



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

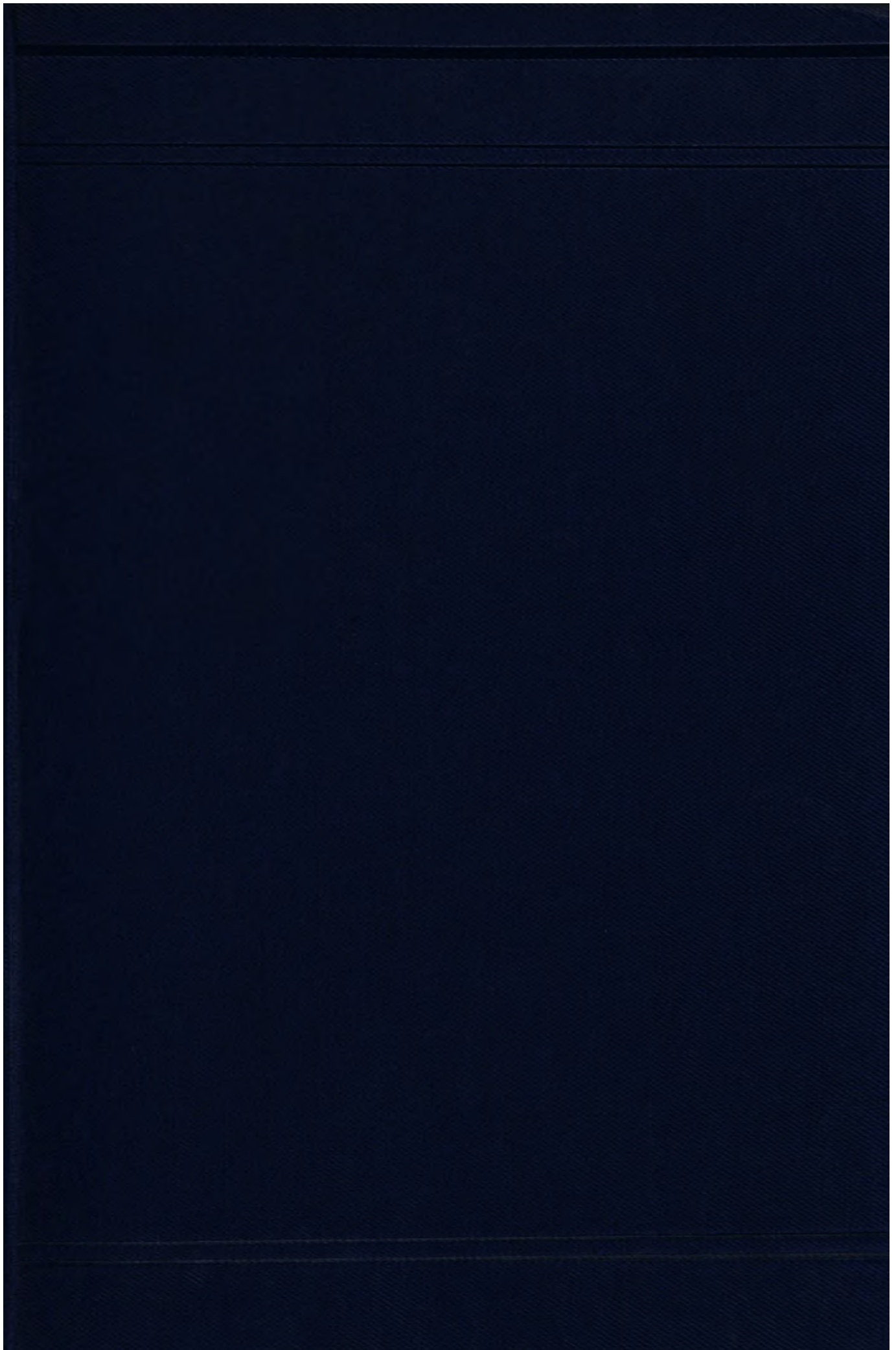
This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.





25612 e. 5222





**MA RACHEL
AND OTHER ORIGINALS**

Other Books by John Horne

A CANNY COUNTRYSIDE

THE BURN OF TANG

MID-WAY TRACKS





MA RACHEL SETTLES AT FALLIGO.

MA RACHEL

AND OTHER ORIGINALS

BY

JOHN HORNE

Author of

"A Canny Countryside," etc.



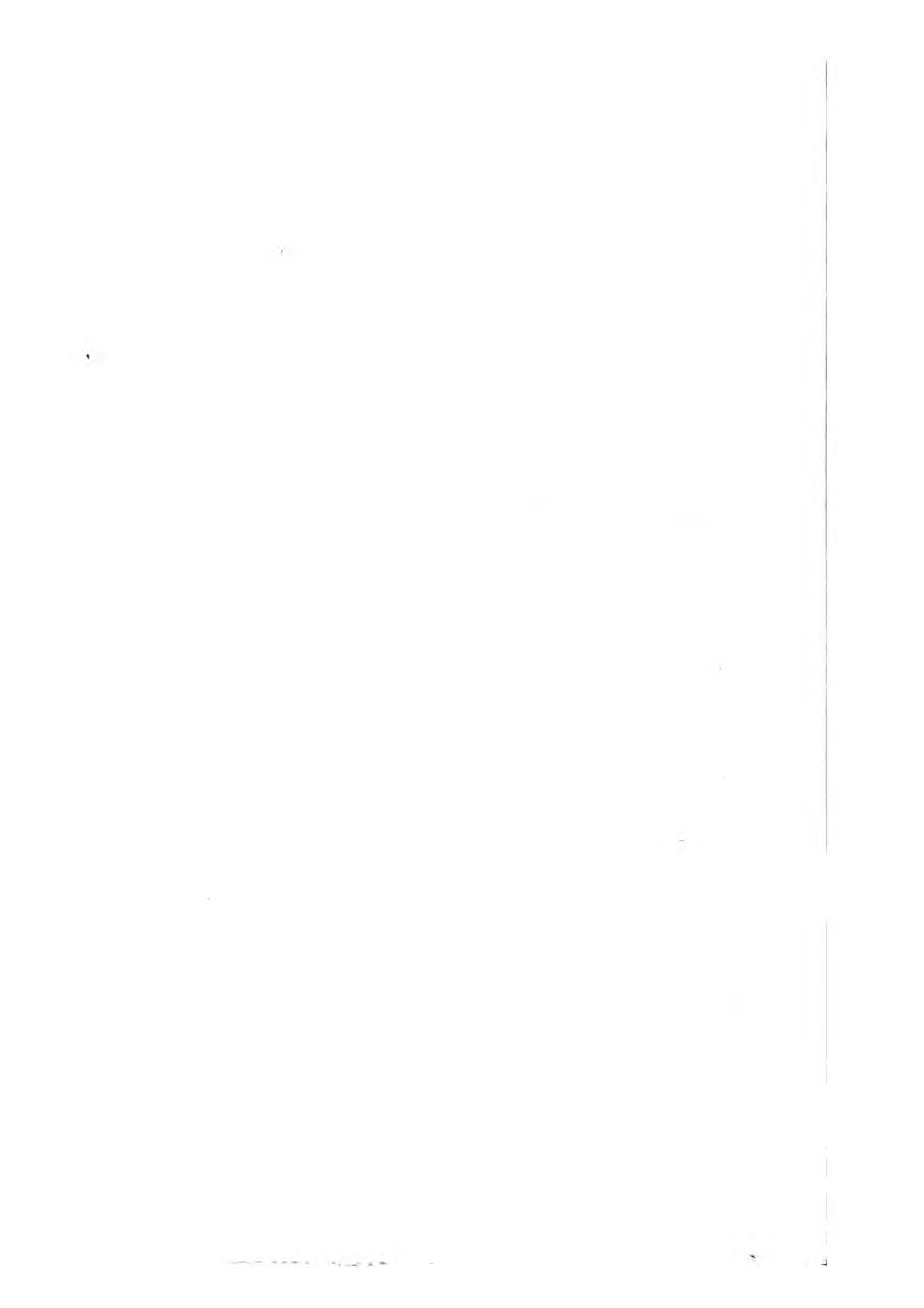
LONDON: H. R. ALLENSON, LIMITED
7 RACQUET COURT, 114 FLEET STREET, E.C.4



*Printed in Great Britain
by Turnbull & Spears, Edinburgh*

CONTENTS

	PAGE
1. MA RACHEL	9
2. PADEREWSKI'S RIVAL	25
3. A RESOLUTE GLOBE-TROTTER	35
4. BY LIGHT OF CANDLE	43
5. SAMSON SAMSON AND HIS BARROW	53
6. EXTREME UNCTION	65
7. A SOLEMN FRIVOLITY	75
8. THE IN-COMER	83
9. THEIR DIAMOND JUBILEE	93
10. JEREMIAH : EVANGELIST	101
11. A HEATHEN FROM ENGLAND	111
12. LIZA, THE UNSATISFIED	121



I
MA RACHEL

MA RACHEL

I

PROVIDENCE never made anything clearer to the folks of Falligo than that Rachel should settle among them. How it chanced that she arrived on that stormy afternoon in December could be explained by no other method of interpretation.

She had trundled with her barrow of dishes and rags into that fishing village, spent in strength. Only a few months before, she had come over from the Green Isle to test her fortune in retailing her wares in the west of Scotland. A hedge or haystack had hitherto been her only hotel, save when a friendly crofter gave her the luxury of his barn.

As she trudged into Falligo, however—nine years ago—a sense of faintness gave her a wondrous longing for some homelier shelter. “Sure, I was born in the open air av Hiven, so I was, an’ I hope I’ll die wid no other curtains over me,” she said, “but I’ll thank iny wan who’ll show me an open dure this minute, so I will.”

Rachel's face and tongue were innovations in Falligo, and might on that account have arrested attention at any other time; but at that moment the inhabitants were engrossed by another and more serious engagement. A storm was worrying the coast in a high temper, and a vessel on the rocks—a foreigner—had called them all to the shore.

It was then that Providence befriended her. The crew had scarcely been rescued before their vessel burst her deck and went to scraps. But the deck-house was washed bodily overboard, and the incoming tide took the helpless thing in its embrace. Flung from crazy wave to wave it was finally tossed up on the land, and as neatly laid as if a surveyor had planned the move. The door, too, was intact; a window let in light on each side; and there was a chimney leaping through the roof.

“Go in there!” cried one of the men to Rachel, in the way of a joke.

“Sure, an' I'll just do that same,” she answered readily, “an' glory be to God!”

The dishes were deposited inside, her barrow was couped facewards against the wall, and Rachel went in and sat down. And that was how she became a resident of Falligo.

“Sure now,” she boasted afterwards, “is

Ma Rachel

11

there iny wan av yez but meself that the Lord has built a house for? No; He has done it for nobody but poor, wanderin' Rachel; an' much glory to Him!"

"An' indade, it's a rale comfortable an' handy house," she might be heard explaining to a stranger. "I don't need no bells through it, nor whistles, nor iny av them quare things for calling the servants, for I can spake to meself from wan end av it to the other without movin'—so I can. An' it hasn't got no wather pipes to burst, either; an' the wather's at the dure—just at me hand, so it is. An' thin, jewel, I'm the proprietor meself, an' nobody can turn me out but meself; an' I pay no rint. Sure, an' it's a funny sowl I am! The Lord has trated me like a burd, an' let me have a nest rint free—so He has!"

II

Rachel had scarcely lit a fire in her new home till the bairns had discovered that something more romantic than their best fairy stories had arrived in their own district. The deck-house had an immediate fascination for them, appealing more directly to them than any printed tale.

She has now a rude seat nailed to the wall for their accommodation. When the oil-lamp

swings from the roof, and a winking fire looks out invitingly from the stove, a boy will give his life's worth to get in.

“An’ have yez done yer lessons, jewel?” is her testing question. If to-morrow’s tasks have not been overtaken, he can go home—and he knows it; but if that obligation has been faced, he is welcomed with “Hate (heat) yer spuds at the fire, thin, jewel; an’ maybe I’ll tell yez a drame.”

“Jewels,”—confiding to her company of six or seven nightly visitors—“I have more fun whin I’m slapin’ than whin I’m wakin’—so I have. I drame ivery night, sure; an’ me drames are all funny wans—so they are, childer. Last night I dramed I was a paper kite, bobbin’ me owld head among the stars, an’ lookin’ down on iverybody, sure. An’ thin, the sthring broke, an’ I found meself wid me heels inside av me, an’ me heart wobblin’ round outside av me somewhere; an’ me shoe laces got into me mouth an’— Och, och, I was just like wan av thim new women ye reads about in the fashion papers—so I was. But afore I reached the earth I was turned into a cat an’ fell on me feet like a burd. Oh, but I have the quare fun whin I’m slapin’!”

The first Sunday Rachel spent in Falligo

committed her to the spiritual oversight of the children. They crowded into her nest. What could she do with them became the problem. "It's the Lord's howly day, childer," she announced, after a little cogitation, "an' I can't be tellin' yez drames at such a time—so I can't; but I'll thry to tell yez about Jahn the Babtist—wan av them big boys mintioned in the Howly Book. I can't remimber much av him, for it's more than yesterday that I was at the Sunday School meself—so it is. But he was a great man, an' wore quare kind av clothes, childer."

"Was they broon (brown)?" asked one of the boys, anxious to assist her.

"Can't say, childer."

"Black?" suggested another eager helper.

"Lord forbid, childer: nobody wears black but the devil an' the minister. But I don't know the colour; only it was a quare kind—so it was."

"Was it cut awa at the tail?"

"No, no: it was quare in another way; it was the stuff it was made av that was quare, childer."

What strange material could it be? Mole-skin?

"No, childer—not that, sure."

Then it must be flannel ?

“ No, jewels. Ah, now I remimber : it was camel’s hair.”

Then all her scholars remembered, too !

“ An’ he ate quare things, too, childer ; but yez can’t remimber the names av thim.”

But one boy was sure John must have eaten “ Tatties an’ herrin’.”

“ Scones,” suggested a wee item modestly.

“ Black puddin’s,” was another blunt guess.

“ No, childer : it was somethin’ unusual an’ be ordinar’—so it was.”

“ Nettles ? ”

“ Hush, now, childer, an’ think afore yez talk.”

This sobered them ; and finally the biggest boy said he thought it was “ locust beans.”

“ Now, an’ yez have it, jewel ! It was just locust banes—so it was. He was a quare man, childer, but a good wan—like meself, sure ”—and then she laughed.

This was her first Sunday in Falligo ; and every subsequent Sunday has been something like it. The older folks stroll to the door in curiosity and gather wisps of her talk.

On summer nights she links with the children in their games. Her defence is unique. “ Sure, now, whin I was young I rade in a book that a

whale is safer whin he has a barrel to play wid—so he is : it takes his attintion from the ship, an' so he can't do no mischief. He plays wid the barrel wid his tail, yez see, an' forgits the ship—so it isn't bowled over." Then she drives in the moral. "If men would play at the marbles at times, or fly kites, they'd dhrink less—so they would ; an' if women would take to the skippin' rope more they'd gossip less. I want to kape meself out av mischief, wid fun—so I do ; an' I wish the devil an' the likes av him would do that same. I tell yez, there's a dale av wisdom in a skippin' rope for owld women—so there is ! "

III

Rachel was scraping a pan beside the door of her wooden mansion. The minister, Mr Simpson, was passing ; and he cast anchor beside her. Since her dramatic advent, he had variously addressed her—on the weather, her strange and providential appearance in the village, and other conventional themes. She had never inspected the inside of his church, however—and the good man had angled for that result. He was not succeeding, it was clear, and his curiosity overcame his prudence.

"I haven't seen you at the church since you

came among us, Rachel," he ventured—abruptly, but in the air of familiarity.

"Indade, yer riverence, an' I haven't seen yerself there aither."

Mr Simpson smiled good-naturedly, but was not quite ready with a reply.

His tormentor stepped into the pause. "I didn't see yer riverence at the market yesterday," she remarked, as if opening a fresh subject.

The minister sobered, and went into the trap innocently. "You couldn't see me when I wasn't there, neighbour."

It was Rachel who laughed now—a chuckle—as she scutched the pan.

The minister was unaware of the joke for a wink: then it rapped at his brain and went in. He had the feeling that the wayfarer was playing with him. He fell back on his professional earnestness. "Now, Rachel," he said, aiming the question full-charged at her, "is it not the fact that you don't believe in churches?"

"Sure, now, an' it isn't that same—so it isn't"—straightening her back and looking up at him, with the pan in her hand. "I belave in churches an' in wurkhouses, yer riverence—so I do; but I'm not needin' the wurkhouse so long as I can kape out av it, an'——"

“ Oh, but you can believe in the workhouse without attending it.”

“ An’ the same wid the churches, yer riverence—so it is,” concluded the enemy, ducking her head to continue her obligations to the pan, as if the argument had reached a termination.

The provoking banter conveyed to the breast of her shepherd the suspicion that he was being thwarted ; but he essayed another experiment. “ Well, then, it must be to the ministers you object, Rachel ? ”

The knife ceased scraping for a second ; then his audience replied, “ Some av them, Mister Simpson ; but—— ”

“ Well, what is it ? ”

“ I can’t take to their clothes, sorr, if yez must have it ”—this with a strain of earnestness, straightening up again and shooting her glance into his face.

“ Oh ! What’s wrong with their clothes ? ” It was an exclamation of surprise, with a tone of expectancy in it. He was at last to discover the prayed-for secret.

“ They’re all alike, yer riverence—so they are ; an’ they’re all black.” Every syllable was now plump and unapologetic.

The victim pursed his mouth and meditated. “ Well, but, Rachel,” he answered finally, “ it’s

surely right to have some distinctive garb to indicate our profession; and that being so, black is the most comely."

"Yer riverence is red-headed—so yez are," observed his teaser, as if again breaking through into another and foreign subject.

"Well?" queried Mr Simpson, baffled.

Rachel followed the lead. "An' the riverend Mr Robertson is fair, sure, an' Mr Dyer is black—so he is; an'——"

The divine was bewildered. "But, dear me, Rachel, what has that to do with their clothes?"

"God didn't make yez all av wan colour av hair—so He didn't," explained the expositor.

