

the drift of eminent persons like Harriet Martineau, William R. Greg, Frances Power Cobbe, and P. J. Taylor, who were all reared in Unitarianism. The preaching of Christ can alone hold men to one pursuit for a lifetime, and give them satisfaction throughout. Well might Channing say, three years before his death, "I would I could look to Unitarianism with more hope!" What a suggestive fact that Thomas Chalmers and William Emery Channing were born within ten days of each other! How different the intellectual and spiritual results of the labours of the two men! Unitarianism surely is not what it was. (To be continued.)

Sabbath School Work.

LESSON HELPS.

THIRD QUARTER.

THE DEATH OF LAZARUS.

LESSON III., July 18th, John xi. 1-16; memorize verses 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go that I may awake him out of sleep.—John xi. 11.

TIME.—January to February, A.D. 30. Three months after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Jesus was at Bethabara, beyond Jordan, in Perea. Lazarus was at his home in Bethany, about two miles south-east of Jerusalem, on the Mount of Olives.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—In the three months between the last lesson and this, we must place Matt. xi. and Luke ix. 51 to xvii. 10, including several miracles and parables.

JESUS.—33 years old, having completed more than three years of his ministry. Two or three months before his crucifixion.

INTRODUCTION.—After the parable of the good shepherd Jesus makes his final departure from Galilee, sends out the seventy in Samaria, crosses the Jordan into Perea, where he slowly journeys to Jerusalem, reaching there about the time of the Feast of Dedication, in December, A.D. 29. At this feast he speaks the words following, in John, our last lesson, x. 22-39, and then he returns to Bethabara, in Perea, beyond Jordan, where we find him at the opening of to-day's lesson.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. Lazarus: the Greek form of Eleazar. He and his sisters had a home in Bethany, at which Jesus loved to stay. 2. That Mary: the anointing here spoken of took place later, John xii. 2-7. 3. Sent unto him: at Bethabara, beyond Jordan, x. 40,—about 30 miles. 4. Sickens not unto death: death would not be the final result. For the glory of God: (1) by showing his divine power in raising up Lazarus; (2) in strengthening the faith of the family and the disciples; (3) in leading many to believe; (4) in giving comfort through all ages in the hours of sickness and death by the assurance of immortal life; (5) in leading to the crucifixion and thus the glorification of Jesus. 6. Therefore: because Jesus loved him. He abode two days still: so that all would know that Lazarus was dead, and the resurrection was by divine power. 8. Of late: a month or two before; x. 31. 9. Twelve hours: a definite limit set by God himself. If any man would in the day: symbolizing the time and place appointed by God, in the way of duty, guided, and enlightened, and strengthened by God. So long as he was about God's business, his enemies could not harm him till God's time came.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Lazarus.—The home at Bethany.—How we can have a home where Jesus will love to be.—How the sickness of Lazarus was for the glory of God.—v. 9.—Sleep as a type of death.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Jesus in our last lesson? How long between that lesson and this? What took place in the interval? Where was Jesus at the time of to-day's lesson? How long was it before his crucifixion?

SUBJECT: LESSONS FROM THE SICKNESS OF LAZARUS.

I. THE FAMILY THAT JESUS LOVED (vs. 1, 2, 3). Where did this family live? Name the members of it. By what act was one of them widely known? (v. 2; xii. 3, 7.) Why did Jesus love this family? What blessings would this friendship bring? Will Jesus be a member of your family? (John xiv. 17, 20, 21.) What must we do to have his presence? (John xv. 15, 23; xv. 20; Luke xxiv. 29.) What proof can you find that this family loved Jesus? (xii. 2-7; Luke x. 38-42.)

II. SICKNESS IN THE FAMILY (vs. 1-4).—Which one of this family was taken sick? What did his sisters do for him? How far away was Jesus? Should we do the same in case of sickness? In what way would you send to him? Does this require that we should not use every means in our power to be cured?

III. JESUS' MYSTERIOUS DEALING WITH THE AFFLICTED.—(vs. 4, 10, 15).—What did Jesus say was the object of this sickness? Did Lazarus die? How was his sickness to the glory of God? Why did Jesus remain two days before he went to help his beloved friends? In what ways was this delay a benefit to the family? How to the disciples? (verse 15.) In what ways may we gain good from sickness? Why did the disciples hesitate to go back to Judea? What was Jesus' reply? What did he mean here by "walk in the day," "walk in the night"? Apply this to yourselves.

