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Tenth Annual Report Of the Committee of Management
Of the Benevolent Institution, Dunedin,
With Rules of the Same,
And a List of Donations and Subscriptions
For the Year 1872.

"In Prosperity Remember The Poor."

Dunedin: Printed at the "Evening Star" Office, Princes Street. 1873.

Patron: His Honor the Superintendent.

President: A. C. Strode, ESQ.

Vice-Presidents: R. B. Martin, ESQ.

James Wilkie, ESQ.

Trustees: A. C. Strode, ESQ.

R. B. Martin, ESQ,

Treasurer: R. B. Martin, ESQ.

Committee of Management:

J. Fulton, ESQ, W. Taieri.

A. Rennie. ESQ., Dunedin.

R. Oliver, ESQ., Dunedin.

R. A. Lawson, ESQ., Dunedin.

J. Mollison, ESQ., Dunedin

G.P. Farquhar, ESQ., Dunedin

Jas. Paterson, ESQ., Dunedin

J. Galbraith, ESQ., Dunedin

Medical Officer T. M. Hocken, M.D.

Honorary Dentist: Alfred Boot, ESQ.

Secretary: J. S Hickson.

The Committee meet at Farley's Buildings Princes street, every Thursday, at 4 p.m., to receive applications for relief.

Annual General Meeting

Of Subscribers to the

Otago Benevolent Institution

Tuesday, February 6, 1873.

THE, Annual Meeting of the Members of the above Institution, was held on Thursday, 6th February, 1873, in Farley's Buildings, Mr R. B. Martin in the chair. There were also present, the Hon. James Paterson, the Rev. E. G. Edwards, the Rev. Dr. Stuart, Mr Hocken, and Messrs Wilkie, H. F. Hardy. J. Mollison, and A. Ronnie. The Chairman read a letter from the President, Mr A. C. Strode, stating his inability, through pressure of business, to attend.

The Chairman, before calling upon the Secretary to read the report, said that since his term of office in connection with the Institution, he did not recollect a year during which the Committee had laboured under circumstances so embarrassing as they experienced last winter. He regretted to say that owing to the want of funds the Committee could not satisfy the claims of many needy persons, and the Committee gradually drifted into so bad a position that they felt they would be compelled either to close the doors of the Institution and cease to give relief, or take steps to meet only the most urgent cases. They decided, in fact, under the extreme circumstances of the case, to render assistance only to the absolutely destitute. Lacking sufficient information, the Committee perhaps, had sometimes erred, but even supposing that to be the case, the children had always benefited. The difficulties which the retiring Committee had encountered would also have to be faced by the incoming one. Great efforts must be made to increase the funds of the Institution, otherwise a poor-law

assessment would have to be established. That, of course, was a most deplorable thing to contemplate. Having lived in a country where it existed, he sincerely hoped it would never exist here; however, the matter rested with the clergy and laity to endeavour to render increased assistance to the Institution; and, without reflecting upon any particular church, he would say that many of them had not responded to the invitations to assist the Institution as he had expected they would have done. He therefore thought that it was only right that the churches which had contributed for some years should be mentioned in the report. The funds had been distributed without regard to creed; the Committee had never made it a question as to what church the applicants for relief belonged: and therefore he thought the Institution had very strong claims upon all the churches. There had not yet been time to ascertain what the country people would contribute; but it was hoped that after the present month, when shearing operations were completed, the Committee would be able to report having received liberal aid from country gentlemen. Most of the distress was located in Dunedin, owing to wretches of husbands deserting their wives and families, and leaving them unprovided for; but not half of those people were Dunedin people.

The Secretary of the Institution (Mr J. S. Hickson) then read the Report of the Committee, Medical Report, and Financial Statement.

The Rev. Dr Stuart said he did not take the despondent view of matters that the Committee seemed to do, for their experience during the past year was also the experience of Committees from time immemorial, viz., great claims upon the funds of the Institution, and little coming in to meet them. But it had always happened that funds were ultimately forthcoming, and therefore he hoped the Committee would continue in office. In the future they would no doubt have similar experiences, meet with similar difficulties, and achieve similar victories. He wished they could adopt some plan whereby the co-operation and assistance, not only of the people of Dunedin, but of those throughout the Province, would be obtained. Those who knew anything about the working of the Poor Law system in Great Britain would not wish to see it in vogue in Otago; because if a Benevolent Institution was expensive, a poor law system would be ten times more so. It vexed him to find that some sons were so mean-spirited as to allow their aged parents to apply for and receive aid from the Benevolent Institution. Of course, the Committee could not refuse to assist poor miserable creatures, but he would really like to find the settlers of Otago frowning upon those sons and daughters who, being able to support their aged parents, allowed them to receive aid from an Institution of this kind. He (Dr Stuart) referred to a similar case which occurred in his native village. So irritated were the people there, that the aged mother of one of the villagers should be left dependent upon the public funds, that they conducted themselves towards him in a way that was calculated to make any man, who was a man, feel particularly uncomfortable. He really would like to see such a spirit fostered in Otago, and believed the Committee would render a great service to the community if they endeavored to stir up such a spirit of social independence as would cause people to feel ashamed of leaving their aged parents to be the recipients of public charity and support. The public were very much indebted to those gentlemen who had conducted the affairs appertaining to the Otago Benevolent Institution during the last and previous years. He was glad to hear that the Committee testified to the efficiency and success with which the officers of the Institution had discharged their duties. So far as he (Dr Stuart) could see, the officers displayed a kindly, but firm manner. He regretted to hear that only a few of the churches in the Province had rendered assistance, seeing that the Institution benefited, not only Dunedin, but the whole of Otago. He urged that strenuous efforts should be made to induce outsiders to contribute, and suggested that the Committee should spot those able to subscribe, and request them to do so. He moved the adoption of the report.

The Rev. Mr Edwards seconded the motion.

Mr A. Bonnie, on rising to support the motion, said he regretted to see an attendance so small. No doubt, if it were a meeting for the choice of a member or members for the Town Council, or for some similar purpose, numerous persons would be found seeking the honour; but it really did seem that people did not think it worth while countenancing and taking part in the proceedings of an Institution of that kind. Some suggestion had been made to the Committee by the Rev. Dr Stuart; but he (Mr Rennie) did not see that the Committee could do more than they had already done. In one sense they had worked for the sake of the poor, and in another, for the sake of the public, because if the Committee had not done so, the Government would have been obliged to take steps to meet the difficulty. Although they did not wish to see an assessment introduced in order to meet the wants of the poor, he was not sure if it would not ultimately come to that. It really appeared that at the present time it was the best of the two evils. For what was the fact? Reports were made every year of the want of funds, and of the poor being neglected in consequence. It was very painful to the Committee to have appeals made to them to relieve eases of distress, when they were unable to relieve them.—(Hear, hear.) If more assistance were not given during the present year, he would certainly urge the Government to cause a rate to be inflicted as soon as possible, so that the assistance given might be equalised throughout the Province. It was evident that they must not allow the poor to suffer.

The Chairman said he wished to make a few remarks in reply to what the Rev. Dr. Stuart had said regarding

the "spotting" of those persons able to assist. The Committee had always done so, and he thought it was an opportune time to express the gratitude of the Committee to those—districts, he meant, not individuals—that had liberally subscribed. He would mention Lawrence, for instance. The people there were not urged to subscribe, but they had subscribed liberally and willingly. He might state further that on the 24th October a circular, of which the following is a copy, was sent to clergymen:—

"SIR,—The funds of the Institution being at present almost exhausted, and the calls made upon them being more than ordinarily heavy (the out-door relief alone during the winter months averaging from £25 to £26 per week), the Committee feel confident that in the cause of charity the various Churches throughout the Province will render help, by making special collections in aid of the above charitable Institution. I have therefore the honour, by direction of the Committee, to request that you will be so good as to accord your support in the above manner at as early a date as you may deem proper. This appeal is reluctantly made, owing mainly to the subsidy given by the Government having been reduced from £2 to £1 to £1 subscribed. Should the result of this appeal not be favourable, the Committee fear that they will be compelled to withhold out-door relief entirely.—I have, &c., JOHN S. HICKSON, Secretary." He might also say that the Committee had been driven to the extremity of asking for accommodation at the Bank, to enable them to meet their liabilities, leaving the question of relief out of consideration.

The Rev. Dr. Stuart: Does the Government contribute £2 towards the making of roads?

The Chairman : No, £1.

The Rev. Dr Stuart: Oh, I was afraid they dealt more liberally with roads than with humanity.

The Chairman : The following circular was also sent, at the same time, to the laity:—

"SIR,—I have the honour, by direction of the Committee of the Otago Benevolent Institution, to solicit your co-operation and influence to obtain some assistance from your employés and neighboring friends. All donations thus raised will be subsidised by one pound to one by the Provincial Government. The funds of the Institution being at present almost exhausted, and the calls made upon them being more than ordinarily heavy (the out-door relief alone during the winter months averaging from £25 to £26 per week), this appeal is reluctantly made, and is mainly owing to the Government withdrawing the subsidy of £2 to £1. The Committee fear that they will be compelled to withhold outdoor relief, unless they receive support from the public.—I have, &c., JOHN S. HICKSON, Secretary."

The Committee's report, and report of the Medical Officer, and balance sheet were adopted.

The re-election of the following office-bearers took place:—President, Mr A. C. Strode; Vice-Presidents, Mr Wilkie and Mr R. B. Martin; Treasurer, Mr R. B. Martin; Members of Committee, Messrs J. Mollison, James Fulton, J. Paterson, and R. A. Lawson. The following new members of Committee were also elected:—Messrs A. Rennie, R. Oliver, G. P. Farquhar, and James Galbraith.

A vote of thanks having been unanimously passed to Mr Hardy for auditing the accounts, and to the Chairman for presiding, the meeting separated.

Tenth Annual Report

Of the Committee of Management of the

Otago Benevolent Institution

February, 1873.

- The Committee of Management have to report that during the past year they have been called upon to relieve a very large amount of distress, especially during the winter months, which were more than usually severe. The disbursements for Outdoor Relief, however, were £160 less than the sum so expended in 1871, owing to a general reduction having been made in many of the cases on the 30th September, from an absolute want of funds. The principal causes of distress arose from a dearth of employment during the winter months, and the desertion of wives by their husbands. In the country districts also there were many cases of distress relieved by the Institution. In the month of October, the Committee finding that the funds at their disposal would not meet the heavy demands made upon them, caused a special appeal to be made to the Clergy and Laity for help, and they regret to state that, with few exceptions, they met with no response, only eight of the churches throughout the united Provinces of Otago and Southland

- having as yet contributed, viz., Knox Church, First Church, St. Paul's, All Saints', North Dunedin Presbyterian Church, St. Luke's, Oamaru; Presbyterian Church, Tapanui; Presbyterian Church, East Taieri; the first four of which are in the habit of making annual collections in aid of the Charity.
- A great many of the cases at present on the books are likely to be permanent, and in some, the size and real indigence of the families, have obliged the Committee to administer aid to a more than ordinarily large amount. At the close of the year there were on the Relief List 250 persons, entailing a weekly expenditure of £13 14s; of this amount £2 11s is distributed in the country districts.
 - The Committee would again draw attention to the fact that in a majority of cases the distress originates in the desertion of their wives and families by the husbands, and they trust their successors in office will continue to impress upon the Government the necessity for the introduction of such measures as will enable the police to deal more effectually with such offenders. (*Vide* Report for 1871.)
 - The average number of inmates in the Institution during the past year has remained about equal to that of 1871, viz., 77. The cost, of each inmate per week during the year was six shillings and eightpence three-farthings.
 - The appointment of Mr J. S. Hickson as Secretary, in the room of Mr J. A. Webb, resigned, has been made since the last annual meeting, and the vacancies of Master and Matron have been filled, the former by Mr Jno. Morrison, the latter by the re-appointment of Mrs Turner.
 - The Committee have much pleasure in testifying to the diligence of the Governess, Miss M. A. Coxhead, whose proficiency as a teacher is established by the apparent advancement of the children under her charge.
 - The Committee have also to record their satisfaction with the assiduous attention of Mr Macfie to his duties as Religious Instructor, and have reason to believe that much good has resulted from his labors.
 - During the year five children were placed out at service, and one adopted. The total number now at service and adopted, to 31st December, 1872. is:—At service, 9 boys and 11 girls; adopted, 4 boys and 6 girls. In each instance the Committee have received satisfactory accounts of their conduct and progress. Three children were forwarded to their grandfather in America, where they have been kindly received and provided for.
 - By reference to the Balance Sheet, it will be observed that financially the Institution has retrograded during the past year. It will be necessary for the incoming Committee to endeavour to induce the Government to make a more liberal provision for the relief of the destitute, as otherwise it will be impossible) for them to carry on effectually the business of the Charity. The Committee regret to report that the Colonial Parliament has not yet consented to the vote for the endowment of Public Charities, They trust, however, that their successors in office will use every endeavour to obtain this necessary provision for charitable aid from this source.
 - The Committee desire to place on record their satisfaction and appreciation of the manner in which Mr Hocken has performed the arduous duties of Medical Attendant, not only at the Institution at Caversham, but amongst the numerous Outdoor cases throughout the City and Suburbs. The zeal and judgment displayed by Mr Hickson, the Secretary, in the performance of his duties call forth from the Committee the highest praise, and they feel that the Institution has benefited from his appointment to the office he holds.
 - Attached to the Report will be found the Medical Report, Balance Sheet, and Tabular Records of the operations of the Institution.
 - The Committee now resign their trust—they are, however, eligible for re-election.

A. Chetham Strobe
PRESIDENT.

Annual Report

Of the Medical Officer of the

Otago Benevolent Institution

For the Year 1872.

I have much satisfaction in being able to report that during the past year the health of the inmates of the Benevolent Institution has been, on the whole, good.

Amongst so large a number of very young children and of old people, it is a source of congratulation to say that no death has occurred in the twelvemonths now completed. There can be no doubt but that this excellent state of things is mainly attributable to the scrupulous observance of cleanliness and ventilation, and in this respect, as well as in their attention to the sick, the Master and Matron are deserving of all praise. There have, however, been several cases of illness—some of them severe—many of the old men suffer from some form or other of senile ailments. All the children, and many of the adults have been thoroughly vaccinated in four places, and this whether there had been previous vaccination or not. The epidemic of whooping-cough that has been so prevalent in town, has so far, not visited the Institution. I fear, however, that our good fortune in this respect has ended, as one case has made its appearance.

Many of the outdoor recipients of the Charity have been invalids, and whenever necessary, have received medical assistance.

(Signed) T. M. Hocken.

February 6th, 1872.

[unclear: Statement] of Receipts and Disbursements of the Otago Benevolent Institution,

For Year ending 31st December, 1872. Receipts. £ s. d. £ s. d. o Cash Balance from 1871 407 3 5
Government Grants 1714 19 9 "Subscriptions, Collections, &c. 966 0 9 From other sources—say Rents account,
Inmates, sale of Produce, Stock, &c. 125 11 9 3213 15 8 £3213 15 8 Disbursements. £ s. d. £ s. d. By Cash paid
Outdoor Relief 1209 5 2 " " Milk, Groceries, Meat, &c. 515 6 10 " " Furnishing and Repairs 19 17 1 " "
Advertising and Printing 27 16 0 " " Religious Instructor 52 0 0 " " Salaries and Labor 621 11 9 " " Office Rent
and Stationery 69 16 0 " " Fencing, Building, and Repairs 35 4 7 " " Clothing and Repairs to same 178 9 6 " "
Fuel .94 2 6 " " Medicines, Cartage, Stock, Seeds, Rates, Insurance, Postage and Stamp Duties, &c., &c. 160 11
6 2984 0 11 Balance to 1873 229 14 9 £3213 15 8 Dunedin, January, 1873. Audited and found correct, Hy. F.
Hardy, Auditor.

Table I.—SHOWING *the Total Number of Persons Relieved Outdoor, and Discharged during 1872, and the Number on the Books, Dec. 31 st, 1872.*

Adults. Denomination Male. Female. Children. Total. Church of England. Presbyterian. Roman Catholic.
Wesleyan. Other Denim. Total. Cor. Total, 1871 Cor. Total, 1870 Cor. Total, 1869 Relieved, 1872 73 185 551
809 247 364 132 6 60 809 1054 903 610 Discharged 55 125 222 559 178 244 81 4 52 559 810 650 469 On the
Books Dec. 31, 1872 18 60 172 250 69 120 51 2 8 250 244 253 141

Table II.—SHOWING *the Length or Time each Family has received Relief, and the Number of Casual Cases during 1872.*

Supplied with Clothing, Bedding, &c. Assisted to Colonies. Total Families. 6 Years. 5 Years. 4 Years. 3

Years. 2 Years. 18 Months. 12 Months. 11 Months. 10 Months. 9 Months. 8 Months. 7 Months. 6 Months. 5 Months. 4 Months. 3 Months. 2 Months. 1 Month. 2 2 5 3 16 21 5 2 5 6 4 7 5 6 5 10 7 30 56 4 201

Table III.—SHOWING *the respective Ages of the Inmates of the Institute at Caversham, Dec 31 st, 1872.*

Adults. Children. Ages Of The Adults. Children's Ages. Total. Male. Female. 1 Years. 2 Years. 3 Years. 4 Years. 5 Years. 6 Years. 7 Years. 8 Years. 9 Years. 10 Years. 11 Years. 12 Years. 13 Years. 14 2 *61 60, 69, 85, 56, 69, 37. 68, 72, 62, 39, 78, 41, 49, 115, 25, 66. 3 2 2 3 4 9 6 9 7 5 7 0 4 77 * 36 Boys and 25 Girls. 1 Boy of 13 employed in office.

Table IV.—SHOWING *the Number of Persons Discharged from the Institute at Caversham during 1872.*

Cause. Adults. Children. Total. Church of England. Presbyterian. Roman Catholic. Wesleyan. Independent. Others Total. Female. Boys. Girls. Placed at Service 3 3 6 1 5 6 Adopted 2 2 2 2 Taken out by Friends 6 6 12 5 7 12 Left Voluntarily 1 1 2 2 2 Sent to Lunatic Asylum Sent to Hospital Sent to Friends in other Places 1 3 4 1 3 4 Placed on Staff Discharged 4 1 5 1 3 1 Deceased Total Discharged 5 2 11 13 31 15 11 2 3 31

Table V.—SHOWING *the. Number of Persons Admitted to, and Discharged from the Institute during the year, and the Number of Inmates, Dec. 1872.*

Adults. Children. Total. Church of England. Presbyterian. Roman Catholic Wesleyan Others. Total. Cor. Total, 1871. Cor. Total, 1870. Cor. Total, 1869. Male. Female. Total Inmates, Dec. 31, 1871. 11 3 65 79 34 30 9 6 79 84 69 68 Admitted during 1872 8 1 20 29 10 15 4 29 33 57 50 Total 19 4 85 108 44 45 13 6 108 117 126 118 Discharged (see Table 4.) 5 2 24 31 15 11 2 3 31 38 42 49 Total Inmates, Dec. 31, 1872. 14 2 61 77 29 34 11 3 77 79 84 69

Rules of the Benevolent Institution. Dunedin.

Objects:

To Relieve the Aged, Infirm, Disabled, and Destitute of all Creeds and Denominations, Afford them Medical Relief, and to Minister to them the Comforts of Religion.

Rules and Regulations.

Qualifications & Privileges of Governors & Subscribers

1. Every donor of £20 or upwards shall be a Qualification of Life Governors.

Life Governor, and every person who may have raised, or shall raise, by one or more collections in one year, the sum of twenty pounds (£20), or upwards, from persons not claiming membership, on account of their contributions towards such sum; and every Executor first named in any Will, proving the same, and paying to the Institution a bequest of fifty pounds (£50) or upwards, shall have all the rights and privileges of a Life Governor.

2. Every Subscriber of one guinea, or upwards,
Qualifications Members.

shall be an Annual Member, and shall have the privilege of recommending cases of distress for relief, and of voting at the election of Office-bearers, provided that he shall not be entitled to vote until three months after the payment of his first Annual Subscription. The Annual Subscription shall be due and payable on the 1st day of January in each year.

3. There shall be in the month of January in
Annual General Meeting in the month of January.

every year, a General Meeting of the Life Governors and Members of the Institution, to be held at such place as the General Committee shall appoint (of which meeting fourteen days' previous notice shall be given in two or more of the Dunedin newspapers), to receive the Report and Accounts of the Committee of Management: to elect the Committee and other Office-bearers; and to transact the general business of the Institution.

4. The Office-bearers of the Institution shall
Office-bearers to be elected annually.

consist of a President, Vice-President, Honorary Treasurer, and a General Committee of any number not exceeding eight members (exclusive of *ex officio* Members), to be elected at the Annual General Meeting, by and from among the Life Governors and Members.

Ex officio members of Committee.

5. The President, Vice-President, Treasurer Honorary Medical Officers, and the resident principal Minister of each congregation contributing a collection to the funds of the Institution (being qualified as Governors) shall be *ex officio* Members of Committee; but no *ex officio* Members, except Honorary Office-bearers, shall vote on the removal or appointment of any paid servant of the Institution.

Committee meetings, when to be held.

6. The General Committee shall meet once in the week, and at such other times as they may appoint, to receive the report of the various officers, and discuss the general business of the Institution three to form a quorum. A Committee Meeting shall be held the first Monday in every February and August, to enter into contracts for the supply of provisions and other necessaries; five to form a quorum.

Who to preside at Committee meetings.

7. The President, Vice-President, or Treasurer shall preside at all meetings of Committee; and in their absence, the majority present shall appoint their own Chairman, who shall have an additional or casting vote.

Committee to frame Bye-laws and Regulations

8. The Committee shall frame such Bye-laws and Regulations as they may deem necessary, the same not being at variance with the general laws of the Institution.

Special General Meeting of Sub-scribers, how to be convened.

9. The Committee of Management may convene a special general meeting of Subscribers at any time, upon giving notice at least fourteen days previously, in two or more of the Dunedin newspapers, which notice shall be repeated three times. Any thirty Life Governors or Subscribers may request the Committee to call a special meeting at any time; and should they, after receiving such requisition so signed, refuse or neglect to call such meeting within fourteen days, it shall be in the power of the said requisitionists to convene such a meeting, upon giving notice as directed above.