The kindly soul was still without a scent; and she extended her observation. "If the Lord meant ministers to be marked wid wan colour av coat, He'd give yez wan colour av hair, too; an' eyes——"

The argument now captured his apprehension. "Oh, come, come, Rachel: that would be ridiculous, you must own."

"I think that same av yer dress, yer riverence: all av yez, so I do." The rebel was hot on his trail now.

But he was not beaten. "You will admit, at least, that black is very becoming for ministers of the Gospel."

“ I will not, yer riverence—so I won’t, sure !
Mister Simpson, did yez iver see a funeral ? ”

He admitted as much, smilingly, and wondered where her zig-zag was to end.

“ An’ did yez iver see a man at a funeral wid white pants an’ a rid tie, yer riverence ? ”

He never had, of course.

“ Black, always, yer riverence ? ”

“ Yes ; black always—and very becoming, too.”

“ Wid black gloves ? ”

“ Black gloves ? Yes.”

“ An’ black-handled umbrella, sure ? ”

“ Well, yes.”

“ An’ iverything else to match, Mister Simpson ? ”

“ Certainly ; but what of that ? ”

“ Just this, yer riverence : ministers is rigged liked men for a funeral—so they are. Black coat, black pants, black hats, black gloves, black umbrellas—black iverything, sure ! Mister Simpson,” she continued, “ the style av rig-out for a funeral is not the right rig for a messenger av the glad tidings av the blessed Gospel ! Put a bit av green on yez, like the colour av the fields ; or a swatch av blue, like the colour av God’s howly sky ; or a hint av white, like what we hope to wear in the Happy Land. Sure, there’s nothing black but darkness and the

devil; an' the good Lord in His Howly Book tells us to avoid thim both—so He does, glory to His name!”

IV

Rachel's barrow is as much of a peculiarity as herself. On one side, the extent of her stock is declared—

“ I can meet your wishes
For anything in dishes ; ”

and on the other she indulges in the boost of the advertiser—

“ For solid money's worth
I can't be beat on earth.”

The spelling does credit to Falligo schooling, but the lettering (accomplished by an obliging fisherman) suggests the Stone Age. Rachel is proud of it, however, and as she paid for it with a porridge bowl there need be no quarrel over it.

When she is on the road with her bazaar, she dauntons all the pessimists by her exuberance and ready philosophy. Perhaps she encounters Mr Simpson more often than anyone else; and they never meet but as antagonists. One day he captured her resting under a hedge, smoking—her barrow drawn to the ditch-side

the while. Smoking—a cutty pipe! Falligo had never heard of women smoking before the incoming of Rachel. No marvel that the minister rubbed his eyes to make sure that he was seeing correctly.

“Smoking, Rachel!” was the extent of his opening surprise.

“Sure, yer riverence, an’ I’m not. Me pipe’s out! But I’ll light it so that yer riverence may not be tellin’ iny lies—so I will.” She deftly lit a match, and in a moment fired a volley of smoke at the sun that brought on a momentary eclipse. “I’m smoking now, yer riverence,” she announced with provoking ease.

“Ay, ay! So you *do* smoke, Rachel!”—unable to accommodate himself to the astounding revelation.

“Indade, an’ I do, sorr—glory be to God.”

“Well, I never knew that before.”

“Sure, an’ I didn’t intind yez to know it now, aither; but yez have catched me, sorr—so yez have.”

Ah! Here was a tendency to duplicity. “You don’t mean to say, Rachel, that you are annoyed at being found out?”

“Indade, sorr, an’ that’s just whit I am, sure—so I am.”

Now he had her! “Rachel, my good woman,

you should never do in private what you are ashamed to do in public."

But the suspect was ready. "Sure, now, an' yer riverence is talking blarney. Does yer riverence wash his face?"

Certainly he did. Who didn't?

And was he ashamed of washing it?

Ashamed? Why, of course not.

"Well, thin, yer riverence, I'm in hopes that I'll see yez take yer basin av water to the top av the road to-morrow mornin' whin yez go to wash yer face—so that it may be done in public, yer riverence! An' thin, whin yez come to retire at night, I'll look for yer riverence to set the bed out on the strate an' jump into the blankets before iverybody—so I will."

By this time the divine was feeling battered, and his senses were aswim. "Dear me, Rachel," he cried, "there are some things that *ought* to be done in private!"

"Sure, thin, I count smokin' wan av thim; but I'm not ashamed av it, sorr—sure an' I'm not! An' a draw av me cutty is like a breath av Hiven to a tired sowl!"

II

PADEREWSKI'S RIVAL

100

PADEREWSKI'S RIVAL

I

HIS outfit is a music-box in disorder, roped to a perambulator in ruins. The music-box has a wooden barrel with brass spurs driven into it; and, once-on-a-day, it might have done its work in some parlour without anguish or rheumatism. Now it only grunts, panting through a tune in staggers, and its wooden jointings squirm and squeal to every turn of the handle. It is roped to the perambulator for preservation. Of the perambulator, the tyres have gone into decay, and are now kept at their task by cords confining them to the wheel-rim. One of the springs has broken and is spliced by a slip of venetian blind. To propel it is both an art and a science; it rocks maliciously and defies hurry—its wheels gurgle on the axle in a way that proves how universal is humour. The box is in manifold temptations to commit suicide and tries to fling itself over in constant frenzy, and the musician has induced a “set” in his figure by his unwearied efforts to keep it going and outwit its tricks.

He is timid and diminutive in physical bearing, with a blear eye in his head that somehow suggests stagnation. He owns a beard and three children. Every nail he finds he drives into his boots, so that he may know where to get it when he wants it; and as his perambulator is oft in need of bandaging, he carries odd strings in his teeth. Ashamed to beg, he will not wring your door-bell for a penny; unless you waylay him, he hobbles off unremunerated, even after decoying his orchestra to the revelation of its entire unique powers.

Such details, however, do not belong to the man: they are outside of him. He is more truly represented by a temperament glowing with a gentle vanity and a mind great within its own borders. If anything is needed to fill out the portrait, it is his magical gift of finding unapproached happiness in things which could only be found in the dustbins of other people.

II

His box is a box of celestial harmonies: it is rapture on wheels. Each note rides a conqueror through his responsive soul, and the echo of its triumph rings along the street of

every nerve. He is as hopelessly subject to its charm as if its magic had lured him into being. Paganini's identification with his violin was a fable to the union of this artist and his casket of seraphic marvels.

"An', mind ye, this machine o' mine is a rarity," he says, stabbing your eye with a glance of startling seriousness.

A rarity! It *is* a rarity, bought for eighteen-pence at a sale, and as rare as a tinder-box in a match-striking generation.

"Man, if fowk only kent hoo rare it is, they'd stan' an' listen, instead of hurryin' by."

Doubtless that is true, too, for if Balaam's donkey were to cough to-day, he would be in greater demand than a king—so effective is the resurrection of past wonders, once they are clean dead (let the museum testify).

"It's a wonderfu' machine, man!" (For certain! Let's have a look at it.) "D'ye see that there?"—putting his finger on the barrel. "Weel, every jag there maun hae taken a bankfu' o' money to fix it. Hoo dae I ken? Fine! I tried it—that's hoo I ken. I worked a whole month tryin' to put in a new ane an' I knocked twa oot instead—an' that's hoo I ken. But, man, it's a big improvement—ay, sure's death! Ye'll maybe no believe it, but

I'll prove it. I'll wager ye a pound note there's no anither music-box aneath the moon can play 'There is a Happy Land' like this ane. Jist listen! Dinna miss the 'whist' at the broken notes—it's gran'!"

The crank circles round to his push, and the familiar hymn juggles like this with the words in my memory—

“There is a (whist)py (whist),
Far, far a(whist),
Where (whist) in glory (whist),
(Whist) (whist) as day.”

“Man, is that 'whist' no rare? Eh! It 'minds me o' a steamer's whistle in Heaven, tootin' doon the river o' life to the sangs o' the angels. An' I'll tell ye this—there isna anither machine in creation that could play that but itsel'!”

I am sure of it, and say so, being ever a lover of truth.

“An' see here; look at this— Oh, I say, did ye ever hear what's-his-name playin'—Paddy Roosty?”

I admit having had the pleasure.

“Ay, man! Weel, I'd like to hear him, but I'm thinkin' it wouldna be worth the price o' a ticket. I'm tell't he gets a thoosand pound in one nicht for clatterin' on a piano! An'

some nights I'll no mak tippence wi' this rare music-box! Sakes, that shows ye what fools men-fowk maun be. A thoosand pound—a thoosand pound, for squabblin' on the keys o' a tin toy! Och! och! Man, see here: if Paddy Roosty laid doon his thoosand pound, he couldna play 'Killarney' like me. Ye say ye heard him, the lang-haired gowk? Weel, just wait a wee an' gie *me* a chance, an' then judge for yersel'."

He coaxes his perambulator to the centre of the highway, tightens his hat over his brows, jerks the button-holes of his coat over the buttons, adjusts his cravat, spits on his hands, replaces the strings in his mouth, grasps the handle, bows, and begins. His right hand heaves the crank feelingly, the left beats time in the face of an invisible concourse of admirers, to which Paderewski's biggest crowd is only a cupful. The wheezy box grumbles, mutters, squeals, howls—its loosening frame groaning at every nail head in accompaniment. Here and there the artiste dobs in a few vocal stanzas, comparable to the gurgle of a choking hen, but melodious and spell-binding to the invisible audience. Now the crank glides slowly, slowly; now a frenzied stampede! Killarney's braes are "whist" "whist"! "Whist" also is Beauty's

hand! And Heaven's reflex is Kill—"whist," "whist"!

The performance exhausts him more than a whole night at the piano would exhaust Paderewski; and when he grinds to a melting finish, beads of perspiration crowd his brow, and he is breathless from excitement.

"D'ye think Paddy Roosty could play like *that*?" he gasps.

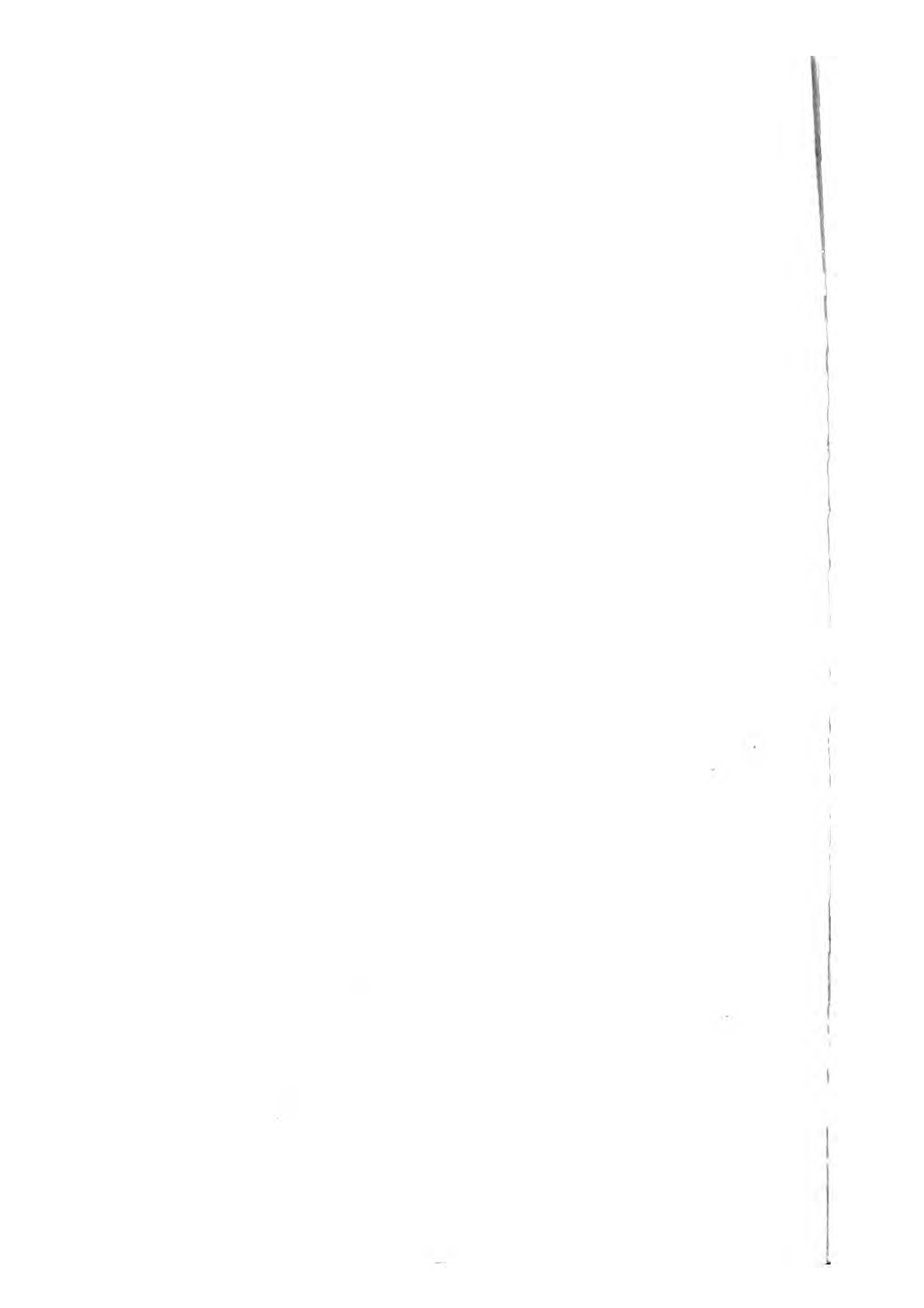
"No, he couldn't. I am certain he couldn't, and am prepared to kiss the Bible over it."

"Ah! fine I kent it, man!"—clearing his brow of the sweat. "An' to think o' him gettin' a thoosand pound a nicht; an' maybe I'll only mak as muckle as a tattie apiece to my bairns! Sakes, hoo the devil blinds fowk!—Oh, I say, did ye ever see the way I change the tune? Ye pull oot this knob here—that way, see?—an' ye hae a new tune! Isna it wonderfu'? I wish I could do that wi' my wife! But I canna, man, I canna. Funny (is it no?) that I can do what I like wi' a music-box an' fail wi' a human bein', wha has reason an' a' the ither helps! It's real vexin'. Ay! I maun awa', though. The fowk in the next street 'll be missin' me an' wonderin' what's come ower me. An', then, once a week I gang doon by the jail wa', an' play a wee while to

cheer the puir sowls inside. It's the only bit o' Christian work I can think o'. I play 'There is a Happy Land' to them. This is my nicht. So I'll awa, and no keep them waitin'."

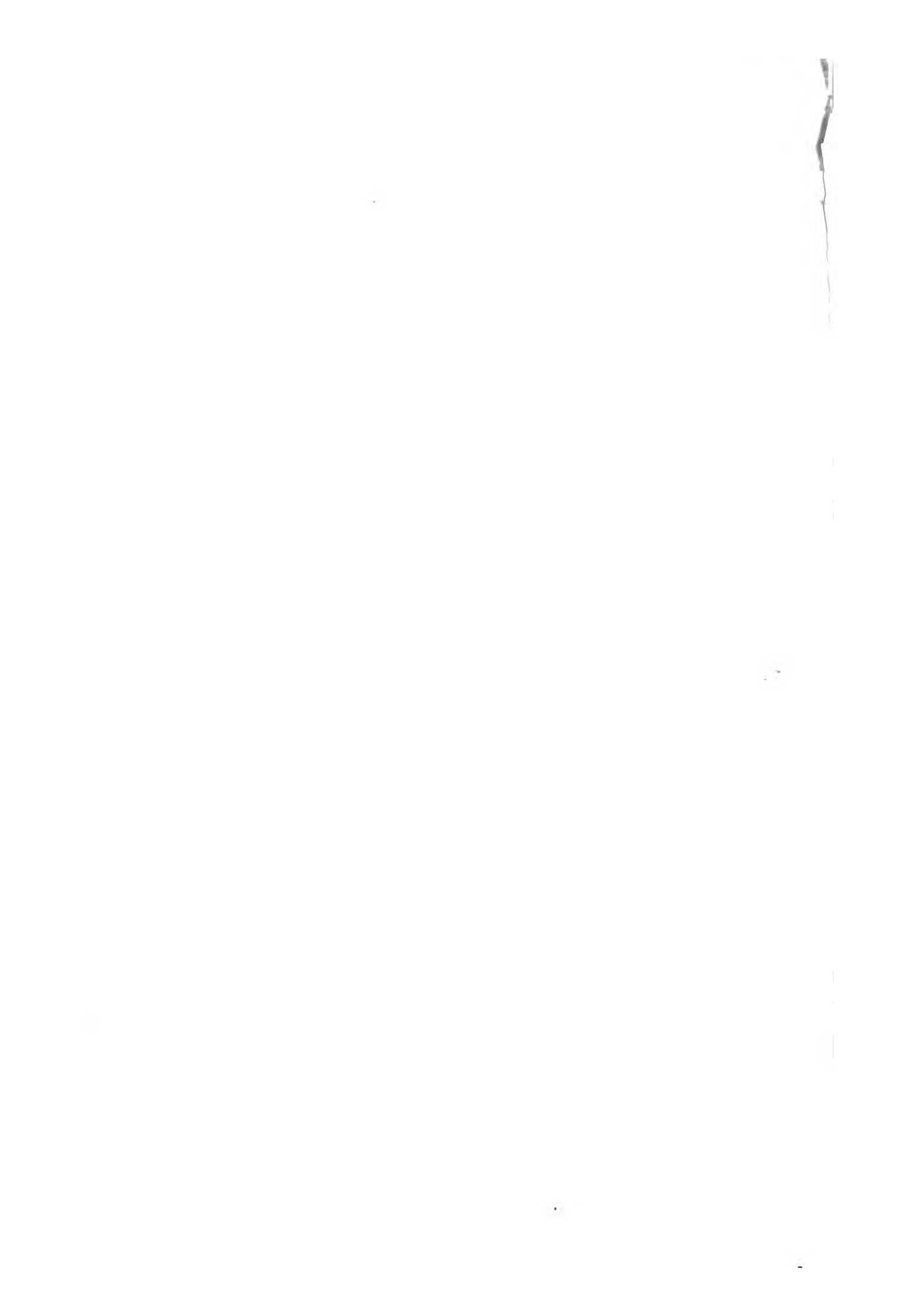
III

He goads the perambulator to action. As he follows it I hear him complimenting himself. "I kent I could lick him!" he says. "A thoosand pound! What a sell! An' I can do better for a penny!"



