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THE DIOCESAN
AND
PARISH MAGAZINE
Victoria, B. C.

Vol. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1887.

No. 5

Calendar.

Nov.		
10	Th	Lecture in Cathedral Schools by Rev. J. H. Davis on Na-
11	F	tional Music.
12	S	
13	S	23rd Sunday after Trinity
14	M	C. E. T. S. Meeting in Cathedral Schools 8 p. m.
15	T	
16	W	Bishops' and Ladies' Working Party Annual Sale of Work
17	Th	Thanksgiving Day. in Cathedral Schools 11 to 5.
18	F	
19	S	
20	S	24th Sunday after Trinity.
21	M	
22	T	
23	W	
24	Th	
25	F	
26	S	
27	S	1st Sunday in Advent.
28	M	
29	T	C. E. T. S. Meeting at Cadboro Bay.
30	W	St. Andrews A. & M.
Dec.		
1	Th	
2	F	
3	S	
4	S	2nd Sunday in Advent.
5	M	
6	T	
7	W	
8	Th	Meeting in aid of Home Missions, Cathedral Schools 8 p. m.
9	F	
10	S	
11	S	3rd Sunday in Advent.

This Magazine is published in Victoria on the 10th of each month and may be obtained from the Editor, the Rev. Geo. W. Taylor, or from any of the Clergy. Subscription \$1 per annum, payable in advance.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

SEVEN DELUSIONS.

(By the Lord Bishop of Southwell.)

1. It is a delusion that the Church of England was ever Roman, or ever acknowledged, as a Church, any subjection to the Pope or any other relation but that of an independent English Church (or Churches) established by the preaching of missionaries from Rome, accepted by Kings and people of what we call England.

2. It is a delusion that the Church of England seceded or separated from Rome, as indeed she could not if she was always independent of her. She was, in fact so insular that she had no occasion even to protest, as the German Protestants at Spire. She renounced certain mediæval errors promulgated from Rome, and at a certain stage in her reform the Pope desired all English who would follow him to withdraw from attending English Church Services, and so the Pope made a (not very large) Roman Schism in England, which remains till this day in our English Roman Catholic bodies.

3. It is a delusion that the Church of England was a different Church after the Reformation from before, any more than England is a different country because she abrogated the slave trade, or had a Reform Bill, or than a drunkard's personal identity is lost if he reforms.

4. It is a delusion that King, Queen, and Parliament either reformed the Church or ordered that the Pope should no longer be her head. The Church declared what she has repeatedly testified on occasions of encroachment, that the Pope never had any more authority over her than any other foreign Bishop. Civil enactments maintained that declaration, at home or abroad, in secular action upon it.

5. It is a delusion that the recognition of the Royal supremacy meant or means any spiritual headship, or anything else than what had always been asserted—that the clergy of England, as well as the laity, are subject to English law, without appeal against it to a foreigner like the Pope; that the last appeal of all alike is to the Sovereign. It is strange, in the face of the very strong words of Henry and Elizabeth, that any delusion on this exists.

6. It is a delusion that Parliament settled the Church of England, or even that the Church is subject to Parliament now, except in matters affecting personal or property rights. The Church reformed her errors herself; her Prayer-book and her Articles are her own work. The Act of Submission, which is the limitation of her action, is in theory no more for her than for Parliament itself. It

requires Convocation, as the Conqueror required, to be summoned by the Sovereign, as Parliament itself must be and it requires that canons must have Royal assent for their enactment, just as Acts of Parliament themselves must have it. That has been the relation of Councils and princes since Christianity was a recognized religion. Personal and property rights cover a great deal of ground, and civil compulsion in such matters can only be derived from Acts of Parliament, but Church authority is often of as much importance as civil force for obtaining action in Church matters, and the limitation upon that is not Parliament but the Crown, as it has always been in England, at least since the Conquest.

CHURCH EMIGRATION SOCIETY.

A Victoria Branch Formed—The Class of Immigrants to be Brought Out.

A well attended meeting of influential ladies and gentlemen took place yesterday in the school of Christ Church Cathedral. Amongst those present were the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop, (Chairman), the Ven. Archdeacon Scriven, Rev. Mr. Davis, Mr. E. C. Baker, M.P., Hon. F. G. Vernon, Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, Hon. J. W. Trutch, C. M. G., Dr. J. T. Jones, Mr. P. O'Rielly, Indian office, Mr. J. Jessop, immigration agent, Mesdames Jones and Scriven.

The Lord Bishop, in opening the proceedings, said that he had always felt that the subject of immigration was of the greatest importance to a young country. The future of any country depended on the character of the persons introduced as settlers, and any society that was careful in the selection of those sent out from England was deserving of their support. He would ask Canon Cooper to explain the constitution and objects of the Church Emigration Society.

Canon Cooper gave an account of the establishment of the society he represented. He said that from a long residence in different colonies he was deeply impressed with the necessity for some organization that would undertake the work of immigration from a higher motive than a mercenary one, and that would use every possible means to investigate the character and ascertain the physical fitness of those sent out as settlers. One of the causes of failure of so many immigrants was their utter unfitness for colonial life. He had always strongly impressed on the people of England that it was unfair to the colonies as well as cruel to the immigrants themselves to send out to a new country ne'er-do

wells and "black sheep." Unhappily this had been the class from which a large proportion of English emigrants had been for many years recruited. No wonder so many had failed, and had become a nuisance in the colony they were sent to and a disgrace to their friends at home. One important object of the C. E. S. was to endeavor to remedy this state of things, and to some extent they had succeeded, for out of nearly 400 immigrants landed in Canada during the last two years not more than ten had proved unsatisfactory. The society also endeavored to provide reliable information as to openings, wages, &c., to place before the people of England, and this, too, they had been able to do in a very satisfactory way. After an existence of nearly two years the society had been officially recognized by the Dominion Government of Canada. It had been adopted by the Provincial Synod of the Church of Canada held last year at Montreal, and it was authorized by the Local Government Board of England to undertake the emigration of orphan and deserted children. From his short residence in British Columbia he had come to the conclusion that there were openings for many immigrants if we could only get the right sort. He saw the labor market monopolized by Chinamen, and from past experience he did not consider them at all desirable citizens. There were no doubt many honorable and respectable Chinese merchants and traders, but the rule was that Chinamen were not beneficial to any country. They dealt only amongst themselves; they never spent any money they could help with Christians; they returned to China when they had saved enough, taking their money out of the country, and their morals were most injurious to the well-being of any respectable community. He was glad to hear their numbers were decreasing in British Columbia, and he thought an effort should be made to supply their places with white labor. The classes of immigrants he would like to see introduced, and he was sure they would succeed, were respectable young women as domestic servants, boys from twelve to fifteen years of age as page boys, workers about a garden or on a farm.

There was another class he was most anxious to see introduced; what is called mother's help or lady help. These would be the daughters of clergymen and professional men at home, who were obliged to work for their living in consequence of the hardness of the times. The greatest care should be taken in selecting these young women. They would act as nursery governesses, taking the entire charge of the children and indeed acting as nurses; or they would help the lady of the house in all her household work. About twenty of this class had been already placed in different

parts of Ontario. The great difficulty in getting immigrants of this class for British Columbia is the expense of the journey, and he hoped that some help would be given by the provincial government, and that the \$10 subsidy the Dominion Government has lately withdrawn would be resumed, in which case the balance required would no doubt be found in England.

Several valuable speeches, which we regret space will not allow us to give, were made by Mr. J. Jessop, Hon. F. Vernon, Mr. E. C. Baker, Mr. Nelson, nephew of Earl Nelson.

A resolution was then moved by Mr. Baker and seconded by the Venerable Archdeacon Scriven, that a branch of the Church Emigration Society be formed for British Columbia in Victoria. The following committee was then appointed. President, The Lord Bishop of Columbia; members, Hon. J. W. Trutch, C. M. G., E. C. Baker, M. P., Dr. J. T. Jones, the Ven. Archdeacon Scriven, Mr. T. J. Jones, Rev. A. Beanlands, with power to add to their number.

ST. JAMES'

The work of repairing the Church has made good progress. The exterior has been covered with rustie, which now only awaits its second coat of paint. A new porch is also being built.

The Annual Sale of work and Concert in aid of St. James' Church took place on Tuesday, November 1st, in the Cathedral School, kindly lent for the occasion by the Bishop. It is gratifying to be able to record that the event proved a great success. The Ladies of the Sewing Society, who meet weekly for work, had accumulated a wonderful store of useful and fancy articles, which were tastefully displayed on long tables arrayed around the larger room. The sale opened at 11 o'clock, and from that hour to the time of closing a continual stream of purchasers filled the room, and a brisk business was carried on. The success which attended the luncheon last year, induced the Society to repeat the experiment on a larger scale, and from 12 to 2 a sumptuous repast was set out in the smaller room, to which over 120 persons sat down in relays.

At five o'clock the sale was discontinued, and the work of putting the rooms in order for the concert began. The platform was placed in the centre of the big room, facing the folding doors—so as to make both rooms available for seating the audience. Fully 250 people assembled to listen to one of the best concerts ever given in the school. The following list of performers will show that the concert was of a very high order:—Miss Bate, Miss Angus, The Misses

Mount, Miss Wolfenden, Miss Arrowsmith, Prof. Meyer, Messrs. T. Gore, H. Kent, E. G. Prior and Rev. W. W. Bolton. The National Anthem brought a most delightful Entertainment and a most successful day to a close. To mention the names of all those to whose exertions this success was due would be an endless task; to single out a few would be invidious. Suffice it to say that the Ladies of the St. James' Sewing Society excelled themselves, and that they were generously supported by every member of the Parish, and by many kind friends from outside. The receipts for the day reached over \$500.

