

**CIVILIZED CHRISTIANITY,  
NOT BY THE  
AUTHOR OF THE FIGHT AT  
DAME EUROPA'S SCHOOL**

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Civilized Christianity, Not by the Author of the Fight at Dame Europa's School by Anonymous

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**ANONYMOUS**

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# CIVILIZED CHRISTIANITY.

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NOT BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"THE FIGHT AT DAME EUROPA'S SCHOOL."

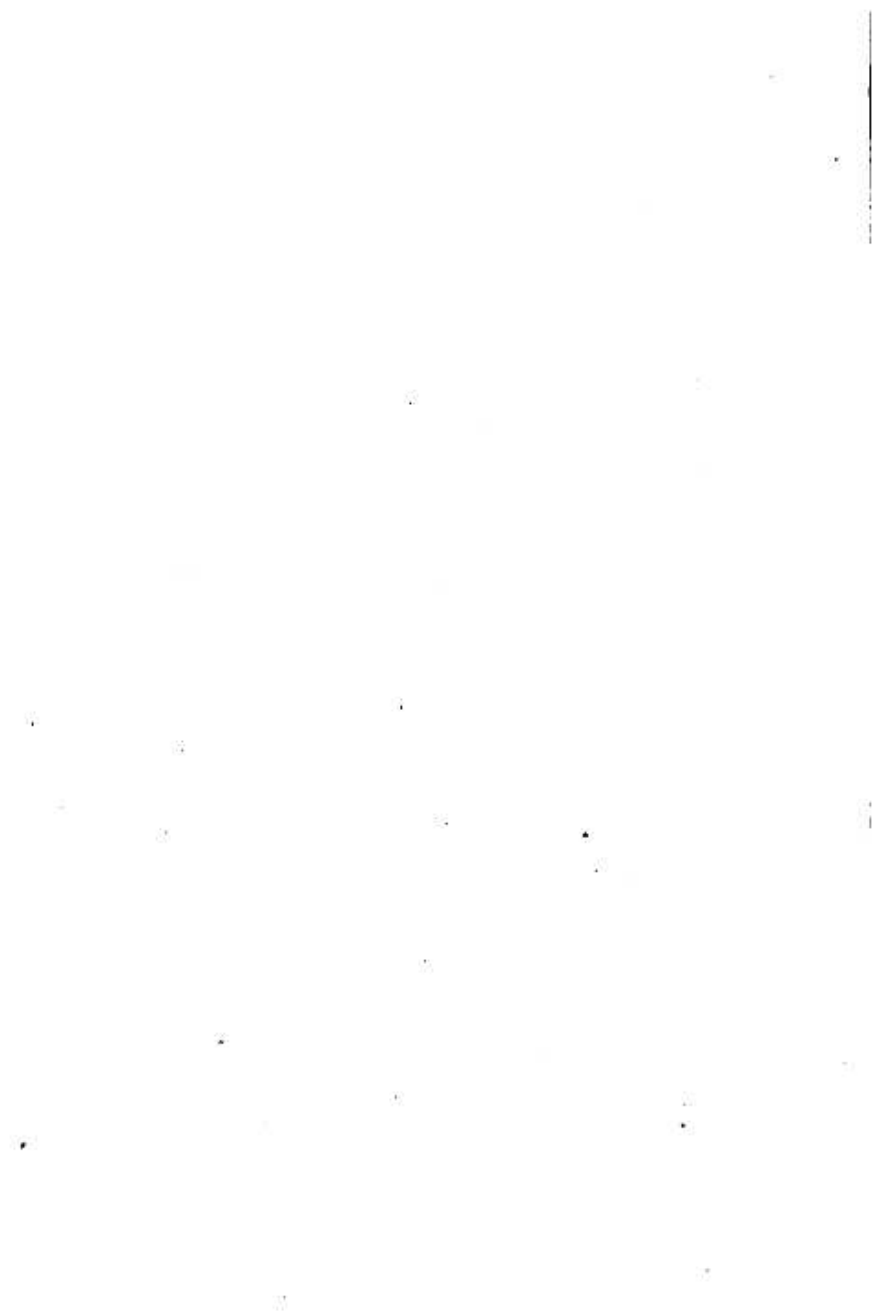
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## CIVILIZED CHRISTIANITY.

