

**THE WEEKLY SERMON**

**"A Wonderful Vision" by the Rev. W. J. Watson**

"Jesus answered them: Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground, and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."—John xii., 24.

Certain Greeks, we read in this passage, came to the disciples and said, "Sirs, we would see Jesus." It was a memorable incident; it is the first open declaration of the Western mind to the fact that Christ had a mission and a message for them. The East had been present at the birth of Christ in the kings and the Magi who brought gifts to the manger shrine; the West was to be present in the intellectual leadership of mankind. In all probability they were Greeks by birth and blood, but had moved out of the dark shadow of Grecian mythology and had become proselytes to the Jewish faith. Yet they retained something of the Grecian temper of intense intellectual curiosity, and so now finding themselves in Jerusalem where the name of Jesus is on every lip, they come to the disciples and say, "Sirs, we would see Jesus."

**WHAT THE QUESTION MEANS**

What did they expect to see? They expected, perhaps, to see the poet of the Galilee lake, the utterer of idyllic truths about man and about life, and about nature, the fashioner of a poetry sweeter and more beautiful than the poetry even of their own greatest poets—for Christ was that; never man spoke about nature and about life as Jesus Christ spoke. Perhaps they expected to see the philosopher of the mountain-side, the perfect and more potent than any philosophy uttered in the schools of Athens—for Christ was that also; He was a teacher in whom dwelt the gift of wisdom. Perhaps they expected to see the triumphant reformer at whose world old abuses perished and the doors of time rolled back upon a golden age, disclosing a new and happy future—for Christ was that also, the great Master of the social destinies of mankind.

Do we grasp all that the question means? Is the question for you merely a question springing from intellectual curiosity? You are, "interested in religion," as you say, "up to a point." You feel the problem of Christ, and you would like to solve it; nay, more, you feel something of the moral claim of Christ, and you would like to admit it. Let all you have grasped this fact that to see Jesus is to see a vision so tremendous that it is impossible that life should ever be the same again to you after you have seen it? Christ tells you what it means. He tells you first that he is only a man, a man in sacrifice. He is not seen till you seek Him on the cross. Do not think the words strange. It has happened to many of you never to know those nearest to you, never to know the sweetness of their heart and the sacredness of their love until God stroked them on a great cross of pain. And you say, "I have seen Jesus." Tell you see Him on the cross. More admiration for Christ, it counts for nothing; but when you see the Christ upon the cross, the pathos of it, the heart-break of it, then you begin to see Him as He is.

**THE PRICE OF REVELATION**

"Not only so, but you only see the Christ through sacrifice in yourself. Listen to the words of St. Paul in another letter: 'But when it pleased God to reveal His Son in us that I might preach Him among the Gentiles, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood.' That was the price of the revelation.

It came to Loyola, and instantly the courier and the brilliant men of fashion died, self-crucified, and Loyola had to go out and live the life of a mendicant because Christ had been revealed to Him. It came, we are told to another great Spanish saint in another way, and the story is worth telling for its pathos. The man had come home from a brilliant court festival with an empty heart, and as he entered the room in the darkness or the half-gloom, a ray of moonlight struck the figure of the crucifix, and he looked and said, "Thou art the greatest lover of them all."

And the story is the same to all time. Jesus is seen only through sacrifice in ourselves. And, if it be true, that you have imperfect vision, a dim and clouded vision of Christ, so that He is little more than a name, is it not because you have never really sacrificed anything for Him? Begin to make a sacrifice for Christ, and He will begin to be revealed to you.

**A PRAYER.**

Gracious Father, we pause at the end of the week's work and duties to speak with Thee. Sweet it is to sit at Thy feet and learn the heavenly wisdom. Give us new inspiration for the battle of life. If we feel weary, strengthen us: is care and anxiety press, relieve the burden. Make us know what it is to refresh ourselves in the living streams that make the heart truly glad. Make us kinder, nobler, more generous in thought and deed. Let no selfish aim mar our character and influence but may we scatter seeds of kindness wherever we go.

