio and other older Venetian masters.

It is curious to note that it was Burne-Jones who discovered for the supreme art-critic of the age the pre-eminent qualities of Carpaccio, whose excellences Ruskin had not hitherto seen or been impressed with, so preoccupied had he been with lesser men. In a very characteristic letter Ruskin acknowledges his indebtedness in this respect to his friend. It is dated "Venice, 13th May, 1869," and is as follows:—

"My dearest Ned,

"There's nothing here like Carpaccio! There's a little bit of humble pie for you! Well, the fact was, I had never once looked at him, having classed him in glance and thought with Gentile Bellini, and other men of the incipient and hard schools, and Tintoret went better with clouds and hills. But this Carpaccio is a new world to me! I've only seen the Academy once yet, and am going this morning (cloudless light!) to your St. George of the Schiavoni; but I must send this word first to catch post.

"From your loving J. R.

"I don't give up my Tintoret, but the dissolution of expression into drapery and shadow is too licentious for me now."

Shortly after his return (February 1864) Burne-Jones was elected an Associate of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and in the following May he sent four drawings to the Society's exhibition in Pall Mall. They were all notable works, but two in especial call for mention, partly because they mark the influence of his Italian sojourn, and in part because of their subjects.

DIES DOMINI.

From the painting by Sir E. Burne-Jones. Photo by Fredk. Hollyer.

One of them was that of "Christ kissing the Merciful Knight," based on a legend well known to those who have visited Florence. According to the fable, a knight rode out on Good Friday to avenge his brother's death, but put up his sword and forgave the mur-

derer when he prayed for mercy in the name of Christ, who had died on the Cross that day. The same evening, as the Merciful Knight knelt before the crucifix on the hill of St. Miniato, the Christ bowed to kiss his cheek. The subject was so striking, was so startling, that many were repelled by the idealisation of so crude a superstition, though, at the same time, none could doubt the power and originality of the painter as therein exhibited.

More generally pleasing was "The Annunciation" picture, which, in colour and design, forms an interesting contrast to Rossetti's well-known "Ecce Ancilla Domini." In later years the artist again returned to this subject, and in 1879 exhibited his great "Annunciation" at the Grosvenor Gallery. Of this we give a reproduction. It is painted almost wholly in monochrome, its effect, therefore, depending entirely on design and expression. The pure and simple beauty of the composition, the chaste loveliness of Mary's face, and, as we may say, the homely pathos of the whole, while recalling somewhat the manner of the early Italian masters, strike a note that is quite modern. Nothing, for instance, can make us feel that his "Mary" is an Eastern woman. She is essentially an English woman, one, as we may say, from the everyday walks of life, and therefore no mere idealism or abstraction—in other words, not a Madonna, but a mother—the mother that was to be of Jesus of Bethlehem. In this, too, there is a note characteristic of the painter. He did not go ranging about the world for his models, but took for his men and women the types he saw about him, the men and women in the life of his day and country, with whom he had grown up and been more or less identified in effort and endeavour since his boyhood. It is this fact which makes Burne-Jones's pictures go home so deeply to the English people.

Another work, produced about the same time as the above, and equally exhibiting the painter's sympathy with mediæval art, is the roundel entitled "Dies Domini." It was exhibited in the winter exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery in 1881. The reproduction of it here given sufficiently explains the artist's conception of the Christ coming to judge the world; but the original must be seen to appreciate the beauty of the fair angel faces looking through a maze of azure plumage touched with silver and rose of those who bear Him through space on their mighty wings. Alike for strength of imagination, and power and beauty of design, this water-colour ranks among the artist's noblest works.

To the next few years belongs a rich array of world-known and as widely admired pictures, "The Wheel of Fortune," "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," and the "Chant d'Amour," among others; but it must suffice here to refer more fully to "The Morning of the Resurrection," so impressive a rendering of the Easter story that we give

MARY MAGDALENE AT THE SEPULCHRE.
From the painting by Sir E. Burne-Jones. Photo by Fredk. Hollyer.

a reproduction of it. Two winged angels, with flame-diademed foreheads, keep watch by the rockhewn grave where the Lord has lain. Each raises finger to lip in token of silence as they perceive the risen Christ approach, clad in His long blue robe. As they do this, Mary Magdalene, who has been peering into the empty tomb, turns suddenly round and fixes her sorrowful eyes on Him she will presently acknowledge for what He is.

The sacred theme is very powerfully handled, and we cannot but wonder at the mystery and solemnity with which the artist has invested the scene. The only criticism we would venture to make on the picture is to note the too square head of the Saviour. It is "lumped up," if we may use the term, at the occiput instead of in front, and so some of the tenderness of expression which would otherwise result is lost, and a hard or negative expression takes its place.

"The Morning of the Resurrection" was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1886, and the same year saw the artist's first and only exhibit on the walls of the Royal Academy. He had been elected an Associate the previous year, and he now sent to Burlington House a picture entitled "The Depths of the Sea," representing a mermaid carrying her mortal lover down on to the sand and shell-strewn bed of old Ocean. Seven years afterwards Burne-Jones severed his connection with the Academy, as he had previously his connection with the Society of Water-Colours. Hence it arose that this latter-day master, whose fame amongst the few rose year by year, was, if not wholly unknown, little more than a name to the many. Hence, too, it came to pass that so striking a series of pictures as "The Briar Rose," was first given to the eyes of the world in a private gallery. It is hardly creditable to the Royal Academy that such a thing should have to be recorded of it. While numbers of inferior men find their way into the ranks of the Forty, such painters as Burne-Jones, who leave the impress of a large and fruitful personality upon their age, are either kept outside or admitted only to the partial and discriminated "honour" of associateship. And how many there are—men of the highest achievement—who, during the past half-century, have been denied the hospitality of recognition by their fellows of the R.A.!

SIR E. BURNE-JONES.
Drawing from life by Walker Hodgson.

This took place in 1890. In 1891, at the New Gallery, was exhibited a picture, if not greater than the "Briar Rose" series, at least one which will hold the world with a deeper grip and surer delight. I refer to "The Star of Bethlehem," painted in water-colour for the corporation of his native town, and now in the gallery of the Queen of the Midlands. The Mother of Jesus, with the Babe on her knee, is seen seated under a pent-house, wearing the blue and pink robes of early tradition. Tall white lilies blossom at her side, roses festoon the wattled fence, while numberless flowers of varied hue gem the grass at her feet. On her right, and a little in the rear, stands Joseph with a faggot of sticks under his arm, watching over the Desire of Nations and His mother. Fronting the two are the Three Kings, led by a stately angel, holding aloft the star which has guided their course from their homes in the East. The

picture is one that takes fast hold of the memory and will not be forgotten. It is worthy of note that "The Star of Bethlehem" is one of the largest water-colour drawings ever painted, measuring, as it does, twelve feet by eight feet.

Two other pictures of the Nativity were painted by the artist about the same time for the Church of St. Michael, at Torquay. In one of them the mother and child are seen lying on a low bed of straw under two birch trees rudely thatched, while three angelic beings approach the foot of the bed with their offerings. In the other two angels are seen conducting the one a king, the other a shepherd, to "where the young Child lay," the path leading through the same wood in which the other nativity is laid, and so being connected with it in subject and design.

It is impossible in a short article to speak of all the various phases and masteries of an artist's gift. Rarely is art found in one man dowered as it were with so many hands. He worked in oils and in water-colours; he painted cabinets and decorated pianos and organs; he supplied designs for stained-glass windows, as well as for tapestry and needlework, and he himself executed panels in metal work and gesso. Indeed, there is hardly any department of decorative art which his hand did not adorn and his mind illumine. In him, more than in almost any other of our time, did Ruskin's doctrine of art ennobled by being devoted to moral and spiritual ends find a true and wholly fitting exponent, and to none more fitly than to him do Mr. Swinburne's lines apply:—

"In a land of clear colours and stories,
In a region of shadowless hours,
Where earth has a garment of glories
And a murmur of musical flowers,
In woods where the spring half uncovers
The flush of her amorous face,
By the waters that listen for lovers,
For these is there place?

"Though the world of your hands be more gracious
And lovelier in lordship of things,
Clothed round by sweet Art with the spacious
Warm heaven of imminent wings,
Let them enter, unfledged and nigh fainting,
For the love of old loves and lost times,
And receive in your palace of painting
This revel of rhymes."

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.
From the painting by Sir E. Burne-Jones. Photo by Fredk. Hollyer.

TREGARTHEN

By Fred M. White.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCES EWAN

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

THE scene is a small island—Tregarthen—off the coast of Cornwall. Tregarthen is also the name of the man who owns and rules it despotically. The island is a sort of Christian Commonwealth, and Tregarthen is chiefly concerned about saving his people from the degrading influence of commerce and manufacture. He allows them to engage in only two pursuits, viz., horticulture and fishing, both peculiarly subject to climatic changes; the flowers are ruined by frost, the fishing by bad seasons. These things cause perennial poverty and occasional starvation. Yet such is the loyalty of the people to Tregarthen that they dumbly submit, and attribute to Providence what is really attributable to Tregarthen's stupidity and short-sightedness.

Mary Blenkiron and Miriam Murch land unexpectedly upon the island. They are Americans. The former, a beautiful young lady, the orphan daughter of a millionaire. The latter, her middle-aged companion. Gervase Tretire, a fisherman, is the first to speak to them, and tells them they will not be allowed to stay; then Tregarthen himself appears, and it transpires that Mary Blenkiron is able to prove descent from the Tregarthens, and that she possesses documentary evidence, the full extent of which is not yet divulged. The two ladies are allowed to stay on condition that they submit to the usage of the island. To all conditions, the beautiful heiress, strong in her knowledge of a secret which she possesses, gladly accedes. She is delighted with the island, with everything, even with Tregarthen, who, with all his fanaticism, is a picturesque figure.

They meet Naomi and Ruth Pengelly, a girl of uncommon beauty. Naomi and Ruth bring from a hiding place exquisite lace, the secret of which was thought lost, but which these poor islanders possess. Mary Blenkiron realises that what these people need is something to take the place of the fishing and the flowers when these fail. Tregarthen himself is the great hindrance. The flowers fail. Starvation stares the people in the face. Mary would help them, but Tregarthen refuses charity. If the people starve, he is ready to starve with them.

There is an ancient custom that if no one belonging to the family of Tregarthen is available for his bride, it is his duty to select a wife from the first four families. The beautiful Ruth is Tregarthen's choice; and he considers it Ruth's duty and, indeed, her privilege to marry him. Ruth has already given her heart to Gervase Tretire, and though she feels it is inevitable she must marry Tregarthen, does not fail to tell him it is against her will.

The presence of Mary Blenkiron proves disturbing, and the seeds of revolt find good soil, especially in Ruth and Tretire. Mr. Guy, Rector of St. Minver, on the mainland, and his wife come much into the story. He is Mary's ally. She is determined Tregarthen shall not marry Ruth, and promises to prevent the marriage. Meantime an encounter occurs between Tregarthen and Tretire, in which the former, but for Ruth's intervention, might have been slain; and later the s.s. "Comus" is wrecked. This vessel is a liner, which becomes a total wreck on the island. Mary Blenkiron instantly buys the stores. This brings matters to a crisis, for Tregarthen cannot bear the thought of his subjects receiving any help.

The eventful day is at hand on which Ruth Pengelly is to be made "free of the soil," previous to her wedding. Mary Blenkiron advises Ruth to present herself in her bridal attire, but promises the actual ceremony shall not take place. This she does, and Mary, in the presence of all the islanders claims her right to take Ruth's place. Tregarthen finds himself powerless to forbid it, and she is made free of the soil.

Meanwhile Mr. Guy has a guest, Maud Barry, a high-spirited, patriotic Irish girl. All meet at the rectory later, together with Dr. Julien, a young physician, in whom Maud finds her master. Mrs. Guy invites Mary to stay at the rectory until her wedding.

The morning of the wedding arrives, and the whole party proceed to the island in two boats. The morning is very stormy, and the boat which carries the bride is overset. Tregarthen saves Mary from drowning. However, she still persists in being married. After the ceremony she goes to the castle, taking Ruth as her maid.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FIRST OF THE BRIDGE.

"IT was all very strange and very wonderful," Maud Barry said, "but then when you have any amount of money you can remove mountains." Nor was Mary blind to the blessing of wealth. Without it she could not have fought Tregarthen a single yard, without it she would hardly have dared the experiment of marrying him. Nevertheless, she had brought about some marvellous changes at the castle.

It was still dry, bleak, and clear March weather, cold and crisp, and with a touch of snow in the air, but already Tregarthen Castle was blossoming like a rose. There was a crispness and cleanness about the place never seen before. The mouldy smell of sluggard centuries had gone, the pictures gleamed bright from their frames, there was a glitter on the armour, the polished oak glowed like a mirror, fair and translucent came the light through the now crystal windows. Scores of packing cases had come from London at a wave of Mary's wand, *e.g.*, cheque book; the bedrooms had been utterly transformed. It had come as a shock—and by no means an unpleasant shock—upon Tregarthen, that he was actually master of a beautiful, refined, and tasteful home.

There were other reforms besides these. There were women servants about the house

in a neat livery of Mary's design. There was nothing of the modern starched parlour-maid about these girls—the castle did not lend itself to that—but the dresses were artistic and the caps wonderfully becoming. Nor was there difficu'ty in getting servants from the cottages of the very poor. They came for the warmth and food and comfort, but they came most of all because they were absolutely devoted to Mary. Even Tregarthen was fain to admit that she could do anything with them.

She was not without her influence on him. It was impossible for a refined artistic nature like his to be insensible to her beauty and fascination. And all this time he could bring to his soul the delusion that Mary was in no way interfering with the politics of the island. It never occurred to him how wonderfully men are swayed by women, and that gradually, but surely, the new order of things at the castle was being crystallised in the minds of the islanders. Did Mary guess this? Sad to say, she did.

She dined above the salt at one o'clock in the great hall, but she persisted in calling it luncheon. She had furnished the lesser hall so attractively and tastefully, and above all so cheerfully, that Tregarthen got to spending his evenings there. And, before he knew what he was about, he was dining at seven in dress clothes and learning to be nice in the fine gradations of French cookery. Mary the magician had managed all that. She wanted a French cook to give lessons in economy and cheap variety of food to the islanders. Demurely, almost humbly, she suggested the idea to Tregarthen. And the King could see no pauperising of the people in that.

He was going down by easy stages. The furious bitter sense of defeat had passed away. He was still ready to fight fanatically and fantastically for the old creed and the old narrow tenets of his political faith. His logic was of the crudest—"I am right and everybody else is wrong," sufficed him. Meanwhile it was pleasing to have that beautiful woman, always so exquisitely dressed, about him. Her loveliness gladdened the eye, it fitted in so well with the picture. Take it away now, and Tregarthen would freely admit the terrible void left behind. In plain English he had fallen head over ears in love with his wife without the slightest idea of the fact. Mary, on the other hand, had admired Tregarthen from the first. She had only to let herself go and the love was mutual.

But not yet, not yet. Tregarthen's eyes were to be opened by love, but not the love which flings principle and honour to the winds, as the loves of Cleopatra and Ninon de l'Enclos and the rest threw theirs. Tregarthen must come to the Light for the sake of the Light and not for mere sentimental reasons. First, there must be a surgical operation and that likely to be a cruel one.

All these things unfolded themselves to Mary's friends as they sat in her own boudoir over afternoon tea. The friends were Mrs. Guy, Miriam, and Maud. The Rector and Tregarthen were on the mainland after rabbits. Dr. Julien was going to join them all at dinner.

"You should be a happy wife, Mary," Maud suggested. "Now that you have got everything in order, there isn't a nobler or more beautiful country house in England. You have worked absolute wonders."

"I am hardly what you call a wife," Mary said.

"Then in the name of common sense, what are you?"

"A paying guest," Mary responded, smoothly, "with the privilege of furnishing my own rooms. I have induced the head of the establishment to dine and spend the evening with me, which is something."

"I don't like to hear you talk like that, Mary," Mrs. Guy said, with a slight frown for her inoffending Sèvres tea-cup. "Are you dull?"

"Not in myself, dear," Mary said. "Our conversations are generally too much on a strictly meteorological basis."

With that sweet discretion that lifts her above the ordinary woman, Mrs. Guy began to talk about other matters. She was not blind to the feelings that lay beyond Mary's apparent frivolity. Miriam's humorous mouth was quivering. She was unfeignedly glad to see that Mary was not unhappy. She loved the girl better than any one else in the world and understood her every mood. It was only Maud who looked so beautifully, sweetly sad.

"I am not going to let you look like that," Mary cried. "Is it my woes or the woes of Erin that worry you, darlin'?"

"Nothing of the kind," said Miriam, "there's no sugar on the table and she always takes two lumps in her tea."

Mrs. Guy remarked that Miriam was utterly incorrect as usual. A long course of newspaper writing had caused her to become criminally inaccurate in her statements. The truth was there was to be a great demonstration in Ireland over the dastardly removal of

certain historical scarecrows on an evicted holding, and that Maud had rejoiced in so brilliant an opportunity of making herself ridiculous. She had even packed her bag to proceed to the fray, when Dr. Julien had stepped in and forbidden the whole business. Where the Dowager Lady Carrib and the whole Barry family would have failed ignominiously, an obscure country practitioner had achieved a brilliant success.

"He absolutely frightened her into staying, didn't he, Maud?" Mrs. Guy said.

"I AM HARDLY WHAT YOU CALL A WIFE," MARY SAID.

"He was abominably rude," Maud laughed with a heightened colour. "But really I don't feel up to meetings at present. The scarecrow tale is all nonsense. The Ballybrigton tenants have a real grievance against the police."

Mary didn't doubt it for a moment. All the same she was glad to hear what a strong influence Julien was gaining over the wild, headstrong, tender-hearted Irish beauty. It was growing almost too dark to see Maud's face, but there was a flush on it and a dreamy look in those exquisite eyes.

As the night fell lights began to gleam from the castle. There were no clanging gloomy passages now, no dusty fusty corners where the red rats and the mice scratched behind the panels. As Tregarthen came in chill from his row from the mainland all this struck him with a new and pleasant force. His dressing-room was no longer a barracks with a gallows bed standing in the corner. It was warm and bright and cheerful, a fire roared up between the great hammered iron dogs; his evening clothes lay ready to his hands. So strong natures are sapped and stern resolutions broken by the treachery of a mere woman!

Shaded lamps shone redly in the drawing-room, fires crackled on the hearth. There was a rustle of silks, the flash of jewels, the sombre black and white of the men's evening attire. Tregarthen paused as he pushed back the heavy curtain to contemplate the picture. It appealed to his artistic eye, and he was glad to see that no woman there looked more beautiful than Mary. He did not know that she wilfully designed to look more lovely for the sake of himself and his pride, any more than he knew that Worth

had charged her a hundred guineas for the white and gold dress she was wearing. How colossally ignorant he was Tregarthen was destined to learn in time to come.

"Are we all here, Mary?" he asked.

He had come to call her by her Christian name, but he was still distant.

"All who dine here," Mary replied. "I am expecting Mr. Cutress presently, who is doing those big coast defences at Treverlock. He and I have prepared a pleasant little surprise for you. I fancy I have hit upon a way of helping Tregarthen without pauperising the people."

Tregarthen bowed and said nothing. Guy laughed. "That will be when the Trevose-Tregarthen bridge is built," he said.

The Rector was quoting a local proverb. A century before, after a long storm that practically starved out Tregarthen in consequence of the island being cut off from the mainland, a certain ruling Tregarthen had planned a bridge over the four hundred yards of dangerous channel. The bridge had come to nothing but the proverb remained. At times it held the Trevose factions together. For instance, when the quarrel between Hawkes and Challen threatened danger. One would allude to the bridge, and the other would shake his head solemnly, and aver that the bridge would come as a blessing. It always healed strife; for though they might differ upon religion and bait—the two great causes of controversy in Trevose—they were unanimous as to the bridge.

"Which will never be," Tregarthen said. "The people would like it, in fact, if they had the money they would build it, and for two years or so Tregarthen would be a sink of blackguardism and debauchery. As for me I'd rather see the island under the sea than have five hundred "navvies" here.

Nobody controverted this statement, because the basis for argument was too slender. Then dinner was announced, and the little party flocked into the lower hall, there to partake of the evening meal. There were shaded lights on the table, flowers and palms from Mary's conservatory, and willing hands to wait. Also there was wonderful china and crystal, and the marvellous collection of Tregarthen plate. That most of it had been callously ripped from stricken argosies wrecked on that cruel coast made no difference. There it was, worth a king's ransom, and Miriam, forgetting her manners for once, cried aloud. A certain pride of possession was on Tregarthen, and he explained the history of that gleaming mass of beating and carving and designing, graciously.

"Lovely," Maud murmured. "How can you keep your eyes off it?"

"My dear,' the Rector murmured, "I have seen it all before. Let me at once confess to you that I have a weakness for a good dinner. I perceive from the *menu* and from the soup, that for the first time for five years I am going to dine. I have been satiated with rabbits, I have borne uncomplainingly cycles of boiled fowl and bacon; I have faced unflinchingly acres of Cornish pastry. On this occasion it has dawned upon me that I am entertaining a dinner unawares. Maud, I fancy that you are fond of me."

"As Eleanor is not listening, I'm in love with you, darlin'."

"Dear girl! Then don't chatter, but leave this poor battered old cleric, this wreck of what might have been a magnificent archbishop, in peace for half-an-hour. Talk Irish politics with Julien—and get the worst of it. What can a child like you know of the true wonders of sweetbread *à la Martignan*?"

Thus the pleasant meal proceeded under the shaded lights, and amidst all the artistic confusion that surrounds a well-served meal. Tregarthen lay back and feasted his artistic eye upon the refinement of it all. He saw the gleam of polished oak and armour, the glitter of silver and priceless crystal behind feathery ferns and flowers. On the whole he was more happy and contented than he had ever been before. The vivid contrast between this daintiness and refinement and the crude confusion of the great hall dinner struck him pleasantly. He did not as yet quite grasp the effect a good dinner, perfectly cooked, exercises upon poor sinful man. He only knew that the beautiful woman at the bottom of the table had brought all this about without the least treading upon those kingly and ultra sensitive corns. Tregarthen's topmost emotion just now was a drowsy gratitude to Mary for having married him.

They passed into the big drawing-room at length, and presently there came to them a dark, lean man with hard quick eyes and a roll of paper under his arm. He had on evening dress and brought with him a subtle flavour of continents. You had only to look at James Cutress once to feel that he was a man of wild lands and many adventures.

Had he told you that travel and he were

strangers, you would have been disappointed. But he told you nothing of the kind, he discoursed modestly of adventures and the vast difficulties overcome by engineering science, of truculent native workmen, of deadly swamps, of comrades hearty at dawn and buried by breakfast. There are many men like Cutress, and they all have the same hard eye and brown skin. He bowed over Mary's hand.

"I am sorry to be late," he said, "but I have been to the quarries after hands. Thanks, I have dined."

He had had dry bread and cold mackerel, with nameless ale, and what the Cornish people call a pasty.

"This is Mr. Cutress," Mary said as she introduced the stranger. "Mr. Cutress has just finished those large coast protective works at Treverlock. He has kindly undertaken to engineer my new bridge."

"Your new bridge!" Tregarthen gasped.

All the sunny amiability had vanished from his face. The old dark arrogance and ignorance was coming back, the childish conceit and jealousy that ever grew like a sore between himself and his manhood.

"I wish I was well out of this," the Rector murmured to his wife. "Tregarthen is going to make an ass of himself; I know the signs well."

"May I beg for a little light on the subject," Tregarthen asked frigidly.

"Certainly," Mary smiled. "I said I had a little surprise for you. The local tradition is going to become true. In future I am not going to run the risk of being drowned every time I go to see my dear friend Eleanor Guy. Therefore I am going to build the bridge between Tregarthen and Trevose."

"It is well to be a millionaire," Tregarthen said bitterly.

"Isn't it!" Mary responded with marked cheerfulness. "I am going to spend £30,000. Mr. Cutress, will you show our friends the plans."

Cutress dexterously unfolded a long roll of drawing paper. On it was an exquisite water-colour drawing showing the cliffs at Trevose and the high crags on Tregarthen opposite. Everything was in the most faithful detail, and across the four hundred yards of tossing dangerous channel spanned a bridge, so light and graceful and beautiful that with one accord they all exclaimed with delight.

"IT'S A PRETTY SCHEME," HE SAID, "BUT I FORBID IT."

"Decided improvement to the landscape," the Rector declared.

Miriam thought it would be the making of the place; Julien was of opinion that in future he would be compelled to charge a smaller fee for his visits to Tregarthen. On those grounds he laughingly opposed the bridge.

"You haven't a leg to stand on," Mary cried, "considering that, however large or small your fee is, you never get paid on Tregarthen."

"Is that so?" Tregarthen demanded.

"As a mere matter of detail it is," Julien said dryly. "My dear fellow, so long as you persist in your present line of government, where on earth are the people to find the money to pay me?"

Tregarthen said no more for the present. With the best intentions in the world, Julien had dealt him a staggering blow. It was his proud boast that his people had never been pauperised, but they didn't pay their doctor, and the fact that his services went unremunerated didn't seem to trouble them in the least. And your decadent workman in reeking towns would never have stood that. The knowledge that he was wrong maddened him.

"It's a pretty scheme," he said, "but I forbid it."

"Forbid it!" Mary cried. "My dear Tregarthen!"

"That is what I said," Tregarthen muttered. The black frown was on his brows, the old childish sullen obstinacy in his eyes. "That I have not been consulted in the matter is nothing. I am told that husbands' opinions are quite superfluous nowadays. All the same I am not going to have the bridge. I am not going to have the vices and ways of the navvy class imported into the island. I am not going to have my people spoilt by men who will fling their thirty shillings a week into the teeth of the poor islanders. From an artistic point of view, sir, your bridge is perfect. But you are not going to build it. For the rest I must refer you to my wife."

Cutress bowed ceremoniously. He did not feel in the least uncomfortable. A man who goes out to West Africa and comes back the only surviving European out of some twenty odd is not likely to be moved by a little domestic difference between husband and wife. A constrained silence followed.

"What do the Trevose people say?" Mary asked.

"They are enthusiastic," said Cutress. "I find the bridge is a proverb here. They seem to imagine that once the bridge is built a new era of prosperity will dawn for Trevose and Tregarthen."

"That is also my opinion," Mary said dryly. "I am yet sanguine that I shall bring Tregarthen round to my way of thinking."

"Never," Tregarthen cried, "never. I am ruler of Tregarthen, and, by Heaven! despite all the women in the world, so I will remain."

His voice rang in the roof, his eyes gleamed with the old fanatic fury, the petty tyrant was aroused. He stood there apparently heedless of everybody, he did not seem to realise that Mrs. Guy and his guests were saying good-night to him. He realised nothing till he found himself alone with Mary.

Mary had something akin to a madman to deal with, but she was not afraid. She had expected this, she had calculated upon it from the first. The struggle was inevitable. If he intended to fight her over a matter like this, what would he say to certain ultimate schemes she had already pigeonholed? She had Ruth close at hand, and that thought gave her courage.

"Why did you insult your guests tonight?" she asked.

Tregarthen replied furiously, taking no nice heed in his choice of words. He was no more than a spoilt boy ruined by a foolish mother. They were not his guests, he wanted nobody from the mainland, he was quite content with Tregarthen.

"I believe that," Mary said slowly. "You love the place, it would break your heart to leave it. Every stick and stone holds some precious association for you. This is a high virtue, Tregarthen, and I respect it. But all the same you have not the power to prevent the building of the bridge."

"Have not the power? I?"

He spoke magnificently. But Mary stood before him, absolutely refusing to be withered by his noble scorn.

"I repeat what I said," she replied. "You are powerless to prevent it, so long as I choose to find the money. And I am going to find the money."

Tregarthen bowed. One glance at Mary's face proved that.

"I shall find the money. And you will refuse powers to the builders. Very good. The Trevose local authorities will, if necessary, ask for Government powers, and will be backed up by Lloyds, who have a station here. Also they will be backed up by the National Lifeboat Association. Against those allied bodies you will be absolutely helpless. Think it over for a moment. If you can see any way out I shall be glad to listen."

"A way out! Bah, the thing is easy."

But it wasn't, it was very difficult indeed. For a long time Tregarthen paced up and

down the room, turning the thing over in his mind. But there was no way out—he was trapped and baffled and beaten by the woman he called his wife.

"I am master here," he said finally, "master here."

"Master here, indeed," Mary replied sadly. "Master of everything else but—yourself."

The words went home, stinging all the more furiously because they were so bitterly true. As he turned his back towards her Mary moved to the door. Then she came back again and called Tregarthen to her side. He crossed over sullenly.

"Stoop down a moment," she said.

He stooped, his flushed, sullen, handsome face close to hers. With her hands light as thistledown on his shoulders Mary kissed him on the lips.

"You are a foolish boy," she said, "but the foolish boy will grow into a wise man. And all that I am doing now I am doing for your good and benefit, as the God who looks down upon us knows. Good-night."