The arrival of "C" Battery, to which all Victoria is looking forward, will be of a special interest to St. James' Parish: for the Churchwardens have been requested to provide accomodation in the Church for officers and men.

Fortunately, although our Congregations are increasing, we shall be able to find seats for them; and we offer in advance a hearty welcome to our new Fellow-worshippers.

PARISH OF ESQUIMALT.

ST. PAUL'S.—During the past month we have had many visitors both from the Old Country and from in and around Winnipeg, and all have expressed the greatest pleasure at the services at St. Paul's, and given thanks to God that loving hands should have raised so beautiful a sanctuary in this nook in the wide world. We have lately had a gift of a white silk chalice veil and burse from a daughter of the Church who wishes her name to be unknown. It was blessed and used for the first time on the occasion of the Harvest Festival. We have a red veil, but no burse to match, and we are in need of a violet veil and burse which will be required for the season of Advent, now so close upon us. Another ever generous friend has sent home for a complete set of book markers, so we may say that we are gradually gathering together a rich store of gifts to God's sanctuary. Further losses to the Choir have to be reported, the return of Mr. Cartmel to England has withdrawn three of his sons, whose places it will be somewhat difficult to fill owing to the scarcity of population in the parish. Fortunately the congregation are not inclined to let the choristers do all the praising—this is as it should be: the choir being the leaders, and supports when new chants or tunes have to be introduced.

The Bishop has very kindly granted a Lay Readers' License to Mr. Clinton, which will enable him to help the Rector in the services of the Church. We heartily welcome him in his honorable position, We are not unmindful of the needs of the Hall and are extremely glad to see how

frequently of late it has been used for very pleasant gatherings.

ST. MARY'S.—The promised dossal has come to hand, and is a fitting gift and appropriate. Everybody being so very busy at this season of the year, in a farming centre such as Metchosin, the Rector had a Bee by himself and with axe and rake soon made a change in the Churchyard for the better, and with paint brush and hammer put things to rights in the Church itself. We have after much thought begun a system whereby we shall have a monthly choral celebration of the Blessed Sacrament, it is the hope of the Rector that as delight comes to be taken in this the chief service of the Church, and without any gain-saying the most beautiful and impressive, we shall be able to have it the more frequently. There is a goodly number of communicants and in signifying to the congregation his wish that the rubric should be adhered to relative to giving in the names of those who desire to "receive," he does so, not as mere quibble or fussiness, but that he may know what amount of "breads" will be required to be placed on the altar. It is unseemly and very painful to the priest to place more of the elements than is necessary in Chalice or on Paten.

We watch the progress made towards the erection of a Hall with much interest. The energy thrown into the matter has met with marked success, and as soon as the question of the land for its site is settled in due form, we are promised a quick raising.

ST LUKE'S, CEDAR HILL.

On St. Luke's day, Oct. 18th, the memorial stone of the new Church was duly laid by Mrs Hills. The ceremony which was a most impressive one was witnessed by a large congregation of more than a hundred persons.

At 3 o'clock the Bishop and Clergy walked in procession from the vestry of the old Church to a position near what will be the South east corner of the New Church, a voluntary being played meanwhile by Mr J. Van Treight.

The form of service used was that specially prepared and authorized for use on such occasions in this diocese. It was commenced by singing the 100th Psalm. This was followed by the versicles read by the Archdeacon of Vancouver and the chanting of the special Psalm (the 84th) by the choir. Two collects having been said the Bishop repeated the verse Haggai I., 8; "Build the House and I will take pleasure in it, and I will be glorified, saith the Lord." The people replying,

The God of Heaven, He will prosper us; and therefore we, His servants, will arise and build (Nehemiah II 20)

All things being now ready Mrs Hills stepped forward and a silver trowel having been handed to her she proceeded to spread the mortar in a most workmanlike manner and the stone being lowered into position and adjusted she gave it three final taps with the trowel pronouncing it duly laid, using the following formula:—"This stone is laid in Faith and Hope, to the Honor and Glory of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord Amen."

The Bishop then read the concluding prayers and after Hymn 34 had been sung he delivered a short address urging his hearers to be actively zealous in forwarding the good work. He was followed by the Archdeacon and the incumbent of the parish, who spoke briefly on the same subject, and the ceremony was concluded after the singing of another Hymn (The Church's one Foundation) by the Bishop pronouncing the benediction

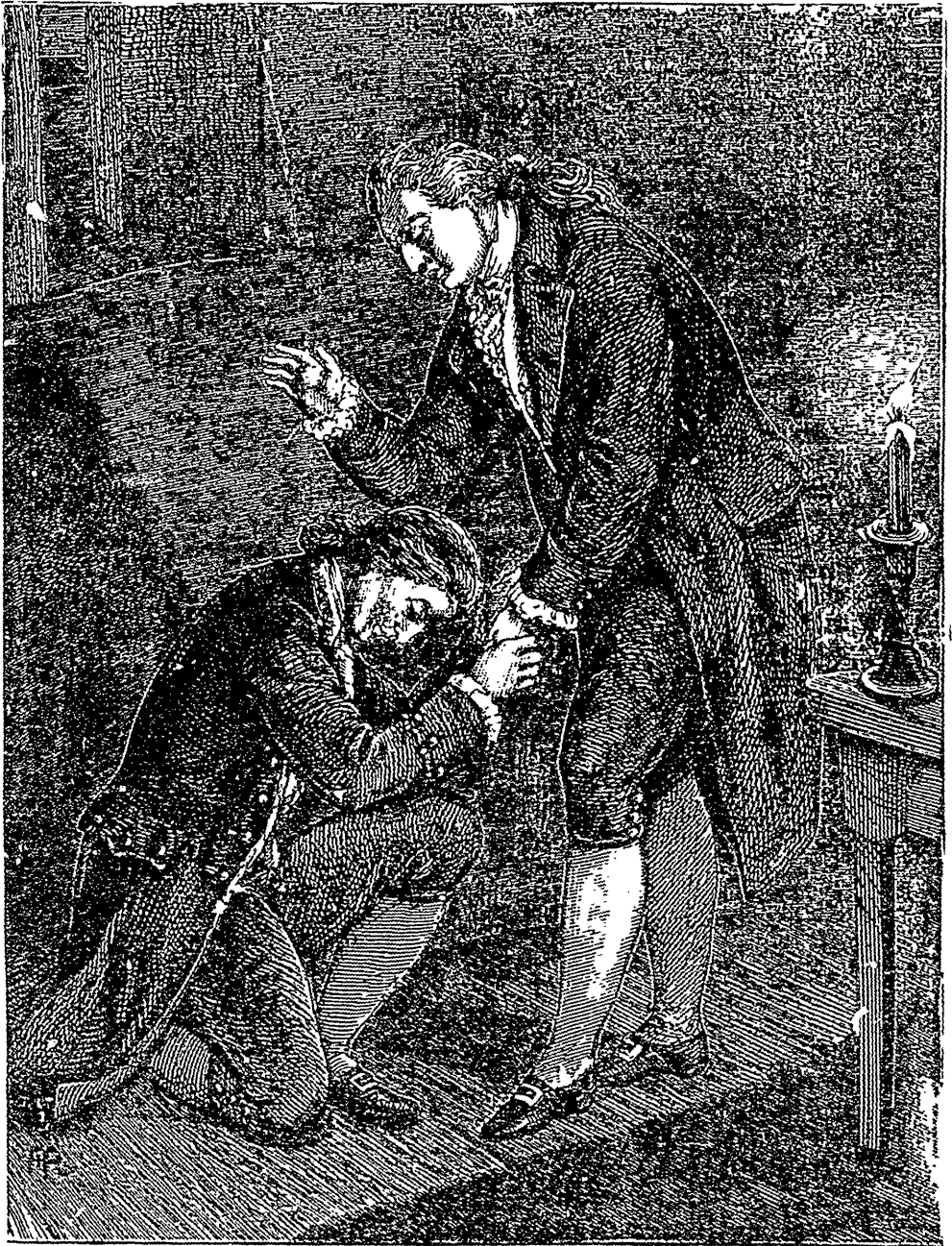
During the singing of the last hymn the Church warden took up a collection which amounted to the gratifying sum of \$63

The clergy taking part were, in addition to the Bishop and Archdeacon, the Rev A. J. Beanlands, G. W. Taylor, W. H. Gregory, E. P. Flewelling (of Brandon) R. W. Gurd (of Metlakatla), and among the ladies and gentlemen present we noticed the Hon Mr. Justice Crease and Mrs. Crease, E. C. Baker Esq M. P., N. Shakespeare Esq M. P. and Mrs. Shakespeare, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Childs, Mr. and Mrs. King, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson, Mrs. Reid, Mrs. and Misses Austin, Mrs. Adams, the Misses Finlayson, Tolmie, Woods, Williams, Scott, Irving, Messrs Deans, Fuller, Tolmie, Williams, and many others.