IV. THE SLEEP OF DEATH (vs. 11-16).—When about to go to Bethany, what did Jesus say of Lazarus? What did his disciples think he meant? What did he mean? In what respects is death like sleep?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- I. Blessed is the home where Jesus loves to dwell.
II. We may have such a home, (1) by casting out all that is unclean to him, (2) by cultivating those qualities which are pleasing to him, (3) by inviting him to come.
III. Sickness and sorrow come to every household.
IV. We should go to Jesus for guidance and help.
V. God's mysterious delays are for the purpose of bringing to us a higher good.
VI. There is a time appointed for all our duties, and help given from God to do them.
VII. The duties must be done at the time, and with God's light, or there will be failure.
VIII. Death is like sleep, (1) in unconsciousness, (2) in continued existence at the same time, (3) in the fact that there is an awakening.

Our Story.

BARBARA STREET.

A FAMILY STORY OF TO-DAY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR MELL," "A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

MISS DENSTON paused for a moment, looking down at her tightly-clasped fingers, into which, unheeded the rings were pressing painfully. For a moment she retained her self-control, in spite of the painful urgency of the feeling which impelled her to learn the worst at once. The next she raised her eyes, filled with an almost startling intensity, to her brother's face.

"May I ask what you mean when you say that the matter concerns you closely?" Denston returned the look, being struck by surprise both by it and the tone.

"Any question of oppression concerns a man, I suppose," he said; "but where his own sister is the principal party, it becomes a matter where he ought to do what he can. I have done what I could by giving you a warning."

Miss Denston was still regarding her brother with the same fixedness.

"Is that your only motive?" she asked. Denston met the gaze and paused.

Some change in her sister's face, as he hesitated, quickened Denston's comprehension. He understood for the first time what her questions meant. The questioning gravity of his face gave place to a peculiarly melancholy and sarcastic smile.

"Ah!" he said; "I see now what you are at."

Miss Denston eyed him with a marrow-piercing glance.

"Well?" she asked sharply.

"Well," said Phillip, smiling still.

He did not know that it was a matter of life and death to his sister. To him it was one of half-melancholy sport. But her tones the next moment changed his tones too, they were so imperative and imploring.

"Phillip, tell me—you know I cannot bear surprise—do you love Hester? Does she love you? Let me know all, I implore you!"

She had risen; she came towards him—stood in front of him, with beseeching eyes. Phillip's expression changed to one of pity. He took her by the hands, and led her back to the sofa.

"My dear Georgina, what have I to do with love? What folly has got into your head? Regard for a moment my position and health. But that the thing should distress you like this is surely remarkable isn't it? One would have supposed an attachment between your brother and your dearest friend—though I can scarcely speak of the thing without a smile—would have given you some satisfaction."

"You have not answered me, Phillip. Do you love Hester?"

"No, I don't. Is that positive enough for you?"

Miss Denston's whole frame seemed to expand with relief. She swung her arms round her brother's neck, and kissed him. Involuntarily, he moved a little aside, embarrassed by this unusual effusion. He looked at her in grave wonder. Joy irradiated her whole aspect. For a moment she seemed to have returned to the brilliancy of her youth. But she sought to contain herself: she had something to say. The great dread was removed—a safety assured; but there was yet Hester to be thought of. Hester's feelings, she was assured by a woman's unerring instinct, were, to say the least interested.

"Phillip," she said, "I must suggest to you that, if that is the case, you should not pay Hester so much attention. A young impressionable girl is easily flattered, easily deceived."

"I pay attention to a young lady! Come, that is nonsense! What have I done to occasion such an accusation? I have treated her with no more than civility—or, at any rate, friendliness." The last clause was added as a sudden recollection of that afternoon's conversation occurred to him. "You may depend upon it, our young friend would open her calm eyes in amazement if the idea, as I trust it never may be, were suggested to her. In that house you know I am a privileged person. An enviable privilege, truly, where accorded to poverty and invalidism!"