She flitted from the room and was gone like a shadow, leaving Tregarthen trembling, and with the sweetness of that kiss still warm on his lips. He called her back, but the oak door was closed, and she heard not. Had Mary returned then perhaps this story had never been finished.

Was that girl right after all? Certainly she was right in saying that opposition was absolutely futile. And did she really care for him, was she actuated only by the best and purest motives? She might get the bridge built, but Tregarthen would take care that not a single islander turned a sod or drew a penny for labour on the work.

Up and down, up and down, far into the night, Tregarthen paced the room in anxious thought. The lamps sighed and flickered and died with a pungent reek in the air, but Tregarthen saw nothing of it. The long watchers of the night droned along the passages on noiseless feet, the grey of the dawn struggled through the storied panes, but Tregarthen did not notice.

Then the day came, a damp, raw day with the promise of rain. With a racking head, Tregarthen passed outside. He heard the thunder of the sea, he caught the flying spume on his white face. He walked on and on till he came to the long ledge of rocks over against Trevose. Here, early as it was, a little knot of islanders had gathered. They were discussing something eagerly, and Tregarthen's curiosity was on edge.

The main speaker appeared to be Bishop from Port Gwynne. Once loose there was a rugged vein of poetry in the man's nature, and he talked well. Tregarthen could hear his voice booming above the swell of the sea, he saw the great knotted hand uplifted.

Then he crept along the rocky ledge and —well, he listened.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

THE mist had lifted slightly, and Tintagel loomed from the lap of the morning with his head in a flaming glory. His feet were in the dark waste of waters, about his brown knees was a creamy fringe. In between, the sea lay like virgin silver waiting for the burnishing hand of the sun. Overhead there came a faint rose pink, and one star glittered on the bosom of the morning.

But Tregarthen was taking no heed of the beauty of the dawn. It was creeping over the damp, dank weed amongst the sea pools, shining pictures of forest and mountains and wide deserts of golden sand. There are no sea-pools in the British Isles like those on the North Cornish coast. They were flushed now with rose pink and amber and saffron, but Tregarthen took no heed. He wanted to know what these men were talking about.

Jacob Bishop was speaking. He was pointing to the mainland. Jackson and Hawke and the others were around him, patriarchs all, and fathers of the island. They made a strong group as they stood there in an atmosphere partly of their own creating—tar and fish and a tanned smoky flavour as if somebody had been adjacent to a box of kippered herrings. Big, silent men, grey-headed, tangled-haired men with knotted hands and mahogany faces.

They were listening more eagerly than usual, for they were stirred for once out of their philosophic calm. Had an angel come flying from the ethereal sky, the islanders had been no more moved than they were by the news that the bridge was coming. The bridge had passed into a proverb, the building of it was, in a way, an advent. It was supposed to mean good times, cycles of prosperity and a century of peace. Had you proposed to run a ferry across there you would have been a scorn and derision in the fish market, ousted as an intruder, for that was innovation. The bridge was another thing, they wanted it, they were going to have it. And Tregarthen began to see that he had all his work cut out for him.

"Thirty and odd thousand pounds," Bishop

said deliberately, and yet with great enthusiasm. He rolled the figures round his tongue. "And the bridge finished at the end of two years."

"And a lot of money spent here," Hawke suggested.

Bishop nodded. One Spry pressed the tobacco in his pipe with a finger burnt and scarred and seared like iron.

"Two hundred men from Trevose and beyond," he said, "and as many men from here as James Cutress can get hold on. Told me so last night. Work for all as wants it at twenty-nine shillings a week. And my boy Jim's paving at Plymouth for less money. Tregarthen can't say anything to that."

Again grey heads were nodded and a great silence followed. According to the strict laws of the game it was Bishop's turn to speak. The others regarded him with tranquil expectation. They felt he was on the verge of a new thought.

"Men," he said presently, "I've got something as I'm bound to say, consequently I'm going to say't. Tregarthen's ruling us all wrong."

At this stupendous suggestion every man rapped his pipe and rammed the tobacco tight. There was a dead, puffing blue silence for some ten minutes whilst half as many minds were taking this in. There was no hurry. Those fine fellows had nothing to do but to wait till the autumn and starve meanwhile. Still, they had their tobacco. Where did it come from, Tregarthen wondered. It never occurred to him to ask Mary that question.

"Jacob," said old Spry with great deliberation, "you're right."

That was all. There was no argument, no suggestion that there might have been two sides to the question. As a matter of fact these greybeards had been deliberating the matter for years without knowing it.

THEN HE CREPT ALONG THE ROCKY LEDGE AND—WELL, HE LISTENED.

"I endorse what Spry do say," Johnson said oracularly.

"Very well, then," Bishop resumed in fine argumentative voice. "And now we're going to have the bridge. An angel from heaven came out from over the Western Ocean and said it should be done."

The other nodded. Jacob's metaphor was a little mixed, which is a failing that poets have, but they understood him.

"The angel came and rolled away the stone. Mary Tregarthen's going to roll away our stone. No more weeping mothers on the cold hearthstones now. Where's Jane Long's man? Drowned in a squall beaching his boat off Fin Rock. Where's the fine lad as Emily was goin' to marry? Gone down 'twixt here and Trevose. Where's a good dozen fine lads, ay, and lassies too, that we can all remember? Lost in the cruel waters as you could fling a cod-line across a'most.

And it ain't going to be so any more. The angel's rolled away the stone."

The old man repeated the phrase over again. The metaphor seemed to fit the situation exactly. It was the keystone of the arch of determination. It settled the question so calmly and definitely that Tregarthen burst upon the group in a flaming royal rage.

"This is flat mutiny," he exclaimed. "Oh, you are going to have the bridge, because there are strong circumstances against me. But none of that money will come on to this island. Those creatures at Trevose can do as they please. But not one of my men here hires himself to those foreign engineers."

Each man there looked calmly from Tregarthen's angry face to his pipe and then to Bishop. Clearly the man who could make metaphors with such fluency must take the office of spokesman by right.

"You're too late, Tregarthen," he said. "We've all volunteered. The Lord has sent

THEN TREGARTHEN LOST HIS TEMPER.

this thing to keep the bread in our mouths. But for this Tregarthen would have seen the blackest time I mind in a life of seventy years. We've given in our names and we're not going to back out of it."

"Nohow and nowise whatsoever," Spry said emphatically.

Then Tregarthen lost his temper. He said things that caused Bishop to wince and flinch without so much as a sign escaping him. And yet no man there showed the slightest feeling, no more than the rocks in the pools below beaten by the creamy flood of the incoming tide.

"You can't fight all of us," Johnson suggested.

"Perhaps not," Tregarthen said grimly, "but every rood of ground here is mine, and I can deport the whole lot of you from the island. I can scatter you like chaff; I can pull you up like so many trees. And if you defy me I will do so without mercy in my heart. You don't know me yet."

Tregarthen had scored at last. He saw the dynamic thrill that passed through the little group, he saw faces pale under the tan. He could do this thing, he could depopulate the whole island if he chose and the Parliament of Great Britain had no power to interfere. The keenest of all weapons lay to his hand. How cruel a knife it was, Tregarthen of all men knew perfectly well.

"Could you do this, master?" Bishop asked unsteadily.

"Ay," Tregarthen cried, "I could and I will. I'll have no insurrection here."

He moved away, leaving something like mental paralysis behind. The fear of exile was the only thing that troubled these men. To leave their Tregarthen! The mind staggered from the contemplation of such a terrible thing. To rise up in a body and fling Tregarthen into the sea had not yet occurred to the grey-beards. And yet it was nearer than any one thought. After all, the strongest throne rests on the goodwill of the people.

Meanwhile he strode homewards in a flamboyant mood, if not a happy one. He knew perfectly well that he had done wrong; therefore it was well for his peace of mind that he suddenly realised himself to be still in evening dress. Also it was borne in upon

him that he was hungry. He changed his dress and went down with a raging appetite to breakfast.

Mary was there in a cosy, cedar-pannelled room leading off the great hall, and breakfast was temptingly displayed. She smiled as he came in, looking lovely in her tailor-made heather mixture coat and skirt. She smiled as she lifted the cover from a dish of kidneys. There was fried ham in another silver dish, the atmosphere was deliciously fragrant with coffee. Theoretically Tregarthen should have had weak tea and porridge or a kipper, like the rest of the islanders, but Mary had declined any such fare. "The islanders could do better if they had more strength of mind," she said. She had the money ready when they were ripe to throw off Tregarthen's yoke, and meanwhile she really saw no logical reason why she should starve herself. Moreover, it would have been exceedingly rude and ungentlemanly for Tregarthen to refuse the breakfast his wife had prepared for him.

"You have been for a walk," she said cheerfully. If she had any memory of yesternight, she did not show it in the least. "Sit down."

"I am exceedingly hungry," said Tregarthen. His ill temper had vanished. It was impossible to be ill-humoured with so cheerful a scene before him. Why, the clear rippling fire alone would have banished such megrims. "And I have been giving Bishop and the rest a piece of my mind. They have actually volunteered to assist in building that precious bridge of yours."

"They all have," Mary said calmly.

Tregarthen had feared to hear something like this. But the kidneys were delicious and the toast underneath succulent and rich.

And, after all, there was one drastic way of ending this budding revolution. Mary was at the bottom of it, of course. Tregarthen wished she had been a little less handsome.

"I shall manage to get even with the rogues," he said.

"Indeed. How do you propose to do that?"

"I told Bishop and Guy all about it. I let them know that I had no intention of doing anything by force, but that I was quite determined—and by heaven I am! As sure as any man puts a hand to the construction of the bridge I shall deport him from the island."

Mary's face grew grave for a moment. Tregarthen had the power to do this as she was perfectly aware. She might plead with him and move him in most things, for she was not unconscious of her growing influence, but here she knew that he would be adamant. The thing was so cruel, so monstrous, that, but for one thing, she would have remonstrated passionately there and then. As it was she smiled a little sadly.

"You will not do this thing," she said. "Interfere as you please, coerce and bully your people, show them how mistaken they have been all these years, help me to show them the way to the light, as you are constantly doing despite yourself. But you are going to exile not one."

"Indeed! Who is to prevent me?"

"I am going to prevent you, Tregarthen. Great as your power is, mine is greater. I do not want to exercise it, but if you persist in this course I shall, I *must*. I am not speaking boastfully; I am stating a plain fact. Did I not say that you would never marry Ruth Pengelly?"

"You did."

Mary laughed sweetly. "Don't let us quarrel," she said. "Here is your coffee. Two lumps of sugar, or one?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

"THE KING CAN DO NO WRONG.

THERE is a certain apple good to look upon but unsatisfactory to the palate of a connoisseur. The first gush of juice is highly pleasing. This is followed by a dry, sour, acrid flavour that earns for these apples the title of "bitter-sweet!"

Well, Tregarthen's apples were all "bitter-sweets" at present. On the one hand he had a peace and order hitherto foreign to his house, he had refinement and luxury and the presence of a beautiful woman. This was where the sweet came in. On the other hand Mary was thwarting and hindering him in every way, and day by day sapping his influence over the island. And the knowledge was bitter. The sure conviction that he must eventually fail was the sourest morsel of all. But the victory was not yet.

There was something like peace before the storm, but the rumbling of the distant thunder could be distinctly heard. Meanwhile, the sun shone, the sea ran down, and Tregarthen dreamed in a pink and golden glory. Cutress was busy on the mainland, he did not want any of the islanders yet, and Tregarthen had distinctly told them that the first man who handled a spade would be expelled.

Perhaps this might have been allowed to pass but for a woman. Mrs. Bishop "up to Port Gwynn" raged aloud, carrying a child in her arms like the banner of a revolting chief. The child was ill and ailing; but for Mary's kindness it had gone hard with the little one. Then she turned upon her elderly husband as she had never done before. She was a thin-lipped woman with a loose mouth, the kind of mouth that speaks of native oratory.

"AND YOU CALL YOURSELVES MEN," SHE SAID, "MEN!"

"And you call yourselves men," she said. "*Men!*"

"I've been one for forty odd years," Bishop said resignedly, yet not displeased with his own pawky humour. "What's the matter?"

"Matter enough, Jacob. Where would two of the children be but for the kindness of the good lady up to the castle? Tregarthen prates about keeping temptation out of our way when all along we are without bread. And there's bread, and good bread, to be had for the earning yonder. Thousands of pounds coming into the island and no trouble and want for years. Honest work crying aloud to be done and Tregarthen says nay."

"What can we do?" Bishop asked meekly.

"Get up and do it," was the fierce reply. "Defy Tregarthen all of you. Stand up to his face and defy him. He can't expel us all."

Bishop was not so sure about that. Whilst he agreed, like a dutiful husband, with all his wife said, he was dubious as to accepting her methods. He looked around him thoughtfully. He saw the sea coming up like a lance into the heart of the mainland; he saw the terraces where the ferns grew and the maidenhair nodded to the summer breeze; he saw the smoke-cloud over the ingle nook, the blue shining delf on the dusky walls. He had lived here all his life. No ancient family torn from an ancestral home would have felt the parting more than Jacob. It had grown to be a part of him—without the air and the environment he would have drooped and died.

"'Twould be rare and hard to go," said he. His voice trembled slightly, his unsteady gaze wandered from the black oak settle to the shining pans over the open grate. "I couldn't do it, mother."

This capitulation, faithfully repeated word for word, was carried from one end of the island to the other before dusk. Thus is the art of conversation fostered on Tregarthen. Mrs. Jacob Bishop had repeated it in a strident voice outside the cottage to young Mrs. Jackson across the port. And young Mrs. Jackson, foraging a whiting for supper, had carried it down to the sanctuary and occupied in the telling nineteen minutes by the clock. Ruth and Naomi had to listen to every word with the greatest politeness. Somehow Ruth got it into her head that Jacob Bishop had defied

Tregarthen and had been expelled the island.

She flared out at once in her stormiest manner. She ought to have been up at the castle, of course, but never a maid in this world had less to do than Ruth so far as Mary was concerned. Mary should know of this at once. And, as ill-luck would have it, on her way to the castle Ruth met Gervase Tretire. He listened gravely to all she had to say.

"Tregarthen is mad," he said. "If he wants to turn the whole island against him, he is going the right way about it. The people are changed since our good lady yonder came amongst us. They want work, and they will have it, my dear. If Bishop goes, if Bishop goes——"

Gervase paused, lost in the contemplation of such an iniquity. He flashed up to the castle, and demanded to see Tregarthen. The latter was striding up and down the great hall with apparently the weight of its fretted roof on his shoulders. Then voices were raised, and the place boomed with the roar of angry men. Like a white vision, Mary stepped in among them.

"What is it all about?" she asked. "Tregarthen, what does it all mean?"

"It means," Tregarthen said, "that Jacob Bishop has chosen to defy me, and I am going to expel him from the island."

"You are going to send him away, the poor man who was born in the cottage where he lives! And all because he desires to earn a few necessary shillings by good honest labour. Tregarthen, I'll not permit it."

"So Tretire says," Tregarthen replied. His lips were working in a nasty trembling sneer, there was a wild light in his eyes. "I am nobody here since you came. Every clown who knows A from B is to dictate to me. For seven hundred years the voice of a Tregarthen has ruled, and I am not going to go back on the traditions of my race. Bishop shall go, ay, and Tretire too."

"This is madness," Mary murmured, "sheer madness. Tretire is your foster brother, you owe your life to him."

"Ay, but he shall go all the same," Tregarthen said doggedly. "It is he who is the source of all the mischief; it is he who has sowed your pernicious doctrines amongst my people. Bishop shall go, and Tretire shall go, and take Ruth Pengelly with him."

Tregarthen swung out of the hall, storming angrily as he went. Tretire looked at Mary, and the anger died out of his eyes.

"Dear mistress," he said, "this must be prevented. At any cost this must be prevented. Does he want to murder Jacob Bishop? Better kill him at once than do him this cruel wrong."

"I don't fancy you need have any anxiety," Mary said quietly. "It is very good of you, Gervase, to think of others to the exclusion of yourself. But Bishop is going to stay here at his cottage."

"You can insure this, dear lady?"

"I can indeed. This is not the time and place to say how. But I pledge you my word that Bishop shall remain in his cottage. Gervase, there is a time of sore trouble coming to me and to one I have begun to care for. The trouble is of my own making, brought about to save still more sorrow and suffering in the future. But it is none the less keen for all that. I shall want friends, I shall want every friend I can find."

She looked eagerly towards Tretire, who took her hand and kissed it. Nothing could have been in better taste, nothing more feeling or courtly.

"Always," he murmured, "always while I have strength to serve you."

Meanwhile Tregarthen had passed forth over the island with a load of care on his shoulders, and a fine black demon of passion lurking in his eye. He had got it into his head, of course, that Bishop was going to defy him. Over the purchase of that historic whiting young Mrs. Jackson had quite unconsciously embroidered on the story slightly. It had come to Tregarthen in the guise of a challenge flung from the battlements, with bridge drawn and portcullis bristling. He crushed the herbage and the sea pinks under his feet like foes. Bishop was not at home, he was boat-building down in the little bay; but Mrs. Bishop was ready. She guessed why the man had come, she was armed for him, and the light of battle was in her eyes. The mother of heroes panted for the fray.

"Come in, Tregarthen," she said. "I want a word with you."

"Where is Bishop?" Tregarthen asked.

"Jacob Bishop has naught to do with it. A good man is Jacob, but terrible slow. Tregarthen, take that child in your arms. Gently; what does he weigh? Two score pounds, you say? Well, he ought to weigh three. But for your good woman he would be in the little churchyard by this time. This is one of the children who would have died rather than Tregarthen's pride should bend. Ach!"

The last word was a war-whoop, the defiance

of the Apache, the scream of the tribesman as he comes yelling upon the stockade. Around firesides in the gloaming it is darkly whispered that this fearless creature snapped her fingers in Tregarthen's face.

"I beg your pardon," Tregarthen said faintly.

"Ah, it's no time for that," the irate Amazon went on. "Bishop's turned agen you, and he's going to keep turned agen you so long as I've got any voice in the matter. A pretty thing if a man can't earn his honest living in his own way when Providence gives him a chance. Look at that, Tregarthen. Folks call it bread. A beggar would toss it into the gutter. And you've come to turn Jacob out because he chooses to have a mind of his own and put silver in his pocket. You take and leave Jacob alone."

"I came to see him to-day, and——"

"And you sha'n't see him. You sha'n't get blustering over him and weakening him. If you go down to the bay I'll follow you with a pail of dirty water and douse you with it; so mind! This is Jacob's cottage that he's paid for in kind over and over again—it ought to be his by this time."

"You are a Radical," Tregarthen said with a feeble smile.

"I'm an honest woman who allows herself to be called no names by nobody," was the shrill reply. The noise of strife carried down to the bay, and Jacob behind the shelter of his boat trembled. "Go away, and don't come bothering us again. Take yourself off and try and feel for others instead of wrapping yourself up in sin and selfishness. Lord, if only I had been your mother!"

THIS FEARLESS CREATURE SNAPPED HER FINGERS IN TREGARTHEN'S FACE.

She advanced upon Tregarthen fiercely and he retreated before her. Where was all the force and dignity of the interview? Where was the woman cowering and abashed before the Lord Protector of the Island? As the child began to cry the woman snatched her up.

"Look at that man," she cried. "Take and look at him. He's come to turn us out of the cottage, to starve or die for all he cares."

Tregarthen fairly turned tail and ran away. And, whilst the victor, with her child in her arms, was rocking herself and weeping tempestuously, Jacob came ponderously up the terrace and looked in at the door.

"Mother," he asked, "what have you been doing of?"

"Ruining us all, God help me," she said. "I've done it, Jacob. We shall have to go. Say that you forgive me, father."

"All for the best," said Jacob; "always it is all for the best."

(To be continued.)

THE "HANDY MAN" FOR CHRIST.

By Agnes Weston.

Photo. by Stephen Cribb.

A MEMORIAL TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

A FRIEND once asked John Wesley how he would spend the day if he knew it would be the last he should live on earth.

"Just as I am going to spend it now," was his answer; "going about my Father's business, and doing my daily work."

And surely if our Queen Victoria had known last December that she was living the last few weeks of her life on earth she could not have done differently from what she did. Into those last days she seems to have packed all that remained undone of a life's work. Instinctively she picked out the essentials and passed by all mere trivialities and trimmings, and yet she found strength to send last messages to old friends, gracious words to the sad, words of cheer to those who needed them.

And among those last gracious deeds was one which to the end of my life will always remain a grateful memory to me, for she found time and strength to accept and read my last little booklet on my work in the Royal Navy—*Au Revoir*—and send to me a gracious message of appreciation of the work and cheer for myself. Hallowed by death this message becomes to me and to my fellow-workers a benediction which makes it easier to go forward and be strong. Her late Majesty's interest in the work for her "dear sailors" was of no recent date. For many years she had been sending, through one of her ladies or direct, messages and help. On one of the memorial cabins at Devonport is a brass bearing witness to the fact that it was "given by Queen Victoria."

And once, two years ago, she sent for me to Windsor Castle, that I might tell her face to face of the work being done for the men of the service so dear to her, for their wives and their children. Never can I forget her deep interest in the simple stories I had to tell her; how her laugh rang out at some of the humorous human tales which come into all lives and work; how she wept—ay, I see the tears falling now—as I told of some brave man who had laid down his life, as he himself said, "for my Queen, God bless her!" Well, as I knew the real interest the Queen had taken in her sailors, and in my work for the glory of God and the good of the service, that interview was a revelation to me. I felt how tender, how deep, how motherly as well as queenly, was her love for the individuals who composed that service, and who lived and died doing their duty to Queen and country.

And as she bore us in her memory, so we hope to raise a memorial, which shall in some small way show *our* memory of her. The enlargement of our Devonport Sailors' Rest—Royal, by her late Majesty's special permission as well as his Majesty's, Edward

VII.'s, gracious pleasure—will be our monument.

This Rest was the mother of our other Rests—at Portsmouth and a branch at Keyham—and since it first came into being thirty years ago, it has gone on growing almost every year. It has absorbed three public-houses into its generous arms, and converted them to most complete teetotalism. But their conversion to teetotalism notwithstanding, they are not steady. Part of the building is very old, the floors are at terribly acute angles, the doors will not shut, some of the beds are on the slide, and it has been patched so often it will patch no more.

So, as we had to contemplate rebuilding, we found it wisest, and indeed necessary, to enlarge and take in more of the adjoining property. The Sailors' Rest will in consequence include, when finished, nearly the whole of a not inconsiderable block immediately adjoining the gates of the dockyard, gates which pour out great streams of men every afternoon and evening, and out of which come the bluejackets when they are paid off at the end of the ship's commission, or when they come ashore. Our position thus forces us on the attention of the men when they return with pockets full of arrears of pay, and at least gives them an opportunity of landing in our teetotal harbour, before sharks in the form of gin palaces make great inroads on their savings and their morale. Now, with increased accommodation—more cabins and a hall big enough not to be crowded out on every occasion—we hope to be able to do even more in the way of receiving Jack and his friends hospitably, whenever they are ashore.

MISS WESTON AT WORK IN HER STUDY.

Last year we beat all our previous records at every point. A quarter of a million of men (all belonging to Her Majesty's service) slept under our roof at Portsmouth and Devonport. Our consumption of meat was enough to turn a vegetarian's hair grey. But Jack has no inclination to theorise when he has an appetite and orders bacon and eggs, often half a dozen of the latter, at any time or season, on into the small hours of the morning. All these things—beds, baths and food—are duly paid for, moderately but adequately, and, in small sums taken over the counter last year in this way, the receipts amounted to over *twenty-four thousand pounds*. This gives some idea of the numbers who use the place.

But our work is one that can never stand still even for a day. If we are not up-to-date, not ready to go full steam ahead at the cry for help, we shall cease to exist for all the worth we shall have. "Open eye and ear, open heart, open purse," has to be our motto, especially when war is stalking abroad. It is part of our work—it has been ever since the *Victoria* disaster showed the need—to untie our purse strings and give present help, while the more august "powers that be" and the bigger funds are untying their knots of red tape, and taking advices and dispositions, and collecting evidence as to identity.

What scenes of sorrow I and my workers have seen, even to go no further back than the time the *Jelunga* left with its shipload of brave fellows for China!

How they turned up, as "the handy man" does, be it at Ladysmith or Windsor, at the nick of time; how they left many a comrade on that terrible corpse-strewn road from the Peihu forts to Pekin; how many more were, and are still, in hospital at the base, how some have come home invalided

ROYAL SAILORS' REST, DEVONPORT.

for life, are matters of sad history. In the excitement of watching our larger struggle in South Africa the public seem to have ignored or forgotten the suffering that has arisen from the "little" war in China. But we know too well the sequel to the stories the beginning of which the public read in the newspapers.

The newspaper reports "A.X., A.B., badly wounded." We know that, weeks after, the remnant of a man with two legs and an arm missing is carried ashore from a home-coming transport. He is very exhausted, but there is nothing more that doctors can do for him; so he is taken to his mother's little home, and she is a widow with a sickly daughter, and no means except what she earns. There he will stay until—in a short time probably—he will die. And his dying would have been made harder but for the regular weekly help, dealt out promptly by my workers, which I was able to give.

The public reads among other items of China news that "J. T., P. O. of H.M.S. — was killed," and it remembers J. T., the petty officer, no more. We know that in a certain house in a certain street lives that man's mother, and that a certain amount of that brave fellow's pay used to go every month to keep that little home together. For in it are the mother, who is almost an invalid, a delicate sister, one brother who earns ten shillings a week, and between them they keep their father, who is dying of cancer in a hospital for incurables, and paying ten shillings a week. It is a joy to be able, out of the money entrusted to me, to give small but regular help to that stricken and bereaved household.

These are stories which are samples of the books of pain lying written in hearts and homes in this little island of ours. This is the other side of war, and this is one of the ways in which I have the pleasure of helping our sailors and marines, their widows and orphans; and, as I need not point out to those who have eyes to see, of advancing by practical methods the cause of true religion.

Out of this work of helping those on whom accident or war or sickness have laid heavy hands, has grown a new branch of my work,

SAILOR BOYS IN THE GAME ROOM AT THE ROYAL SAILORS' REST, DEVONPORT.
From a Photo.

which I hope may go on until some greater and national movement shall take it up and do it more fully. It is what for convenience has been dubbed the "Handy Man's Fund." There is a man, a youngish fellow, who has hobbled into the Rest for a cup of coffee and a chat. One of my workers recognises him as he sits at the bar, although he is not in the well known "blue," and has a chat with him.

BOYS' BIBLE CLASS, THE ROYAL SAILORS' REST, DEVONPORT.

"Why, Smithers, what's up with you? Home from the war and got smashed?"

"No such luck as war for me," he answers. "Them as gits smashed in the wars 'as got convalescent 'omes and friends and royalties to look after them. I'm a poor beggar as got rheumatic fever, quiet like, on board ship here in harbour. I'm out of hospital this morning, and 'invalided out of the service,' with a heart all to pieces, the doctors say. I reckon it's invalided into the workhouse for me, for I ain't been in the service long enough for a pension."

His story comes up to me, and I go and find from the young fellow (who has a widowed mother very largely dependent on him) that, if he could get only enough to keep him, he would go away to the country for a week or two, to grow strong (he is as white as parchment and nearly as thin), and afterwards learn a trade whereby he could keep himself and mother.

What a grip he gave my hand, and how his tears fell, poor sick laddie, when I said I thought I could promise him 10s. a week, for a month or two, towards carrying out this scheme.

This, and other cases like them, have been the starting point of a special fund, "The Handy Man Fund," for giving a trifle of ten shillings a week for recruiting and setting afloat again on the sea of life poor fellows who are, from one cause or another—weak hearts, weak eyes, maimed hand—invalided out of the service. By the help of the chaplains and nursing sisters in the naval hospitals, all men needing just such aid now come within reach of our help—of course, how adequately I can give that help depends on how largely the public give to me.

"TURNING IN" AT THE ROYAL SAILORS' REST, DEVONPORT.

One little story I may add, which shows how the hearts of the men who man our fleet are in the right place.

When it was found how severely the Naval Brigade in China had been cut up, the crews on board the vessels of the China Squadron made collections for the benefit of the relatives of their comrades who had lost their lives, and also for the immediate help of the invalided men who came home in the dreary period between their discharge

from hospital and the receipt of their pension. The greater part of this collection (£400) was sent to me by Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, by the wish of the men, that it might be *immediately* (the stress on the "immediately" is not without its point) used for the purpose for which it was collected.

When writing to acknowledge the trust reposed in me by the men in China, I asked if there was any special case. An answer came back that there was—*a baby*.

A poor fellow who died in hospital out in China after terrible wounds, had left at home a wife and baby. The news of the wife's death had come while he had been out there, and now his comrades remembered there would be the little baby alone in the world. They could give me no clue to its whereabouts, except the town—fortunately a small one—where the wife had lived. However, eventually we found the baby, and it is now being lovingly cared for, and its future is bright.