III

A RESOLUTE GLOBE-TROTTER



A RESOLUTE GLOBE-TROTTER

I

QUEENIE is no secondary character. She is as distinctive and as fragrant as a rose-bush. When you get to know her you think of her as a benediction. She is oldish now, but corkier than many a young girl. Fun seems to tap at her door daily, and she answers the call with alacrity.

You cannot talk to her without feeling gayer. Even in her grey moods she squirts a joke for your entertainment. Lately, learning that she had been diluted by influenza, I called to see how she took the experience. She had been "pretty bad—so ill, sir, that I could enjoy nothin' but a joke!" That flash shows you the quality of her metal. And in normal fettle, when a neighbour asks, "Hoo goes it?" she sings back cheerily, "Ony way the win' blows it!"

Her mind is as bright as a toy-shop; and is stocked with all manner of gracious fancies. After a taste of her own, she gives these some

tangible expression, as the potter touches his lump of clay into an attraction.

One of her pet indulgences is visiting any part of the globe without paying fares. I made the discovery of this ingenuity last year. Over her mantelpiece I observed a print of mountain scenery. It had been cut from a calendar, and was pinned to the white-wash. Aware of her love of gaiety, I bantered her on her ambition to set up an art gallery.

She smiled knowingly, then said, "Man, it's no' that. Maybe ye dinna ken that this is my day in the Hielan's." A chuckle gave me a hint of something diverting.

"In the Hielan's, Queenie? What can you mean?"

"Weel, ye see, some days I think I would like a trip to Italy, an' then I stick up a picter o' Venice wi' its rivers an' gondola-things. Then, a' I hae to do is to imagine that I'm there—reposin' on a goold-lace pillow in a boat, an' floatin' doon the stream like a swan!" She giggled as a girlie might. The comicality of the suggestion undid us both, and we warmed the walls with our glee.

"I see. So this is your day in the Hielan's?"

"Ay; just that same. I canna be fashed wi' Italy or Japan the day. I'm in the mood

for hills, an' glens, an' burnies, an'—salmon-fishin'." The idea of salmon-fishing had clearly surprised herself, and she nickered at it. It bred a logical extension. "See that river?" she continued, pointing to a stream in the print. "Oh, weel, I'm wadin' in that river wi' troosers on, an' maybe a flaskie in my pocket! Fancy that—an' me an auld withered turnip—Och, och!"—wiping her brow in a sweat of laughter.

"Queenie, my friend, you have struck a good thing. Why, you can travel all over the world in that fashion."

"Jist what I'm doin'. I'm to tak' the steamer for America the morn. See this"—and she drew from behind her dresser a cardboard print of Chicago. "I'll be daunnerin' up an' doon them fine streets a' the day; an' I'm intendin' to buy mysel' a wristlet-watch in Chicago—goold, an' set in diamonds, mind ye; nane o' yer tin egg-boilers for me!" She cantered into another chuckle. "A spankin' wrist for a watch—eh!"—and she stretched out an arm as destitute as a Pharoah's.

"And the day after, Queenie?"

"Oh, I canna tell ye that, though!" She bedded her face in her apron and laughed provokingly.

I pursued her. "Come now, Queenie, I hope you're not going to the jail for a change!"

"Oh, I hae been there, too—giein' milk oot o' a teapot-stroop to the puir innocent lambs wha maun be locked up for bein' too good—oh, yes!" Again the interpretive smirk.

"But you're not going there to-morrow?"

"No fear! But—och, I may as well let ye ken." She ducked to her repository and presented to me a picture of Monte Carlo.

"Queenie! You're certainly bent on doing the grand."

"Am I no'! See that car?"—pointing to a magnificent motor spinning along an approach to the casino. "Well, ye micht like to ken that I'm to trundle roond in that dustcairt when I gang to Monte Carlo! I haena just decided yet whether I'll wear silk or satin, but I'm to hae a parasol made o' peacocks' feathers an' snowdrops!"

"But that's an expensive place. You will need lots of cash there, Queenie."

"Cash! Man, I'll make it as I need it, an' spend it afore it cools! I jist say to my banker, 'Anither thoosand, please,' an' my han'-bag's rinnin' ower in a twinklin'!"

II

“You will require the best of weather for your trip, if you are to enjoy it as you expect.”

She looked at me with a query on her face which plainly meant, “Will I tell him?” A moment’s hesitation; then she extended her confidence to me on that topic, too. Pulling out a drawer in her dresser, she extracted some pieces of broken coloured glass.

“Man, I can command any season o’ the year I like,” she said. She handed me a small piece of green glass. “Haud that up to the daylight.” I did so. “That’s Spring,” she explained. It was a very green Spring, certainly; but was passable. “Look through that piece,” giving me a yellow portion. “Oh, that’s Summer!” I exclaimed—for in truth the effect was surprisingly suggestive. “Richt! Noo hae a look at Autumn”—and a ruby slip of glass passed to my hand. “Everything rich an’ bonnie!” she remarked; and although the wine-colour was rather too deep, it created a very fascinating Autumn. “Here’s Winter”—and she gave me a flake of thinnish blue which changed the pleasant prospect to a real wintry one.

“Ye see, I make my ain weather!”—this, with one of her lightsome gurgles.

“ In all the world, Queenie, who gave you this bright idea ? ”

“ Sandy Corner ; an’ he didna ken he was doin’ it ! ”

“ Enlighten me. ”

“ Sandy was mendin’ a coloured window in the kirk ; an’ he threw the broken bits ower the wa’. I saw them an’ picked them up, as I thocht they looked bonnie. Puir Sandy saw naething through them but colours. ” She paused ; then, giggling—“ But they fetch the seasons to anybody wha has een to see them. ”

“ Queenie, you’re a caution ! ”

“ Am I no’ ? I should hae been a witch an’ got burnt ! Maybe I may gang to the stake yet for enjoyin’ mysel’ ower weel ; but no’ till I get back frae Monte Carlo, I houp. I would like to do the plunger afore I die ! ”

III

“ You say you are going there the day after to-morrow ? ”

“ Ay ; an’ I’m comin’ back at nicht—in my car, of coorse. An’ here : if ye see a goold car comin’ up the street, wi’ a chaffeur wearin’ diamonds for buttons as bricht as bobbys’ lanterns, ye’ll ken it’s me ! ”

IV
BY LIGHT OF CANDLE



BY LIGHT OF CANDLE

I

OUR train of heavily-freighted carriages trundled over the frosty rails from Paris to Modane. We were facing the Christmas season, and all the ground was hardening under the reign of the Ice King. As twilight grew between us and the sun, the frost seemed to penetrate the compartment in search of new experiments. It blurred the windows, and chilled our feet; and then it laid its magic on the oil of the carriage lamp, drawing the strength from its flame and leaving only a ghostly flicker.

The shrunken light skipped in shadows over books and newspapers, and soon made reading a farce. Faces and hands lost outline, and became only yellowish blots on the dark. The compartment seemed like a miner's cage, traveling through a shaft of thickening murkiness; or it was a cave for anarchists meeting underground; or it might be a ghost-scene from *Faust*.

II

We stop unexpectedly at a by-station; the doorway gapes in the dark, and a white, aged priest pulls himself through the aperture. "Pardon, gentlemen," he says, apologetically, seeing we already fill the carriage comfortably. "I cannot find room anywhere else," adjusting himself to an opening made for him on the seat.

Fumbling in his pocket, he produces a candle and lights it; then he fetches forth his prayer-book and gives himself to his devotions.

A candle! Delight leaps to every face. Books, magazines, and newspapers open their pages again. It is not easy for each traveller to make his pages fit the rays of the welcome illuminant, but a paragraph secured now and again with a rush, as the flicker shows favour, is a glowing improvement on inane huddling in the dark.

The picture framed by the walls of the compartment is singularly effective. The white-locked priest is haloed in light by the near-held candle. All other faces are in mezzotype, the shade deepening outward.

How diligently he recites his prayers, muttering them inaudibly! Now a line, then the book is shut, the eyelids droop, and the lips work.

Another line—"Ah! what's this?") A boy at his side has produced *The Strand Magazine*. The picture nearest wins the priest's eye. Prayer or no prayer, he must see that picture! A glance will do it! He catches it and smiles, then braces to his prayers again. The boy turns a new leaf. ("Oh! there's a new picture! What's this one about, I wonder?") The devotee must satisfy human nature. The prayer-book is snapped, and away run eyes and thoughts to the *Strand* page. Only a moment, though, and they return to the prayer-book. Now the prayer spins on with increased momentum. Better get through with it and have a real shot at the magazine! But the prayer cannot be disregarded; no, *it* must not be neglected—yet—"Oh! here's another picture! Why, that boy's book is full of them!") Hurry up, Holy Father, and complete your devotions! He quickens the pace and holds himself to his office, albeit an eye wanders to the field of pictorial temptations.

Oh, this clash of interests—devotion and entertainment! Is it not characteristic of all life? Which is to gain the mastery over us? Or shall we take each in its season? But, then, how——

"Amen!"

The prayer-book slides into its pocket-den, and the worshipper is discharged.

III

Now for the magazine! The priest leans his candle right over to its pages, to give the boy the full relief of its flame. By this kindly consideration he can also see the pictures much better himself! The manoeuvre is provocative of quiet mirth. "You take the Church and the world together, father," observes one of our party, essaying a pleasantry.

"The same Hand made them both, I doubt not, my son," answers the priest, airily, catching his critic's humour.

"True; but isn't there a time for everything?"

"Yes; even for remarks!" is the smart retort. "And the time for prayer is when you are travelling, lest an accident befall you," he explains; "and it is also the occasion for a little light entertainment to pass the time, for you are likely to reach home in safety. What do you say to that?"

"I say it's well put, father; but why *mix* them?"

"Everything is mixed with everything else in the world, my son; or rather, there is no

mixture at all. There is no partition of sacred and secular to a pure mind."

The questioner laughs. "That is heresy for a priest, I am afraid."

"Nay; to me, if I am a pure man, everything I admit into my thoughts is pure."

"Murders?"

The priest hits clean. "I don't admit murders into my thoughts!"

Foiled, our companion ventures again. "Still, you repeated your prayers and kept up an interest in the magazine at the same moment. Would it not have been better had you kept them separate?"

"So, indeed, I did," protests the unflinching father. "While I was at my prayers I saw you, this candle, that door-handle and the window quite as clearly as the magazine; but none of these things mixed with my devotions. But, in truth," he continues, with a gentle chuckle, "my prayers would be none the worse of a little human interest mingling with them, in any case."

"Oh, rather the reverse I should say!" exclaims the inquisitor, unguardedly.

"Ah, then, you agree that a little mixture is wholesome—which isn't quite what you said a minute ago!"

The sally scatters a hearty laugh through the entire company.

The priest's facetious opponent still persists. "I am not sure, however, that you have done right in employing for secular ends what has been lit for sacred purposes," he remarks, pointing indicatively to the candle playing light on the boy's magazine.

"Didn't I tell you that I had no such distinction, my son? All things are sacred, though shaded by degrees. Besides, had I blown out the candle when I had finished my prayers, the boy would most likely have grumbled at me, and cherished unpleasant thoughts about my prayer-book. Now he will at least be inclined to think kindly of prayer-books and priests."

"Ah, 'wise as serpents'—eh?"

"No, rather 'harmless as doves,' son."

IV

The train slows down at Dijon.

"I must go out here," the priest announces, extinguishing his candle.

"Oh, that's a pity. You have left us in darkness again!" exclaims our spokesman.

"Then you don't belong to the Holy Church?" questions the priest, moving for the door, and indulging in a quiet chuckle.

“ Well—no.”

“ Ah, I thought so ”—his fingers now on the door-handle. “ Well, before the Catholic Church comes with its light, all is darkness ; and whenever she withdraws, you are in darkness again. Good-night, gentlemen.”

And the alabaster face, with a humorist’s smile on it, dissolves in the darkness.

V

**SAMSON SAMSON AND HIS
BARROW**

SAMSON SAMSON AND HIS BARROW

I

“SAMSON SAMSON.” That was how his father labelled him when he was cradled. The old fellow’s surname was Samson, of course ; but why he doubled back on it for his son could only be explained on the hypothesis that dad was drunk and saw double. Anyhow, it was a twin insult to his fledgling. One “Samson ” would have made a caricature of him, not to speak of two ; for the name fits him as comically as a suit of armour might fit a clothes-post.

It is sheer temerity to attempt a complete etching of him : there are too many inharmonious elements in him. But I must try, for he is too fascinating to be abandoned.

He is a long, leathery biped, finished at the top with a bleached face that somehow makes you think of a frosty morning. He has no more abdomen than a wire fence. He looks collapsible, too ; but his voice gives you the impression of vigour. It startles you like a corncrake’s. There is a rasp in it that captures your attention

54 Samson Samson and His Barrow

with a certain original authority. It is not unkindly, but it punctuates its words with a provocative assurance that lends them force and precision. And you can't escape it; even after your initial sensation of surprise has passed, it seems to intimidate you.

When he begins to speak, you soon realise that his brain, although apparently effortless, is strangely definite and pungent in its product. There is no hesitancy; his thoughts spring to his bidding like well-trained dogs, and they accomplish their mission without revision or apology. This—after his voice—is what transfixes you: for his face utters nothing of that gift of ready and peppery power of speech which he unconsciously possesses.

His clothes mislead you. They are unbrushed and outspoken. He seems to have raked them out of a dust-bin and put them on in a gale of wind. They are staring incongruities. I once gave him a second-hand suit which I have never seen on his back. I was beginning to think he had pawned them. He shelved my enquiry. "No, sir, no; I have ironed them and laid them aside till I need them." Ironed them! This is a wink of his cynicism.

While his language comes to him with envied spontaneity, his deliverances (and this is the fun

Samson Samson and His Barrow 55

of them) are what I can only describe as logically irrelevant. That is, they are all right ; but they never travel along any recognised roadway. They dart as they list, with never so much as a recognition of conventional form or figure. Perhaps his innocency—which is infallible in its consistency—creates this habit. His versatility, it is true, is so delightful that you can say that he has the charm of contradictory perfections. Yet his elasticity never appears to suffer any strain, and his equanimity is as reposeful as an iceberg. His mental weather, I am happy to report, is invariably fair, luminous, and serene. When anyone ventures to ask him how he maintained his tranquillity his prompt reply is, “I never ruffled myself with what is called a wife!” A vigorous sniff reveals the sarcasm his words may not sufficiently convey.

II

Now, Samson enters himself in the census schedule as “travelling bookseller.” This is a diplomatic announcement and flatters the pride in his genial make-up. “Travelling” covers his career with a portmanteau, in which he stores combs, hair-oil, and an infinity of female flatteries. These he retails from door to door, chiefly to servant maids—who enjoy his visits for his own

56 Samson Samson and His Barrow

sake. But his real calling is revealed by "bookseller." Herein is he glorified. At flitting-time, or during the removal of a family, he receives the dregs of the home libraries for the trouble of taking them away. These he stores in his coal-cellar—tossing them in as so many bricks; and on select days he spreads a selection of them on a barrow and exhibits himself in the market-place or under a railway bridge. It is here that he shines. He is a dispenser of literature—and is boastful about it. You must not offend him by forgetting his dignity. As becomes a scion of the House of Literature, Samson is proud of his office. He professes a profound knowledge of books; but what he does not know is well worth knowing! His simplicity is incorruptible, and he resents illumination from kindly-disposed advisers. If you offer more for a book than he asks, the probability is that he will refuse to take it lest you may think that you know more about its value than he does.

He has, of course, an underhand expectation of selling his goods; but, strangely enough for one proud of his profession, he does not seem to care very greatly. His indifference, indeed, would strike a stranger as the flower of cultivated perseverance. Often he shows a contempt for

Samson Samson and His Barrow 57

his customers which amounts to good nature! He enjoys it himself, anyhow.

III

Suppose we pay his barrow a visit. (It may be desirable of me to mention that Samson is sometimes rather elevated in his manner and affects to speak high English. But he will break through into familiarities; and, in attempting some biggish words his pronunciation occasionally gets twisted. His sentences then seem like a street wherein fine houses are neighboured by straw-roofed huts, and these again by decayed mansions.)

It is a winter night, dark, but riddled with stars. He walks up and down beside his barrow, casting an occasional slovenly glance to the jinking flame of his naphtha lamp. We open with the obvious remark that it is a fine night.

“Ay—too, too fine, good sir. I don’t encourage starry nights: they disturb my equanimity. They are big, awesome; and they make me feel small—too small, in fact, for my comfort. I feel more like a flea in a barrel than a man who can charge a regiment of fried eggs (when I can get them). Give me a night with convolulous clouds—low down and within shouting distance. That’s far homelier for

58 Samson Samson and His Barrow

Samson; and, besides, I think something of myself then. And much need, I may add!"

"And how's business, Samson?"

"Business? How's business? That depends on what you mean. Some merchants are out for a fortune; others are out for a supper—and that's this hero (tapping his chest). D'you know, when business is bad—that is, when this educated generation doesn't buy a book or two—I feel like a man who has fallen into the harbour with his dress-suit on. But when things is ripping, and I secure such coins as mean supper, I jaunt homewards like a millionaire out with his best girl."

"What do you want for this one?" asks a customer who has stepped up and now holds out a volume for Samson's quotation.

Samson runs his bleary eyes across the cover.

"Oh, that's a story by —— Sixpence."

"Oh, threepence is plenty."

"No, my boy. Now, listen to the voice of experience: take yourself out for a walk and think over the price."

A young man lifts another volume. "This is a book on the personality of the Devil. How much for it?" he asks.

"There's no Devil, kid. I know the men who are doing the scab-work of this district better

Samson Samson and His Barrow 59

than any devil could manufactor it. If you envy that brainless product, however, you can deliver three pennies to me for it and relieve my eyesight of it.”

Securing such a bargain, the youth resolves to plunge. He next offers a tattered copy of Butler's "Analogy" for Samson's decision.

He sees but ill at any time; but when he has to read by the light of his jouping illuminant, he has no chance. " 'The Apology for Religion.' Religion needs no apology, you fool. I decline to sell that absurdity."