Bye-laws to be repealed only at Special Meetings.

10. No Bye-law or Regulation shall be altered or repealed except at a special meeting of Committee; such meeting to consist of not less than five members.

How appointments are to be made by the Committee.

11. That in electing to any appointment by the Committee, when there are more applicants than are required, the voting shall take place by voting cards: and in all cases the salary shall be determined before proceeding to election.

12. There shall be two or more Medical Officers,
Honorary Medical Officers and their qualifications.

not to exceed four, whose appointments shall be honorary; and no one shall be eligible for the office of Medical Officer who is not certificated by the Medical Board of Otago. It shall, however, be lawful for the Committee, in the event of Honorary Medical Attendance being unavailable, to appoint such paid Medical

Officers as may be necessary.

13. The Honorary Medical Officers shall be Appointment of Honorary Medical Officers and filling up of vacancies. chosen by the Committee, and shall be amenable to the rules made by them. If any vacancy occurs by death, removal, or retirement, such vacancy shall be filled up at special meeting of Committee, to be convened for that purpose.

14. That the Honorary Medical Officers shall How Medical Officers shall report. report on the state of the inmates at the weekly meeting of Committee.

15. That no application be received unless Conditions of Admission to Institution. signed by a Subscriber; and no person shall be admitted until the expiration of one week from the date applying, to allow time for enquiry, except in special cases.

16. Tenders for all supplies shall be invited for Tenders to be called for supplies. a period of not less than six months, the amount of such tenders to be duly recorded in the Minute- book. No member of Committee to supply any article for the use of the Institution, for which he may receive pecuniary or other compensation.

17. The House Visiting Committee, consisting of House Visiting Committee, how to be appointed. three members, shall be appointed by and from the General Committee, at the monthly meetings in February, May, August, and November in each year, to act in rotation. Members retiring to be eligible for re-appointment.

18. It shall be their duty to visit the Institu- Duties of Visiting Committee. tion at least once a week to make a general inspection, and to record the result in the Minute-book, to be kept in the Institution; such book to be produced at the weekly meetings of the Committee.

19. The Superintendent, or other officer ap- Management of Institution. pointed by the Committee, shall have the management of the Institution, subject to the Regulations and orders of the Committee.

20. The inmates of the Institution will be Religions instruction. allowed religious instruction from the ministers of the denomination to which they belong, at such times as the Committee shall appoint.

Life Governors.

- Sir F. D. Bell.
- F. Bushell, Esq.
- H. Cable, Esq.
- Robt. Campbell, junr., Esq.
- Rev. R. Connebee.
- Chas. Coote, Esq.
- H. Dench. Esq.
- H.R.H. Duke of Edinburgh
- Rev. E. G. Edwards.
- B. L. Farjeon, Esq.
- W. E. Farrer. Esq.
- H: S. Fish, jun., Esq.
- Robt. Forsyth, Esq.
- F. Fulton, Esq.
- M. S. Gleeson, Esq.
- E. Halley. M.D.
- J. G. Henry, Esq.
- Hon. Matthew Holmes.
- Marcus Hume, Esq.

- A. Inglis, Esq.
- T. Inglis, Esq.
- Sydney James, Esq.
- Wm. Kennedy, Esq.
- Samuel H. Little, Esq.
- W. Lyster, Esq.
- P.C. Neill, Esq.
- J. P. Maitland. Esq.
- T. A. Mansford, Esq.
- R. B. Martin, Esq.
- Wm. Meluish, Esq.
- A. Mercer, Esq.
- Rev. D. Moreau.
- Hon. John M' Lean.
- John M. M' Lean, Esq.
- M. Murphy, Esq.
- R. Oliver Esq.
- Rev. J. L. Parsons.
- A. Rennie, Esq.
- Jas. Robin, Esq.
- Alex. Stewart, M.D.
- A. C. Strode, Esq.
- Rev. D. M. Stuart.
- Rev. G. Sutherland.
- H. Talbot. Esq.
- Wm. Telford. Esq.
- C. Thomson. Esq.
- Captain Thomson.
- R. Thomson, Esq.
- Julius Vogel, Esq.
- Job Wain, junr., Esq.
- George West, Esq.

Ladies who are Entitled to the Rights and Privileges of Life Governors.

- Mrs Barton
- Mrs E. B. Cargill.
- Mrs Caldecutt.
- Mrs Caldwell.
- Mrs C. Cook.
- Miss Copeland.
- Mrs Daniels.
- Mrs S. Dewes.
- Mrs Dick.
- Mrs Edwards.
- Mrs. Fisher.
- Mrs Graham.
- Mrs Harris.
- Mrs Harvey.
- Mrs A. Inglis.
- Mrs T. Inglis.
- Miss Lahman.
- Mrs. Lambert.
- Mrs. Lawson.
- Mrs. Mason.

- Mrs. Meluish.
- Miss Meredith.
- Mrs. Muir.
- Mrs. Nathan.
- Mrs. Rattray.
- Mrs. Skinner.
- Mrs. J. Smith.
- Mrs. Tolmie.
- Vogel.
- Mrs. Winter.

Otago Benevolent Institution

List of Subscriptions, Donations, and Collections,

(Including Donations in kind, at value.)

Eleventh Annual Report Of the Committee of Management
Of the Benevolent Institution,
Dunedin;

With the Objects of the Same, and a
List of Subscriptions and Donations
For the Year 1873.

"In Prosperity Remember the Poor."

Dunedin: Printed at the "Daily Times" Office, Rattray Street. 1873.
Patron.

His Honor the Superintendent.

Present. A. C. Strode, ESQ.

Vice-President and Treasurer. R. B. Martin, ESQ.

Trustees. A. C. Strode, ESQ.

R. B. Martin, ESQ.

Medical Officer. T. M. Hocken, ESQ.

Committee of Management.

J. Fulton, ESQ., West Taieri.

A. Rennie, ESQ., Dunedin

J. Hislop, ESQ., Dunedin.

H. F. Hardy, ESQ., Dunedin.

J. Mollison, ESQ., Dunedin.

B. Bagley, ESQ., Dunedin.

J. Black, ESQ., Dunedin.

Honorary Dentist. A. Boot, ESQ.

Secretary. J. S. Hickson, ESQ.

The Committee meet at Farley's Buildings, Princes Street, every Thursday, at 4 p.m., to receive applications for relief.

Eleventh Annual Report of the Committee of Management of the Otago Benevolent Institution

January, 1874.

THE Annual Meeting of Subscribers to the Otago Benevolent Institution was held in the Offices, Farley's

Buildings, on Thursday, February 5, 1874. There was a very small attendance. The President (Mr. A. C. Strode) occupied the Chair.

The CHAIRMAN stated that he had only to regret—as he regretted at almost every previous Meeting of the Institution—that there was such a small number of Subscribers present. There was nothing very special to call attention to on the present occasion; but he might say that the Institution had relieved a large amount of distress during the past year, and that the public had come forward very liberally. There were one or two things to which he would like to call the attention of the Meeting. The experience of the past showed that the now incoming Committee would have to grapple with a growing evil—namely, the frequent desertion of wives and families by lazy or drunken husbands. In fact, there was little doubt that this matter called loudly for legislation. Another point was, that the Committee should have power to apprentice or hire out children, and to recover their wages, or enter into agreements on their account. The third point was, a recommendation to the Government to provide a home for inebriates of both sexes. If that were done, one-half of the distress at present existing would be put a stop to. The Report prepared by the Committee would be read, and it would then be for the meeting to say whether the Committee had performed their duty.

The Secretary read the following

Report;

In laying the Eleventh Annual Report before the Subscribers, the Committee of Management regret that during the past year, notwithstanding the prosperous condition of the Province, they have been called upon to relieve a large amount of distress; the expenditure during the summer months, as shown by the tabular form attached, has been not less than during the winter. The disbursements for Out-door Relief, which amounted to £868 18s. 9d., were, however, £340 less than in 1872, and £500 less than in 1871. The principal causes of distress have again been death, sickness, and the desertion of wives and children by husbands and fathers. The Committee see no prospect of any considerable reduction in the expenditure, as a large proportion of the cases are likely to be permanent. At the close of the year there were on the Relief List 265 persons, who altogether entailed a weekly expenditure of £15 17s. Of this amount £3 1s. was distributed in the country districts amongst 61 persons.

2. With respect to the direct work of the Institution for the year—15 children, 13 men, and 3 women have been admitted. During the same period 7 boys and 8 girls have been placed out, and 3 boys and 3 girls have been taken out by relations. 2 adult males have been discharged for misconduct, and 1 adult female has gone to a situation. The total number remaining is 32 boys, 23 girl, 17 men, and 4 women. Of the adults, one is blind, and nearly all are helpless cripples, requiring personal attendance.

3. The average number of inmates in the Institution during the past year has been about the same as in 1872, namely 76. The cost of each per week during the year was 8s. 1d. This amount shows an increase in the cost of maintenance of 1s. 4 ¼d. per head per week; which is accounted for by the greater number of adults admitted, and by the cost of clothing having been £100 more than during the previous year.

4. The health of the inmates has continued excellent, no serious case of sickness having occurred. There have been no deaths during the year. The Committee record their appreciation of the care and attention of the medical officer, both as regards inmates and out-door patients.

5. The vacancy caused by the resignation of Mrs. Turner as matron has been filled up by the appointment of Mrs. Drysdale.

6. The school work has progressed satisfactorily, as hitherto, under the care of Miss Coxhead, who has now resigned. She leaves with the best wishes of the Committee, who desire to recognise her readiness at all times and in every way to forward the interests of the Institution, with which she has been connected since its opening.

7. The religious instruction to the Protestant children and inmates has been satisfactorily attended to by Mr. Macfie, who has been assiduous in his attention.

8. The Committee express their grateful thanks to the several churches for their annual offertories; to the several collectors, donors, and annual subscribers for their liberal support; and also to those who have otherwise contributed by their liberality to the entertainment and enjoyment of the inmates.

9. By reference to the Balance Sheet it will be observed that, as compared with last year, the Institution is now in a better financial position, although the actual receipts have been less. The amount of subscriptions has been nearly £400 more this year than last, and the expenditure has been nearly £200 less. The Committee regret to report that the Colonial Parliament has not yet consented to the endowment of public charities. They trust, however, that their successors in office will use every endeavour to obtain this necessary provision for charitable aid from the General Government.

10. Attached to this Report will be found the Medical Report, Balance Sheet, and Tabular Records of the

operations of the Institution.

11. The Committee, before resigning their trust and offering themselves for re-election, would place on record their sorrow for the heavy loss the Charity has sustained in the death of their late Vice-President, James Wilkie, Esq. In closing their Report, they express their thankfulness for the results which have attended their labours. They have been enabled, by the assistance of a generous public, to relieve a large amount of distress, and to save, as they believe, a number of young persons from profligacy, vice, and misery. They solicit for their successors a continuance of the sympathy and support hitherto accorded to the Charity.

A. R. C. Strode.

The following is taken from the balance sheets for the year:—

The Rev. Dr. STUART said he had special pleasure in moving the adoption of the Report. He remembered that last year some members of the Committee were full of fears and misgivings as to the support the Institution was likely to get. He was sure that those members themselves would be delighted to find that their fears and misgivings had been so amply and effectually rebuked. The Report gratified himself in another way, inasmuch as it showed that their fellow-settlers, whatever might be their faults, were not backward in responding to the call of distress and misery. It did his heart good to see the heartiness with which citizens generally met such cases as arose in their several localities; but as a supporter of the Institution, he was specially glad to see the continual support it got from all parts of the country. And who could wonder that such was the case, considering that it opened its doors to all, irrespective of creed or country? It was a matter of special gratification to him to be able to assure all who called upon him for assistance, that if their cases were as they represented, they would meet with every consideration from the Committee. He made that remark, because he recently met a statement attributed to his friend Father Coleman, that "he would wash his hands clear of the Institution, because its arrangements were unfavourable, if not fatal, to the religion of Catholic children." He looked upon that imputation as very painful, especially when he called to mind the gentlemen on the Committee, as he felt sure they would as soon be guilty of high treason as of anything likely to interfere with the religion of any of the children in the Institution. He asked himself this question : Is it a fact that among the Catholic children in that Institution there has cropped up an unwillingness to submit to Church authority? If that be the case, what was the cause or explanation of it? He was quite sure the explanation was not that the matron, schoolmistress, or Committee had conspired against the religion of the children. He was inclined to think that the explanation was this : That in these Colonies the ideas of toleration and spiritual independence filled the air and floated about, and had entered not only the playgrounds, school grounds, and dining rooms, but in fact everywhere. They were found in newspapers, and all their institutions; they were met with in every place. He believed that was the real explanation of it; and then children—and Catholic children amongst them—might spring up at times, and catch hold of those floating ideas, and hence the restlessness that some of them might exhibit under Church authority. He had no hesitation in avowing his conviction that there was not, on the part of this Institution or its officials, any determination to interfere with anyone's religion, but only to do their best for the children, whether Protestant or Catholic. Personally, he felt indebted to the gentlemen who managed this Institution, and all sensible people in town with whom he conversed equally acknowledged their indebtedness to the men who week after week met difficult cases, and on the whole met them so successfully. He moved the adoption of the Report with very great pleasure, and he trusted that the matters pointed out by the President would meet with the attention of those who could remedy the defects mentioned.

Mr. JOHN HISLOP seconded the adoption of the Report. It occurred to him that the satisfactory state of matters with regard to the hearty response made by the public this year was really brought about by the expressions of fear and misgiving referred to by Dr. Stuart. He had much pleasure in observing the satisfactory working of the Institution, and the large amount of good effected by it, not only in the case of inmates of the building, but also with respect to out-door cases. It was very pleasing to find that the Society's operations were so extensive and useful. He felt bound to attend the meeting, to give expression to his feelings of satisfaction and gratitude towards the Institution, and for the admirable manner in which it seemed to have been worked.

Mr. RENNIE, referring to the increase of subscriptions, said that probably the statement made at a former meeting, that if the public did not come forward more liberally there would have to be a poor rate, had had a good effect. Although there was an increase in the subscriptions, he could say from his own knowledge that the sums subscribed were quite disproportionate to the subscribers' means. It would be much better for people who held immensely large properties in the Province to come forward liberally, and instead of giving £5, give £50. He was sure that if a poor rate were levied those people he referred to would have to pay perhaps £100 towards the support of the poor. There were many in the Province who were well able to contribute, but who did not contribute at all. He believed that ultimately, if poverty continued to increase, a poor rate would have to be levied. Such a rate would not be so heavy on those who contributed already, but it would fall heavily on those who at present refused to put their hands in their pockets to support this charitable Institution. He was afraid that the balance in hand at present was owing to the severe and pinching economy practised by the Committee.

The CHAIRMAN remarked that although the balance was at present in their favour, there were times during the year when the Committee were at dead low water. They then had to obtain an overdraft, and become personally responsible.

Election of Office-Bearers.

The following gentlemen were elected office-bearers for the ensuing year:—President, Mr. A. C. Strode; Vice-President and Treasurer, Mr. R. B. Martin; Committee, Messrs. James Fulton, A. Rennie, John Hislop, H. F. Hardy, James Mollison, B. Bagley, and James Black.

The meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to the retiring Committee and office-bearers.

Medical Report.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM glad to say that during the past year the health of the Inmates of the Benevolent Institution has been more than ordinarily good.

The chief important cases have been those of a surgical nature, and include two in which operations upon the eye were performed, and two of strangulated hernia or rupture—all terminating favourably. The old men have enjoyed moderately good health. Two of the number suffer from incurable paralysis, and are thereby rendered almost helpless.

It was considered advisable to send a woman, suffering from advanced consumption, to the Hospital. The children have been free from epidemic visitation, and are all at the present in good health. All are vaccinated. No death has occurred at the Institution during the year.

I have the honor to be,
Gentlemen,

Your most obedient servant,

T. M. Hocken, *Medical Officer.*

Dunedin,

February 3, 1874.

Statement of Receipts and Disbursements of the Otago Benevolent Institution.

For the Year ending 31st December, 1873. Receipts. £ s. d. £ s. d. To Cash Balance from 1872 229 14 9 "Government Grants 1202 5 10 " Subscriptions, Collections, &c. 1345 12 10 " From other Sources, say Rents, account Inmates, Sale of Produce, Stock, &c. 135 0 11 2910 14 4 £2910 14 4 Disbursements. £ s. d. £ s. d. By Cash paid Out-door Relief 868 18 9 " Milk, Groceries, Meat, &c. 583 4 4 " Furnishing and Repairs 42 0 11 " Advertising and Printing 29 16 6 " Religious Instructor 52 0 0 " Salaries and Labour 591 12 0 " Office Rent and Stationery 59 16 0 " Fencing, Building, and Repairs 72 1 8 " Clothing and Repairs to same 276 19 11 " Fuel 114 10 8 " Medicine, Cartage, Stock, Seeds, Rates, Insurance, Postage and Stamp Duties, &c. 111 4 10 2802 5 7 Balance to 1874. 108 8 9 £2910 14 4 Audited and found correct, Dunedin, January 21st, 1874. M. W. Hawkins, Auditor.

Table I. SHEWING *the Total Number of Persons*

Table VI. SHEWING *the Number of Persons Admitted to and Discharged from the Institute during the Year, and the Number of Inmates, December 31st 1873.*

Adults. Denomination. Total. Corresponding Total, 1872. Corresponding Total, 1871. Corresponding Total, 1870. Males. Females. Children. Total. Church of England. Presbyterian. Roman Catholics. Wesleyan. Others. Total Inmates 31st December, 1872 .. 14 2 61 77 29 34 11 .. 3 77 79 84 69 Admitted during 1873 13 3 15 31 14 10 5 .. 2 31 29 33 57 Total 27 5 76 108 43 44 16 .. 5 108 108 117 126 Discharged—See Table V 10 1 21 32 14 9 7 .. 2 32 31 38 42 Total Inmates 31st December, 1873 . 17 4 55 76 29 35 9 .. 3 76 77 79 84

Rules of the Benevolent Institution Dunedin

Objects:

To Relieve the Aged, Infirm, Disabled, and Destitute of all Creeds and Nations, Afford them Medical Relief, and to Minister to them the Comforts of Religion.

Rules and Regulations.

Qualifications and Privileges of Governors and Subscribers.

1. Every donor of £20 or upwards shall be a
Qualification of Life Governors.

Life Governor; and every person who may have raised, or shall raise, by one or more collections in one year, the sum of twenty pounds (£20) or upwards, from persons not claiming membership on account of their contributions towards such sum; and every executor first named in any Will, proving the same, and paying to the Institution a bequest of fifty pounds (£50) or upwards, shall have all the rights and privileges of a Life Governor.

2. Every Subscriber of one guinea or upwards
Qualification of Members.

shall be an Annual Member, and shall have the privilege of recommending cases of distress for relief, and of voting at the election of office-bearers, provided that he shall not be entitled to vote until three months after the payment of his first Annual Subscription. The Annual Subscription shall be due and payable on the 1st day of January in each year.

Annual General Meeting in the month of January.

3. There shall be, in the month of January in every year, a General Meeting of the Life Governors and Members of the Institution, to be held at such place as the General Committee shall appoint (of which meeting fourteen days' previous notice shall be given in two or more of the Dunedin newspapers), to receive the Report and Accounts of the Committee of Management; to elect the Committee and other Office-bearers; and to transact the general business of the Institution.

Office-bearers to be elected annually.

4. The Office-bearers of the Institution shall consist of:—a President, Vice-President, Honorary Treasurer, and a General Committee of any number not exceeding eight members (exclusive of *ex officio* Members), to be elected at the Annual General Meeting, by and from among the Life Governors and Members.

Ex-officio Members of committee.

5. The President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Honorary Medical Officers, and the resident principal Minister of each congregation contributing a collection to the funds of the Institution (being qualified as Governors) shall be *ex officio* Members of Committee; but no *ex officio* Members, except Honorary Office-bearers, shall vote on the removal or appointment of any paid servant of the Institution.

Committee Meetings, when to be held.

6. The General Committee shall meet once in the week, and at such other times as they may appoint, to receive the report of the various officers, and discuss the general business of the Institution; three to form a quorum. A Committee Meeting shall be held the first Monday in every February and August, to enter into contracts for the supply of provisions and other necessaries; five to form a quorum.

Who to preside at Committee meetings.

7. The President, Vice-President, or Treasurer, shall preside at all meetings of Committee; and in their absence, the majority present shall appoint their own Chairman, who shall have an additional or casting vote.

8. The Committee shall frame such Bye-laws

Committee to frame Bye-laws and Regulations.

and Regulations as they may deem necessary, the same not being at variance with the general laws of the Institution.

9. The Committee of Management may convene

Special General Meeting of Subscribers, how to be convened.

a special general meeting of Subscribers at any time, upon giving notice at least fourteen days previously, in two or more of the Dunedin newspapers, which notice shall be repeated three times. Any thirty Life Governors or Subscribers may request the Committee to call a special meeting at any time; and should they, after receiving such requisition so signed, refuse or neglect to call such meeting within fourteen days, it shall be in the power of the said requisitionists to convene such a meeting, upon giving notice as directed above.

10. No bye-law or regulation shall be altered

Bye-laws to be repealed only at special meetings.

or repealed except at a special meeting of Committee; such meeting to consist of not less than five members.

11. That in electing to any appointment by

How appointments are to be made by the Committee.

the Committee, when there are more applicants than are required, the voting shall take place by voting cards; and in all cases the salary shall be determined before proceeding to election.

12. There shall be two or more Medical Officers,

Honorary Medical Officers and their qualifications.

not to exceed four, whose appointments shall be honorary; and no one shall be eligible for the office of Medical Officer who is not certificated by the Medical Board of Otago.

13. The Honorary Medical Officers shall be

Appointment of Honorary Medical Officers and filling up of vacancies.

chosen by the Committee, and shall be amenable to the rules made by them. If any vacancy occurs by death, removal, or retirement, such vacancy shall be filled up at a special meeting of Committee, to be convened for that purpose.

14. That the Honorary Medical Officers shall

How Medical Officers shall re-port.

report on the state of the inmates at the weekly meeting of Committee.

Conditions of admission to Institution.

15. That no application be received unless signed by a Subscriber; and no person shall be admitted until the expiration of one week from the date of applying, to allow time for enquiry, except in special cases.

Tenders to be called for sup-plied.