There are almost numberless other sides to this work "for the glory of God and the good of the Service" which have almost formed themselves, and have sprung one out of another during these thirty years. There are tons of literature sent abroad every month to every ship of the Navy afloat. In these parcels are all kinds of good reading, but chiefly our own bright little monthly, *Ashore and Afloat*. This, my close friend and helper of thirty years, Miss Wintz, edits. My own letters to the men—"blue backs" they are called in the service—have gone every month for many years by the tens of thousands to the farthest corners of the globe.

There is also the more definitely temperance work carried on at home and abroad. Every ship afloat has its own committee and workers (it is worked by the men themselves) of the Royal Naval Temperance Society. It speaks well for the stability of the total abstainers that on board one ship, which is paying off as I write, there are from forty to fifty per cent. of the crew total abstainers, active members of the R.N.T.S., a greater number than when she left these shores over three years ago.

ROYAL SAILORS' REST, PORTSMOUTH.
Photo by W. H. Waterfield, Devonport.

Of course there are difficulties, of course there are disappointments. Those whom you are spending your life in trying to help sometimes misunderstand you. Everyone is liable to fail, except God; and Miss Wintz and I have found Him all these years faithful and true to His promises. We go forward therefore to increased and increasing responsibilities—for the Navy grows bigger and the work must grow bigger with it every year—full of faith and hope!

Legends of the Apostles

By S. N. Sedgwick.

No. III.—Miriam, the Flute Girl. An Incident in the Life of St. Thomas.

The Apocryphal Acts of St. Thomas, upon which the following tale is built, is a document of great antiquity, held in great veneration, but condemned for certain heretical teachings. However, a special recension of it was made for the "orthodox" Church. It contains a tradition, probably true, that St. Thomas went to India. A curious witness is borne to St. Thomas's missionary enterprise in the fact that when, in 1500, Vasco da Gama penetrated for the first time to Malabar, he was astonished to find an ancient Christian Church existing, the members of which called themselves "Christians of St. Thomas," and traced their church's foundation to the Apostle's labours.

JUDAS THOMAS stood on one of the great sea walls of the Port of Tyre, looking earnestly out over the sea; Lysia, his sister, at his side. There was a glow of hope upon his face that bespoke the fervour of an enthusiast, and his eyes were full of that fire which comes to the soul of the disciple who sees his path of duty clear and defined through the gateway of self-sacrifice.

"You are right, Lysia, I may not hesitate longer. It is time I began to work outside these coasts, as my fellow Apostles are doing. You know that hitherto my care for you has bound me to this land; though my heart has often chided me for staying. Yesternight, the Lord stood by me. 'Thomas Didymus,' He seemed to say, 'how much longer? Am I not thy Master? Is there no servitude for thee?'"

"What will you do, brother? Whither go?"

"Where the Lord sends me I shall go," was the reply. "My plan is to say farewell to thee now—and then go back to the market-place. There I feel sure I shall find the door to my work. Servitude He said—servitude I will seek."

The two stood talking some moments longer, while the Apostle impressed upon his sister a few last injunctions; they kissed one another solemnly, Lysia bending her head to receive her brother's blessing. Then he left her and walked steadily back into the city, leaving her there upon the quay. His tall well-built figure, still full of youthful strength—for he was not much over thirty—swung easily up the crowded busy streets, every pace instinct with high resolves. Soon he found himself in the midst of the din and bustle of the market-square. Traders of every nation under heaven were there, with merchandise as varied. Long rows of slaves were passing under the auctioneer's hammer along one side; Jews, Arabs, Greeks, Romans, haggled over the prices of crude jewelry from Britain, purple from the neighbouring guild of dyers, treasures from distant lands—"gold and ivory, apes and peacocks."

The Apostle made his way towards the slave ring, where for a while he listened to the jargon of buyers and sellers. Here a physician was sold to a great Roman noble, yonder a cruel-eyed Greek descanted on the beauties of an Arab girl standing still veiled on the stone slab. Looking at the crowd of inferior slaves stood a merchant in Parthian costume; he compared them eagerly with a list in his hand and seemed disappointed. The Apostle moved towards him.

"I do not need your cooks—your gladiators—your foresters—your shepherds," he said to the gesticulating little Jew at his side. "I am come for a special slave—and I will pay you a good price for him. My master, Gondophares, is a king in India, and can afford to pay for his desire. I am here to purchase a good carpenter, one who can design as well as make, instructed in all the arts of building, both in wood and stone."

"Will you give me one word aside?" said the Apostle, suddenly prompted to interpose, "I have a slave in mind who might serve. Sir," he continued, as the two drew away from the Jew and his slaves, "I am desiring to sell myself. I am willing to work well for any man, if only it may be far from this land."

Abbanes the merchant looked surprised. It was an unusual request. "What work dost thou know?" he asked.

"I have been brought up as a carpenter and mason," said Thomas. "I can make in wood ploughs, yokes, boats, and such neces-

sary things, and I have helped in many buildings of stone. I pray you buy me."

"Well, would-be slave, we want such a man as thee. What would be thy price?—and whom should I name as thy master in the contract?"

"I ask three pounds of uncoined silver—seeing thou comest from India—that I may give it to my sister in this place, and for Master thou mayest write down Jesus Christ, whom I still serve, though He has long since made me free."

Abbanes stared at the Apostle; this must be some madman, he thought, to talk about slavery and freedom in the same breath. But Thomas having satisfied him of his skill, Abbanes shrugged his shoulders. The matter was beyond his comprehension; nevertheless, he saw that the Apostle was in earnest, and at last agreed to the bargain. Was ever a stranger bill of sale drawn up than that which Abbanes recorded on his tablets? "*Bought* from himself, at his own request, for the sum of three pounds, one Judas, nicknamed the Twin, carpenter of Galilee, being both slave and freed-man to Jesus Christ."

"I ASK THREE POUNDS OF UNCOINED SILVER."

A fortnight later, the merchant's ship was anchored outside the town of Andropolis, fifty miles up the Nile. Here the merchant and his men landed, intending to pursue their journey in one of the numerous caravans that followed the Red Sea southwards to the Indian Ocean. But as they approached the quay, they heard "the voices of flute-players and water-organs and trumpets," and found the harbour and houses round about decorated with banners and garlands, a motley crowd surging happy and excited through the streets, some great event evidently taking place.

At the water-steps, they were met by one of the harbour-masters, gaily bedecked in the royal colours. "Greeting," he said, as he recognised the merchant, "to-day the king's daughter marries, and we are keeping festival. Every person, whether stranger or here-born, is to feed to-night at the royal banquet; no caravan may start away for a week, while the festival lasts. Give me your names, and here take these discs. They contain your table and number." So saying he rapidly counted out a number of metal tickets, and thrust them into the merchant's hand.

Abbanes stared at the discs, and burst into a hearty laugh. "Well," he cried, "when fortune smiles like this, he is a fool who frowns. At any rate, we shall dine cheaply to-night," and he gave orders to his men to proceed to the Palace.

The grounds were ablaze with torches and fires; huge canopies had been erected, under which the tables were already crowded. The merchant was directed to his place in a pavilion near the royal banqueting room, while the Apostle was hurried to a pavilion for the lower classes. He was late in reaching his seat, and he had to face a running fire of remarks, some facetious, and some contemptuous, while his conduct in refusing most of the dishes—because they had been blessed previously in the idol temples—subjected him to still more biting criticisms. He protested, at last, in Greek that he was there by order of the king, and that he earnestly desired all happiness to the princess and her husband. "Then pour a libation for her," cried one of the wine-pourers, holding out a brimming beaker to him with threatening hand.

"That I will not," said St. Thomas,

rising to his feet. "I am a Jew, and these things are forbidden me. Nay, more than that, I am Christ's man and——"

"Christ's man?" said another feaster scornfully; "pray does your Master govern here?"

"He is the King of kings."

At this a roar of execration broke from the revellers. "Bait the Jew. Who is this unknown Christ?" The noise attracted the attention of the nobles who were presiding at the end of the tent, and one of them, striking a gong at his side, cried, "Leave the stranger alone." Whereat the uproar subsided into mutterings and scowls.

HE SAW, TO HIS DISMAY, A YOUNG JEWESS, WITH TWIN FLUTES IN HER HAND.

Meanwhile the usual attendants of such a banquet, actors and singers, dancers and gymnasts, were performing in the centre of the room. But the Apostle, disgusted at the abominable sights which he saw, kept his eyes steadily away from the platform. Suddenly, however, a girl began to sing, and at the first notes of her song, he started and looked up. He saw, to his dismay, a young Jewess, with twin flutes in her hand, whose curiously frightened eyes were out of keeping with her bold bearing and the low song which she sang. St. Thomas's indignation rose fiercely against the desecration of his race. So beautiful she was, too! But the song finished, and the girl descended to collect what rewards the guests would give her. The Apostle noticed that his feelings were evidently shared by another man, one of some position, judging by his dress and bearing, who was engaged in talking to the girl's master. "I will double my former offer," he said, "if you will let me take her away to-night. There are plenty of other women, Zugdas, who will attract your patrons' money, those who are hardened to this life."

"That is the reason of Miriam's charm, my lord," replied Zugdas. "My patrons find the girl unexampled because she is afraid of them; you know yourself that she only works as she does by reason of my one threat."

"May the curses of all the gods light on you and your threat," was the angry reply. "It is a shame that you make her thus profane herself to save herself from still deeper shame!"

"Your curses sound well from your lips, my lord; why, what do you want her for?" The noble flushed; the barbed speech went home. "I tell you," he replied, "that for Miriam I feel a passion I have never felt for any other woman. My love for her is such that I wish to marry her; if she will I'll worship her all my life, but if she will not, then, by all Olympus, she shall go whither she will unmolested."

As his hungry eyes followed the girl round the seats, she came to where the Apostle sat.

"Wilt thou not deign," she said, with so low a curtsey that her hair, long and lustrous black, swept his cheek, "to grant some favour to thy handmaid?"

He turned suddenly and said in Hebrew, "Daughter of shame, dost thou thus degrade thy nation and thyself with the paint of Jezebel upon thee?"

The girl started back surprised. She looked him full in the face. Then with a shriek she fell fainting at his feet.

In a moment there was confusion and uproar. Zugdas hurried to his slave and bore her out. The young noble drew a menacing sword and went to where the Apostle stood. "You dog," he cried, "what have you done to her? Speak, or I will drive my sword through your heart."

For a moment things looked perilous; the crowd of guests surrounded the Apostle with ugly words and scowls.

"I am answerable to my King," he answered at last, "for my conduct, and not to you, sir. Nevertheless, I tell you that I only asked her a question in her own tougue. If that was going beyond my mission, then I will pray——"

"Your mission? You—a ragged Jew—on a mission? What mission? What king would employ such as you?"

St. Thomas smiled. "I will answer you," he said. "My mission is the same as the one you take upon yourself, sir: to bring deliverance to the captive."

"Come out," said the noble, almost fiercely, "come out, and bring deliverance where it is wanted," and he dragged the Apostle outside into the darkness.

The two men soon overtook Zugdas and the girl, who was leaning heavily upon him. In some dim way the young noble felt that there was help to be got in this strange Jew, and he wanted to grasp at it at once.

"Zugdas," he cried, "I have brought this Jew to make his apologies to Miriam; you and I will let them go on ahead, while we keep them in sight thus"; he spoke with force, with a strange dominating influence. The Apostle, nothing loth, placed himself alongside the girl and led her on, while he spoke to her in Hebrew.

"Daughter, my mind misgives me that I did not judge you as I should have done; but now, tell me a little of your story; for something tells me that you need my help."

The girl burst into tears. "Sir," she cried, "what you said was true. I am degraded; but not, oh, God of Israel! not of my own free will."

Then she told him what may be said in few words. That she was a slave captured by Arabs from her home in Bashan, sold at Alexandria to her present master, who was the owner of acrobats and mimes whom he trained for public performances; that she herself had been forced to sing and dance and posture by the threat that she would not name, but the Apostle could guess, and that this young noble was her only friend, and had sought in vain to free her from her owner.

When she had finished, the Apostle said, "Then I pray your pardon for my anger, child, and I pray God for His. That you are good I ought not to have doubted; and I will not doubt that He has delayed me here to help you to escape and to show you the way of salvation."

By this time they had reached the gates that opened from the park into the street, and here Zugdas broke from the young noble and insisted angrily upon taking Miriam to his home.

It was impossible to prevent him, but the Apostle laid a magnetic hand on his shoulder. "Go," he said, "but remember the eye of my God is upon you, and He hath sent an angel who shall abide by the maid and watch over her. Woe betide you, indeed, if you lay so much as a finger upon her."

Zugdas, half negro, half Egyptian, was superstitious to a degree, and there was something mysterious about this stranger and his conduct that awed him. As he looked at the Apostle he shuddered, and without a word hurried down the road, with the girl by his side.

During that week of enforced delay in the town, the Apostle took the opportunity of preaching the Gospel. with what success he may learn who reads his history as written in the *Acta Thomae*. The young noble was constantly with him, and was drawn to inquire into and at last to accept the truth. The Apostle made his way, also, to the house in the lowest part of the town where Zugdas kept Miriam and his other slaves. There he also told his message, and strove to prevail on the slave-owner to release the girl, or at least to hand her over to Misdeus the noble. But while Zugdas feared the Apostle and marvelled at his power, he refused doggedly to let the girl go; and in private he cursed the Apostle with ever increasing malignity. Finding that all persuasions were futile, St. Thomas at last, at considerable personal risk, sought out the well-to-do Jews of the town, for there was no town, then as now, where some of the Hebrews were not found. There were several of great wealth and influence, and he and Misdeus appealed to them successfully to try and get a mandate from the king insisting on the freedom of the Jewess. The king complied; but the eunuch to whom the engrossing of the order was entrusted, received a reward from Zugdas for informing him beforehand. When the officers went to his house to rescue Miriam, it was found that she and her master had disappeared.

The city was searched thoroughly, but without result. The other slaves in the house were questioned, but they knew nothing. Day by day passed, until the morning on which Abbanes was free to take caravan for his own country. Misdeus with the other converts was to go to the Apostle at daybreak for the solemn rite of baptism, but he spent the night in a last search for the missing girl.

Day dawned. St. Thomas and the little group of people who had received the message were gathered in the courtyard of the inn. No one else was stirring as yet, for the sky was only just tinted with the opalescence of the coming sun. Only one of the converts was missing, and as the Apostle stretched out his hands to invite to prayer, Misdeus came staggering into the courtyard. He came without a word towards the group. St. Thomas saw his face more than usually haggard and drawn. But he spoke no word, and knelt with the rest. One by one they were then baptised, till the young noble's turn came.

To the astonishment of all he suddenly rose to his feet with a loud and agonised cry, the sweat standing in beads upon his forehead. "No, no, father, I dare not take it upon me. There is blood on my hands—oh, God have mercy on me!—*her* blood, I have murdered her!" and, breaking into incoherent sobs, he fell to the ground. The Apostle raised him. He saw that there was some awful grief upon him.

"Disperse, brethren," he said to the others who stood amazed around; "leave this man and his pain to me."

The little crowd obeyed, and then, word by word, the tale was told. Late in the night, Misdeus had seen a light in a ruined house on the outskirts of the town. He had forced his way in and found the girl and her master. Zugdas sprang at him, and the two men fought together under the ruined, roofless hall. They were so hotly engaged that they did not notice the girl, but Misdeus slipped at last with a broken sword-blade in his hand. Zugdas rushed upon him to kill him, when Miriam caught the upraised dagger. At the same moment the noble lunged heavily, blindly upward, and his fist struck the interposing girl full in the forehead. She fell violently, striking her head on the edge of a broken slab. Zugdas fled, his dagger dropping to the ground.

"And, oh, master," the noble concluded, "I knelt by her, and looked into her eyes. They were sightless. I felt her heart—it did not beat. I saw the colour change to white—the pallor of death—on cheek and brow; dead—dead—white except where the moonlight pointed at the purpling bruise upon her forehead. Then I rose and fled. I have wandered—only God knows where—all night. Then my steps turned hither."

ZUDGAS RUSHED UPON HIM, WHEN MIRIAM CAUGHT THE UPRAISED DAGGER.

St. Thomas lifted his face to heaven for a brief interval. Then in a resolute voice he said, "Take me to her."

Misdeus hurried him out into the street, through empty squares, past early stragglers; and then hurried to the ruined house. There on the floor of the *atrium* the girl still lay. The Apostle knelt by her side: Misdeus covered his eyes with a shaking hand. The Apostle took her firmly by the hand. "Answer, girl," he cried, in a loud voice, "answer in the name of Jesus Christ.

Who art thou?" Then in a sleepy muffled voice, the noble heard the words, "I am Miriam, the flute girl."

He leapt swiftly to her side. But the Apostle waved him back with a smile. "Take her to your home, and let her sleep as long as she wills. She will recover with care, if only, my son, you repress all excitement. When she is well again, go with her to Alexandria. Remember she is free. Seek out the Christians there, that you may both receive that sacrament of Baptism which I had hoped to give to you to-day. May the Lord go with you and bless you in your wedded happiness. Farewell."

HIS BELOVED.

EVER as the twilight falleth
Round each cottage home of rest,—
And the gentle mother crosseth
Weary hands on each wee breast;—
So, as round the Christian's pathway
Darkening shades of sorrow creep,
Cometh He to soothe and comfort,
Giving His beloved sleep.

Neither pain, nor woe, nor trial
Shadeth thee without His will;
When the tumult rages round thee
In thy heart shall all be still.
Crystals pure of love are forming
In the briny tears we weep,—
When the eyes are sore and heavy
Then He closeth them in sleep.

Burdened, lonely, bowed and weary,
Trusting still we cling to Him,
Grasping boldly in the daylight,
Groping 'mid the shadows dim.
Still we cling to him for comfort,
Trust to Him for solace deep,—
Ever as the twilight falleth
Trust to Him for restful sleep.

Twilight shadows darkly shrouding
Deepen into heavy night,—
Faded is the sunlight's glory,
Vanished is the sunset's light!
Closer, closer, cling the shadows,
Death and darkness round us sweep,
Lord,—amid the river's swellings
Give Thine own "beloved" sleep.

Fled the night of darkling shadows!
Stilled the tempest's echoing roar!—
List the sound of living waters,
Lapping the Eternal Shore!
Exquisite the heavenly music,
Hushed and solemn, grand and deep!
O, the rest, the rapturous quiet!
"God giveth His Beloved sleep."

"MARLIO."

FROM PROPHET TO WARRIOR
EL JEHAD

A NEW DANGER TO CHRISTIANS—ANOTHER MAHDI

By A. C. Bull.

FROM remotest ages, the East has been the birthplace and cradle of great systems of religion. Out of her vast, sparsely populated solitudes, where miles of undulating sands alternate with rare oases, and waving date palm, or from sunbaked plain and mountain height, a great Teacher has arisen from time to time, gifted beyond his fellows. The toiling multitudes, content to strive and labour in uncomplaining silence, are separated from him by some subtle essence, some strange power, which raises him up, a born leader of men.

Sitting at his tent door, or urging on his reluctant cattle, the wide-eyed son of the desert has given himself up to solitary musings upon the mysteries of the unknown. Living a strenuous life, barely nourished by a meagre diet of parched corn and dried dates, his mind is susceptible to every occult influence. The visionary imagines that to him alone is vouchsafed a message from the All Wise. He has heard in the silent watches of the night a "still small voice." Convinced that the regeneration of his race has been entrusted to him, he lays aside the trammels and trappings of daily life. Wrapped in the mantle of austere dignity, surrounded with the majesty and glamour that cloak the mysterious, he steps forth from among his people to become as one "crying in the wilderness."

The founder of the most powerful and warlike of all eastern faiths, Mohammed ("the praised one"), mystic and seer, was one of these.

Born at Mecca, A.D. 574, he was left an orphan at a very early age. In his youth he was a shepherd. Following the footsteps of Moses, the great lawgiver, and David, the sweet singer of Israel, he spent his days in the fields and plains surrounding the city, alone, save for the companionship of his flock. Adopted later by a wealthy uncle, a merchant prince, he travelled to and fro in charge of caravans. Perched on his wooden saddle, surrounded by lustrous silks, dainty perfumes, and the steel and damascened work of the East, he scanned the horizon, fearing lest marauding hordes should threaten his party or carry off his merchandise. Who can tell what prophetic visions filled his mind while thus journeying?

Lulled by the silent undulatory amble of his camel as he lurched along in the swinging cadence of the caravan, passing over miles of yellow sands with giant palms here and there silhouetted against the eastern sky, he dreamed of a new religion, and thought upon the teaching he had received from the Nestorian fathers.

During one of these marches he first formulated the message, which to this day is proclaimed aloud wherever his followers congregate, in mosque or musjid: "There is one God, and Mohammed is His Prophet."

Leaving his merchant life, he became by degrees a preacher of the new faith. At first he confined his teaching to his immediate relatives, instructing them in the doctrines of the Islam, revealed to him, he believed, by the angel Gabriel during his solitary watchings; these tenets were gradually embodied in the Koran.

He shared the fate of other religious pioneers. Sunk in apathy and self indulgence,

the people resented his "self-denying ordinance," and a conspiracy to murder him was set on foot. Warned by his friends, he fled from Mecca and hid in a cave. There is a quaint legend telling how the prophet was saved from discovery. While he lay crouched in the cave, a dove came and built her nest above the opening and sat there brooding over her eggs. A spider "laid hold with her hands" and spun a protecting web across the entrance. His enemies, seeing the bird, and noting the carefully woven cobweb, felt convinced that no human foot had passed that way. They continued a futile quest; and Mohammed left the cave after hiding for three days, and fled to Medina.

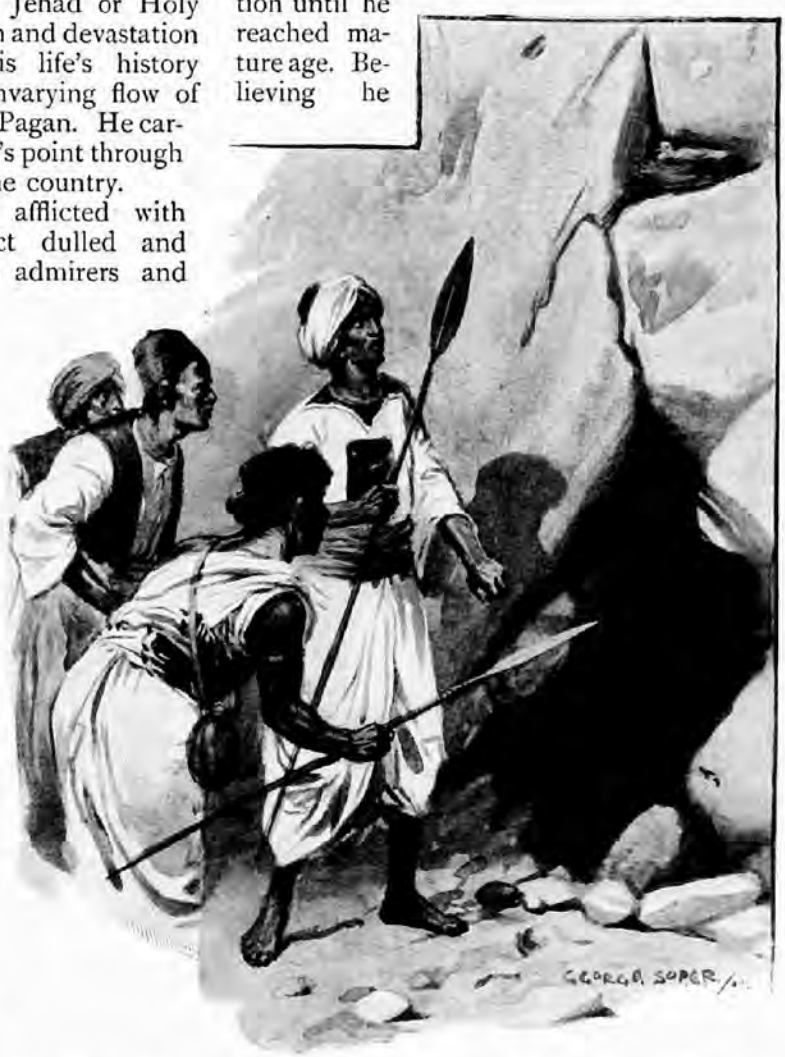
From this *hegira* or flight the Mohammedans date their era. As his followers waxed more powerful, the visions of the mystic fell from him. The warrior spirit, dormant in youth but inherent in every true Arab, sprang into flame. He waged the first Jehad or Holy War, instituted to carry death and devastation to "dogs of infidels." His life's history after this period was an unvarying flow of wars and assaults on Jew and Pagan. He carried his religion at the sword's point through the length and breadth of the country.

His end was pathetic; afflicted with epilepsy, his great intellect dulled and dimmed; neglected by his admirers and adherents, he found refuge in the constant love and devotion of his faithful wife, Ayesha, and died in her arms. Although buried in Medina, Mecca, the town of his birth, is the Mohammedan sacred city. In the centre lay a fair white stone, said to have fallen from Heaven when Adam was expelled from Paradise. Originally of the colour and appearance of marble, the stone, so the legend goes, has wept tears of blood over the sins and frailties of suffering humanity, and is now a dingy brown, almost black. Round this huge block the followers of the prophet have reared a stately mosque, thronged yearly by a countless multitude of worshipping devotees.

The power of Mohammedanism has increased by leaps and bounds. With its religion of war and rapine, its self-indulgence and licence to pillage, ravage, and destroy, it has appealed to all warlike Eastern races. From time to time fresh teachers have sprung up, inciting their pupils to new deeds of cruelty and devastation, and the Holy War has been an excuse for the gratification of unholy ambitions.

It is only a few short years since our share of the "white man's burden" led us into one of the "savage wars of peace." Mohammed Ahmed, better known as the "Mahdi" or East Prophet, raised the standard of revolt and preached a Jehad in the Soudan and surrounding country.

There was a strange similarity between the early years of his life and training and those of the first great teacher of Islam. A recluse and mystic, he spent his time in contemplation until he reached mature age. Believing he



HIS ENEMIES, SEEING THE BIRD AND THE CAREFULLY WOVEN COBWEB, PASSED ALONG.

had a fresh message from Allah to the Faithful, he wandered from place to place, as a dervish, fanning the smouldering flame of fanaticism and revolt.

Collecting his warlike followers, he encamped on a mountain side, round a celebrated stone upon which the prophet Mohammed was reputed to have knelt and prayed. He then crossed the Nile, took up a strong position near Fashoda, and engaged in warfare. Henceforward his career was an unbroken series of successes. Surrounded by the brave and warlike tribes of the Soudan ("Fuzzy Wuzzy" of immortal fame), fearless and fanatical, who ranged themselves on his side, he devastated whole provinces with fire and sword. The Egyptian army, with its brave officers, was practically annihilated, and the fall of Khartoum, January 1885, ended for the time a tragic page in the history of civilisation, swamped in the flood of fanaticism.

A WILD CAVALRY CHARGE SWEPT OVER THEM.

With the success of his army and temporary cessation of the Jehad, the Mahdi tottered to his fall; no longer living the life of dervish or warrior, he gave himself up to debauchery of all kinds, and died miserably, possibly by poison.

His successor, the Khalifa, continued the Jehad, but laid few claims to a divine mission. His life, less self-indulgent than that of his predecessor, was marred by horrible deeds of cruelty and bloodshed. He assembled his followers round the tomb of the Mahdi, and Omdurman became a hotbed of religious fanaticism. A man of great personal influence, his soldiers would follow him to the death. Indifferent to all consequences, they threw themselves in serried masses upon the bayonets of the advancing English army, and were mowed down in vast heaps by maxim and artillery fire. His tragic death, surrounded by his chiefs, has spread a glamour over the bloodstained page of his life's history. Secure in the knowledge that Paradise awaited them, he and his principal emirs seated themselves on their praying carpets, with the green flag of the Prophet waving behind them. A wild cavalry charge swept on to and over them. Their death was swift and comparatively painless, a bare retribution for a long series of unspeakable cruelties.

Since the annihilation of the Khalifa and his army, the destruction of the Mahdi's tomb and the scattering abroad of his ashes, that part of the Mohammedan world has been comparatively quiescent. But the sullen mutterings of disaffection and discontent are to be heard further north where, when the opportunity arises, another Jehad will be waged with even greater ferocity.

Ruling over the powerful and warlike people who inhabit the provinces round Tripoli, Algeria and the Lybian desert, is a mysterious Mussalman potentate, Mohammed-es-Senussi.

Like the veiled prophet of Khorassan, he is never visible to his soldiers and dependants. Once a year he unveils for a conference with his Mokaddem or priests. According to

reports which reach his followers, he has all the attributes of a true Son of the Prophet. He claims a direct descent from "the praised one" by his favourite wife. He is said to have blue eyes, one arm longer than the other, and the sacred birthmark between the shoulders. Clothed in mystery, practically invisible to the multitudes who acknowledge his authority, he is regarded with superstitious veneration.