"It isn't 'Apology,' but 'Analogy.'"

The expert is offended. "No more! Away home to your mother!" and the book is flung down scornfully.

Up steps another customer, rather jauntily. "Have you any books dealing with Socialism?"

"God forbid! Gas bags is not in my line; nor treacle. I strongly advise you to take a good look at yourself in a mirror, sir; but don't be disheartened and do something desperate to yourself. You might live to be a wise man yet—a fair Solomon." Then, as the stupefied customer disappears he offers us some reflections in a tarty manner. "Good intentions is all very well, but they sometimes get in your way. That chap would be better of a dose of paraffin-

60 Samson Samson and His Barrow

oil to light up his dome and make him think. There's nothing so stinking as impudence that doesn't come off well. It divulges a man."

While he philosophises in this reckless strain a girl is turning over some sheets of old music. He eyes her, but makes no remark till she walks off without having found anything to attract her. Then he resumes. "Music! Ay, there's heaps of kinds of music. There's the music of the fiddle, the music of the organism, and—most entizing of all—the music of the glorious frying-pan. Give me the frying-pan! That's *my* banjo! It plays itself: all you have to do is listen and dance."

A dull man approaches who would fain pass for a reader. He looks in that vacant way so characteristic of his class. He regards a well-bound, gilt-edged book—a volume of some "Dissertations." After an attempt to appear knowing, he asks the price of it. Samson places it under the scrutiny of his cobwebbed eyes and scans it over without reading the title. "There's a perfect Klondyke of gold about this book, sir: it's valuable. Worth two bob, I think. And she's heavy, too—feel her weight: she's worth that for shaving paper." He makes his hand a weighing machine. "Ay, she's heavy. Feel her."

Samson Samson and His Barrow 61

“I don't have two bob. I'll give ye one. I want her for my room table.”

“No. Take her or leave her at two bob. She's a perfect gold mine I tell you.” The eloquent appeal transforms the customer into a purchaser.

Occasionally, a volume is sold right off; but this is unusual. His exalted office demands that he deliver a few words of wisdom to his benighted customers. And he imparts it solemnly, yet with a pleasure that borders on the riotous.

Few merchants enjoy life and business with such unimpeachable good-will and satisfaction. Like the Apostle Paul, the “travelling book-seller” can boast that he triumphs in every experience. His laboratory changes all poisons to perfumes.

IV

As we leave, our final word is an enquiry as to the time he intends ceasing business for the night.

“When the alarm-clock rings the curlew. The said alarm-clock is my tummy, gentlemen: when the bell tolls there, I know its feeding time, and I answer the call like a porter taking a tip. In fact, I hear the welcome voice now,

62 **Samson Samson and His Barrow**

announcing the time for supper. And as I haven't done bad with my books to-night, I think I'll digress to home, sweet home. I shall there surround some ham and egg. Feed the boiler if you want action in the machinery. Fuel first, then steam, and afterwards—motion. That's the law for Samson. So long!"

VI
EXTREME UNCTION



EXTREME UNCTION

I

A LANK, stooping man stood at the door.

“Would you be so kind as to come and see my lassie? She’s dying,” he said.

“Certainly, my friend. What time would it be most convenient?”

“Any time to suit you, sir. She’s no’ likely to slip awa’ just now: but—she—must—go.”

“Give me your name and address, and I’ll call.”

“I’m sorry ye have to ask it, sir; but the truth is, I belong to no church.”

“That doesn’t matter to me, friend. If you are in trouble I must try to help you.”

“That’s kind o’ ye, sir. God knows, I’m in trouble enough. This lassie o’ mine is an angel, if ever there was one. But——” And his tears spoke the rest.

He was going out at the gate when something stayed him and he turned back. “I was so overjoyed at yer kindness, sir, that I forgot to tell ye that I have to be out at work all day, and that there’s nobody in the room wi’ my lassie.

But a neighbour woman will hear ye chappin' at the door, and she has the key."

He went away slowly. I felt that he had once walked a brighter road. There was a certain dignity of accent in his speech, too, which hinted of a fading education. I looked after him for a moment or two. Had he a secret? How came the daughter to be so lonely? Was his wife dead? Had he ever a wife? How had he come down? What was he formerly?

II

The only room was a cramped kitchen. The top of a coal-bin was the table. Two chairs and a bed summed up the furniture. In the bed—How shall I describe her? Such an autumn of decay and beauty; such a sunset of pallor and pathos! My eyes were entangled for a moment by the opulence of her shiny black hair, flung over the pillow with the art of accident. Then they dwelt on a shrunken face with not a remnant of beauty save a pair of gleaming black eyes, radiant with meaning and liquid to tenderness. As she stretched out her arm to me, I noticed that it was, oh, so wasted! But her hand was still the suggestion of something shapely and delicate.

"You must be lonely," I said.

"Why?"

I felt checked.

“ Because you have nobody to speak to,” I replied.

“ Ah, I’ve been spoken to too much. Did you know it, sir, I would not change this luscious retirement for the noisiest market or the most gaily-attended ball-room. Oh, I am so tired! I begin to think that God never created anything sweeter than solitude.”

“ Perhaps I have intruded, then.”

“ Far from it. Do not misunderstand me. Sit down by me and let us say our bright things to each other.”

I sat on the edge of the bed. I can, however, only name it a bed out of courtesy. For the blankets were her own wearing apparel and a coat or two of her father’s—spread over her nigh-extinguished figure.

We spoke together on varying side topics. Then I said, “ Would you like me to pray with you ? ”

“ I do not object.”

“ But do you not wish that I should ? ”

“ Not very particularly. But lest you may misunderstand me, would you please hand from the shelf there that old scrap-book ? ”

I did so.

She turned over a few leaves, then handed

the book to me, with her finger pointed to a cutting of a well-known picture.

“ Would you please read that ? ” There was a sketch of an old man beside an open window, dying ; and in a corner, a young girl playing an organ. Then, below, came these verses, which I afterwards secured :—

DER TOD ALS FREUND

(From the French of Madame Necker)

- “ Kindly watcher by my bed, lift no voice in prayer ;
Waste not any words on me when the hour is nigh ;
Let a stream of melody but flow from some sweet
player—
And gladly will I lay my head and fold my hands to
die.
- “ Sick am I of idle words, past all reconciling—
Words that weary and perplex, and pander and
conceal ;
Wake the sounds that cannot lie, for all their sweet
beguiling,
The language one need fathom not, but only hear
and feel.
- “ Let them roll once more to me, and ripple in my
hearing,
Like waves upon some lonely beach where no craft
anchoreth ;
That I may steep my soul therein, and craving
naught nor fearing,
Drift on through slumber to a dream, and through
a dream to death.”

“Do you understand?” she asked eagerly.

“Perfectly.”

“Indeed! I thought all you ministers were nailed to creeds and formulas so tightly that you would resent the free and unconventional thoughts of Madame Necker. And now that we look into each other’s eyes restfully, might I ask you to read or sing to me?”

“Certainly. Which you will.”

“Read me a few lines from Job, then—the twenty-eighth chapter, if you please.”

I read with such cadence as I could command that sublime piece.

I passed out and down the stair to the close-mouth. And there I came to a stand in wilderment. I had never listened to such pure, pretty speech. Her accent, diction, phraseology, and style of thinking were all of the finest. What could it mean? And such a delicate creature to be lying there, too! I resolved to return next day.

III

As I entered the room the following morning I noticed to my annoyance that my collie dog had followed me and pushed in. She saw him in an instant, and tried to turn, but fell back.

“Oh, a dog!” she cried with delight.

“Are you fond of dogs?” I asked, at the

same time observing that she had become very much weaker.

“Yes,” she replied eagerly. “Did you never notice that no injuries can abate a dog’s fidelity, nor distress induce him to forsake you? Do bring him to my bedside.”

Colin came near, sat down, and stretched his chin on the bed. She put out her hand and laid it on his head—a thin leaf of a hand, as fragile as a piece of lace.

“Oh, that is so sweet!” she whispered gently.

“Had you a dog once?” I inquired of her.

“I had. Shall I tell you? I was a lady’s maid in an aristocratic family. My lady was so cross and ill to please that often I cried myself to sleep. There was a collie in the house—a beautiful dog, with brown tender eyes—who became my comforter.”

She spoke heavily and amid extreme languishing.

“Somehow, he ran away or got lost by straying; and, oh, how I missed the consolations of the kind patient brute! Months after, I went to visit a distant friend; and, over a hedge, I saw the dreamy outline of a dog at the far end of a field. My heart quivered. I ran into the field and called him. He turned—and in a moment

I was lying on the grass with my faithful friend in my arms. How he whined, barked, and panted! But he was starved and unkempt, and the blue ribbon on his neck was scarcely recognisable. Oh, my poor Jack! He laid his head in my lap and palpitated with joy. And I? I wept with delight."

She was still stroking Colin's head with her hand. I saw that she was tiring, and urged her not to exert herself.

"Oh, there isn't much else to tell," she answered. "Only—I would like—to tell you—what—Do you see that star at the foot of my bed? There, see! Clearly!"

Her eyes swam and her face whitened, but her hand still lay on Colin's head. "A dog! A dog! Oh, so sweet!" she said. "In the comradeship of a dog I can face—Oh, this is so restful, so ministering!"

She was weakening fast and her utterances came in distressful pants. It was evident that her story would soon touch its "Finis." Even the dog seemed aware of it, for he remained unmoving, with his eyes full on her.

IV

I thought it advisable to call the neighbour who kept the key and who gave her the little

attention she received. The neighbour answered my knock tardily.

When we returned, Colin was still sitting with his chin on the bed, and the unsubstantial hand lay on his head; but there were no ecstasies in the eyes, nor cunning in the fingers.

VII
A SOLEMN FRIVOLITY

A SOLEMN FRIVOLITY

I

A NEW neighbour is a refreshment. As Joey Tosh said of death, "It's a change, anyway." And when Matthew Day sat down next door to us he brought a new quality to our district. It is something to be able to say this honestly of a fellow-creature. At the worst, he may be an individuality, and he may even turn out a diversion. Matthew Day, I think, is both.

He came to our street to retire, and he has put a new meaning into the phrase.

A day or two after his coming, he was tearing up the grass plot in front of his house with a rake. It was a summery day, and I thought there could be no harm in my mentioning the fact to him. He did not seem to hear me, however, and I went without a reply. I felt jilted. Several weeks slid by ere I had a temptation to further conversation. In the interval I observed that our new neighbour did not go out during the daytime on Sunday; at night, however, he set off somewhere, with his hands deep in the pockets of his overcoat. Human nature—the spy inside every waistcoat—asked, "Where does he go?"

Two months after Mr Day's appearance, I chanced on the weather again. His eyes fell to his toes, and he replied in a mumble. Did he like the neighbourhood, I asked. Well, he did not concern himself about these things. Oh! "Then why did he come here at all?" I inquired of myself. I was teased. He stood still, his eyes on his boots. Another try—"What church do you attend, neighbour?" The question acted like a deposit of dynamite. "The Only Church!" came like a slap; and he spurted into the house. I felt a sting of sudden bereavement, and a sense of loneliness crept over me. I went home, musing.

"The Only Church! The Only Church!" My brain was racked for a solution. I had never heard of this addendum to the ecclesiastical menagerie. Was it of Swedenborgian origin, or came it of Positivism? When I tucked-to my own door, I looked up *Religions of the World*. No; not there. Then *The Denominations of Christendom*. No; not there, either. Ah, *The Sects of To-day* will have it! But it hadn't. I was dazed. I sat down to think. Could my neighbour be a lamb of Prophet Dowie's flock? I gave it up. To-morrow would be Sunday, and I would follow Matthew Day to his temple.

I did. Just as he set forth on Sunday night I slipped into his shadow. Down our terrace, up

Charlotte Street—Whew! into an ordinary dwelling-house! I walked on. I was fooled, or thwarted. Mr Day was, after all, only visiting. No; a few minutes later I heard him coming behind me in company with some one. I slowed my steps. They passed. He did not own me. I had been ready to nod to him, and felt cut. My curiosity dried up and I only followed because the direction to my own church took me that way. In the course of a few minutes they turned into a close-mouth. I looked after them and saw them enter the battered door of a small hall. “Brethren?” I queried of myself. Strange that I should have overlooked the very elect. I was wrong, though. As I looked down the close my eyes saw two words above the door—“Purity Hall.”

II

On our next meeting, Mr Day had urgent business on hand and must hurry. I had urgent business, too, and hurried in the same direction. I ventilated a question as to whether he thought the Gospel was being preached in its purity to-day.

“No!” he panted.

I panted too, and said, “Oh!”

“You can only get it pure in one place,” he gasped, working his legs vigorously.

I urged my legs to quicken their pace while I inquired where that place might be.

“In Milton Close,” he cried, “and then only at night.”

“Ah, indeed,” I barely answered, brief of wind; “and why only at night, good friend?”

He stopped dead, as if some of his works had broken down. Looking at me piteously, he said, “They *lift money* in the morning, sir.”

I took off my hat to cool. “Yes?” I said, in a drift of interrogation.

Then he completed his statement—“And the Gospel is ‘without money and without price,’ sir.”

I was crushed. So he only went at night because there was no collection! I had just a pint of breath left to ask if the attendances were large.

“God forbid, sir, God forbid! ‘*Wide* is the gate that leadeth to destruction, and *many* there be which go in thereat,’ and ‘straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and *few* there be that find *it*.’” He raised his hand on high at “few,” and stamped his right foot with emphasis at “it.” Then he was off. He shot away so quickly that I would have to run if I intended to catch up on him. I let him go, although I was itching to know about the Pure Church. His “case” worked on me like a fever. I could not rest.

III

My wife was collecting for the county hospital, and I suggested to her that she should call on him. She did, and he was angelic to her. Would he subscribe to the hospital funds? Well, yes—so readily he would, indeed, if he consulted his own inclinations; but, then, what of his soul? He was saved “not of works,” was he not? Now, if he gave her a contribution, might he not be laying a foundation of works (for Satan was very subtile), and thus risking the loss of his never-dying soul? No; after all, he must be saved of grace, free grace alone; “not of works, lest any man should boast”—should boast, you know, which was “*the* temptation of the flesh.” As she was leaving, he asked her if any servants of God visited the patients in the hospital. She assured him that the ministers of the town did so in turn. “Wolves! Wolves, madam!” he sighed, with a solemn gesture—and the door closed softly, softly.

IV

Later, by a week or more, he was again at work in his front garden. I, too, was attending to my plot. Would I venture on the Pure Church topic again? I was fainting for enlightenment. Through our open drawing-room

window the notes of a gramophone trickled. I would begin there. I asked him if he liked the gramophone.

He straightened himself and stood by his rake. "My friend," he asked, "have you God's Word in the house?"

I assented.

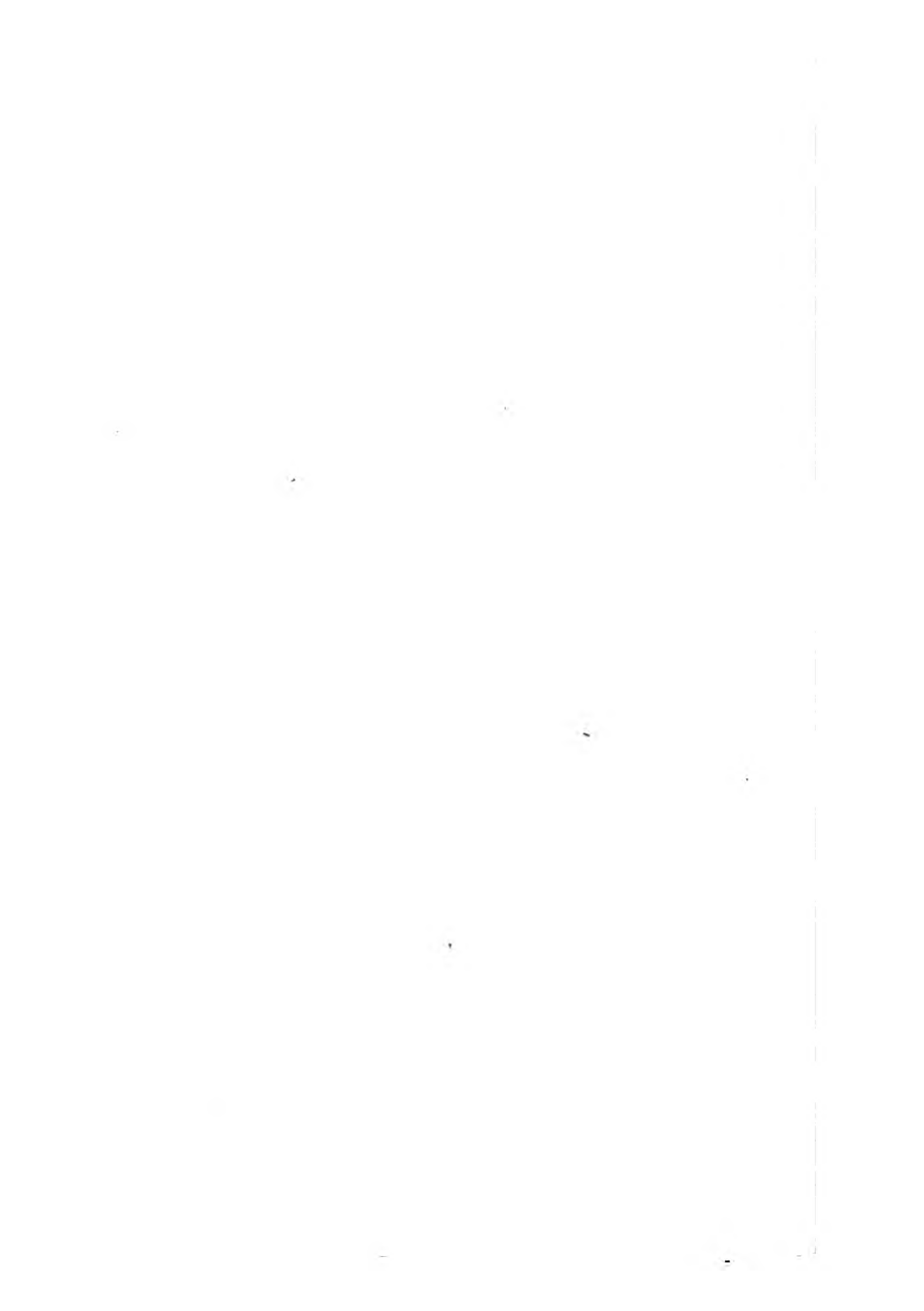
"Well, therein you will read, 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven *image*.' Now, sir, if you are forbidden to reproduce man's *face*, you have as little right to reproduce his *voice*."

