

his face, "and I couldn't bear that. I couldn't leave her to go there, and I took her away with me. I've never forsaken her, never! And now she'll never have to go there, never—never."

His voice failed him, but the smile did not pass away from his lips. He stroked little Dot's curls, feeling that never had there been such rest and satisfaction for him, after all his troubles and his fears.

"Don't you talk no more till I've got tea ready," said Mrs. Clack, "and then you shall tell me all, and I'll tell you all. There's lots to tell."

She made haste to prepare tea, and ran down to send Peggy for some new bread and a kippered herring, such as had been a rare feast for Don in former days. His eyes followed her restlessly wherever she moved about the room, as if he was afraid she would vanish out of his sight. And he was partly afraid. Was this a dream? or were the last ten months a dream? His brain felt too bewildered to answer the question.

But when the tea was poured out, and steamed fragrantly before him, and the food was heaped upon his plate, he could not swallow a mouthful. The mere effort seemed to choke and suffocate him. He was too tired to be hungry, he said, and he stretched himself on the hearth, with his eyes still fastened upon Mrs. Clack and Dot as they sat at the table, listening to them, and laughing feebly once or twice when Dot began gayly, as if she was quite at home. When the meal was over, and Mrs. Clack drew her chair near the fire, with Dot upon her lap, he lay quietly on the hearth in great contentment, gazing up into two faces which were dearest to him in all the world.

"Ay, I've lots to tell you," he said with a half sigh, "but I'm too tired now. And there's lots of things I wanted to ask you, only I thought as you was dead. You're a clever woman, Mrs. Clack, and you can tell. There's God—did he really send his Son out of heaven, you know, to come here, and live like us?"

"Ay, He did," answered Mrs. Clack, "only we're always forgetting it, and going on as if it wasn't true. God loved us, and sent his Son Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ loved us, and came to save us."

"Oh, is that true?" he asked eagerly, half raising himself from the floor; "did Jesus really come to save us, and to help us to be good? They told me so, but it was too good to be true. Is he the Son of man that came to seek and to save them that are lost?"

"Yes," she answered solemnly, "it is all true. It was a hard thing for him to do; but he never gave up. He lived like us; and then he finished by dying on the cross for our sakes. He's done all he could for us. He was so sorry for us that he couldn't leave us or forsake us, because he loved us."

"No, he couldn't forsake us," said Don, with a shining face. "I know it's true now. I couldn't never have forsaken little Dot."

He asked no more of the questions he had longed to have answered, for the exertion of speaking was too great for him. But Mrs. Clack told him of her holiday in the country, with all its pleasant surprises and memories of her own childhood, and Don enjoyed listening to them, remembering all the while the wonders of his own sojourn at the seaside, which he would tell to her in return as soon as he was a little more rested. She went on to describe to him Hagar's heartbroken grief over her lost child, and the tears stood in his eyes again as he heard of it. He said how sorry he was that he had taken Dot away, yet he had done it to save her from a fate he dreaded, and Mrs. Clack laid her hand fondly on his head, and said, "God bless you, Don!"

"We'll start first thing in the morning," she said, "and take Dot home to her mother. It's Sunday morning, too, and maybe Mr. Abbott's at home. Hagar was here last night, helping me to mend some gowns, and she told me as she is to be married to Mr. Abbott when Easter comes; but her heart's as heavy as can be for little Dot's sake, and she couldn't think she could ever be happy again, even with him. And, O Don, I'd like you to grow up to be a man like him! Perhaps he'll get you a place on the railway, with settled work. I never thought there could be men like him; if he wasn't so strong

and hearty, I should be afraid he'd not be long for this world, as folks say."

"That's what folks said of me," remarked Don, "and I felt as if I couldn't die before seeing the old place, so me and Dot came off here at once."

"Are you ill, Don?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh, no, only quite tired; I shall sleep well to-night, and it'll all be right in the morning. Everything is right now, and we'll take Dot to Mrs. Hagar. But it'll be very hard to part with my little girl."

Dot had fallen asleep beside him on the hearth, and the firelight shone full on her pretty face. Don gazed on her with a deep mute tenderness shining through his eyes, and Mrs. Clack felt as if some great and marvellous change had passed upon him.

"I've lots to learn," he said, after a long silence. "I know nothing at all save that God loves us, and sent his Son to us, and he is the Son of man that came to seek and to save them that are lost. That's all I know. I must set to work and learn hard."