The Mahdi of Omdurman urged him to join his Jehad and unite in the extermination of the Christians, but Es-Senussi declined, considering himself infinitely superior to the venial, self-indulgent Dervish of Dongola. Had he accepted the invitation, it is impossible to say how far the devastating flame of the Holy War might have spread. He has emissaries in India, along the ports of the Mediterranean; in fact, wherever the followers of the Prophet congregate, the sect of Senussi is the most powerful and influential of all. They recognise each other by a secret code of signals and words which are guarded carefully and have never been divulged to any Christian or foreigner. Their country is absolutely closed to travellers or explorers. None have yet penetrated as far as the capital, Jerabub. When they reach the borders of Senussi territory they are promptly turned back and threatened with death if they persist in intruding.

The Sultan of Turkey has departed from his usual practice of not recognising the authority of Mohammedan reformers in the case of Mohammed-es-Senussi; to his father he granted a special firman, making him ruler over Jerabub in Lybia. This was probably because the astute leader posed as tributary to Turkey. His son does not attempt to withhold the title of Kalif from the "Father of the Faithful." In a measure, this recognition may be also due to the personal attributes of the Senussi, who is a great statesman and an enlightened ruler. While utterly opposed to European progress and civilisation, he and his people have all the eastern virtues. Hospitable and charitable, they refuse to no poor wandering member of he sect, food and shelter. Theoretically, with them, all men are equal; but implicit obedience is yielded to their head.

For years past there has been a training college at Jerabub, where "young barbarians" are instructed in "the Senussi Doctrines" to become missionaries and emissaries.

Finding that his doings were becoming noised abroad and creating a sensation among his infidel neighbours, Sidi Senussi has recently removed his capital to Joffo, in the Kuffra Oasis, 500 miles from the Nile, and practically inaccessible to outsiders. Here he trains and drills his disciples, and is gradually accumulating vast stores of weapons and ammunition. In this Oasis an armed host is eagerly waiting, ready to spring, obedient to the command of its mysterious and all-powerful leader. At a given signal to "let slip the sleeping dogs of war," the Mohammedan beacon fire will be lighted and the cry of El Jehad will rally the sons of the Prophet from all quarters of the globe, under the floating banners of his descendants.

GOD'S BUILDING.

Man builds for time, God for eternity;
  And though the Roman arch, or ponderous pile
  Which Moses looked on by the hoary Nile,
Seem still to scorn time's tyrannous decree,
And claim an everlasting right to be;
  Yet, over these, that stood erect erstwhile,
  The desert sand shall blow, or verdure smile,
While endless moments tread on silently.

But God's foundations lie upon the rock
  Of deathless love, and co-eternal power;
His monumental truth no force can shock,
  No slow decay or sudden flame devour;
His temple shall the flight of æons mock,
  And high above the dust of ages tower.

A. B. C.

By permission] INNOCENCE. [*The Berlin Photo. Company.*

From the Painting by Walter Firle.

At the Warimba Station.

A Complete Story. By Harold Bindloss.

Illustrated by J. Macfarlane.

long hot day was drawing towards its close at last, and already a weird saffron brilliancy flamed behind the forest, when Hilary Evanson sat soothing his troubled mind with music in the Warimba mission station far up in the bush of Sierra Leone. The little harmonium had suffered during its long journey inland, and some of the stops wheezed distressfully, but Evanson loved it, for it was partly through that battered instrument any influence he had over the barbarous tribesmen was maintained. Even the most savage West African is susceptible to music. Besides, there was power in his touch, and Evanson forgot his troubles in an exultant strain that suddenly died out in the hush of the darkening forest.

Then his haggard face grew anxious again, for a strange deep sound came trembling through the unglazed casements, and closing the book with a sigh he remembered he was alone in savage Africa, with a difficult problem before him. The sound was the distant boom of a great war drum hurling defiance or warning far over steamy forest or quaking swamp, and Evanson's heart was sick of the horrors of native warfare. He had lately seen and heard things the memory of which beaded his brow with cold sweat at night, and almost made him afraid to think. It is hard to remain an optimist in a region periodically reddened by human blood, where the smoke of sacked villages curls up to the pitiless sky, and the helpless wait without hope of deliverance for the shearing sweep of the spear.

The last narrowing shaft of radiance faded from the wall, and the rammed-mud building which, divided transversely, served the purpose of church and technical school, grew suddenly dim, while Evanson leaned forward on the harmonium with his head upon his hands, a pathetic climate-wasted figure in thin white garments which accentuated the gauntness of his frame. There was a crushing responsibility upon him. Then a voice called him, the patter of naked feet commenced outside, and rising slowly he stood in the doorway under the projecting eaves. It was a dead still evening. The hot air was heavy with aromatic wood smoke, and the last of the garish day died out behind the cotton-woods which rose blackly above the clustering huts, a creeper-choked wilderness of eternal shadow. Crouching on the trampled sand were several score of black figures, and it struck him as ominous that some, discarding the loose

"IF THERE IS NO HELP, WE DIE BY THE SPEAR."

cotton robe, had reverted to their primitive nakedness.

In the midst stood the big headman, resplendent in garments of red and yellow, and there was deep silence when he said in the native tongue, "We have heard the white man's words and trusted him. We have kept our promise to the servants of the White Queen, robbing no one along the forest roads, and now he will help us in our trouble, for the bushmen are coming south with fire and spear. To-day we might escape through the forest before all the paths are watched, but the forest peoples hate us and we would starve, while, if we stay here, and there is no help, we die by the spear."

Evanson was worn by fever, and stood silent a space, with deep lines upon his wax-like forehead, pondering the answer whose issues were life or death. A man of many talents had died to found that station, but the tribe were a people low down in the human scale, and Evanson knew that if once they disappeared into the forest all that had been done to raise them would be utterly thrown away. Then he thought of his wife in Freetown, and longed for speech with his fellows once more, while he realised that if the villagers remained and no help arrived they and he would be murdered together by the marauders. It was a difficult question, and there was trouble in his tired eyes until they rested on the patch of tall white lilies by the edge of the forest where his predecessor lay. That man stood fast when pestilence threatened Warimba, and died accordingly, but the work went on, and the recollection helped to decide Evanson. So, raising one hand for attention, he said gravely, "Stay. There is a power that can keep you against the bushmen's spears, and, as the officer told you, the White Queen has promised there shall be no more murder of those who serve her. Now I want two sure messengers."

Evanson afterwards remembered many other things he might have said, but his head was throbbing, and it seemed enough, for the rest growled approval at the headman's answer, "We stay, but if the bushmen burn this village those who escape will know that it is the fetish devils who rule the bush."

Meantime, suddenly as it does in the tropics, night closed down, and in the hush that followed the headman's speech it seemed as though the powers of darkness had accepted the challenge, for again from somewhere far off the boom of the war drum came trembling across the bush. Evanson wiped his damp forehead as he moved away, and sitting under the blinking lamp in his oven-like room wrote a hurried letter to the young officer commanding an outpost of the forest constabulary. It was a forlorn hope, he knew, for the messenger might never get through, and even if he did, Marshall's twenty black soldiers were a feeble force to turn back several hundred well-armed marauders. Then a tattooed messenger disappeared silently into the forest, and he sat motionless looking at a little glass-framed photograph. It had been taken long ago in England, and he sighed as he felt it would be hard to recognize in that bright-eyed girl the haggard, anxious woman who had since laid down her vigour and comeliness for the redemption of Africa. Still, he remembered that even the reckless Marshall, who was little given to sentiment, had, when about to visit a plague-stricken native town, said in his hearing, "A man's work is the main thing, and he shouldn't come to this country if he values his health."

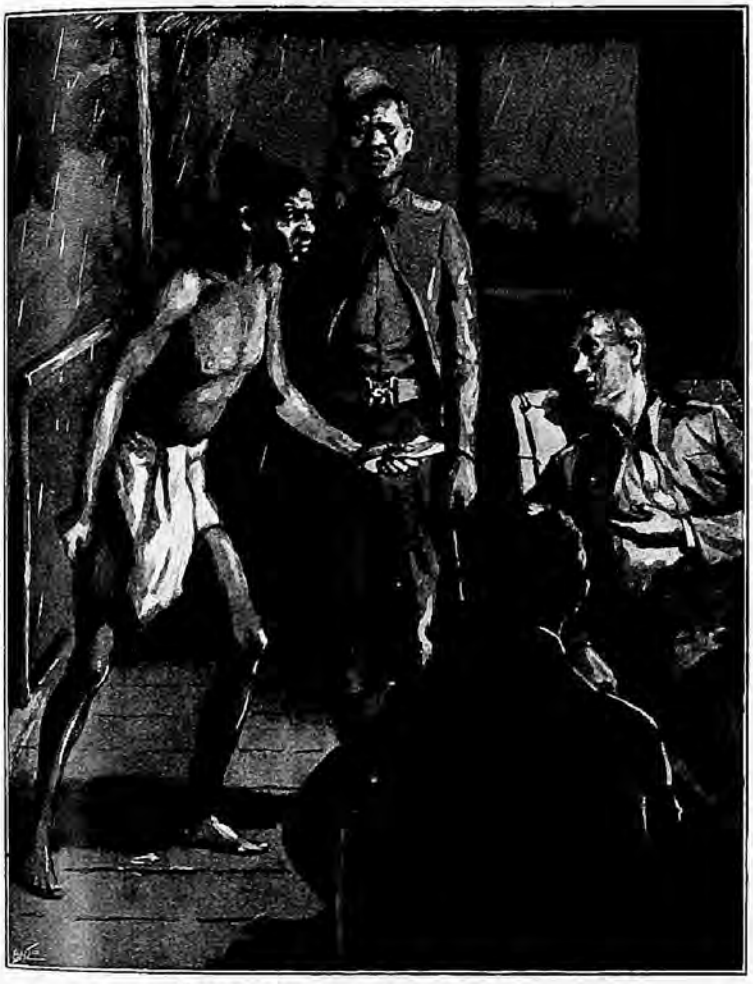
Then after a last look at the clustered huts, whose inhabitants had, as it were, placed their lives in his keeping, he lay, bitten by many mosquitoes, tossing on his trestle couch, until at last sleep brought him merciful oblivion.

It was two days later when Commissioner Lorimer, who had pushed on in advance of the small relief force, which, cumbered by its loaded bearers was slowly marching north, sat on the verandah of Marshall's house. That indefatigable officer, almost worn out at last, lay in a hide lounge, a weary, bedraggled object in thorn-rent uniform. At first sight, the task of maintaining peace and order in that savage region seemed beyond his age, until one remembered that many white men compress a whole lifetime of tragic experience into a few years spent in the West African bush. Also, he had just returned, with a wrenching pain in every joint, from a trying march through the deadly steam of the swamps, in which he had ocular proof that the present rising was a serious one.

"I am afraid we shall have to fall back upon the relief force," he said. "The bushmen are coming down in swarms, and I'm anxious about Evanson. He seemed very shaky when I last saw him, but though I warned him of course he wouldn't go. Now, he could hardly get out if he wanted to."

Lorimer only nodded, and glanced out into the night. He was ostensibly responsible for the pacification of that district; but in the young officer's presence he felt his ignorance of the ways of its

inhabitants. It was raining, softly, for the tropics, and the heavy drops drummed intermittently upon the palm-fronds, or fell with a monotonous "splash-splash" from the cotton-wood foliage, instead of filling all the air with the rush of their descent. An occasional glimmer of blue sheet lightning lit up the colonnade of buttressed trunks, leaving utter darkness when it vanished again, and the heavy atmosphere was thick with steam. So they sat silent for a time, Lorimer oppressed by something in the rain-filled blackness of the primæval bush which seemed to emphasize human feebleness, until the hoarse cry of a sentry rang out, and there was presently a trampling at the foot of the stair.



"BOOK FROM WHITE PALAVER-MAN."

Then a big man in blue serge uniform, wearing a crimson fez, led a half-naked negro worn with travel into the verandah; and the latter, holding out a pulpy paper, said, "Book from white palaver-man. Say come before them bush man chop him."

Marshall raised himself wearily on one elbow, and, opening the letter, said, "I partly expected this. Did you see any signs of the bushmen on the way?" Then, after a few sharp questions, added, "Take him away, sergeant, and feed him. Lorimer, that poor wretch has had rather a close race with death. Help me to make out what Evanson says."

The messenger went away; and while Lorimer read the rain-soaked appeal, Marshall made running comments upon it—"'My people have faithfully kept their part of the treaty!'—yes, on the whole they have, and I like his 'my people.' 'Now they expect the Government to do theirs!'—that's a rather large undertaking, Lorimer. Here it's blurred, but I make out—'for the credit of the nation and the cause.' Ah, he's letting his feelings go—'pledged his word to help them, must answer for their blood!'"

"He's right," said the Commissioner, gravely. "Marshall, I give you a free hand; but you must do something. Of course, I'll get the credit; while if there's an accident, you will bear the blame; but just now we can only remember that Evanson and his people have placed their last hope in the official promise, and you must redeem it."

"Yes," was the simple answer. "He needn't have enlarged upon it, and I'm not hunting a reputation, or I wouldn't be here. This seems to be the position. There are several hundred well-armed savages watching the range, and I have a dozen effective men. Therefore, we'll cross the big swamp instead, and if we once get into Warimba it will take all the bushmen between here and the Kong to get us out again. I wish my joints wouldn't ache quite so badly."

He rose stiffly, limped across the verandah, blew a silver whistle, and presently a dozen swarthy bare-legged Moslem, of the soldier-

trader race who came from the fringe of the Soudan, filed out of the compound, while three others travelled hot-foot by different routes towards the south. Marshall had no doubts on the subject of their courage, but it had taken him two years to learn to handle them. The forest closed about them, dripping, hot, and dark. Night-opening white lilies gave up their fragrance under the trampling feet, and great ropes of creepers stretched across the way. In places the steamy atmosphere was almost unbreathable, and there were no porters to slash a path with the matchet, for Marshall preferred to move swiftly and silently. The Commissioner tripped up several times, smashed his sun-helmet over his eyes, and left portions of his garments among the thorny undergrowth, while, as he struggled on panting, he wondered that Marshall could find breath to jest with his dusky policemen in an unknown tongue.

Some time before noon the next day they hid themselves among the brakes of giant cane which rose above what appeared to be a bottomless quagmire, and Lorimer shivered when his companion said they must try to cross it at nightfall. Here and there belts of tall reeds rose above the tangled grass, while patches of horrible sliminess traversed the rest, and the gleam of an oily river wandered through the midst. It was a dim, oppressive day. Wreaths of filmy vapour rolled along the steep range opposite, and when at times the sun came forth the tall shafts of cane grew almost too hot to touch; while now and then a fantastic figure with a long flint-lock gun appeared upon the crest of the ridge, or the rumble of a drum summoned another from the clean-cut edge of the bush. Then Marshall would smile at his men, who lay, dull blurrs of blue and ebony, among the yellow stems.

Night came, bringing with it heavy rain; and even the young officer was gravely silent as they waded into the swamp. If they could find the twisting pathway all might go well, while, if they missed it, Lorimer knew that in several African expeditions such places had accounted for more men than the weapons of the enemy. The mire closed round his ankles, clogging his footsteps with a heavy weight, tall grasses with saw-edges met above his head, while once cold terror gripped him as he sank to the waist, and it was with difficulty three policemen dragged him out again. Then they were knee-deep in water, while the rain came sluicing down, so that one could scarcely see or hear in it; and the policemen had only their memory and slide of current to help them as they ploughed through submerged tussocks, while the matted roots trembled under them. But Lorimer was thankful for the rain when a hoarse voice rang through the deluge, and a confused splashing approached and passed; then presently, wiping the water out of his eyes, Marshall said, "We nearly blundered into the hands of some scouting party. They'll know we

COLD TERROR GRIPPED HIM AS HE SANK TO THE WAIST.

have left the station by this time, and they'll be searching through the range. They never expected any sane white man would come this way. Now, we'll go on again."

An hour later, with the deluge streaming down their skin, they came up out of the morass, and wound again into the forest, where, thanks to the rush of falling water, no one saw or heard them. Marshall's followers had been reared in a savage land where a man's life often depends upon his powers of silence, and there was only a noiseless flitting of shadowy figures between the festooned trunks as the little party hastened to the rescue.

The rain had ceased, and the sun beat down pitilessly upon steaming compound, pale bananas, and clustering huts, when Evanson again stood before the inhabitants of Warimba. The white cotton umbrella might have been made of paper for all the shelter it afforded him, and even the thick pith helmet indifferently protected his aching head. Far off across the forest a column of dun smoke rose slowly towards the heat-yellowed sky, in token that the bushmen were burning the last outlying village, and that the looting of Warimba would shortly follow. The villagers were fewer in number than they had been before, and some lay still on the damp earth in abject despair; for now the sheltering forest which ran wedge-like between the swamps was filled with their enemies. Others stared at their teacher reproachfully, and a few who had brought out long-hidden matchets growled that the white man with lying promises had cast their lives away. Still, it was the eyes of the women that hurt Evanson most.

Then the headman, who now stood naked to the waist holding a rusty spear, beckoning for silence said, "We listened to the white man, and would not join the plunderers when they sent messengers to us. The white man said for fear of the soldiers they would not come. But the bushmen came, and again he said, stay, and we should see there was a power stronger than all the forest devils. Now we know the forest devils fight for our enemies—and where is the help he promised us? So some of these whisper murder, and why should I save the white man's life from them?"

"There is still time," said Evanson wearily. "Wait only until sunset, help may be coming now. Send more messengers to those who watch the paths, and if the end must come I will await the bushmen while you hide yourselves in the thickets."

He sat down on his camp-stool sick at heart, for he dare offer them no false assurances; and, as both their intelligence and language had its limitations, knew it was useless to speak of resignation. Neither dare he wonder what was the result of all his teaching, when he remembered how a pestilence-stricken Moslem, who lived by plunder, crawled in one day, and after suffering in grim silence, died bearing testimony that so it had been decreed for him. Still, he knew the present work, and not the result, was his business.

Slowly the long hot hours dragged by, while under the fierce rays the sand grew painful to look upon. The hopeless natives crouched in groups wherever they could find a patch of shade, and Evanson, moving his camp-stool under the broad leaves of a tree which had once been sacred to the spirits of the bush, waited, with dazzled eyes turned towards the forest, for the help that did not come. Now and then a messenger crept out from the undergrowth, but he had either seen nothing or only heard a distant beating of drums, while Evanson wondered at his own voice each time he begged his people to wait. Then the shadows slowly lengthened and the tension increased, for a man who had climbed a giant cottonwood brought tidings that a horde of spearmen were pouring down from the range—and at last the day was nearly done. Evanson's lips grew dry, and his throat was parched. He had eaten nothing since the night before; but his mind revolted from the thought of food, for he knew the next hour or two would settle the fate of the Warimba station. Also he now realized how much, in spite of bitter disappointments, he loved it.

There was a sudden cry in the forest, a messenger ran in, and a wild clamour broke out among those who heard his tale. Evanson caught hard at his breath, until a sense of sudden relief set all his pulses throbbing, for that shout was of exultation instead of terror. Then a crackle of undergrowth commenced, there was a regular patter of marching feet, and with a twinkle of steel swarthy men in crimson fez and blue uniform came winding out between the cottonwoods. He rose somewhat shakily, the excitement giving place to quiet thankfulness, and two white men hurried forward to meet him.

They were unkempt, muddy, ragged, and the eyes of the younger, who had not slept for many nights, were bloodshot, but Evanson's fingers ached when he grasped

his hand, saying cheerfully, "Very glad we got through, and we did not come too soon. You must have had a trying time, and you're looking the worse for it. No—you mus'n't thank me, Mr. Lorimer is the responsible person in this affair."

"Marshall's sense of duty must be a burden to him at times," said Lorimer gravely. "Whoever is responsible, he did the work. And now wouldn't it be judicious to hold a palaver, and impress a sense of his obligations upon the sable headman? Marshall, I've heard you are an orator in the native tongue."

A ROAR OF WILD APPROVAL WENT UP.

There was a sharp calling of orders, the rifle butts came down with a thud, and, when the exultant natives had clustered round the line of dusky soldiers, their officer, raising his dinged sun-helmet, said, "Your teacher has kept his promise, and the white nation has not forgotten you. Could your former clay fetish, which can neither speak nor see, have brought my men to help you through the midst of the enemy? Now, because you have ceased from plunder and shedding blood, I make another promise. Before the moon is full you shall see these robbers from the swamps driven out of all the Warimba country. Then do not forget the white teacher, for all have seen that his words are true."

A roar of wild approval went up, and a clamorous crowd surged about Evanson, while presently soldier and villager fraternised for once, and, worn out but satisfied, the three white men sat at meat together in Evanson's house. There Lorimer laughed heartily when Marshall said, "The events of the last few days have done more than several peaceful years to extend the influence of this station. As you know, my strong point is not philosophy; but it seems to me that a little adversity is like a dose of quinine. It isn't nice to take, but there's good in it, you see."

Then the smile died out of his eyes, and leaning forward on the table he sank into heavy slumber.

An anxious week followed, for the bushmen swarmed about the station; but, having a wholesome respect for Marshall and his men, seemed either waiting for reinforcements or uncertain how to attack it. Meantime, that officer was never idle, for he raised a rampart of sand bags; and, while Evanson wondered if he should protest, barricaded the windows of the church and pierced its walls for riflery. "I don't wish to hurt your feelings," he said, "but this is a painful necessity."

Then the state of tension returned, for it became evident that further parties were flocking to aid the besiegers, while provisions and water alike ran short. There was plenty of the latter in the creek, but the bushmen watched it, and those who crawled through the undergrowth with calabashes after dark ran no small risk of never returning. At last, one evening, when little food had passed the white men's parched throats all day, a scout came in with tidings, and Marshall said, "It is evident that a strong body intend to rush the place to-night. We will

do the best we can, but this handful of half-fed men are not invincible, and the end is doubtful."

Then Evanson sighed as he answered, "The end is in other hands, but my people—the men who trusted me! It is horrible to think of what has happened——."

"There will be a difference in this case, as the other side will find," said Marshall drily. "Now get them under cover, and keep them there. We shall know the worst presently!"

The beleagured long remembered that night. It was dark and steamy, especially adapted to cover a stealthy attack, and mysterious noises filled the bush. Hour by hour Marshall made the round of his sentries, or floundered drenched with dew through the misty undergrowth, but he found no sign of the foe, and answered Evanson's questions shortly, as was his wont when puzzled, "Coming soon? I expect so, and I almost wish they would," he said.

But still no soft patter of naked feet heralded the approach of the enemy, and when dawn was near Marshall sent two picked men forth. After this there was more dreary waiting until, when the red sun leapt up, they came back, and Evanson gave thanks aloud after they told their story. "We found no man in the bush," it ran, "but the heathen had left their plunder beside every path. Then searching further we came upon the footprints of many who journeyed from the south. Among them were white men with boots, and loaded carriers, for we saw the marks of the matchets along the roads they made. It is clear the heathen are flying before the soldiers."

Marshall was swift to improve the occasion, and when he had summoned the headman, he said, "My words are true. Your enemies have gone, and they have gone quickly with the White Queen's soldiers following them. You can send out to collect the things they left in their hurry, and henceforward trust your teacher."

Then, while the inhabitants of Warimba flocked clamorous about Evanson whose eyes were dim, Marshall said to Lorimer, "We can leave him to his people now, and they will need us badly with the relief column. All things considered, his part was considerably harder than what fell to either of us, and we haven't been exactly idle. It's all in our respective services, of course, but one wonders sometimes if the folks at home understand the strain."

Ten minutes later, and before Evanson quite realized what had happened, there were no armed men left in Warimba. Neither did they visit it any more, for how the rebellion was suppressed is a matter of history, while the missionary's fortitude has apparently broken the power of the bush deities about Warimba for ever.

THE NEW BIRTH.

THE flowers exhale their sweetness without thought,
And scent each passing zephyr unaware.
To be, a lily flower must needs be fair,
For lilies aye with beauty are inwrought.
To live a woodland primrose, and be aught
But benediction and the balm of care!
To live a rose, nor smell of Eden!—where
In God's bright world are scentless roses sought

And when thou from above wert newly born,
In speech thou could'st not tell thy joy, nor wist—
Though earth seemed new, and night was turned to morn—
The meaning of that mystic eucharist.
But oh! henceforth, despite neglect or scorn,
Inviolable, rapt, "to live is Christ."

A. B. COOPER.

Religious Postage Stamps.

By J. A. Kay

ITALIAN STAMP WITH CROSS.

POSTAGE stamp designers are nothing if not ingenious. Sovereigns, Presidents, scenes from history, public buildings, animals and landscape and seascape are all to be seen on the stamps in any philatelist's album. Even Bible history has not been forgotten, as is shown by some of the postage stamps here reproduced.

Several countries have at different times included an emblematic cross in the design of their postage stamps, and indeed, all stamps issued by the Swiss postal authorities invariably have a cross in the centre, intended to be significant of the religious belief of the State; whilst at one time the Portuguese Government allowed the Red Cross Society to issue stamps of their own for free carriage of letters connected with the Society's work.

STAMP ISSUED BY RED CROSS SOCIETY.

Great Britain, though an avowedly Christian State, is not nearly so concerned about people's scruples in regard to the Sunday delivery of letters as Belgium, where a large proportion of the people regard the Sabbath more in the light of a public holiday than a religious observance. It is true that we have no Sunday delivery of letters in many of our largest towns, but in most country districts there is one delivery on Sundays, whether the senders or receivers like it or not. In Belgium the postal authorities are so mindful of the religious scruples of the people that they deem it necessary to issue stamps with a small perforated coupon underneath, on which is inscribed both in French and Dutch the words, "Not to be delivered on Sundays." If the letter is urgent the lower part of the stamp can be torn off, and the letter delivered without delay.

THE TAG ON THE LOWER PART OF THE STAMP SIGNIFIES IT IS NOT FOR SUNDAY DELIVERY.

In former years the Vatican at Rome included a postal department from which stamps were issued for use in the Papal States. In those days the Pope was Postmaster-General, as it were, and all the stamps bore a design representing the Papal keys and mitre, as upon the one illustrated on this page. When the temporal power of the Pope was no longer recognised, the privilege of issuing these stamps was withdrawn, and the ordinary ones of the Italian government substituted in their place.

OLD STAMP OF THE PAPAL STATES.

SWISS STAMP WITH CROSS.

In order to celebrate the 700th anniversary, in 1895, of St. Anthony's death, the Portuguese Government issued a special set of postage stamps, illustrating different incidents in the life of the famous Saint of Padua. St. Anthony, born at Lisbon in 1195, was in his early manhood an Augustinian monk, but before many years elapsed he entered the Franciscan Order and became one of its most active propagators. During the whole of his life he practised the most severe asceticism, and was one of the most strenuous opponents of any suggestion for mitigating the severity of the Franciscan order. He is regarded by Roman Catholics as the patron saint of the lower animals, and, according to popular legend, St. Anthony must have been of a very easy-going temperament, as, when men refused to listen to him, he contented himself by preaching to the fishes. The picture on one of the stamps here reproduced shows St. Anthony on the sea-shore, engaged in instilling his doctrines into the fishes. Others in the same series show Christ appearing to him, and another is supposed to represent a group of angels conveying him to heaven. But these stamps have yet a further claim for inclusion under the title of this article, as on the back of each is printed the following prayer in Latin: "Centenario de Santo

IF THE LOWER PART OF THE STAMP IS TORN OFF THE LETTER IS DELIVERED WITHOUT DELAY.

ST. ANTHONY PREACHING TO THE FISHES.

Antonio, MCXCV. —MDCCCXCV. O lingua benedicta, quæ Dominum semper benedixisti et alias benedicere docuisti: nunc perspicue cernitur quanti meriti fueris apud Deum. S. Bonaventura."—(O blessed lips, which ever blessed and taught others to bless the Lord; now is it clearly seen of what avail thou wert with God.)

ST. ANTHONY'S VISION.

But religious postage stamps are not by any means invariably connected with Roman Catholicism, and at least two stamps coming under this category are still sold by the British Government; moreover there seems no reason why others should not be issued in the future. One of these was recently printed for use in the Virgin Islands, in the British West Indies.

THE VIRGIN MARY ON A BRITISH POSTAGE STAMP.

The central figure in the design is the Virgin Mary, and in regard to beauty of design, printing and colouring, few prettier stamps ever gladdened the heart of a philatelist. Unfortunately when reproduced in black and white, instead of spring-like shades of light green and pink, one gets but a poor idea of its attractiveness.

ST. PAUL SHIPWRECKED ON THE ISLAND OF MELITA.

Likewise the ten-shilling Malta stamp may be termed a work of art without any exaggeration. Though the cost seems very high in these days of world-wide penny postage, it is by no means merely an ornamental stamp brought out to satisfy the collector's cravings for curiosity, and is often used by naval officers who appreciate the facilities offered by parcels post without being inconvenienced by the expense. The incident pictured on this stamp will be readily recognised by most readers. The key to it will be found at the end of the 27th and commencement of the 28th chapters of the Acts of the Apostles. St. Paul thus describes the incident, portrayed nearly nineteen centuries afterwards on the stamps issued by the postal authorities of the self-same island, on the shores of which this famous shipwreck occurred.

