

—a good name for one dependent upon Assyria for his living and career.

There are also several letters from Tâb-šâr-Aššûr, possibly the 'seer' to whom Sargon sent the document. Some of these letters are evidently those of an architect, and may therefore have come from a different person. In one of them, however, the writer quotes a letter from Aššûr-rêšûa, who sends news to the effect that the messenger of the Ukkians had gone to Ararat. Sennacherib, when crown prince, also acted in this region, and received the reports of the military posts established there, which reports he sent, in a condensed form, to his father. In one of these he gives the following news:—

'(So and so), deputy of the palace-steward, came into my presence, (saying) thus: "Urzanna has written as follows: 'The Araratian (king), when he went to Gomer, his troops were killed: the governor of Uasi was killed.'"'¹

¹The longest letter from Sennacherib states how 'the Mušasirian' went for alliance to the king of Ararat, and the Hupuskians also (*New York Independent* for August 22nd, 1889, p. (1087) 15).

It is difficult, however, at the present time, to co-ordinate all the information contained in these inscriptions, but what is here stated will suffice to show the precision of statement and fulness of detail which will be attained when a thorough and scientific study of all the material has been made.

Naturally, further operations than those recorded in this new inscription were needed to pacify the newly-conquered tracts. Of these the annals of Sargon for the next three years give details, unfortunately more or less mutilated and imperfect. We learn, however, that his armies fought in Ellipu, Bît-Dayaukki, and Kar-ali. On this occasion he seems to have captured a number of cities of Ba'it-ili, distant regions on the borders of the eastern Aribi (Arabs); and Ullu-sunu the Mannean, Daltâ (Taltâ) the Ellipean, and Bêl-ablaidina of Allabria brought tribute. Ursâ was still hostile, and ready to join in any alliance against Assyria, the result being that Tabal (Tubal) was overrun, and Ambaris of Bît-Buritiš, with his family, sent prisoner to Assyria.

In the Study.

Recent Biography.

Joseph Bell.

A CHARMING short biography of *Joseph Bell, M.D., F.R.C.S., J.P., D.L.*, has been written by Mrs. Jessie M. E. Saxby (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier; 3s. 6d. net). It is a demy octavo volume, of attractive appearance, and it is illustrated with ten portraits. Perhaps 'biography' is not the word for it; 'appreciation' Mrs. Saxby calls it. In any case, it is one of the best tributes friend ever offered to beloved friend.

The occasion of its writing was to combat, and if possible kill, the erroneous conception of Dr. Joseph Bell, set afloat by Conan Doyle. It is not denied that 'Joe,' as Mrs. Saxby loves to call him, had the gift of observation in a remarkable degree. But the other attributes of the notorious Sherlock Holmes he had not. Well, if we have ever enjoyed Sherlock Holmes and thanked the author, let us thank him now for being the occasion of this book, the best he has ever had anything to do with.

Let us tell one story out of it. The story has often been told: here is the authentic version.

'A little child, suffering from that terrible scourge [diphtheria], was brought to the Royal Infirmary, and operated upon by Professor Syme; but the "poisonous stuff" had accumulated so much, and the air passages were so clogged, that there seemed no method of relieving the patient except by suction. Instruments for that purpose had not then been invented, and Joe Bell did the service required—sucked the poison from the child's throat, risking his life for that of a poor man's child.

'He took diphtheria very badly. It was scarcely possible to escape, and for a long time the young surgeon suffered from the deadly effects of that action. Indeed, he told me that his voice never wholly recovered.'

George Fox.

When George Fox visited Scotland he was fiercely opposed by 'the clergy of the Scottish Kirk.'

Now one of the clergy of that Kirk, the Rev. D. Butler, D.D., delivers lectures on *George Fox in Scotland*, in the Tron Kirk of Edinburgh, lectures that breathe understanding of Fox's aims and burn with sympathy for his spirit; and he makes his lectures into a handsome volume for the enjoyment of all the rest of the clergy of the Scottish Kirk (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier; 2s. 6d. net). The book will have far-reaching results. It will send the clergy to Fox's Journal. And the sympathetic discovery of Fox's Journal is an epoch in a man's life, sometimes nothing less than life from the dead.

Robert Murray McCheyne.