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A BRIGHT autumnal sun was shining on a lovely and well kept garden, belonging to a handsome country house in one of the most beautiful western counties of England. The French windows of a morning room were thrown open on the broad terrace, and the sole occupant of the room (a lady of gentle and pleasing appearance) was seated just inside the window, leaning back in a low easy chair with some needle-work in her hand. The room was elegantly and handsomely furnished, and in a manner which showed that its possessor had refined and cultivated tastes: a few excellent and well chosen engravings adorned the walls, and a harp, as well as a pianoforte, formed part of the furniture of the room; a table covered with drawing materials had evidently been left undisturbed from the day before, and a group of flowers was lying on it arranged for

copying ; a little work-table stood by the side of the lady, and upon it was a square thin book in a brown binding, which seemed to have been the subject of her studies.

The view from the window was as lovely an one as the eye could rest upon ; the spacious garden occupied the slope of a little valley, and was bounded by a belt of those ancient and well-nurtured trees to be seen in the parks of our country gentry : a broad river flowed at the bottom of the valley, and the opposite hill was varied with wood and pasture, and studded with corn fields, either waving in golden richness in the glorious sunshine, or newly cut and bound up in sheaves ready to be carried away. And beyond, the Welsh mountains could be seen stretching range over range, until the outline of the most distant one mingled with the blue sky.

But though the lady was sitting in front of this glorious view, and was indeed gazing earnestly upon it, the expression of her countenance was not in unison with the peaceful scene ; there was an anxious and troubled look upon her face, which seemed as if it did not belong to her habitual expression, and her brow



was knitted as if she were trying to solve some puzzling problem. Her work (a child's frock which she was embroidering) appeared to give her no pleasure ; indeed, it seemed in some way connected with her perplexity, for she tossed it impatiently upon the table, and took up the little book, turning over the leaves till she came to a passage which she was earnestly reading, when the voices of children made her raise her head ; her thoughts, however, did not seem to become brighter as she listened to the merry sounds, indeed her expression was still more troubled and even sad, and she leaned her head on her hand while the tears filled her eyes.

A step along the terrace roused her from her reflections, and the figure of an elderly and white-haired clergyman stood before the window. "Good morning, Mrs. Leslie," said he in a cheerful tone. "And it is indeed a *good* morning : I have been thinking, as I looked at the view from this terrace, that it must have been just such a morning as this is when David wrote that beautiful Psalm, 'Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness ; Thy clouds drop fatness. The little hills rejoice on every side ; the valleys also stand so thick with corn that they

shall laugh and sing.' Nature seems to be rejoicing in yielding up her richest stores, in gratitude to God and men for all the care and labour bestowed upon her. Such a scene as the one before us makes us marvel what can be the beauty of heaven, if it can so far exceed that of this world that it is said, 'it cannot enter into the heart of man to conceive it.' But what is the matter?" said he (as entering the room and taking Mrs. Leslie's hand he noticed her troubled and tearful expression). "Mr. Leslie is well I know, for I saw him this morning in the village; and my little friends, Herbert and Ellen, ran to meet me in the garden. Are any of the little ones ill? or," said he (looking at the book still in her hand), "have you been making yourself unhappy over the sorrows of poor forlorn 'Jessica,' or 'Little Mag's Children'? That book looks like one of my old friends."

"No," said Mrs. Leslie: "my troubles and perplexities are of a very personal character, though I own that they are occasioned by reading this little book. I had it lent to me yesterday, and began to read it rather late in the evening, but I could not leave off till I had nearly finished it; and I went to bed thoroughly

unhappy. I scarcely slept at all, and when I did I dreamt of what I had been reading. It seems to me, if what this book says is true, that we are wrong altogether; and that there is little hope of any happiness, either in this world or the next. If to get to heaven we ought to give up to the poor all we possess, and to strip ourselves of everything that we may clothe and feed them, and then to spend all our time in praying to God to save ourselves and others from hell, and in trying to repent of sin, and in helping others to repent, I can't see how the world can go on at all, or what is to become of us, either in this world or in any other. But do you think we ought to be living such a life as this?"

"Most certainly not:" replied Mr. Herbert. "Let me look at the book," said he, stretching out his hand for it; then glancing at the name "Modern Christianity: a Civilized Heathenism." "Oh," he observed, "I have often heard of this little book, but have never read it. I think you can hardly have given me a fair statement of what the author intends us to understand. I don't mean you have not intended to be fair; but it is probably a book which suggests a different