16. Tenders for all supplies shall be invited for a period of not less than six months, the amount of such tenders to be duly recorded in the Minute-book. No Member of Committee to supply any article for the use of the Institution, for which he may receive pecuniary or other compensation.

House Visiting Committee, how to be appointed.

17. The House Visiting Committee, consisting of three Members, shall be appointed by and from the General Committee, at the monthly meetings in February, May, August, and November in each year, to act in rotation. Members retiring to be eligible for re-appointment.

Duties of Visiting Committee.

18. It shall be their duty to visit the Institution at least once a week to make a general inspection, and to record the result in the Minute- book, to be kept in the Institution; such book to be produced at the weekly meetings of the Committee.

Management of Institution.

19. The Superintendent, or other officer appointed by the Committee, shall have the management of the Institution, subject to the regulations and orders of the Committee.

Religions instruction.

20. The inmates of the Institution will be allowed religious instruction from the ministers of the denomination to which they belong, at such times as the Committee shall appoint.

Life Governors.

- Sir F. D. Bell
- F. Bushell, Esq.
- H. Cable, Esq.
- Robert Campbell, junr., Esq.
- Rev. R. Connebee
- Chas. Coote, Esq.
- H. Dench, Esq.
- H.R.H. Duke of Edinburgh
- Rev. E. G. Edwards
- B. L. Farjeon, Esq.
- W. E. Farrer, Esq.
- H. S. Fish, jun., Esq.
- Robert Forsyth, Esq.
- F. Fulton, Esq.
- M. S. Gleeson, Esq.
- E. Halley, M.D.
- H. F. Hardy, Esq.
- J. G. Henry, Esq.
- Marcus Hume, Esq.
- A. Inglis, Esq.
- T. Inglis, Esq.
- Sydney James, Esq.
- William Kennedy, Esq.
- Samuel H. Little, Esq.
- W. Lyster, Esq.
- P. C. Neill, Esq.
- J. P. Maitland, Esq.
- T. A. Mansford, Esq.
- R. B. Martin, Esq.
- William Meluish, Esq.
- A. Mercer, Esq.
- Rev. D. Moreau
- Hon. John M 'Lean
- John M. M 'Lean, Esq.
- M. Murphy, Esq.
- Rev. J. L. Parsons
- A. Rennie, Esq.
- James Robin, Esq.
- George Gray Russell, Esq.
- Alexander Stewart, M.D.
- A. C. Strode, Esq.
- Rev. D. M. Stuart
- Rev. G. Sutherland
- H. Talbot, Esq.
- William Telford, Esq.
- C. Thomson, Esq.
- Captain Thomson
- R. Thomson, Esq.
- Julius Vogel, Esq.
- Job Wain, jun., Esq.
- George West, Esq.

Ladies who are Entitled to the Rights and Privileges of Life Governors.

- Mrs. Barton
- Mrs. E. B. Cargil
- Mrs. Caldecutt
- Mrs. Caldwell
- Mrs. C. Cook
- Miss Copeland
- Mrs. Daniels
- Mrs. S. Dewes
- Mrs. Dick
- Mrs. Edwards
- Mrs. Fisher
- Mrs. Graham
- Mrs. Harris
- Mrs. Harvey
- Mrs. Holmes
- Mrs. A. Inglis
- Mrs. T. Inglis
- Miss Lahman
- Mrs. Lambert
- Mrs. Lawson
- Mrs. Mason
- Mrs. Meluish
- Miss Meredith
- Mrs. Muir
- Mrs. Nathan
- Mrs. Rattray
- Mrs. Skinner
- Mrs. J. Smith
- Mrs. Tolmie
- Mrs. Vogel
- Mrs. Winter

Otago Benevolent Institution.

List of Subscriptions, Donations, and Collections,

Printed at "Daily Times" Office, Rattray Street, Dunedin.

Twelfth Annual Report of the Committee of Management of the

Otago Benevolent Institution,

January 1875.

THE Annual Meeting of Subscribers to the Otago Benevolent Institution was held in the Offices, Farley's Buildings, on Thursday, 11th February, 1875. The President (Mr. A. C. Strode) occupied the chair.

In submitting their Twelfth Annual Report, the Committee regret to state that they have been called upon to relieve a more than usual amount of distress, especially during the last six months. This may to some extent be attributed to the large increase of population through Immigration, inasmuch as amongst those persons who have been sent, out here at the expense of the Colony, a considerable number may well be designated "trained paupers," while others are physically unfit for labour. Of these latter, several heads of families have died, leaving their wives and children dependent upon the funds of the Institution.

The increased expenditure may be further explained by the large number of accidents which have occurred throughout the Province, in which cases wives and families have been left destitute;

2. By the payment of passages of persons who were a burden on the funds, and would otherwise have been unable to reach their friends, who would support them;

3. By the scarcity of houses as compared with the increased population in Dunedin and its neighbourhood, with the consequent increase in rents, creating such a difficulty in finding house accommodation, that the Committee were compelled to apply to the Provincial Government for the temporary use of the Old Police Barracks in Princes Street, in which six families, numbering 36 persons, are now located.

The sum expended in out-door relief during the year amounted to £956 18s. 7d., of which £267 10s. 6d was paid for rent. The number of persons thus relieved averaged weekly 74; the total number during the year being—adult (males), 203; adult (females), 878; and children, 2756.

In consequence of the increase in the number of male adults at the Institution, especially during the winter months, when it reached 29, the Committee were compelled to enlarge the quarters occupied by them at a cost of £150.

The great want of water at the Institution, especially during the summer, induced the Committee to take advantage of the Company's water, from which source the whole Institution is now efficiently supplied.

Among several improvements contemplated, it is proposed to provide a small detached Sanitarium, to meet any cases of contagious diseases that may occur, no proper provision having been previously made to meet such epidemics as have recently been prevalent in the Province. The Committee appeal to the Public to aid them as heretofore in carrying out any necessary alterations which may be required for the comfort of the inmates.

The average number of Inmates in the Institution during the past year was 78, at a weekly cost of 7s. 5d. per head.

The number of Inmates in the Institution on the 31st December, 1874, was : Male adults, 24; female adults, 4; boys, 26; girls, 22; and the number who have left during the year was : Male adults, 10; female, 3. One old man and one old woman were expelled for breaches of Regulations.

The number of admissions during the year was, male adults, 18; female adults, 3; boys, 1; girls, 8.

The Committee have placed at service during the year 3 boys and 4 girls, and have much pleasure in reporting as to their general good conduct in their various places of service.

On the resignation of Miss Coxhead as schoolmistress, Miss Wilson was appointed to the vacancy, and the Committee have much pleasure in testifying to the uniform attention paid by her to her duties, and the steady progress made by her pupils.

The Committee, deeming it advisable, both for the sake of economy and better management, to combine the duties of Secretary and Master, appointed Mr. Richard Quin to this office, while Mrs. Quin has taken the place of Matron. Under this arrangement the Institution has, in their opinion, benefited considerably, especially in the increased number of donations and subscriptions.

The attention paid by the religious instructor (Mr. M 'Fie), to the Protestant children and inmates has been, as heretofore, highly satisfactory.

The Medical Report attached hereto, shows the general health of the inmates during the year. The Committee cannot but testify to the successful results arising, notwithstanding prevailing epidemics, from the assiduous attention of Dr. Hocken.

The Committee desire to acknowledge the generous support accorded during the past year by their many subscribers to a charity which has thus been enabled to afford relief to an unusually large amount of distress and destitution, and would commend to the consideration of the public generally the example of those who contribute annually to the funds of the Institution, particularly as every deserving case of distress is relieved without regard to creed or nationality.

The Committee deem it necessary to caution the public against giving money to the several systematic beggars who are in the habit of imposing on the charitable, and request that applicants for relief be referred to the Secretary, Mr. Quin, who is authorised to relieve all urgent and deserving cases.

A. Chetham Strode.

The Balance Sheet having been read,

The Rev. Dr. STUART said that, as one of the oldest friends of this valuable Institution, he considered it a great privilege to have an opportunity of moving the adoption of the report. He had listened to the introductory remarks of the Chairman, and in the main concurred with them—as to the causes which had led to such considerable demands upon this Institution. Doubtless, thriftless persons had in some way or another found their way to Otago, and those people had been a direct burden to the Institution. He had noticed also that the authorities at Home seemed to give very extraordinary encouragement to widows with young families to come out here. They came with the expectation of readily finding employment, and believing, too, that the employers would take their children. Of course, they were very soon disappointed, and the result was that they gravitated towards Dunedin, where they got very miserable accommodation, and eked out a livelihood by charring and washing, while their children were left to the teaching of the streets, finding their way first to the Benevolent Institution, and ultimately to the Industrial School. He also noticed that the report mentioned another cause of the burdens laid on the Institution—viz., the scarcity of houses. He was delighted the Committee had drawn attention to this matter. He did not think there was another cause of misery in Dunedin so active at the present moment as the high rents, and the extremely imperfect accommodation, or absolute want of any. He found that many people took houses at high rents, and they were obliged to take in lodgers, and the result was poor accommodation, family squabbles, and separations, and ultimately expense to the Benevolent Institution and other institutions of the community. He trusted the citizens would be induced by this paragraph in the report to band together for the purpose of providing accommodation for the working classes. It grieved him exceedingly, six or seven months ago, when an effort was made to float a society for building houses to be sold to working people, to find that that effort met with little or no support, and had to be abandoned. The Rev. Dr. Stuart concluded by paying a high compliment to the conductors of the Institution for the able manner in which they did their work, and for the benefits they conferred upon all classes of the community, without any distinction of creed or country.

Mr. MAITLAND seconded the adoption of the report, and in doing so, said he fully concurred with the remarks of the last speaker as to the benefits which flowed from the Institution. He had himself witnessed its good efforts, not only in the town, but also in the country districts.

The report and balance-sheet were unanimously adopted.

Election of Office-Bearers.

The following gentlemen were elected office-bearers for the ensuing year:—President, Mr. A. C. Strode; Vice-President and Treasurer, Mr. R. B. Martin; Committee: Messrs. Jas. Fulton, Rennie, Mollison, J. Hislup, Kennedy, Bagley, Black, and James Maitland.

Illegitimate Children.

The Rev. Dr. STUART said the subscribers to the Benevolent Institution were glad to see present at their meeting a number of ladies who had always been friends to the Institution. He was sure the ladies had some motion or message to bring before them, and doubtless the meeting would be glad to hear what it was.

The Ven. Archdeacon EDWARDS stated that he had been asked to explain the business which had brought the ladies to the meeting. It was well known to all that there were a great many young girls here who became mothers without being married. It was a melancholy fact that a good many of the children of these unhappy girls were sent out to nurse and died if the payments from the mother ceased. This was an awful fact, and it was a question whether it was not a duty to meet that evil, and put a stop to such a painful state of things. What the ladies present wished to suggest was whether something ought not to be done to meet the difficulty at the Benevolent Asylum. So far as he understood, at the present moment there were two uninhabited rooms at the Institution which could be used for the purpose. He was quite aware that there were one or two objections which might be urged against the proposal. It might be said that the expense would be very great. That was perfectly true; but the Benevolent Institution was largely supported by the Government, and the evil could be much better met by means of the existing Institution than by establishing another. Again, it might be said that the taking of such a step would be an encouragement to vice. Of course, there was something in that, but if those wretched children were left to die, it seemed to him as if they were visiting the sins of the fathers on the children, which was surely not right. He hoped the Committee of the Institution would take this matter into their earnest consideration, and see whether something could not be done in connection with the Institution to meet the wishes of those ladies whose cause he was supporting.

The CHAIRMAN thought this was a very large question, and he might say on behalf of the Committee that they would take the whole matter into consideration. There were several points to be considered. First, they

should look at the original objects of this Institution. It was never contemplated to take children into this Institution; but in 1862 the force of circumstances compelled them to turn it into an orphan asylum for the time being, hoping to gradually get rid of the children. He might tell the subscribers, as he had told them more than once in that room, that really the proper objects for the relief afforded by the Institution, were excluded from its walls by the children, who had no business there. The old men and women were put into an out building, because the children occupied the main building. That was a state of things that should not exist.

MRS. MUIR said that having been one of the first connected with the Institution, she might say that she was under the impression that it was formed principally for orphans. When the place was built, the rooms were laid out for that purpose. For several years there were no adult inmates. Hence the appointment of a teacher, nurses, and other officers of the Institution. Afterwards, adults were admitted. So far as she understood, the building was certainly erected for children.

The CHAIRMAN thought Mrs. Muir was labouring under a mistake. So far as this Institution was concerned, he might say that he was the first person who wrote about it in the newspapers in 1862. The subject was taken up by Mr. Vogel, then editor of the *Daily Times*, and the result was the formation of the Institution. It was never contemplated at that time, nor at any other time, that children should be admitted; but, as he had said, the force of circumstances had compelled them to do so. Their rules were a transcript of those of the Melbourne Benevolent Asylum, which had never admitted a child within its walls. He might say, in connection with what Archdeacon Edwards had stated, that the Committee would take the whole matter into consideration, and would endeavour to meet, as far as they could, the wishes of the ladies. Probably it would be just as well if Mrs. Muir and the other ladies who interested themselves in the matter would lay some scheme before the Committee, because it would be desirable to have something definite before them. Perhaps it would be desirable for the Committee to know how the extra funds for the support of the children were to be raised, so that the Committee might know what they were about.

The Rev. Dr. STUART hoped that when the scheme referred to by the Chairman was laid before the Committee, the ladies would take care to furnish some statistics. For example, he did not know the rate of illegitimacy in the Province. He knew that illegitimacy did exist in the Province, and he could testify to the truth of the remark made by Archdeacon Edwards that from one cause and another, very many illegitimate children died. But it was another question whether the present proposition was the best remedy for the misery that illegitimacy occasioned. He did not think it was. In his day he had looked into the history of such institutions, and what did he find? As far as his reading went, foundling institutions led to an increase of illegitimacy. They knew that in France, before the Revolution, when foundling institutions prevailed, it was a common thing for people after marriage to agree between themselves that the children of their marriage should be dropped into the Foundling Institution. Rousseau and his wife made such an agreement, and gloried in it. Six children born to them were put into such an institution. Such institutions tend to keep down family life in France, and in his judgment came to be one of the chief causes of the destructive Revolution. The misery that had excited the compassion of the ladies of Dunedin ought to be met and relieved. He thought the right way of relieving it was to send those children to individual families, and not to mass them together in the Benevolent Institution, because he thought it could be shown that there was great moral danger in the latter course. He thought the establishment of a Refuge such as was proposed, would cause a great increase of illegitimacy; and further, it would be absolutely impossible to get anything from the fathers for the support of the children. As for the mothers, they would change their situations, and it would cost more money to prosecute them than could be obtained from them for the support of the children. Of course, they were thankful to the ladies for looking abroad at the misery that existed, and for seeking to relieve it, but he ventured to differ from their judgment as to the best way of affording relief, and he for one was not prepared, as a subscriber, to support the establishment of a foundling department in connection with this Institution.

Mr. R. B. MARTIN thought it would be a pity to allow the ladies to go away without showing that the Committee had frequently cases before them of the kind now referred to. It was nothing unusual for the committee to be applied to for temporary relief by women either before entering, or after leaving, the hospital. They had always been ready and willing to give such temporary relief, but they had always set their faces against admitting the children into the Institution. They used to take the children and put them out to board, but in those cases the parents afterwards absconded.

The Rev. Dr. STUART pointed out to the ladies that they might confer a great benefit by seeing that those young women, after their confinement, were allowed to remain a longer time in the Hospital than appeared to be usual.

One of the ladies explained that they had already taken several women into the Refuge from the Hospital.

The CHAIRMAN said it was considered undesirable in England to herd together large numbers of children. It was found in practice to be most mischievous. He would be a strong advocate for taking the children out of the Benevolent Institution, or even out of the Industrial School, and placing them in families of twos and threes.

Mrs. MUIR explained that the ladies wanted to know what they were to do with the children, who were in their way at the Refuge. Everything done by the Institution was subsidised by a large amount, but it would be very hard to get anything in the way of a subsidy for a new institution. Perhaps, this movement would be better supported in connection with an institution that was well known than if anything fresh was started.

The Ven. Archdeacon EDWARDS thanked the Committee for having promised to take this matter into consideration. He was very glad this discussion had taken place, and that some light had thus been thrown on the subject. The ladies would do what had been suggested in the way of furnishing the Committee with a statement of their views.

The meeting then terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

Medical Report.

DURING the past year the cases of illness in the Institution have been unusually numerous and severe.

The prevalent epidemic of measles has not spared us, forty-three of the children, being indeed all those who had not previously suffered from the disease, having been affected in batches of from two to ten at a time. Many cases were very severe, and were followed by various other affections; all, however, recovered. Amongst the number were two adults, one whose age bordered on seventy; this man had a secondary attack of bronchitis.

I must here be allowed to say how efficiently the invalids were tended by the matron, Mrs. Quin, and by Gertrude Thorough good, the latter of whom voluntarily added to her daily duties most valuable services as a sick nurse.

Two deaths occurred during the year, one in the person of an old man, a negro, who died from erysipelas, followed by gangrene; the other of a girl eight years old from diphtheria. Immediate measures were taken to prevent the spread of this latter malignant disease; these were fortunately successful, as no fresh instances occurred. There were also two other cases of erysipelas. Amputation at the thigh was resorted to in the case of a man who had suffered for a long time previously from an exceedingly painful affection. The operation succeeded in perfectly relieving the patient, who will, moreover, be now able to walk when supplied with an artificial leg.

There were numerous other illnesses, which do not require any special reference.

All the children are vaccinated. The health of the inmates is now good; and as recently great improvements have been made in the drainage, it is to be hoped that the great good fortune of sound health, which for so many years attended the inmates of the Institution, will revisit them during the coming year.

(Signed) T. M. Hocken,

Medical Officer of the Benevolent Institution,

February 10, 1875.

Statement of Receipts and Disbursements of the Otago Benevolent Institution,

For the Year ending 31st December, 1874. Receipts. £ s. d. £ s. d. Cash Balance, 1873 .108 8 9
Government Subsidy 1583 9 7 Subscriptions, Collections, &c. 1522 13 8 From other Sources—Rents, Ac-count of Inmates, Sale of Produce, Stock, &c. 194 7 8 3408 19 8 £3408 19 8 Disbursements. £ s. d. £ s. d. By Cash paid Out-door Relief 956 18 7 " Milk, Groceries, Meat, &c. 584 3 0 " Furnishing and Repairs 30 6 5 " Advertising and Printing 30 1 0 " Religious Instructor 52 0 0 " Salaries and Labour 600 8 7 " Office Rent and Stationery 47 8 10 " Fencing, Building, &c. 330 11 3 " Clothing and Repairs to same 160 16 8 " Fuel 107 7 3 " Medicine, Stock, Seeds, Rates, Insurance, Postage and Receipt Stamps 130 2 7 3030 4 2 Balance to 1875 378 15 6 £3408 19 8 Audited and found correct, Dunedin, February 10th, 1875. M. W. Hawkins, Auditor.

Table I. SHEWING *the Total Number of Persons relieved Outdoor and Discharged during 1874,*

To Relieve the Aged, Infirm, Disabled, and Destitute of all Creeds and Nations, Afford them Medical Relief, and to Minister to them the Comforts of Religion.

Rules and Regulations.

Qualifications and Privileges of Governors and Subscribers.

1. Every donor of £20 or upwards shall be a
Qualification of Life Governors.

Life Governor; and every person who may have raised, or shall raise, by one or more collections in one year, the sum of twenty pounds (£20) or upwards, from persons not claiming membership on account of their contributions towards such sum; and every executor first named in any Will, proving the same, and paying to the Institution a bequest of fifty pounds (£50) or upwards, shall have all the rights and privileges of a Life Governor.

2. Every Subscriber of one guinea or upwards
Qualification of Members.

shall be an annual Member, and shall have the privilege of recommending cases of distress for relief, and of voting at the election of office-bearers, provided that he shall not be entitled to vote until three months after the payment of his first Annual Subscription. The Annual Subscription shall be due and payable on the 1st day of January in each year.

Annual General Meeting in the month of January.

3. There shall be, in the month of January in every year, a General Meeting of the Life Governors and Members of the Institution, to be held at such place as the General Committee shall appoint (of which meeting fourteen days' previous notice shall be given in two or more of the Dunedin newspapers), to receive the Report and Accounts of the Committee of Management; to elect the Committee and other Office-bearers; and to transact the general business of the Institution.

Office-bearers to be elected annually.

4. The Office-bearers of the Institution shall consist of:—a President, Vice-President, Honorary Treasurer, and a General Committee of any number not exceeding eight members (exclusive of *ex officio* Members), to be elected at the Annual General Meeting, by and from among the Life Governors and Members.

Ex-officio Members of Committee.

5. The President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Honorary Medical Officers, and the resident principal Minister of each congregation contributing a collection to the Funds of the Institution (being qualified as Governors) shall be *ex officio* Members of Committee; but no *ex officio* Members, except Honorary Office-bearers, shall vote on the removal or appointment of any paid servant of the Institution.

Committee Meeting, when to be held.

6. The General Committee shall meet once in the week, and at such other times as they may appoint, to receive the report of the various officers, and discuss the general business of the Institution; three to form a quorum. A Committee Meeting shall be held the first Monday in every February and August, to enter into contracts for the supply of provisions and other necessaries; five to form a quorum.

Who to preside at Committee Meetings.

7. The President, Vice-President, or Treasurer, shall preside at all meetings of Committee; and in their absence, the majority present shall appoint their own Chairman, who shall have an additional or casting vote.

8. The Committee shall frame such Bye-laws

Committee to frame Bye-laws and Regulations.

and Regulations as they may deem necessary, the same not being at variance with the general laws of the Institution.

9. The Committee of Management may convene

Special General Meeting of Subscribers, how to be convened.

a special general meeting of subscribers at any time, upon giving notice at least fourteen days previously, in two or more of the Dunedin newspapers, which notice shall be repeated three times. Any thirty Life Governors or Subscribers may request the Committee to call a special meeting at any time; and should they, after receiving such requisition so signed, refuse or neglect to call such meeting within fourteen days, it shall be in the power of the said requisitionists to convene such a meeting, upon giving notice as directed above.