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier have published a cheap edition of Dr. Andrew Bonar's *Memoir of the Rev. Robert Murray McCheyne* (1s. net). This is in connexion with the centenary of McCheyne's birth, which took place on the 21st of May.

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier have also published a complete centenary edition of the *Memoir and Remains of the Rev. Robert Murray McCheyne*, by Dr. Andrew A. Bonar (3s. 6d. net). This edition at this price should send the book out on a new career of conquest of hearts and of benediction. Few things speak more hopefully for our time than the interest reawakened in McCheyne. Let us add to it by circulating the *Memoir and Remains*. The Principal of the New College in Edinburgh has written a commendatory note, in which he says, 'I am constantly hearing of the great good that book has been the means of doing, especially to ministers, and not seldom to ministers far removed from the the communion to which McCheyne and Bonar belonged.'

Mrs. Gaskell.

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons have issued a new edition of *Mrs. Gaskell: Haunts, Homes, and Stories*, by Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick (5s. net). It is the only biography of Mrs. Gaskell ever written, and its success when published in 1910 showed how the interest in the author of *Cranford* continues. It is not, however, exactly a biography. It is a most industriously compiled volume of facts concerning Mrs. Gaskell and her books. And as one of her books is the *Life of Charlotte Brontë*,

it includes a good many facts and reflections on the Brontë family also.

For the new edition Mrs. Chadwick has revisited many of the 'haunts and homes,' and heard some new 'stories.' Above all, she has been able to verify doubtful dates, and so make the book, what above all else it is, a valuable bibliographical guide to the works of Mrs. Gaskell.

Henry Varley.

Under the title of *Henry Varley's Life Story* (Holness; 3s. 6d. net), a biography has been written of Henry Varley the evangelist. It has been written by his son, Mr. Henry Varley, B.A. It has been written well. Mr. Varley has kept before him the first necessity of a biography, that it be readable. It is almost inconceivable that any one should begin this book and never finish it. He has succeeded also in showing that the biography was worth writing. Henry Varley is unmistakably seen in his greatness, endowed with exceptional fervour, insight, and courage, and placing every natural gift at the service of the Master, whose 'servant' he was so proud to be. He would have used the word 'slave' had he lived and worked with St. Paul. He rejected ordination. An Anglican clergyman came one day and offered to recommend him to the Bishop of London for ordination: 'I am greatly obliged to you for your kind words,' he said, 'but as the servant of the Lord Jesus Christ I would not change places with the Archbishop of Canterbury.' He was also an author. He founded *The Christian Commonwealth*. Its lines were evangelical of the evangelicals, and it is with queer feelings that his son says of the paper that 'though still retaining its name, it is to-day the recognized organ of the "New Theology."'

Taylor Innes.

The *Chapters of Reminiscence* of the late A. Taylor Innes, LL.D. (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net), are autobiographical. The first three are deliberately so; the rest are not less so, although not deliberately, and although the name of Gladstone or Rainy appears at the top of them. And Dr. Taylor Innes was one of those men who can talk well about themselves, well and entertainingly—a most rare accomplishment. There are other

men introduced, but you see them as they stand to him; there are political and ecclesiastical events recalled, but of every one of them he is ready to say 'quorum magna pars fui,' and there their interest lies.

'I knew Lord Gifford' (this occurs on page 44), 'who left eighty thousand pounds to institute philosophico-theological lectures in the Scottish Universities, and sometimes walked down to where he resided at Granton House between Edinburgh and the sea. He had been all his life a hard-working counsel in great practice. A few weeks after he was raised to the Bench I met him somewhere at dinner, and as he walked home through the slippery streets leaning on my arm, he became confidential. He first told me of the torture it was to sit "up there," listening to young men slowly unfolding arguments the conclusion of which he had foreseen as soon as they began to speak. (Many new-made judges find it difficult to listen even decently.) Then he went deeper. "I have all my life looked forward passionately to the last few weeks. All those years I have hoped to be set free from law, and to get back to philosophy. And now the leisure has come. I am free: and yet—and yet——" Again and again he tried to explain how he felt helpless and baffled, that when he would untie the simplest speculative knots his fingers seemed thumbs; and that the universe, instead of opening to his eyes a path of endless enquiry, rose before him more like a blank wall. I have seldom known anything more pathetic; the man of over sixty seemed to have forgotten that he could not take himself up exactly as he had been at nineteen. I was overawed a little, but urged that he must give himself time, and that no prospect could be more delightful than the gradual recovery of the freshness of youthful feelings while exercising on those old studies a trained intelligence such as even his youth had not possessed. Whether my augury was fulfilled I scarcely know; Lord Gifford died not very long after, and the testator at least was nobly faithful to the dream of his youth.'