**WITH THE PRINCE IN INDIA**

Marvellous Scenes of Beauty

Out of the twenty-five cities and towns of India chosen for the Prince and Princess of Wales to visit six have already been honored with the royal presence. Since their first set foot on Indian soil practically every moment of their time has been busily occupied. At Bombay the Prince laid the foundation stone of the Alexandra Dock, which, when completed, will be one of the most important public works in the city. The dock is part of a scheme of improvements to cost \$5,000,000. At Udaipur his Royal Highness went big game hunting and bagged one antelope, three hynenas, and four wild boars. The Maharajah of Jaipur had prepared for his royal visitors a brilliant welcome, and the reception at the place showed that

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the Prince has not exhausted the splendours of the East. By a series of courts his Royal Highness reached the high of audience, behind the pillars which he sat enthroned among sardirs radiant with jewels. The courtyard was thronged with many-headed magnificence.

Afterwards their Royal Highnesses visited the Albert Hall Museum, which is the South Kensington of this part of India, for Jaipur is a famous centre of learning, noted for its colleges and observatory.

It was at Jaipur that the Prince shot his first tiger. His Royal Highness got a galloping shot under the near shoulder, and finished the quarry with a second shot. The tiger was a splendid beast, just under 9 ft. in length.

There was a respite from ceremonies at Bikanir, the Prince indulging in small game shooting with the Maharajah of Bikanir. The Prince of Wales accounted for 207 sand grouse.

**THE LUST OF HATE**

(Continued from Page 4.)

thoughtfulness of the officers and passengers. The latter, though anxious to hear our story from my own lips, refrained from bothering me with questions; and thinking quiet would conduce to my recovery, allowed me to have the use of the end of the deck unmolested. As soon as I could do so, I enquired once more after Miss Maybourne, and was relieved to hear that she was making most satisfactory progress towards recovery. After dinner the Captain came up and, seating himself in a chair beside me, asked a few questions concerning the foundering of the Fiji Princess, which information, I presumed, he required for his log.

"You have pleased Mr. Maybourne very deeply in your debt," he said, after a little further conversation; "and I don't doubt but there will be many who will envy your good fortune in having conferred so signal a service upon his daughter. By the way, you have not told us your own name."

My heart gave a great jump, and for the moment I seemed to feel myself blushing to the roots of my hair. After the great kindness I had already received from everyone on board the vessel, it seemed worse than ungrateful to deceive them. But I dared not tell the truth. For all I knew to the contrary, my name might have been proclaimed everywhere in England before they left.

"My name is Wrexford," I said, feeling about as guilty as a man could well do.

"Any relation to the Wrexfords of Shrewsbury?" asked the Captain with mild curiosity.

"Not that I'm aware of," I answered. "I have been living out of England for many years, and have no knowledge of my relations."

"It's not a common name," continued the skipper; "that is why I ask. Sir George Wrexford is one of our directors, and a splendid fellow. I thought it was just possible that you might be some connection of his. Now, if you will excuse me, I'll be off. Take my advice and turn in early. I'm sorry to say we're carrying our full complement of passengers, so that I cannot give you a proper berth; but I've ordered a bed to be made up for you in my chart-room, where you have been all day to-day. If you can manage to make yourself comfortable there it is quite at your service."

"It is very kind of you to put yourself to so much inconvenience," I answered. "I fear by the time we reach Cape Town I shall have caused you a considerable amount of trouble."

"Not at all! Not at all!" the hospitable skipper replied, as he rose to go. "I'm only too glad to have picked you up. It's our duty to do what we can for each other, for we none of us know when we may be placed in a similar plight ourselves."

After he left me, I was not long in following the good advice he had given me, and when I had once reached my couch, fell into a dreamless sleep, from which I did not wake until after eight o'clock next morning. Indeed, I don't know that I should have waked even then, had I not been disturbed by the noise made by someone entering the cabin. It proved to be the doctor.

"How are you feeling this morning?" he asked, when he had felt my pulse.

