

Our Story.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF McNEIL.

BY AMELIA E. BARR. Author of "Jan Velder's Wife," "The Daughter of Fifty," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

Not until this day had Grizelda heard of Lord Maxwell's second marriage. Whatever was undecided in her plans it decided. No one should wrong her child. To delay her own vindication was now to cloud his birth and imperil his inheritance.

Secrecy was still the first necessity, and therefore it was thought best to allow the funeral rites to proceed.

"Though we know not whom we honour, blessed is the man who is merciful to the dead," said Colin quoting the pious proverb of his race. But he could not help at the same moment recalling the poor handful of shrouded dust, and comparing it with the Grizelda sitting at his side, instinct with life, and crowned with beauty.

The Donatas and Caterina were speedily taken into the plan for retribution. They were, indeed, an important part of it. On their testimony all depended, if Maxwell was disposed to make any effort to fight the Nemesis unrelentingly advancing.

Peppo was the one uncertain factor. Colin feared that his support would be given to the highest bidder. But while this fear was on his tongue Peppo unexpectedly came home. His dark, handsome face gleamed with a wicked intelligence as soon as he saw the direction in which events were tending.

His hatred of Maxwell flamed up with all the intensity of a subdued force. Would he go to Scotland to confound him? He would go to the end of the earth for such a delightful object. How soon could he go? If mildred McNeil could settle the terms he could be ready in an hour.

He pointed out with considerable pride that he had been faithful to Grizelda for six years, and Caterina; that her famous jewels had been at his finger ends during the whole time, and his honour had been invincible to the temptation.

And Colin, though a prudent man in money matters, forgot prudence in this case. He made Peppo and Caterina such a stupendously generous offer that they were almost beside themselves with joy.

The farm and vineyard, the fine stone house with porticoes, which had been Peppo's most extravagant dream, was a certainty. For the money was to be deposited for him in a Roman Bank ere he left for Scotland, and three months after date he could draw it.

"How excellent a thing it is to be kind to the unfortunate," he said to Caterina, as they discussed their prospects by the kitchen hearth. "If I had not had a great soul, Caterina, reflect how much we should have lost! But I had pity upon mildred. I have been the soul of honour about those jewels. Consequently, I could make a good bargain to-night. And when I think of that sneering wolf in men's clothing I am happy, Caterina. I am going to have a little pleasure. The brute tried to steal the jewels—ah, I have not forgiven him."

Caterina heard all this self-applause with that sublime patience and restraint good wives learn. She never reminded him of her own entreaties on Grizelda's behalf—never alluded to the fact that she had often felt compelled to put the jewels where they could not be at his finger ends—she permitted him to claim with complaisance all the good qualities he had no right to, unless, indeed, a husband may rightfully claim a wife's virtues, as well as her services.

In three days they were on the road to Scotland. Colin had Grizelda and her child in his loving care; Peppo, in all the splendour of a new travelling suit, protected Caterina. The Donatas were to follow if their testimony was required, but Colin had come to regard Peppo's opinion of Maxwell as a definitely true one.

"He will go to the feet, mildred McNeil—he will go to the feet, and you may kick him away."

CHAPTER XV.—THE GIFT OF GLADNESS.

Measure thy live by loss instead of gain—Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth.

Are they dearest still With thee on earth? Do their sweet voices fill The house with singing? Let the fairest room Be for the Master's use, and from His shrine Blessing and peace shall rest on thee and thine.

How poor were earth If all its struggling sighs of sacrifice Were swept away!

COLIN'S departure for Rome left the Laird lonely indeed. Brodick's work was now all that his hands and heart could manage, and it was so methodically arranged that almost every hour had its own claim. Generally, however, at evening he might be seen going towards the castle to talk awhile with his life-long friend.

But McNeil had come to a point at which anger and grief had passed silence. If Colin brought back any remains of his poor Grizelda, he was determined to call all the neighbourhood together to her burial, and tell the gathered lairds at her graveside the story of

her wretched married life, and her tragical death. He had other plans of vengeance all alike foolish and out of touch with the changed feelings which his own improvements had mainly induced. For he forgot that in bringing the vivid life of the nineteenth century into the quiet hills he had brought with it the selfish, timorous, politic spirit which is part and parcel of it.