Phillip had relapsed into his too usual bitterness of tone.

"But," he continued, rallying himself, "since I have relieved your feelings, I trust you will take into consideration what I have ventured to say to you, and also relieve mine. My advice is—relax your hold on that girl, or you will end by making her dislike you."

Denston had taken a seat not far from his sister. He was making a considerable effort in thus returning to the charge. The fact was his sister's behaviour, revealing, as it did, an attachment of a nature so zealous and exacting, caused him positive alarm on Hester's account, with a vivid recollection of her resolve to be faithful dwelling on his mind. But Miss Denston lightened her lips, and the expression of her face was not encouraging.

"It is hardly likely you should understand," she said coldly, "how the matter lies between us. I am very tired. I think I must go to bed."

She rose, and began to gather the papers together which lay scattered over her writing-table. Denston looked down thoughtfully, being occupied in an internal debate. Should he try, or not, a last expedient? Would it not obviously be more prudent to follow the instinct which had guided him hitherto, and continue to keep to himself a discovery which he alone had made? On the other hand if the disclosure of it were likely to produce so desirable a result were it not cowardly to refrain? Meanwhile, his sister was leaving him—the subject would never be re-opened between them. He was very far from rash by nature, but the most self-contained are apt occasionally to take action which outdoes in rashness the most impulsive of their brethren. Phillip lifted up his head as his sister was on her way to the door, and said—

"Stay a moment. I have not told you something which came to my knowledge this afternoon. Who do you think these people are?"

Miss Denston turned round.

"What do you mean?"

"These Norrises are not living under their right name. The real name is Fleetwood. Hester is the daughter of the man that ruined us."

A pause, in which Miss Denston stood astounded and speechless.

"I wished to warn you against your intimacy with her," continued Phillip, "without paining you by this disclosure, but as you have not—"

"But," interrupted his sister, coming forward, slowly, "it is not possible—how did you learn it—are you certain of it?"

"I learned it by accident, exactly how there is no need to tell you. I am quite certain of it."

"Does Hester know?"

"No, certainly not; and I expect you to keep the knowledge secret, as I intend to do." Miss Denston did not reply. She was absorbed in thought. Phillip looked at her, but could not discern in her face traces of what he had desired to see—an instinctive revulsion from the daughter of the man whose memory she had so long execrated. What her feelings were he was left to conjecture, for, suddenly rousing herself, she said, "Good night," and left him.

Denston, left alone, began to pace up and down the room, but his thoughts soon reverted to Hester and his adventures on her behalf to his own affairs, his own troubles and perplexities. They did not lighten as he brooded over them, and he went to bed at last with a heavy heart.

CHAPTER XXII.

AFTER FOURTEEN YEARS.

If we stand on a sea-beach and watch the rolling in of the waves, we observe that after one unusually big has tumbled itself over at our feet there comes a full. Nature seems to be taking breath before appearing another monster. Just so one notices a "tide in the affairs of men." After exciting events a fitness usually succeeds, sometimes contradicting our anticipations of consequence. After the extraordinary excitements recorded, Barbara Street—the portion of it in which we are interested—lapsed into a state of singular dullness. The very weather sympathised, and, after the brilliant day accorded to the excursionists, turned gloomy and cold. Expectations and anticipations were alike contradicted. Grace found Mr. Waterhouse, when she came into his presence again, quite as circumspect in his behaviour as before the relaxed conditions of the day's intercourse, and that vaguely uncomfortable Sunday evening episode. Hester, when she went across to Miss Denston, like a guilty but repentant child expecting punishment, found herself greeted without anger, coldness, or even reference to her desertion of the day before. How could this be? She wondered, but felt it a grace which drew her to her friend once more with cords of love—now too often replaced with those of obligation. Between Denston and his sister, too, had again fallen silence. When they met again no reference was made to the subjects or the disclosure of the previous evening. It may, however, be supposed that, though the world of incident was just then barren, minds were far from lying fallow, and that there was a movement going on there in which was stored up the electric force which serves to create incident. Circumstances, it is true, mould men, but it must be remembered that men make circumstances. Each act, each word, may, each determining thought of our life goes to the framing of circumstance, helps to create the external conditions in which our soul, and not only ours but that of our neighbour, has to live and move. We are all, whether we will or no, our brother's keeper; involuntarily we frame his temptations, his sufferings, his faults. Our very thoughts are translated into remorseless facts which make or mar him, for the thoughts we indulge in issue in our actions as inevitably as the chrysalis develops into the butterfly, and our actions make history. It is an awful fact that we cannot be good or bad to ourselves only, even in our secret thoughts.

