

name the writer of that called from S. Athanasius. So of the *Te Deum*,—so also of that world-famous *Veni Creator Spiritus*. Yes; and I might go further still, and say,—so of the Lord's Prayer itself. It might have pleased Him who spake as man never spake, to deliver to His Apostles a prayer, His own in every way, never before used, nor heard till then. But it was not so. He chose certain petitions from the public prayers of the Jews, and wove them, as it were, together, into the perfect model of all supplications.

And now I put the two side by side,—the Creed and the Prayer; the Creed that has been clung to, suffered for, died for,—the Prayer that from every hut and palace of the Christian world goes up hourly like incense to the Throne on high; and one word is common to both. "Our FATHER which art in Heaven." "I believe in God the FATHER Almighty."

So it ever is, that Faith and Love go together. The word FATHER is a part of that Catholic Faith touching the Trinity in Unity and Unity in Trinity, which except a man keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly. True. But not less is it the word of all love, of all care, of all watchful tenderness, of that providence which ordereth all things in heaven and earth.

Drop, drop, drop,—drip, drip, drip,—a hopelessly, helplessly, wet afternoon. All that July day one unbroken, unmottled sweep of cloud had stretched across the sky. You might have painted the landscape with chalk and ashes. Over rich pasture and sluggish canal, over the Zuyder Zee and the German Ocean, the same dull, wearisome, unvaried shadow. For our scene lies in Holland; and it opens in the little village of Muiden, a league from Amsterdam, and on the borders of the great inland sea.

When the sun comes out again, its long street of low white houses, with their formal garden plots, and still more formal trees, will look pretty enough. Now the same dull rain confuses all;—the place seems deserted;—a boy may occasionally cross the road on some errand, a drenched fowl may occasionally be seen in the lane that runs down to yonder white farm; and then they retire, and again leave the place to its desolation. That high bank to the north, which shuts out all view of the Zuyder Zee, is the great dyke on the strength of which depends the very existence of the surrounding country. It is towards it that I am going to take you; for our business lies at the cottage yonder which nestles at its foot, close to the enormous sluice gates that command the tides.

A neat little place it is to be sure; like the rest, low and whitewashed, save that there is a broad yellow band of paint round the windows. The walk through the garden is paved with brick, now slippery and shining with wet; the garden

itself is laid out in square, or star-shaped, or octagonal beds, neatly trimmed with box; there is a yew tree on each side of the outer gate, the one bearing the form of a lion rampant, the other intended to represent a peacock with spread tail; and, in the green moat that surrounds the whole, good Gerard Van Kampen—for that is his name—has erected one of those buildings, half ship, half summer house, where Dutchmen are wont to enjoy their pipes till sunset, and then leave the apartment to the possession of frogs and typhus. A well-to-do man is master Gerard, keeper of the sluice gates, near which he lives, and owner of five or six acres of the best land in the Sticht. How the whole country, as we go in, seems choked with water! ditches over-brimming, furrows turned into currentless rivulets, every horse-hoof or patten mark in the road proving the saturation of the earth. It is enough to remind one of Butler's verses:

"They always ply the pump, and never think
They can be safe but at the rate they sink;
They live as if they had been run aground,
And when they die are cast away and drown'd.
A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd;
In which men do not live, but go aboard."

Let us go in and see what the interior of the cottage can show us.

A comfortable little kitchen indeed; the fire just sufficient to make the great pot that hangs over it simmer; the fireplace lined with blue and white tiles, intended to represent Scripture history, as indeed after a sort they do. There is Isaac bound and lying upon the altar, while Abraham levels at him a monstrous blunderbuss, into the pan of which the angel is about to empty a jug of water. There is the Judgment of Solomon,—the king is attired in a full bottomed wig, while the officer wears the habit of the Amsterdam burgher guard. There is the marriage of Tobit, celebrated by a gentleman in ruff bands. As to the dresser, its pewter dishes glitter like silver; the red tiles of the roof look as if it were an impossibility that a speck of dirt should ever have fallen on them, while the great black oak table, with its curiously carved legs, shines with a brightness that suggests hours and years of patient rubbing, and generations of deceased housemaids. There are one or two engravings, such as they are: the burgomaster of Leyden offering his body for the food of the enraged and famishing multitude, but declaring that he had sworn not to surrender the town to the Spaniards, and that by God's grace he would keep his oath; the murder of William of Orange, by Balthazar Gernarts; and a portrait of the then Stadholder, afterwards William III. of England.

But it is too bad in having been so long in describing the room, and as yet to have said nothing of its young mistress, who is working by the fire-side. Elsie van Kampen is the old waterwarden's only child; her mother died at her birth; and she has indeed been a sunbeam in that little house. Rather tall, with the fair brow, and fair