He said to himself, "When my grandfather fell out with Black McAllister, every laird far and near stood shoulder to shoulder with McNeil. They would have drawn their dirks in his quarrel as if it had been their own; and they made McAllister's life so miserable that he was glad enough to get out of their ken. His wrongs were only money wrongs, but mine! Every father's heart must beat with mine!"

McNeil was a few years too late to make such a prediction. Even ten years previously he might have justifiably trusted in it, and found his trust not in vain. But he had himself called unto him a new era. Men insensibly change with the circumstances around them; the stir or stillness of the atmosphere they breathe even has its effect. Some of the neighbouring gentry felt in a large measure all the jealousy Maxwell had expressed. They wondered they had not thought of the Laird's plans; they came in time to wonder if they had not been really the first to think of them; and to regard McNeil as a man who had taken advantage, because he had the ready money laying for any scheme. Greenlees, "remembered speaking of a lobster fishery"; Tallisker "had often thought of an hotel, and he had no doubt he had spoken the thought when the whiskey was aboon the wit."

Other families had been seriously offended by Colin's indifference to their pretty daughters. "No one but a McNeil is good enough for the proud laird," was said with a jocularly which had much real bitterness in it. A large number in any open quarrel between Maxwell and McNeil would side with Maxwell, from the simple consideration that McNeil lived a selfishly lonely life in his old castle, intent only on amassing money and advancing his many new schemes, while Lord Maxwell had just brought home a stylish young bride who had already given promises of balls and hunts and gaities of all kinds. What did this large class care that McNeil's lobster fleet had given bread to many otherwise starving people? Maxwell had brought with him a lovely yacht, and pleasure sails to Iona and Oban were looked forward to.

Though McNeil never took these facts into his consideration Brodick did. He foresaw that any public appeal for sympathy would be coldly and silently received. He begged the Laird to abandon an idea which had outlived the age in which it would have raised a passionate partisanship. So, perhaps, these weeks of Colin's last absence were the hardest that McNeil had ever known. Maxwell troubled him wherever he turned. If he went to the hotel, Maxwell's fine carriage was standing before the door; and Maxwell was lounging about the bar giving orders with the air of a proprietor.

He found him talking familiarly with his fishers and stonemasons. In spite of all that McNeil could say, the landlord of the McNeil hotel was on the most obsequiously familiar terms with him. Everywhere he turned, Maxwell's face or words, his carriage, his horses or his yacht troubled him—troubled him mainly because they were a direct pleasure to nearly every one but himself.

Outwardly the Laird made little sign. Only once did he suffer his private feelings to influence his sense of justice. Two of his fishers were seen by him in a state of pleased excitement over Maxwell's chat with them. He could hear their laughter, and he suspected that Maxwell had been making ridicule of him, and that they were rehearsing the fun. He strode impetuously to them.

"Sandy Locke and James Begg, you can drop your nets and leave my boats instanter. I'll pay you your wage, and then you will be free to serve the man you like best."

He knew he had made a mistake the moment he had spoken. But for nothing would he retract the words, and the men were sure of it. They took their money sullenly, and went to Maxwell, who turned their heads and set their tongues loose at both ends by his magnificent reparation of McNeil's wrong.

"You should not have put a weapon in Maxwell's hand, McNeil," said Brodick. "I would rather do that, Brodick, and know by the act that I have some natural feeling left, and I am not going to settle my feelings by square and rule, so you need not advise it. If I am pleased, I'll say so, if I am hurt, I'll show it."

But in days so haunted and vexed by petty personal worries, it was impossible for McNeil to gather any mental strength. The fret and jar made his life's wheels move heavily. He was unhappy and when he tried to analyse the sources of his discomfort his temper suffered, and his magnanimity failed him from the very insignificance of his grievances.

One night in a pitiful effort to make Brodick understand his trouble, and his shame at it, he fairly broke down, and covered his eyes with his large hands, to hide the tears that amazed himself,

as much as if they had been a relief unknown before.