During this slackening in the tide of events, small probably in the estimation of some, but far otherwise if we believe events to be rightly measurable only as they affect human character, Grace, coming suddenly one evening into the bedroom which she shared with her mother, found her sobbing unreservedly, and clasping in her hand a miniature portrait which her daughter knew well. She knew also what her mother's emotion meant. How often in the time gone by had she seen her mother's composure overcome by these sudden onrushings of memory, before which the intervening years, with their burden of other interests and cares, were swept away and the long-buried past left as the only rooted reality! Grace spoke not a word, but, just as she had been close to do when a tiny dark-eyed child of ten, came close to her mother's side, and waited patiently, with something of the faithfulness of a dog understanding little his master's grief, but offering in wistful dumbness what comfort may lie in a loving presence.

By-and-by her mother's sobs grew quieter, and she let the miniature fall into her lap. Grace took it up and looked at it. In her handling and her look there was that mixture of reverence and curiosity which maidens are wont to use towards the symbols of an experience which has never come to them. The only love-confidence to which Grace had listened had come from her mother's lips. The only romance to which she had been a confident had been that of her father and mother, acted out long years before, and brought to a close so sudden, and so dark, that it had cast its shadow backwards as well as forwards, and blotted out the early brightness. Grace, gazing at the likeness, thought many things. It was a handsome face that was represented there; her mother had told her that when her father sat for it he had set himself to look as he would have done at her—his wife, and Grace could imagine well that it had been so. The eyes were looking straight into hers, and smiling, and there was a glow over the whole features which the painter had well caught and transfixed. Grace had another face in her mind's eye with which this one ill agreed, a face over which hung a heavy melancholy, and eyes which never smiled, nor rested on hers with the direct glance of a heart-greeting. Was there anything in this face which foreshadowed the other? Did the suggestion of a too passionate feverish grasping at the good things of this lurk in that genial mouth and eager eye, and foretell that early ruin of fame, and happiness, and reason, the shadow of which still hung over them? Grace did not love her father, but his idea was associated with vivid emotion of many kinds. She knew that as a child she had loved him dearly; she knew that her mother still loved him, and his image was encompassed with a pity full of awe, such as we accord to those whose sufferings have been exceptional. Mrs. Norris presently removed her handkerchief from her eyes, and looked up. It was an uneasy glance, as of one who eyes some treasure jealously. She held out her hand for the miniature, and, gazing at it, wept silently. Grace after a moment put her hand over her mother's, and covered the face from view.

"Mother," she said, "you have cried long enough to-night. Won't you put it away now?"

Her mother lifted her dark eyes appealingly.

"You don't understand, Grace—how should you? The grief that comes when I look at this is a relief. I can forget the reality, I can be almost happy. I feel as if I were twenty again. Grace, was not your father handsome? What beautiful eyes he had! You are none of you like him."

Grace had knelt down by her mother's side, perceiving she was ready to be comforted by expression and sympathy.

"Yes," said Grace, "he was very handsome, and, of course, you thought his eyes beautiful, because they spoke love to you. And you were handsome, too, mother, as you are still. I should think you are very little changed from what you were in those happy days, in spite of all the trouble you have had. At the present moment you look like a girl thinking of her lover. You feel like that, don't you?"

Mrs. Norris cheeks were just tinged with colour, her eyes were luminous through the moisture of tears, and her lips parted in a dawning smile. But they began now to tremble pitifully.

"We have never been middle-aged people together, you see. I should have been happier and less sentimental otherwise, perhaps. I have nothing to think of but those days, my dear."

"You do not need any excuse, mother. Such love as yours is a most wonderful thing. What a long, long time it has lasted, and what stormy seas it has lived through!"

Her mother smiled gently.

"There is no wonder in that. You don't know what love is, Grace."