It was growing late before Don, in his weariness, roused himself up to the exertion of going down stairs to the coach house beneath and his hard mattress, on which he had slept so soundly in old times. Dot woke up when he stirred, and would not be parted from him, crying and fretting till Mrs. Clack told Don to take her with him. She watched them down the steep staircase, waiting to put out the gas, and saw how fond and careful Don was of the little child, though he had to cling to the wall himself to get down. He turned to look at her before passing into the place below, and she saw his face bright and happy with a smile of utter content. It brought the tears to her eyes, and she could scarcely answer his last "Good-night."

It seemed to Don almost like heaven to get back once more to his old shelter. He had been tossed to and fro so long, sleeping, if he was under a roof at all, in some crowded lodging-house, that this quiet place, dimly lighted by a little candle, was like a long-wished-for heaven of rest and tranquility to him. The dark corners were scarcely touched by the feeble glimmer of his light, and the unpaved floor was damp under his feet, but it was here that he felt at home, and no other spot in all the wealthy dwelling-places of London could have given him the same perfect sense of satisfaction and peace. He had not seen it since old Lister had died there, on the self-same mattress on which little Dot was soon fast asleep; and Don sat down to rest himself, and to think over all that night, and what old Lister had said before he crossed the threshold of the other world. Don knew now what he had only heard for the first time then. In this world he had Mrs. Clack and little Dot to love and be loved by; in the other world there were God and Jesus Christ who loved him, and whom he loved already. His whole soul was full of happiness and rest. Could there be anything better for him to learn? "God!" he whispered, as he lay down wearily beside little Dot, "I know nothing yet; only you love me, and I thank you."

Mrs. Clack was astir early in the morning, and took care to have a tempting breakfast ready for Don as soon as he awoke. She heard through the floor between her room and the coach-house, that Dot was awake, and calling to him to take her up, and she went quietly down stairs with a light in her hand to fetch the little child away, if she could persuade her to come away without disturbing Don. He was fast asleep, though Dot was sitting up beside him, crying in a half-frightened tone, as she patted his pinched face, and called "Old Don!" Mrs. Clack stepped cautiously to the bedside, and laid her hand very gently on the wasted forehead which felt icy cold to the fingers.

Don was dead.

Dr. Emmons, the famous New England divine, met a pantheistical physician at the house of a sick parishioner. It was no place for a dispute, but the abrupt question of the pantheist was, "Mr. Emmons, how old are you?" "Sixty, sir; and how old are you?" "As old as creation," was the triumphant response. "Then you are of the same age with Adam and Eve?" "Certainly; I was in the garden when they were." "I have always heard that there was a third party in the garden with them, but I never knew before that it was you."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1881, is full of good things. It has the following articles:—I held Love's Head, while it did ake; Music and Musicians in New York; "Aprille," a poem; Athens; Decorative Pottery of Cincinnati; The Indian Girl, a poem; Anne, a novel; The Return Message, a story; The Market Bell, a poem; Camp Lou; The Unexpected Parting of the Beazley Twins; Thomas Carlyle; George Eliot; The Speaker's Ruling; George Eliot, a poem; Contrast, a poem; Two, a poem; A Laodicean, a novel; Easy Chair; Literary and Historical Record; Editor's Drawer.

Athens.

The article on Athens, in Harper's Monthly, is finely descriptive of the people and customs of that ancient and interesting country:

THE MODERN ATHENIAN.—Spare, nervous, thin of face, restless-eyed, quick and energetic of speech, is the modern Athenian. The groups of men who seat themselves toward evening at the little tables which fill the streets before the principal cafes, as they talk politics over their little cups of black coffee, or their glasses of water and wine, gesticulate with that energy of action in conversation which marks the passionate son of the South. Often the Athenian carries in his hand a string of beads, not for religious purposes, but that he may relieve himself of excessive electricity by shifting them through his fingers as he bargains and talks—a safety-valve and a re-assuring process akin to the Yankee's whittling. He is keenly sensitive to every word you utter, quick to take your meaning, and polite as a Frenchman in ready deference to your expressed opinion; but none the less he holds firmly to his own belief unless you have convinced his reason. This he may not tell you. He may leave you to infer that you have won him over; and thus he has sometimes laid himself open to the charge of duplicity and deceit where he meant only to be credited with politeness.