Brodick let him weep. He took no notice of an occurrence so sudden and surprising. These ancient tears, whose source lay so far back, would soften and harmonise and temper the angry man, would give relief to more thoughts than he knew of. For the small cares which contract our brows and drive away our smiles are precisely those which find no expression in tears, yet for which tears are often the best remedy.

But even in McNeil's most confidential talks with his friend, there was one subject he never named—the little slip of paper that Helen had given him. There it lay a dead hope, a dead trust in the innermost room of his soul, in the innermost drawer of his desk. One night, as he sat by the few sticks blazing on his lonely hearth, he was startled by a remembrance of it, so sudden and imperative that he trembled through all the depths of his spiritual nature.

Was it for this that God was striving with him? that he had lost Grizelda? That his enemy was permitted to triumph over him in every way? Was it this silent money, in its hiding-place, which was calling sorrow and humiliation unto him? He went to his bed full of such thoughts.

Oh, mystery of life! From what depths proceed thy comforts and thy lessons! At early dawn he awoke from a deep sleep in an indescribable awe. In a vision of the night he had visited that piteous home which Memory builds and where only in sleep we can walk. Whom had he seen there? What message had he received? These things he never told.

But directly after breakfast he walked down to the manse. There had been a good brush of rain in the night, and everything had that damp freshness which is so delightful when there is sunshine and wind with it. The sea was still'd and capp'd and a little rough. The rocks echoed with bouncing water, as wave rolled after wave in torrent rapture.

He stood still a moment to watch them, or rather to watch the sea-pyots in their dainty black and white plumage breasting themselves as quietly on the tossing water as a hen sits on her nest.

The sight calmed him and uplifted him also. He went into Brodick's presence ready to ask his counsel, but also ready to defend his own opinions. He told the minister of Helen's bequest. He went over the arguments which had hitherto quieted his conscience. He anxiously watched their effect on Brodick's face. He had a strong hope that he might think them reasonable.

But the table at which Brodick sat was not more un-democratic than his face. For once he controlled himself absolutely until McNeil had fully finished his statement. Then he said, "I will take no responsibility in this matter, McNeil. It is between you and your conscience. If you give it, give it without grudging. Give it cheerfully. God loves a cheerful giver."

"I thought you would tell me what to do."

"It is a big sum, Brodick."

"It is; but, maybe, with the stupendous sacrifice of the Cross in your mind it will not look so big."

He went away sorrowful. And his first attempt to think out the subject was not in the line Brodick indicated. Helen had said, "Give the money to God's poor." He sought for an excuse in the very wording of the will.

Sabbath School Work.

LESSON HELPS.

LESSON VII, August 18, 1889.

SAUL REJECTED BY THE LORD.

1 Sam. xv. 10-23.

COMMIT VERSES 22-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king.—1 Sam. xv. 23.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—God proves and tests us whether we will obey him or no.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Sam. xiii. 1-23.

Tu. 1 Sam. xiv. 1-23.

W. 1 Sam. xv. 24-52.

Th. 1 Sam. xv. 24-23.

F. 1 Sam. xv. 24-35.

Sa. Ps. li. 1-19.

Su. Ps. i. 1-6.

TIME.—Probably B.C. 1065; ten years after Saul began to reign. (Accordingly to others, B.C. 1079.)

PLACE.—Gilgal near Jericho.

SAMUEL about 80 years old living at Ramah. A prophet and priest.

SAUL about 50 years old. Reigning at Gibeath, four miles north of Jerusalem. For his family, see xiv. 49.

INTRODUCTION.—Ten years have passed away. Saul has done much as king, gained many victories. All this time God was testing him as to what kind of a king he would make.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—Saul had been sent to destroy the Amalekites, a wild heathen nation south of Palestine, who were injuring God's people. Nothing could make them good. Therefore they were destroyed.