He looked at me again with his expression of unfallen pity. "It is just by these things, my friend, that the world is thinking to hood-wink God," he said, in a hurt tone. Then he laid down his rake and went into the house. His words amused me, but that glance of pity and commiseration left me without life.

V

I said Matthew Day's coming was at least a change in our district. Some changes are only fairly good, and others are no better; but Mr Day is an entire relief column. He is a solemn frivolity—a walking joke, too deep for laughter. He has added the unique to our neighbourhood. I foresee a wealth of entertainment in him.

VIII
THE IN-COMER



THE IN-COMER

I

“ I WANT you ! ” cried the postmaster, signalling to me from the doorstep of his stamp emporium.

His manner advertised the possession of some news.

I obeyed his invitation.

As I entered, he said, “ I have something to tell you about Bruce.”

This was welcome intelligence. Bruce had puzzled us both considerably ; indeed, was an enigma to most of the town.

We had not noticed his arrival ; but there was nothing very unusual in that, for we have abundance of visitors every year during the holiday season. Our sea beach is a natural hydropathic for holidayers throughout the summer. He had evidently come in with the crowd. But those of us who lived in his locality began to remark on his long stay : it went through the winter into next summer, and continued.

The postmaster had easily enough discovered his name and address, but we were some time

in trapping further particulars. These came to us in scanty morsels.

First, we learned that he had bought the house in which he had taken lodging; and that he had retained, as his attendant, the old lady from whom he purchased it. Then it was noticed that occasionally odd samples of old furniture were delivered at his address. Clearly, he was engaged in some business of a humble character.

Yet he did not strike anyone as a tradesman. He was always well dressed; his speech was that of a gentleman, and his manners were in keeping. His attendant confided to some of the neighbours that he was "rough" in money, and generous with it. In a back room of the house, too, she whispered that he had a workshop which he allowed nobody to enter; but parcels were delivered to him and despatched by him.

And thus he embedded himself among us. The only unusual variation from a strictly regular life was that noticed by his housekeeper. On the 21st of June each year, she said, he dressed himself with more than ordinary care, and retired to the garden behind the house. He spent the day there. He took an old newspaper with him—always the same newspaper, apparently—and read it many times. He remained till the

dusking of twilight proclaimed the end of the day. At intervals he would close his eyes as if he dreamt.

II

■ This was the range of our knowledge of Bruce. But now the postmaster had been elevated by some further revelation, and was eager to communicate it to me.

“We were at Miss Grady’s funeral yesterday,” he began. “As you know, she was cut off in her prime, and the cortège was a large one. Bruce was there. He stood near the grave. His eyes were in the black cradle while the sexton was filling it; and even when the old man had finished and we all made to move away, Bruce seemed not to be conscious of the fact, and he looked like one in a trance. I went up to him, and in an every-day tone asked if he would give me his company homeward. He started; quickly recovered himself, and turned to accompany me. He spoke with a strange tenderness of the young girl whose life had been hidden from us, and then became silent. A heavy downfall of rain suddenly overtook us, and as we were near the Post Office, I invited him to come in till the shower had passed. His emotion was evident; yet he spoke with his usual precision

and style. A friendliness and familiarity leavened our conversation; and, after a bit, he touched the spring of his secret drawer and gave me a bit of his history.

“ ‘ I daresay, you and the people in your district sometimes make guesses about me—as, likely, we would all do of a stranger coming among us,’ he began. ‘ Well, sir, I was a successful man in my business—what it was, doesn’t matter, but it was an intellectual engagement. I prospered to the limit of my ambition, and the world became a green sward for my eager and proud footsteps. There was no speck on the telescope through which I looked into the future: I saw it clearly, as I thought, and it was a widening and ever more beautiful landscape. I—I—seemed destined for happiness and usefulness; but—but—well, something happened (I need not say what) and my life ran on to the turntable and was entirely reversed. I may say that my father had been a cabinet-maker; and I adored him. He was my hero. And through all my successes I always regretted that I had not been a cabinet-maker, too—so as to be like him. I felt I had no right to presume to occupy a higher station than one who was so far above me. I flung up my business, after realising my investments, and determined to become a cabinet-

maker. I took lessons, and studied the craft very earnestly ; and now I am again the happiest of men, in that I am like my father. I repair costly pieces of furniture—at my leisure and convenience—for a large firm of antique dealers. I am proud to be as my gracious father was—and, in so far as that is concerned, the world has nothing to offer me as a greater honour and distinction.’

“ ‘ And what was it that so completely changed your life ? ’ I ventured to ask, seeing that he was in the mood to be confidential ; but he gave no answer. After that, he chatted slowly of some local happenings ; and then went away.”

III

The final chapter of this entrancing history was unexpectedly revealed the following year. And the date was 21st June. Bruce had dressed himself with his usual fastidiousness to observe the day. He sat in the garden reading his newspaper till lunch-time ; then went inside. He returned to his seat in the afternoon—still fondling his paper—and remained till he was called to dinner. But, to his housekeeper he did not seem quite so spruce as usual, and towards bedtime she deemed it expedient to let

the doctor know. He was in bed when the doctor arrived, and the newspaper lay open on the table. As the doctor stood beside it for a moment to divest himself of his gloves, he observed a paragraph lined round with red ink, and his eye travelled to it instinctively. It read :—

At Glenburn, on the 15th June,
Margaret, only and beloved daughter of
John Simon, aged 23 years. Deeply
regretted.

The snapshot glance was sufficient to photograph the intimation on the doctor's mind ; but, of course, he contributed no reference to it in his conversation with his patient.

In the course of a few days the spasm wore itself out, and Bruce was able to sit up and converse with his visitor ; but was not yet able to leave his couch. One day he desired him to fetch his pocket-book, to verify some detail of their talk. His coat hung within the wardrobe ; and, as the doctor withdrew the book from the indicated pocket, his fingers clumsily let it fall. The foot of the bed was between him and his patient, so that Bruce could not follow him in gathering up the scattered items. As he did so, he was arrested by a small sheet of paper which

had fallen apart from the other contents. It was printed in letters of silver on one side. All unintentionally his glance picked up the letter-press. There was an address ("Glenburn," in all likelihood), and a date; then followed this wording :

Mr and Mrs Simon request the pleasure of your company at the marriage of their daughter Margaret to Carlos Bruce, Esq., on 21st June, at 8 o'clock.

Accident had endowed him with his patient's secret. He had unwittingly entered the holy of holies of a wounded human soul.

IX
THEIR DIAMOND JUBILEE

THEIR DIAMOND JUBILEE

I

THE way home from my afternoon walk led through the grounds of the new cemetery. As I skirted the long wall, to reach the gate at the farther corner, I heard a woman's voice speaking on the inner side. Curiosity slackened my steps. I stopped and listened. The tone was low but sharp, and I could hear every accent.

“Then he read frae the Bible, Rab,” said the voice in Scots. “I’ll gang ower the verses wi’ ye.” There was a flapping of leaves, and then she began to read: “Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands as unto the Lord. For the husband is head of the wife, even as Christ is head of the Church; and He is the saviour of the body. Therefore, as the Church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything. Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church and gave Himself for it. . . . He that loveth his wife loveth himself. . . . For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh. . . .

Let everyone of you in particular so love his wife even as himself, and the wife see that she reverence her husband." The book closed, and there was a pause. "That was the passage he read, Rab," the voice began again. "An' ye hae 'loved' me, Rab—ay, as nae ither man ever loved a woman. Yes, an' I can say afore God, Rab, that I hae 'reverenced' ye, my ain kind man."

She was addressing her husband, then; so much was clear. But why did he not reply? I waited for him to speak. She resumed.

"Dae ye mind the sang that was sung the nicht o' our weddin', Rab?" Rab did not answer. "It was 'The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond,' Rab. An' dae ye mind hoo ye grippit my hand aneath the table an' squeezed it when we cam' to the line, 'We'll meet where we partied in yon shady glen?' It's sixty years since, Rab—sixty years; an' yet it's as fresh in my thochts as though it was only last nicht. What love flings its glamour ower never gets auld, Rab—never!"

The speaker stopped—almost abruptly, I thought. I listened intently for her love's answer, but he was silent. Then the voice fell into a tremulous, sing-song crooning, which told me more pathetically than the spoken word had

done that the singer was old and frail. The tune struggled through her faltering articulation—it was the song she had mentioned. The words of the chorus came over the wall to me more like a fragrance than a sound :

“ Oh, ye’ll tak’ the high road an’ I’ll tak’ the low road,
 An’ I’ll be in Scotland before ye ;
 For I and my true love will never meet again
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o’ Loch Lomond.”

She was crying now, I could hear ; and “ Never meet again,” she repeated amid sobs that added pain to my emotions. Was it that they would never meet again in Scotland ? or were they saying good-bye now, never to see each other more ? And why did he not answer ?

II

I passed up the wall and entered by the gate. The sexton was trimming the walks. I tarried to speak to him, so that I might look for the subject of my interest without seeming to do so. While I addressed him, I gave my eyes to the direction from which I presumed the voice had come. To my surprise, he detected the manœuvre and spoke to my thoughts, unheeding my salutation.

“ You heard her over the wall, didn’t you ?

Ah, well, she's been there all the afternoon, sir—a-sittin' and a-mumblin' to herself."

I was looking at a dwindled old woman in the weeds of a widow. She sat on a seat by the wall, and her gaze was on the ground in front of her.

"Who is she?" I asked; but he did not know.

As we spoke, a white handkerchief came out of her lap and ascended to her face.

"She has lost her husband, it seems, and may be in trouble," I observed to him.

"Like enough, sir; like enough. Lots of them comes here and sighs a bit and then goes away; but this poor old lady keeps on a long time. Hows'ever, it's but natural, poor dear."

I debated with myself the propriety of approaching her. If she only sorrowed, my presence might be an intrusion. But might she not be in distress of circumstance, in consequence of her sorrow? And if I could help her in any way, why should I not? I would at least allay the voice of my wakened sympathies.

My steps strolled leisurely down the path that held her seat. When I came to the spot, I apologised for sitting down beside her, and expressed the hope that I was not disturbing her.

She looked startled. "Weel, no—the service is ower now," she answered distantly, as if speaking more to herself than to me. What I had heard on the other side of the wall gave me the cue to her meaning, yet her reply affected me strangely.

A momentary spasm of disturbance touched her, and her marriage ring escaped from her withy finger. I stooped to pick it up, but she anticipated me. In her eagerness, however, she let her Bible fall from her lap, and a carefully-folded and faded white kid glove leapt from between the leaves.

"Ye hae a' my secrets now!" she exclaimed, in a blush, as she gathered up her treasures. "This is the ring my man gave me sixty years this day, sir, an' this is one o' the gloves I wore. I was a wee bit younger then," she added, with the only touch of pleasantry in our conversation.

She put the ring to its tryst again on the shrunk finger, and the glove was folded within the sacred book. "They are a' I hae to keep me in mind o' that nicht," she explained, becoming franker. "But I dinna need even them to keep the licht o' love an' memory burning. Na, Rab, na; I'll keep ye in my heart 'till a' the seas gang dry, my love, till a' the seas gang dry.' Rab was my dear man's name, sir."

I understood it all now, I thought, and I felt guilty of intruding. "Is your husband dead many years?" I asked, to show my sympathy before leaving her.

"Dead?" she sighed, so low and tender-like that it thrilled me. "He isna dead—*my husband* isna dead. His body has been in that cauld bed"—pointing to the plot in front of her—"for mair than seven-an'-twenty years; but *he* isna dead. Na, na! He's the same to me as he has aye been, savin' that he answers me by thochts instead o' words. On this day sixty years ago we took one anither for time an' for eternity—for *life*, sir, an' that means withoot end. When we were merried, we tell't the minister to leave oot 'Till God by death shall part you,' for there's nae death to true love. Rab an' me canna be separated by death; the maist death can do is to let us sleep side by side again. Sixty years ago, sir!" she repeated, half musing. "Sixty years this verra day; an' I'm sittin' here repeatin' my vows, and renewin' my tryst wi' my lover. This is the day o' our Diamond Jubilee, an' I hae come to keep it wi' Rab!"

X

JEREMIAH: EVANGELIST

JEREMIAH: EVANGELIST

I

JEREMIAH COUSIN was so dull a man that he was a genius. He was always doing clever things by mistake. I never saw a smile on his face, yet mine has often rippled at his sayings. I think it was his extra seriousness that made him so great a humorist. The joke of him was that he could never see a joke; and although you told him of some clever observation he had made, he failed to understand. Jeremiah's brain was simply a crow-bar—it lifted things in the bulk as if it were made for that end. There was no ornamentation in his performances, he worked as stolidly as a steam dredger. When the task was over—well, it was over. There was no joy, no satisfaction, no brag about it, no remark to make; the job was simply at an end, that was all. "Things is always somehow," was his religion and philosophy. If an earthquake turned up when he was filling his pipe, he would go on filling it, light up, and then step out to see what was going on. "Things is always somehow," he would observe, and then return to the fireside.

This was the general finding respecting Jeremiah, and everybody was satisfied that it was correct, but I have my doubts now. He once told me a tale which made a sceptic of me. I am not certain yet as to the opinion I hold, but I incline to think that Jeremiah had a skylight to his mind, and because it was on the roof it wasn't noticed. After you hear the story, you can decide for yourself.

II

The minister was to get a presentation of some books. This had been determined at a deacons' meeting, and all hands were up for it. When it was introduced to the church, one palm was displayed as the chairman asked for "any contrary to the motion." The palm was the possession of Jonathan Freel, grocer. "Well, Brother Jonathan, what have you to say against the motion?" asked the chairman.

The grocer's bulky figure rose heavily and spoke. "I've nothin' agin' the motion," it said, "but I be agin' *books*. It do seem to me that a man of God don't ought to need books, seein' he has *the Book*, which contains all the Gospel he has any right to preach. He oughter to find all he has to say inside its blessed boards, say I. If he gets books, of course he'll read 'em; and

if he reads 'em he'll preach 'em, and if he preaches 'em, why, then, he'll be givin' us other men's ideas and not his own. I do maintain that a minister has no business to deal out what he hasn't thought and experienced and beaten out himself. He ain't doin' honestly to use other men's ideas. I ain't agin' givin' the passon a present; but for books—no, not a round penny." The speech of Jonathan made no impression, save on the clay brain of Jeremiah.

III

It was next morning that Jeremiah shuffled into Jonathan's shop. The grocer was standing behind the counter, wrapped in a white apron. His hands were crossed over and resting on the handle-end of a long, ham-slicing knife, whose point was set in the counter. Evidently he had a moment's leisure, and was resting for a breath or two.

"Mornin', Jonathan," said Jeremiah, as a matter of course.

Jonathan returned the salutation cheerily, without moving. "It be a nice mornin'," continued Jeremiah. Looking round the shop he remarked, "You do seem to have a lot of things hereabout, Jonathan."

Jonathan assented.

“ Them scales, now, is pretty—and handy, too, I should say. Made ’em yourself ? ”

Jonathan changed from one leg to the other, threw down the knife, put his hands in his pockets, looked Jeremiah between the eyebrows, and said, “ Made ’em myself ? Glory, no ! ” Then he laughed roundly at his visitor’s innocence. “ Don’t you see ‘ Avery & Co.’ on ’em ? That’s the firm what made ’em. *Me?* Oh, oh, oh ! Ha, ha, ha ! ” and he gurgled all over.

“ So you don’t make ’em yourself ? ” said Jeremiah, putting the question again. “ Ah, I see, you *use* ’em only. It do seem funny, Jonathan. Oh, I say, what rat-trap business is this you’ve tucked above your head ? ” As he spoke, he pointed to a ‘ railway ’ for the transference of customers’ cash and change which Jonathan had recently had erected for his convenience.

“ That ? Oh, that ain’t a rat-trap, Jeremiah ; it be a money-trap. See, this is how it do work,” and Jonathan proudly initiated his neighbour into the cunning mazes of the “ railway.”

“ Made it yourself, Jonathan ? ” asked the wondering Jeremiah.

The grocer looked at him. “ You do seem crazed to-day, neighbour,” he said. Then he

answered, "No! I ain't plumber and gas-fitter; I be a grocer, Jeremiah."

"Never thought of it yourself, I s'pose?"

"Good gracious, no! Another man thought of it, worked it out, put it on the market, and there it be. I would never have thought out such an idea between now and doomsday. I be a grocer, Jeremiah—a grocer; and *my* line is tea and sugar and——"

"Make your own tea?" asked Jeremiah, still dense.

Jonathan drew breath.

"Bless my heart, Jeremiah!" he exclaimed, "what be wrong with you this mornin'? Make my own tea? Why, a blessed baby could tell you, he could, that I buys my tea from abroad—we all do, 'cause we couldn't produce it in this 'ere country."

"Oh, make your own sugar, then?" persisted the unenlightened Jeremiah.

"Bless my soul, Jeremiah!—No! The niggers do grow the sugar; I only buys it and sells it. I'll sell you some now if you wish it."

"No, I thank you, Jonathan," answered Jeremiah, unmoved; "but I'd like a bit of 'bacca. Give me an ounce of your own 'bacca, and let me give it a trial."

Jonathan pulled out a drawer, and drew forth a stretch of tobacco, which he proceeded to measure by nicks in the counter edge.

“Made it yourself?” asked Jeremiah, as if he had never put such a question before in all his life.

“Look here, neighbour,” replied the grocer, “you do seem to have some’at wrong with your upper storey this mornin’. Made it myself? *No!* I ain’t the maker of a blessed thing in this ’ere shop; and I don’t know how to do it if I had the wish. I *sells* everything; but I *makes* none of ’em—other men do that, Jeremiah, and I pays ’em for it.”

“Not make the paper?” queried Jeremiah, pointing to the paper in which the tobacco was being rolled.