" . . . . And falling into a place where two seas met, they ran the ship aground, and the forepart stuck fast, and remained unmovable, but the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves. . . . And when they were escaped, then they knew that the island was called *Melita*. And the barbarous people showed us no little kindness, for they kindled a fire, and received us every one, because of the present rain, and because of the cold. And when Paul had gathered a bundle of sticks and laid them on to the fire, there came a viper out of the heat and fastened on to his hand. And when the barbarians saw the venomous beast hang on his hand they said among themselves, 'No doubt this man is a murderer, whom though he hath escaped the sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to live.' And he shook off the beast into the fire and felt no harm."

THE BRINGING OF CHRISTIANITY TO SOUTH AMERICA.

The remains of Christopher Columbus have been discovered in many different places; but the people of the Dominican Republic in South America seem to have no doubt in their minds that they have really found the right ones, and that the discoverer of America *did* die in their country. In order to commemorate this discovery, special postage stamps were issued, bearing a picture of the tomb of Columbus. At the top of the decorative border round the edge of the stamp are an open Bible and a small cross encircled by laurel leaves.

STAMP ILLUSTRATING TOMB OF COLUMBUS AND OPEN BIBLE.

The Venezuela stamp, here reproduced, is intended to illustrate the bringing of Christianity to South America! The conquering general is shown holding aloft a large wooden cross, and in the background the crouching Indians compelled to make obeisance to it.

Illustrated by Warwick Goble.

CHAPTER I.

HAROLD RAY was slowly struggling back to consciousness and the knowledge that some dire disaster had overtaken him. Something noisome was crawling over his bare leg, but he was too spent and exhausted to shake it off. He could hear rats scurrying about the filthy clay floor of his prison—one big fellow squatted up and regarded him with red flickering eyes, a crescent moon shot two lances of living silver through a grating high overhead. And then the Rev. Harold Ray began to remember things. It seemed as if facts and happenings were being hammered into his head with red hot bolts.

He was the Rajah Sang's prisoner. He was held there by the most cruel and bloodthirsty savage that ever allied Moslem superstition to Western vices. And the nearest body of British troops lay at Beel on the Burmese frontier, two hundred miles away. Ray had been dragged from his bungalow compound two days before and had been so cruelly mauled by Sang's servants that he had been pitched into the dungeon as dead. Now they were going to torture him so soon as his Highness was sober enough to enjoy the entertainment.

Of course the British Government ought to have removed Sang long ago. The residential agent had not hesitated to say so. But there were political obstacles in the way.

It was his own fault of course, as Ray admitted freely. A native Christian woman, fiery and zealous for the good work, and heedless utterly of her own safety, had invaded the zenana of his Highness and had converted two of Sang's favourite slaves. The tiger was furious, but Ray had been before him. At the risk of his life, at the hazard of tortures unspeakable, Ray had got Minshi, the native reader, and Lai and Lalo, the two slaves, out of the way, and he had calmly told the Rajah to mind his own business. It was a bold thing to do, the boldest and most courageous thing India had seen for many a long day, and, like most audacious things, it looked like being successful. But Ray hardly knew his man.

He had bearded the lion in his den, he had defied the cruellest ruffian in India. And in his way the Rajah had been fond of

his slaves. Moreover, Ray had actually been in the zenana on his errand of mercy, the eyes of the Christian dog had looked upon the dusky beauties there—a sacrilege and an outrage beyond words. For the best part of two days the Rajah had shut himself up with some brandy and a case of champagne, over which he sat brooding. Then he smiled—such a smile!—and ordered that the captain of his guard be sent to him.

He was going to have his vengeance. A British army corps marching on his palace would have availed nothing, for there was much wild blood in the veins of the tiger. A braver man physically never breathed.

So it came about that as Ray was crossing the compound in the brief dusk a dozen men set about him and beat him to his knees with sticks. There was nobody to help, and Ray recognised calmly that his end had come. He knelt there praying, with no kind of anger or bitterness in his heart. It was the Lord's will, he had been the sacrifice to save the woman Minshi, who was doing far finer work than he, or so he thought. He had saved that rare and valuable woman, and he was going to die . . . .

And now he was back to his aching senses. He looked about him to find that he was no longer alone. Half a dozen women in an attitude of stony despair were squatting on the filthy clay floor of the prison, their white robes gleaming in the moonlight. A couple of men were huddled up together. Ray recognised most of them as servants he had seen about the palace. Two of them he knew were Christians.

"I suppose I have brought you to this," he said.

"We are Christians," a woman said. "The rest they killed by the order of his Highness after the flight of Minshi and Lai and Lalo. And we all die together soon, little father."

Ray nodded grimly. He quite understood. They were waiting there till the Rajah had invented something particularly diabolical in the way of a torture for them. Ray was sad to feel that in a sense he had brought this about. Not that he minded for himself. If the Master willed it he was ready to die for the Cross.

But he was not going to lie down and die. There was just a chance.

"And what of Oryas, the *pahari*?" Ray asked. "Is he dead too?"

A low chuckle came from one of the men.

"Oryas escaped," he said. "Even as a snake in the jungle. There is still hope for the little white prophet and his servants so long as Oryas is free."

Ray thought so too. Never was a servant so faithful and zealous as Oryas had been to Ray. And the man was strong and cunning, and he knew the ways of the hills. Come what might, Oryas was surely not far off. In good time he would appear.

And he did appear long before daylight. The brilliant lances of the moonlight crept across the filthy floor and up the walls, and presently a black darkness seemed to grip the universe. Then there was a slight noise near the grating high up above, and two bars were wrenched away. Something fell with a wriggle like a snake, and a slim figure all muscle and sinew dropped to the floor.

"Little father, little father, are you there?" an anxious voice whispered.

"Thank heaven for your presence, Oryas!" said Ray. "How did you manage it?"

Oryas laughed, well pleased. He was nude save for his loincloth, his supple body was greased all over. He shook the long hair rope impatiently.

"Guards are sleepy sometimes," he said. "And I can crawl and crawl in the grass so that a mouse may not hear me. And outside, behold, two guards trussed up and bound like fowl for the spit, and behold, two revolvers and the sting for them to hurt with. The rest I will tell you afterwards."

It was not an easy matter to get the women up the hair rope and out through the window, but it was accomplished at length. Ray was the last to leave. His whole body ached cruelly from head to foot and every motion jarred him with pain. When he reached the ground at length, the big drops were pouring down his white face.

Over to the left the palace loomed like some beautiful picture against an old oak panel. It seemed hard to believe that so much vice and cruelty and misery lay yonder. There were lights here and there, a distant mutter of voices, and once the challenge of a drowsy guard.

"This will not do," Oryas whispered. "We must take to the jungle grass."

They pushed on and through thorn and scrub, their feet torn and cut and bleeding, stumbling along in deadly fear of snakes, the women crying from pain and exhaustion, and yet showing a beautiful patience that touched Ray to the heart. He stumbled along himself, only kept from a dead sleep by the racking pains in his joints. It was a white ragged reeling group that the sun shone upon presently.

But by this time Oryas's feet were on his familiar hills, some six miles from the palace of Sang. There were hiding places here in plenty, but the fugitives were by no means safe. Doubtless by this time cunning hillsmen were in pursuit, they would be tracked through the jungle and in time they must be run down. It might be possible to get a message down to Beel.

They came to a cave presently, cunningly hidden under the filmy veil of a waterfall. Here were dry beds of leaves and ferns, dried goat's-flesh and native bread, for it would have been madness to make a fire. They ate ravenously with eyes half closed, one of the women had dropped asleep with the bread in her mouth. Their cut and bleeding feet and scarred bodies mattered nothing. Sleep was all they craved.

They lay there hour after hour, Oryas squatting in the opening to the cave like a bronze statue. His eyes were closed, and he slept in a form of his own like a dog might, yet sensible to the slightest sound.

He turned, as Ray awoke with an uneasy groan. It was almost impossible to recognise him for a clergyman of the Established Church, and an Oxonian to boot. His garments hung about him in rags, a blood-stained cloth bound up his head. Yet his faith had never for one moment wavered, he gave his own safety no thought. If he could save these poor people he had no thought for his own skin.

"It would not be prudent to stay here," he said.

"Not after nightfall," Oryas replied gravely. "Even as I sat here three of the hounds passed. We will travel by night to another place I know of, and get round to Beel over the snow ridge. But there will be no more food."

"The food was finished for breakfast, and the prospect of thirty hours of starvation lay before them. Almost without clothes, they would have to press up to the snowline, since there was no other path of safety down to Beel. It was just a chance, a desperate chance, but it was impossible that all could reach Beel alive.

"I am going out," said Oryas. "Who knows what I may discover?"

"And I am coming along too," Ray declared. "My good fellow, I *must* be doing something."

Oryas raised no objection beyond the palpable fact that Ray was fit for no exertion. All the same he was proud and pleased to be accompanied by the "little white father," for whom his love and respect were greater than for any other man in the world.

"We are in a bad way, Oryas," said Ray.

"God will show us the way," Oryas replied. "But for the women I could laugh in the beards of those fools, I could pick flies from their eyelids whilst they slept. But the women are Christians like ourselves, and the Lord looks to us to guide them."

Ray nodded thoughtfully. They had come by this time to a hollow where a narrow path wound along between high clumps of bamboo. Suddenly Oryas grasped his companion by the shoulder and drew him into the thick cover.

"I don't see anybody," Ray whispered.

"The dogs are near," Oryas replied. "And they have prisoners, women."

Ray wondered how his companion knew that, but he said nothing. Presently half-a-dozen turbaned heads were seen bobbing up and down, and in the centre of the group three women bound as to their hands, hobbling along painfully. Two of them were white and silent, the third with glittering eyes and wild brown face was singing "Rock of Ages."

Like a flash, Oryas clapped a lean claw over Ray's mouth. He was only just in time to prevent the latter's cry of dismay. A turn hid the picturesque group. The grand old hymn died away in the distance.

"Minshi and Lai and Lalo," Ray groaned. "What does it mean?"

"That that perjured pig Lias has betrayed us," Oryas said between his teeth. "Stop! What is the little father going to do? A rescue would ruin us all."

"We have a revolver apiece," Ray said grimly.

"And they also have a revolver apiece. The little father will go back to the cave and leave the faithful Oryas to follow. They cannot get back to the palace to-day, they will stop the night at the old fort two leagues this side of the great Spar road. For to-night they must tarry there. And in the darkness God may guide us to the succour of His children."

Ray fell in with this view, much because there was no other course open to him. For the first time he felt downcast and defeated. He had borne suffering and sorrow with the air of the martyr, he had earned the crown without knowing it, he would have gladly laid down his life to save Minshi because she was doing a wider and swifter work than his own. If he could only save this woman, if he could only——

He sat in the mouth of the cave, lost to all knowledge of those about him. He was trying to find some way out of the difficulty, and gradually the scheme began to clear in his mind. If Oryas proved to be a true prophet he could save both Minshi and her companion in misfortune. True, it would involve the laying down of his own life, it would mean death with dreadful torture; but Ray never hesitated for a moment. Time was when he had been fairly friendly with the Rajah, he knew the habits and the palace of that potentate like a book.

He began to grow restless and uneasy about Oryas, despite the well known ability of the faithful fellow to take care of himself. But as dusk began to darken the cave he returned. Ray met him outside.

"Was it as you said?" he asked eagerly.

"Even so, little prophet," Oryas replied. "They tarry till daybreak at this fort, and there are a score of them fully armed. There will be no sleeping guards to-night. And there is no way to save the Lord's children."

Ray smiled. He laid a hand on Oryas' shoulder.

"There is one way," he said. "There is one way to open the gate of that fort and let the women go free. Suppose you were dressed as one of the guards, and suppose you came to the fort in the dead of the night with an order of release in the Rajah's own handwriting, what would happen?"

"They would be suffered to depart," Oryas grinned. "But who ——?"

"I am. I am going to see the Rajah. It will mean good-bye, my dear trusted *friend*; but it is God who calls me, and I am ready to obey."

CHAPTER II.

ORYAS listened gravely. Save for a slight flicker of the lips his face showed no emotion.

"The little white father has a plan," he said, "to save Minshi and the rest?"

"Minshi must be saved at any risk. It will cost a life to do it, but it must be done. Minshi is doing a greater work than all of us together. When Captain Bainbridge coerced yonder murderous rascal to release the Marza prisoners how did he save them in time?"

"Duleep Sang sent his big signet ring to the chief with a message," Oryas said.

HALF-A-DOZEN TURBANED HEADS WERE SEEN.

"And the Rajah is going to send his ring to the fortress with a message," Ray said grimly. "And you are going to carry the ring and the command. I am going to compel Sang to do this thing."

"You will never leave the palace alive," said Oryas.

"That I perfectly understand. My faithful Oryas, there is no other way. And the Lord Who guides my feet into the net may see fit to guide them out again. It is in His hands, and it is only for me to obey cheerfully."

Oryas nodded with gleaming eyes. He knew the futility of argument with Ray when once the latter had made up his mind. Still he could not refrain from pointing out the consequences to his leader. He knew the savage satisfaction with which the drink-

maddened Rajah would welcome Ray, and he knew what hideous tortures would inevitably follow. Ray listened with a passing shudder. He felt cold and sick, but he did not hesitate for a moment. At any cost he was going.

"Give me one of those revolvers," he said. "I shall want it."

"To kill the Rajah?" Oryas cried, with some satisfaction. "Ah!"

"No. For the moral appeal. There is going to be no blood on my hands. Now if you can lay hold of one of the guards down yonder and force him to lend you his clothes——"

Oryas smiled. Here was a chance at last, something to be done, anything that made for freedom and a chance of escape.

"Come along with me," he said, "and you shall see it done."

Ray followed. Before long they were close to the fort. At a signal from Oryas, Ray stood still. The native glided away from him as noiselessly as a night bird. Beyond the jungle a solitary sentry—one of the Rajah's soldiers—stood. Then something seemed to sweep up his shoulders, and he dropped to the ground without a single cry. Oryas came back presently, bent double under the limp brown burden slung across his shoulders.

"You have not murdered him?" Ray asked sternly.

Oryas remarked coolly that he hoped not. The tone of his voice suggested a conviction that it did not matter one way or the other. But the man was not dead, merely insensible. For the time being all the life was choked out of him. Oryas did not come of a Thug race for nothing. Ere the fellow had choked and gasped his way back to consciousness again, he was trussed like a fowl, and Oryas was donning his raiment.

It was a long way to the palace, but the twain reached it at length. There were sentries to be passed and walls to be scaled ere the adventurers stood before the main building. High above there was a room illuminated by one brilliant light.

"Rajah Sang is there," Ray whispered. "The window is open. Listen."

There came to them the strains of a music hall song croaked in an unsteady voice. Then a cork popped, and a drunken voice laughed. The Rajah was alone in one of his orgies, in a mood dangerous to himself and to everybody else. Even Sang's worst enemy could never have accused him of cowardice.

"I am going up there by the aid of the creepers," Ray whispered. "You stand there in the shadow, just opposite that patch of moonlight. Presently something white will fall there. Inside will be the ring. Then you will hurry to the fort with the ring and a message that you have been sent alone to bring the women here. Once they are free you must fly to the hills. Don't think of me—I am in God's hands."

Oryas nodded. The time for expostulation had passed. He knew that nothing less than sheer physical violence would prevent Ray from going through with the thing. He would have laid violent hands on his master had he dared.

"Shake hands with Oryas once," he said, unsteadily. "It is good-bye, little master."

Ray shook hands warmly.

He could not have spoken just then. The next moment he was working himself up the mass of creepers to the room where the Rajah held converse with himself so long as he remained sober.

It was a garish room, furnished in almost Western fashion, and there were lurid prints on the wall. The Rajah, in the evening dress of an Englishman, was smoking cigarettes and drinking champagne from what was obviously a celery glass. As his little burning bloodshot eyes lighted on Ray, he rose with a scream of delight. The next instant he was covered with a revolver, and Ray's cool level voice was addressing him.

"Sit down," he said. "One cry for assistance, and I blow your brains out. I am going to lock the door. Now we shall be comfortable. You are a brave man, but, all the same, you are just as anxious to live as any other rascal."

Sang sat gasping in his chair. The splendid audacity moved him.

"Why do you come here?" he asked presently. "What do you want?"

Ray went on quietly to his mission, and demanded the release of the women at once. There was an evil smile on the Rajah's face, more ominous than any outburst of rage.

"And how do you propose to manage it?" he sneered.

"You are going to give me your signet ring, and a message to the fort for the instant release of the women," Ray said coolly. "Down below one of my servants, disguised as a palace guard, is waiting. He will see that the women are made free, and convey them to a place of safety. Come, I am waiting."

"And if I refuse your mild request, eh?"

"Then I shall shoot you like a dog that you are, and remove the ring. Yes, I see exactly what you are thinking of. Directly I am gone you will raise an alarm, and I shall have all my pains for nothing. I have thought all that out. I am going to remain behind here sufficiently long for the women to have every chance. You are in my power, but if you force me to shoot I am free. Give me what I desire."

"And to-morrow I'll flay you alive, you Christian pig! You shall be torn with red-hot pincers. You shall be boiled over a slow fire. And when you are nearly dead you shall be tended and cared for, and I shall watch the sport all over again. You rob me of my slaves, you spit in my beard. And if you——"

THE NEXT INSTANT HE WAS COVERED WITH A REVOLVER.

"Sit still, and please lower your voice. I know perfectly well that you mean all you say. I am quite aware of my danger. If I remain here till morning my doom is sealed. I cannot possibly escape. But it is necessary that I should do so for the sake of the women. I am going to die to save them. The ring!"

Ray's voice was so hard that with a muttered execration Duleep Sang pulled the splendid cut diamond from his forefinger and tossed it on the table. His little red eyes flashed, he was shaken from head to foot with a consuming rage.

Tying the ring up in his handkerchief, Ray crossed the room to the window. The precious packet fell almost at Oryas' feet. With a wave of his sinewy brown hand, he snatched it up and sped into the purple shadows beyond the wall. With a sigh of almost perfect content Ray turned to the prisoner.

"I shall sit with you here till morning," he said. "If you are fair to me you are safe, if not you die. Then you may torture me to death, and God will take my soul to Himself, knowing that I have done His work faithfully and well."

"You will partake of my hospitality?" the Rajah suggested grimly.

Ray declined. There were three full bottles on the table. Sang smashed them together, and the creamy liquid hissed and frothed on the floor. Ray understood. The tiger had his prey in his grasp, he was going to take no more risks, he would not play into the hands of the other by a display of foolish weakness.

"I am glad," Ray observed. "You are not quite so poor a creature as I imagined."

The Rajah lighted a fresh cigarette. His sulkiness vanished. He regarded Ray curiously. There was something in the perfect tranquil coolness of the man that touched his admiration. And Duleep admired courage above all things.

"What are you going to gain by this?" he asked.

"Personally, I gain nothing," Ray replied. "I lose my life—one life to gain three. And one of those lives God has more need of than He has of mine. I know I am going to die, but it is for the Cause."

"The God you worship gives you a brave heart?" Duleep suggested.

The man was getting interested. He had never met heroism of this order before. And Ray had absolutely nothing to gain. Duleep eyed him curiously. The same ferocious cunning was on his face, yet deep down in his heart was some vague regret that so fine and strong a man must perish.

"Was there ever a Christian like you before?" Duleep cried.

Ray smiled at the question. A new idea had come to him.

"Thousands," he said. "Here, in India, yonder in Africa, and all of them ready to go through every hardship and suffering, to die if necessary, for Christ. I could tell you stories of them—true stories. Would you hear some?"

Duleep assented with a certain childish eagerness. Ray began to speak slowly at first, but presently in a ringing voice as he warmed to his subject. He told the story of Christ, of the rise and progress of Christianity. Deeds of heroism beyond, far beyond, anything that the annals of the field and the sea can tell, he told in his fine vigorous way. He spoke until the dawn grew to a golden flush, and there was day over all the land. He was as one inspired now, and it seemed to Sang that he was in the presence of a prophet.

"And that is what you are prepared to die for?" he asked at length.

"That is what I am prepared to die for," Ray repeated. "What millions have died for. The creed and the faith and the love of the right which has made England the greatest nation on earth. I am sorry if I have tired you. I can only plead that the subject was very near my heart."

"You have not tired me in the least," Sang said quietly. "I can now see that no threat of mine can move you. Ring the bell! It is my turn now."

"Yes," said Ray quietly. "It is your turn now."

He rang the bell and unlocked the door. Presently a servant entered. The Rajah sat with his head on his breast buried in thought. The servant bowed low.

"A carriage and two good horses," he commanded. "Also breakfast at once for the white priest and myself. Then you will drive his excellency afterwards where he will. Also you will make it known that nobody is to molest the fugitive women. Go!"

Ray started up in astonishment. He was faint from want of food, and the sudden reaction was a bit too much for him.

"You are free," Sang said. "With all my faults I come of a brave race, and I can admire a strong man. You are the bravest man I have ever met. Come here again and tell me more of your God who works miracles."

"By the grace of God, I'll try," Ray said hoarsely. "What promised to be my last day on earth bids fair now to be one of the happiest of my life."

Four Famous Hymns.

By Francis Arthur Jones.

THE present Archbishop of Canterbury is said to have remarked, on one occasion, that whenever he was called upon to open a new church or preside at a dedication festival he could safely count upon two things—cold chicken and "The Church's one Foundation." His Grace's remarks were not intended to detract in any way from the real and acknowledged merits of either, both being practically above criticism. Mr. Stone's hymn, deservedly termed "great," has been for close upon thirty-five years the "national anthem" of the churches. Shortly before his death, which occurred but a few months since, Mr. Stone told the present writer that the hymn owed its origin to the impression made upon his mind by Bishop Grey's spirited defence of the Catholic Faith against the teachings of Bishop Colenso. "In the fourth stanza," said the hymnist, "beginning, you will recollect:

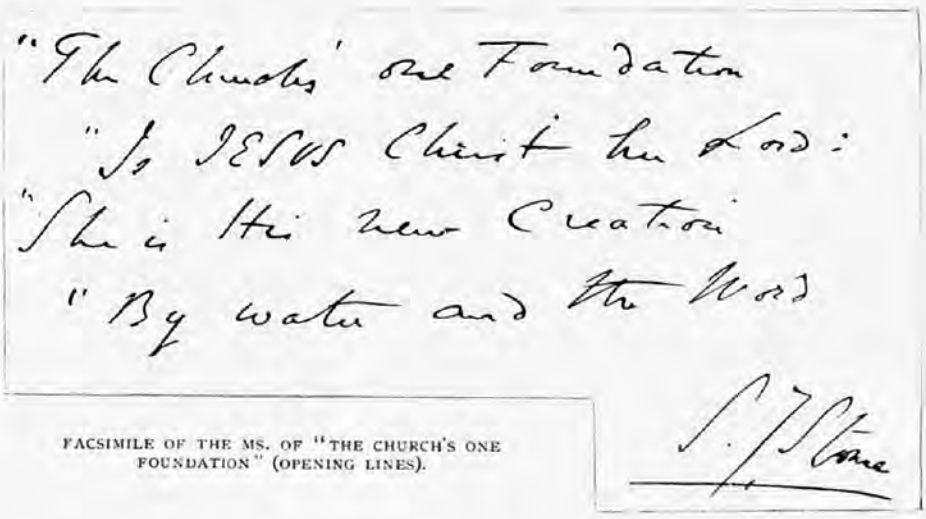
"'Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,'

I make special reference to this circumstance."

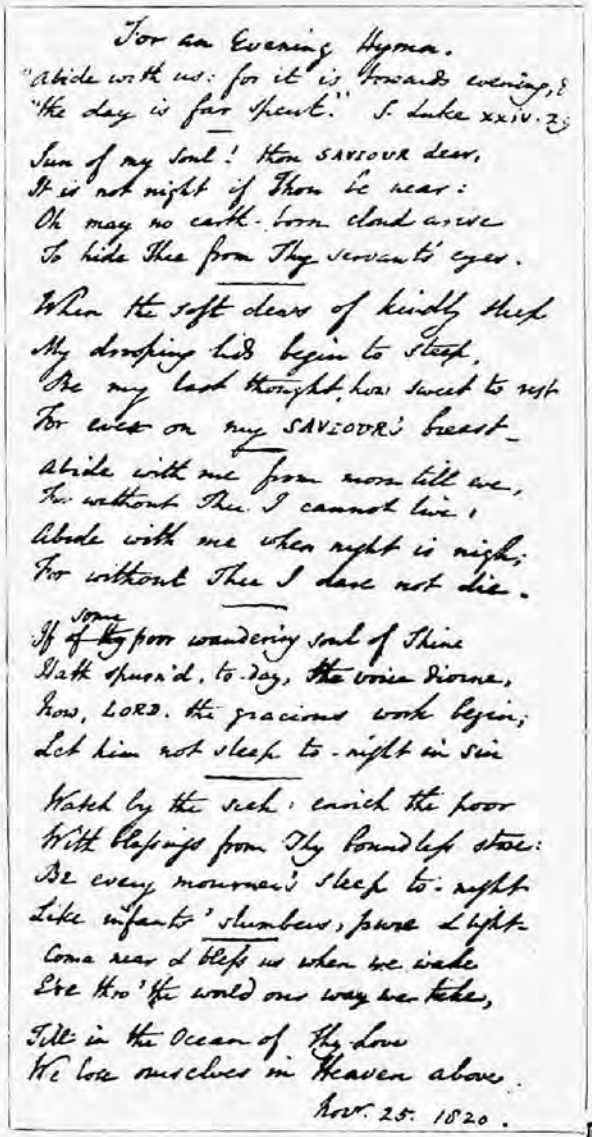
There are altogether three versions of this hymn in existence: the original, written in 1866, and published the same year in the author's "Lyra Fidelium;" the revised form which has now been universally adopted by the churches, first published in the Appendix to "Hymns Ancient and Modern" in 1868; and the extended text made in 1885 for processional use in Salisbury Cathedral. "The Church's one Foundation" was chosen as the processional at each of the three great services at Canterbury Cathedral, at Westminster Abbey, and at St. Paul's Cathedral, held in connection with the Lambeth Conference of 1888.

REV. S. J. STONE, AUTHOR OF "THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION."

Mr. Stone has written many other well-known hymns. "Lord of our soul's salvation" was ordered by command of her late Majesty the Queen to be sung at the Thanksgiving Service for the recovery of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, on February 27, 1872. The Queen always took an especial interest in Mr. Stone's compositions, and it is a well-known fact that, among her favourite hymns, "Weary of earth and laden with my sin" was accorded a high place. It is, as the opening lines suggest, a penitential hymn, and only last year Mr. Stone, in reply to the question as to which he considered his best composition, said: "Of all my hymns this is the most dear to me, because of the letters I have received from, or about, persons to whose joy and peace in believing it had been



FACSIMILE OF THE MS. OF "THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION" (OPENING LINES).



For an Evening Hymn.

"Abide with us: for it is towards evening, & the day is far spent." S. Luke xxiv. 29.

Sun of my soul! thou SAVIOUR dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My drooping lids begin to steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my SAVIOUR'S breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering soul of Thine
Hath spurn'd, to-day, the voice Divine,
Now, LORD, the gracious work begin;
Let him not sleep to-night in sin.

Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infants' slumbers, pure & light.

Come near & bless us when we wake
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the Ocean of Thy Love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

Nov. 25. 1820.

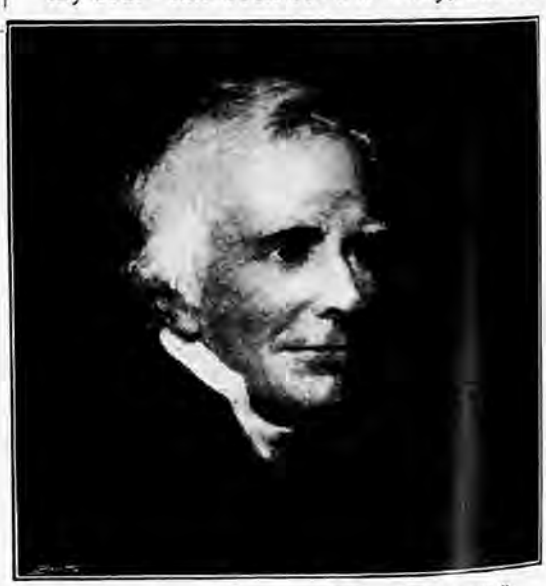
FACSIMILE OF ORIGINAL MS. OF "SUN OF MY SOUL."

permitted to be instrumental in the first instance, or later."

"Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear," acknowledged by many hymnologists to be the most frequently sung of all our evening hymns, was written by the late John Keble, in 1820, and first published in his "Christian Year." The original MS. of this work is preserved at Keble College, Oxford, and it is to the Warden of that college I am indebted for permission to give a facsimile reproduction of Keble's most famous hymn. As my readers are probably aware, "Sun of my soul," as it appears in the majority of our hymnals, consists of verses taken from a poem in the "Christian Year," beginning "'Tis gone, that bright and orbèd blaze." In the college library may be seen two MSS. of "Sun of my soul," but the one we have chosen for reproduction here bears an earlier date than the other, and contains Keble's alterations. Though the "Christian Year" has not now so great a sale as formerly, it is still widely read, while at one period it boasted a larger circulation than that of any other work of a similar character. From the profits arising out of the sale of this book, Keble built Hursley Church.