The stone foundations of the church are finished, the lumber is on the ground, and the erection will commence on Monday next.

Subscriptions towards the Building fund have come in very satisfactorily and the incumbent has every reason to feel encouraged. A large sum however still remains to be raised and the readers of this magazine are appealed to to aid in the work according to their ability.

An Entertainment in aid of the Building fund was given at Cedar Hill on Thursday Oct. 27 th. The evening being very unpropitious the attendance was small and it was consequently decided to repeat the performance on Friday, Nov. 4th. On the latter day a large audience assembled and spent a most enjoyable evening. The chief items on the programme were two Charades capitably acted by the local amateurs. They were successful in every way and reflected much credit on the managers and performers. Songs were



'The king blessed him, and then, raising him up, pressed him to his bosom.'

CLERY AND THE KING.



THE LAST DAY OF LOUIS XVI.



THE Tower of the Temple, where the unfortunate Louis XVI. spent the last months of his life, was a gloomy-looking pile. It consisted of a smaller and a greater tower adjoining each other. The Royal family were at first confined in the smaller tower, where they narrowly escaped being massacred. They were afterwards removed to the greater tower, which had been specially prepared for their reception.

It was now Sunday, January 20th, 1793, and the King was, as usual, in his prison-house. Just as the clock struck two, Garat, the Minister of Justice, and about a dozen others, strode into the apartment. Keeping his hat on his head, to show a studied insult to fallen greatness, Garat bade the secretary, Grouvette, unroll the decree of the National Convention and read it. There were four articles in the decree. The first declared Louis Capet guilty of conspiring against the liberties of the nation; the second condemned him to death; the third declared the appeal he had made to be null and void; and the fourth doomed him to die within twenty-four hours.

The King, who seemed very calm at this terrible news, took the roll from the secretary, and, folding it up, placed it in his pocket-book. At the same moment he handed a paper of his own to the secretary, which demanded the following things:—A delay of the execution for three days; the help of a minister of religion; freedom from harassing inspection; liberty to see his family in private; and the support of his late dependents by the State.

M. Garat took the King's letter, and was about to leave the room, when the King again opened his pocket-book and handed him the name and address of the priest he had selected. It was Monsieur Edgeworth de Firmont, No. 483 Rue de Bacq.

At the dinner, which was served after the departure of the executive council, the King said, when he sat down, 'I have no knife.'

Minier, a municipal officer, then told him he was to have neither knife nor fork at his meals, but that his valet de chambre should cut up his bread and meat in the presence of two municipal officers, and that afterwards the knife should be taken away.

'Do they think me so great a coward as to make an attempt on my life?' asked the King.

He ate but little—the dinner lasting only a few minutes. At six o'clock the same evening M. Garat returned with an answer to the King's letter. The purport of it was that the King might have any minister of religion he liked to select; that he might see his family freely and without witnesses, and that the nation (ever great and just) would take care to pay his household's creditors; but there could be no delay as to his execution—he must die to-morrow!

After an interview with M. de Firmont (better known as Edge-

worth), whom M. Garat had brought with him in the coach, the King sent about eight o'clock for his family. Though he was to see them in privacy, the interview was to be watched by some municipal officers through a glazed partition: such was the jealousy of the Commune.

At half-past eight the royal captives descended, and the door opened. First came the Queen, leading her son; then came Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth. A silence, unbroken save by sighs and sobbing, lasted some minutes. What transpired in that memorable interview of one hour and three quarters will never be known; but M. Clery, who reverently witnessed it from an adjoining room, says, 'They all leaned on the King and often embraced him;' and Clery observed how, after each sentence spoken by him, the agitation of the Queen and of the others increased; and he thinks it was plain from their sorrowful gestures that they received from him the first intelligence of his condemnation.

At a quarter-past ten the King arose; and to put an end to this harrowing scene once more embraced them all, and said 'Farewell, farewell!'

When his family had withdrawn, the King had half-an-hour's interview with M. Edgeworth. The priest then went below to the Council Chamber, and requested to have such robes and vessels as were needful for the celebration of the Mass. It was with great difficulty he got their consent; but at length leave was granted, and the things were procured from the church of the Capuchins.

When M. Edgeworth had returned upstairs he had a prolonged interview with the King in the little circular turret, which lasted until after midnight. Clery then helped his master to undress for the last time. When about to roll his hair he said, 'It does not signify.' And when he was in bed (it was one of green damask) he said, 'Clery, you will call me at five o'clock.'

The King fell asleep at once, and slept profoundly; the faithful Clery watching and praying all night on a chair. M. Edgeworth refreshed himself with a few hours' sleep on Clery's bed, the King having earnestly requested him to do so.

When the clock bell of the tower clanged out five, Clery began to light the fire. The noise he made awoke the King, who asked whether it were five? Clery said it had struck five by several clocks, but not by that in the apartment.

'I have slept well,' said the King, 'but I needed it; yesterday was a very tiring day. Where is M. Edgeworth?'

Clery said he had slept on his bed.

'And where were you all night?'

'On that chair.'

'I am sorry for it,' replied the King.

'O Sire,' said Clery, 'can I think of myself at such a time?'

The King warmly pressed his faithful servant's hand.

As he was being dressed he placed his watch on the chimney-piece, and deposited a seal and a ring in his white waistcoat pocket. His snuff-box, pocket-book, and some other things, he also laid on the chimney-piece; and when he was ready dressed he retired to the turret with his confessor.

Clery then dragged a chest of drawers into the middle of the room,

and arranged it as an altar. When all was ready the ceremony began, the King handing Clery a book and taking another himself. During the celebration of the Mass the officers (who had been present all the time the King was being dressed) retired behind the partition.

'There was,' says Clery, 'a profound silence during the awful ceremony. The King, all the time on his knees (on a small hair cushion), heard Mass with the most devout attention, and received the Communion. After the service he withdrew to the closet, and Edgeworth went into Clery's chamber to put off his robes.'

Next came the parting between the master and the servant. It ended thus: 'O my master! O my King! if my zeal and devotion have been agreeable to you, the only reward I desire is to receive your blessing.'

As Clery spoke he was at the King's feet, holding one of his hands; and in that state the King blessed him, and then, raising him up, pressed him to his bosom. 'Now go,' said he, 'and give no room for suspicion.'

Again pressing his master's hand, Clery went into his own chamber, where he found M. Edgeworth on his knees. When he arose he said, 'With what resignation and fortitude does the King go to meet death! He is as calm and composed as if he had been hearing Mass in his own palace and surrounded by his court.'

At seven o'clock the King called Clery again to him, and said, 'You will give this seal to my son and this ring to the Queen. Give her also this little packet, which contains the hair of all my family.'

Another request was yet to be made by the King to his jailors, and refused. It was merely for a pair of scissors! After half-an-hour's deliberation in the Council-chamber beneath the scissors were refused. On hearing this the King said, 'I did not mean to touch the scissors myself. I should have asked Clery to cut my hair in your presence. I beg you ask the Council once more to grant my request.' An officer went back to the Council, but they persisted in their refusal.

Clery was now told to prepare to accompany his master to the scaffold, in order to undress him there; but soon after another officer came and said he was not to go, adding, 'The common executioner is good enough for *him*.'

The noises of the disquieted city, making its preparations for the spectacle, were plainly heard (Clery says) in the tower. Drums were beating, cannon rumbling, horses trampling, arms clashing. All the troops in Paris had been astir since five o'clock. The clatter grew louder and louder, until at half-past eight it seemed at its height. Then the doors of the chamber were thrown open, and several municipal officers with ten soldiers marched into the room. The soldiers were drawn up in two lines. When the King heard the noise he stepped out of his closet, saying, 'You are come for me?'

'Yes,' was the answer.

'One moment,' said he, stepping back. He instantly returned with M. Edgeworth. He had his will in his hand, which he offered to an officer. 'I beg you to give this paper to the Queen—to my wife.'

'It is no business of mine,' said the man. 'I am come to conduct you to the scaffold.'

The King then offered it to another officer, but whether he took it or not we are not told.

The departure of the King from the tower was notified to the outer world by the blowing of trumpets and the beating of drums.

One hour after, as he lay overwhelmed with sorrow, the good valet heard the discharge of artillery and cries of '*Vive la Nation!*' '*Vive la Republique!*' which plainly told him that his unfortunate master, Louis XVI., king of France, was no more! G. S. OUTRAM.

SOME GREAT ITALIAN PAINTERS.

TINTORETTO, OR THE DYER'S SON.



ACOPO ROBUSTI was born in Venice in 1512, but according to the ways of the time he was never known by his name but always by his nickname—a diminutive of his father's trade, which was that of a dyer—Tintore. The 'little dyer,' then at a very youthful age, foreshadowed his career by drawing all kinds of objects on the walls of his father's house. The elder Robusti, though it cost him a quarrel with his wife, who disapproved of sons striking out a new line, placed him in Titian's studio. Very shortly afterwards, however, he was dismissed.