Michael Fairless.

Michael Fairless: Her Life and Writings, is the title of a biography of Margaret Fairless Barber, the author of *The Roadmender* (Duckworth; 2s. 6d. net). It is very short, but no one will wish it had

been longer; for it seems to be as nearly perfect as a biography can ever be, and no one will wish it altered in any way. The *Life* is written by the eldest sister of Michael Fairless, the estimate of the writings—or rather the writing, for Michael Fairless was a woman of one book—by her devoted friend, Mrs. Dowson. Both parts are done to utmost content. And both were worth doing so exquisitely. For Michael Fairless had the gift. Her writing began after she had been suffering and the end was near. But she had the personal charm of word and act, which distinguishes. And she had the necessary quality of courage.

'Summer was going fast when the last scene of her long act of death opened. In the early days of August she grew much worse; after the third she was unable to take any food—only a few drops of water now and then. On the twelfth she told me she must try to keep a promise she had made to Mr. Lathbury, that she would write something more for him if she could. By this time she was almost blind, and speech was very difficult and painful to her. In spite of this she succeeded in dictating to me, after nine days of starvation and months of wasting, the last chapter of *The Roadmender*. It was a deed of heroism.'

Mrs. Story.

Mrs. Story has published her *Later Reminiscences* (Maclehose; 10s. 6d. net). They are quite pre-Christian, which is no doubt what is meant when they are spoken of as 'so delightfully human.' The natural man (and the natural woman) is all here, and undoubtedly in great delightsomeness. Even ecclesiastical disputes are a perplexity to Mrs. Story. What is there to wrangle about? The very end of the book is so characteristic that it must be quoted.

'One day I had a visit from delightful Ellen Terry, who was fulfilling an engagement in Glasgow. Though stouter than of yore, she was graceful and fascinating as ever, with the same winning smile and delicious laugh. We had much talk together, sad and merry, and she signed my visitors' book, where she and "Cosmo Ebor" occupy the same page, as he chanced to come rather before she did, and I have allowed no other name to appear on the same page that contains the names of those two widely divergent, but very attractive, personalities.'

Mrs. Story will not argue with any one, and no one would wish to argue with Mrs. Story. *We just like her.* If it is not unfair, we may use one of her own stories:

'One heard endless charming stories about Principal Caird, who was as kind-hearted and simple-minded as he was learned and clever. One was that he was visiting a friend who had been unwell, and this friend begged him to undertake for him the duty of marrying a couple, which he did not himself feel able to carry out. The Principal duly consenting, went to the church where the couple were to meet him, and then for the first time became acquainted with the fact that the bridegroom was a negro; the bride was a very pretty young girl, and the incongruity of the pair as they stood before him so struck the Principal, that he delayed the service and asked the bride to speak to him in the vestry. There he pointed out to her the extreme gravity of the step which she was taking, and asked her whether she had considered it in all its bearings, some of which he clearly pointed out to her.

'The bride hung her head, and replied, "Yes, sir, all you say has been told me before, and I can't say that I don't know what I am about, but," and here she hesitated, "you see, sir, I like him."

'"O! if you like him," said the Principal, "then I have nothing more to say," and he returned to the church and married them.'

Selim.

A Muslim Sir Galahad, by Henry Otis Dwight (Revell; 3s. 6d. net), is really a biography, though elements have been gathered from more lives than one, and these elements have been treated artistically. It is, as Dr. Dennis calls it, 'the true story of a heart-quest for a better religion than is to be found in the wild fastnesses of the Kurdish mountains'; and it is also, as he further says, pathetic enough. If only our missionaries could find more Selims! If only they also, like their Master, could see of the travail of their soul and be satisfied, as they toil so seeming unavailingly among the self-satisfied Muslims.

The Youth of Goethe.

The practice of describing a part of a man's life by itself is growing. It is not to be encouraged.