Keble was once made the victim of an innocent practical joke, the perpetrator being his friend and fellow-hymnist, John Mason Neale. The anecdote is related by Mr. Gerald Moultrie, in an appreciative memoir on the death of Dr. Neale. It appears that Neale was invited by Mr. Keble and the Bishop of Salisbury to assist them in their new hymnal, and for this purpose he paid a visit to Hursley Parsonage. On one occasion Mr. Keble, having to go to another room to find some papers, was detained a short time. On his return Dr. Neale said, "Why, Keble, I thought you told me that the 'Christian Year' was entirely original?" "Yes," he answered, "it certainly is." "Then how comes this?" and Dr. Neale placed before him the Latin of one of Keble's hymns. Keble professed himself utterly confounded. He protested that he had never seen this "original"—no, not in all his life. After a few minutes, Neale relieved him by owning that he had just turned it into Latin in his absence!

The number of tunes to which "Sun of my soul" has been set are many, but two



DR. JOHN KEBLE, AUTHOR OF "SUN OF MY SOUL."
From the original painting in Keble College.
Photo. by Taunt and Co., Oxford.

only appear now to be universally sung in our churches. The first, "Abends," perhaps the most popular, certainly the most beautiful, is by Sir Herbert Oakeley. The melody was so exactly suited to the words that the tune found immediate favour with the editors of every kind of hymnal, and to-day it would be difficult to find the collection which does not contain it. Sir Herbert specially wrote out the hymn tune for reproduction here, and in sending it said:

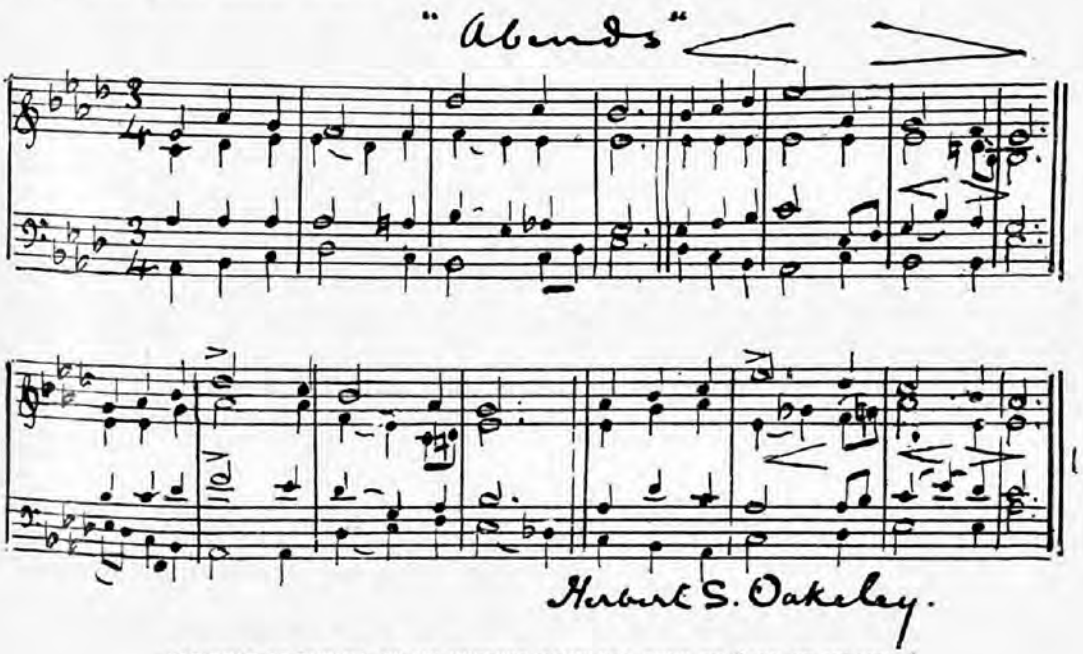
"There is not much to record *re* 'Abends.' I was, many years ago, impelled to set Keble's words to music for Sir Henry Baker, the main prop of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' in consequence of the inadequacy if not vulgarity of the tune which had got into general use." I refer to 'Hursley,' which, however, is now less often sung than formerly.

"'Hursley,' strange to say, has been in use in Germany—where, as a rule, Chorales (*Anglice* Hymn Tunes) are so dignified and admirable—since *circiter* 1792, and is attributed to Paul Ritter. It was probably in use before then as a Volkslied, and adapted by Ritter.

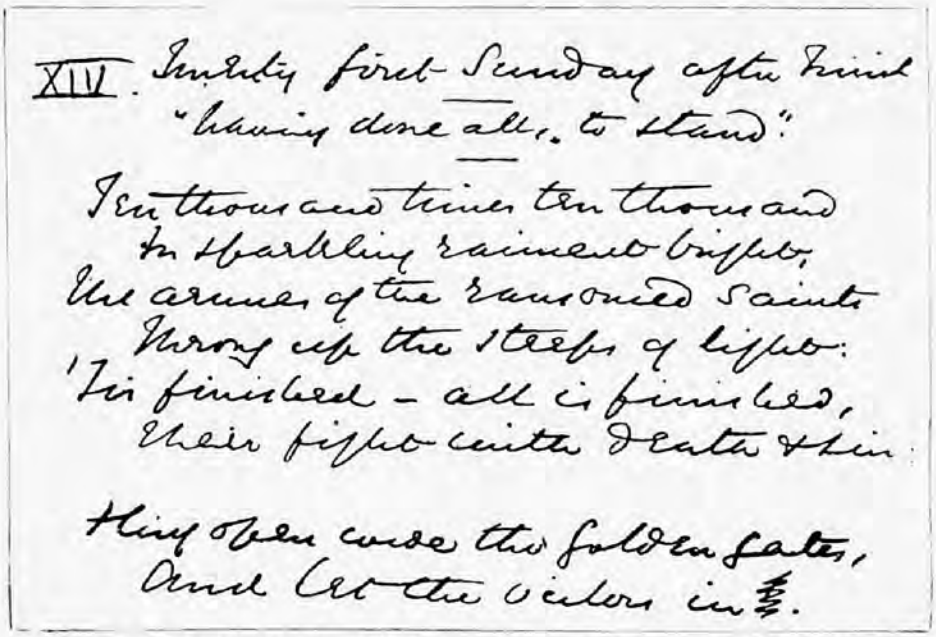
"One of my reasons for disliking it," continued Sir Herbert, "is the resemblance it bears to a drinking song, 'Se vuol ballare,' in *Nozze di Figaro*. As Mozart produced that opera in 1786, he is responsible for the opening strain, which suits his Bacchanalian words very well. But to hear 'Sun of my Soul, Thou Saviour dear,' sung to a lively tune, unsuitable to sacred words, often had the effect of driving me out of church."

SIR H. OAKELEY, MUS. DOC., COMPOSER OF THE MOST POPULAR SETTING OF "SUN OF MY SOUL."
Photo. by Moffat, Edinburgh.

No one can seriously think for a moment that the fact of a congregation joining in a hymn redeems a tune musically, or at least ecclesiastically, bad. The public, however, will join in any general melody if the words are good, and if the origin of the music is unknown. The practice adopted by some hymnal editors of associating tunes with hymns other than those for which they were written is to be much regretted.



FACSIMILE OF THE MS. OF SIR HERBERT OAKELEY'S TUNE TO "SUN OF MY SOUL."


XIV. Trinity first Sunday after Trinity
"having done all, to stand."

Ten thousand times ten thousand
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished – all is finished,
Their fight with death & sin:

Fling wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL MS. OF "TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND" (FIRST VERSE).

"It is a great privilege," concluded the composer, "to see my setting in almost every collection, and to know that it is sung now in most lands where English is spoken."

The second tune, "Eventide," is by that most prolific and successful writer, the Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. It is not so well known as Sir Herbert Oakeley's melody, but is, nevertheless, very beautiful and appropriate.

"Ten thousand times ten thousand," perhaps the most lyrical of all the late Dean Alford's hymns, was first published in the author's "Year of Praise," 1867, when it consisted of three verses of eight lines each. The Dean, however, thinking the final lines:

> "Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
> That brimm'd with tears of late,
> Orphans no longer fatherless
> Nor widows desolate,"

were somewhat sad and melancholy, added a fourth stanza, and in this form it was sung at his funeral on January 17, 1871.

The Rev. H. E. T. Crusoe, the late Dean's son-in-law, and owner of the original MS., some time ago drew the present writer's attention to the following anecdote regarding another of Dean Alford's hymns. The Rev. J. G. Wood once asked the Dean to write a processional hymn for a choral festival, and to compose the music also. The Dean was at first a little overcome by the audacity of the proposal, but finally consented, and wrote a very admirable hymn. But, good as it was, it was not the kind of hymn wanted, and so Mr. Wood wrote off again to the Dean, pointing out that the hymn was not well adapted to be sung on the march. Would he therefore go into his Cathedral, walk slowly along the course the procession would take, and compose another hymn as he did so? The Dean, not in the least offended, did as he was bid, and the result was that great hymn beginning:

"Forward be our watchword."

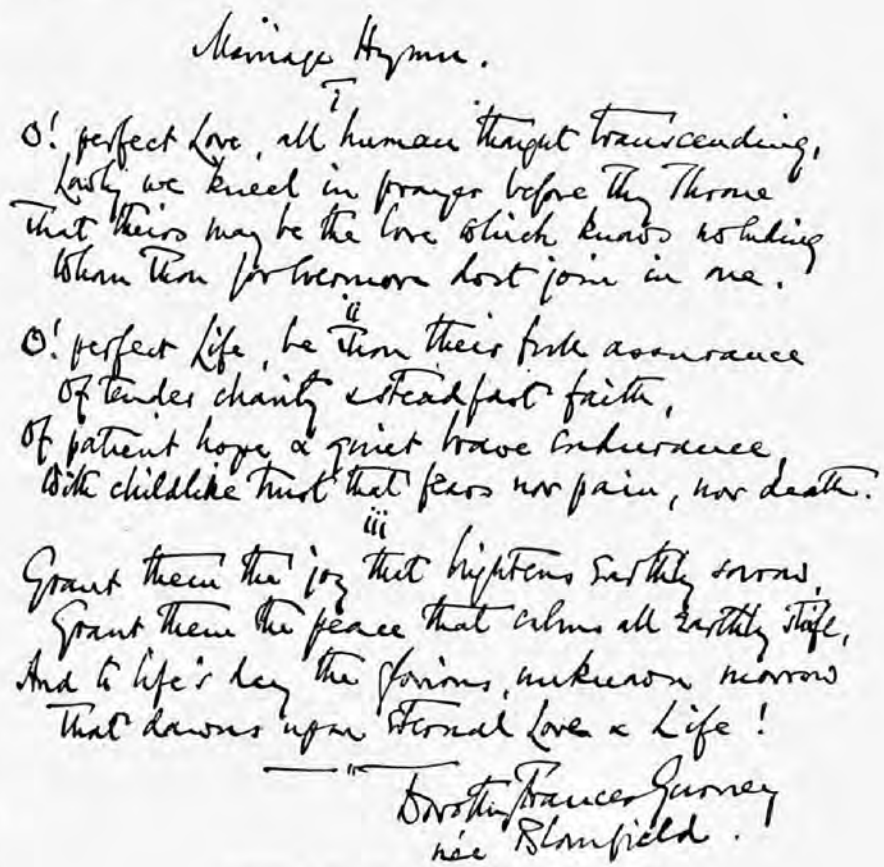
The MS. reached Mr. Wood with a humorous little note to the effect that the Dean had put it into its hat and boots, and that Mr. Wood might add the coat and

DEAN ALFORD, AUTHOR OF "TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND."
Photo. by Mault and Company.

MRS. GURNEY, AUTHOR OF "O! PERFECT LOVE."

trousers for himself! On looking at the music, Mr. Wood found accordingly that only the treble and bass had been supplied by the composer. The alto and tenor were afterwards added by Mrs. Worthington Bliss. On the occasion of a great festival in Canterbury Cathedral, when this hymn was sometimes sung by a vast body of a thousand choristers, the effect was magical and quite beyond the power of words to describe. Even the Dean himself, who was not, outwardly at least, an emotional man, was often affected to a remarkable degree by his own composition, though he always assured his friends that it was the melody and the magnificent way in which it was sung that touched him, rather than the hymn itself. Dean Alford often remarked that he considered himself exceptionally fortunate in regard to the manner in which his hymns were set to music.

A hymn that is now invariably sung at weddings, and one which has certainly lessened the popularity of "The voice that breathed o'er Eden," and "How welcome was the call," is "O perfect love," by Mrs. Dorothy Gurney. "I wrote it," says the author, "in 1883, for the marriage of my sister, Mrs. Hugh Redmayne. It was written some weeks before her wedding. We were all singing hymns one Sunday evening, and had just finished, 'Oh, strength and stay,' which was a great favourite of my sister's. She remarked how sorry she was that it was unsuitable to a wedding, and turning suddenly to me, said, 'What is the use of a sister who writes poetry if she cannot write me new words to this tune?' I picked up a hymn-book and said, 'Well, if nobody will disturb me, I will go into the library and see what I can do.' After about a quarter of an hour I came back with the hymn, 'O perfect love.' It had been no effort to me after the initial idea had come to me of the twofold aspect of perfect union, love and life, and I have always felt that God helped me to write it."



Marriage Hymn.

i

O! perfect Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before thy Throne
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending
Whom Thou for evermore hast join'd in one.

ii

O! perfect Life, be theirs the secret assurance
Of tender charity & steadfast faith,
Of patient hope & quiet brave endurance
With childlike trust that fears nor pain, nor death.

iii

Grant them the joy that brightens earthly sorrow,
Grant them the peace that calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unclouded morrow
That dawns upon Eternal Love & Life!

Dorothy Frances Gurney
née Blomfield.

FACSIMILE OF THE MS. OF "O! PERFECT LOVE."

For Our Bairns.

MY little friends. Before *The Home Magazine* was married to the rich and beautiful *Sunday Strand*, I used to write every week to my many nephews and nieces throughout the land. The editor has received such lots of letters asking me to write again, that he has at last consented. I am very glad because I liked our little talks together, and enjoyed getting your letters in return. I am to find out what you would all like, and then to do it, regardless of cost. There is some good after all in having a big, rich paper like this one to do with.

I was wondering if many of you go in for photography? If so, how would a competition like this do? The prettiest or most humorous photo suitable for a Christmas card? We might have for a first prize one of the Kodak Co.'s cameras. Then I should like to have one for the best scrap-book, the books to be sent to the Children's Hospital. You let me know what you think, and we will go ahead. The competitions need not be of a religious character, but let us have a good object in the end; either to benefit someone else or to enlarge our own knowledge of things useful.

"I DO WANT TO BE GOOD."
Photo by Wallace, Sidmouth.

I've got a nice picture for you this month. Poor little girl! She is so sorry she has been so naughty, and with tears on her pretty cheeks, she says, "I do so want to be good." I know just how she feels. I fancy she has been having a tremendous game of play in her bed-room, and nurse has gone to mother and said: "Please, ma'am, I can do nothing with Miss Dorothy, she simply won't be good." Mother has gone and talked to her, and here's the result. I say I know all about it, because I have two wee boys at home, who do want to be good, but are often just the opposite. The other night their mother said to me: "I wish you would talk to those children; I can do nothing with them; their high spirits carry them off their heads, I think." I went up to their nursery, and Master Bob was King Richard, and George was a Crusader Knight. What a row they were making, and what a mess the place was in! They had killed a lot of Turks (pillows) by cutting their heads off; and one of the horses (rocking horse) had been killed, its tail was gone, and it lay on its side slowly dying. They had a Sultan of Turkey (a pillow dressed up in my clothes) and the Knights were uttering their battle cry for a last charge. I did not like to scold, but there, I had to. Then they were very sorry and wondered why they were so naughty. Lots of little people want to be good and cannot. Do you know why? They try the wrong way. It's like this. The devil is ever-so-much bigger than they are, and when they try in their own strength he always wins the fight. If they would just give up trying, and when the naughty fit begins, say, "Jesus help me, Jesus fight for me," He would do it; you know He is much stronger than the devil, and would drive him away. I have tried that plan for such a lot of years. When naughtiness comes creeping into my heart, I say "Jesus" to myself, and keep on saying it until He drives away the nasty black chap and gets the victory. That's the way to be good, and goodness means happiness, and happiness is what I wish for all my little friends, always, and at all times.

Your Affectionate Friend,

UNCLE GEORGE.

CHAPTER XVI.

"SWITZERLAND AHOY!"

"THIS is a very quick and pleasant way of travelling, Aldine," said Beresford, as they passed rapidly over the blue waters of the lake, which were dotted here and there with the white sails of brightly painted yachts and toy merchant vessels. "We can see nearly the whole of Europe from this height, and we shall be able to descend in any country you may wish to visit."

Aldine, who had settled down very comfortably with a fur rug over her shoulders, nodded pleasantly.

"It is certainly very much nicer than sitting under a blazing balloon," she acknowledged, "and it doesn't jolt and rattle as the kite carriage did, or bump and tremble like the runaway clockwork train. Besides, it is pleasant to be able to land in any country which takes one's fancy, without having to wait for the wind to blow one there. I can see so many beautiful places that I really don't know which to choose first," she added.

"We will discuss the matter over a cup of tea, Aldine," remarked the Admiral. "By the time we have finished our first meal in the clouds, our machine will have crossed the Mediterranean, and we can then make our choice."

So Aldine quickly unpacked a sweet little tea-service, which she had bought in Japan, and laid a four inch table-cloth on the floor of the car. Then she lit the spirit stove; drew four thimblesful of water from the tank, and filled up the tiny tin kettle, which was soon singing merrily.

"What do you think of Greece, Aldine?" asked the Admiral, with a slice of bread and butter in his hand.

"I don't like the name," said Aldine, sipping her tea. "It sounds sticky."

"Turkey?" suggested Beresford.

"I shouldn't care to go there," was the reply. "The Sultana of the Turkeys is a bad man who lives at C—o—n, con, with a con, s—t—a—n, stan, with a constan, t—i, ti, with a constanti, n—o, no, with a constantino——"

"Constantinople," finished the Admiral.

Aldine scowled.

"That's very mean of you to interrupt

"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF GREECE ALDINE?"

A BURNING MOUNTAIN THROWING GREAT PIECES OF ROCK IN THE AIR.

when I'd nearly got the word right," she said. "I learned to spell it in that way at school."

"It's such a silly way to spell things, dear," said the Admiral gently, "and the Sultan of Turkey is not called a sultana, any more than the Turks, his people, are known as turkeys."

"I shall call them sultanas and turkeys if I choose," said Aldine defiantly, "and I don't wish to be taught how to spell by a two-and-sixpenny doll, who was brought up in my own nursery!"

The Admiral sighed. He was just beginning to learn the lesson (which has to be learned sooner or later by every man who takes a wife, be she little or big) that the lady of the house must be allowed to have her own way for the sake of peace and quietness, if for no other reason. So he said, quite seriously—

"All right, dear, we won't visit the Turkeys, because the Sultana is not a good king."

"Now you're making fun of me!" exclaimed Aldine angrily. And again the Admiral sighed and wondered what he could say without giving offence.

Aldine, who had been gazing very earnestly over the side of the car in one direction, spoke first.

"I can see a burning mountain which is throwing great pieces of rock in the air, Berry," she said. "The sides are as black as coal, and flames and great clouds of smoke are rushing out of a hole in the top."

Beresford altered the course of the flying-machine.

"That is a volcano—Mount Vesuvius," he explained. "We shall get a nearer view of it in a few minutes, but it would be dangerous to steer too close to the burning mountain because of the poisonous smoke which is rising from it."

"How horrible it would be to fall into that big fiery pit!" exclaimed Aldine, and the Admiral very evidently shared her opinion, for he crossed over the beautiful Bay of Naples at a great height, and made a very wide circle around the summit of the blazing mountain, just beyond. But the flying-machine approached near enough to the volcano for its passengers to obtain a glimpse of the roaring furnace below, and to hear the peals of muffled thunder which followed closely upon every fresh shower of glowing cinders, and the louder crash of the rocky fragments as they rolled down the mountain side.

It was really the most terrifying spectacle Aldine had ever seen, and both she and the Admiral heaved

THE FLYING-MACHINE DROPPED LOWER AND LOWER.

BERESFORD, STANDING UP TO HIS KNEES IN THE SNOW, STRUGGLED WITH THE STUBBORN KNOTS.

a sigh of relief when the volcano was left behind, and the flying-machine again took a North-Westerly course, passing over the whole length of the rugged and lofty range of hills which form the backbone of Italy. It was a charming little country which, seen from above, appeared as a narrow strip of mountainous land, bounded on three sides by the bluest and calmest of seas, and on the North by a multitude of snow-covered hills, which stood out white and distinct against the clear sky.

"We shall make our first call in the country of the white hills," said Beresford, as the air-ship sped noiselessly towards the snow-clad peaks, while the tiny forests, and lakes and valleys below appeared to be moving slowly away in the opposite direction.

"It looks such a cold place, Berry," said Aldine with a shudder, "and the country below is so warm and sunny. I should like to ramble through the nettle forests, and sail over the lakes, and pay a visit to the quaint little villages in the mountain valleys. What is the use of leaving such a bright and cheerful country behind to visit the Polar Regions?"

"Polar Regions!" echoed Beresford with a merry laugh. "Whatever are you thinking about, Aldine? The country of the white hills, which is called Switzerland, is one of the jolliest and brightest places in the whole world. True, the mountain summits are cold, but the valleys which lie between the long ranges of hills are quite as warm and sunny as those we have just passed. When we are directly over the mountain ranges you will see the beautiful valleys appear one by one; and the forests will seem to be greener and the lakes more silvery by contrast with the great white hills which surround them."

"Shall we descend on the top of a frosty mountain, or in one of the green valleys?" asked Aldine anxiously.

"I shall cast anchor on the summit of one of the highest hills," answered Beresford. "Then we will detach the car of the flying-machine, and toboggan down to the nearest valley at a tremendous speed. You had better put on some warmer clothing at once, for we are already within a few miles of the Alpine range, and you will find the mountain air very keen."

THE ADMIRAL WAS TOWED RAPIDLY DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

A WHITE FACE APPEARED OVER THE SIDE OF THE CAR.

So Aldine hastily attired herself in the warmest cloak she could find, while the Admiral buttoned up his threadbare coat very tightly, and, taking off his cocked hat, pulled a tight-fitting hood over his curly head.

And the flying-machine dropped lower and lower until, just as the sun was setting among the Western hills, the air-ship touched the snowy crown on the summit of one of the highest peaks.

CHAPTER XVII.

An Alpine Adventure.

"We must get the car unfastened and commence our journey down to the valley at once, Aldine," cried Beresford, standing up to his knees in snow and struggling with the stubborn knots of the guy ropes. "I have no fancy for tobogganing down a steep mountain side at night-time, with only the lights of the village far below to guide us."

Aldine shuddered and stamped up and down the floor of the car to warm her poor, frozen toes.

"How slow you are, Beresford!" she said impatiently. "I thought sailors were clever enough to untie any kind of knot in a second or two."

"I have already managed to undo four of the ropes," replied Beresford cheerily, "and now the fifth is giving way, so hold on tightly, Aldine, for our sledge may start away at any moment."

The warning words were uttered none too soon, for even while Beresford spoke, the car began to move over the smooth, white surface of the frozen snow. At the same moment the Admiral, who still held one of the guy ropes in his hand, stumbled into a drift and was thrown face downwards on the snow, in which uncomfortable position he was towed rapidly down the mountain side by the overhanging cord.

"Oh, Berry, dear! whatever shall I do?" screamed poor Aldine from the inside of the car.

The Admiral tried to reply, but he was choked and almost blinded by the snowy spray which flew in showers over his head, and the words which escaped his lips sounded so far away that he could scarcely hear them himself.

"Why don't you speak, Berry?" shrieked Aldine as the car glided at a great speed down the side of the white mountain, dragging the fallen traveller over billows of snow and through deep drifts, in which, at times, he was completely lost to sight. But the cord still remained tight, and the tiny black speck in the sea of snow clung desperately to the loop in his fingers.

"Haul me in, Aldine!" he gasped for the

THE SWIFTLY MOVING CAR HAD ALREADY PASSED OVER THE SNOW LINE AND CAPSIZED.

twentieth time; and although the words were never heard by the terrified passenger in the sledge, she understood at last that she must exert the whole of her tiny strength in order to bring the Admiral within reach of the car. So Aldine pulled, and hauled, and dragged at the frosty cord with all her might, and the rope passed slowly through her frozen fingers, falling in coils on the floor at her feet. Then she threw herself back so suddenly that the cord creaked loudly under the strain, and at the same moment a white face appeared over the side of the car, and a second later the Admiral, gasping and exhausted, dived into the sledge head foremost.

THE SWISS VILLAGE LAY IN A GREEN VALLEY BETWEEN SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS.

For some moments Beresford was unable either to speak or to move, so he lay motionless among the cordage, rolling his eyes in a horrible way, while Aldine, scarcely less exhausted than he, bent over him and kissed the cold lips until she, too, lost her breath and rolled over on the floor of the car in a dead faint.

THEY TOOK LONG EXCURSIONS TO THE WHITE REGIONS TO SHOOT THE MOUNTAIN DEER.

And now the sledge, relieved of its drag, was rushing down towards the valley at a tremendous speed!

The Admiral raised Aldine's head, and she opened her eyes (as all dolls will do under the same circumstances, whether they are in a "dead faint" or not) and gazed at her husband in a bewildered way.

"What is going to happen now?" she asked faintly.

"Something awfully horrible, dear," replied Beresford, with brutal candour. "There's going to be a fearful accident!"

"When?" asked Aldine dreamily.

"In a few minutes' time," replied the Admiral gloomily. "I'd quite forgotten the snow line on the mountain side."

"What about it?" asked Aldine impatiently.

"Well, you see, it's like this," said Beresford, peeping fearfully over the side of the car as he spoke, "when we go rushing over the snow line the sledge will stop suddenly because there will be nothing for it to run on but grass, or stones, or rocks."

"Then we can step out," said Aldine with a hopeful smile.

"We shall be out without much stepping," replied the Admiral. "It will be a case of somersaults without a spring board, and tobogganing without a toboggan under one. Do you understand?"

Aldine began to cry.

"Yes, I understand," she said. "Why didn't you think of the snow line, and the rocks and the somersaults before we started?"

The Admiral shook his frozen curls in a silly way. "I thought it would be such glorious fun," he said weakly, "and I never for a moment——"

A loud crash interrupted the Admiral's speech. The swiftly moving car had already passed over the snow line, and capsized at the first touch of the rocky slope on the valley side. The travellers, after turning four somersaults in the air, rolled over and over down the steep side of the valley, closely followed by the flying car, until they were hurled over a thirty-inch precipice on to the tops of the trees of a marguerite forest far below.

It was, as the Admiral had prophesied, "a fearful accident," but the high branches gave way beneath the weight of the falling dolls, and after the first shock they fell gently down amongst the thick foliage, until a stouter branch bore the double shock without snapping. Then Aldine and the Admiral opened their eyes and nodded pleasantly at each other, and laughed and cried, and shook hands, and laughed and nodded again.

"How do you feel, Aldine?" asked Beresford, trying to brush the dust and dirt away from his clothes, and almost losing his balance on the tree branch.

"Very dusty," replied Aldine. "Tobogganing is a dirty way of travelling."

"Especially without a toboggan under one!" said the Admiral. Then the little man gazed ruefully at his uniform. "It was bad enough before," he said sadly, "but now it's a hundred times worse. My tunic is torn in four places. I feel like a rag and bone man."

THE MOST DELIGHTFUL SKATING PARTIES WERE ARRANGED.

"And I'm sure I look like a washerwoman," said Aldine, "or a scarecrow in wet weather. But why are we sitting here chatting in the tree top like a pair of magpies, instead of climbing down the trunk and walking into the village to get a wash and brush up?" she added. "I want to see a lot of Swiss scenery now I'm here."

"I've both seen and *felt* quite enough of the scenery hereabouts to last me for a long time," said the Admiral, as he helped Aldine down the trunk of the tree. "But as I'm simply starving with hunger, we'll walk to the village instead of roosting here."

So they climbed down the steep side of the valley hand in hand, and made their way to the little Alpine village at the foot of the mountain. It was quite dark by this time, so our weary little friends knocked at the door of the first doll's cottage they came to, where the occupants, a mountain guide and his wife, gave them a warm welcome, a hot supper, and a comfortable bed in the best room.