Numberless are the reasons given for this strange fact, but they appear more conjecture than anything else, and the truth must ever remain a mystery. Some account for it by Titian's jealousy and dread of seeing a rival genius starting up, possibly to cast him from his pedestal; others say that master and pupil held diverse opinions of their art, and that the former could not brook any innovation in the method which he had brought to so great a perfection. Neither explanation seems very probable. Titian was then past middle age, with a reputation that nothing could overthrow, and the suggestion that the lad himself caused the quarrel by his inability to conform to Titian's established rules—even though his style, doubtless, proved quite different—is, in truth, refuted by the fact that Tintoretto throughout his life looked upon Titian's genius as superhuman. As a boy and youth, before his father placed him with Titian, he loved to get on to the ladder upon which the great master stood painting his various commissions, and watch him at work—learning, no doubt; but his chief reason was the admiration, amounting to worship, with which he regarded him. Far more likely is it, that with the extraordinary competition which there was to enter Titian's studio—for people came from all countries to him—and in consequence of the high prices which Titian found that he could command, the young dyer's son could only remain a short time in the studio.

However, be the reason what it may, that it was a blow to his hopeful dreams, a grief indeed to the lad, is a fact, and one can see traces of his early disappointment in his character and in the whole of his life. He was cast adrift to do what he could for himself, and he did it; accomplishing more than many did who had had the advantages which he had been denied. He did not sink under it,

for he was strong, and he learnt to stand alone; but he was unknown and utterly unconnected, he had many rivals and enemies, and he had to combat much before his foothold on fame was secure.

His departure from Titian's method brought upon him much criticism, not invariably honest. Outwardly he bore it well, but it was a sore vexation to his soul. After his dismissal—or, perhaps, necessary removal—he did not return to the parental house, but occupied a small, poorly furnished room. He collected fragments of antique sculpture, casts, bas-reliefs, also he studied Michelangelo much, and for a time he took to modelling.

Among his friends was Andrea Schiavone, a painter, afterwards renowned and also one of Titian's pupils. Tintoretto, eager to find some means of learning, begged his friend to let him help him in his wall-paintings, without any remuneration whatever. Schiavone consented, and in this way Tintoretto, though at second-hand, learnt something of Titian's method. His own manner, however, was soon formed, and, greatly though he was known to admire Titian's rich colouring, his own paintings had always a more sombre hue. Some attribute his manifest inclination towards dark effects to his early satiation of bright colours in his father's dye-house. Some of his works, however, have undoubtedly been spoilt, owing to his love of experiments with colours, all of which have not been successful.

Years passed before his difficulty in obtaining work, excepting for the smallest or no remuneration at all, was over; at last he painted a portrait of himself holding a piece of sculpture, and painted to represent a lamp-light effect. He sent it to the Exhibition which had latterly begun to be held in the *Merceria*. This seems to have been the germ of our now popular and universal institution, and Tintoretto eagerly availed himself of this opportunity of making himself known. This portrait was liked, and was succeeded by an historical picture, which, it is said, caused the honour of a visit, while it was still in Tintoretto's studio, from Titian, who warmly commended it.

After this first success he became ambitious to procure commissions for altar-pieces, but Titian and three or four others were the men whose work was eagerly sought for, and it was long before he obtained this wish.

When he was between thirty and forty years of age his 'Presentation of Jesus in the Temple' was placed in a Venetian church, and from that time he became constantly employed, though the prices which he received were still low.

He married well, choosing one of the noble family of the Vescovi, and had a son and daughter. The house he then took was beautiful; a carved Gothic building of the earlier period, at a short distance from the shore, and looking from the upper windows across the lagoon of Murano to the Alps. It still remains with an inscription upon it, and above it a small profile bas-relief of its old owner, Tintoretto. His daughter, Marietta, inherited all her father's genius. But the son, Domenico, though he eventually settled down into a fair painter, had some years of idleness and excesses. For a while his children were a disappointment to Tintoretto, whose great desire it was that Marietta, who was also, like himself, very musical, should excel in

the art of music, and not painting, and that his son should follow in his own footsteps and carry on with his brush the fame he should leave behind him. But it was not to be. Marietta was the talented one; she painted many excellent portraits and received invitations to go to foreign courts, which she, however, declined. It is said that she painted much in secret and did work to screen the idleness of her brother, which their father took to be his. She married but died young, and many touching descriptions are given of the old painter's grief at her early loss. His wife seems to have been too thrifty a housekeeper for his tastes, but an ardent admirer of himself and his talents. She loved to see him go out in the rich robes of a Venetian citizen, and though she insisted upon his economising them at home, was not satisfied if he went forth in his work-a-day dress. He affected an utter indifference on the subject—going, indeed, beyond this—and blaming what he chose to call her vanity, but in point of fact he was pleased with her insistence. After his father's death his mother came to live with him, but the old lady could never reconcile herself to her son having neglected his father's trade. 'The two arts,' as she called them, seemed to her much the same—excepting that her husband's was the superior of the two, and that the one had brought money to the family and that Tintoretto's had not—or very little. Tintoretto was not good-humoured, and Marietta, whose worship of her father's talents was excessive, often had to make the peace between them. 'It's just the same work,' the old mother would grumblingly repeat. 'Robusti, my husband, used to dip the cloth into a pail of colour; and you, Jacopo, dip a brush in the colour and lay it on the cloth or canvas; that is all the difference.'

Tintoretto, however, worked on, engaging in greater and greater undertakings. He belonged to the 'school' of San Rocca—a society or brotherhood; for this alone he painted over fifty large pictures. In Venice there were six of these confraternities, and this one was very wealthy. They were charitable institutions for the tendance of the sick, the burial of the dead, and the release of captives from the infidel. Nobles, senators, even the Doges, were proud to enrol themselves as members of San Rocca, and its wealth was so great that in times of urgency or need it contributed money to the State itself. Year by year Tintoretto added to its adornment; in truth it is now a monument to him, one might say, though it is much to be regretted that the badly lighted rooms render it difficult for the student to have a perfect examination of these paintings. Many of these he painted for trifling remuneration, and of one work—the centrepiece of the ceiling of the smaller hall—an account is given, not altogether creditable to the artist. It shows the somewhat grasping tendency which he developed early in life; not for money, but for employment and for fame: also a carelessness as to the means by which he got all he could, so long as he succeeded.

An order was given to Tintoretto, Schiavone, and others, to send in trial designs for this picture. It must be said that he was extraordinarily rapid; so much so that he was named the 'Furioso,'—Furious: so while his fellow-competitors were doing the sketch he contrived to complete the whole painting, and not only that, but had

it placed in the oval for which the successful one was intended. The other artists were annoyed with him, and there was much adverse criticism both on his work and conduct, but he can be said to have won the competition, for the picture was allowed to remain in the oval. To do him justice, however, being always quite indifferent about money, he refused the offered payment, and the Society consented to accept it from him as a gift.

Tintoretto, like all the previous renowned artists, one by one, though slowly, obtained all the coveted honours;—orders for the decoration of the Doge's Palace; he became member of the Academy at Florence; and lastly he received the appointment in the German Exchange, with power to leave it to son or relation. This office, associated as it was with the first masters of Venice, and connected with the painting of the portrait of the reigning Doge, was ever the highest point of every painter's ambition.

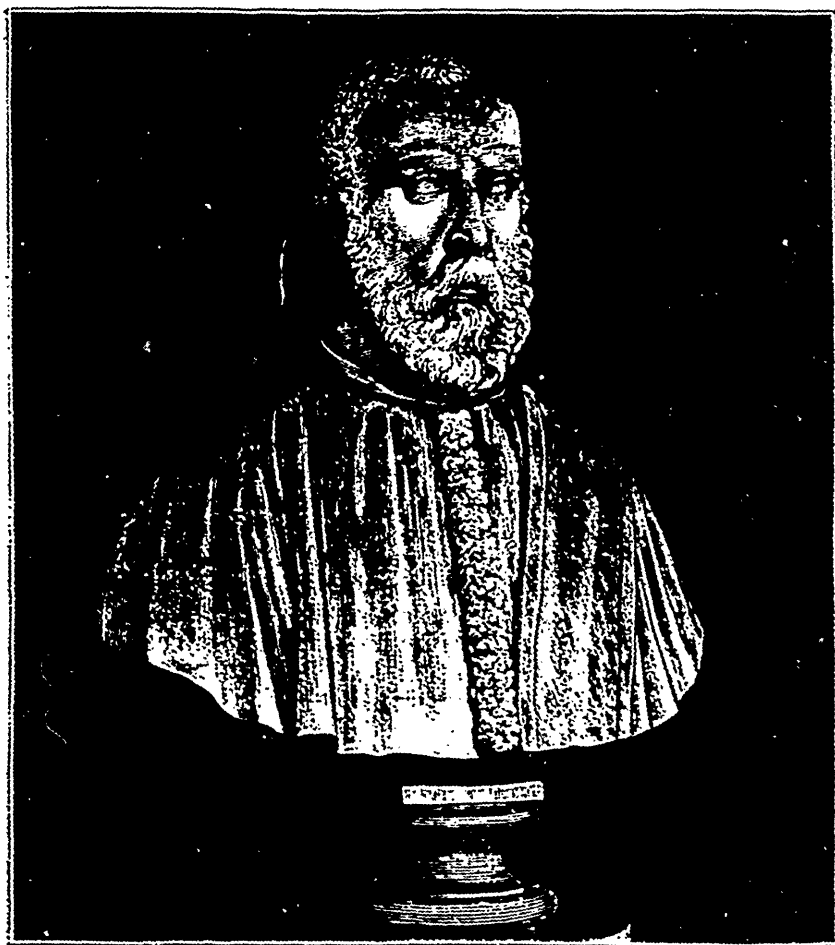
In 1574 Henry, king of Poland, passed through Venice on his way to assume the crown of France. The State gave him a royal reception, and where he would set foot on Venetian land—one of the islands called the Lido—a triumphal arch was erected. Tintoretto and his great friend, the good-natured Paolo Veronese, were sent to decorate the arch. Tintoretto, however, had a great desire to be the first to obtain a sketch of the king, which he meant to present to him. Knowing his own rapidity he left the decoration of the arch to his friend, with whom he could always do as he pleased, and assuming the dress of an equerry to the Doge he contrived to go by the galley which was to meet the king. Thus, unobserved, he took the sketch, then afterwards enlarged it in oils. King Henry was so pleased with it that he gave the artist sittings for another, and presented this one to the Doge; and it is now in one of the halls.