POLITICS IN MODERN GREECE.—Athens suffers from an excess of intellectual activity. The city is overstocked with brains. Its hands are idle. Greece has no great manufactures; it has no system of roads. Among the many failures of King Otho's reign, perhaps none was more injurious than his failure to provide any means of ready intercommunication between the provinces of Greece. Of course the topography of Greece—her mountain ranges and deep-reaching gulfs and bays—renders the task of road-building a difficult one. But national unity and material prosperity cannot come without good roads. To-day all Greece has but five miles of railroad, and hardly more than fifty miles of good carriage roads. Finding no outlet in the development of the country's material resources, all the energy of the marvellously active Greek mind has been turned to trade, to study, and to politics; and chiefly to politics, always a passion with the Athenian. Athens supports from thirty to forty newspapers. Political clubs are more numerous than in classic days, and as influential. Every man of prominence has his newspaper, his club of personal followers, his petty party.

Salaries for public services are of course pitifully low. Criticism of all official acts, and of every measure advocated by the government, is bitter and ceaseless. This spirit of criticism is not merely a healthful concern for the public welfare; it is the constant effort to induce a public, ever prone to change its political leaders, so to clamor as to put the "ins" out, and to give to other men a chance at what must be for them, too, a brief tenure of power. Acrimonious attacks upon men and motives abound. The newspapers give room to angry opponents for virulent personal diatribes against political rivals. The irrepressible life and mental activity of the nation preys upon itself.

A FUNERAL PROCESSION IN ATHENS.—The first funeral procession which we met in Athens showed the peculiarities of the Greek custom at their best. On an open bier resting on the shoulders of six young men, lay the body of a beautiful girl of sixteen, dressed in light blue and white, her face and arms exposed, her head garlanded with flowers, and flowers

filling her hands, and lying in knots and clusters on her breast. So she was borne through the clear, sweet morning sunshine that flooded the streets of her native city, to her grave beyond its limits, under the shadow of Mount Hymettus.

Delegeorges, ex-Prime Minister, in the quickly succeeding changes of Greek party government several times at the head of the cabinet, and as often the leader of the opposition, died during our stay at Athens. He was a man whose staunch integrity and democratic love of simplicity had endeared him to the people. He was buried on the day after his death—the rule at Athens.

Dense crowds of men and boys thronged the streets near his house, from which the procession was to start. There were no services at his home, but acquaintances passed in to view the remains, and to offer sympathy to the family, who, as a rule, do not accompany the procession to the church or the grave. Every man who entered the house put on a white lace scarf over the right shoulder and under the left arm—the badge of mourning. Many bearded priests of the Greek Church mingled with the crowd. Their luxuriant hair is never cut, but is twisted into a roll, and knotted on the back of the head like a woman's. They wear a tall, cylindrical hat, crownless below, but with a round flat brim which projects laterally an inch or two. The dignitaries of the Church were resplendent in gold-embroidered robes of white, purple, and scarlet.

The coffin was of blue satin. The body, dressed in plain black as in life—the low shoes tied with white ribbon—was brought out and placed on the open bier. As is the custom at Athens, the upper half of the coffin, for its entire length, had been removed with the lid, and was carried in advance of the bier. On it was worked in white a cross and a crown. A glass cover was placed over the body. Flowers in profusion lay about the form of the dead statesman.

Two red banners—one with a formal sacred painting, in the Byzantine style of the Annunciation, and of Mary and the Child; the other representing, in archaic figures, the Crucifixion and the Resurrection—were borne before the coffin. Then followed the clergy and prominent citizens, while the brass band played a slow-moving dirge. Leaving the crowded streets, I went by a shorter way to the cathedral, where the mention of my nationality passed me through the closed doors, and secured me an excellent place—seats there were none, save for bishops and king.

First enter the sacred banners, and the men with the lid of the coffin; then priests with lanterns, censers, tapers, and banners; then the coffin is carried in, and placed on a black catafalque in the choir. The king, with a few attendants, has taken his place just to the left of the Patriarch's throne, which is on the south of the choir. King George is rather tall, erect, well-formed, fair-haired, with a blonde mustache, and pleasantly regular features. He wears the dark blue uniform of a major, and a light blue short cloak with crimson lining, while a wide, light blue scarf crosses his breast from the right shoulder.