“No; nor the string either, nor a pin in all the premises, nor the sawdust under your feet.”

“It do seem queer,” moralised Jeremiah, laying down his coppers.

“What do seem queer?” asked Jonathan.

“It do seem queer that you do empty other men’s brains for your business, Jonathan.”

“Well, ain’t that right, neighbour? I couldn’t get along nohow else. When I goes to London and sees a good thing I buys it

and fixes it up in my shop. And who's to say I shouldn't, eh ? ”

“ But it do seem queer,” persisted Jeremiah, “ to live by the ideas of other men. Ain't it funny, when you thinks of it, Jonathan ? ” He picked up his parcel of tobacco. “ Mornin', Jonathan,” he said, meekly, and in his unthinking tone, and shuffled out of the shop again.

IV

This is the story as Jeremiah related it to me. I saw no meaning in it, and I enjoyed it solely because it illustrated Jeremiah's unsurpassed dullness ; but I have other thoughts now. Anyhow, at the following meeting of deacons the presentation fund announced a subscription from Jonathan Freel. We looked our surprise, but no explanation was at hand. It is likely enough that the mystery would have gone to its grave still-born (for we did not care enough for the grocer or his opinions to make inquiry), but a chance remark of Jonathan's on the night of the presentation opened a door through which I thought I saw his shop, with Jeremiah talking to him over the counter. “ We've had a pleasant meeting, Mr Freel,” I remarked to him, as he got up from his pew in front of me. “ Yes, indeed ! ”

he answered, briskly. "After all, you know, it be right to give the passon some books—they be his tools, say I. You see, sir, I live by usin' the ideas of other men myself, and—well, blest if I see why he shouldn't do the same !"

XI

A HEATHEN FROM ENGLAND

A HEATHEN FROM ENGLAND

I

IN alliance with a vigorous heifer and a home-made plough, Kenny M'Donald was ripping up a grassy field of his Highland croft. He had started on the up-track of a new furrow, when his neighbour, John Munro, made himself apparent, striding across the ploughed ribs with steps that told of excitement and determination. War was in his tight face and in every swing of his trousers.

Kenny drew the heifer to a stand and waited. Fell news was coming, surely! What could it be? Curiosity, or anxiety, mastered Kenny's self-command, and, quick as John came within shouting distance, he cried, "Preserve us a', John, what's wrang?"

"Wrang!" snapped John, almost bouncing Kenny over in his speed. "Wrang! D'ye see *that*?"

He held to Kenny's startled face the half-burnt page of a school Bible. "Look at that, Kenny M'Donald—look at that! The judgment o' an angry God will be on this district o' Drumdry." He gulped down a hot breath. "Burnin' the

Word o' God, Kenny M'Donald—burnin' the Holy Scriptures, the inspired Word of Truth. That's what's wrang, Kenny M'Donald, an' ye're no free o' the guilt yersel'."

Kenny took hold of his plough-handle to support his trembling knees. For a moment speech refused to come at his desire. To burn the Word of God was truly a sore employment for anyone; but who in their clachan could be guilty of such sacrilege? And how was he himself involved? He thought of these points, but could not speak them. Waiting stolidly for the service of his tongue, he asked, "Whaur got ye that, John?"

"Whaur? Is it 'whaur,' ye're askin', Kenny M'Donald? I got it, I am distressed to say, at the school-end—yes, at the school-end. Did I no' tell ye, Kenny M'Donald, an' warn ye, that this Englisher would tak' the devil wi' him to Drumdry, if ye brocht him here?"

"Was it the schoolmaister, John?" inquired Kenny, timidly, beginning to scent trouble.

"Ay, wha else? Whole handfu's o' God's Word lyin' half-burnt at the end of his school. I tell ye, God'll visit us in anger for this yet, Kenny M'Donald. Woe to them by whom offences come."

"But, John——"

John snipped him off. "I've delivered my soul, Kenny M'Donald. An' if ye're the man of God I tak' ye to be, ye'll shak' yersel' clear o' a' guilt in helpin' to bring that infidel to Drumdry. Mind what I say. 'God is not mocked,' an' He'll no stand seein' His holy oracles burnt."

Kenny was getting into the firing-line to reply ; but he was too slow in his tactics. John had driven his boots into the combed soil again, and was out of range.

II

What was to be done ? Kenny leaned heavier on his plough-handle to think. He was a humble member of the School Board in his lonely district. Being anxious to place all furtherances possible within reach of the up-coming generation, he had voted for a well-recommended modern teacher, an Englishman. Local protests had been lodged against him, for one of his testimonials said that he was not only a good singer, but also a skilful musician, and could even teach dancing if necessary. "The devil's dancing !" muttered the holy ones. That was what he could do, was it—teach dancing ? The stringent protectors of the clachan faith formed a defensive league ; and among the ranks was John Munro. Would he submit to see a giddy

southerner doing the devil's business among the bairns? Not so long as he had a tongue.

But the southerner was appointed, nevertheless, and Kenny M'Donald had voted for him—Kenny, who was esteemed pious and sensible. The teacher was a clever young man, no doubt, oh, yes!—and the enemy of souls was clever, too. He was good-looking, also, oh, yes!—and was not Eve that same, and did she not ruin the world? And he might be generous and good-natured as well, oh, yes!—and was not Esau also a fine man, and yet he was blasted of heaven? Thus was Mr Crawford discussed, to the accompaniment of many heart-pangs and head-shakes.

Kenny had fought hard for him, but if he burnt Bibles! —

III

He must be interviewed without delay.

Kenny untrammelled the heifer and took him to the byre. Then he trailed his heels unwillingly to the schoolhouse.

“You'll be gettin' on all richt, Maister Crawford?” he queried evasively.

“Thank you, Mr M'Donald, I'm doing all right meantime, I think. Of course, I haven't found my feet yet, but that will come with time.”

“An’ ye’ll be keepin’ busy, sir,” Kenny ventured again.

“Oh, well, yes. To-day, for instance, I’ve been occupied clearing out odd corners and burning the rubbish found in them.”

“Ay,” said Kenny, with a sinking at the heart. His throat mysteriously dried, too, and he wished the teacher would do the speaking; but Mr Crawford had no intention of prolonging the conversation.

They stood on the wide flagstone door-step of the school, waiting stupidly for each other, when John came into view. He had watched to see if Kenny would do his duty, and he now drew nigh to witness its execution. His face was set and his fingers were all nerves, holding the burnt leaf in his vest pocket.

“You’ll be burnin’ God’s Word, sir,” he muttered heavily to the schoolmaster, by way of opening a track for Kenny.

Mr Crawford laid a gaze of undiluted astonishment on the face of the speaker.

John took the the burnt half-leaf from its hiding and held it forth as a war-signal.

The teacher understood. “Oh, yes,” he said, in an explanatory tone, “I found some tattered Bibles and Catechisms lying about the school, and I burnt them at the end of the building.

116 **A Heathen from England**

Paper rubbish gathers dust and microbes, you know."

"Ay ; an' what does God's Word say to that ? ' Cursed is he that addeth to or taketh from the words that are written in this book.' An' here ye have taken whole leaves awa' ! I tell ye, sir, ye have brocht a judgment on Drumdry wi' yer infidel ways ! Burnin' God's Word ! Oh, that I should live to see sic a day in Drumdry ! "

IV

The new teacher had now a complete understanding of the flowing tide, and he wondered how he would handle his helm to make the best of it. Kenny hoped for deliverance at his hands. *Was* the teacher an infidel ? he asked himself. Surely not.

In any case he was a humorist. " Show me the burnt leaf, if you please, Mr Munro. "

John tremblingly handed over the sacred scrap.

" Ah, I thought so, " exclaimed the schoolmaster easily, tearing the leaf to very small pieces, and snowing them to the ground in front of him. " That was a leaf of the Revised Version, Mr Munro. "

" The what ? " gasped the horrified saint.

" The Revised Version, sir. "

John put questioning eyes on Kenny and stood perplexed.

“Maister Crawford is speakin’ o’ the edition written and printed by the bishops in Westminster Cathedral two or three years ago, John. Ye’ll mind that the minister denounced it an’ tell’t us that if ever it cam’ our way we werna to tak’ it into our hands or hooses.”

“Oh, yes, indeed ; I mind that same, Kenny. An’ was that a leaf of their man-made Scriptures ? ” he asked, anxiously.

“I would like you to believe that it was, Mr Munro,” answered the teacher, deftly.

Kenny thought that settled it, and drew his cravat about his neck to go ; but John was bewildered and stood hesitating for a few pulse beats. Then he spoke, addressing the teacher. “I never saw one of the man-made Bibles, sir ; an’ it looked so like the inspired Word that I didna ken the difference. Satan will sometimes be an angel o’ licht an’ deceive the very elect. I am grieved that I troubled ye, sir. I’ll bid ye good-day ; an’ may the Most High prosper an’ bless ye, sir ! ”



XII

LIZA, THE UNSATISFIED

LIZA, THE UNSATISFIED

I

SHE was the most tantalising optimist I ever knew. Her fellow-inmates thought her quite headstrong on the subject. They found their lives dreary enough, they affirmed, and no one could chide them for it ; but their protest only made her testimony more arresting.

I came unexpectedly to her acquaintance in the ward of a work-house hospital. The doctor was anxious that I should see through the institution. When we came to the hospital section I tried to have a word for each invalid—inquiring how long they had been ill, what their ailment was, and any civil question which might lay a plank of communication.

Liza was half-propped in her bed, in a sunny corner of the ward.

I asked her if she had been laid aside for any length of time.

“For seventeen years, sir,” she answered, without a tremor.

The cool and wholly unexpected reply staggered me. “Seventeen years !” I muttered to myself,

unbelievably; then to her: "But you don't mean to say you have been all that time in bed!"

"Every day of it, sir," she replied, in the same unaffected tone.

"You must have had a wearisome time of it!" I exclaimed, still under the impulse of surprise. A remark like this most naturally ran to one's lip on a first visit to Liza; but it was never repeated. In less than five minutes the visitor discovered that Liza's life was not the blasted moor he might imagine. Instead, it was a leafy lane of coolness and flowers—a lane with shadows, it is true, but the shadows were the children of sunshine.

II

No logic, not even the wearing logic of a pitiless fate, broke down what seemed to Liza's fellow-invalids her stubborn and rebuking hopefulness. The most persuasive arguments sometimes fail of their effect on minds trained to resist them, and Liza's mind was shuttered against all evil tidings. She had taken the simple resolution to be brave, and she had erected barricades of sunlight to keep the enemy out. Unhappy? She wouldn't see it.

"Oh, but you *must* feel dreadful sometimes,"

I said to her, willing to justify myself. "Now, for instance, you can't be very comfortable when these trying head-pains attack you."

She was a subject of flagrant neuralgia; it tortured her entire system, but especially her head suffered. A waft of cold air gave her purgatorial pains. This was in addition to the chief complaint, which rendered her bed an hourly necessity.

She admitted that when the neuralgia "turned on steam" it *was* trying, especially in her head; "but, then, you see," she added, without a ruffle, but in a brave humour, "there is at least one satisfaction in it—that when there's a pain in my head, it isn't *quite* empty!"

Her reply unsettled me; it was like a shot from a hidden thicket. It was more a sally than a reply, and it gave me an uneasy sensation of being criticised in some strange way. So humorous, too.

I searched for another inlet in her defences, wickedly hoping for a better venture. It was laid on me, I thought, to be spokesman for the general view of humanity. Who, I asked myself, does not regard pain as a grief?

"That's well said, Liza," I allowed, approvingly, "but there is the steady, daily inconvenience you endure from the malady which so

tortures your poor frame—*that* is constant, the doctor tells me, though your neuralgia comes and goes.”

She looked at me as if I had said something unkind; then she spoke. “True—true,” she said, musingly. “Still, I can always depend on that pain. And don’t you think it’s worth while having *something* you can depend on in this fickle world—though it’s only a pain !”

The doctor was enjoying my discomfiture. “The various stages of Liza’s pains are so regular,” he remarked, “that she says we could set the workhouse clock by them.”

Was this only a stoical bravado? To brave pain for so many years was heroism enough, I thought; but to embellish her heroism with comic observations seemed a straining of faith in human nature.

I hardly knew what to say next, so contented myself with “Your philosophy isn’t bad, Liza, although I am afraid it wouldn’t suit everybody.”

“It suits *me* well enough, meantime, if the Lord wills it,” was how she answered me. “And, then, you see,” she continued, “I know for a certainty what I’ll die of—and that’s a satisfaction denied to both you and the doctor. You may drop down with heart disease, or apoplexy, or you may pine off in consumption, or an

accident may bring death suddenly to your door. You are quite in the dark about how death will come to you, and so you can't square yourselves to meet it. But there's every likelihood—indeed, it's a certainty—that I'll die of the disease that has laid me here. So, you see, I know what's coming! You don't."

I sobered again under this strain of earnest reasoning, and my surprise deepened. "What good can such knowledge afford you?" I asked, more than ever interested in the victorious soul.

And Liza said, "It keeps me in practice for dying—and that's no small blessing."

IV

Her sentences were well ordered and proper; but what distinguished them principally was their decision and finality. Her mind was made up.

Lengthy, winding explanations might have pleased me better—they would at least have indicated some possible points of conference in the subject; but her ready, plump answers closed all debate.

I was not yet prepared to assent to her view, however, as I felt its practice to be beyond my own attainment; and a curiosity was growing within me to know what more she should say

for her sunny creed. I offered her another bait by saying, "Well, I'm sure *I* couldn't lie so contentedly for seventeen years—nor a fraction of that time."

She was ready, and plugged me in one sentence. "It's like a wooden leg, sir—you get used to it," was all I had for reply. And it was enough: that, indeed, was the element of most surprise in her answers. I instantly thought of a man going out for the first time with a newly-acquired wooden leg; then I saw him some time after. How awkward, during the experimental stage; how accommodating, when habit had become second nature! "Human nature is so adaptable to environment," I mused, "that the man forgets his wooden leg, and the woman her pain!"

I tried her no further; instead, I attempted to commend her. "It's a real pleasure to meet one who accepts life so cheerfully," I began, "although, to many, such a life——"

She snapped me at "life." "Why should anybody be tired of life, sir?" she asked, innocently and eagerly, anticipating the drift of my sentence. "I'm not anyway; I'm fond of it. We have all our likings, you know. Well, I like *life* as I like nothing else—the thing itself, of course, apart from its pangs or

honours—and I think it's just splendid only to be alive, if nothing more. Isn't it good, too, to have the glory of sensation—to be able to feel, and see, and taste, and hear—and, thank God, I can do all these yet, although not so clearly as in earlier days."

IV

That was Liza as I found her in the hospital ward. Perhaps she was not always so conquering; but the doctor assured me that her mind was ever face-ward to hope. When her pains scourged her very sorely, he only knew it by abbreviated sentences and an abruptness in her courtesies.

To the finish her league was with Cheerfulness.

Her last observation—after eighteen years of suffering—was, "I'm glad to know I'm going to glory; but it's a pity we can't stay in this life till we are *tired* of it!"



A LAND OF FAR DISTANCES. By WILLIAM STANFORD, Author of "The Strength of the Hills." Large crown 8vo, illustrated, 6s. net.

In this companion volume Mr Stanford records his further wanderings afoot and awheel in his beloved Monmouth, and tells of the messages of help and encouragement his dwelling on the beautiful aspects of Nature brought to himself and now passes on to others. The book is enriched with thirteen beautiful reproductions.

TRIUMPHANT GOODNESS. By the Rev. JOHN S. HASTIE, M.A., B.D. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

This volume is an expression of fine sincerity. "The conviction is that many now want to get back again to the old moralities that challenge, that ennoble, that satisfy. There are many persons who are bewildered by present-day clamours, but who hold on desperately to God and the good life. This book will help such to feel their feet once more on the rock of confidence, and to take courage."

ILLUSTRATIONS NEW AND OLD. For Preachers and Speakers. By JOHN T. MONTGOMERY, M.A., B.D. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

A collection of choice illustrations that will be of real use to all who have occasion to speak in public. The compilation has been made with skill and care by one who has read widely and found his own needs met, and now gives others the opportunity to use his gleanings. A very practical volume.

WOMAN'S PLACE IN LIFE. By MARY EMCY. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

The position of woman is an important factor to-day, Mrs Emcy shows a full understanding of her sisters' strength and weaknesses and points the way to an ever fuller use of time and opportunity. She provides a most complete reason for her belief in "Woman's Place in Life."

MA RACHEL AND OTHER ORIGINALS. By JOHN HORNE, Author of "A Canny Countryside." Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

A most successful collection of refreshing stories. The contents include Ma Rachel, Paderewski's Rival, A Resolute Globe-Trotter, By Light of Candle, Samson Samson and his Barrow, Extreme Unction, A Solemn Frivolity, Their Diamond Jubilee, etc.

LONDON

H. R. ALLENSON, Ltd., Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

c

*

THE FINE ART OF SPEAKING TO CHILDREN

THE DATE BOY OF BAGHDAD. Thirty-five Talks to Young Folk. By the Rev. J. COCKER. With Introduction by the Right Hon. Sir ROBERT STOUT, P.C., K.C.M.G., Chief Justice of New Zealand. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

Mr Cocker has contributed these talks to various New Zealand religious papers, and now appeals most persuasively to the young people of all English speaking countries. His book is a perfect reservoir of illustrative anecdote of great men and women which will provide very much fresh material for speakers. It would be a great service to all young people just starting out into life on leaving school if a copy of this book was given them.

STORIES FROM AN OLD GARDEN. Twenty-three new Addresses. By the Rev. W. J. MAY, Author of "A Garden of Beautiful Stories." Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

Mr May's new volume is assured of a welcome, he again shows his facility for reaching the child heart and making his hearers yield themselves up to his charming style. A most inspiring and helpful collection that will help many preachers and teachers, and wise parents too. His "Garden of Beautiful Stories" was aptly compared with Mrs Richards' "Golden Windows." This new series will bear the comparison also.

NATURE PIONEERS OF THE INSECT WORLD. Thirty-three Addresses to Children. By the Rev. JOSEPH RITSON. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

Some years ago we issued Mr Dowsett's "With God in My Garden," which was hailed with delight as filling a long-felt want. We believe that Mr Ritson's book will be found to be equally successful in providing speakers to children with a literal Romance of Insect Life and an entirely new series of subjects for their addresses. He shows marvelously how almost every invention (Telephone, Aeroplane, Wireless, etc.) on which man prides himself to-day has been anticipated in the Insect world.