Tintoretto was of an unsociable character, particularly in his later years, when to gain access to him was almost impossible. The readily given criticism of those who understood little of art was always a source of irritation to him. He had done much hasty work in his time, partly from necessity, as 'pot-boilers,' partly from an over-rapid habit of painting. But he was a man of rare genius, and at his best no one could surpass him. In England he is known, though not so well as Titian; for Hampton Court, the National Gallery, and various loan exhibitions, have given opportunities of studying him.

His contemporaries had a very good expression for him. They said he drew with three pencils, 'one of gold, one of silver, and one of lead.' This inequality naturally brought much comment on the inferior specimens of his talent. He somewhat bitterly averred—and who knows? perhaps with truth—that the exclusive worshippers and followers of Titian made it a kind of fashion to point out his (Tintoretto's) shortcomings, instead of remarking upon his excellencies. Once, at a gathering of artists, literary men, connoisseurs, &c. some one, while looking at a girl's head by Titian, remarked to Tintoretto, 'If any one wishes to know how to paint, that is the way.' Tintoretto was accustomed to this sort of thing, and took no apparent notice; but in his heart he was weary of it all, and also despised the shallowness of mind that was so ready to utter not well-founded or second-hand opinions. When he went home he took down an un-

Some Great Italian Painters.

finished study of a head by Titian which adorned his own room. At the remote end of this canvas he painted the head of a lady. He put a layer of varnish over the Titian so as to make it look freshly painted, and obscured his own work—smoked it, as it is believed. At the next meeting he produced this dual picture, sarcastically watching and listening to all the praises and criticisms



TINTORETTO.

which were given. He waited until a sufficient number of remarkable instances of Titian's qualities and style were discovered in both heads to satisfy his grim humour, and then he calmly gave the history of the picture.

In the decline of his days he did a very remarkable piece of work, even though it may not be, as some aver, his masterpiece. It is in the throne-room of the Doge's Palace; is 74 feet in length and 30 feet in height, and contains 400 life-size figures. He called it 'The Glory of Paradise,' and it is a grand work, showing that he had been largely endowed with the creative gift. Most unfortunately the

shadows have darkened excessively, but any one can see how noble this picture is ; and it strikes one as all the more wonderful when one recalls that this colossal undertaking was begun and completed by a man advanced in years. Some of the best critics place 'The Glory of Paradise' in the first rank of creative art. After this he rested for a time, and then ever afterwards painted less and less. He entered much into conversation with the fathers of the Church on theological subjects, and walked about his favourite church, St. Mary of the Garden ; wherein lay his wife and daughter, by the side of whom he was himself placed before long. A curious document still exists in Venice, showing that the tradition handed down of his dexterity and unrivalled quickness is well founded. It is an agreement to deliver finished, within two months, two historical pictures, containing twenty figures each, and also seven portraits.

He was kind and helpful to young painters, and gave them much valuable advice. He told them not to desert the paths of the best masters—especially Titian and Michelangelo; not to deal capriciously with any form of nature ; impressed upon them the fact that *drawing* was the foundation of painters' work, and assured them that the whole field of art will suddenly open to him who has attained the power of faultless design.

Some time before his death, which took place in 1594 or thereabouts, the population and the wealth of Venice had decreased. No longer was she exclusive in many manufactures, no longer did her merchants alone feed the markets of Europe ; and with Tintoretto's 'The Glory of Paradise' closes the list of the glorious works of the Venetian school of painting. To Gian Bellini must be given the honour of its beginning ; and he was succeeded by many men of immortal fame—men who, for something like two centuries, made the history of the art of their city unparalleled before or since.

MARGARET MUDIE.

SIDELIGHTS ON ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES.

THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS.

BY WILLIAM BURNET, M.A., VICAR OF CRIMPLESHAM.

IT is remarkable that the origin of the Church of Rome, which now claims to be the Catholic Church, is hidden in considerable obscurity. It could not, as Romanists so strenuously assert, have been founded by St. Peter, for in that case St. Paul would, contrary to his own rule, have been building on another man's foundation (see chap. xv. 20) ; nor is St. Peter once mentioned in the Epistle. St. Paul himself was not its founder, as he had never yet seen Rome or the Roman Christians. It is more likely that the Gospel had been introduced amongst them by private believers, such as the 'strangers from Rome' (Acts, ii. 10), who were at Jerusalem when the Holy Ghost came down on the Day of Pentecost, or by some of St. Paul's own converts from other places. As the Apostle of the Gentiles he felt himself under an obligation to visit this Church and impart to its members 'some spiritual gift' (chap. i. 11). He wrote the more

boldly to them as the minister of Jesus Christ, ministering the Gospel of God, that the offering up of the Gentiles might be acceptable (chap. xv. 15, 16).

In some of the many possible ways Christianity had been early propagated in the Imperial city, for the faith of the Romans had been already 'spoken of throughout the whole world' (chap. i. 8); and St. Paul sends greeting to Andronicus and Junia, who were of note amongst the Apostles, and also in Christ before himself (chap. xvi. 7). The Gospel may have reached Rome at first in a confused, imperfect form, as in the case of Apollos at Corinth. As time went on, better instructed teachers may have arrived. This Epistle would greatly help to disperse the cloudiness of their views, and still more the subsequent visit of the Apostle himself would serve to establish and settle them in the faith. Thus does the Spirit of God sooner or later, by ways they know not at the time, lead honest inquirers into all the truth. 'The meek will He guide in judgment, and the meek will He teach His way.'

What, then, we next ask, was the state of this Church when St. Paul wrote? It is evident from his letter that it consisted of both Jews and Gentiles; the latter, perhaps, the more numerous. In several places he addresses Jews, while in chap. xi. 13 he speaks to the Gentiles. Many of those mentioned by name at the close had Jewish names. This quite agrees with what we learn from Josephus and Philo as to the number of Jews carried captive to Rome by Pompey, as well as with the allusions to the Jews and their customs in Horace, Juvenal, and other writers of the time. From this Epistle we may infer that the Jewish Christians were unwilling to recognise their uncircumcised brethren as their equals in the Kingdom of Christ; and on the other hand, that the stronger and more enlightened Gentile believers were disposed to despise the scruples of their weaker Jewish brethren. It was, therefore, the Apostle's aim to win the Jews to a fuller grasp of Christian truth, and the Gentiles to a larger spirit of Christian charity; removing stumbling-blocks out of the way of both and promoting their union in Christ.

We see, then, that in the Roman Church, as in other primitive Churches, schools of thought had sprung up, differing very widely on some points, but agreed upon the main facts and doctrines of the Gospel. If it were so even then, we cannot wonder that it is so now. As the light seen through storied panes assumes various hues, so the truth appears in different proportions and aspects to different minds, while, like the light, it is all the time harmonious with itself. Christ is the one centre of unity, and the closer men are drawn to Him the nearer do they approach to each other. 'The Scripture,' said Bishop Hall, 'is the sun, the Church is the clock. The sun, we know, is the same, and regularly constant in his motions; the clock, as it may fall out, may go too fast or too slow. As then we should condemn him of folly that should profess to trust the clock rather than the sun, so we cannot but tax with credulity those who would rather trust to the Church than to the Scripture.'

Such was, it appears, the state of things at Rome which called forth this Epistle, when a circumstance at Corinth led St. Paul to write

it. He had been intending to visit the metropolis shortly on his way from Jerusalem to Spain, and he prepares the Romans for his coming by this proof of his affectionate interest in their welfare. An opportunity for doing so occurred during his stay at Corinth. Phœbe, a Christian matron and a Deaconess at Cenchrea, the eastern port of that city, was about to go to Rome on private business of her own. So he commits the letter to her hands, asking the brethren there to receive and assist her (chap. xvi. 1. 2). At the same time this Epistle has more of the character of an inspired treatise on the Gospel than of a mere letter. Except at the beginning and end it contains no special allusions to the Romans or their Church. The controversy about which St. Paul had just written to the Galatians must have been very much upon his mind; and although the Judaizing teachers may not have sown the seeds of error there, St. Paul would feel that to be forewarned was to be forearmed. This would suggest to him the importance, in addressing the Christians in the great capital of the Empire, and through them the Church in all ages and countries, of drawing up, once for all, a full and connected summary of the principles and practices of the Christian religion.