10. No bye-law or regulation shall be altered

Bye-laws to be repealed only at special meetings.

or repealed except at a special meeting of Committee; such meeting to consist of not less than five members.

11. That in electing to any appointment by Honorary Medical Officers and their qualifications. the Committee, when there are more applicants than are required, the voting shall take place by voting cards; and in all cases the salary shall be determined before proceeding to election.
12. There shall be two or more Medical Officers, How appointments are to be made by the Committee. not to exceed four, whose appointment shall be honorary; and no one shall be eligible for the office of Medical Officer who is not certificated by the Medical Board of Otago.
13. The Honorary Medical Officers shall be Appointment of Honorary Medical Officers and filling up of vacancies. chosen by the Committee, and shall be amenable to the rules made by them. If any vacancy occurs by death, removal, or retirement, such vacancy shall be filled up at a special meeting of Committee, to be convened for that purpose.
14. That the Honorary Medical Officers shall How Medical officers shall re-port. report on the state of the inmates at the weekly meeting of Committee. Conditions of admission to Institution.
15. That no application be received unless signed by a Subscriber; and no person shall be admitted until the expiration of one week from the date of applying, to allow time for enquiry, except in special cases. Tenders to be called for sup-plies.
16. Tenders for all supplies shall be invited for a period of not less than 6 months, the amount of such tenders to be duly recorded in the Minute-book. No Member of Committee to supply any article for the use of the Institution, for which he may receive pecuniary or other compensation. House Visiting Committee, how to be appointed.
17. The House Visiting Committee, consisting of three Members, shall be appointed by and from the General Committee, at the monthly meetings in February, M ay, August, and November in each year, to act in rotation. Members retiring to be eligible for re-appointment. Duties of Visiting Committee.
18. It shall be their duty to visit the Institution at least once a week to make a general inspection, and to record the result in the Minute- book, to be kept in the Institution; such book to be produced at the weekly meetings of the Committee. Management of Institution.
19. The Superintendent, or other officer appointed by the Committee, shall have the management of the Institution, subject to the regulations and orders of the Committee. Religious instruction.
20. The inmates of the Institution will be allowed religious instruction from the ministers of the denomination to which they belong, at such times as the Committee shall appoint.

Life Governors.

- Bell, Sir F. D.
- Bushel, F., Esq.
- Cable, H., Esq.
- Campbell, Robt. J., Esq.
- Chapman, Robert, Esq.
- Clark, Rev. C.
- Clarke, Joseph, Esq.
- Connebee, Rev. R.
- Coote, Charles, Esq.
- Dench, H., Esq.
- Edinburgh, H.R.H. Duke of
- Edwards, Rev. E. G.
- Farjeon, B. L., Esq.
- Farrer, W. E., Esq.
- Fish, H. S., jun., Esq.
- Forsyth, Robert, Esq.
- Fulton, Francis, Esq.

- Fulton, James, Esq.
- Gleeson, M. S., Esq.
- Gourley, Hugh, Esq.
- Gow, Rev. Jno.
- Halley, Dr. E.
- Hardy, H. F., Esq.
- Henry, J. G., Esq.
- Holmes, James S., Esq.
- Holmes, Hon. Matthew
- Hume, Marcus, Esq.
- Inglis, A., Esq.
- Inglis, T., Esq.
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- Maitland, J. T., Esq.
- Mansford, T. A., Esq.
- Martin, R. B., Esq.
- Melhuish, William, Esq.
- Meenan, F., Esq.
- Mercer, Andrew, Esq.
- Moreau, Rev. D.
- Murphy, M., Esq.
- M 'Lean, Hon. John
- M 'Lean, John M., Esq.
- Neill, P. C., Esq.
- Parsons, Rev. J. L.
- Ramsay, Keith, Esq.
- Reany, J., Esq.
- Rennie, A., Esq.
- Roberts, John, Esq.
- Robin, James, Esq.
- Russell, Geo. G., Esq.
- Snow, William, Esq.
- Stephenson, John, Esq.
- Stratford, H. A., Esq.
- Street, C. H., Esq.
- Strobe, A. C., Esq.
- Stuart, Rev. D. M.
- Stuart, Alex., M.D.
- Sutherland, Rev. G.
- Talbot, H., Esq.
- Telford, William, Esq.
- Templeton, Thomas, Esq.
- Thomson, C., Esq.
- Thomson, Captain
- Thomson, R., Esq.
- Tolmie, William, A., Esq.
- Valentine, Arch. Esq.
- Vogel, Hon. Julius
- Wain, Job, jun., Esq.
- Webster, Dr.
- West, George, Esq.

Ladies who are Entitled to the Rights and

Privileges of Life Governors.

- Mrs. Barton
- Mrs. E. B. Cargill
- Mrs. Caldecutt
- Mrs. Caldwell
- Mrs. C. Cook
- Miss Copeland
- Mrs. Daniels
- Mrs. S. Dewes
- Mrs. Dick
- Mrs. Edwards
- Mrs. Fisher
- Mrs. Graham
- Mrs. Harris
- Mrs. Harvey
- Mrs. Holmes
- Mrs. A. Inglis
- Mrs. T. Inglis
- Miss Lihman
- Mrs. Lambert
- Mrs. Lawson
- Mrs. Mason
- Mrs. Meluish
- Miss Meredith
- Mrs. Muir
- Mrs. Nathan
- Mrs. Rattray
- Mrs. Skinner
- Mrs. J. Smith
- Mrs. Tolmie
- Mrs. Vogol
- Mrs. Winter

Otago Benevolent Institution.

List of Subscriptions, Donations, and Collection,

Printed at the "Daily Times" Office, Rattray Street, Dunedin.

Coughs, Colds, and Sore Throats.

By Robert H. Bakewell, M.D.,

Member, and Lickntiate in Midwifery of the Royal College of Surgeons of England; L.S.A.;

Formerly Assistant Surgeon on the Medical Staff of the Army in the Crimea; House Surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital, London, and to the Staffordshire

General Infirmary; Late Surgeon to the Cobre Hospital, Cuba; Author of "Hints on the Domestic Management of the Sick Room;"

"A Visit to the Purton Spa, with an Account of its Sulphated and Bromiodated Water;" "on the Causes of Infant Mortality," &C., &C.

London: R. Kimpton, Wardour Street. Hanley: Allbut and Daniel, Market-Square.

Preface.

SINCE the publication of Lord St. Leonard's Handy Book of Property Law, popular manuals on scientific subjects have needed no apology. The following little work is not intended to enable people to treat themselves, except in the very simplest cases; it is rather designed to enable them to form some idea of the causes, the symptoms, the treatment, and the probable results of some of the most frequently occurring diseases to which the English are subject.

Hanley, Staffordshire.

Coughs, Colds, and Sore Throats.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory.

There are few questions so often put to medical men as—"What is the best thing to take for a cough?" Yet a more useless question could hardly be put. For a cough is a mere symptom, which may occur in the course of scores of diseases, each one requiring its own especial treatment.

To give the reader some slight idea of the multitude of diseases of which cough is one of the symptoms, let me mention a few. It may be caused by congestion, inflammation or ulceration of the mucous membrane covering the fauces (or inside of the throat), by congestion or inflammation, (simple or diphtheritic), or ulceration or abscess of the tonsils, by simple enlargement of those organs, by the same affections of the soft palate, by cancerous disease of any of the previously named parts, by elongated uvula, by polypi in the fauces, by œdema of the epiglottis, by inflammation or ulceration of the epiglottis, by acute or chronic laryngitis, by tubercular ulceration of the larynx, by foreign bodies, as fish bones, &c., pressing on the larynx, by foreign bodies in the larynx, by tumours, simple or malignant, or by aneurisms pressing on it, or by the same diseases of the trachea or windpipe, or by tumours or aneurisms pressing on it, or foreign bodies within it or external to it. Here we have enumerated between thirty and forty distinct diseases which may cause cough, without going beyond the windpipe, without mentioning a single one of the numerous diseases of the lungs and other organs within the chest, which may be accompanied by this symptom. It is true that some of these diseases are rare, but others are very common, and as, until a proper examination has been made, it is impossible to know which of them may be the cause of the cough, it must be perfectly plain, that to say what is the best thing for a cough is by no means a simple or easy matter.

It will be obvious that within the limits of this little work, it is out of the question to attempt a description of all the diseases which occasion cough. To do so would require a large volume. I shall therefore confine myself to those which are the most common, and consequently the most important, and which produce probably nine-tenths or more of all the cases of cough met with in medical practice. It is needless to define a cough; every one knows what it is by experience, but it may be well to remark that there are several kinds of cough, and that it by no means follows that the most severe and distressing kinds are the most dangerous to the patient. There are for example "dry coughs," unattended by any, or by only very scanty expectoration; wheezy coughs, barking coughs, ringing coughs, hacking coughs, paroxysmal or suffocating coughs which come on in fits, and are so prolonged as to endanger suffocation, and various other kinds.

It may be asked how are the causes of the different species of cough to be discovered? There is only one way by which it can be done with any approach to certainty, and that is by a *physical examination of the chest and air passages*. That is to say, by listening with or without the aid of the stethoscope to the sounds produced by the breathing, the voice, and the cough,—this is called auscultation; by *inspection* of the air passages so far as they are visible, and of the form of the chest, its expansion and contraction, &c.; by *percussion*, or striking the chest gently with the fingers or some instrument, so as to judge by the sound produced, whether the parts beneath are occupied by solids, fluids, air, or healthy tissues; by *palpation*, or touching the chest, &c.. so as to feel its contraction and expansion, and the sensation produced by the voice or cough of the patient; by *mensuration* or measuring the diameter, the circumference, and the depths of different parts or opposite sides of the chest, and by *succussion* and some others not often employed. It may not be needful to use all these methods of physical examination in every case; indeed it is seldom that all are required, but auscultation,

palpation, and percussion should be used in every case, unless the cough is obviously caused by some form of sore throat. The man who makes a practice of treating coughs without auscultation is a quack, whatever diplomas he may possess. Some few medical men profess to sneer at these means of diagnosis even in these days, but they are invariably persons whose medical education has been of the most imperfect kind, and who are quite ignorant of the subject.

CHAPTER II.

Sore Throat.

The popular term "sore throat" includes a large number of diseases seated in and about the back part of the mouth and the upper part of the larynx, or entrance to the windpipe. Like most popular terms, it does not admit of strict definition. It may mean a mere congestion of the mucous membrane, attended with slight hoarseness; or it may mean a severe inflammation of the soft palate, tonsils and neighbouring parts, running on to ulceration or abscess.

The general symptoms of inflammatory sore throat, are pain, often-times very severe, in the part affected, greatly increased by swallowing, or attempts to swallow, hoarseness of the voice, sometimes increasing to such an extent that the voice becomes a mere whisper, a profuse secretion of slimy mucus, which at first is exceedingly difficult and painful to get rid of, and cough of a very irritating and harsh kind. These local symptoms are accompanied for the most part with a general feverishness, marked by a quick pulse, a hot, dry skin, a white and furred tongue, thirst, loss of appetite, and not seldom pains in the back and limbs, and other symptoms of catarrh.

If the complaint runs on unchecked, the local symptoms become more severe. The secretion of mucus is more profuse, and is generally accompanied by great secretion of saliva, the pain and difficulty of swallowing are greater, so that even fluids can only be swallowed in very small quantities, and produce a feeling of suffocation; the tonsils enlarge to such an extent that they nearly meet, and difficulty of breathing is added to the other symptoms; abscesses may form in the tonsils, and the complaint is then called quinsey, or without going into abscess, superficial ulceration may take place on the mucous membrane of the tonsils or palate. If abscess occurs the symptoms are generally greatly relieved as soon as the abscess breaks or is opened.

On examining the throat internally, in the first stage of the complaint, the whole of the mucous membrane is seen to be of a much deeper colour than that of the rest of the mouth, often a deep crimson tint, it is greatly swollen, as may be seen by the thickening of the soft palate and uvula. In the more advanced stages, the tonsils are greatly enlarged so as to form projecting tumours. In this stage there is considerable swelling externally, and pressure below the ears, under the jaw, gives great pain.

In persons subject to quinsey, the inflammation commences in the tonsils and extends to the rest of the throat, and the tonsils swell with great rapidity, and often in the course of twenty-four or six-and-thirty hours, become so much enlarged as to prevent swallowing, and render even speech impossible. In these cases the expectoration of mucus is enormous. I have frequently seen a quart brought up in a day.

The causes of inflammatory sore throat are generally, either exposure to wet and cold, great exertion of the muscles as in speaking, the presence of an epidemic, or direct contagion.

Some persons are peculiarly liable to sore throat. If they get their feet wet, or are exposed to a cold wind, or even a slight draught, if they stand or sit in damp clothes, if in short they expose themselves to any of those influences which commonly produce what is called a "cold," they are immediately attacked with sore throat. Those whose profession requires long and severe exertion of the voice, such as clergymen or barristers, are also peculiarly liable to sore throat. Sore throat is often epidemic, and I have always noticed that at times when scarlatina is epidemic, sore throat is so also. It frequently happens that when the children in a house are laid up with scarlatina, the adults are suffering from sore throat. It is always very difficult to prove contagion, but I think it is generally acknowledged that simple inflammatory sore throat may be contagious, as diphtheritic sore throat undoubtedly is.

TREATMENT.—If sore throat of an inflammatory kind attacks a robust and healthy person, and is accompanied by much pain in swallowing, a few leeches may, with great advantage, be applied behind the jaw on each side. A couple on each side will be quite sufficient. If thought desirable, the wounds may be encouraged to bleed for a short time after the leeches have fallen off, by fomentations of warm water. A large warm linseed-meal poultice should always be applied, reaching from ear to ear, under the chin. If the complaint is attacked in its first stage, an emetic of half-a-drachm of ipecacuanha powder will sometimes apparently cut it short. At the same time, should the bowels be confined, it will be well to clear them out by a four or five grain blue pill, followed by a dose of castor oil or senna. The steam of hot water should be inhaled; and warm water,

either alone, or rendered more pleasant and demulcent by the addition of gum, or an infusion of linseed frequently sipped. It is exceedingly useful in this stage to paint the affected parts with a pretty strong solution of nitrate of silver. This will, in many cases, materially shorten the duration of the malady, but it should not be used except by a professional man.

If these plans fail in arresting the disease, or if I have not been called in at the commencement, I generally give what I believe to have a specific action on inflammations of the mouth and fauces, namely, chlorate of potash. This compound has very great power over the complaint, both when applied locally in solution, as a gargle, and when taken internally. I disapprove, *in toto*, of giving a succession of salines and antimonials in this disease; they do far more harm than good. If the accompanying fever runs high, it may be better subdued by small doses of aconite, which will soon bring down the pulse without weakening the system. In robust persons the chlorate of potash may be used in combination with a dilute acid, as the dilute hydrochloric, and a little syrup. It may also be used as a gargle. I have, however, been in the habit of directing the patient to take it, not in large doses at intervals of three or four hours, but in frequent small doses every few minutes. Thus a tea spoonful may be taken every quarter of an hour, and slowly swallowed. In this way the necessity for gargling may be avoided, as the medicine acts locally as well as through the blood. Gargling is always an unpleasant operation, and particularly so when the person who gargles is suffering from sore throat.

If the patient is weakly, quinine and chloric ether may be added to the mixture, or decoction of cinchona bark with chloric ether. If after the violence of the inflammation has subsided the tonsils remain enlarged, or the mucous membrane thickened or relaxed, painting with a weak solution of nitrate of silver (5 grs. to the ounce of distilled water) will be very useful. At the same time, if necessary, the skin underneath the lower jaw may be painted twice a-day with tincture of iodine.

Persons who have repeatedly suffered from inflammatory sore throats will require something more. A blister to the neck, and the internal administration of iodide of potassium, together with astringent gargles, will be most useful.

The diet throughout the complaint should be nourishing. Strong beef tea will generally be required as soon as the patient is able to swallow, and in some cases stimulants. It is surprising how rapidly a lingering case of sore throat will get well by the use of vigorous measures. I was called in on one occasion by another medical man, to see a young lady whom he had been attending for live weeks, with severe tonsillitis, and general sore throat. There was great difficulty in swallowing, the tonsils were much enlarged, and the patient, though of a robust habit of body, reduced to a state of great weakness. I found the treatment had been a very lowering one, and the diet low also. I suggested tonic medicines, and two or three glasses of old port every day, together with plenty of eggs and beef tea, &c. The next day she was considerably better, and in three or four days she was so nearly well, as to require no further medical attendance.

Malignant sore throat, such as occurs in the severest forms of scarlatina, and diphtheritic sore throat, are of course so dangerous as to be quite beyond the range of domestic medicine. They are marked by the great depression of strength which accompanies them.

The malignant sore throat of scarlatina is extremely fatal. It comes on early in the disease, sometimes on the first, sometimes on the second day of the rash. The throat swells both externally and internally, sloughs rapidly form on the tonsils: an offensive muco-purulent discharge proceeds from the mouth and nostrils; the patient's lips, teeth, and tongue are day and black; breathing is carried on with much difficulty, and is attended with frequent fits of coughing, which seem as if they would suffocate the patient. The pulse is from the first small and rapid, and the debility extreme. Gradually, if the case terminates fatally, the breathing becomes more and more laboured, the countenance livid, the pulse feebler and feebler, until death terminates a most painful scene.

The treatment is directed locally by powerful astringents, or caustics, to check the sloughing, by the internal administration of quinine or bark, together with brandy, wine, eggs, and beef tea to support the strength.

The peculiar form of sore throat, called diphtheria, has of late years attracted much attention, both on account of its great rarity (until lately,) and of the frightful mortality which attends it. It has been singularly localized—some places have suffered from it most severely, while in others it has never been seen. In that part of London in which I practised for several years, we had a large number of cases.

Diphtheria attacks all classes, but seems to be especially fatal among the well-fed and comfortably-housed members of the middle and upper classes. It frequently follows scarlatina and measles. There is considerable difference of opinion as to its real nature and causes, but one thing is clear,—that the true diphtheria is a deposit of a sort of false membrane, something like that of croup, on the mucous membrane of the tonsils, soft palate, uvula, &c., and extending into the pharynx, or opening of the gullet, and into the larynx or upper part of the windpipe, and upwards into the nostrils. This false membrane or diphtheritic deposit is of very various thicknesses. I have seen it so thin as to look like a patch of whity-brown paper, placed on the palate, and I have seen it as thick as washleather, and of very much the same colour and appearance. If removed by force, it is formed again in a few hours, unless at the same time the diseased state of the blood which causes the deposit, is

removed or changed. Some cases are comparatively slight, that is to say the deposit of false membrane is not extensive, but all cases are dangerous and require the most prompt and active treatment.

A case or two will illustrate the subject better than a laboured description:

I was called up about 20 a.m. to see a young lady in London, at a time when diphtheria was very rife. When I reached the house I found my patient, (who was a delicate girl of about 12 years of age,) sitting up in bed, breathing laboriously, and troubled with a very harsh cough. On examining the throat, I found a well marked, but not very extensive diphtheritic deposit on both tonsils, the rest of the throat internally was red and inflamed, I found the pulse about 124 and very feeble and small. There was profuse ichorous discharge from both nostrils. The skin was soft and clammy. It was stated that the young lady had been suffering from a slight cold, as was supposed, for a few days, but went to bed tolerably well. In the night she awoke her parents by her loud harsh cough. The father immediately sent for me.

I at once applied a caustic to the throat in order to check the progress of the deposit: ordered a tablespoonful of port wine, and some strong beef tea every hour, and a draught containing ten grains of chlorate of potash, ten drops of muriated tincture of steel and chloric ether with water, every half-hour. I saw her again at 60 a.m. There was no further progress of the disease; the pulse was much slower and fuller, and the extremities warmer. From this time she gradually improved, and in two days the diphtheritic deposit had entirely disappeared. Now this was a very mild case, but had it not been treated promptly, it would doubtless have been very dangerous. The great depression of the vital powers so early in the disease, showed that had it gone on a little longer unchecked, the result would have been very serious.

I was called in to a child on July 25th: he was suffering from severe sore throat immediately following scarlatina. On examination there was a slight diphtheritic deposit perceptible. He was treated in the usual manner, and very rapidly improved. On the 27th the throat had lost all trace of diphtheria, and was only like an ordinary sore throat. On the 30th I found him running about, and on examination, it was clear that there was not much improvement since the 27th. He had taken no medicine during the intervening days. The parents, however, did not send up for any medicine, and I saw no more of the child until the 5th of August, when he was brought to me by his parents. He was much worse. I found a perforating ulcer of the soft palate, as large as a split pea, and a thick diphtheritic deposit covering part of the palate, the whole of the tonsils and back of the pharynx. He was put on the same course of treatment as before, and wine, beef tea, &c. freely given; he rallied and seemed likely to recover, but again relapsed, and died on the 12th, just a week after he was brought to me a second time.

Another case which occurred about the same time, illustrates the milder form of the disease. A mother who was nursing her child in an attack of scarlatina, was herself attacked by the disease. On the second day of the eruption there was a well marked diphtheritic deposit on the tonsils and pillars of the fauces. The usual treatment was adopted, and the patient, who is a very sensible clear-headed woman followed up the orders about chlorine to the very letter. She rapidly recovered. In this as in all the other cases of diphtheria I have seen, amounting to about thirty, the debility, feebleness, and quickness of the pulse, were out of all proportion to the local symptoms, and required the most energetic use of stimulants and tonics. This is to my mind the most marked distinction between the ordinary sore throat and diphtheria.

The infant child of the above patient was subsequently attacked with diphtheria. The disease was at first confined to the tonsils and soft palate. There was very great difficulty in getting down either medicine, wine or beef tea. The child lingered for a fortnight. It had an abscess beneath the jaw which broke externally, and the wound took on the diphtheritic action. Ultimately the mouth was nearly covered with the deposit, but it was not until the disease attacked the larynx that the child died, which happened about three weeks after it was first attacked. This was the most protracted case I have ever seen.

In the fatal cases, the diphtheritic deposit covers the tonsils and soft palate, and extends sometimes into the windpipe. In many instances the patient undoubtedly dies suffocated, in some cases from suffocation and debility combined, and in others apparently more from the blood poisoning than from the local disease.