Young men press forward to the coffin with garlands of flowers. They are delegates from the university and the schools. The Patriarch takes his seat, two bishops on either hand, venerable, white-bearded men. The loud, shrill chant of the priests, men's voices singing in unison, begins the service. Two singers who are not priests intone most of the service, the priests and bishops over against them answering antiphonally. The music has that weird shak- ing of the voice within a range of four or five notes which recalls Arabian music. Indeed, the Greeks of to-day, in their church chants, and in their street ballads, have no music which does not seem to have been borrowed from Asia. Nothing you see or hear at Athens is more unlike Europe and America than the singing.

The service finished, the king goes out first, after him the priests and the coffin. The procession resumes its slow march through the principal streets. Two hours later, as I stood on the Acropolis, I could see the crowd still standing about the open grave among the cy- presses beyond the Ilissus, listening to panegyrics delivered in succession by four ex-prime ministers, the rivals and friends of the dead statesman. For several days the newspapers of Athens were filled with eulogies of Delegeorges. Many of them were very eloquent. I had the curiosity to count in one of these articles the words which I could not readily trace to a word used in classic Greek. There were but eleven such words in an article of two columns, so truly is the Greek of to-day Greek, and not Slavonic.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger. Intercommunion—No. 2.

BY J. G. BLEAKNEY.

"Our denomination needs more of these careful and vigorous discussions of special doctrine. Baptists never grow staunch save by discussion, and never advance save by aggression."

Should we not be more concerned about church vitality and scriptural fellowship than about "denominational vitality and christian fellowship," so called?

Brother Munro's statement concerning the "epistle ascribed to Barnabas," &c., is rather unfortunate. Judging from his effort to sustain "intercommunion" by scripture, and his attempt to sustain his position from an *Underground Church*, &c., he may yet find it convenient to refer to those authorities.

I have not questioned the practice of Baptist churches restricting the Lord's Supper to persons of proper qualifications, but I do question the practice of Baptist churches giving invitations to persons who are not members of the church celebrating the ordinance. And I do so on the grounds that it is without scriptural precept, contravenes the doctrine of church independence, encourages a disrespect for church discipline, violates the obligation of the church to guard the purity of the ordinance, is contrary to the analogy between the Passover and the Supper, and that all this is done in the absence of any necessity in the nature of things.

We must distinguish between a church ordinance and a denominational or social ordinance.

* "There is no Denominational Ordinance of divine appointment—because such a thing as a Denomination, in the sense of an organized body, embracing all the churches of a province or nation, was unknown in the first ages."

The Lord's Supper is a church ordinance—this is indicated every time a church invites persons "of sister churches of the same faith and order" to commune with it—and it is consequently not only a violation of the law of Christ, but inconsistent and injurious.

That "Christ restricted his ordinance to certain persons—persons of a particular qualification"—is true, but that it is "a qualification which all the members of the Baptist denomination claim to have, and therefore have 'the scriptural right' to commune with each other when an opportunity offers," is neither the fact nor logical reasoning.

Read the following from the pen of an acknowledged "Baptist Bible scholar":

"That the Lord's Supper is, properly speaking, a church rite, and should, therefore, be restricted to church members in good standing. It was meant, we believe, to be observed, not by individual Christians at will, nor by irresponsible companies of believers, but by the churches of Christ as such. This view is justified by the language of Paul to the Corinthians, (1 Cor. x. 16, 17; ix. 18-34). Several points are fixed by these words of the apostle, e. g. * * They came together 'in church' to observe the Lord's Supper. When Paul wrote his first Letter to the Corinthians the word 'ekklesia' had already become the appropriate designation of an organized body of Christians; and, in the passage before us, it must be used in this sense,—a sense which it generally has in this epistle. Hence the words 'en ekklesia' signify 'in church form or capacity,' and show that the Corinthian believers celebrated the eucharist as a church."

"In no other instance has an inspired writer spoken at length of the manner of celebrating the Lord's Supper in the apostolic churches. If the New Testament anywhere shows with sufficient clearness the practice of those churches which were planted and trained by the apostles, it is in this Letter. And, in this Letter the ordinance is represented as observed by the church, as such."

As to whether "The rule was that each family should observe the passover separately" or not, we submit the following from the pen of one of the best read "Baptist Bible scholars" on this continent: "You are entirely correct in saying that each family, as such, partook of the Paschal feast alone, and if the family was too small the lamb was divided with another family, which partook of it alone as a family. This feature, we