In chap. i. 16, 17, he strikes the key-note of the whole, where he writes, 'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek (or Gentile): for therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith, as it is written, 'The just shall live by faith.' His great object, under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, was to abase man and glorify God. Both Jews and Gentiles are first proved guilty before God, and sentence of death is passed upon all. Thereupon the way is revealed by which God can be just and the justifier of the believer, through the redemption in Christ Jesus. The Holy Spirit's work is then described, in awakening the soul to conflict with evil, drawing it to the Father in a spirit of adoption, and carrying on the process of renewal, until it is consummated in glory.

A glimpse is next given into the dark mystery of God's purposes of grace towards both Jews and Gentiles. And when the inspired writer has unfolded the Divine counsels, like a skilful engineer, in chap. xii. he applies as it were the match of loving appeal to the long train of argument thus carefully prepared. Having a heart on fire with gratitude he exclaims, 'I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service.' On this ground he adds various precepts for the Christian's guidance in everyday life. In the concluding chapter, containing the long list of greetings, he unconsciously supplies beautiful illustrations of the effects of true Christian faith in the sanctified friendship and personal piety of those early days. With a thrice-repeated doxology he brings the letter to a close. This repetition may have arisen from the Epistle being afterwards circulated in two forms, both with and without the two last chapters. In any case the grandeur of the theme with which he had been occupied would naturally lead the Apostle, with unwonted fervour, to ascribe to God only wise the glory through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE BROWN HORSE OF FORNAES.



URING the great plague, or black-death, which devastated Europe in 1349 and 1350, no countries suffered more terribly than did Norway and Sweden. The dreadful scourge penetrated to their remotest regions, sweeping off the whole population from some districts, and many a heart-rending tale is still told by the peasantry of the desolation which it spread throughout



the land. One of the most touching of these is the story of the brown horse of Fornæs. Having been handed down from father to son for so many generations, it has doubtless been changed and added to, until it has become almost as much a legend as a story; but still there is evidence to prove that its main facts are true, and the name of the noble animal who is its hero is still held in faithful remembrance by the people of Thelomarken.

The plague, in its ravages, had reached that province and attacked the little village of Hooden, on the shores of the Mjos Lake.

Opposite Hooden, and also on the shores of the lake, stood the farm of Fornæs, where the brown horse lived.

There was no church or graveyard in the village, and the people were obliged to worship and to be buried at Raudland, another village some miles away over the hills. As one after another of the Hooden villagers succumbed to the plague, the brown horse from Fornæs was harnessed to the sleigh on which the dead bodies were placed, and driven across the snow to the little churchyard at Raudland. He had to make the journey so often that he was soon able to find his way without any guidance, and, indeed, at last there was no one left who had strength enough to follow him; but the faithful animal would set off for the churchyard by himself, and after the body was properly buried would wend his way homewards over the mountains alone again.

Day after day the plague raged, and the poor horse got little or no rest, for the people died so quickly that there was no time for delay between his doleful journeys, and often he was so worn out, that he had scarcely strength to extricate himself from the soft, deep snow into which he sank while crossing the hills; but he always managed to bring his sad burden safely to its destination, and was always willing to set out again on another journey, however exhausted he might be.

The time at last came when there was only one man left alive in Hooden. Nor was he to escape the fate of the rest. The plague seized him, and feeling sure that he could not recover, he harnessed the brown horse again, tied on its snow-shoes, and then peacefully laid himself down on the sleigh and died.

The brown horse set out all alone with his last freight for the little churchyard. But he was worn with his constant work, and the snow was soft and wearisome to plod through, and many a time the poor animal sank to his knees amongst it. Just as he reached the highest hill between Hooden and Raudland, one of his snow-shoes broke, and he was unable to proceed any farther. His loud neighings for help reached the ears of some of the Raudland men. They came to his assistance, and after they had tied other snow-shoes on to his hoofs the exhausted animal staggered on until he reached the graveyard. Here the rites of religion were performed over the remains of the last victim of the plague at Hooden.

When the ceremony was ended, the onlookers saw the brown horse wandering round the churchyard, stopping now and again as he came to the graves of the friends he had brought to be buried there. After he had visited the last resting-place of each, he slowly and with sorrowful mien left the enclosure; but instead of taking the road to Hooden as he had been used to do (his friends gone and his work done, why should he go back there?), he strayed sadly down to a little hollow amongst the hills that surrounded the village. There he rolled himself down amongst the snow, let his head droop upon his breast, and gently expired.

The people of Raudland still show the graveyard and the hollow in the hill-side where the good horse died; and as they received the story from their fathers, so they love to tell it to their children, anxious that even by future generations the noble brown horse of Fornæs should not be forgotten.

R. MASON.

AN HEIRESS AGAINST HER WILL.

READING THE WILL.



HIS is the last will of me, Charlotte Ingaville, of Hinton Court, in the parish of Hinton Ingaville, in the county of Downshire. I appoint John Stiles, solicitor, of High Street, Mere, as my sole executor.'

There was a hush of intense interest in the pause which followed these opening sentences of the all-important document. Mary, who was sitting opposite Mr. Rupert Ingaville, noticed that he looked very pale as these last words were read; but she turned away, feeling that she had no right to pry into his feelings. The reading of the will went on:—

'I give and devise to all my servants at present in my employment' (here followed a long list of names in order), 'the amount of one year's wages from the date of my death.'

Several other legacies of small amount came next, and then, after another brief pause, followed the words:—

'I devise and bequeath to my cousin, Rupert Ingaville, a box of trinkets and old letters which he will remember. It is covered with crimson morocco and will be found in my oak cabinet. Also all the furniture in my small morning-room opening on the flower-garden, including my portrait hung over the chimney-piece. Also the sum of one thousand pounds to pay his expenses in attending my funeral.'

Poor Mr. Stiles looked very hot and uncomfortable as he read this, and his feelings overcame him to such an extent that he exclaimed, 'I assure you that I had nothing to do with this; I did my best to reason with her: but she was as obstinate as all the Ingavilles,' he muttered between his teeth, and recovering himself, he went on in a steady, professional tone:—

'Lastly, I give and bequeath all my estate and effects real and personal, of which I may die possessed or be entitled to, unto my adopted daughter, Mary Vincent, when she shall attain the age of twenty-one. Until that time, she is to receive two thousand pounds per annum for education and maintenance, under the sole control of John Stiles, my executor. And I hereby revoke all former wills and codicils.'

Mary Vincent sat still, stunned and bewildered. She did not dare to raise her eyes and see what effect this extraordinary will had produced on the minds of others. She only longed to sink into the ground and escape from the outcry which must certainly follow. There must be some mistake. This thing could not be true; it was impossible! She must be still dreaming; though, indeed, such an inheritance as this was far beyond the wildest flight of her fancy. There was a hum of voices round her, but she could distinguish nothing. Never in all her life had she felt more utterly and entirely alone. If only some one would come and speak to her and take her hand, and show her a little sympathy, and tell her what to do!

But no one came near her, and she felt as if some strange chance had placed her upon a rocky pinnacle far above the reach of all human friendship. She was roused by a well-known voice; it was Miss Arabella Smith appealing to Mr. Stiles, who was evidently hurrying away. 'Are you quite sure that was all?' she cried. 'Was there nothing more said about me? Was there no codicil or

anything? Do look again, dear Mr. Stiles! You know how fond Miss Ingaville always was of me, and I am quite sure she meant to remember me in her will,' she added.

'And so she did, my good lady!' exclaimed the lawyer, impatiently. 'You are to have a whole year's salary.'

'Just like the rest of the servants, you would say! What is that, I should like to know, when I have put up with her tempers, and waited upon her, and been treated like a dog for years? But surely Mary must provide for me!' she cried, grasping at the last straw in her bitter disappointment.

'Miss Vincent has no control over any money at present,' said the lawyer, gravely; 'but, of course, if she wished you to remain as her companion, she might fix a very liberal salary.'

Mary had heard the whole conversation, and was on the point of hastening to the poor creature, whose disappointment she felt like a weight on her own conscience, and promising her anything. But on second thoughts, she dreaded a painful scene in Miss Smith's state of excitement. Taking courage to look round, she saw that she was close to the door, and managed to slip away unobserved into a small morning-room opening out into the garden. There was a snug corner in the deep window-seat, where she had often taken refuge in former days, and she was thankful to feel that here, at least, she would be safe and alone. But her satisfaction was of short duration, for before many minutes the door opened, and she heard the sound of footsteps entering. On the impulse of the moment, Mary drew back behind the curtain and kept quite still for fear of being discovered; but this was a false step, as she soon learnt to her cost.

'I cannot tell you how concerned I am, my dear Mr. Rupert; but I am afraid no action would hold. She was as sane as ever she was in her life, and as wilful and as obstinate,' said Mr. Stiles.

'But what can have been her motive? My cousin always seemed to me so proud of her family and descent, that I could not have conceived it possible for her thus to deal with the old place.'

'Ah, my dear Mr. Rupert, you must excuse my saying that she was not the only one of her race who was obstinate. When I look back a matter of twenty or thirty years, and think what a favourite you were with the old Squire, and how he had set his heart on a match for you and his only daughter, I must say that I think you were to blame too!'

'Would you have had me marry an heiress for the sake of her property?' was the indignant exclamation; 'do you think I could have sold myself to Charlotte for her money?'

'No, no, do not misunderstand me. But you two had always been very good friends, and I always thought you would settle down, until sweet Miss Helen Grey — don't interrupt me, my good friend; I know all about it. I was young myself once.'