"Ever so much better," I replied. "In fact, I think I'm quite myself again. How is Miss Maybourne?"

"Still progressing satisfactorily," he answered. "She bids me give you her kind regards. She has been most constant in her enquiries after your welfare."

"Don't know whether my face revealed my secret, or whether it was only supposition on his part, but he looked at me pretty hard for a moment, and then laughed outright."

"You may not know it," he said, "but when all's said and done, you're a jolly lucky fellow."

I sighed, and hesitated a moment before I replied.

"I'm afraid you're mistaken," I said. "Luck and I have never been companions. I doubt if there is a man more devoid of good fortune than mine." As a boy, I was unlucky in everything I undertook. If I played cricket, I was always either bowled for a duck's egg, or run out just as

I was beginning to score. If there was an accident in the football field, when I was playing, I was invariably the survivor. I left England under a cloud because I could not explain something that I knew to be a mistake on the part of the authorities. I quarrelled with my family on the same misunderstanding. I was once on the verge of becoming a millionaire, but illness prevented my taking advantage of my opportunity; and while I was thus delayed another man stepped in and forestalled me. I had a legacy, but it brought me nothing but ill-luck, and has finally driven me out of England."

"And since then the state of ill-fortune has turned," he said. "A beautiful and wealthy girl falls overboard—you dive in, and rescue her. I have heard about that, you see. The ship you are traveling by goes to the bottom—you save your own and the same girl's life. Then, as if that is not enough, you try your luck a third time; and, just as a terrible fate seems to be going to settle you for good and all, we have in sight an rescue you. Now you and Miss Maybourne's gratitude, which would strike most men as a more than desirable possession, and at the same time you will have her father's."

"And, by the peculiar irony of fate, both come to me when I am quite powerless to take advantage of them."

"Come, come, you mustn't let yourself down like this. You know very well what the end of it all will be, if you spend your life believing yourself to be a marked man."

"You mean that I shall lose my reason? No, no! you needn't be afraid of that. I come of a hard-headed race that has not been in the habit of stocking asylums."

"I am glad of that. Now what do you say to getting up? I'll have your breakfast sent to you in here, and after you've eaten it, I'll introduce you to some of the passengers. On the whole, they are a nice lot, and very much interested in my two patients."

I thanked him, and, to show how very much better I felt, sprang out of bed and began to dress. True to his promise, my breakfast was brought to me by a steward, and I partook of it on the chart-room table. Just as I finished the doctor reappeared, and, after a little conversation, we left the cabin and proceeded out on to the deck together. Here, to my surprise, the majority of the passengers promenade, or seated in their chairs. Among them I noticed two clergymen, two or three elderly gentlemen of the colonial merchant type, a couple of dapper young fellows whom I recognized as members of the military profession, the usual number of elderly ladies, half a dozen younger ones, of more or less fascinating appearances, and the same number of children. As soon as they saw me several of the latter rose and came to meet us. The doctor performed the necessary introductions, and in a few minutes I found myself seated in a comfortable deck-chair receiving innumerable congratulations on my recovery. Strange to say, I discovered that three of my secret admirers, as I might have termed them, though I did not recognize them when the boat came alongside. For the greater part of the morning I remained chatting in my cabin; and by mid-day felt so much stronger that, on the doctor's suggestion, ventured to accompany him down to the saloon for lunch. The King of Carthage was a finer vessel in every way than the ill-fated Fiji Princess. Her deck was situated amidships, and could comfortably accommodate the other two vessels. The appointments generally were on a scale of great magnificence; and, from what I saw at lunch, the living was on a scale to correspond. I sat at a small table presided over by the doctor and situated near the foot of the companion ladder. In the pauses of the meal I looked round at the fine paintings let into the panels between the ports, at the thick carpet upon the floor, the glass doors leading to the cabins at either end. In which direction did Miss Maybourne's cabin lie, I wondered. The doctor must have guessed what was passing in my mind, for he nodded his head towards the after-part of the starboard side of the vessel, from that time forward I found my eyes continually reverting to it.