The Swiss village, which Aldine and her

husband saw for the first time by daylight on the morning following their great Alpine adventure, proved to be a charming and delightful spot. It lay, cosily enough, in a green valley between two snow-capped mountains nearly twenty feet in height. At one end of the vale stood a large hotel containing fourteen lofty rooms, each the size of a bonnet box, and elaborately furnished with the richest carpets and tables and chairs from the London house of Morrell, who is the Universal Provider of the dolls' world. This hotel was so full of smartly attired doll visitors from England, France, America, and Germany that there was not a single room left vacant for our own tiny travellers. So Aldine and Beresford were compelled to remain in the cardboard cottage of the Swiss guide, who proved to be a very entertaining and clever doll, and who was acquainted with every stick and stone in the valley. And his wife, a wooden doll who had seen better days, took a great delight in showing Aldine the best bits of scenery in the neighbourhood.

THE CAR WAS SLOWLY HAULED UP THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

So while Beresford and the guides took long excursions to the white regions to shoot the mountain deer which were to be found above the snow line, Aldine and Madame Schraml explored the waterfalls, lakes, and rivers of the green landscape below, after attending early morning service in the little cockle shell church of the village.

One of the mountain lakes was always frozen over, and the most delightful skating parties were arranged by the hotel people from time to time. So in skating, sleighing, shooting and visiting, the days passed merrily by, and for a time the flying-machine on the lonely mountain summit was almost forgotten.

But when a whole week had been spent in sport and gaiety, Beresford set out one morning for the Marguerite Forest, where the car had fallen, taking with him no less than twenty of the strongest guides in the village, together with a large party of gentlemen from the hotel. The car was slowly hauled up the face of the precipice by fifty pairs of willing hands, and towed right up to the spot on which the flying-machine had stood ever since its first journey across the Mediterranean Sea. And when the car had been securely attached to the great cylinders once more, the Admiral explained the wonderful machinery to his friends and helpers, and said he hoped they would all be present on the morrow to see Aldine and himself leave the mountain summit for a journey to the far distant country of Spain.

So at an early hour on the following morning the mountain side was covered with scores of black specks, each speck representing either a lady or gentleman doll, who was climbing patiently upwards through the deep snow, to witness the departure of Admiral and Mrs. Beresford in their strange vessel of the clouds.

(To be concluded.)

Illustrated from photographs by Charles H. Park, Leytonstone. Toys kindly lent by Charles Morrell, 368, Oxford Street, W.

FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

(We shall be glad to receive Photographs from our readers for this section and to pay for such as are accepted.)

THE INSIDE OF A ZENANA.

WE produce a photograph of the inside of one of the Zenanas of India. This is a unique picture, as no European has ever before been allowed to photograph

INSIDE A ZENANA.
A unique Photograph. The first ever taken.

the interior of the closely guarded harem of our Indian potentates. In these places the women of India spend their lives; with nothing to interest them, nothing to feed either their minds or souls upon—nothing to do but to eat sweets, try to make themselves beautiful, bring up their children, and then to die. The Zenana Bible and Medical Missionary Society, whose Jubilee year this is, has done and is doing much to alleviate the sufferings and needs of these poor women. The *Sunday Strand* Missionary Band's missionary, Miss McDowell, counts it as one of her highest joys that she has been able to open these closed doors to the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

TIME TO RISE.

A BIRDIE with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy head!"

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

MEMORIAL SERVICE TO OUR MARTYRED MISSIONARY.

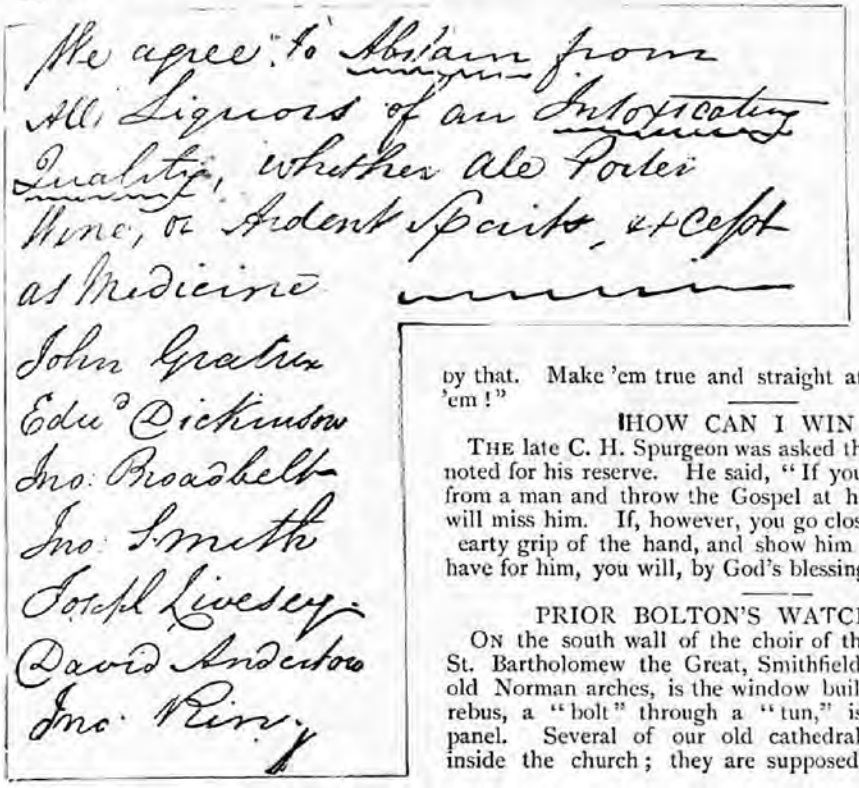
VERY solemn, very touching, and very beautiful was the memorial service for the late Rev. Dr. Chalmers and his young colleague, the Rev. Oliver Tomkins, which was held at the City Temple one evening last May. But there was no morbid mourning for the martyred missionaries of New Guinea; rather was the dominant note that of triumph sounded by Dr. Parker. "The thing that has cheered me, for I am cheered, is that no sooner have I seen death—such a death as we to-night memorialise—than, almost in the same flash, do I see the resurrection." "Do let us have some backbone in our Christianity," had been a phrase in one of the veteran missionary's latest letters home—a phrase, added Dr. Parker, which should be a text and stimulus to all the churches. Lamentation without self-sacrifice was bathos—practically blasphemy. The Rev. G. S. Barrett, of Norwich, referred in moving terms to the younger martyr's life and work.

KAFFIR BOYS READING THE *SUNDAY STRAND*.

WE are indebted to Lieutenant McKenzie Rew, Captain 1st V.B. Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment), for the sketch from which the accompanying illustration has been drawn. The sketch was made at Bethulie, in South Africa, while the gallant lieutenant was on active service, on October 21, 1900, and represents three little Kaffir boys, two of whom are actually reading the *Sunday Strand*. It says much for the zeal, self-sacrifice and efficiency of the missionaries when these little fellows can not only speak and read English, but have an appreciation for good reading and pretty pictures.

FROM A SKETCH SENT TO US BY LIEUT. MCKENZIE REW.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE FIRST TOTAL ABSTINENCE PLEDGE.


We agree to Abstain from
All Liquors of an Intoxicating
Quality, whether Ale Porter
Wine, or Ardent Spirits, except
as Medicine
John Gratrix
Edw^d Dickinson
Jno: Broadbelt
Jno: Smith
Joseph Livesey
David Anderton
Jno: Rigby

THE above is a fac-simile of the very first total abstinence pledge drafted and signed in this country. The late Joseph Livesey—whose name will be noticed amongst the signatures—drew up the pledge on September 1, 1832, at Preston, which was signed by his six compeers, all members of the Preston Temperance Society. It has since become the custom to speak of these men as "the seven men of Preston."

A CHRISTIAN.

A CHRISTIAN! Lord, and can it be
That I so great a name should bear;
Should live in fellowship with Thee,
And in Thy royal favour share?

Sure earth, with all its blare and show,
No honour knows compared with mine;
No favour can its hands bestow
To equal that which calls me Thine.

No care have I to court its smile;
No more I fear to face its frown;
But here I toil a little while
Till I shall gain my kingly crown.

I only ask that I may be
So faithful to the name I bear,
That all who shall my life-work see
May read the name of Jesus there.

THE WAY TO LIVE.

A LITTLE boy saw his father using a spirit-level to see if the board he was planing was "true" and straight.

"What's the use of being so careful, father?" he asked. "It looks all right."

"Guessing won't do in carpenter work!" said his father, "sighting" along the edge of the board, and shaving it the least little bit in the world. "You have to be just right. Folks guess at too many things. God doesn't like that way of living."

"I suppose there aren't any spirit-levels for living by!" laughed the little boy, watching him.

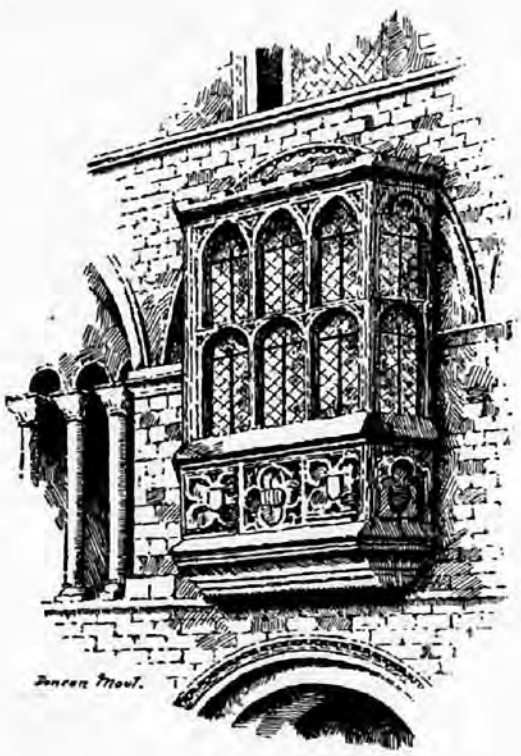
"Yes, there are!" said his father earnestly. "You find them in the Bible. Try all your actions by that. Make 'em true and straight and no guess work about 'em!"

HOW CAN I WIN MEN?

THE late C. H. Spurgeon was asked this question by a minister noted for his reserve. He said, "If you stand half a mile away from a man and throw the Gospel at him, the chances are you will miss him. If, however, you go close up to him, give him a hearty grip of the hand, and show him the affection you really have for him, you will, by God's blessing, lead him to Christ."

PRIOR BOLTON'S WATCH CHAMBER.

ON the south wall of the choir of the old Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, inserted in one of the old Norman arches, is the window built by Prior Bolton, whose rebus, a "bolt" through a "tun," is carved on the middle panel. Several of our old cathedrals have similar windows inside the church; they are supposed to have been used by the Prior as a watch chamber, and to have communicated with his private residence, so enabling him to overlook the monks at any time without having to go down to the body of the church.



CHURCHES BUILT OF SLAG.

THREE of the St. Helens churches are built of slag from the smelting furnaces. At the time they were built it was regarded as refuse, and could be obtained for the asking. That, however, was thirty years ago. The slag of that time made admirable material for church building, for it was of a quality which rendered it harder and more durable than stone. Such is not the case nowadays, as important discoveries have made it possible for refuse to be partly used up again. Much more is taken out of it, and thus what is left is of little value for building purposes.

CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

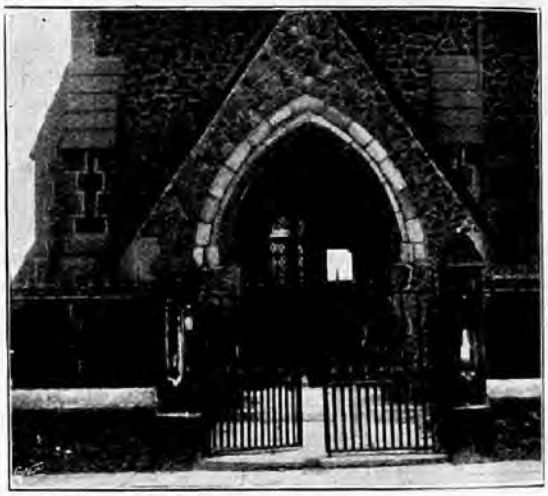
The three churches belong to the Church of England. While being of fairly handsome appearance as regards style of architecture, they present one effect which is probably not seen elsewhere. The pieces of slag were of all sizes and shapes, and had to be fixed where they would fit, so that the walls look like patches of irregular mosaic. This is especially noticeable at Parr Church, where some of the slag is brown and some white. From the photos it will be noticed that stone or brick is employed to keep the corners sharp and even.

PARR CHURCH, ST. HELENS.

The Church of St. John the Evangelist, in the Ravenhead district, was orginally built for the glass makers from the neighbouring works belonging to the British Plate Glass Co., and was consecrated thirty-one years ago by Dr. Jacobson, Bishop of Chester. The cost of building was only £2,000, and it contains seating accommodation for 500 worshippers. The Rev. H. S. Bolton is the present popular vicar.

Parr Church, in another part of St. Helens, though a few years older than that at Ravenhead, looks newer, the mixture of brown and white slag remaining very fresh in appearance. Slag could not be used in the construction of the spire, but it is seen on all the other portions of the building, except, of course, the roof. Adjoining the churchyard is the vicarage, which is also built of slag.

Holy Trinity Church, Parr Mount, is known at St. Helens as the "Slag Church." The method of using the blocks is clearly shown in the photograph of the porch. A further peculiarity of the church is that two of the stained glass windows at the east end contain portraits of the Rev. W. Flaherty, a predecessor of the Rev. J. M. Courtenay, the present vicar, and that three windows were erected to the memory of Mr. Flaherty when he died, after serving the parish for twenty-four years, the subjects being Christ Feeding the Five Thousand, Jesus Blessing Little Children, and the Sermon on the Mount. In the first and third windows Mr. Flaherty is represented as one of the Disciples, with a halo round his head. The noble face and flowing white beard of the former vicar are faithfully portrayed and easily recognisable.



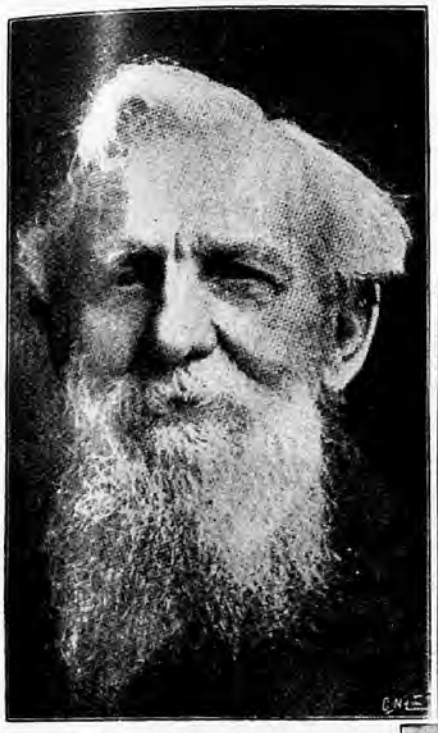
THE PORCH OF THE "SLAG CHURCH," HOLY TRINITY.

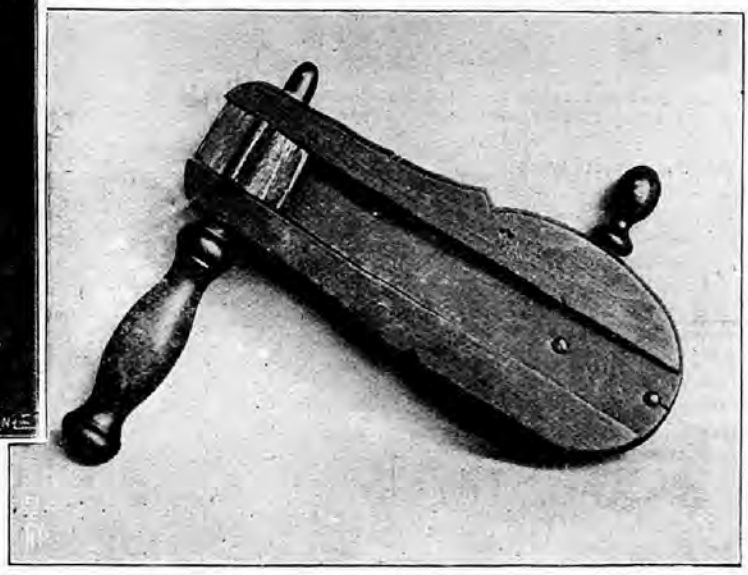
EXPLICIT DETAILS.

THE following intelligible account of a local episode was recently sent to a paper, and forms so excellent an example to our readers of how *not* to send in their contributions that we venture to print it :—

"A man killed a dog belonging to another man. The son of the man whose dog was killed proceeded to whip the man who killed the dog of the man he was the son of. The man, who was the son of the man whose dog was killed, was arrested on complaint of the man who was assaulted by the son of the man whose dog the man who was assaulted had killed."

THE FATHER OF TEMPERANCE ADVOCATES.





We reproduce here the latest portrait of Mr. Thomas Whittaker, J.P., "The Father of Temperance Advocates," and also a photograph of his famous "rattle," which he very kindly sent. It was Mr. Whittaker's habit, in the early days of his temperance work, to attract open-air audiences by vigorously using this peculiar looking wooden instrument. This was the only way in which he could announce his meetings, so bitterly were the people opposed to him. It is interesting to recall the fact that Mr. Whittaker is now chief magistrate of the town in which he was burnt in effigy during his early fights in the cause of teetotalism.

Our home, what shall it be?
Like lovely Bethany,
A place where Christ doth come;
The wife, like Mary, sitting at the Saviour's feet
"He whom thou lovest Lord," the husband's title sweet—
Such be our home.

DECISION.

During a time of revival, three young ladies went to their clergyman's study. After conversing a few moments, he said, "Now, my young friends, supposing it could be made known to you that you might put off repentance ten years and then surely be Christians, what would you do? Mary, what would you do?" "Oh, if I could be sure, I think I should wait." "And, Lucy, what would you do?" "I think I should wait a little while at any rate; but now I dare not." "Emma, would you, too, wait?" "Oh, no, I could not wait ten years to find the Saviour; I have slighted His love too long. No, I cannot wait another day." Emma soon found Him whom she was seeking, but her young friends had first to learn that they were seeking self instead of Christ.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORD.

Mr. Abraham Holden, of Rochdale, who celebrated his eightieth birthday on February 26th, has an exceptional record of Sunday School work. It is quite possible that there are a few older scholars, but it is doubtful whether there are any who can show an unbroken record of seventy-four years' regular attendance. Mr. Holden attended school for the first time when he was six years of age, and up to the present day he has been connected with Sunday schools either as scholar or teacher without a break. The whole of his life has been spent in the Rochdale district, and he has taught in the various schools, as the family moved from place to place. For the last thirty-eight years, however, he has been connected with the United Methodist Free Church, Hamer, a small but active church on the outskirts of Rochdale, and for twenty-five years of that period held the post of church steward. Despite his eighty years, Mr. Holden is in capital health and very active. Here is a message he has written for us to our young men and maidens:—

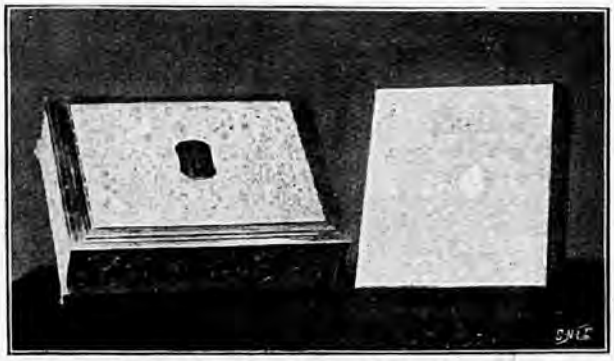
Abraham Holden

Photo by F. W. Law.

"At the age of eighty my advice to young and old is always cling to the Sunday School. Much of the success which I have attained in business I attribute largely to the seeds of integrity and uprightness implanted in me in early youth in the Sunday School."

SILVER-CHASED CASKET AND BIBLE.

THIS is a photograph of a beautifully chased silver casket weighing twelve pounds, and a Bible to match, which were presented to the Dowager Empress Choong-Chi of China by the Christian converts of Shanghai. The Bible measures thirteen inches by twelve, and the boards in which it is bound are of solid silver. On both Bible and casket are plates of gold bearing the inscription in Chinese characters, "Respectfully presented to the Empress Choong-Chi on her 60th birthday."



Presented to the Dowager Empress Choong-Chi of China, by the Christian converts of Shanghai.

GREAT ARTISTS.

"Raphael did well, and Phidias did well; but it is not painter or sculptor who is making himself most nobly immortal; it is he who is making true impressions upon the mind of man—frescoes for eternity, that will not shine out till the light of Heaven reveals them; sculptures, not wrought in outward things, but in the inward nature and character of the soul."

EVERY DAY A SUNDAY.

MOST people know of two Sundays in a week, as the fact that the Jewish Sabbath falls on our Saturday is generally familiar, yet few know that every day of the week is a Sunday somewhere with some sect. The first day of the week is, of course, the Christian Sunday, whilst the Greeks worship on Monday, and the Persians keep Tuesday sacred. The Assyrian Sabbath is celebrated on Wednesday, the Egyptians worship on Thursday, the Turkish Sabbath is held on our Friday, and, of course, the Jews keep Saturday as their "day of rest." So you see that every day of the year being a Sunday, a "month of Sundays" only consists of thirty-one days.

TWO AND ONE.

(*From the German of Fr. Rückert.*)

Two ears thou hast, and but one mouth:
Dost thou complain?
Much shalt thou hear, which to repeat
Were vain.

Two eyes thou hast, and but one mouth:
Take it to heart!
Let what thou see'st be only told
In part.

Two hands thou hast, and but one mouth:
Is it not meet?
The two are given to work, the one
To eat.

A. W. Y.

THE FIRST CHINESE BIBLE.

THE founder of Protestant Missions in China, the Rev. Robert Morrison, died at Canton, August 1, 1834. He completed the translation and printing of the New Testament in Chinese in 1814, and four years later published his translation of the Old Testament. In 1823 he completed his great Chinese Dictionary, published by the East India Company, at an expense of £12,000. It occupied him sixteen years, and in connection with it he had accumulated a library of 10,000 Chinese books. This work was subsequently translated into Japanese.

THE REV. ROBERT MORRISON,
AND HIS CHINESE ASSISTANTS TRANSLATING THE BIBLE INTO CHINESE.
From the engraving by W. Holl, after the painting by C. Chinnery.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Barbara went to church with her two sisters and came home crying.

"What is the matter, dear?" inquired her mother.

"He preached a whole s—sermon—about—M—Mary and Martha," sobbed Barbara, "and—never said a word—about me!"

KNOTS UNRAVELLED

"TALKS BY THE WAY" ON MANY SUBJECTS.

By The Editor.

We ask our Subscribers who are in doubt concerning spiritual things, or who need counsel and comfort in their Christian life, to write to us of their difficulties. Those questions which are of most general interest we shall deal with as fully as space will permit. If a reply by post is desired, a penny stamp must be enclosed. Envelopes should be addressed: "Knots," Sunday Strand, 7–12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

SHOULD WOMEN MARRY?

I am going to alter the plan of these pages, and make them more like my old "Talks by the Way." I shall endeavour to answer many questions, unravel many knots, and, if possible, make this Magazine a more intensely spiritual and practical power than ever. Here is one question I have been asked so often that at last I am tempted to make an honest effort to answer it, Is Marriage Advisable for Women? I am a mere man, yet one thing is certain, the question of marriage is the great question in every human life. Time was when a woman was supposed to have only one answer to that question. Happily or unhappily that time is past. Some of us are bewailing the change. Others rejoice in it. There are writers and thinkers on social topics who profess to see, in the growing tendency of women to accept independent spinsterhood as more desirable than an uncertain prospect of wedded bliss, a menace to the welfare of society. I do not. I believe that the complete independence of women in this matter will put our marriage relations on a much better and happier footing than they occupy at present.

My reason for holding this view is very simple. I believe in marriage and I believe in the highest and holiest view of wedlock. Such a union should be the outcome only of a consuming passion that draws its objects irresistibly together and will not let them go. The marriage of convenience is a crime—the most heinous and sacrilegious crime that two persons can commit against themselves and each other. Moreover, in the case of a woman especially, it strikes at the very roots of her life's happiness. A man may escape some of the results of a loveless marriage; a woman cannot.

* * * * *

In all the cases I have known (and they have been many) where marriage was undertaken for any other reason than love—love, pure and simple and irresistible—the result has been unfortunate for the woman. Perhaps her true situation does not come to the knowledge of the world, but the effect is to bring her unhappiness and misery, to degrade her.

Therefore I am glad that woman is no longer constrained to accept a marriage union that her heart does not cry out for. She no longer needs be ashamed of membership in the society of spinsterhood. When marriages are made only from love there will be fewer divorce cases, less unhappiness, and a decided increase in the rarity of broken hearts.

The woman who escapes the net of worldliness in this matter of marriage sometimes fails to avoid the pitfall of sentimentality. She should be the servant but not the slave of her affections. While the outcome of any marriage that is not founded on love is cruel, it does not follow that love is inevitably a sufficient reason for marriage. It should be so, and in a perfected state of society no doubt it would be. But at present there are many cases where love should yield to the domination of common sense and clear judgment. There are such cases—of women who lock their loves in their own breasts and endure the heartache that it gives them, rather than wreck their lives on the delusive hopes held out by a marriage that they know to be unwise.

A woman may love a man, may know that he loves her, and yet there may be all-sufficient reasons aside from this one fact to keep them apart. I am not speaking now of the reasons that weigh in the marts—fashionable or savage—where marriage is made a merchandise of stocks and land and houses. A woman who sells herself for the tawdries of wealth deserves no commiseration for losing—as she surely loses—the earthly paradise that marriage makes for strong and faithful and loving hearts. But there may be matters of character, habit, temperament, about a man which will be bound to reassert themselves, though he may obscure them under the influence of an absorbing love, and which unfit him to be a husband.

* * * * *

A man who is selfish, weak in moral fibre, brutal in his nature or instincts, or a petty tyrant, will not make a good husband. These are traits which grow more prominent, not less so, with the passing of time. They are not likely to be much in evidence in the man who courts you, but if they are present at all they will show at times even through the guise of love.

These matters, and some others of this sort, a woman should ponder on before she determines her whole future course for weal or woe. In other words, before she can safely marry a man she must not merely make sure that she loves him, but she must know him, and know him thoroughly. A long, sensible, intimate acquaintance beforehand is the only preventive for the ills of the married state. I have preached from this text before, but it cannot be repeated too often.

* * * * *

There are a good many men who are unfit for

marriage, and they are not confined to any particular locality. Some of them may make passably good lovers, but a woman must not be misled by that. She is the one who should think most seriously and carefully of the whole matter, because she is the one who will suffer most if a mistake is made. It is ineffably worse for her to be tied to a bad husband than it is for a man to marry a woman who makes a poor wife. A little consideration will show how this is true.

In the first place, it must be admitted that marriage means more to a woman than it does to a man. It is inevitably the supreme event of her life; it changes her name, her associations, usually the whole trend of her existence. It either makes her happiness for a lifetime or wrecks it for ever.

To a man it should not be less serious, but oftentimes it is so. And though a man who makes a mistake in this vital matter is more unfortunate than if he had tumbled off the deck of an ocean liner on a dark night, there is in a measure an escape for him. The cares of business, the distractions of his club, and the society of men friends can never replace the genuine happiness that attends on the possession of a loving home, but they can be substituted to a great degree for annoying scenes and unpleasant domestic surroundings and nagging lectures. Even though he seeks relief in graver follies his WORLD will not judge him harshly.

* * * * *

With a woman it is different. Her place is in the home, and her life is what the home life is. She owes a duty to her household and her children, and no matter how onerous the duty may become, she will not be excused from it. To be sure, she is not bound down as once she was. She may seek congenial diversions, may make her own friends. But still she is, to a very great degree, dependent on the will of her husband. There are few cases where the situation of a married pair permits them to follow separate paths and to nullify the natural effects of the altar pact.

The life of a woman who is joined to an uncongenial, unappreciative or unworthy man is likely to be one long martyrdom. Hers is the more sensitive organisation. It shrivels more quickly before neglect. It rebels more fiercely and more impotently against the coarseness of disposition, the ill-nature, or whatever may be the evil trait that time makes ever more prominent in her marriage-mate. She has greater capacity for feeling, for suffering, and no possibility of redress. If, driven to extremity, she adopts the escape that man often embraces, she finds, not happiness, but ruin and despair. It is not often so bad as this, but the unpleasant side is the one least often viewed when the viewing might be useful.

A case in point comes to mind as I write. It is that of a woman, clever, brilliant, accomplished, who was educated in one of the best women's colleges in the country. She had a rare taste in art and music, was alive to all the most intellectual tendencies of the day. She has been married fifteen years. Her husband is a man of numerous physical attractions, but with none of intellect. There is a vein of coarseness in his fibre; his presence is depressing, unpleasant to the person of fine breeding and cultured habit. He is not a bad husband, according to conventional judgments. He has no serious vices. He gives his wife all the creature comforts and the material surroundings of wealth. But that is all. He could never appreciate the fine spiritual nature of his wife, her moral elevation or her mental attainments. What is the result?