The objections are obvious and they are serious. Yet there are cases where the writing of biography in panels, as it were, may be successfully defended. There is the case of Napoleon, where Rosebery's *The Last Phase* is not only defensible owing to the vastness of the subject, but is its own vindication by means of its own charm. And there is the case of Goethe.

Professor P. Hume Brown has taken *The Youth of Goethe* by itself, and he has written a fairly large book about it (Murray; 8s. net). The defence is easy. Goethe's life is divisible into parts, as few lives are—the life before he went to Weimar and the life after. And the difference between these two parts is so great that not only may a biographer separate them, but it is doubtful if one biographer can do justice to them both. Carlyle's classical essay on Goethe is an essay on the Goethe of Weimar. To handle successfully the Goethe of the innumerable love affairs was clearly out of Carlyle's province. It may even be held that the two parts of Goethe's life must be kept separate and as far apart as possible, if justice is to be done to either part and if justice is to be done to Goethe.

Professor Hume Brown is a well-trained historian. It is as a historian that he writes, rather than as a biographer. Though he has taken the youth of Goethe for his subject, he is not so much interested in affairs of the heart as in the development of Goethe's mind and its influence on his time. Those who run to a book for the gossip it gives must run to other books. Dr. Hume Brown tells the oft-recurring tale without prejudice and without passion. Perhaps he is rather more severe on Goethe than his more sentimental admirers will like. He is not more severe than mercy demands. But this severity, such as it is, falls less on the individual than on the inheritance. Goethe was what he was because he inherited what he inherited, and Dr. Hume Brown traces that inheritance carefully and convincingly. We wish he had been a little kinder to Goethe's mother. She was a greater woman, we think, than he makes her to be, and we think she suffered. Her gaiety was largely heroism. In any case Goethe is a striking illustration of the necessity of choosing one's parents well. 'Turn a man whither he will,' he remarks in his autobiography, 'he will always return to the path marked out for him by nature.' And Dr. Hume Brown wisely adds that Goethe's

own development signally illustrates the truth of the remark.

On the whole, Professor Hume Brown gives us a pleasant picture of Goethe the youth—a rare achievement. He does this by avoiding altogether the usual apologetic. If there is no pleasure in portraying the amorous and the selfish—which get so terribly and inextricably mixed up—neither is there any nervousness about Goethe's standing in our estimation. There he is; and he is not so very unpalatable after all.

It does not require to be added that all research work has been done thoroughly. This is the most reliable work on Goethe's early life in the English tongue.

Virginitus Puerisque.

The Right Side.

'The angel stood on the right side of the altar.'—Lk 1¹¹.

The Rev. C. E. Stone has written, and Messrs. Hunter & Longhurst have published, a volume of addresses to children with this title, *The Angel in the Corner* (2s. 6d. net). That is the title of the third address. Presumably Mr. Stone and his publishers think it a good title for a good address. But we shall not quote it. We shall quote another address about an angel—

There are, they say, two sides to everything. That is not quite true. Take a ball—tennis or cricket. Now which is the right side of that ball? But it is true of most things. There is generally a right and a wrong side, and as boys and girls, of course, we want to be on the right side.

But which is it? I saw a lady looking at a piece of cloth as if she did not know what to do with it, so I said, 'What's the matter?' and she answered, 'I can't tell which is the right or wrong side of this cloth, they are so much alike.' And it is just as difficult to tell the right side of many other things.

But it is not always the side of the crowd. 'Father and mother believe it,' you say, 'everybody believes it; why, all the town is on that side; it must be the right one.' But it may not. Years ago everybody said this earth was a certain shape, and that it stood perfectly still. But one or two scientific men said 'No; the world has the shape of an orange, and it rolls round on its own axis.' But the crowd laugh at them and put them in prison. Yet the crowd was wrong and the few men were right.

It is not always the money side. There may be a few fellows at your school who are the sons of rich people, and they have plenty of pocket money, can go anywhere and do everything. And you think, 'I must be friends with those fellows—theirs is the side to be on.' Even little boys and girls are apt to think that rich people are always right and cannot do wrong. But they may be bad fellows, and their side may be the side of all that is idle and base.