Luncheon over, I returned to the promenade-deck, and after a smoke—the first in which I had indulged since we left the island—acted on the doctor's advice, and went to my cabin to lie down for an hour or so.

When I returned to the deck, afternoon tea was going forward, and a chair having been found for me, I was invited to take a cup. While in appearance, he waited until I had finished, and then said he would like to show me something if I would accompany him along the deck to his private cabin. When we reached it, he opened the door and invited me to enter. I did so, and as I crossed the threshold, gave a little start of surprise, for Miss Maybourne was there, lying upon the locker.

"Why, Miss Maybourne!" I cried, in complete astonishment, "this is a pleasant surprise. I have no idea we were about again. I hope you are feeling stronger."

"Much stronger," she answered. "I expect I shall soon be quite myself again, now that I have once made a start. Mr. Wrexford, I asked Captain Blockman to let me see you in here for the first time, in order that I might have an opportunity of expressing my gratitude to you before we face the passengers. You cannot imagine how grateful I am to you for all you have done for me since I was washed down. How can I ever repay you for it?"

"By becoming yourself again as quickly as possible," I answered; "I ask no better payment."

I thought she looked at me in rather a strange way as I said this; but it was not until some time later that I knew the reason of it. At the time I would have given words to have spoken the thoughts that were in my mind; but that being impossible, I had to hold my tongue, though my heart should break under the strain. We were both silent for a little while, and then Miss Maybourne took my hand, and I could see that she was stealing herself to ask some question, and was not quite certain what answer she would receive to it.

"Mr. Wrexford," she began, and there was a little falter in her voice as she spoke, "you told me on board the Fiji Princess that you were going to South Africa to try and obtain employment. You must forgive my saying anything about it. But I also gathered from what you told me that you would arrive there without the influence of any sort. Now, I want you to promise me that you will let papa help you. I'm sure he will be only too grateful for the chance. It would be a kindness to him, for he will never have seen me again."

"I did not do it for the sake of reward, Miss Maybourne," I answered, with an outburst of foolish pride that was not very becoming to me. "Who knows that better than I? she replied, her face flushing at the thought that she had offended me. "But you must not be angry with me. It would be kind of you to let me show my gratitude in some way. Papa would be so glad to get you out of country, or to introduce you personally to people of influence, and then there is nothing you might not be able to do. You will let him help you, won't you?"

If she could only have known what she was asking of me! To be introduced to the prominent people of the colony was the very last thing in the world I wanted. My desire was to not only attract as little attention as might be, but also to get up country as quickly as possible.

However, I was not going to make Miss Maybourne unhappy on the first day of her convalescence, so I promised to consider the matter, and let her know my decision before we reached Cape Town. By this compromise I hoped to have had some way out of the difficulty before then.

From that day forward the voyage was as pleasant as it could be possible for one to be. Delicate as was my condition on board, I was allowed for one moment to feel that we were not upon the same footing as those who had paid heavily for their accommodation. The officers and passengers vied with each other in showing us kindnesses, and, as may be imagined, we were not slow to express our gratitude.

Day after day slipped quickly by, and each one brought us nearer and nearer to our destination. As the distance lessened my old fears returned upon me. After all the attention I had received from my fellow-travelers, after Miss Maybourne's gracious behavior towards me, it will be readily imagined how much I dreaded the chance of exposure. How much better, I asked myself, would it not be to drop the whole of my secret, was still undiscovered, than to stay on board and be proclaimed a murderer before them all!

On the evening prior to our reaching Cape Town I was leaning on the rails of the promenade deck, just below the bridge, when Miss Maybourne left a lady with whom she had been conversing, and came and stood beside me. The evening was cool, and for this reason she had thrown a lace mantilla, lent her by one of the passengers, over her head, and had drawn it round her shapely neck. It gave her an infinitely charming appearance; indeed, in my eyes, she appeared the most beautiful of all God's creatures—a being to be loved and longed for beyond all her sex.

"And so to-morrow, after all our adventures, we shall be in Cape Town," she said. "Have you thought of the promise you gave me a fortnight ago?"