"No," said Grace, gravely, "I hope I never shall. I hope and trust it will not come to any of us."

"It would be better, perhaps, as things are," said Mrs. Norris, sighing, "but I should have wished a happier future for my daughters."

"We are happier as we are. I shudder at the thought of bearing the burden of a love like yours. It seems to me a fearful thing."

"That is because you do not understand, my dear; but—after a pause, and smiling—"why I should try to enlighten you I do not know. What a foolish mother you have got!"

"But dearer than the wisest Solomon of a mother that ever lived!"

And some kissing ensued.

"Mother," said Grace, after an interval, "I think Hester could love as you do, and as long. I hope she may not."

"Hester, Grace? Why do you say that? Have you any reason?"

The two looked into each other's eyes.

"Oh no," said Mrs. Norris, "he does not think of it. I am sure. I have seen no sign of it. I think he seems more in love with me."

"That would show his good taste, and let us hope it may prove so, but the idea must have entered your head as well as mine, or you would not have caught it so quickly."

"I like him better than any young man I have known. I think he is thoroughly to be trusted," said Mrs. Norris musingly.

"Mother, this is madness!" burst in Grace, vehemently. "It is sentiment misplaced indeed! What greater misfortune could happen than that we should any of us fall in love? You know well we could never marry. As for me, I cannot think what maggot has got into my brain that I should be always imagining these things. A year ago I never troubled my head about them. I wish we had never begun to know young men. I had little idea they were such disturbing creatures."

Mrs. Norris was paying small attention to this, she was again absorbed in the feelings uppermost with her that evening. Grace saw the look of pain which she had chased away, settling again upon her mother's face.

"Grace," she said, "I have so strongly the feeling that your father wants me."

"But, mother, you have often felt that, and you have so often proved that he does not. You should not distress yourself by dwelling on a delusion."

"But, my dear, I always have the feeling that it may be otherwise. You know they all think him better, and there is the letter he wrote to me to prove it."

"And when we went to see him after you received it, was there any difference in him? Was he not just as apathetic and indifferent to your presence? And did you not come away almost heart-broken? Because he contrived to get hold of your address, and wrote asking to be taken away, which you know the patients are always doing, you make up your mind that he is getting better. Poor mother, how deluded you are!"

"You are very hard, Grace."

"No, mother, I am not. But I cannot bear that you should hope and be disappointed."

"Well, Grace, I must go and see him."

"Now, that is just what I feared. It is so short a time since the last visit, and you were so unhappy after it. If you go I shall have to see my little mother looking sad and ill for weeks."

"Nevertheless, I must go, Grace. You cannot understand the craving I have to see him. Besides, we do not know how much he feels and understands. I believe that he would miss my visits, and that he remembers when I am gone how I smiled at him and loved him, and till I know to the contrary I will never neglect him. Oh, my dear, if he would but look once as he is remembered and loved, I would ask for nothing more. Oh, Grace, that is all I ask of God! I must go and see whether He is not willing to grant it now."

The tears were in Grace's eyes, brought there by the yearning tones of her mother's voice.

"Well, mother, we will go to-morrow," she said. And the two kissed each other, and Grace smoothed her mother's hair, and bathed her eyes with eau de Cologne, and then they went downstairs together.

The next day they traversed once more the way associated with so much fruitless pain and misery—the way never willingly taken by Grace, for their visits gave no pleasure to her father; indeed, they knew that his gloom was always heavier afterwards; and to her mother the occasions were fraught with anguish, which yet she was ever craving to bring upon herself.

To Grace, her mother's love towards her husband, so persistent, so inexhaustible, was a continual source of awe and wonder. Fourteen years seems an age to the young, and to those who have not loved it seems a marvel that love should not be quenched by "many waters." It was not possible that Grace should realise how the eleven years of wedded love and happiness, in which her husband had been the very soul of her life, should be to her mother more vivid and more real than those colourless fourteen, in which she had been as a widow and an exile, and which had been lived out without enthusiasm or hope. To Grace they had been the years of her growth from childhood into womanhood, of the development of her mind and tastes and feelings, while she had had a child's feeble hold on that time to which her mother looked back as that of her own most intense life.

(To be continued.)