You remember the story in the Bible of the king and the poor man. The king was rich; the poor man only had his garden. The king wanted the poor man's garden, but he would not sell it; so the king took it. Whose side would you have taken? 'Not the king's side,' you say; 'I should have been on the poor man's side.' Why? 'Because he was right; the rich king was wrong.'

It is not always the winning side. A side may win, succeed in everything they do. Yet it may not be the right side. Do you know the story of St. Bartholomew's Day? How the Catholics invited the Huguenots to Paris and promised them safety, and then one night, at the stroke of a church bell, the soldiers and the Catholic citizens went out against the poor Huguenots, broke into their houses, slew them in the streets, till there was not one left in the city. The Catholics were the fashionable, the Court, the royal, the wealthy, and winning side. But were they the right side, and did they do right? The winning side may sometimes be the base and cruel side.

How, then, are we to know the right side? My text tells you. Look at the great altar in the Temple; which is the right side of it? And you answer, 'The side on which the angel stands!' And that is always the right side—the side on which you find the pure, the good, the true, the right, the servants of God.

It won't be always easy to take that side. There will be many difficulties to face; but it is worth the doing. It is the way to be a good man and a good woman. And you will not be without reward. Do you remember the story about the apostles and the great haul of fish? They had been fishing all night and caught nothing. In the morning they met Jesus, and He said, 'Let down your nets on the *right side* of the ship,' and then they caught so many fish that their nets were nearly broken. There is always a reward for those who are on the right side.

July.

BY THE REV. ROBERT HARVIE, M.A., EARLSTON.

'Christ also suffered for us.'—I P 2^d.

You boys and girls will often have been told that there are 365 days in a year. It is not *quite* true, though it is very nearly so. There are really 365 $\frac{1}{4}$ days in a year, but that is an awkward number, and so, to allow us to do without the fraction, we wait till the odd hours amount to a whole day, and then we add it to every fourth year. That is what we call a leap year, and there you see why it is 366 days, while the others have only 365.

It was a famous Roman General and Statesman who settled on this as a suitable way of reckoning. He was called Julius Cæsar, and the month of July is named in honour of him.

As each month of this year has come round we have been trying to listen and hear what message it had to bring us. Sometimes it has come from the *name* of the month, sometimes from a *story* connected with it. Last time it was from the *flower* of the month we received the message, and this month we may listen and hear it from the noble deeds of men.

Some time ago I read a very stirring account of the siege of the Dutch town of Haarlem. It was defended for months by the inhabitants, against the attacks of the Spaniards, with splendid heroism, but at last the citizens were forced to surrender. There was one young Hollander called Peter, who had shown wonderful bravery in the fights, and the Spaniards were anxious to take him and put him to death. He had a cousin Nicholas who was very like him, and by mistake the Spaniards arrested *him*. The prisoner was allowing himself, without a word of protest, to be led to certain death (though he knew that they took him for some one else), when Peter pushed his way eagerly through the crowd, and cried, 'If you want Peter the Ensign, I am the man; let this innocent person depart.' Before the sun had gone down Peter was cruelly put to death.

That happened in the month of July 1572, and as the time comes round each year, it would help us all to be both generous and brave, if we could be filled with the spirit of these two noble men, each of whom was willing to die for the sake of the other.

On the 19th of July the French people honour the memory of one of their great countrymen.

His name was Vincent de Paul, but he is better known as Saint Vincent. Once when he was a young man he was taking a voyage in the Mediterranean Sea, and he was captured by Turkish pirates. He was a slave for two years, until he persuaded the master whom he served last to escape with him to France. During these years he must have suffered a great deal. He never forgot that, and so he always thought kindly of all who suffer. It is even said that for some time he wore the chains of an unfortunate convict. He was always concerned for the poor and the helpless. He set up many Hospitals and Homes in France for the sick and the aged, and for little children. He is known as 'the Founder of Hospitals.' Don't you think that the French people do well to honour such a high-minded man?

Now, the month of July, when the earth is full of sunshine, and the fields and the trees rich in the promise of harvest, tells of the kind and generous spirit of these two noble men, and that is just the message of the text we have chosen. 'Christ also suffered for us.' He not only lived to show us how to live, but He also died for us to bring us back to God.

You have heard of a man dying for his native land when he was fighting its battles. Well, Jesus came as the Saviour of the whole world, and He died because He was fighting for us all, in the battle against sin.