THE SPARROWS AND THE OWL. Twenty-three Stories. By the Rev. JOHN BONSALL. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

This author "gets there" every time with his delightful stories of birds, flowers, and animals. His watch, and even his furniture, are all most whimsically communicative, and tell their stories and adorn a moral before you are aware of it.

LONDON

H. R. ALLENSON, Ltd., Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

LAURA RICHARD'S MASTERPIECE

CAPTAIN JANUARY. By LAURA E. RICHARDS,
Author of "The Golden Windows," "Five-Minute Stories," etc.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

A perfect story, dealing with a picturesque old lighthouse keeper, Captain January, and a baby girl, Starbright, whom he rescued from drowning, and brought up in his island home with, as he quaintly expressed it, "the Lord's help, common sense, and a cow." The affection of these two for one another is beautifully expressed. Certainly one of the books that once begun will not be laid down till finished.

Glasgow Herald.—"The volume is a delightful one, and as pretty as it is delightful."

Liverpool Daily Post.—"A charming little romance."

A BOY'S AMBITION. And other freshly told Bible Stories. By Miss A. M. PICKERING. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

Miss Pickering is a worker in the East London Wesleyan Methodist Mission, and as her work lies amongst children particularly she has found the story to be the best means of winning the attention of her audiences. This collection shows how delightfully she has done it.

BIBLE TALKS TO BOYS. By DAVID CUTHBERTSON, Author of "Revelations of a Library Life," "A Tragedy of the Reformation." Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. net.

Mr Cuthbertson knows how boys appreciate stories and has cast his addresses to them mostly in story form, retelling in a most interesting manner many more or less familiar episodes. He introduces as illustrations some other capital stories which will be most useful to his fellow-workers.

TWO NEW ISSUES IN "HEART AND LIFE" SERIES

Paper, 1s. each; cloth, 1s. 6d. each

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT. An Exposition of Newman's Hymn. By the Rev. ISAAC HARTILL, D.D.

AN INTRODUCTION TO RABINDRANATH TAGORE'S MYSTICISM. By SYBIL BAUMER. With many quotations from the poet, by permission of Messrs Macmillan.

UNDER THE SHIELDING SHADOW. By the Rev. E. W. SHEPHEARD-WALWYN, B.A. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo, Paper Wrapper, 1s. net.

Of the first edition the late Bishop of Durham, Dr Handley Moule, wrote—"I have read every word of it, and am pleased, *more* than pleased with it."

Practical meditations of a very helpful nature.

LONDON

H. R. ALLENSON, Ltd., Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

THIRD SERIES OF *THE TIMES* SATURDAY ARTICLES

VISION AND STRENGTH. Problems of Life and Faith. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

The two preceding collections entitled "Life's True Values" and "The Spirit of Man" have each received such hearty commendation from the press and their readers that the publishers have much pleasure in announcing the third collection, made as before under the careful selection of Sir James Marchant, K. B. E., L. L. D. The Saturday religious article is a recognised feature of *The Times*, and this selection is splendidly representative of its high quality of suggestiveness to meditation.

THE WELSH MIND IN EVOLUTION. By J. VYRNWY MORGAN, D. D., Author of "Viscount Rhondda," etc. Demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

Scotsman.—"An interesting study of the Welsh Temperament."

Methodist Recorder.—"Dr Morgan supplies much material for thought, discussion, and controversy, for he is too ardent a patriot always to prophesy smooth things."

PORTRAITS OF THE MEN OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By the late Rev. THOMAS E. MILLER, Author of "Portraits of Women of the Bible," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

This volume completes the series of Portraits of Men and Women of the Bible that Mr Miller was engaged on for many years. The same wisdom and suggestive insight into character which made the earlier volumes so welcome and useful is again predominant. Mr Miller makes most happy use of his New Testament Men's difficulties in their day to shed help and encouragement upon life to-day. Another most practical series, unfortunately the last.

EFFECTIVE SPEAKING AND WRITING. By JOHN DARLINGTON, D. D., Vicar of St Mark's, Kennington. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

In response to repeated requests this new edition of Dr Darlington's epitome of Campbell's great work on the Philosophy of Rhetoric is now issued.

The Glasgow Herald on the first edition: "It has been carefully drawn up and arranged in a form well suited to aid the memory in retaining the rules set forth as governing the art of forcible and effective speaking. The careful study of such a manual as the present one will help the writer or speaker to avoid those faults against which the best natural but uncultivated parts give no security, and will at the same time suggest to him the sources whence the necessary aids of topics, arguments, illustrations, and motives may best be drawn."

LONDON

H. R. ALLENSON, Ltd., Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E. C.

MAKE THE CHILDREN HAPPY

LAURA RICHARDS' INIMITABLE PARABLES

THE GOLDEN WINDOWS. A Book of Fables

for Young and Old. By L. E. RICHARDS, Author of "Captain January." Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 5s. net.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON has made striking use of some of these parables in his recent book "Joy in God." The Bishop in one reference says, "I was reading to-day to the choir-boys of the Chapel Royal a charming little story out of a book called the 'Golden Windows.'" He proceeds to tell the story. Again, when speaking to the girls of St Paul's School, the Bishop says, "I was very much struck with a beautiful story in a book called 'The Golden Windows.' I should like to leave this as my last picture on your mind." Then he told them "The Wheatfield," one of the many gems the book contains.

Rev. BERNARD J. SNELL writes:—"I regard 'Golden Windows' as the most charming book that has come into my hands for many years. Every little casket of a story holds a gem of a truth. How in the world is it so slow in getting known?"

FINE COMPANION VOLUME TO "GOLDEN WINDOWS"

THE SILVER CROWN. Another Book of Fables.

By LAURA E. RICHARDS. Handsome cloth, 5s. net.

The Rev. G. A. JOHNSTON ROSS, M.A., writes:—"I am charmed by these tit-bits of the knowledge of life, they are chosen so shrewdly, humorously, fairly: they are served up so daintily: and they taste so sweet. They will willingly be taken by the children."

Baptist Times.—"Exceedingly short, delicate in structure, graceful in style, full of the wisdom of life. Each parable contains material for a fascinating and instructive address."

"PERFECTLY DELIGHTFUL"

FIVE-MINUTE STORIES. A Charming Collection

of 101 Short Stories and Poems. By LAURA E. RICHARDS, Author of "Golden Windows." Illustrated, handsome cloth, 6s. net.

Though primarily a book for children, it contains a wealth of stories that will catch the children's attention immediately if used from the Platform or Pulpit. Two of the stories, "Buttercup Gold" and "The Money Shop," alone are worth the price of the whole book.

Glasgow Herald.—"Mummy cannot possibly go wrong if she at once procures it."

The Church Times.—"Five-minute Stories" is one of those volumes which the relatives of young folk are glad to fall back upon when the request 'Please do tell us another story' finds them at a loss."

British Weekly.—"Every variety of story is to be found in this volume, to suit every mood of every child."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GOLDEN WINDOWS"

THE NAUGHTY COMET; and other Stories and

Fables. By LAURA E. RICHARDS. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

"Mrs Richards has some of the qualities of R. L. Stevenson, with a dash of Andersen thrown in," was a reviewer's comment on one of her earlier books. This opinion will be confirmed by the present volume, "The Naughty Comet." Whole-some truths are most dexterously woven into these heart-winning stories.

Sunday School Times.—"The Naughty Comet" contains just such stories as children love to read or hear, and teachers, and aunties, and mothers enjoy telling. If you have Mrs Richards' other books you will be sure to want this. If you have never had them, this will make you feel that you must have them all—as you ought!"

LONDON

H. R. ALLENSON, Ltd., Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER'S INSPIRING MESSAGES

THE GLORY IN THE GREY, Forty-two Talks on Every-day Life and Religion. By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D. Tenth Edition. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 5s. net.

The late Dr ALEXANDER WHYTE.—"I have spent a delightful and a refreshed evening over your book. And I thought again and again what an excellent gift book 'The Glory in the Grey' would be. Your book has choice literature in it, fine feeling, a gracious glow throughout, and withal a great body of sound sense sanctified."

Dr GEORGE H. MORRISON.—"I cannot refrain from writing to congratulate you on the book. Its freshness, variety, suggestiveness, and poetry have fascinated me. It seems to me one of the best things I have read for years. All success to it. I have found it a little haven of rest in these troublous times."

The Glasgow Herald.—"This is a book of hope, a tonic for the dejected and dispirited. The author has very successfully concentrated his attention on drawing out the elements of glory, of purpose, from the grey experiences of life. Obviously the man who can do this has a peculiarly suitable message for the present day: this one could scarcely be sent out more opportunely. The 'talks' are all short; at odd moments the book may be opened at random, and one is safe to say the reader will find something to sanction his faith in the healing forces of life. This book is sure of success."

A DAY AT A TIME. Thirty Talks on Life and Religion. By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D. Fourth Edition. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

Dr JOHN KELMAN.—"I find it everywhere an excellently timely and helpful volume. Its common-sense, good humour, and genuine humanness of outlook and of expression are very refreshing and wholesome. It is the sort of book which is needed by large numbers of people, and it will do real service to the spirit of the nation."

The Life of Faith.—"When Mr Alexander produced his first book, 'The Glory in the Grey,' we were unstinted in our praise of its value, and we can give as cordial a welcome to the present volume. There is something bracing and exhilarating in these 'talks,' which will commend them to many people in quest of a tonic."

THE STUFF OF LIFE. Forty-two brief Talks on Daily Duty and Religion. By ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D. Third Edition. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 5s. net.

Dr J. R. P. SCLATER.—"Mr Alexander's latest book should prove a boon to his fellow-ministers and to others who have to speak on religion. Its range, suggestiveness, aptness of quotation and illustration give it a distinction all its own."

Local Preacher's Magazine.—"Good stuff, too, stuff which rightly used will make life both brighter and better. One feels that the author knows what he is talking about, and knows too, the need of those he is talking to."

Christian World.—"This third book has the same qualities. Mr Alexander is the apostle of the homely virtues, the commendator of the commonplace, the seer of the romance of routine."

Glasgow Evening Times.—"He catches you and holds you till he has said his say on every theme."

LONDON

H. R. ALLENSON, Ltd., Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

VALUABLE BOOKS OF DEVOTION

A VERY PLEASING BOOK. One hundred and fifth thousand
GREAT SOULS AT PRAYER. Fourteen Centuries of Prayer, Praise, and Aspiration, from St Augustine to Christina Rossetti and R. L. Stevenson. Selected and arranged by M. W. TILESTON. India paper. Cloth, plain edges, 3s. 6d. net; rexine, gilt edges, 5s. net; leather, gilt edges, 6s. net; turkey morocco, 10s. 6d. net.

The late Mrs FLORENCE BARCLAY, author of 'The Rosary,' wrote:—"I consider 'Great Souls at Prayer' a most valuable aid to spiritual communion. . . . I am glad of the opportunity to give my testimony to the value of that which means so much to me. It forms a very precious link for a scattered family."

The Literary World.—"This is a very interesting and welcome variety from the daily text and extract books of late. The idea and plan of the little book are to be warmly commended."

IMPORTANT NEW DAILY READING BOOK FOR CHILDREN AND OTHERS

Following the Church's Year. One Day to a Page

THE GOLDEN KEY. A Day-Book of Helpful Thoughts for Young Folk. Compiled by Miss LILIAN STREET. Beautifully printed in red and black, burnished red edges, handsome cloth boards, 476 pages, fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. net; paste grain leather, gilt edges, 5s. net.

The Church Times.—"Short passages chosen from a wide range of reading, they are excellently arranged. It is a book that may well be kept in mind when presents are being chosen."

British Weekly.—"Mr Allenson has recently put forward a book that, when it is known as it deserves to be, will greatly aid and influence the children in the home. Many mothers desire a book of daily readings that their children can understand and enjoy, and at the same time not be childish. Such a book is 'The Golden Key.' It contains extracts for each day from Scripture, prose and poetry, and so forms a beautiful introduction to many of our best-known writers. Mrs Gatty, Mrs Alexander, J. E. Bode, Wm. Blake, Kingsley, Whittier, Laura Richards, are just a few of the many writers represented."

CHRIST IN DAILY LIFE. Being a Consecutive Narrative of the Life of our Lord, compiled from the Four Gospels, and arranged in one continuous story for Daily Reading. Compiled by ADELAIDE M. CAMERON. Cloth, 2s. net.

Scotsman.—"A finely-printed little volume made up of extracts from the several Gospels, so arranged as to tell chronologically the story of our Lord. It marks a new departure that these daily readings give merely the words of the Bible without note or comment, even the usual division into chapter and verse being eliminated."

A VERY ATTRACTIVE GIFT-BOOK FOR DAILY READING
THOUGHTS WORTH THINKING. A Day-Book of Encouragement and Cheer. Compiled by H. R. ALLENSON. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net; leather, 5s. net. Sixth Edition.

Scotsman.—"The extracts have been chosen from a wide range of literature, and the work merits the description given to it by the compiler—'a day-book of encouragement and cheer.'"

British Weekly.—"Mr Allenson has chosen short poems and prose passages from many of the greatest writers, and has selected a charming and suitable passage for every day. His admirably produced volume will be helpful to many."

LONDON

H. R. ALLENSON, Ltd., Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

A PARTICULARLY ABLE VOLUME OF SERMONS
THE GOD OF THE UNEXPECTED, and
other Sermons. By the Rev. CHARLES F. WISHART, President
of Wooster College, and Moderator of the Presbyterian Church,
U.S.A. With Introduction by Dr JOHN TIMOTHY STONE,
Chicago. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

These Sermons have that distinct freshness of outlook that gives such zest to many
volumes by American writers.

The British Weekly.—"A collection of Sermons that are thoroughly vital and
interesting. Modern of course, but not extremely so, and characterised by evangelical
fervour and eloquent appeal. President Wishart is not afraid to say what he thinks,
even about his own country."

AN ENTIRELY NEW SERVICE BOOK
PRAYERS FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP. By the
Rev. LAUHLAN MACLEAN WATT, D.D., Minister of Glasgow
Cathedral. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 5s. net.

These Services have been prepared by Dr Maclean Watt for his own use in
Glasgow Cathedral. They have been much appreciated, and many requests made
for copies. This book contains twenty-five Services, including special ones for Easter,
Epiphany, Christmas, and Municipal. The type chosen is a beautiful open fount,
easily read. A most valuable contribution to aid the ministry.

SECOND SERIES OF *TIMES* RELIGIOUS ARTICLES
THE SPIRIT OF MAN. Being a Second Series of
Essays from *The Times* Saturday Religious Articles. Selected and
arranged by Sir JAMES MARCHANT, K.B.E., LL.D. With
Introduction by the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK. Handsome cloth,
crown 8vo, 5s. net.

The first series of these valuable reprints from *The Times* Saturday Essays was
received with such evident approval by the Press and the public, that it has already
been reprinted. The publishers have every confidence in responding to many
enquiries as to a further selection appearing by the issue of this second collection
dealing with Character, Morals, and Religion.

NEW BOOK BY MRS HORACE PORTER
THOUGHT, FAITH, AND HEALING. By
Mrs HORACE PORTER, Author of "Christian Science of
Thought," "Christian Science of Prayer," etc. Handsome cloth,
crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

From the Preface.—"This little book is an attempt to go somewhat further with
one of the problems touched upon in 'The Christian Science of Thought,' viz. : that
of the relation between faith and healing. It is a problem concerning which there
is a great need of clear thinking."

SPLENDID NEW VOLUME OF CHILDREN'S TALKS
THE DRAGON AT THE LAST BRIDGE,
and other Talks to the Children. By the Rev. A. STANLEY
PARKER, Author of "Winning the Children." Handsome cloth,
2s. 6d. net.

Mr Parker's former book is now out of print, and his new volume contains a
capital collection of talks illustrated by many very useful stories. It is a good
addition to our already long and distinguished series of such books.

LONDON

H. R. ALLENSON, Ltd., Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

RE-ISSUE OF A CHOICE REPRINT OF EARLY MYSTICISM
THE SHEWINGS OF LADY JULIAN. Being

the voices and visions vouchsafed to the Lady Julian, recluse at Norwich, 1373. Now for the first time printed from the recently discovered Amherst MS. purchased by the British Museum. Previously entitled "Comfortable Words for Christ's Lovers." Transcribed and edited by the Rev. DUNDAS HARFORD, M.A. Third Edition. Foolscap 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

The Church Times.—"Mr Harford's rendering into modern spelling with alterations of words and phrases only when they would be absolutely misleading, makes the book available for devotional use, and it has great interest as a version of the familiar book which has been hitherto unknown to the general reader."

The Manchester Guardian.—"Mr Harford is justified we are sure in regarding this briefer version as the earliest form of the treatise. It has all the freshness, vividness of a first account, written when the visions were still recent, still hot in the memory. The gist of all Dame Julian's message is here."

FINE NEW EDITION OF A MOST USEFUL BOOK
THE SENSITIVE CHILD. Talks with a Little Boy. By Mrs KATE WHITING PATCH. Third Edition. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

CONTENTS:—The Angel of Death—The Angel of Birth—The Singing Robe—The Shadow of Fear—The Little Room.

This book is most delightfully written, and shows how one mother successfully dealt with these difficulties.

School Guardian.—"This is a real bit of patient and sympathetic child study. Written with imagination and insight. Every teacher will be the better for reading it."

GEO. H. ARCHIBALD.—"It is a delightful book. I have been speaking highly of it. I am very much pleased with it."

Mothers' Union Journal.—"It is a real treat to read 'The Sensitive Child' and to know that there are parents who can bring up a nervous, sensitive boy with such wisdom as these showed. It is a charming little book; every mother may learn something from it." *Baby's World.*—"We should like every British mother to read it."

FINE NEW MISSIONARY STORY
HIS LITTLE BIT O' GARDEN. By MILDRED HILL, Author of "Michael's Quest." Third Edition. With Frontispiece by J. F. CAMPBELL. Cloth, 2s. net.