"What promise was that?" I asked, though I knew full well to what she alluded.

"To let papa find you some employment. I do hope you will allow him to do so."

I looked at her as she stood beside me, one little hand resting on the rail and her beautiful eyes gazing across the starlit sea, and thought how hard it was to resist her. But at any cost I could not remain in Cape Town. Every hour I spent there would bring me into greater danger. I did not dislike my secret, but I promised myself that if I had come to the conclusion that it would not be wise for me to accept it, I would have told you repeatedly, Miss Maybourne, that I am not like other men. God knows how heartily I regret my failure to do so, and how ever sincerely, will not take away the stain. I want to get away from civilization as far and as quickly as possible. For this reason immediately we arrive I shall start for the Transvaal, and once there shall endeavor to carry out the new and new life for myself. This time, Providence helping me, it shall be a life of honor."

"God grant you may succeed!" she said, but so softly that I could scarcely hear it.

"May I tell myself that I have your good wishes, Miss Maybourne?" I asked, with, I believe, a little tremor in my voice.

"Every good wish I have is yours," she replied. "I should be worse than ungrateful, after all you have done for me, if I did not take an interest in your future."

"Then I did a thing for which it was long before I could forgive myself. Heaven alone knows what induced me to do it; but if my life had depended on it, I would have done it. I took her hand in mine and drew her a little closer to me.

"Agnes," I said, very softly, as she turned her beautiful face towards me, "to-morrow we shall be separated, perhaps never to meet again. After this night it is possible, not probable, that we shall not have another opportunity of being alone together. You don't know what your companionship has been to me. Before I met you, I was desperate. My life was not worth living; but you have changed it all. You have made me a better man. You have taught me to love you, and in that love I have found my belief in all that is good—even, I believe, a faith in God. Oh, Agnes, Agnes! I am not worthy to touch the ground you have walked on, and for nearly five minutes, I was the first to speak. Remember me only as a man, the next mischance in the whole world, who would count it heaven to be allowed to lay down his life for you or those you love. Oh, Agnes! it is possible that you can forgive me!"

"I have nothing to forgive," she said, looking up into my eyes with those proud, fearless eyes that seemed

to hold all the truth in the world; "I am proud beyond measure to think you love me."

"When I heard these precious words, I could have fallen at her feet and kissed the hem of her dress; but I dared not speak, lest I should forget myself in my joy, and say something for which I should never be able to atone. Agnes, however, was braver than I."

"Mr. Wrexford," she said, "you have told me that you love me, and now you are reproaching yourself for having done so. Is it because, as you say, you are poor? Do you think so badly of me as to imagine that that could make any difference to me?"

"I could not think so badly of you if I tried," I answered. "You have said that you love me?"

"And I mean it. I love you as I believe man never loved woman before—certainly as I shall never love again."

"Will it make you happier if I say that I love you?"

Her voice was soft as the breath of the evening rustling some tiny leaf, but it made my heart leap with a delight I had never known before, and then sink deeper and deeper down with a greater shudder.

"God forbid!" I cried, almost fiercely. "You must not love me. You shall not do so. I am not worthy even to you should think of me."

"You are worthy of a great deal more," she answered. "Oh, why will you so continually reproach yourself?"

"Because, Agnes, my conscience will not let me be silent," I cried. "Because, Agnes, you do not know the shame of my life."

"I will not let you say 'shame,'" she replied. "Have I not known you better than you know yourself?"

"How little she knew of me! How little she guessed what I was! We were both silent again, and for nearly five minutes, I was the first to speak. And it took all the pluck of which I was master to say what was in my mind."

"Agnes," I began, "this must be the end of such talk between us. God knows, if I were able in honor to do so, I would take your love, and hold you against the world. But, as things are—"

(Continued on Page 3.)

ing anything about it. But I also gathered from what you told me that you would arrive there without the influence of any sort. Now, I want you to promise me that you will let papa help you. I'm sure he will be only too grateful for the chance. It would be a kindness to him, for he will never have seen me again."

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