11. It repenteth me. That is, God changed his actions toward Saul, because Saul had changed. God was not sorry for what he had done, but he acted as a man would who repented. 12. Carmel: not the mountain, but a town seven miles south of Hebron. Set him up a place: "a hand," a monument. Gilead: see Plate. 15. And Saul said, They have, etc.: Saul laid the blame on the people. It seemed a pity to destroy so much wealth. To sacrifice: one motive, but they had the sacrifices to eat. Doubtless they wanted the cattle. 22. Hath the Lord as great delight, etc.: no gifts or sacrifices could take the place of obedience. The object of the sacrifices was to help the people to obey. Fat of rams: the richest part of the sacrifices. 23. As the sin of withcraft: seeking to find out the future by means of bad spirits. It was a rejection of Jehovah. Idolatry: teraphim, household idols. He hath rejected thee from being king. He continued king in form for a time, but he became less and less a real king. The kingdom did not remain in his family. Saul developed many bad traits, and died by suicide.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The first test of Saul, ch. xiii. 3-15.—The second test, xv. 1-9.—The Amalekites.—Why they were destroyed.—Samuel's grief at Saul's sin.—The disobedience of Saul.—His temptation.—His excuses.—Obedience and sacrifice.—Saul's punishment.

QUESTIONS.—REVIEW.—What was the subject of our last lesson? Against what special sin did Samuel warn the people? INTRODUCTION.—How much time between the last lesson and this? Locate Gilgal, Carmel, and Ramah on the map. What is the date of this lesson?

SUBJECT: TRIALS AND TESTS IN OBEDIENCE.

I. SAUL'S FIRST TRIAL AND FAILURE (xiii. 2-15).—What great army was arrayed against the Israelites? (vs. 4, 5.) Where were they, and where was Saul and his army? (Note. Michmash was about three miles north of Gibeath.) How had they treated Israel? (xiii. 19-22.) How did the Israelites feel? How long was Saul commanded to wait for Samuel? (vs. 8, 13) What did he then do? What was his punishment for disobedience?

II. SAUL'S SECOND TRIAL AND FAILURE (xv. 1-9, 15, 20, 21).—What tribe was Saul commanded to destroy? Why? (Deut. xxv. 17-19; Rom. i. 28-32.) How large an army did Saul assemble? What was his success in the battle? How far did he obey God? In what did he disobey? What great temptation would there be to spare the best of the cattle? Why did God command him to destroy them? (Ans. Probably because God did not want his people to be a warlike people, attacking their neighbours; and the acquisition of wealth from plunder would tempt them to go on such plundering expeditions.) What are some of the great enemies we are commanded to utterly destroy (as intertempers, etc.)? What course in reference to these would be like Saul's?

III. SAUL'S EXCUSES (vs. 10-21).—How did Samuel learn of Saul's disobedience? (v. 11.) How did he feel about it? What did he do? Is this the true course for us? Where did Samuel find Saul? How did Saul greet him? Was he unconscious of his sin? How was his disobedience revealed? (v. 14.) On whom did Saul lay the blame? Was this mean? Who had acted in the same way before? (Gen. iii. 12.) What reason did Saul give for his disobedience? (v. 15.) Was this the real reason or only an excuse? Is there any good excuse for disobeying God?

How are we tested as to whether we will obey? Is this the meaning of much of our lives? (Deut. vii. 2.) Are we being educated by being tested and proved?

IV. THE FRUITS OF DISOBEDIENCE (vs. 22, 23).—What did Samuel say about disobedience? Can any forms or sacrifices take the place of obedience? Why not? To what did Samuel compare disobedience? What was the penalty inflicted on Saul? (vs. 23, 28.) Was it just? Was he fitted to be the king of God's people? Did Saul after this grow worse and worse? Did he repent? (vs. 24, 30.) Was it too late?

V. NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—What kingdom has God prepared for us? (Luke vi. 20.) Will it be forfeited by disobedience? (Matt. xxi. 43; 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10.) What parable teaches us about vain excuses? (Luke xiv. 16-24.) An example of repentance coming too late. (Heb. xii. 16, 17.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. God has prepared a kingdom for us. II. He proves and tests us whether we are fitted to use and enjoy it. III. The great question of life is whether we will obey God or not. IV. Sin is certain to be revealed. "Be sure your sin will find you out." V. Sin leads men to be mean as well as wicked. VI. Obeying a portion of God's commands is no excuse for disobeying in other things. VII. No sacrifices or forms are substitutes for obedience. VIII. Those who disobey God lose the kingdom of heaven.—Peloubet.

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