The treatment of this disease so formidable in itself, so dreadful when it enters a family, sweeping off, as it often does, three or four children one after another, has been the subject of much controversy. One point however is undoubted, that it is absolutely necessary to support the system in every way. For this purpose the most nutritious diet combined with stimulants will be required. In the bad cases, wine or even brandy must be given in quantities that seem startling to the uninitiated, and at intervals much shorter than is usual in most other diseases. It is trifling with a disease so rapid in its course, and so fatal in its results, to give stimulants every three or four hours. They must be administered every half-hour or every hour, according to circumstances: at the same time small quantities of very strong beef tea, and yolk of egg may be given. It is generally useless to attempt to give solid food—the patient is not in a condition to masticate it, or to digest it. The object must be to give nutriment in the most concentrated and most digestible form.

The local treatment must consist in poultices and fomentations externally, and caustics internally, if the

disease is in its early stage, and within reach of caustics. It is useless to apply caustics in the most advanced stages, when the diphtheritic membrane has extended into the larynx. As for internal medicines, I have found the most useful to be a combination of chlorate of potash, muriated tincture of iron and quinine, taken in frequent small doses. The quinine is given in order to support the strength and counteract the debilitating effects of the blood poison. Of course particular symptoms will require their own especial treatment. There are also sequels of the disease which will need treatment, but the consideration of these would lead us too far from our immediate subject.

Plenty of chloride of lime should be kept in the patient's room, to which a little muriatic acid should be added occasionally. In this way more chlorine gas will be liberated than by merely using the chloride of lime. The chlorine acts as a disinfectant, and also as a local application of considerable power.

It is useless to dilate further on the treatment of this disease, since no one would ever think of undertaking a case of this kind, unless he were a fully qualified medical man.

We have spoken of several forms of acute sore throat, it now remains to say a few words upon the more chronic forms. These may follow the acute disease, or they may have arisen from repeated slight attacks of inflammation which have scarcely been noticed.

It is very common to find, on examining the throat, that the tonsils are greatly enlarged, the mucous membrane redder than natural, the blood vessels more prominent, and the uvula long and relaxed. The state of the throat causes no positive pain, and not much inconvenience. It causes a slight hawking cough, with the expectoration of a tough mucus, and a constant hoarseness and huskiness of the voice; but it renders the throat exceedingly liable to acute attacks of inflammation. A very slight cold will also cause such an aggravation of the symptoms as to produce great swelling of the tonsils, and a most harassing cough. The relaxed uvula, thus subjected to repeated attacks of inflammation, completely loses its power of contraction, becomes an inch long or even longer, hangs down and irritates the glottis, and causes attacks of un-controllable cough of the most distressing and painful kind.

Now in these cases a thorough cure ought to be effected as soon as this state of things is discovered, unless the patient prefers allowing the chronic inflammation to go on for the term of his natural life.

The cure may be effected in some cases without any medical treatment. Whatever. Removal to a dry, hot climate, from England, will generally cure them thoroughly in two or three months. But people don't care to emigrate in order to get rid of a sore throat, nor do they care to leave even one part of the country for another, higher and drier. Therefore medicine must come in.

In tolerably recent cases, astringent gargles, containing alum or tannin, are very useful. A gargle of two drachms of dilute sulphuric acid, one drachm of tincture of capsicum, and eight ounces of water, is good when there is a relaxed condition of the uvula and tickling cough. At the same time blisters should be used externally, or a series of mustard plasters applied. Generally speaking tonic medicines are required, as the very existence of a chronic inflammation indicates a certain debility in the system. A generous diet, containing a fair allowance of wine or malt liquor is also necessary. With this, plenty of exercise in the fresh air, and well ventilated rooms are essential. In the more obstinate cases; with greatly enlarged tonsils, iodine may be given, either in the form of iodide of potassium, combined with infusion of quassia, or gentian, or cascarilla, or in the form of syrup of iodide of iron, a most useful and elegant preparation.

When iodine is necessary externally, it is well to blister with a strong solution of iodine applied to the neck.

Nitrate of silver, either in the solid form or in solution, may, as explained before, be used with great advantage. It should be applied daily, or every other day.

When the uvula has become very long it is impossible to bring it back to its natural state : the only remedy is the surgical one of cutting a piece off. This is done in a moment with a pair of scissors, and is perfectly effectual.

When repeated attacks of sore throat have taken place, the tonsils become permanently enlarged, and medicine has no effect on them; nor will any local applications bring them back to their healthy state. In these cases they must be removed by the knife. The operation is almost painless, and the cure is permanent and perfect.

CHAPTER III.

Bronchitis.

If this were a systematic treatise, instead of a popular one of very small dimensions, I should speak of the various forms of laryngitis, especially of croupy laryngitis, before treating of bronchitis. But as these diseases are comparatively rare, and utterly beyond the range of domestic treatment, I shall merely mention that croup is

of two kinds, the one spasmodic and comparatively harmless, the other inflammatory, attended by the production of a false membrane on the mucous membrane of the larynx, and fearfully fatal. Both are attended by a peculiar hard ringing metallic cough, which generally first comes on in the night. Not a moment should be lost in sending for medical assistance. The only thing the parents can safely do will be to administer an emetic of ipecacuanha, if that should be in the way, and to prepare the materials for a warm bath.

Bronchitis may be either acute or chronic. The acute variety may be either little more than a common cold, or a disease eminently dangerous to life, and requiring the utmost skill for its treatment.

Now, a great many people talk of having bronchitis, of suffering from bronchitis, of having just recovered from bronchitis, whose knowledge of the bronchi and of bronchitis is of the haziest description. But at a very trifling expenditure, any person may see what are the bronchi, and will be in a much better position to understand the symptoms of bronchitis. Let him purchase at the butcher's a pig's or sheep's "lights," *i.e.* lungs, and he will find that the windpipe, by which it is generally hung up in the shop, divides into two branches, which again divide and subdivide into innumerable ramifications: these are the bronchi or bronchial tubes. They consist of a number of incomplete rings formed of cartilage, which serve to maintain their shape; inside they are lined by a mucous membrane, continuous with the mucous membrane of the windpipe (or trachea). When this mucous membrane is inflamed the disease is called bronchitis.

It is attended in the very earliest stage by unnatural dryness of the membrane, but this very speedily gives way to over-secretion of the natural mucus of the part. This causes cough and expectoration, which is in some instances enormous. Supposing the case goes on favourably, after a time the secretion of mucus is lessened, the cough and expectoration lessen also, and ultimately cease. Now in acute cases bronchitis is attended with much fever, there is also some degree of pain on the affected side, but more of tightness and oppression upon the chest. Thus patients feel a constant disposition to sigh, but are unable to relieve themselves by doing so.

Instead of entering into an elaborate description of all the varieties of bronchitis, I shall merely state that this condition of the lung may be either acute or chronic, that it may attack one lung or both, and that it may involve only the larger divisions of the air-tubes, or extend to their minutest ramifications. Bronchitis may be caused by various things,—by cold, by the presence of tubercle in the lungs, as an accompaniment of several other diseases, such as measles, scarlatina, fever, disease of the kidneys, pneumonia, emphysema, and many others. It may also be caused by the irritation of small particles of dust, like the grinders' asthma (as it is called) of Sheffield, the potters' asthma in the Staffordshire Potteries, (both these diseases commencing with repeated attacks of bronchitis), or it may arise from unwholesome gases inhaled into the lungs. In all these instances however, the physical signs when the chest is examined are alike. We find sounds called rhonchi, indicating the presence of mucus in various states. In acute cases when the mucus is copious and fluid, we find crepitant rhonchus, in the later stages of the acute disease, and in chronic cases, we find cooing, whistling, sonorous and other rhonchi, indicating the presence of tough dryish mucus. At the same time, except in very young infants where collapse of the lung has taken place, percussion is much the same as in health. When the bronchitis is of very long standing and has given rise to other changes in the lung, the percussion sound may be altered.

Now bronchitis may be a very trifling or a very serious disease; it may require the most energetic treatment, continued day and night without intermission; or it may so little inconvenience or distress the patient as to require no treatment at all. Simple uncomplicated bronchitis, involving only one lung, ought always to be followed by perfect recovery. If a patient dies of it, he dies of the treatment, not of the disease. The tendency of bronchitis is always to recovery. What then are the reasons why death occurs in this disease?

In acute bronchitis death occurs, either because the original cause of the disease continues in action, and so one part of the lung after another is attacked, as is the case sometimes in consumption; or because both lungs are attacked, and the blood cannot be properly oxygenated, or the patient dies worn out by cough, rapid breathing and profuse discharge from the bronchial tubes. In chronic cases the patient dies from the changes produced in the lung, by repeated inflammatory attacks, and by heart disease, emphysema, and other secondary affections, the effects of which are aggravated by harassing cough, and in some cases enormous expectoration of mucus.

Mostly, however, in acute bronchitis, people die of the treatment, as Molière says, they die "of two physicians and an apothecary." Chronic bronchitis, though not rapidly, is surely fatal—unless cured. The person of fifty who has his or her attack of "winter cough and spitting," as soon as the cold weather sets in, will die of it in the course of a very few years, unless he or she obtain a speedy relief. It is quite a mistake to allow these attacks to wear themselves out, or to consider them as so much a matter of course that they need no treatment.

The treatment of *acute bronchitis* will differ very considerably in the infant and in the adult, or those beyond the age of infancy.

Bronchitis in the infant is generally called, even by medical men (of the old school), pneumonia. The fact is that in infants pneumonia is almost unknown. Some of the most scientific practitioners, and those who have had the greatest experience, have hardly ever seen a case of the disease. Speaking generally all those cases called

"inflammations of the lung," in infants are cases of bronchitis.

Now these cases are exceedingly frequent, and their treatment is very much misunderstood. It is a very common practice to treat infants who are labouring under acute bronchitis, with lowering remedies, such as leeching, tartarized antimony, ipecacuanha, and even mercury in the shape of calomel, or grey powder. This is done because there is often—nay generally, high fever, indicated by rapid pulse, intensely hot skin, thirst, dry tongue, restlessness, &c. And yet if the lowering plan of treatment is adopted, it is almost sure to prove fatal. Ask any mother who has had a large family, and has lost several children, and she will be almost sure to tell you that some one or more of them "went off with the inflammation on the chest." It would be impossible to make intelligible to a non-professional reader, the condition of the lung described by the word "atalektasis," but it must suffice to say that as a consequence of infantile bronchitis the lung has a tendency to collapse, and resume the condition it had previous to birth.

The treatment of bronchitis must be directed to the prevention of this state, or to its removal when present. Hence from the very beginning a sustaining and stimulating plan must be adopted :—no antimony,—no ipecacuanha,—no leeches. Quinine, or the inspissated solution of bark or cinchonine, together with chloric ether, and accompanied by beef tea, and if need be, by wine or even brandy and water will prove almost universally successful. Under this kind of treatment I have never lost a case of bronchitis in an infant under two years of age, unless the child has been first seen by me when actually dying. I was called in to a child a few months ago for instance, who was already blue in the face and extremities, and although I have had several such cases recover, I do not consider them fair tests of the treatment.

Where both lungs are affected, it is absolutely necessary to give wine or brandy and water freely, or the infant will certainly sink. It may surprise many to hear of giving brandy and water to babes of only a few months old; but the experience of scores of cases has shown me, that it is not only harmless, but is essential to recovery. When this plan of treatment was first suggested to me, some six or seven years ago, I was as much astonished at it as any one could be. It seemed so contrary to all the traditions of medicine to give stimulants in any inflammatory disease with rapid pulse, and hot skin. At first I watched the cases most anxiously, seeing them every three or four hours, fearful lest any mishap might occur from the treatment. But I soon found that no fear need be entertained on that score. The good effect of the stimulants and tonics is almost invariable, the difficulty lies in getting parents to give them regularly, and to persevere long enough. I might quote a large number of cases, but one or two must suffice.

1st.—A child five weeks old; bronchitis in both lungs; loud mucous rales heard both in front and behind;—ordered half a teaspoonful of sherry every two hours, and a mixture with quinine, chloric ether, and compound tincture of cardamons; as often. The chest to be well fomented and kept poulticed. This was on the 18th September, 1861. The child rapidly improved, continuing the same treatment. On the 20th, the report is "much better," sucks well; the upper lobes of the lungs nearly free from mucus; the lower part of both filled with crepitation—continue treatment.

On the 23rd, the child had its last bottle of medicine, being then only a little feeble and having a slight cough. Thus, in five days, a case of bronchitis affecting both lungs was cured.

2nd.—A child four months old; had been ill several days from bronchitis; had been under the treatment of the assistant of another practitioner, who had mistaken the case altogether, and treated it as a slight febrile attack. When I arrived the skin was hot, pulse rapid, lips livid, countenance dusky, and the breathing extremely feeble and shallow, with all the auscultatory signs of double bronchitis : ordered a teaspoonful of wine every half-hour, and the quinine mixture every hour. Beef tea ad libitum.

In the evening the child was somewhat better. The next day there was great improvement. The child was lively and had sucked a little. To continue the wine every hour.

The next day was summoned in great haste, it being stated that the child was dying. Found the statement correct, all the family in the room, the child almost comatose, lips, hands, &c. blue, and in a very much worse state than at first. Found that the parents had neglected giving the wine and medicine, thinking the child did not want it as it was so much better. Determined to save the child if possible, I immediately administered a teaspoonful of strong brandy and water (half and half), and stopped with the child, giving it the brandy and water myself every twenty minutes, for two or three hours. By this time the child was better, the pulse had rallied, and the skin was not so blue. Told the parents to give the brandy and water, every twenty minutes, till I came again. This was done, and in a few days the child was quite well. This case attracted a good deal of attention in the neighbourhood in which it occurred, and was an unmistakeable proof of the value of stimulants in bronchitis. After the first few hours of the second attack, of course the brandy was not given quite so often, and quinine was given as well; but at first so extreme was the collapse, I relied exclusively on the brandy.

3rd.—A child a year and a half old; double bronchitis; dusky lips; pulse about 130; cough severe. The usual treatment ordered. Next day better, but not so much better as I should have wished; had had a quarter of a grain of quinine for a dose every two hours; doubled the dose of quinine. The next day there was a very marked

improvement, which continued uninterruptedly. Discharged quite well on the 11th day from being first seen.

It is useless to multiply cases, as they are all so similar and so uniform in the result, that it would only weary the reader. In those cases where only one lung is affected, the recovery is more rapid. For example, I was yesterday called to a child about ten months old, suffering from bronchitis of the left lung; there was crepitation over the whole of the lung behind, at the flank and in front. Ordered the usual treatment. To-day he is no longer feverish, the cough and breathing are much better, he can take the breast pretty well, and there is crepitation only at the lower part of the lung behind, and in a few scattered spots besides; in other parts the breathing is clear. This child took the mixture every hour.

In older children it is not necessary to be so prompt in the use of stimuli; generally the quinine or cinchonine mixture will suffice, and occasionally an emetic of ipecacuanha, may be useful to clear away phlegm, but it should never be given in repeated doses. The ipecacuanha wine, which is so much given to children, kills hundreds.

Adults require a somewhat different treatment. If the disease is uncomplicated, and the result of cold, a few leeches, say half-a-dozen, applied to the affected side, will if the patient be tolerably strong, give very marked relief to the tightness and difficulty of breathing of the earliest stage. This must be followed by assiduous fomentations or linseed poultices, when the bleeding has ceased. Internally in robust persons, seen early, small doses, say the J of a grain of tartar emetic given every three hours, for about twenty-four hours, will relieve cough and promote expectoration. It is not necessary to continue the tartar emetic long. Afterwards, for a day or two, small doses of ipecacuanha may be given. If the lungs do not show signs of speedy recovery, a blister should then be applied, and a vegetable bitter, as gentian or cascarilla combined with nitric acid, and a little paregoric given. During the whole course of the disease, beef tea, arrowroot, and milk, may be freely administered, and if the rest is disturbed by the cough, a dose of Dover's powder at bed-time is very useful. In the latter stages of the complaint, bottled stout, bitter ale, or wine, aid recovery. Throughout the room should be kept cool but not cold, and thoroughly well ventilated. Much relief may be afforded in the early stages by inhaling the steam of warm water, which may be medicated if thought fit. Treated thus, few cases will become chronic.

Chronic bronchitis is a difficult disease to cure, especially when it has existed for a long time, or occurred repeatedly. If the patient can remove to a warmer climate, or possesses all the means and appliances of wealth, he has of course a much better chance than the man who has to work for his daily bread, and must live near his work. The first thing to be done, if the patient cannot have change of air, is to make the air he does breathe as pure as possible. Above all the bed room should be well ventilated. The fire-place should always be open, and the door or the window open too. Now the English have such a firmly fixed idea that fresh air gives them colds, and that it is better and more wholesome to breathe a foul hot air than a pure cold one, that this first step is often attended with considerable difficulty. It has cost me more speeches than any other point of treatment.

Next, all things that have tended to produce or keep up the attacks of bronchitis should be avoided, such as going suddenly from a very hot room, into draughts, or into the cold air, wet feet or garments, or getting drunk (a very common cause of chronic bronchitis). Flannel should be worn next the skin, and the flannel as well as the skin regularly and frequently cleansed. Cold water to the chest is an excellent thing, when followed by a brisk rub with a rough towel. It is a pity the working classes, generally, neglect the use of cold water so much.

The food should be simple and easily digestible, and the bowels kept in good order.

For medicine, a whole host of remedies have been recommended and tried, expectorants without end. It would be useless to give a list of all the drugs that have been administered. The principles of treatment are to allay cough which is often most harassing; to help the removal of the mucus which clogs up the air passages, and by local and general measures to give tone to, and restore to a healthy state the diseased mucous membrane. As, however, the patient when he applies for relief is often, indeed generally, suffering from some complication, such as emphysema, dilated bronchial tubes or heart disease: it is often beyond our power to do more than palliate, perfect restoration to health being impossible.

For allaying the cough, frictions with stimulating liniments such as the Croton oil liniment, the tartar emetic ointment, or the compound camphor liniment, will be found extremely useful. They really tend to cure the disease by their derivative action. In severe cases blisters are required, and will frequently do much good. Internally, morphia, opium, or prussic acid, ease the cough best.

As expectorants a number of drugs have been used. I don't believe much in any of them: they are all very uncertain in their operation. The best I have found to be ammoniacum, tolu and styrax, and in very old cases, attended by a very copious expectoration, balsam of copaiba. Squills is much used, and is a very popular remedy. I never saw it do the slightest good, or indeed produce any effect whatever. Ammoniacum is certainly useful. Camphor also seems to do good; but is more especially beneficial when the bronchitis is complicated with asthma, when it may advantageously be combined with stramonium. In these cases iodide of potassium is often of great use. Wheezy old patients find a mixture with camphor, compound spirits of sulphuric ether and

laudanum, or paregoric, very useful.

But, I think, more good is to be done by attention to the general health, counter irritation by blisters or liniments to the chest, and tonics combined with carbonate of ammonia, than by special remedies. These latter are no doubt useful; but they should not be used too long to the injury of the appetite and digestion. Inhalations of creasote, or of iodine, in the steam of hot water, I have found very serviceable in old standing cases.

It must not be forgotten that when there is a great secretion of mucus, there must be and will be cough, and it would be dangerous to attempt to stop it. It is when a cough is harassing and continues either after the mucus has been expectorated, or comes on without any spitting at all, that it may be checked by anodynes or sedatives. I have not space to describe the many varieties and complications of bronchitis, such as gouty and rheumatic bronchitis, bronchitis in Bright's disease of the kidneys, plastic bronchitis, a curious and rare disease in which the patient brings up casts of the bronchial tubes, hay asthma, the various forms of mechanical bronchitis and many others.

A few lines must be devoted to *epidemic bronchitis* or *influenza*. This is, in its onset, in no way to be distinguished from an ordinary cold or attack of bronchitis, except by its severity and the extreme debility which accompanies it. It is chiefly fatal to elderly people, and to those whose constitutions have been injured by previous disease. It requires, generally, from the very first, a tonic and sustaining treatment. If this is properly carried out it will rarely prove fatal except to the extremely debilitated.

Hooping cough is a disease too well known, and with symptoms too marked to require description. It commences with the symptoms of a common catarrh, but these in all but the mildest cases are in a week or two lost in the severe paroxysmal cough which gives its name to the disease. Hooping cough is undoubtedly a disease of the nervous system, and is epidemic. It may be very slight, or it may be so severe as to cause death.

A vast number of remedies have been proposed for it, but it is pretty well established that no known method of cure exists. The disease will run its course, and the only thing to be done is to palliate the symptoms. Emetics of antimony or ipecacuanha are frequently of service; frictions to the chest by the compound camphor or other stimulating liniments and sedatives, such as belladonna, conium, opium, or hydrocyanic acid. The latter is particularly useful. At the same time the general health must be attended to, and the bowels kept regular. If possible the patient should have a total change of air. This often acts like magic in the cure of this most obstinate complaint. There is a specific given away at a confectioner's in St Paul's Churchyard, which has obtained great notoriety in London, as a cure. I have seen a single dose cure the complaint, and I have also seen it given without the slightest effect. It is quite tasteless, and produces an emetic effect. Nitric acid in very large doses has been vaunted as a specific, I have given it without benefit, and I think the enormous doses recommended must be dangerous, especially to the teeth.

Chapter IV.

Pneumonia.

One of the diseases in which cough is an invariable symptom is pneumonia or true inflammation of the lungs. Pneumonia differs from bronchitis in this respect—in the latter only the air passages (bronchi) are inflamed; in pneumonia the parenchyma or substance of the lung is inflamed; in bronchitis the product of the inflammation is mucus, which is poured out into the bronchi; in pneumonia, in addition to mucus, there is an actual filling up of the minute air cells by solid deposit—the result of plastic exudation from the blood vessels. In bronchitis the lung will float in water, in pneumonia, at least after the very earliest stage has passed, it will not float in water, but becomes a solid carnified mass.

The causes of pneumonia may be various: cold is perhaps the most frequent, especially if the person is already the subject of tubercle. But pneumonia occurs in the course of many diseases, such as fevers. The chief symptoms are, shivering followed by fever, sometimes headache, pain in the side affected, difficulty of breathing, greatly quickened respiration, cough not very severe, accompanied by the expectoration of tough mucus, which after the first day or two is tinged with blood, and is hence described as rusty coloured. Often, indeed most frequently, there is more or less inflammation of that part of the pleura situated over the inflamed portion of lung. Pneumonia generally attacks first, the lower parts of the lung, and spreads upwards. It may however attack the upper parts first, or it may be confined to isolated portions of the lung.