Miss Hill has written a delightful missionary story, linking the actual life in the foreign field with the home worker and contributor. Every incident of the African narrative is from life, being experiences of the author's brother and other friends. Old Peter, Lady Lumsden's pensioned gardener, is a most happy conception, and readers, both old and young, will greatly enjoy the story of the ten shillings given him to spend on "his little bit o' garden," and the results which issued from his real investment.

The book should find a welcome place in Missionary reading circles, for Sunday School prizes, reading at Mothers' Meetings, and general reading.

Church Missionary Review.—"A pleasant story with strong missionary teaching."

British Weekly.—"This story is deeply interesting, and is well and powerfully told."

LONDON

H. R. ALLENSON, Ltd., Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

NORMAN MACLEOD'S CLASSIC ALLEGORY

THE GOLD THREAD. A Story for the Young.

By **NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.**, Author of "The Starling," "The Old Lieutenant and his Son," etc. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net. [New Edition.]

S.S. Magazine.—"Once read 'The Gold Thread' can never be forgotten. It is a beautiful allegory of the Gospel, and ought to be put in the hands of every young person. This book ought never to be omitted in choosing prizes."

FIFTY-TWO SUNDAYS WITH THE CHILDREN. A New Volume of Sunday Morning Talks to Children. By Rev. JAMES LEARMOUNT. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

Dundee Advertiser.—"Has the rare and happy art of saying things brightly and in a way likely to haunt the juvenile memory."

British Weekly.—"Brightened with many telling illustrations, well adapted to their purpose."

FIFTY-TWO ADDRESSES TO YOUNG FOLK. By Rev. JAMES LEARMOUNT. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

[Sixth Edition.]

The Examiner.—"The addresses are all rich in fresh and apt illustrations from science and legend, from literature and human life, and among all these there is not one 'chestnut'! Ministers and others who have to speak to young folk should look into this volume."

THE MOUNTAIN PATH. Forty-four Talks to Children. By Rev. JOHN A. HAMILTON, Author of "The Wonderful River." Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net. [Fourth Edition.]

One of the most delightful children's books we have met for a long time. These addresses, spoken or read, must capture the children, we are sure.

FINE NEW SUBJECTS FOR CHILDREN

"WET PAINT." Twenty Sermons in Signs for Children. By Rev. H. G. TUNNICLIFF. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. net.

Joyful News.—"Mr Tunnicliff's addresses are as arresting as their titles, every one of which is a public notice to be seen any day by any child. The book will be a great help to parents and teachers."

REAL CORN FOR TEMPERANCE WORKERS

TEMPERANCE SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

Being Chips from a Temperance Workshop. By Mrs **GEORGE S. REANEY**, Author of "Our Daughters," "Our Brothers and Sons," "Daisy Snowflake's Secret," etc. etc. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

In this volume the veteran temperance worker for the first time puts into book form some of the very valuable experiences that have come into her life on this very burning question, which has claimed the greater part of her lifelong attention. They cannot but prove of very great help and assistance to other workers, and at the same time show, by what one worker has accomplished, how much others can also attempt to achieve.

LONDON

H R. ALLENSON, Ltd., Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

STRIKINGLY FRESH ADDRESSES TO CHILDREN
UNDER THE BLUE DOME. A Series of Open-Air Studies with Young Folk. By Rev. J. S. HASTIE, B.D.
 Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net

CONTENTS

THE SEA.	THE LIFEBOAT.	THE DAISY.	RAIN.	WELLS.
THE HARBOUR.	THE FARMER.	THE BUTTERCUP.	SNOW.	CLOUDS.
THE LIGHTHOUSE.	GRASS.	HONEYSUCKLE.	ICE.	LAKES.
THE FISHERMEN.	THE WOODLAND	COLTSFOOT.	RIVERS.	FENCES.
THE BOATS.	FLOWERS.	TREES.		

S.S. Chronicle.—"As a sanctified study of nature it is one of the freshest books of its kind we have seen for a long time. We congratulate Mr Hastie, and cordially recommend ministers, superintendents, and teachers to peruse this book, and then to go and do likewise."

AN ENTIRELY NEW VOLUME TO CHILDREN
THE WONDERFUL RIVER. Sixty-three Talks to Young People. By Rev. JOHN A. HAMILTON, Author of "A Mountain Path." Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

Dr HASTINGS, in *Expository Times*, says:—"Mr Hamilton has returned to what is manifestly his special gift—and how priceless a gift it is—of preaching to children." *Preachers' Magazine*—"Very bright and very fresh." *British Weekly*—"This writer is a true story-teller. These attractive addresses will be most acceptable to children and teachers."

IN GOD'S ORCHARD. Addresses to Children on "The Fruits of the Spirit," "The Beatitudes," "The Lord's Prayer," "The Best Things," etc. By the Rev. JAMES LEARMOUNT, Author of "Fifty-two Addresses to Young Folk," "Fifty-two Sundays with the Children," "Thirty Chats to Young Folk," etc. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 250 pages, 5s. net.

Mr Learmount has made for himself a distinct reputation as a very happy and successful speaker to children. This new volume of his, containing as it does four complete series of addresses on subjects of eternal interest, is likely to still further add merit to his previous reputation.

Dundee Advertiser.—"It will be welcomed by Ministers, Sunday School Teachers, Superintendents, Boys' Brigade Workers, and the Mother at home with the little ones."

FIFTY-TWO FASCINATING NATURE TALKS
GOD'S OUT-OF-DOORS. Fifty-two Talks on Nature Topics. By the Rev. JAMES LEARMOUNT, Author of "Fifty-two Sundays with the Children," "In God's Orchard," etc. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 5s. net.

London Quarterly Review.—"This is the writer's fifth volume. Its texts are found in the crocus, the cuckoo, wasps, snails, and other natural objects. The papers are brief but full of life and spirit. Just what a child would enjoy." *Preachers' Magazine.*—"As fresh and stimulating as ever."

THEIR WEDDING DAY, and other Stories. By ADELAIDE M. CAMERON. Handsome cloth, cr. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

These stories will be found very useful to Mothers' Meetings, Working Parties, etc. Many of them are true stories of events which have come under the author's notice. Each told in a most winsome and engaging manner.

Church Times.—"Just the thing for Mothers' Meetings; will be enjoyed for their insight into human nature."

LONDON

H. R. ALLENSON, Ltd., Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C

NEW ADDRESSES TO CHILDREN BY G. C. LEADER

THE GATE OF PEARL. Thirty-two Addresses to Boys and Girls. By the Rev. G. C. LEADER, B.D., Author of "Wanted—a Boy," etc. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

This collection of addresses will be found most helpful to speakers to children. Direct manly teaching with bright illustrations. Contains also an address to teachers on "The Boy-Problem or Promise."

BRIGHT NEW TALKS WITH THE CHILDREN

A BUNCH FOR THE BAIRNS. By the Rev. DAVID WILSON. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

Something entirely different is the characteristic merit of Mr Wilson's book of Talks with the Children. He blends in a most attractive manner, fun and fancy with direct teaching of the highest things, and this is a most difficult thing to do; a smile must often have come to the face of his hearers, as it will do to others who read his book. Wit and wisdom are here most congenially joined together. A happy book.

THE FINE ART OF SPEAKING TO CHILDREN

FROZEN BUTTERFLIES, and other Talks with the Children. By the Rev. H. S. SEEKINGS. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

The Life of Faith.—"Mr Seekings strikes out a new line, teaching valuable lessons in the most attractive way."

The Local Preacher.—"Parents, preachers and teachers will do wisely to buy this book. It is great value for its modest price."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GOLDEN WINDOWS"

THE NAUGHTY COMET. By LAURA E. RICHARDS, Author of "The Golden Windows," "The Silver Crown," etc. Third Edition. With Frontispiece. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

These capital stories reveal the author's wonderful manner of captivating children. The volume has been out of print for several years and is now again made available in an attractive form.

The Scotsman.—"A series of delightful fables and stories for the little ones. The author has a special gift of appealing to youthful imagination by simplicity and suggestiveness, and this collection for the nursery is such as can be appreciated by even very young children."

LARGE TYPE TEXT BOOK FOR A MONTH

THIRTY-ONE SAYINGS OF JESUS. Compiled by E. BEATRICE PELLY. 16mo, paper wrapper, 6d. net; cloth, 1s. net.

This sequence of readings from the Gospels has been made by Mrs Pelly with the idea of bringing children into direct daily contact with the mind of the Master. The verses have been chosen with ripe motherly wisdom, and are printed in a beautiful fount of large type.

LONDON

H. R. ALLENSON, Ltd., Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

FIFTY-TWO FINE LESSONS FROM FLOWERS, Etc.

WITH GOD IN MY GARDEN. Fifty-two Sunday Morning Talks. By the Rev. LEONARD E. DOWSETT. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net. [*Fourth Edition.*]

This strikingly fresh book supplies a long-expressed want for suggestions for addresses for Flower Services. It will be thoroughly enjoyed by all lovers of nature, both old and young.

Glasgow Evening News.—"The volume is a most welcome one; bright, helpful, instructive. Every Talk is a gem."

Christian.—"One can easily imagine the delight with which the young folks listened; observations so fresh, sympathetic, simple and direct."

A CAPITAL VOLUME OF OUTLINE TALKS

SUNDAY GLEAMS. Chats with the King's Children. By the Rev. A. G. WELLER. Handsome cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

A series of fifty outline Talks to Young People, which will be found most useful as models for other speakers.

VERY FRESH AND INTERESTING TALKS

THE WONDERFUL CITY. A Series of Twenty-six Talks to the Children. By the Rev. CECIL NICHOLSON, of Little Lever, near Bolton. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. net.

CAPITAL NEW ADDRESSES TO CHILDREN

A PACKET OF SUNLIGHT. By the Rev. MORTON GLEDHILL. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

A series of twenty-six most interesting Talks to Children, replete with striking illustrations.

Rev. CAREY BONNER says: "Mr Gledhill has done well. His addresses are bright and full of interest."

A MOST ORIGINAL AND HAPPY BOOK

IN THE LAND OF NURSERY RHYME. By Miss ADA M. MARZIALS. With Frontispiece by BYAM SHAW. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net. [*Fifth Edition.*]

Miss Marzials is a practised Kindergarten teacher, and this book contains some of her entirely original and admirable stories suggested by the old familiar Nursery Rhymes.

Morning Rays.—"A new idea charmingly carried out."

Baby.—"A valuable addition to child literature."

MORE TALES IN THE LAND OF NURSERY RHYME. By Miss ADA M. MARZIALS. With Frontispiece. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net. [*Fourth Edition.*]

Miss Marzials here replies to many inquiries for some "more tales," please!

School Guardian.—"Delightfully told stories which will be the joy of children at any time."

LONDON

H. R. ALLENSON, Ltd., Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

FOR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

PORTRAITS OF WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.

By the Rev. T. E. MILLER, M.A. Crown 8vo, handsome cloth, 5s. net. [Third Edition.]

Mr Miller modestly speaks of his book as consisting of a series of Character-sketches. Such an attitude towards his own work is no doubt becoming, but it in no way describes or suggests the rich qualities of imagination and common-sense which together make his lectures a most vivid portrayal of the old-world incidents associated with the subjects of his addresses. Readers of these thorough studies will find themselves transported into the times of sacred history, accompanied by a most able guide and interpreter.

WHAT JESUS TEACHES. Lessons from the Gospels for Girls of To-day. By MARY ROSS WEIR. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

The author of this book has for a long time been conducting a Young Women's Bible Class, and in "What Jesus Teaches" she gives her own contribution towards what she has often felt to be a real want, viz. a book suitable to put into the hands of an intelligent girl, perplexed by the many problems, both intellectual and practical, that meet her in life.

GOD'S GENTLEMEN. Vigorous Sermons to Young Men. By Prof. R. E. WELSH, M.A., D.D., Author of "Man to Man," etc. Sixth Edition. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 5s. net.

British Weekly.—"This is a frank and manly book, stamped with a strong and sympathetic vitality. Young men will read it because it never ignores the other side of the question. Any author who brings a young man face to face with life, weighs good and evil before him in the balance, has done a work which will not be forgotten."

Dundee Advertiser.—"A series of ethical essays of rare value strongly commended as a gift book for men, whether young, old, or middle-aged. The man who would fly a sermon could not fail to be attracted by the fine flow of language and by the noble aims and sane admonitions of the author."

RECOMMENDED BY THE BISHOP OF ELY

HOMELY TALKS WITH MOTHERS. By Mrs L. C. E. MARSHALL. Neat cloth, fcap. 8vo, 2s. net. ; by post, 2s. 2d.

Twenty-four most useful suggestive papers for speakers.

The BISHOP OF ELY says:—"They seem to me models of what addresses to mothers should be—simple, practical, earnest, devout, brightened by touches of poetry and humour."

The Christian.—"It is a pleasure to call attention to so useful a little work. Even experienced workers will find in its pages much that is suggestive."

A GEM IN DEVOTIONAL LITERATURE

LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST FRANCIS. Demy 24mo, 416 pages, paste grain, gilt edges, 6s. net ; Rexine, gilt edges, 5s. net ; Cloth, plain edges, 3s. 6d. net.

A reprint of this fragrant work of devotion, now for the first time printed on India paper, uniform with "Great Souls at Prayer." The size of this choice edition is only $5\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ by $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in thickness.

LONDON

H. R. ALLENSON, Ltd., Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

FINE NEW EDITIONS OF J. M. NEALE'S WORKS
SACKVILLE COLLEGE SERMONS. Vol. I.

Thirty-one Sermons, Advent to Lent. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net each.

The Church Times.—"We can never have too much of Dr Neale. Gladly, therefore, do we welcome a reprint of the Sackville College Sermons. The great preacher seems at last to be attaining his rightful and assured place. There is perhaps no preacher of the past century whom the younger clergy would be better advised to take for their model. Neale is never old-fashioned, for it is the eternal truth of God that he has ever to tell us."

SERMONS ON THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. Twenty-two Sermons. By the late JOHN MASON NEALE, D.D. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

A fine new edition of this much-sought-for book, uniform with the new edition of "Sackville College Sermons."

THE OUTLOOK OF THE SOUL. By Canon KNOX LITTLE. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 356 pages, 3s. 6d. net.

This volume, previously entitled "Labour and Sorrow," contains some striking sermons by the popular Canon of Worcester:—The Duty of Strength; The End of Sorrow; The Outlook of the Soul; The Soul and the Unseen; Love and Death, etc.

PROFESSOR MOMERIE'S MOST STRIKING BOOK
IMMORTALITY, AND OTHER SERMONS.

By ALFRED W. MOMERIE, M.A., LL.D., etc. Cloth, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net. Forty-one Sermons altogether. [*Fourth Edition.*]

Expository Times.—"A serious and strong contribution to a subject which apparently will never lose its interest while the world lasts."

Literary World.—"Dr Momerie's arguments are worth the study of all thoughtful persons. Even those who are not much given to serious reading will be struck by the vivacity of his style and his easy maintenance of interest."

Scottish Guardian.—"Possesses all the brilliant originality and gifts of expression that characterised his other discussions of religion and philosophy."

WORKS BY DR J. H. JOWETT

BROOKS BY THE TRAVELLER'S WAY.

Twenty-six Week-night Addresses. By J. H. JOWETT, M.A., D.D. Crown 8vo, 5s. net. Seventh Edition.

Glasgow Herald.—"Full of life all through, they serve to explain the speaker's rapidly acquired reputation, and to justify the wisdom of the congregation which chose him to occupy the pulpit of the late Dr Dale."

Baptist Times.—"Many of the addresses might profitably be extended into long sermons."

THIRSTING FOR THE SPRINGS. By the

Rev. J. H. JOWETT. A further selection of Twenty-six Addresses delivered at Carr's Lane. Crown 8vo, 5s. net. Fourth Edition.

Independent (New York).—"To read this volume is to understand why the week-night meeting at Carr's Lane is one of the most successful in England. Mr Jowett gives his people of his best—his best in thought, observation, and reading."

LONDON

H. R. ALLENSON, Ltd., Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C

Choice Books of Mysticism

SPIRITUAL TORRENTS. By MADAME GUYON.

Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 160 pages, 3s. 6d. net.

This delightfully expressed book on the interior life has long been out of print, and is now re-issued from the excellent translation by Miss A. W. Marston. It forms both a sequel and companion to the well-known "Short and Easy Method of Prayer."

FIRST COMPLETE CHEAP ISSUE FOR 100 YEARS

A SHORT AND EASY METHOD OF PRAYER.

By MADAME GUYON. Paper, 1s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d.

The Guardian.—"This convenient little reprint will be sure of a welcome from many to whom the name of the author is better known than her works. They will eagerly read what is taught about prayer by one who proved so often and through so many hardships the reality of her inner experience."

THE LIFE OF MADAME GUYON. By

T. C. UPHAM, Author of "The Interior Life." With New Introduction by Rev. W. R. INGE, M.A. 516 pages, large crown 8vo, handsome cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

Methodist Recorder.—"Her letters make the heart glow."

Scotsman.—"Perhaps the most fascinating of all the spiritual autobiographies, this re-issue is all the more valuable for being brought in by a studious and sympathetic introduction from the pen of Mr W. R. Inge."

Church Quarterly Review.—"A most welcome reprint."

HISTORY AND LIFE OF DR JOHN TAULER, AND TWENTY-FIVE SERMONS.

Translated by Miss SUSANNA WINKWORTH. With Preface by CHARLES KINGSLEY, and an Introductory Letter by Dr ALEXANDER WHYTE, of Edinburgh. 426 pages, large crown 8vo, handsome cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

Glasgow Herald.—"Mr Allenson has conferred a service on all lovers of the mystics by this re-issue of an excellent work."

British Weekly.—"Very handsome and convenient, the reprint is most welcome."

AN INTRODUCTION TO CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM.

A Lecture by ELEANOR C. GREGORY, of the Deanery, St Paul's Cathedral, London, Editor of "A Little Book of Heavenly Wisdom." With Prefatory Letter by Dr ALEXANDER WHYTE, Edinburgh. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d. net; by post, 1s. 8d. Paper, 1s. net; by post, 1s. 2d.

Dr WHYTE.—"This lecture will form an admirable introduction to the greatest and best of all studies."

LONDON

H. R. ALLENSON, Ltd., Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

187

188

189

190

191

192

193

194

195

196

197

198

199