'Just look at that portrait over the chimneypiece, and then think of my wife!' was the next remark in a lower tone.

'Well, well! I will not blame you any more,' rejoined the old man, kindly; '"The world well lost for love!" But just think! That picture is part of your legacy; all the furniture of this room, where you used to be so much together, for I don't think she ever

entered it of late years; the box of trinkets and old letters left to you! And after that you ask what was her motive in disinheriting you? Is there anything more bitter than a woman's slighted love?'

During all this time poor Mary had been very miserable in her



position of involuntary listener; but at this point she could bear it no longer. It seemed so terrible to be hearing all a dead woman's secrets, and the conversation, too, was becoming more and more private in every way. With a violent effort she overcame her own shyness and timidity, and came forward, to the unconcealed surprise and dismay of the two gentlemen.

'Please forgive me. I am so sorry, but I could not help hearing what you said. I ought to have gone away before, but I was afraid to disturb you.' She paused, scarcely knowing what more to say.

Mr. Ingaville was the first to recover himself. 'Pray do not excuse yourself, Miss Vincent. Surely no one has a better right than

yourself to be here, or in any other part of the house. We are the intruders. But as you have already heard a portion of my story, I must beg of you, for my sake, to have a little patience and listen to the rest of it. Indeed,' he added, with a touch of bitterness, 'by the allusions in her will, my cousin has already made our private affairs of former days to be quite public property. We were about the same age, Charlotte and I, and were together very much as children, for my Uncle George, who never got over his disappointment at not having a son, treated me very much as if I were a boy of his own. I spent most of my holidays at Hinton Court, and later on, when I was at College and then at the Bar, I was always encouraged to look upon the old place as my home. So time went on; my cousin was always very friendly and kind, and I remember that I used to give her some little trifle on her birthday, and to write her occasional letters, which all the world might have read. But beyond that there was never anything more, upon my honour as a gentleman. If you ever care to open the box which contains these noted treasures my words will be proved beyond a doubt. Then it happened one summer, three-and-twenty years ago, that a young lady came to stay here, a Miss Grey. You remember her then, Mr. Stiles?'

'Yes, indeed, as if it were yesterday,' replied the old man, warmly. 'It would take the tongue of a poet to describe her, Miss Vincent, and she was as good and clever as she was beautiful; "is," I should rather say, for I have still the honour of her acquaintance as Mrs. Rupert Ingaville.'

'Then came many changes,' continued Mr. Ingaville. 'First my uncle's death, then my marriage, and after that my cousin went abroad for some years, and we lost sight of each other. But I must add that, as I have already told you, Miss Vincent, I knew nothing of the entail having been cut off, until a few days ago. I had always believed that in the event of my cousin being unmarried and leaving no heir I was the next in succession.'

'Cannot you take it now?' pleaded the young girl. 'I am sure it ought to be yours, and I do not want it.'

She was almost crying in her eagerness and excitement, but was abruptly checked by Mr. Stiles, who exclaimed somewhat contemptuously, 'Nonsense, child! a property like this is not given away like an old pocket-handkerchief.'

Then taking out his watch, he added, 'And now, my dear Mr. Rupert, I don't want to hurry you, but if you are to catch the last train to town there is no time to be lost.'

'Yes, I must go. I sent Helen a telegram to say I would be home to-night. She must not hear of it from any one else.' He spoke in a low voice, but his friend heard the involuntary sigh at the mention of his wife, and pressed his hand warmly as he took leave of him.

Mr. Stiles would gladly have left with him, but he still had duties to perform at Hinton Court. He groaned inwardly at the unlucky chance which had made him an old bachelor, the guardian of a wilful young person, who had been suddenly transformed from a penniless dependent into the heiress of a large fortune. What should he do with her? She was too old to be sent to school, and too young

to do anything else with. He had a general impression that young women were a great deal of trouble to manage, and he certainly did not feel equal to the responsibility himself.

Then he suddenly remembered the late lady-companion's appeal to him. He knew that Miss Danvers Smith was considered a highly respectable person; she had been for some time with Miss Ingaville, and would probably be as well fitted as any one else to take charge of the heiress for the next few years till she came of age.

Mary was still in the morning-room when he returned, and he went straight to the point at once. 'What do you think of doing, Miss Vincent? You can't stay on here by yourself; indeed, I feel bound to tell you that it would be impossible for you to keep up the place on two thousand a-year. Hinton Court will have to be let or shut up for a time, and you might travel, or have masters, or something?'

His feelings were even more vague than his words; but the young girl meekly assented to everything, and he took courage to continue: 'Of course, you can't go about alone, my dear. What do you say to having Miss Smith as a companion and *chaperone*? She has been disappointed about her legacy, and we might offer her a handsome salary, which would make her quite happy and comfortable.'

'Oh, yes, Mr. Stiles. Make any arrangement you like. I am so sorry she has been disappointed too!'

So the matter was settled; but it was with an inward pang of self-sacrifice that poor Mary looked forward to the constant society of Miss Arabella Danvers Smith.

(To be continued.)

VILLAGE DIALOGUES.

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

IT was a cold day in March, and Agnes Martin, having been into Shirley village on some small business matter, ran in to see her friend Mrs. Harris and to get warm at her fire. The fire, however, was not very large, and Agnes, feeling disappointed of an expected comfort, remarked, after a hasty greeting, 'Mrs. Harris, I often wonder how it is you are always so cheerful!'

The good woman addressed looked a little surprised at this sudden speech of her neighbour, but answered with a genuine smile, 'Why, Agnes, isn't it our duty to be cheerful?'

Agnes. 'Is it? I don't know about that: but which of us always does her duty, especially when it happens to be a hard one?'

Mrs. H. 'And what should make you think it especially difficult for me to keep a cheerful heart in me? I think I have a great many comforts and blessings.'

Agnes. 'I hope you have, I'm sure, but I would like to see you with a great many more.'

Mrs. H. 'Thank you kindly, Agnes; but has something been happening to grieve you and to make you look at my circumstances through blue spectacles?'

Agnes. 'Blue spectacles! I don't understand. But no, indeed, we're all right at home, only I've been thinking about you and your invalid boy, and how you've to work for a living and are not overstrong yourself, and—and—well, perhaps there might be some more reasons to make it wonderful that you don't forget how to smile and to cheer up your neighbours.'

Mrs. H. 'And supposing there might be greater reason still why I should keep a glad heart in me, though there were some more contrary ones that you have not counted yet,—what then, Agnes?'

Agnes. 'Oh, Mrs. Harris, forgive me: but James and I were talking about you only a few evenings ago, and saying we didn't think it possible you could keep out of debt, yet we knew it would grieve you sorely to have to owe anything. You'll not be vexed with me for speaking of such things?'

Mrs. H. 'No, Agnes, for I know it's in true kindness you've been concerning yourselves with my affairs, and that you would gladly help me out of difficulty if you could afford to do it. But I don't think any one can have said to you that I'm in any debt. Is it so?'

Agnes. 'No, indeed, neighbour. I've not heard a word of such a thing; but liking you as we do, we've had our anxieties about you and about how you are to keep on in these hard times, and have often wondered over your cheerfulness.'

Mrs. H. 'Then I must tell you my secret, Agnes, in answer to your friendly care for me, and James will understand it even better than you will yourself.'

Agnes (eagerly). 'What is it, neighbour?'

Mrs. H. 'I believe in God, and love Him.'

Agnes. 'Oh! I thought you were going to tell me a real secret, Mrs. Harris!'

Mrs. H. 'And this should be no secret, I know, for every one ought to be resting on the same strength; yet I would not tell it to every one as I have just told it to you. I hoped you would understand it to mean something real.'

Agnes. 'And how much that is real does it mean? for every time we go to church we all say we believe in God, and love Him, yet when hard times come we feel the pinch they bring.'

Mrs. H. 'Yes, yes, we feel the pinch, as you say; but little pinches should not hurt a healthy body very much, and I think the love of God is to the soul something like health is to the body. Little pinches of trouble don't hurt a God-loving soul a great deal. Nothing but the losing of that love could overwhelm such a soul with grief, and it has pledges in plenty that this sorrow shall never be.'

Agnes. 'I can't quite follow your meaning, neighbour. I would like to know how, when the boy you think so much about is in pain, and you haven't everything to give him that might do him good, you can be cheerful over that and not be hurt by it a great deal.'

Mrs. H. 'I always feel to have something with which to comfort him and give him relief, Agnes, and can trust that if I had not it would be sent him. Times and times again I've been in real straits and not known how the next week's provisions were to be obtained, yet not once have we really suffered want. Must I not speak as I find, and ought I not to have learned to trust God?'

Agnes. 'But for your own frail health, neighbour Harris—doesn't it worry you to think that some day you may not be able to keep at work at all, and that there'll be two of you to suffer and not one to earn and to provide?'

Mrs. H. 'Nay, it isn't good to go outside the door to meet trouble. My Fred is young, and though always lame he may grow much stronger than he is now and be able to provide for us both so much as we need. I know he looks forward to this himself, and the hope of it cheers us both.'

Agnes. 'I believe you're right to keep hope alive while you can, yet what if waiting-time should be so long, neighbour, that you couldn't keep out of debt; wouldn't that hang like a millstone about your neck?'