There have been great disputes in the profession as to the treatment of pneumonia. One party is for bleeding, or at least cupping, followed by tartarized antimony, mercury, purgatives and salines, low diet, blisters and the whole apparatus of the antiphlogistic treatment. Another party, at the head of which was the late Dr. Todd, Physician to King's College Hospital, is for giving brandy in every case. A third party exists in Germany which gives nothing at all, but trusts to the *vis medicatrix naturæ*.

The real fact is that none of these extreme parties are right. Pneumonia must be treated entirely according to the symptoms manifested in the particular case, and the constitution of the patient. I have never lost a case of pneumonia, and my only principles have been to be guided entirely by the state of the patient, and never to give mercury. I have had a case of double pneumonia occurring in a robust countryman in which I bled to two pints, and am sorry I did not bleed more, and gave tartarized antimony in enormous doses, without causing sickness, or producing more than a very slight effect on the pulse. On the other hand I have had many cases in which with exactly the same physical signs as in the above-named, I have given wine or brandy freely, with beef tea and tonics.

If I were in practice in a rural district among well-fed farmers, I should probably have to bleed frequently; in towns the stimulating plan is more usually required. In many cases great relief to the pain, cough, and breathing, may be given by the application of a few leeches, say half-a-dozen, to the affected side, followed by fomentations. The loss of blood is so slight as to do no permanent injury, and the ease given is well worth the loss, and is not so quickly obtainable in any other way. Whether leeches are used or not, fomentations, made more stimulating by

For the best method of applying fomentations, leeches, poultices, and such like, see the author's little work entitled "The Domestic Management of the Sick Room," London, Snow, price 1s.

mustard or turpentine, should be assiduously applied. Then if the pulse is rapid and the fever high I give tincture of aconite. I generally use Fleming's tincture in doses of three to five minims. It reduces the pulse and fever as quickly and well as tartar emetic, without producing nausea or vomiting. Nevertheless tartarized antimony may be given with great advantage in robust persons, as it promotes expectoration, while aconite merely lowers the pulse, and subdues fever. At the same time a saline, as nitrate or citrate of potash, or the solution of acetate of ammonia, should be given. After a certain number of days, differing according to the constitution of the patient, the inflammation subsides, and a gradual return to the healthy state of the lungs takes place. This "turn" in the disease is immediately known by the examination of the chest with the ear or stethoscope, and also by a remarkable change in the urine. While the pneumonia is advancing, the salts called chlorides, of which common table salt is the most familiar example, are absent from the urine; as soon as the pneumonia ceases they return to it, and may be distinguished by a very simple chemical test.

Now, if the treatment of the pneumonia has been simple, and if the strength of the patient has not been reduced by violent lowering remedies, the favourable turn in the disease will take place very speedily—more speedily than the practitioners of the old school would readily believe. The following case is an instance,—certainly it is the quickest I ever saw. I was called on Saturday, April 10th, to a stout, healthy-looking young man who was complaining of pain in the right side, with cough, spitting of rusty coloured mucus, feverishness, &c. On examining the lung the signs of pneumonia were particularly well marked. He had been ill a day or two. I ordered six leeches to the side, followed by fomentations, and gave him a saline mixture with a small dose of antimony. The next day the pain in the right side was relieved, but the fever was very high, and during the night the *left* side had been attacked with sharp pain. On examining the left side I found evidences of pleurisy with some effusion of fluid. Two-thirds of the right lung were solid. Ordered leeches to the left side. The next day he was much better, very little pain in either side. Cough and spitting of rusty coloured mucus much as before. The chlorides had returned to the urine. Gave him nitrate of potash, and a small dose of compound tincture of iodine, with the view of promoting the absorption of the fluid on the left side, and the inflammatory exudation on the right side. On Tuesday, the 14th, found the lung nearly restored to its healthy state on both sides; he was entirely free from pain, and there was very little cough. The next day when I called he had gone out for a walk! very much to my disgust, as he was thereby risking a relapse. I saw nothing more of him till the Friday, when he was quite well as to the lungs, out a little weak. With the exception of one bottle of tonic mixture which I then gave him, all the medicine this young man had, during a violent attack of pneumonia and pleurisy was confined to three small bottles.

In another case a young man who was attacked on the 4th of August, and seen first by me on the 5th, was convalescent on the 12th, having during that time gone through a violent and severe attack of pneumonia. On one day the breathing reached as high as 55 per minute—the healthy number being about 20. In this case, as the youth was delicate, no leeches were used.

Of course, cases occur frequently, especially in large towns, and among a low half-starved class of the population, in which it is necessary to administer wine and beef tea freely, almost from the first. This is also needful when the patient is consumptive, or affected with disease of the kidneys.

When the patient is recovering the diet should be generous and nourishing. Stout, or good ale may be given with advantage, and quinine or some of the vegetable bitters, perhaps in combination with iron, if the patient be pale and anæmic.

I believe that the lengthened and dangerous cases of pneumonia we frequently hear of, are more owing to the pernicious practice of giving mercury, and large doses of antimony, than to anything in the disease itself.

Mercury lowers the vital powers, injures the constitution, and retards the recovery more than any other medicine which has been used in this complaint, while at the same time it exercises no influence whatever for good on the inflammation.

Chapter V.

Pleurisy.

Of all diseases causing cough, perhaps the most common with the exception of bronchitis, is pleurisy. It is exceedingly rare to find on examining the body of any adult person, that there are no adhesions between the pleura covering the lungs, and the pleura lining the chest. And even among children who have passed the age of eight or ten years such adhesions, which always indicate former inflammation, are very common.

The pleura is a smooth shining membrane which lines the inside of the chest, and is reflected over the lungs. In the healthy state the lung pleura is entirely unconnected with the chest pleura, except at the root of the lung; but when the pleura is inflamed the membrane is roughened by the effusion of plastic lymph, and fluid is poured out. If this fluid is small in quantity, and the inflammation is not extensive, it is soon absorbed, but nearly always adhesions of fibrous membrane are formed between the inflamed portion of pleura and the lung, or side of the chest, opposite to it.

The symptoms of the majority of cases of pleurisy are very slight. Indeed very few of the persons who are found after death to have suffered from the disease, have ever been aware of its existence during life. A stitch in the side, and a short dry cough, are hardly noticed when they occur, and are very rarely treated by medical men. Once I had an opportunity of observing a case of this slight kind. A young friend and pupil of mine complained one day of pain and aching much increased by a forcible inspiration at the top of one lung. I examined the place with the stethoscope, and found the dry, rough, nibbling sound which indicates pleurisy, together with a slight degree of that peculiar modification of the vocal resonance called *ægophony*. Two or three leeches were ordered, and in a few hours the pain and the other symptoms ceased.

Pleurisy, as has been before mentioned, generally accompanies pneumonia. When this is the case the same treatment is used for both in the early stages, but if, as sometimes happens, the fluid effused is not absorbed very readily, a blister may be applied, and a little iodide of potassium, or tincture of iodine given, and it soon disappears.

An acute attack of pleurisy, involving a considerable surface, is not likely to be overlooked. The attack is generally ushered in with shivering, followed by flushes of heat, thirst, loss of appetite, quick hard pulse, hot skin, and the other symptoms of sympathetic fever. At the same time there is sharp cutting pain in the side, generally under one nipple, a short dry hard cough, which is suppressed as much as possible, in order to avoid the great increase of pain in the side which accompanies it. The breathing is short, shallow, and hurried, and there is often an anxious expression about the countenance. As the disease advances the pain in the side diminishes, because fluid is poured out into the pleural cavity, and the two inflamed surfaces no longer rub against each other, but the cough is more troublesome, the breathing more hurried and shallow, and it length if one side of the chest is filled with fluid as often occurs, very alarming and dangerous difficulty of breathing comes on. When this happens the patient is obliged to sit up constantly, because when he lies down a feeling of suffocation comes on, which compels him to rise immediately. If the patient is feeble, and proper means are not adopted, death may take place; but if effectual remedies are used, death never need occur in uncomplicated pleurisy of one side only.

In pleurisy on the left side, when the chest has become full of fluid, the heart is pushed quite over, and may be felt beating on the right side.

Chronic pleurisy may either be the result of an acute attack neglected or badly treated, or may be a disease of itself. In either case it presents much the same features as the acute attack, but modified in severity. There may be one side of the chest filled with fluid, *water on the chest* as it is commonly called; but the breathing is not so hurried, because the chest has had time to adapt itself to the pressure of the fluid. After a time however, and in all cases of pleurisy from perforation in consumption the effused fluid becomes purulent, or in other words a vast collection of matter is formed in the chest. Then the symptoms of hectic fever arise, and unless relief is afforded by tapping the chest, death soon occurs.

The treatment of a case of uncomplicated pleurisy in a moderately healthy person, is extremely simple. In no disease with which I am acquainted is so much relief afforded by local blood-letting. Even in weakly persons a few leeches can do no harm, and they almost immediately relieve the pain and difficulty of breathing. In robust healthy persons the number of leeches may be increased, or a few ounces of blood taken by cupping. The patient should be kept strictly at rest, and no talking or exertion of any kind allowed. The chest should be

kept constantly fomented or poulticed, and if the pulse is hard and quick, small doses of antimony or aconite should be given. The bowels should be regulated; the diet of a non-stimulating but sufficiently nourishing kind—anything like starvation being carefully avoided, and a dose of Dover's powder given at night. Under this treatment a few days or even a few hours will see the end of all acute symptoms. Should there be, on auscultation, signs of fluid remaining, a miter should be applied, and repeated if needful, and from three to five grains of iodide of potassium, given in infusion of gentian or calumba, three times a day.

I have never seen this kind of treatment fail in uncomplicated cases. When pleurisy arises as it often does, during an attack of acute rheumatism, it is more difficult to manage. Generally the pericardium is inflamed at the same time, and there is fluid surrounding the heart, and greatly impeding its action. I have seen cases in which both pleural cavities were half filled with fluid, and the pericardium enormously distended too. Yet recovery will take place. The first thing to do is to subdue the rheumatism; this is easily managed, but it by no means follows that the pleurisy disappears with the rheumatism that caused it. The treatment of these cases taxes the skill and care of the physician to the very utmost. It may be necessary to tap the chest and draw off the fluid, in order to prevent impending suffocation. At the same time it is often necessary to administer stimulants freely in order to sustain the powers of the system. Even in very extreme cases I have seen large blisters afford wonderful relief. I have seen a single blister of large size, lessen the depth of fluid in the pleura by the breadth of four fingers, in twenty-four hours. At the same time every other means should be taken—by means of diuretics, purgatives, when the strength will allow—and other means to get rid of the fluid. Among the most efficacious of these measures is the administration of iodide of potassium.

Chronic pleurisy must be treated chiefly by the administration of iodine, and tonics, together with other measures calculated to improve the general health, if the patient is weak, as is usually the case, iron, especially the syrup of the iodide in full doses, quinine or cinchonine, and cod liver oil, may be found beneficial. But the main reliance must be on iodine and blisters. The following mixture I have seen very useful:—

Iodide of Potassium, half a drachm
Syrup of Iodide of Iron, two drachms
Compound Tincture of Gentian, one ounce
Peppermint Water, seven ounces, R

Take a sixth part three times a day.

Blisters may be applied one after another as fast as they heal. Four or five, combined with other remedies, will be sufficient for the severest cases of chronic pleurisy, provided the fluid has not become purulent. If this should be the case, tapping the chest is the only remedy. In slight cases of chronic pleurisy, one blister, followed by painting the chest with strong iodine paint, will answer as well as several blisters.

I have never found it needful to give mercury in these cases, and though I have seen it given in hospital practice, I never saw any good result from it.

Neglect of these cases, in which there has been a great quantity of fluid poured forth, often causes great deformity of the chest, when the fluid is absorbed. For, after a time, although medicine or the natural powers of the system may cause absorption of the fluid, yet the lung is so bound down by adhesions that it cannot expand, and the pressure of the atmosphere causes contraction of the chest.

Although in these, as in all cases, the chief care should be directed to the removal of the essential disease, yet as cough is often very severe and exceedingly painful, it will be necessary to treat it separately. Now for the relief of this symptom, nothing is more efficacious than Dover's powder in doses of ten to fifteen grains. Given at night, one of these powders will often ensure a tolerable night's rest, when without an opiate there would be nothing but incessant coughing.

The sedative solution of opium in doses of twenty minims, and the solution of morphia in the same dose, may also be used, if Dover's powder causes sickness, as it sometimes does.

Chapter VI.

Cough in Consumption.

Of all diseases in which cough is a symptom, there is none so fatal to the English as consumption. And, until within the last fifteen years there was no disease of which the cure was deemed so hopeless. It was formerly considered that to pronounce a person consumptive was equivalent to a sentence of death, for that if tubercle were once formed in the lungs it could never be absorbed or removed, and must necessarily prove fatal

in the end.

But an improved pathology, and improved methods of treatment have changed all that. We now know that even in the last stages of consumption, when the lung is eaten into cavities, and the patient is emaciated almost to a skeleton, not only may amendment take place, but even recovery and restoration to a state of comparative health, and that in the earlier stages, recovery is as frequent as in any other chronic disease, provided proper means are adopted.

The symptoms of consumption are, unfortunately, almost too well known to require description. The most prominent are,—cough, slight at first, so slight as often not to attract the patient's attention, weakness, shown by inability to follow the usual employment, or endure even the most moderate exertion without fatigue, expectoration, of at first a light frothy mucus, sometimes streaked with blood, afterwards of denser and darker coloured mucus, lastly, of pus and mucus mixed, with occasional attacks of blood spitting or hæmoptysis, pains in the chest, attacks of inflammation of the bronchi, or air passages, of the lung itself, or of the pleura, and emaciation of the body progressively increasing until the patient at last becomes apparently a mere bag of bones, just covered with skin. During the later stages of the disease, there is hectic fever marked by flushes of heat and profuse perspirations, the bowels frequently become the seat of tubercle, and there is inflammation and ulceration of them, accompanied by uncontrollable diarrhœa, and at length the patient dies completely worn out.

All these dreadful symptoms are occasioned by the presence of "tubercles" in the lungs, and other parts of the body. Tubercles are bodies of a low form of organization, possessing a tendency to degeneration and ulceration, and exciting around them a low form of inflammation, in the course of which more tubercular matter is deposited. Ultimately, when masses of tubercle are agglomerated, and ulceration has taken place, *cavities* are formed, varying in size, but often as large as an egg, and sometimes larger.

In the treatment of consumption, it must always be remembered that tubercles are *never* formed in a healthy body. Whether the disease be hereditary, the patients parent or parents having suffered from tubercular disease, or whether it has arisen spontaneously in the child of healthy parents, it is absolutely impossible that the patient can have been healthy and strong when tubercle first began to be deposited. The most frequent causes of consumption are, impure air, insufficient or unwholesome food, dirt, drunkenness, and other vices tending to weaken the body, prolonged dyspepsia or indigestion, or long continued over-exertion either of mind or body.

It would be of course utterly out of the question to attempt in this little pamphlet, a treatise on consumption. All that can be done is to indicate most briefly and very imperfectly the main points to be observed in the treatment.

First, if it be possible the cause must be removed. Of course, if the patient inherit from his parents a predisposition to the disease, this cannot be removed, but it may be combated. The means of doing this will be pointed out presently. If the disease arises from the other causes named, they should be removed. In all cases, pure air, good and sufficient food, perfect cleanliness, abstinence from any severe exertion of mind and body, exercise proportioned to the strength of the patient, and a sound state of the digestive organs, are of the first importance.

Of these, pure air is the most essential. No one was ever cured of consumption by being shut up in close hot rooms, loaded with clothes, and excluded from every breath of fresh air, for fear of draughts. It is particularly necessary to enforce this in England, as the English generally have a perfect mania for burying consumptive people alive in such places.

Next, we would place plenty of good wholesome food, with a proper quantity of stimulants. The old plan of putting consumptive patients on a low diet, and using frequent local bleedings with the view of avoiding or curing inflammations, was a most pernicious one, and was no doubt the cause of the frightful mortality of this disease formerly. On the other hand, it is of on use cramming people with food for which they have no appetite or digestion, or giving very large quantities of wine or brandy. Nothing requires more skill or care than the adjustment of the proper supply of nutriment.

Next, cleanliness. The whole body should be rapidly washed once a day, and the back and front of the chest scrubbed with a hard towel till they glow. If the patient is not strong enough to do this himself, somebody should do it for him.

Exercise, proportioned to the strength, but never allowed to become a source of exhaustion,—and freedom from all severe labour are absolutely essential. Without exercise there cannot be a good appetite or a healthy digestion : with too much of it, or with excessive labour of any kind, the patient will take more out of his system than he puts in, his weakness will increase, and the tubercle will increase in proportion.

To obtain these advantages, it is often advisable to give the patient change of air; the sea-coast, especially that of South Devon, and the Undercliffe in the Isle of Wight, are admirably adapted to this purpose by their warm and equable climate, unequalled elsewhere in Great Britain.

The purely medical treatment of consumption consists mainly in the administration of tonics and cod liver

oil, and of medicines for the relief of cough, spitting of blood, diarrhœa, or other urgent symptoms.

Tonics are always required, and should if possible be administered from the very onset. Of these the various preparations of peruvian bark, and iron, in some of its many forms, I have found the best. Iodine is also very useful in some cases, and may be advantageously combined with iron in the form of the syrup or the iodide of iron. Quinine or some other preparation of bark should be given freely. The mineral acids, especially the sulphuric, are also useful, and are supposed to prevent or alleviate the very distressing night sweats. I have found the oxyde of zinc more beneficial in this respect.

Cod liver oil is, however, the one medicine on which the most reliance must be placed in the treatment of consumption. It should always at first be combined with tonics, but after the disease has been brought into a quiescent state and the patient is fattening, it may generally be trusted to alone, and should be continued for months after all bad symptoms have vanished. It is disagreeable to taste at first, but this is generally overcome, and patients soon get to take it without any effort. To some persons it is most repugnant, and disguise it how we may, they cannot bear it. I have never seen one of these persons recover, although they may sometimes temporarily improve under other treatment. It may be taken on water, wine, coffee, milk, and a variety of other fluids. Some people chew a bit of orange or lemon peel before taking it, and another bit afterwards; others put a pinch of salt and pepper to it, and try to imagine they are eating sardines. In general it is best to leave the vehicle in which it is to be taken to the patient's own taste.

When it is absolutely impossible to overcome the patient's repugnance, or when the oil destroys the appetite and injures the digestion, other fatty substances should be taken, such as cream and butter.

But the reader may say what about the cough? How is it to be treated. To this I would reply that unless it is very severe and destroys the patient's rest; the very best treatment for it is—to let it alone. The less taken in the shape of cough mixtures and pills, the better. All the nauseating compounds of antimony, ipecacuanha, squills, *et hoc genus omne*, should be left aside. They do no good, they never touch the real root of the disease, and they do an immensity of harm by injuring the appetite and digestion. If the cough keeps the patient awake, a sedative draught of morphia, laudanum, or hydrocyanic acid should be given. If there is any bronchitis or local pneumonia or pleurisy, these should be treated of course, and hot fomentations or poultices applied to the affected part. Occasionally a small blister, or the croton oil liniment may be of service, but there should be no succession of blisters applied to weaken the patient. Severe pleuritic pain I have relieved by the application of two or three leeches, after fomentations had been found unavailing, but care should be taken that the leech bites are not allowed to bleed too long.

Diarrhœa must be treated by astringents,—hot fomentations or mustard plasters to the bowels,—opium, and careful regulation of the diet.

Under the plan of treatment thus roughly marked out, I have seen patients recover with surprising and most gratifying rapidity. A few cases will show this better than any argument.

Case 1.—In 1852, while taking charge of a practice of a since deceased relative of mine at Stafford, I was called in to a young man who was suffering from cough, weakness, emaciation, and other symptoms of consumption. Astethoscopic examination showed the presence of tubercle at the apex of one lung. He was put on the treatment above recommended (tonics and cod liver oil), had change of air, and perfectly recovered in a few weeks, all traces of tubercle having disappeared. Eight or nine years after he remained well.

Case 2.—I attended in her first confinement, a young married woman, who was the last survivor of a family of six—all the others having died of consumption. I told her that probably suckling would develop the disease, although she was then, as I ascertained, quite free from any tubercular deposit in the lungs. I warned her of the early symptoms, and told her to apply at once. A few months afterwards she came to me, suffering from the usual symptoms. There was distinct evidence of tubercle then. I ordered her to wean the child at once, and commence with tonics and cod liver oil. In a short time she got quite well. This was in 1856. She is, now, I believe, alive and well; I know she was, not very long ago.

Case 3.—I received a letter for a young woman who was a patient of the Royal Kent Dispensary, to which I was surgeon. I found her in a dirty miserable house, in a wretched street in one of the most unhealthy neighbourhoods of London. She was lying on a bed formed of three chairs. Everything gave indications of the most abject poverty. She was in the third stage of phthisis, there being cavities in both lungs. She was dreadfully weak, and was dropsical in both legs, and in the hands, I believe solely from debility. She was also very dirty. I persuaded her relatives to wash her—rather a difficult matter. I got her an allowance of a little meat from the parish, and put her on the usual treatment, although without any hopes of her recovery. To my surprise she rapidly improved; and two years afterwards when I went to the same house, I saw a stout healthy looking young woman, whom I could scarcely believe to be my former patient.

Case 4.—Miss D., a young lady aged 8, had been suffering for some time from debility, and had been gradually getting thinner, until when I saw her she was extremely emaciated. There was a patch of red in the cheeks; the eye was of that peculiar bright appearance so often seen in this disease. There was a quick pulse,

and slight hectic every night, with night sweats. The cough was very severe and distressing, and attended with much spitting. On examination of the chest there were found distinct signs of tubercle in both lungs, but more marked in the right, where there was great dulness down to the nipple, with indications of a cavity, namely, pectoriloquy, &c. This young lady had every advantage as regards diet, fresh air and clothing, but one of her sisters had already gone off in consumption, and she had been kept much too closely at her studies to suit the health of one so young. I ordered all studies to be given up at once, and as she had previously to my seeing her, been under a very improper system of treatment, nearly everything that had been done was reversed. Instead of confinement to the house to avoid cold, daily exercise was ordered, instead of nauseating expectorants to cure the cough, tonics were given, with plenty of wine and beef tea. Cod liver oil was given immediately. Under this system she improved very fast, and in a few weeks she was able to discontinue all treatment except the use of the cod liver oil, with which she persevered for nearly a year. Three years after I first saw her she was perfectly well, and had grown tall and stout.