The wife has lost all the charms, save those of person, that made her a most attractive woman fifteen years ago. To-day her mental food is petty gossip and household small-talk. She has been dwarfed mentally and spiritually. She is saved from actual, acute unhappiness only by her love for her children and the blunting of her fine sensibilities that has come from long association with her husband. From a glorious woman she has descended to a dull housewife.

"It need not have been so," you say. "It was the woman's weakness that made it so."

Ah, if that were true! But it is not true. One cannot be tied to a clod for fifteen years without smelling of the earth.

* * * * *

It all simmers down to this: No woman should ever delude herself into the belief that she can elevate a man by marrying him. In nine cases out of ten she will mar herself without improving him. The rough stone will dull the fine metal. If you mix fine gold with dross, the result is dross, not gold.

I have tried to be frank; I hope I have not been discouraging. There is a rule that is often recommended in business: "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." It may be a little crude in its wording, but it contains good sound sense. It can be applied safely even to affairs of the heart. The imperativeness of going ahead is secondary only to the importance of first making sure that you are right. Be certain of your lover's love; be certain of his nobility of character; then marry him, and you may be certain of happiness. Let no advice of money-loving, age, of senseless ambition—let no weak misgivings deter you. There is nothing that can make a giant before the world of a true man so surely as the strong love of a true woman. There is a chorus of joy in heaven whenever a marriage perfect in love and strength and honour takes place on earth.

* * * * *

Lastly, and more important than all the rest, be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers. I have seen more unhappy homes than I care to think of because of not heeding this clear command. If the woman be a Christian and her lover an unbeliever, God says, "be not unequally yoked." With no exception, such marriages in the end bring untold misery. The Christian thinks she will lift the man to her level. It is not so, he always drags her down to his. Then comes sadness of heart and great sorrow. Marriage is beautiful when two hearts are as one; otherwise it is often hell. To conclude, I would say, "Certainly, marry if all is well; if not, avoid it as you would poison, for the man's sake as well as your own."

* * * * *

BESETTING SINS.—I am saddened beyond measure at the frequency of this question. "Can I be delivered from ——, it is my besetting sin?" If you will read the eighty-first Psalm, you will notice that God says, "I should soon subdue their enemies." To enable Him to do this, it is necessary that there should "be no strange gods in thee," and that you should "hearken" (obey) "the Lord thy God" alone. The condition for this blessing depends upon our position. If we try to deliver ourselves we shall fail. If we are right with God, and let Him do *all* the saving, He will soon subdue all our enemies. You have tried, fought, struggled, and failed; why not let God do it for you? In deliverance from besetting sin man can only hinder God.

Natural Law in the Physical World.

MY claims for the body are so high that I venture to assert that, unless natural law governs at the foundation, spiritual law will have a sad time in the superstructure. Show me the man in the street who works, sleeps and eats by natural law, and I'll predict a lively hope that he will one day "work out his own salvation." But show me the bishop who eats at random, and whatever else he does, I predict for him both an early grave and a dyspeptic *soul*. Man is what he makes himself in body, mind, and spirit. We are renewed in body every seven years, and this from the food we eat. Therefore make the machine perfect to carry us through life, and, with the greater gifts of mind and soul, we shall wage a grand warfare through time and eternity.

I have promised to give in this issue a *scheme for menus*. Food has to be digested, and causes the body the greatest possible expenditure of effort during its course; it must therefore habitually be taken rationally, or untimely decrepitude will follow. The exhaustive treatment of the food question is, to my mind, the greatest need of the twentieth century, and only the most general and cursory scheme can be given here.

THE HON. HENRY D. PERKY.

For breaking the fast, not an early cup of tea, but hot water; for the meal, a natural or stewed fruit entire, a breakfast cereal, an egg (not fried). This is a natural food meal and would better be varied by fish and cocoa than by bacon and white bread, which are the twin demons of ill health and ignorance. For lunch, soup, fish, fowl, or meat, salads and vegetables, a natural sweet, not paste of lard and dough, not cheese and beer after a heavy meat meal. For tea—(the Englishman's pet poison), cocoa, natural bread, and butter. For supper—a natural bread and butter, salad, nuts, milk pudding, fruit. Paté de foie gras and porridge are, of course, intended, the first for the man who doesn't care what he eats, and the second for the child who doesn't care how he eats. *A scheme*.—Classify all available food in season, and make a list, each under its "course," as soups, savouries, &c. Then seek to get together a *balance of nutrients*, using first a lighter brain-making dish, then a heavy muscle-making dish, then a heat and fat-making dish, &c. Meantime, use some standard "Staff of Life" in place of the brain-killing white bread and pastry. Get food well cooked, but left *natural*, not stripped of its best parts—and seek to let appetite revert to its original simplicity, strength, and *service*. In my next paper I shall illustrate practical natural food dishes, which are recommended by the Oread Institute, the college of natural food in America, which the Hon. Henry D. Perky has founded to teach natural food to the girls of America, free of cost to them. I take pleasure in giving below a short sketch of Mr. Perky's life and of the conservatoire which he is now building, which latter, with additions, will occupy a space of some 4,500,000 square feet at Niagara.

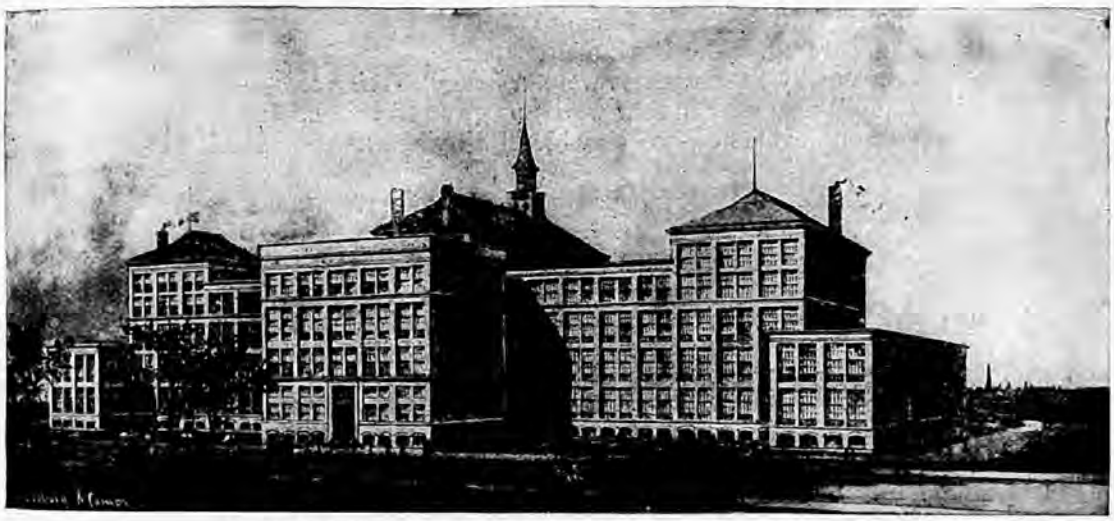
Henry D. Perky was born and grew up on a farm in Ohio. Too active and ambitious in mind to be satisfied with farm life, he became a shopkeeper, to support himself and family while studying law. He became, later, a successful lawyer, so that the Union Pacific Railway Co. retained him as one of its Attorneys; and he was elected to the State Legislature of Nebraska soon afterwards.

The loss of his first born son in infancy, and his own ill-health led him to a careful and thorough study of the whole science of nutrition, and this convinced him that most untimely deaths are due to malnutrition, the result of improper food. We all like the things we ought never to eat, because we and our ancestors for generations have been taught and compelled to eat improper foods from infancy, to old age or premature death. Mr. Perky's health was restored; and now at fifty-seven he is a perfect specimen of physical manhood, and does an amount of mental and physical labour, that very few men of any age could endure. He gives the credit of his restoration to *Whole Wheat.*

Having secured perfect health for himself, he gave up the law and political preferment and devoted his life and talents to placing the benefit he had received within the reach of millions of people suffering from the same causes and needing the same help. His only son, Scott H. Perky, has for four years visited the nations of the world, ransacking libraries, and getting in touch with the best living authorities on the food question. He bought the books in all languages that throw any light on the past, present, or future of the food question, and sent them home to his father, who, by their study, has become one of the best, if not the best practical authority on the science of nutrition in the States.

The result of Mr. Perky's studies and experience, stated in his own terse phrase, is, that "naturally organised foods make possible natural conditions. There is no other way." The growth of this idea and the business which has grown out of it has required the establishment of the fifth factory within a few years, each larger and better than the last. The immense establishment shown in the illustration, using electric power generated by Niagara Falls, is now the largest food factory in the world, and, moreover, secures cleanliness and perfection in product, with health, comfort, and instruction to operatives in a greater degree than ever attempted before.

The invention and manufacture of Shredded Whole Wheat "Biscuit" has been a great boon to humanity in the work of the Shredded Wheat Co., which, under Mr. Perky's able management, is teaching the vital question of life, physically speaking—the natural way to health, the understanding of the food question. Food is the body-builder, and natural products are the only safe staples on which one can depend, to renew the human frame from the daily waste. Wheat is the most perfect and practical of these, and is the most widely distributed over the face of the earth of all cereals. From natural whole-boiled wheat, cleaned and selected, a most wonderful "little loaf" is made at Niagara. It contains no yeast or chemical for raising, no greasy substance for "shortening." It is light and short from Nature, and from natural, mechanical treatment in the Shredded Wheat Co.'s factory.



FACTORY OF THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY, AT NIAGARA FALLS, U.S.A.

It is an easy matter to criticise and break down, but a difficult one to create and build up. I have tried to show a national defect, and a plain simple way to remove it. The habit of eating ignorantly has led to many weaknesses; the habit of "rational diet" will replace this weakness with vigour.

C. E. INGERSOLL

BIBLE CLASS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

ESPECIALLY PREPARED FOR SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. F. A. WELLS.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. There are two classes for young people of both sexes. "Class I." for members under 16, who will answer only the numbered questions; "Class II." for those between 16 and 30, *all* questions.

2. The *chapter*, *verse*, and *Bible words* must always be given, unless otherwise stated.

3. State class, age, name and address on the front page. Write on one side of the paper only. Papers must be sent in to this office by July 31, addressed "Bible Class."

4. The Editor's decision as to the members who have obtained the greatest number of marks is final.

NOTE.—It is recommended that an hour be given each Sunday, and that the whole competition be not finished at one sitting.

PRIZES.—A Gold-Plated Watch, for the best paper in each Class.
Four valuable Books for the next four in each Class.

BIBLE STUDY COMPETITION FOR JULY, 1901.

THE BOOK OF JOSHUA.

1. Find God's promises to Joshua and the Israelites
2. Give instances of Joshua's obedience to God.
3. Is "faith" illustrated in the Book of Joshua?
4. Give the reason why the Israelites were defeated at Ai.
5. Mention Caleb's character in four words as given in this book.

A. Find one example of how we should all live by doing five things. (Five small words in one verse.)

B. Could Joshua prove that God had kept His promises? (One verse.)

PRIZE WINNERS, APRIL COMPETITION.

SENIOR DIVISION.

A Gold-Plated Watch has been awarded to Carrie Murton, 145, Woodbridge-road, Ipswich.

Book prizes have been sent to the following:—Harry Treadgold, "The Pools," Westwood Heath, near Coventry; Annie Elphick, 101, Dagnall Park, South Norwood, S.E.; Janie Cowley, 18, Tollington-place, Tollington Park, N.; M. Janette Price, Prospect House, Ketley Bank, Oakengates, Salop.

JUNIOR DIVISION.

A Gold-Plated Watch has been awarded to Lillian Ellis, 20, Waveley-road, Redland, Bristol.

Book prizes have been sent to the following:—John Alexander Price, Prospect House, Ketley Bank, Oakengates, Salop; Samuel Foster, 14, Pelham-street, Middlesbro', Yorks; Walter Harvey, 77, Somerset-road, Tottenham, N.; Ada Rankin, Shenstone, Bridge-of-Allan, N.B.

Best Set of Answers to "April" Bible Class Competition.

A STUDY ON THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

1.—Write out the Fruit.

Love, Joy, Peace, Long suffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, Meekness, Temperance.

2.—Give the name of one person from the Bible to each word that will illustrate that word.

Jonathan: Love: 2 Sam. 1. 26; The disciples: Joy: Luke 24. 52; Solomon: Peace: 1 Kings 4. 24; Job: Long suffering: James 5. 11; David: Gentleness: 2 Sam. 18. 5; Dorcas: Goodness: Acts 9. 36; Abraham: Faith: Gal. 3. 9; Moses: Meekness: Num. 12. 3; Paul: Temperance (self-control): 1 Cor. 9. 27.

A.—Take each word and write out a verse to explain its opposite.

Love: *Hatred* stirreth up strife: Prov. 10. 12; Joy: The *sorrow* of the world worketh death: 2 Cor. 7. 10; Peace: Where *strife* is, there is confusion: Jas. 3. 16; Long suffering: He that is *hasty* of spirit exalteth folly: Prov. 14. 29; Gentleness: A soft answer turneth away *wrath*: Prov. 15. 1; Goodness: *Wickedness* burneth as fire: Is. 9. 18; Faith: He that *wavereth* is like a wave of the sea: Jas. 1. 6; Meekness: *Pride* goeth before destruction: Prov. 16. 18; Temperance (self-control): Enemies of the Cross of Christ, whose god is their belly: Phil. iii., 18, 19.

B.—Give a reference for every word from the Life of Christ showing how He lived the Fruit of the Spirit.

Greater *love* hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends: John 15. 13; Jesus *rejoiced* in spirit: Luke 10. 21; My *peace* I give unto you: John 14. 27; He was oppressed and He was afflicted yet He *opened not* His mouth: Is. 53. 7; He took them up *in His arms* and blessed them: Mark 10. 16; He went about doing *good*: Acts 10. 38; Thinketh thou that I cannot now pray to my Father and He *shall give* me more than twelve legions of angels: Matt. 26. 53; When He was reviled, He reviled *not again*: 1 Pet. 2. 23; Though He were a Son yet learned He *obedience* by the things which He suffered: Heb. 5. 8.

3.—Find God's rewards to people who are faithful.

Everlasting life: Gal. 6. 8; A new name: Rev. 2. 17; Crown of glory: 1 Pet. 5. 4; The morning star: Rev. 2. 28; Crown of life: Rev. 2. 10; White raiment: Rev. 3. 5.

FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF KINDNESS TO DUMB ANIMALS AMONGST YOUNG PEOPLE.

CONDUCTED BY MERCY.

RULES.—All young people under twenty-one years of age may become Members by sending their full name, address and age, with three penny stamps, for Card of Membership, to MERCY, at these offices.

All friends, over twenty-one years of age, will be welcomed as Associates.

Members and Associates may ask Mercy any question about the health and treatment of their pets, and will be answered in this page, but if a reply by post is required two penny stamps must be enclosed.

MY DEAR MEMBERS,

It was curious in our last Competition how many of the sketches were of horses. I was very glad to see this, for it seems to point to the fact that you are fond of these most intelligent animals. The pictures were mostly very good, and I highly commend Frances Cronk and Laurie Haarer for their efforts; but the prize of a Terrier Puppy goes to Master Arthur Smith (aged 8), Crafnant School, Buckhurst-hill, for a very clever drawing of a cow.

I once had a dog which was extremely fond of a kitten we had given us. But the kitten was not old enough to walk far, and the dog, a big collie, seemed to think that it ought to go out for a walk every day. After apparently thinking over the matter profoundly, for he would sit and watch the kitten anxiously, he one day picked it up, quite gently, in his mouth, and carried it out into the open air. Then he set it down and stood still whilst it crawled about; after a few minutes he picked it up again, and brought it home. He did this every day until the kitten was strong enough to run about by itself.

One of my Members writes to say that her dog always goes and opens the kitchen cupboard, and gets out a whole biscuit for his breakfast, then, as he cannot break it for himself, he takes it to his mistress to have it broken up.

Another little maiden says that one day grandpapa was in one of the out buildings, on the opposite side of the yard, when he saw an amusing sight. Puss climbed up the door leading into the kitchen and put her paw on the latch. Roy, the dog, then put his back against the door and pushed it open. In that way they got into the house.

"IT S QUITE TIME THE HOLIDAYS COMMENCED. WE ARE COMMENCING NOW."

I want old and new Members to send me anecdotes of this kind, either from their own or their friends' personal experience; and to the one who sends the best I will forward a beautiful Singing Canary. Manuscripts must reach me by July 20.

When you want advice about your pets, and wish to have an answer by post, do not forget to send me two penny stamps, and to write "Urgent" on the envelope.

With my love to you all,

Yours affectionately,

MERCY.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ethel Lloyd.—I am so sorry you have been ill but hope you are better. Feed your bird on mixed Canary seeds, and once a week give him a little "Hartz Mountain Food." You can also give him a few sprigs of watercress, or mustard and cress; and birds are generally fond of any sort of fruit, such as a bit of apple or orange.

Lottie Driffield.—I am glad that you are interested in watching the wild birds build their nests. You should try to learn more of their habits. A delightful book, by Dr. W. T. Greene, which I would recommend you to read, is called "Feathered Friends."

Gwynneth Miller.—I do not know why your goldfish should die, as you say you change the water frequently. This should be done *every day*, and the bowl must be placed where it will get plently of light, and yet not too much sun. You may give them a few tiny crumbs of bread daily. I congratulate you about your examination.

Myrtle Hastings.—Give your rabbits a bed of *oat* straw, it is sweeter and softer than other kinds. For food give oats, sweet meadow hay, dry clover, bran, turnips, and carrots.

Peggie Smith.—You say that you want to know how to tell when a Colony of Bees is Queenless. This is easy, as directly the Queen has gone from the hive the bees become restless, running and flying about in all directions, seeming to be searching vainly for something. No work is done and a drowsy state is noticed in all the bees. The loss of a Queen in late summer can frequently be discovered by the bees allowing the drones to live, even through the whole winter, if they are still queenless. The keeping of bees is one of the most interesting hobbies that one can have.

Curious.—There is nothing extraordinary in your cat being fond of grass. He is evidently rather out of sorts. Grass to cats is a life preserver. It helps them to vomit up any hair that is swallowed whilst washing themselves, or any other indigestible substance. When fresh grass is unattainable, dried grass must be provided; whilst, in towns, and for winter use generally, grass can be grown in pots.

Mary Maxwell.—All cats should have as much milk as they like, scalded, not boiled; and clean water should always be within reach.

Vera.—After the young birds are a month old they should be separated from their parents and induced to eat seed as soon as possible. For this purpose it should be cracked either with a paste pin, round bottle, or in a mill. Discontinue soft food as much as possible, and on no account give them any green food, except the weather be very hot, and then only in very small quantities; young birds are very apt to eat more soft food and green meat than they can digest, so that it should be given sparingly.

"Mercy" is delighted to welcome as new Members, Dorothy Shirreff, Mr. John T. Sidney (Asso.), Mab. R. Arnison, Tom Evison, Roy Oliver, Margaret McCrea, Sidney Laurie, Frances A. L. MacHarg, and Dorothy Sandford.

SALE AND EXCHANGE.

F. C. wishes to sell, for a reasonable price, a yellow canary with black markings.

S. E. would be grateful if any Member would give him a guinea pig or male rabbit.

D. H. wishes to sell a terrier pup for 5s. 6d. to a kind home. Also she has a pair of guinea pigs to sell for 5s. the pair. The father of one of these cost seven guineas.

C. E. W. has a blue Persian male, nearly three years old, long pedigree, affectionate, to sell for 50s. Also some Persian kittens.

Mrs. H. has female terrier pup and three Dutch rabbits for sale.

L. F. has to sell pure-bred black Minorca fowl, or would exchange it for pure-bred fowl.

Subscriptions are due July 1st.

THE SUNDAY STRAND MISSIONARY BAND.

Formerly the Home Magazine Missionary Band.

OBJECTS.—To encourage interest in work amongst the heathen. To invite membership, with subscription of not less than ONE SHILLING a year. We send all subscriptions direct to the missionary in the field, none being spent in Great Britain. Missionaries are appointed under the charge of already existing Societies.

Missionaries now Representing Members in the Field.

MISS MCDOWELL, M.D., Doctor in Charge of Women's and Children's Hospital, Benares, India; "The Zenana Bible and Medical Mission."

MR. and MRS. INNES (in Zululand), "The Church Missionary Society."

MR. LOWIS (in China), "The China Inland Mission."

MR. HODGE (in Behar, Central India), "The Regions Beyond Mission."

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO MEMBERS.—A large number of members have not yet paid their subscriptions, which became due on the 31st of December last. WHEN SENDING SUBSCRIPTIONS, the Treasurer will be obliged if members will state the number on their cards as well as their name and address. LETTERS addressed "Missionary Band," 7–12, Southampton-street, Strand, London, W.C., and not to the Editor personally.

The Treasurer begs to acknowledge, with thanks, the following subscriptions and donations received up to June 1st, 1901:—

Miss Kate Fyfe, 10s.; Miss Marie Taylor, 1s.; A. W. 1s.; Simon Sloper, £1; H. C. Bleakley, 10s.; George E. W. and Mrs. Turner, £2 2s. 6d.; M. Diamond, 2s. 6d.; Miss Marshall, 10s.; D. King, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Edward Jones, 5s.; A Widow's Mite, 2s. 6d.; E. Barker, 2s.; E. Bradbury, 2s.; Caroline Mogg, 4s.; Miss Wookey, 10s.; Miss Fanny Meadows, 2s. 6d.; Miss Edith Gaze, 1s.; Ambrose Stuce, 4s.; Miss Ada Stuce, 4s.; Mrs. Poyntz, 5s.; James Carney, 1s.; Mrs. Dickenson, 5s.; K. T., 6s.; Miss Muriel Warren, 1s.; Boys' Mission, per F. Sampson, 4s. 4d.; Mrs. Margaret West, 1s.; Miss Kathleen West, 1s.; "Oldfield," 1s.; F. C. Pearce, 2s.; Miss Mary Bannister, 2s. 6d.; Miss Amy Jewsbury, 2s.; Miss Emma Blair, 4s.; Anon, per Mr. Clarke, £1; Joseph Whittle, £1 1s.; S. T. Howard, 2s. 6d.; Stanley Hood, 1s.; W. F. Nicholas, £1 1s.

Readers who wish to become helpers with us in this work will please fill up the Coupon, cut it out and send it to us, addressed "Missionary Band," 7-12, Southampton-street, Strand, London, W.C. Subscriptions are payable half-yearly on 1st January and 1st July.

I wish to become a Member of the "Missionary Band" in connection with *The Sunday Strand*, and will give at least £ : s.: d. a year. I enclose *fourpence* for my card of membership.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

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A House of Mercy

THE Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Brompton, is the largest of the Institutions devoted to the alleviation of these maladies, and has, for the past sixty years, been the means of untold benefits to many thousands of the sick poor. Under this hospitable roof the inmates have every advantage

HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST, BROMPTON.

in the shape of highly skilled physicians, and the most gentle nursing. In fact everything that human care can devise is done to make their stay a happy one. There is a beautiful chapel and a chaplain, whose sole duty it is to minister in the wards. The committee have also secured a charming site at Heatherside near Bagshot, upon which they intend, when funds permit, to build a "Country Branch and Convalescent Home," where the open-air treatment will be largely pursued. This much needed addition to the work of the charity will, it is hoped, largely commend itself to its friends, supplying, as it will, an urgent need. There is a largely attended out-patient department, where further cases are daily seen and prescribed for. The weekly concerts and entertainments during the winter months are very well attended, the patients showing great interest in the various performers (professional and amateur), who so ungrudgingly give of the very best to help to amuse their sick friends. This hospital will well repay a visit from anyone interested in what is, indeed, a House of Mercy, and the secretary, Mr. W. H. Theobald, will gladly give every information.

The Orphans' Home, West Square, Southwark.

THIS Home was opened in a small private house in 1867, and ten little girls were admitted. Since then the family has steadily increased, until now it numbers 325, the children's ages varying from eleven months to seventeen years. A large convenient building has been erected, costing £21,500, and branch homes have been added at Gravesend, Tunbridge Wells, Hastings and Stockwell.

Little candidates are admitted without patronage, payment or election, the most needy being the most welcome.

The three bairnies sitting side by side are fair samples of our nursery party. Gena, the eldest, came to us at three months old. Her mother died at the baby's birth, and the father sank under his grief and died three months after. Rosie the Tiny, in the middle, was born after the death of her father, and very shortly before that of her mother. Both parents died of consumption, and their three little girls, aged seven, five, and one, came together to the home. The wee white rosebud seemed to be withering, but though still almost a hothouse flower, we do not despair of rearing her. Daisy, the other merry little maiden,

Daisy, Rosie, and Gena.

INMATES OF THE ORPHANS' HOME, WEST SQUARE, SOUTHWARK.
Photo by Lankester.

is one of a large family, left motherless while the father was in South Africa. Three of this bereaved family found a warm welcome in the home nursery.

The *rules* of the home are few and simple—*No voting, no begging, and no debt.*

The *aims* of the work are—To teach the children that the Lord Jesus Christ is their Saviour and their Friend, to train them to serve Him faithfully in their daily life, and to fit them to become useful members of society, and to make their lives bright and happy as children's lives should be. Reports may be obtained at the Home and full information given.

THE SCHOOL FOR THE INDIGENT BLIND

"Through Five Reigns."

His Most Gracious Majesty King Edward VII. has just consented to become the Patron of the School for the Indigent Blind, the Institution depicted on this page, thus making the fifth reign in which this National Training Institution has continued its great work of rendering the blind "self-reliant" by teaching them trades. The charity has always received the hall-mark of royal support and regard, and her late Most Gracious Majesty the Queen annually contributed a subscription towards the expenses of maintaining some 250 blind young men and women, who, year by year, pass through its industrial sections. The committee require some £3,500 additional income to meet this year's ordinary expenses.

Little Nuritza.

Little Nuritza is one of the new orphans taken up by the Friends of Armenia.

When they began their work they meant only to have taken care of the children orphaned by the massacres, for the work was meant to help the Armenians over this terrible crisis in their history. But some of the cases that have come to the Mission doors have been so sad, that the missionaries have had to gather the children in. The following is Nuritza's story—

"Little Nuritza is about four and a half years of age. Her father was a travelling salesman, and spent most of his time going from one village to another, selling some trifling articles. One day a few Kurdish robbers attacked him, and after robbing him they killed him. The oldest daughter of the family was married. The mother, knowing that it was impossible for her to support her three little children, became insane, and lay sick on her wretched pallet for two years. Her one cry to every passer-by was, "Give me one penny to help feed my little ones." The married daughter, not being able to help her mother or to care for her, was troubled to such an extent that she also became insane. The mother-in-law therefore imprisoned her and chained her in a dark dungeon. After a number of months she improved, and is now well. Soon after our arrival," says the missionary, "the second youngest child was accepted into our home.

LITTLE NURITZA.

"One day the sick mother managed to reach our door. She was very poorly clad, and entirely exhausted. She had had no food for some time. Little Nuritza also accompanied her poor mother.

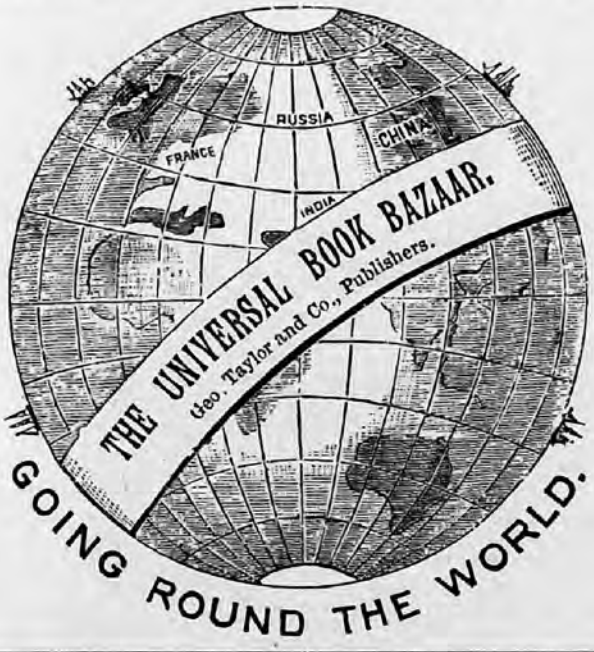
"During her entire stay she thanked us and pronounced blessings upon us, and weeping, begged us also to accept her baby. We gave her food and sent her to her home, telling her that Nuritza was too small to enter our home.

"Two days later, word was sent to us that this woman had died. I at once took the little child already in our home, to see her dead mother. I inquired of the neighbours who would care for the baby Nuritza. The answer was, "*She has no owner.*" I brought her to our home, and she has now been with us for a year.

Besides collecting for the orphans, the "Friends of Armenia" help the widows by selling their work at 47, Victoria Street, Westminster.

Mr. George Clarke will be holding a United Mission at Taunton from July 6th to 24th.

RICHARD CLAY AND SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BUNGAY.



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