Mrs. H. 'Still, Agnes, we should have our trust in God, and a firm belief that He would not try us with suffering more than we could bear. We should remember that our Divine Lord Himself, when in human form, was made perfect through suffering; and certain of our own love to Him, we should cling heartily to such promises as this—"All things work together for good to them that love God."'

Agnes. 'I do believe you would feel strong like that, if any one could, in such circumstances as I have imagined, and I've been like a *Job's comforter* to you all this time; but I did want to try and see what sort of ground you were standing upon.'

Mrs. H. 'Do you think it firm ground?'

Agnes. 'I suppose it is firm and safe if the Bible is true, and it would ill become me to contradict that; yet a few pounds in the bank always seem to me like a wall of strength against hard times.'

Mrs. H. 'And so they are in one sense, for while you have money in the bank you need never starve or be burdensome to your neighbours for what's necessary to bodily comfort, and I think it's the duty of every one to get something beforehand while health and strength serves to do it; but when this is not possible, or when such stores have been worked out through sickness and trouble, then we come to stand on the Word of God itself, and find for ourselves most surely whether it supports us or not.'

Agnes. 'You said James would understand this better than I do; what made you say so, neighbour?'

Mrs. H. 'I think he knows something of it by experience, dear; not of the suffering perhaps, but of the trust. He believes that the Maker and Upholder of all things will never turn away from His own children when their hearts cry out to Him; He knows the feelings of a father and the tenderness of a father's love, and holds that God, Who has all things as well as all hearts in His own hands, cannot fail to send help in their need to them that love and trust Him, though He may try their faith first.'

Agnes. 'But how can One in Heaven send help, such as food and clothes to us, on earth? wouldn't doing so be a miracle? And we are not taught to expect miracles to be worked for us in these days.'

Mrs. H. 'His ways are not as our ways nor His thoughts as our thoughts; yet, if all good comes from Him—as we know it does—it is not difficult to understand how thoughts of charity and kindness

coming into good men's hearts and causing them to give to the needy are really God's answers to the prayers of those needy ones.'

Agnes. 'Oh, neighbour, it is good to have a faith like that, and to be able to believe that there are meeting-places between Heaven and earth in good men's souls; but do you really believe there is any one now on earth so good that his heart is moved by God Himself in answer to prayers, whether his own or those of other persons?'

Mrs. H. 'I do most surely believe it, and should be a very miserable woman if I did not; indeed it seems to me, Agnes, that no one can have felt anything of real happiness and joy who is not perfectly sure of it. Does not St. Paul tell us again and again in his Epistles that Christians are the temples of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in them? Can we receive that truth and not expect blessed results? Yet the Apostle was not writing to *perfect* characters, he had sometimes to give blame as well as encouragement to those whom he addressed. Don't think you need to become *perfect* before you can serve God; just open your heart to Him and desire His presence there, and His will to be done far above all other things, and He will fulfil His own promises and succour you with His own strength: yes, and He will move you so to think and do what is good that you will learn to expect His will to be worked out by others, through whom He works in like manner as He does in you.'

Agnes. 'Dear Mrs. Harris! I do like to hear you talk, and shall not be puzzled over your cheerfulness any longer.' M. C.

Short Sermon.

BY J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A., VICAR OF BATTERSEA, HON. CANON OF WINCHESTER.

SUMMER.

Ps. lxxiv. 17.—'Thou hast made summer.'



THE most popular books and newspapers are illustrated. This is as it should be, for we all learn more readily through the eye than through the ear. And the book which should be the most popular (though, alas! it is not) has not been left without its illustrations—not, indeed, graven by art and man's device, but fashioned by the same great Being who inspired the book itself, for Nature may be called God's book of illustrations to the Bible.

It is when we look on the world around us, not as it is marred, and patched, and altered by the handiwork of man, but as it comes fresh from the creative finger of God, that we are able better to understand the greatness and loving-kindness of Him who is 'the Lord of all power and might, the author and giver of all good things.'

And of all seasons, summer seems specially to illustrate the benevolence of God. The blasts of winter crashing through the forest—the silent snow, burying every green thing beneath it—these, like the lightnings and thunderings of summer, speak to us of the power and severity of God. But the trees in their fresh greenery, the blooming shrubs, the daisied meadows, the sheep and dappled kine resting by

the water-side, the golden sunlight over all, remind us of the gentler attributes of God.

Summer displays above all seasons God's love of beauty. When this earth received its present form at His creative word God pronounced it to be 'very good,' and as material beauty is seen everywhere it is plain that God takes pleasure in it. Every summer as it comes seems to renew around us the primeval loveliness of Eden, and man may still listen, like Adam, to the voice of God, and behold fresh tokens of His love as He quickens into life and fruitfulness the plants that find us food, and the flowers that minister to our pleasure. But we are too ready to forget, when we admire and rejoice in the beauty of nature, that God created the lily of the field, the fruit-tree bearing fruit, the busy bee, the melodious bird; and while we admire the creation we do not, as we ought, love and thank the Creator. And if it be counted an offence, when speaking of a work of human art, to give no praise to the artist, surely it is a much greater error to overlook the supreme Artist, whose mind is the source of all beauty, when we are delighted with His wondrous works.

Summer displays God's wonderful wisdom. We see this in the very simpleness of the machinery which creates the beauty and grandeur of the scene—the simpleness of the plans which sustain life and increase happiness. The sun rises and sets—the rain falls from Heaven—the winds blow—the fields bloom—the green corn shoots up—the flowers scent the breeze—the fruits swell into ripeness. Everything is simple, but everything does exactly its appointed work for the comfort and happiness of man. We see God's wisdom, also, in the ceaseless keeping up of this machinery. Some men say that matter originated its own laws; others hold that God appointed laws, and having set the world in motion, left it to go on by itself. Such notions are contrary even to our own experience. A deserted house soon crumbles to dust—a lifeless body soon decays, and so, if God were to withdraw His sustaining and regulating power, the Universe would soon come to a standstill. But, instead of this, we know that from the days of Adam there has been no intermission in the appearance of the seasons, and there are still no signs of decay. The promise given to the earth's grey fathers as they came forth from the ark is still faithfully kept, 'while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease.' Surely, then, when we gaze upon the glories of the summer-tide so lavishly spread around us we cannot help using the language of David, 'O Lord, how manifold are Thy works; in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches.'

The summer displays God's infinite kindness. It is given to all richly to enjoy. God scatters its beauties and bounties for all. Its charms are as free to the poor as to the rich. The landscapes of summer belong to no man. No man can shut out even from the poorest the enjoyment to be drawn from gazing on hill and valley, field and wood, river and brook. It is true that there are many who find no pleasure in sights like these, but such persons certainly neglect the natural love of beauty which is born in every mind. They cast behind them one source of sinless enjoyment which the loving-kindness of God

has provided. There is no one who cannot cultivate this pleasure in the beauty of Nature if he will.

They are wise who foster by every means this taste for the charms of nature which is implanted in us all, and who, in these days when vicious and vulgar forms of amusement are so numerous, seek to find their enjoyment in that beauty which the kindness of God puts before us, and seek to look through that beauty to Him whose Hand and whose Word created it.

And the bounties of summer are for all. Alike in the broad acres of the noble and in the little patch at the back of the cottage, the kindness of God is shown in the summer—the seeds spring up, the flowers bloom, and the fruits ripen. And if we learn from these glories of summer these truths about God—that He loves the beautiful, that His wisdom is far beyond our understanding, and that His loving-kindness is infinite—what lessons are we to learn for ourselves? This lesson, plainly—that we owe a debt of constant gratitude to God. Hazlitt said that ‘man is the only animal who laughs and weeps.’ A truly may it be said that he is the only animal who shows ingratitude. He owes most and pays least; he is always receiving but very seldom giving.

But in order to see his debt man must think about it; and if he does this, however little, if only he does it truly and honestly, he must own that it is as impossible for him to sum up these mercies which God gives and he receives, as it is to count the leaves of the forest, or to tell the number of the stars.

It almost looks as if the very frequency of the gift, and the regularity of its coming, led mankind to forget the Giver. It is as if a gift were left day by day at our door, till at last we allowed ourselves to think that it came without being sent. We should be ashamed of such lack of gratitude shown to a fellow-man. An aged man was planting an apple-tree. A passer-by rudely asked him, ‘Why do you plant trees who cannot hope to eat the fruit of them?’ The old man meekly answered, ‘Some one planted trees before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit. I plant for others, that the memorial of my gratitude may remain when I am dead and gone.’ And if such gratitude was due to those unknown ones who had planted the trees—perhaps with no thought for others, but only for their own benefit—how much more grateful should we be to God, who has in succeeding years poured on us the rich blessings of the summer-tide—giving heed to the continued production of those things which are for our benefit alone, for He needs them not for His delight.

As we look on them, and rejoice in them, let us each try to rise to fuller gratefulness of spirit.

And oh, let us not be grateful only for the fruits and flowers, the life and light of summer joyance, but let us be deeply grateful to God, above all, for His inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; and let us show forth our gratitude in the best way—in the only real way—namely, by accepting with true penitent hearts and lively faith the offer of mercy which He makes to us through His own dear Son, our Redeemer.

May He, by His grace, make summer in our hearts now; and may He prepare and ripen in us the fruits of holiness for the autumn of eternity. Amen.