Case 5.—April 17th, 1863. Mr. L., a young man of 22, came to me; he complained of debility so great as completely to disable him from following his employment. Severe cough and profuse night sweats. Had been getting thinner. On examination, found the upper part of right lung solidified by tubercle; put him on the usual treatment; found the profuse night sweats weakened him very much; gave him the oxyde of zinc, with great benefit, and ordered him the most nutritious diet he could take. The symptoms gradually disappeared; he gained strength and flesh; the night sweats left him altogether; and on May 30th, he was discharged quite well, the stethoscope revealing nothing more than the faintest traces of the deposit in the lung. Nothing was given in this case for the cough.

Case 6.—Mrs. D., aged about 40. Found her lying down on a couch in such a state of exhaustion and debility, that I was not able to make on the first visit a full examination of the lungs. She had persisted in going about until utterly unable to stand any longer. The emaciation was extreme; the pulse about 120; the cough most severe and distressing; in fact there were all the symptoms of the third stage of consumption. The stethoscope showed the existence of extensive disease of both lungs, and in one there was a cavity as large as a small apple. As the cough in this case was so severe as to deprive the patient of rest, and by its violence to interfere with her recovery, I was obliged for the first few days to prescribe almost exclusively for it. I gave morphia and hydrocyanic acid, throwing in however a small dose of the inspissated liquor cinchonæ of Battley. After a few days she was so much improved that I was able to give her quinine and iron, and cod liver oil.

The improvement in this case was more rapid than in any other I have treated. I examined the chest at intervals of about a week, and at the end of exactly one month from the time I first saw her, all traces of a cavity had disappeared; the place was filled up and cicatrized, all active disease had ceased, and there was nothing remained but such slight indications of former tubercular deposit, as would hardly have been noticed by any new observer. Her health and strength had improved, *pari passu* (as indeed is always the case), and about five weeks after I first saw her, she was able to walk from the Newcastle road, Shelton, up to Hanley Market.

The above are a few cases selected with the view of showing how consumption may be cured by a rational plan of treatment. Quack remedies are of no avail; there is no specific for the disease, nor is it possible to cure it after a certain stage has been reached, simply because all methods of cure demand some time for their operation. If the bowels have become ulcerated, and frequent diarrhoea is one of the symptoms, there is hardly any hope; nevertheless, even in this case it is worth while to try.

The greatest difficulty medical men experience is in inducing patients to persevere with the oil for a sufficient time, and to take regular exercise. Women especially will *not* take exercise. I believe that the majority of the female sex would not take an hour's walk every day for a month to save their lives.

Chapter VII.

Colds or Catarrh.

"To have a cold," "to catch a cold," are, in England, especially in the winter season (which has been humourously described as being the whole of the year, except three days), such very common expressions that they may hardly seem to require any explanation. Everyone is supposed to know by personal experience what it is to have a cold.

In the south-west of the island every disease is supposed to arise either from a cold, or as they call it a "chill," or a "humour," and in other parts of England a vast number of complaints are attributed to a cold without much regard to accuracy. Sore throats are nearly always regarded as originating in a cold, indeed they are usually looked on as one form of a cold, though in many cases they are epidemic, in many constitutional, and often originate in bad teeth.

But the genuine cold, the real catarrh, as it is called by physicians, is a well marked disease by itself. Who has not known the languor, the aching of the limbs and back, the headache, especially in the forehead, the stuffed up nostrils, thirst, loss of appetite, and general good-for-nothingness that attend a regular cold, caught perhaps from wet feet, from standing in a draught of cold air, from being caught in the rain and wet through, from going into a cold damp church, from walking up and down your bed-room in your night shirt, trying to tranquillize your youngest hope and joy (?), from sticking one's head out of a window in reply to an urgent summons at the night bell, while endeavouring to impress upon an anxious and rather indignant papa, in expectancy, that it is desirable he should give his name and address if he wants you to go to the right place, while he is astonished that you do not recognise him in a pitch dark winter's night. Who has not in the course of their lives caught cold from some one or other of these causes?

What is to be the treatment of the complaint? It is in ordinary cases very simple. Stop at home—in bed if you like it, in a warm room at any rate; drink plenty of hot bland fluids, such as weak tea, thin gruel if you *can* drink it, thin arrowroot, mutton broth, beef tea—anything weak, watery, and warm, so as to promote perspiration. Take a vapour bath, if you can conveniently, or a hot bath, wrapping yourself well up afterwards. If the bowels are confined, take a mild dose of aperient medicines, if not, let them alone. If the headache is severe, and there is no secretion from the nose, inhale the steam of boiling water, which will afford immediate relief. Pursue this plan for a day or two, and you will soon find yourself better. In very severe cases it may be desirable to take a little saline medicine, such as a small dose of nitrate of potash, and sweet spirits of nitre, or a very small dose of antimony, to promote perspiration; but in all cases, when it can be done, I would rather advise a hot or vapour bath. When the feverish symptoms have subsided, great weakness is often left, and wine or stout may be required.

If a person who is subject to colds, feels one coming on, it is often an economy of time to go to a well-wanned bed at once, having plenty of clothes on, and a foot warmer in it, and take a stiff glass of the hottest rum and water that you can swallow. The usual result is to produce a copious perspiration, and after a few hours' sleep, the patient may awake quite well.

Putting the feet into hot water, in which a little mustard has been mixed, will often greatly relieve the headache. When the headache is very severe, in addition to inhaling the steam of hot water, wet rags to the forehead may be applied with benefit.

I have tried, personally, the wet sheet so strongly recommended by the hydropathists. The wretchedness I experienced on that occasion no tongue can tell. For two hours I lay the dampest and most miserable of human beings, loaded with bed clothes, but unable to rally or get warm. At last, in despair, I asked for some hot brandy and water, which I sucked through a tube, and after imbibing it felt much more comfortable, and speedily got into a perspiration. But never again will I try the wet sheet!

In the epidemic catarrh called influenza, the symptoms are of the same nature, but much more severe and dangerous. Influenza proves frequently fatal to old people, and to those debilitated by previous disease. It requires from the very first, treatment by tonics and stimulants, care being taken to procure an early evacuation of the bowels, if they are confined. In tolerably healthy persons, influenza is not a dangerous disease, although it is a severe one, and leaves behind it great debility.

Sometimes what is called a severe cold, is really an attack of bronchitis, limited to the larger bronchi. It must, of course, be treated as bronchitis—it is something more than catarrh.

That kind of cold which ends in sore throat has already been treated of.

Chapter VIII.

Concluding Remarks.

In conclusion, the writer would make a few general remarks on the subjects of this little work.

It will be observed that the treatment recommended is for the most part very simple—too simple some may think. To this he would reply, that in the first place it is merely a general line of treatment which has been pointed out, which must be modified or completely changed to meet particular cases; in the second place, there has been no greater evil in medicine than the multitude of remedies which have been proposed and adopted for a single disease. A crowd of drugs are given—who is to tell to which of them the recovery is due, if recovery takes place, or which is in fault, if any one, when the result is fatal. The *nimia diligentia medici*, the fidgetty meddling which can never allow nature to work a cure without interference, has killed more patients than the cholera ever did. A judicious physician will, before he orders a dose of medicine, have done much for his patient—so much indeed, that in many acute inflammatory diseases, the malady would get well of itself. Take a case of a working man—say, a labourer or a miner, attacked by acute pneumonia. He has been accustomed to

work exposed to the weather, or to impure air and wet, and to undergo a very great amount of exertion every day, which calls upon the heart and lungs for extra work. The physician sees him, orders him (if possible), a warm bath, which cleanses a skin perhaps very much in want of cleansing, and at least opens its pores, and soothes the nervous system. Then instead of having to go to his work, or even to sit up, he orders him to bed, thereby ensuring him the minimum of muscular exertion, and tranquillizing as much as possible, the action of the heart and lungs. He directs hot fomentations, or perhaps leeches to be applied to the side; tells him not to talk or exert himself in any way. Instead of the coarse and indigestible food to which he has been accustomed, he orders a bland but nutritious fluid diet, which taxes the digestive organs to the smallest degree. In short, he puts the patient in the best condition for getting well. Medicine only comes in as a helper to recovery. We don't pretend to *cure* pneumonia, or pleurisy, or bronchitis, or consumption; we only give such medicines, and order such a regimen as will assist nature to cure them. Herein lies the difference between the quack and the educated physician. The quack says, "I can cure everything;" the physician says "I can cure nothing."

Not that I would be supposed to infer that the art of the physician is of no value. On the contrary, it is most valuable, and medicine, as an *aid* to recovery, can do very much. It can ease pain, it can quicken the natural processes of cure, it can in some cases substitute an artificial quick process for a natural slow one, it can lend to particular organs a temporary strength and stimulus, which does them no harm, and some other organ much good; it can supply the place of many of those more natural methods of cure which are out of the reach of the poor, or which perhaps the man of business has not time or patience to wait for. But it cannot do all. It cannot supply entirely the place of fresh air, exercise, good food, cleanliness, a healthy constitution, or a sound and tranquil mind. If a man or a woman has been working long hours in a close ill-ventilated workshop; has been eating indigestible and badly-cooked food; has slept in a close bedroom; has neglected personal cleanliness; and, as a consequence has become consumptive, all the cod liver oil and tonics in the world will not cure that man or woman, if he or she do not change their mode of life.

There are one or two points which the author would wish particularly to impress on his reader's mind. In the first place, in all cases of disease, affecting the respiratory organs, the air of the patient's room should be pure, constantly renewed, and not cold. In this, as in some other respects, the English are very inconsistent. They coddle themselves up with clothes, and sit in hot ill-ventilated rooms, and then go upstairs to a bed-room in which the atmosphere is perhaps several degrees below freezing point, and plunge into a bed or the same temperature; in this awful situation they shiver and shudder for an hour before they can get warm. I speak of persons of the middle class generally. Why don't they have a fire in their bed-rooms, and have the bed warmed? They think it would be effeminate, perhaps, and yet if any one were to ask them to lie in a cold bath (warmer, however than the bed), for an hour on a cold night, they would think the proposition insane. Though persons in robust health may stand this process, those liable to pulmonary complaints, should never venture on it. Warm bed-rooms, well-ventilated, and warm beds should be their motto.

Secondly, all persons, especially those suffering from chronic pulmonary diseases, should cleanse the whole skin once a day. The difficulty of persuading some people to do this is inconceivable. Soap and water! what virtues they possess!

Thirdly, never starve patients. What the French call strict diet (i.e. plenty of water to drink and nothing else), should never be employed in any disease however inflammatory. Don't be frightened by the bugbear "inflammation." Give beet tea or weak broth, and arrowroot at least. When children refuse, as they often do to take any solid food, give them plenty of milk and water to drink. It is impossible to starve out an inflammation.

Fourthly, and lastly, patients suffering from any of the diseases treated of in this pamphlet, should not exert their lungs in talking much. In acute inflammatory diseases of the air passages and lungs, this is most important. Lady readers should take particular notice of these remarks.

Allbut and Daniel, Hanley, Staffordshire.

Two Norse Lays.

Two Norse Lays

I.

The Home-bringing of the Hammer

Translated from the Old Norse with Explanatory Notes

II.

The Awakening of the Gods

Kirkwall Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., J. Menzies & Co. William Peace, Albert Street London Edinburgh 1872 Printed at the "*Orkney Herald*" Office, *Kirkwall*.

decorative feature

In fact, these old Norse songs have a *truth* in them—an inward perennial truth and greatness—as indeed all must have that can very long preserve itself by tradition alone. It is a greatness not of mere body and gigantic bulk, but a rude greatness of soul. There is a sublime uncomplaining melancholy traceable in these old

hearts—a great free glance into the very deeps of thought. They seem to have seen—these brave old Northmen—what meditation has taught all men in all ages, that this world is after all but a show, a phenomenon or appearance, no real thing. All deep souls see into that—the Hindoo Mythologist, the German Philosopher, the Shakespeare, the earnest thinker wherever he may be—

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of!"

Thor is vanished; the whole Norse world is vanished, and will not return ever again. In like fashion to that pass away the highest things. All things that have been in this world, all things that are or will be in it, have to vanish. We have our sad farewell to give them. (Carlyle "On Heroes," Lect. I.)

decorative feature

I.

The home-Bringing of the hammer.

The Thrymsquidha.

THE "Thrymsquidha" is one of the poems of the Norse "Elder Edda," which is so named to distinguish it from the "Younger," or "Prose Edda," a work of much later date. These old Norse Eddas contain the whole mythological system of the Norse folk in the pre-Christian times. The Elder or Poetic Edda, sometimes called also, "Sæmund's Edda," is a compilation of poems of very great antiquity,

Prior at least to the days of Harald Harfågrà, in the ninth century. P. E. Müller, *Sagabib* II., 129 et seq.

which were first collected into a canon of Norse Scripture by the priest Sæmund, in Iceland, about 1100. Of these lays of the Elder Edda, one part relates the famous tale of the Niflung, or Nibelungen—that story of love and hate which has been handed down through long centuries, in every branch of the Teutonic race, and of which a cycle of ballads has been collected in the Faroe Isles, and published in our own day.

Færoiske Qvædher (Lyngby). Randus, 1822. Sigurdhr Qvædher (Hainmershaimb). Copenhagen, 1851.

Færoiske Kvædher Ib. Ib., 1855.

The other division of the Edda contains the probably more ancient lays, relating to the gods, to their deeds and transactions with men.

The "Thrymsquidha," or the "Home-bringing of the Hammer," is one of these lays : a most ancient song doubt-less—so old indeed, that it is difficult to conjecture within some hundreds of years what its true age may be. This is certain, that more than seven hundred years ago it was taken down from oral recitation, and put on record by Sæmund as being then one of the ancient sacred poems of his race. It is also certain that, a century before Sæmund's time, the "Biarkamal"

"Welches vor der Schlacht hei Stiklestad 1030 als ein alter lied gesungen wurde, so dass man es wenigstens in den Anfang des 9th Jahrhundert zurücksetzen muss. Dietrich Alt. Nord. Leseb. Introd. 21.

(another of the Eddaic songs preserved by him) was then a popular song of the Norsemen, and familiarly known among them, since we find the men of King Olaf singing it before the great battle of Stickle-stad, where the king was slain. The Sagaman expressly calls it "the old Biarkamal."

"hann qvâdh Biarkamal hinn fornu." *Heimskringla Saga VII.*, Saga of Olaf the Saint, chap. 219. "He began to sing the old Biarkamal." Laing's Trans. *Heimsk.*

From internal evidence, there is every reason to allow, an age equally great—if not greater—to the "Thrymsquidha" as to the "Biarkamal;" and thus we have a thousand years at least as the probable age of this lay. Many northern scholars are, however, of opinion that the "Thrymsquidha" is the oldest of all the Eddaic lays,

"älter als die grösseren Zusammenfassungen vom Lehen und Schicksal der Götter in ihrer Verflechtung in das Schicksal der Welt was der Inhalt der Völuspa ist und—deren erstere nicht under das 8th Jahr, herabzusetzen ist." Dietrich Alt. Nord. Leseb. 21.

older even than the venerable and mystic Völuspa, the sacrosanct hymn of our forefathers, which sings in solemn prophetic manner of the beginning of the universe, of the gods, and of men, and of the relations between them, and of the end of all things which has to come—that Twilight of the Gods when the present earth is to perish in one great conflagration, but after which, says the inspired seer:—

"A hall I see standing
Fairer than the sun,
With its gleaming golden roof
Aloft in Heaven;
There shall men of worth
Abide for ever,
And bliss enjoy
Through endless ages."

Sal sêr hon standa
S#lo fagra,
gulli thanktan
a gimli;
Thar skolo dyggvar
dr#ttir byggja,
ok um aldrdaga
yndis niota.

Elder Edda, Völuspa, st. 57.

The "Thrymsquidha" is given here in the Old Norse text,
In Old Norse there were two characters to respresent "th"—one for the soft, and the other for the hard sound of the letter. In the present version the English "dh" stands for the one, and "th" for the other. It may be remarked that this Norse peculiarity distinguishes the present dialect of the Shetland people, who do not pronounce the English "th."

together with a tolerably close English translation. As in Norse poetry rhyme was not the essential thing that it is in our modern verse, rhythm and alliteration of an elaborate kind supplied its place. In the present English version, both these requisites have been supplied wherever practicable, as a comparison will show.

In order to elucidate the text in the best way, the explanatory notes appended are chiefly taken from the Prose Edda,

The enumeration of chapters follows the order of Rask's Edition (Snorra Edda ed. Rask Hafn. 1794.) and are literally the sense of the original. This Prose or "Younger Edda," compiled by Snorro Sturleson (born A.D. 1178), is the authoritative exposition of the old Norse Odinic creed, a sort of Confession of Faith or Larger Catechism of the Norse religion as it flourished before the advent of Christianity in the North—before King Olaf Tryggveson, and other Defenders of the Faith, converted Norway and its dependencies of Orkney and Shetland from the worship of Odin and the Æsir to that of "Christ Maryson,"

"at allir menn skyldo kristnaz lâta, ok trúa â einn gudh Krist Marioson." Hakon the Good's Saga, cap. 17.
as the Norsemen in their homely way named our Lord.

decorative feature

Thrymsquidha ed hr Hamarsheimt.

Thrgmsquidha edhr hammarsheimt.

REIDHR var thâ VINGTHÖRR, er han vaknadhí,
ok sins hamars um saknadhí,
Skegg nam at hrista, skör nam at d#ja
rêdh Jardhar burr um at threifaz.

Ok han that ordha allz fyrst um quadh :
'Heyrdhu nû LOKI, hvat ek nû mæli,
er eigi veit iardhar hvergi
nê upphimins; âss er stolinn hamri.'

Gengo their fagra FREYIO tûna,
ok han that ordha allz fyrst um quadh :
'Muntu mer FREYIA fiadhrhams lia,
ef ek mini hamr mættak hitta?'

"Th# munda ek gefa ther, th#tt or gulli veri,
ok th# selja, at veri or silfri."
Fl# tha LOKI, fiadhrhamr dundi,
unz fur innan kom IÖTNA heima.

THRYMR sat à haugi thursa drottin,
greyjom sînom gullbönd snoeri,
ok mörom sînom mön iafnadhi.

'Hvat er medh ÆSOM? hvat er medh ÆLFOM?
hvî ertu einn kominn Î IÖTUNHEIMA?'

"Ilt er medh ÆSOM, ilt er medh ÆLFOM?
hefir thu HLÖRRIDHA hamar um folginn?"

'Ek hefi HLÖRRIDHA hamar um folginn
ætta röstom fur jördh nedhan,
hann engi madhr aprt um heimtir
nema fœri mer FREYIO at quen.'

Fl# thâ LOKI, fiadhrhamar dundi,
unz fur utan kom Iötnaheima,
ok fur innan kom àsa gardha;
mætti han THÔR midhra gardha,
ok han that ordha allz fyrst um quadh:

"Hefir thu erendi sem erfidhi?
Segdhu â lopti löng tithindi :
opt sitianda sögor um fallaz,

ok liggiandi lygi um bellir."

'Hefi ek erfidhi ok örindi :
THRYM hefir thinn hamar thursa drottinn,
hann engi madhr aptr um heimtr,
nema hanom færi FREYIO at quen.'

Gânga their fagra FREYIO at hitta,
ok han that ordha allz fyrst um quadh :
"Bittu thik FREYIA brûdhar lîni
vidh skolom aka tvau Í IÖTUNHEIMA."

Reidh varðh thâ FREYIA ok fnasadhi,
allr ÆSA salr undir bifdiz;
stökk that ith mikla men brisînga :
"Mik veiztu verdha vergiarnasta,
of ek ek meðh ther Í IÖTUNHEIMA."

Senn voro ÆSIR allir â thîngi
ok ASYNIOR aliar â mâli,
ok of that redho rîkir tivar,
hvê their HLÖRRIDHA hamar um sætti.

Thâ quadh that HEIMDALLR, hvîtastr Æsa,
vissi ham vel fram sem VANIR adhrir :
"Bindo ver THÔR thâ brûdhar lîni,
hafi han idh mikla men brîsinga;

lâtom und hanom hrynja lukla,
ok kvenvâdhir um kne falla,
en â briosti breidha steina,
ok hagliga um höfud typpom."

Thâ quadh that THÔR thrudugr âss :
"Mik muno ÆSIR argan kalla,
ef ek bindaz læt brudhar lîni."

Thâ quadh that LOKI Löfeyjar sonr :
'Thegi thu THÔRR theirra ordha,

thegar muno iötnar ASGARDH búa,
nema thu thinn hamar ther um heimtir.'

Bundo their THÔR thâ brúðhar lini,
ok eno mikla meni brísinga,
lêto und hanom hrynja lukla,
ok kvenvâdhir um kne falla,
en â briosti breidha steina,
ok hagliga um höfod typto.

Thâ quadh that LOKI Löfeyjar sonr
'mun ek ok með ther amb#tt vera
vidh skulom aka tvau. Í IÖTUNHEIMA.'

Senn voro hafrar heim um reknir,
skyndir at sköklom skyldo vel renna;
biörg brotnodho, brann iörðh loga,
#k ODHINS sonr Í IÖTUNHEIMA.

Thâ quadh that THRYMR thursa drottinn :
"Standidh upp iötnar, ok strâidh bekki,
nu færir mer FREYJO at quæn,
NIARDHAR d#ttr or Nòa-tûnom;

Gânga her at gardhi gull-hyrndar k#r,
yxn alsvartnir iötni at gamni;
fiöld â ek meidhma, fiöld â ek menja,
einnar mer FREIO âvant thikkir."

Var thar at qveldi um komit snimma,
ok fur iötna öl fram borit;
einn ât oxa átta laxa,
kràsir allar thær er konor skyldo,
drakk SIFIAR verr sâld thriu miadhr.