A few weeks ago I saw a picture in a church in Paris which just exactly expressed this thought. It showed Jesus hanging on the Cross, dying for the sins of the whole world, and beside Him was a soldier who had fallen in battle fighting for his native land. The picture has the title 'For Humanity—For the Fatherland,' and that tells why Jesus is greater than all heroes and patriots. He died for the sins of the whole world, not just for one country.

That is one message that this month brings. I wonder what impression it will make upon us?

Every country honours the brave and good men who have fought and died to gain its liberty. We ought all therefore to love and to honour Jesus because He suffered and died for us. We ought to give to Jesus our hearts' warmest love, and we should try to persuade others to do the same. If we love Him and try to be good and generous to others as He was, we shall be making them feel the real sunshine and gladness of this summer season.

Cura Curarum.

BY THE REV. A. F. TAYLOR, M.A., ST. CYRUS.

'THE end of the charge is love out of a pure heart and a good conscience and faith unfeigned.'—1 Ti 1⁵ (R.V.).

'When a man hates his work, or goes about it with indifference, all the forces of earth cannot make him follow it with enthusiasm. But he who loves his office moves of himself; not only is it needless to compel him, but it would be impossible to turn him aside.'—WAGNER, *The Simple Life*.

'Love manifests itself under a thousand forms. Sometimes it is indomitable energy; sometimes winning tenderness; sometimes the militant spirit that grasps and uproots the evil; sometimes maternal solicitude gathering to its arms from the wayside where it was perishing some bruised and forgotten life; sometimes the humble patience of long research. All that it touches bears its seal, and the men that it inspires know that through it we live and have our being. To serve it is their pleasure and reward. They are satisfied to be its instruments; and they no longer look to the outward glory of their office, well knowing that nothing is great, nothing small, but that our life and our deeds are only of worth because of the spirit that breathes through them.'—*Idem*.

'He who loves not his work puts into it neither interest nor dignity—is, in short, a bad workman . . . mercenary labour bears no fruit.'—*Idem*.

'Is not the failure, the uncertainty, the poverty of Love in us the real source of almost all our just dissatisfaction with ourselves and our work? We meet the appointed duties of each day and more or less conscientiously we do what has to be done; we spend our time and strength; we use the various gifts that God has given us; we may rise early and so late take rest and eat the bread of carefulness; we may work strenuously and eagerly and painfully, and many no doubt are helped and strengthened by our work, and there may be the outward signs of success. But still, I think, for all that, and even, it may be, all the more deeply and sorrowfully because of it, we shall often feel

that in spite of our pains, there has been something lacking, and that something which would just have made the critical difference; something the lack of which has just hindered the work from reaching its mark, from effecting the deliverance it should have wrought, from quickening or releasing the energies which we want to see flow forth; that though we may have worked our hardest, still we have not really done our best; that neither in regard to ourselves nor in regard to others are we much the happier for what we have done. There is a certain sense about our work—yes, and even, I think, about our inner life at times—which has in it something analogous to the feeling with which an artist looks at a picture of which he is conscious that while it breaks no definite rule, while he sees nothing much more that he can do with it, still the distinctive soul, the life, the glow that really tells on men has never passed into it, that it is complete—and dead. . . .

'And may not the poverty and coldness of love in us be linked in some way with lack of severity in our lives? . . . We know ourselves to be far from the likeness of His most gracious tenderness, and perhaps it is in part because we are refusing or forgetting to follow the example of His severity. Somewhere surely in our lives that note of severity should be telling really and deeply. We may have to live in circumstances of comfort, or even of something that approaches luxury, but we must not let that make us luxurious in ourselves. We, I think, more than most men, need to be, in some way or another, dealing firmly and even sternly with ourselves, lest comfort grow to softness, and softness undermine our strength or courage; lest at any critical moment we should be unready and fail the souls that look to us for strength. And there may perhaps be a certain need for more severity towards others too; just that pure and calm severity which comes of realising how grave are the issues of life—the severity which will never escape from the trouble or anxiety or loneliness by glossing over things. Sometimes I venture to think that the young are even disappointed though they may not betray it, by the failure of severity in their elders; they were looking for some reinforcement of some inkling of severity in themselves, and they wonder when they find no sign of it.'—FRANCIS PAGET'S *Hallowing of Work*.