Thâ quadh that THRYMR thursa drottinn :
'Hvar sâttu brúðhir bíta hvassara?
saka ek brudhir bíta en breidhara
nê inn meira miödh mey um drecka.'

Sat in alsnotra ambott fur,
er ordh um fann vidh iötuns mâli :
"At vætr FREYJA âtta n#ttom,
svâ var hon #dhfûs Î IÖTUNHEIMA."

Laut und lîno, lysti at kyssa,
enn han utan stöck endlângan sal.
'Hvi ero önd#tt augo FREYJO?
thikki mer or augom brenna.'

Sat in alsnotra amb#tt fyri,
er ordh um fann vidh iötuns mâli :
"Svaf vætr FREYJA âtta n#ttom,
sva var hon #dhfus Î IÖTUNHEIMA."

Inn kom in arma iötna systir,
hin er brûdhfiâr bidhia thordhi :
'Lâtto ther af höndom hrînga raudha,
ef thu ödhfaz vill âstir minar,
âstir mînar, alla hylli."

Thâ quadh that THRYMR thursa drottinn :
"Beridh inn hamar brudhi at vîgja,
leggitt MIÖLLNI, î meyjar knê
vîgît okr saman vararhendi."

Hl# Hl#rridha hugr î briosti,
er hardhhugadhr hamar um thekti;
THRYM drap han fyrstan thursa drottinn
ok ætt iötuns alla lamdi.

Drap han ina öldno iötna systor
hin er brûdhfiar of bedhit hafdhi,
hon skell um hlaut fur skillînga,
en högg hamars fur hrînga fiöld
sva kom ODHINS sonr endr at hamri.

decorative feature

Thrym's Lay; or The homebringing of the hammer.

Thrym's Lay; or THE HOMEBRINGING OF THE HAMMER.

WROTH was THOR then when he awoke
And his hammer from him missed;
Beard he bristled, hair he hustled—
Earth's son searched all round about.

And he this word first of all spake—
"Hear thou now LOKI, let me tell to thee,
What none knoweth either on earth below
Or up in heaven : stolen is THOR'S hammer."

Then fared they to fair FREYA'S dwelling,
And he this word first of all spake—
"Wilt thou to me, FREYA, feather-covering lend,
That I mine hammer may trace out?"

"That will I give thee though it were golden,
Thou shalt have it were it of silver :"
Flew then Loki, feather-covering whirring,
Until he came within Iötun land.

THRYM sat on high, prince of giants,
Golden collars for his hounds twisting,
And his horses' manes a-smoothing.

"How go the Æsir? how go the Elves?
Why art thou come alone to Iötun land?"

"Ill go the Æsir, ill go the Elves;
Hast thou the THUNDERER'S hammer hidden?"

"I have the THUNDERER'S hammer hidden,
Eight miles deep in earth beneath;
No one shall get it back again ever,
Unless he bring to me FREYA to wife."

Flew then LOKI, feather-covering whirring,
Until he came without Iötun land,
And till he came within the ÆSIR'S city;
Met him THOR then, midst of the city,
And he this word first of all spake—

"Hast thou thy errand for thy trouble;
Say standing here thy long story :
Oft to one sitting a tale is tiresome,
And to one lying down many lies tell they."

"I have my errand and my trouble;
THRYM has thy hammer—prince of giants—
No one shall get it back again ever,
Until they bring him FREYA to wife."

Then fared they to speak with fair FREYA,
And he this word first of all spake—
"Bind to thee, FREYA, bridal attire,
We two shall drive together to Iötun land."

Wroth then was FREYA, and fumed fiercely;
All the ÆSIR halls under her trembled;
Down she dashed the necklace BRISING :
"Call me wantonest of all women
If I drive with thee to Iötun land."

Straight went the ÆSIR all to council,
And the ASYNIOR all to discourse;
Now must the mighty gods consider
How they the THUNDERER'S hammer shall get.

Then spake HEIMDALL, fairest of Æsir,
Well foreseeing, like all his kindred—
"Bind we to THOR then, bridal attire,
Let him wear the great necklace BRISING :

"Keys loud jangling join to his girdle;
Let round his knees fall women's clothing,
But on his breast set broad jewels;
With coif cunningly deck we his head."

There spake then THOR the valiant hero—
"ÆSIR would me call right womanish,
If I let bind to me bridal attire."

There spake then LOKI, son of LAUFHEY—
"THOR, with such words be thou silent;
Quickly shall Iötuns Asgard inhabit
If thou thy hammer bring not again."

Bound they to THOR then, bridal attire;
Bore he, too, the great BRISING necklace,
Keys loud jangling joined they to his girdle,
Let round his knees fall women's clothing,
But on his breast set broad jewels;
With coif cunningly decked they Ms head.

There spake then LOKI, son of LAUFHEY,
"Now must I with thee as thy handmaid,
We two shall drive together to Iötun land."

Straight were driven home both the he-goats
Which in the traces should nimbly run;
Mountains were shattered, earth burnt in flame,
ODIN'S son rode unto Iötun land.

There spake then THRYM, prince of giants—
"Arise ye Iötuns, and cover benches;
Now bring to me FREYA for bride,
NIORD'S daughter from Noatun.

"Here in the garth go gold-horned cows,
Coal-black oxen for Iötun's pleasure;
Treasures I have enough, gold rings I have enough,
But FREYA only wanted I still."

At evening early came the guests many,
And for the Iötuns broached was the ale;
Ate then THOR an ox and eight salmon,
And all the sweetmeats for the women made;
With three tuns mead THOR quenched his thirst.

There said then THRYM, prince of giants,
"Whoever saw a bride bite sharper?
Never saw I bride bite broader,
Never any maid more mead drink."

The cunning handmaid she said thereto,
And made answer unto Iötun speech—
"FREYA for eight nights no meal hath eaten,
So sorely longed she for Iötun land."

He looked below the veil, wistful to kiss her,
But away frightened sprang through the hall:
"Why are so piercing the eyes of FREYA;
In her eyes, methinketh, fire flameth."

The cunning handmaid she said thereto,
And made answer unto Iötun speech—
"FREYA for eight nights sleep has not taken,
So sorely longed she for Iötun land."

In came the pitiful Iötun sister,
And dared then to beg for bridal gifts :
"Give me the ruddy ring from thy hand,
If thou wilt gain all my friendship,
My whole friendship and full favour."

There spake then THRYM, prince of giants,
"Bear in the hammer the bride to hallow;
Lay ye MIÖLNIR on the maiden's knees;
After VORA'S custom hallow us together."

Blazed in his breast the heart of the THUNDERER
When his own hammer the hardhitter knew;
THRYM slew he first—prince of giants—
And the whole Iötun race dashed he in pieces.

Slew he that paltry Iötun sister
Who for bridal gifts had dared to beg;
She got cuffs for copper coins,
And hammer strokes for silver money;
So came ODIN'S son again by his hammer.

decorative feature

Notes.

NOTE 1—THOR (Thr. I, I).

NEXT to Odin the mightiest of the gods is Thor. He is called Asa-Thor and Auku-Thor, and is the strongest of gods and men. His realm is named Thrúdváng, and his mansion Bilskirnir, in which are five hundred and forty halls. It is the largest house ever built. Thus it is called in the Grímnis-mál:—

*Fire hundred halls and forty more,
Methinketh, hath bowed Bilskirnir;
Of houses roofed there's none I know
My son's surpassing.*

Thor has a car drawn by two goats called Tanngniost and Tanngrisnir. From his driving about in this car he is called Auku-Thor (Charioteer Thor). He likewise possesses three very precious things. The first is a mallet called Mjölner (the mauler), which both the frost and mountain giants know to their cost when they see it hurled against them in the air; and no wonder, for it has split many a skull of their fathers and kindred. The second rare thing he possesses is called Megingjardir (belt of might). When he girds it about him his divine might is doubly augmented; the third, also very precious, being his iron gauntlet, which he is obliged to put on whenever he would lay hold of the handle of his mallet. There is no one so wise as to be able to relate all Thor's marvellous exploits, yet I could tell thee so many myself, that hours would be whiled away ere all that I know had been recounted. (Prose Edda, cap. 21. Mallet's Translation.)

NOTE II.—JÖRD (Thr. 1, 4).

JÖRD (Earth) is Odin's daughter and his wife, and with her he had his first-born son, Asa-Thor, who is endowed with strength and valour, and therefore quelleth he everything that hath life, (Ib., Cap. 9.) She is reckoned among the Asynior. (Ib., Cap. 36.)

NOTE III.—(Thr. 2, 1).

This formula, which occurs repeatedly throughout the Lay, is a usual Eddaic one. Thus in Brynhildar Quidha (aunrr), 5, 2 :—

oc hon that ordha allz fyrst um quadh.

A similar phrase is common in all northern ballads. Thus in the Færöic "Sjúrdhar Kvædhi" (Brynh. 187):—
Gunnar so til ordha tekur.

NOTE IV.—(Thr. 2, 2).

CURIOSLY enough, in the Färoese lays is an exact counterpart of this line:—

Hoyr tú Lokki, ek tåli til tiù.

(Lokka Tattur, 43.)

NOTE V.—LOKI (Thr. 2, 2).

THERE is another god reckoned in the number of the Æsir whom some call the calumniator of the gods, the contriver of all fraud and mischief, and the disgrace of gods and men. His name is Loki or Loptur. He is the son of the giant Farbauti; his mother is Laufey or Nál; his brothers are Byleist and Helblendi. Loki is handsome and well-made, but of a very fickle mood and most cunning disposition. He surpasses all beings in these arts called Cunning and Perfidy. Many a time has he exposed the gods to very great perils, and often extricated them again by his artifices. (Prose Edda, cap. 33.) Loki having exasperated the gods by causing the death of Baldur (P. E., 49), they seized and confined him in a cavern with "a serpent suspended over him in such a manner that the venom should fall on his face, drop by drop; but Siguna his wife stands by him, and receives the drops as they fall in a cup, which she empties as often as it is filled. But while she is doing this, venom falls upon Loki, which

makes him howl with horror, and twist his body about so violently that the whole earth shakes; and this produces what men call earthquakes." There will Loki lie till Ragnarök—the twilight of the gods. (Prose Edda, cap. 50.)

NOTE VI—FREYJA (Thr. 3, 1).

FREYJA is ranked next to Frigga, wife of Odin. She is wedded to one called Odur, and their daughter, named Hnossa, is so very handsome that whatever is beautiful and precious is called by her name. But Odur left his wife, in order to travel into far countries. Since that time Freyja continually weeps, and her tears are drops of pure gold. She has a great variety of names; for, having gone over many countries in search of her husband, each people gave her a different name. She is thus called Mardöll (Sea-Nymph), Horn, Gefn (The Bountiful Giver), Syr, and also Vanadis. She possesses the necklace Brísíng. (Cap. 35.) Freyja is the most propitious of the goddesses. Her abode in heaven is called Foacutelkváng. To whatever field of battle she rides, she asserts her right to one-half of the slain, the other half belonging to Odin. (Grimnis-mál, 14.) It is from her name that women of birth and fortune are called in our language Freyjor. (Cap. 24.) Hence Old Norse frù, Danish frue, German frau, Dutch vrouw. In part II. of the Prose Edda (The Conversations of Bragi—Bragi-rasdur), in the story of Iduna and her apples, "Loki having borrowed from Freyja her falcon-plumage, flew to Iötun-heima." (Cap. 2.)

NOTE VII.—THRYM (Thr. 5,1).

THRYM or Hrym. *Rime*, the old word, now nearly obsolete, but still used in Scotland to signify hoar-frost. Rime was not then as now, a dead chemical thing, but a living Iötun or Devil; the monstrous Iötun *Rime* drove home his horses at night, sat "combing their manes," which horses were *hail-clouds*, or fleet *frost-winds*. (Carlyle's Hero Worship, Lect. 1,57.) Simrock derives the word from thruma (tonitru), and considers Thrym himself as originally identical with Thor, and one of the older gods, in whose hands the thunder had been before the coming of the Æsir. (Simrock's Edda, 4,39.)

NOTE VIII.—(Thr. 6, 1).

THIS verse appears to have been an Eddaic formula. We find it also in the Voluspa, v. 46.

NOTE IX.—(Thr. 10, 1).

THIS is a formula used in more than one Eddaic poem. See Skirniför 38. Frà Helga 6,1.

NOTE X.—(Thr. 13, 3).

Cf.—Volsunga Saga, cap. 38, str. c. Where the hero in anger breaks a jewel.

NOTE XI.—(Thr. 14, 3).

Cf.—Sigurdhquidha 49, 1.

NOTE XII.—HEIMDALL (Thr. 15, 1).

HEIMBALL is called also the White God. He is the son of nine virgins who were sisters, and is a very sacred and powerful deity. He is the warder of the gods, and is therefore placed on the borders of heaven, to prevent the giants from forcing their way over the bridge Bifröst. He requires less sleep than a bird, and sees by night, as well as by day, a hundred miles around him. So acute is his ear that no sound escapes him, for he can even hear the grass growing on the earth, and the wool on a sheep's back. (Prose Edda, cap. 27.)

NOTE XIII—ASGARD (Thr. 18, 2).

THEN the sons of Bör (Odin Vili, Ve) built in the middle of the universe the city called Asgard, where dwell the gods and their kindred, and from that abode work out so many wondrous things, both on the earth and in the heavens above it. There is in that city a place called Hlidskjálf, and when Odin is seated there on his lofty throne, he sees over the whole world, discerns all the actions of men, and comprehends whatever he contemplates. (Cap. 9.)

NOTE XIV.—ODIN (Thr. 21, 4).

THE first and eldest of the Æsir is Odin. He governs all things, and although the other gods are powerful, they all serve and obey him as children do their father. Odin is named Alfadir (All-Father), because he is the father of all the gods, and also Valfadir (Choosing Father), because he chooses for his sons all those who fall in combat. For their abode he has prepared Valhalla and Vingoacutelf, where they are called Einherjar (Heroes or Champions). (Cap. 20.) In our language he is called Alfadir; but in the Old Asgard he had twelve names. He liveth from all ages, he governeth all realms, and swayeth all things, great and small. He hath formed heaven and earth, and the air and all things thereunto belonging. And what is more, he hath made man, and given him a soul, which shall live and never perish, though the body shall have mouldered away, or have been burnt to ashes. And all that are righteous shall dwell with him in the place called Gimli or Vingoacutelf; but the wicked shall go to Hel, and thence to Niflhel, which is below, in the ninth world. (Cap. 3.)

NOTE XV.—(Thr. 23,1).

Cf.—The First Lay of Helgi (Elder Edda) 5, 2.

Cf.—Frà Helga, 5, 1 (Elder Edda); "gullhyrndar kyr fra grams bui." So in the Saga of Gautrekr and Hrolfr it is related that the Peasant Reimr possessed a precious thing, which he prized more than all else, to wit, a great horned ox, whose horns were inlaid with gold and silver, and between them a silver chain, whereon three gold rings hung. Grimm thinks the gold-horned oxen to have, been sacrificial offerings. (Lieder der Alt. Ed. 29.)

NOTE XVI.—(Thr. 24, 5).

LITERALLY: "drank Sif's man three tuns mead." Thor was Sif's husband, or "man," as the word is still used in Germany and Scotland. The phrase occurs also in the Hymisquidha (15, 3) as a synonym of Thor.

NOTE XVII.—(Thr. 25, 2).

SIMILARLY in the Lay of Hafbur and Signild. (Danish Kæmpeviser, 27.) Aldrig saae jeg djerne öjen paa nogen stolt Jomfrue, dertil saa Ear hun og to hænder, der ere som jern at skue. Cf.—The Second Lay of Helgi, 2, 1.

NOTE XVIII.—(Thr. 27, 3).

Cf.—Völundarquidha 15, 3.

NOTE XIX.—VÖRA (Thr. 30, 4).

THE goddess Vöra listens to the oaths that men take, and particularly to the troth plighted between man and woman, and punishes those who Keep not their promises. She is wise and prudent, and so penetrating that nothing remains hidden from her. (Cap. 35.)

NOTE XX.—(Thr. 31.)

THE burying of the hammer eight miles deep in the earth, and its recovery, Grimm connects with the old belief, in Germany and the north, that the thunderbolt plunges so far down that it takes seven or nine years to rise again to the surface—"Every year it rises a mile." See "Die Edda," von Karl Simrock (4th Edit., Stuttgart, 1871): Grimm's Mythol., 165. M. Handbuch, p. 57, §28. For the mythical signification of the whole lay, Simrock refers to Uhland 98, and Karl Weinhold Leitschrift, 7, 22.

NOTE XXI.—RASK'S DANISH VERSION.

IN the version of the "Thrymsquidha" into Modern Danish, by Rask (2d Edit., Lond. and Cop., 1847), there are a few passages interesting to Orkney and Shetland people as illustrative of the consanguinity which exists between the present dialect of the islands and the Danish tongue. I give them as parallel passages:—
decorative feature

Tord of Meeresburg

(Old Danish Folk-Song).

THIS "Volkslied," which manifestly relates the same story as the "Thrymsquidha," is an interesting illustration of the change and development which takes place in oral tradition. It is taken from the "Kæmpe-Viser," first printed in 1591, and we may assume the Eddaic lay to have taken this shape in the Danish islands about the first of the sixteenth century. Wilhelm Grimm, in the preface to his admirable German version of the "Kæmpe og Elskovs Viser," comparing the two lays, says :—"In the Eddaic song, all occurs among the gods : Thor tosses his beard, and shakes his head, as he fails to find Ms hammer: Loki asks the feather-garb from Freyja, and she will give it to him if it were of gold or of silver. And how divinely rages Freyja at the proposal to become the giant's wife! all the dwellings of the gods tremble, and the great flashing jewel burets asunder. In the 'Volkslied,' on the contrary, there is no trace of the gods; there are other names (only the crafty servant is called Loki also); all happens in a human manner, and is told wholly without ornament."

Grimm's Altdänische Heldenlieder. Heid. 1811. Introd. XIX.

In his appendix, Grimm points out a remarkable similarity between the same tale and a narrative in the Samsonfagra Saga. (Ibid, 520.)

The Kæmpe Viser (p. 424) contains the first verse of another version of the same song, in which Tord is called Torekal.

Tord of Meeresburg and the Ugly Dwarf.

It was Tord of Meeresburg who rode o'er the plain away, And there he has lost his hammer of gold—'twas lost for many a day.

It was Tord of Meeresburg—he spake to his brother dear:

- "Thou shalt go to the Norland burg, and bring me my hammer here."
- And that was Lokke the serving man, a feather-garb took he,
- So flew he away to the Norland burg, all over the salt salt sea;
- And in the midst of the court-yard, then shouldered he his cloak;
- So went he in to the ugly dwarf, who then to him thus spoke:
- "Welcome, Lokke, thou serving man, welcome art thou to me;
- How goes it now at Meeresburg, and in all lands over the seal"
- "Well goes it all at Meeresburg, and well with all lands there;
- But Tord has lost that hammer of his, and so am I come here."
- "Tord shall not get his hammer again, and to him thou canst that say,
- For five and fifty fathoms deep in earth does it buried lay.
- "Tord shall not get his hammer again, I freely tell to thee,
- Unless the maiden Fridlefsborg with her gear you bring to me."
- It was Lokke the serving man, his feather-garb took he,
- And over the sea again he flew, home to Ms own countrie.
- And in the midst of the castle yard then shouldered he his cloak,
- So went he into the castle hall, and thus to his brother spoke:
- "Thou shalt not get thy hammer again, in truth I tell to thee,
- Unless the maiden Fridlefsborg and all her gear gets he."
- But from the bench whereon she sat, that haughty maiden said:
- "Rather would I a christened man than this hateful monster wed;
- "But let us now take our father old, his hair comb cunningly,
- And lead him away to the Norland burg, for me there bride to be."
- They led out then that ancient bride, with a wedding company;
- Gold was not spared on her bridal gown, I tell you truthfully.
- So took they then the lovely bride up to the bride seat fine,
- And forth there stepped the ugly dwarf, to pour for her the wine.
- Fifteen fat oxen ate she up, and thirty swine thereto;
- She made a good meal or ever she drank, in sooth I say to you.
- Twelve lasts of beer then drank she out, ere she her thirst could still;
- She drank it from a two-handled pail, and then she had her fill.
- Along the hall went the ugly dwarf, and both his hands wrung he:
- "Whence cometh this so youthful bride, who eats so famously?"
- Then spoke the dwarf to his cellar-man—"Look to thy spigots well,
- For we entertain a wondrous bride, who for drinking bears the bell."

- There spake the little Lokke so sly, and in his sleeve laughed he :
- "For eight days past she has eaten nought, and all for love of thee."
- Then spake the little ugly dwarf, and this word then spake he:
- "Call now the table servants in, and that right speedily;
- "And bring to me the hammer of gold, I'll give it cheer-fully
- To rid me of this bride, who'll bring shame and disgrace on me."
- It was eight stalwart champions the hammer brought in on a tree,
- And they laid it down with mickle care across the fair bride's knee.
- And that was then the youthful bride who took the hammer in hand;
- This will I say to you in truth, she wielded it like a wand.
- First struck she down the ugly dwarf—hateful was he to see—
- Then felled she next the younger dwarfs, and all that company.
- Fear took the guests, and every cheek among them turned pale;
- For strokes and wounds they all received, and loud arose their wail.
- That was Lokke the serving man, and soft to himself said he:
- "I think we'll go now with the widowed old man, home to our own countrie."

II.

The Awakening of the Gods.

The Awakening of the Gods.

THE following verses, written in October 1870, were first published in the *Scotsman* newspaper, in the early days of November of that same wonderful year, under the title of "The Franco-German War, from the Northern Mythic Stand-Point." At that date the siege of Paris by the Germans was beginning to drag its slow length along; but in due time the prediction with which the poem concludes was literally fulfilled.

When Thor, in this latest but not last incarnation, went on his journey, he had not only the Hammer, but the Belt and the Gauntlets with him.

See Note *ante* page 29.

As now-a-days we call the Hammer Moltke, so the Belt we name Bismark, and the Gauntlets Von Roon.

The Awakening of the Gods.

How the great gods awoke from their slumbers—
 Out of the sleep of a thousand years;
 How they arose, and with them the nations,
 Long shall be told to tingling ears!

Out of the North came Thor the Thunderer!
 In his blue eyes the lightnings shone;
 All the round world in silence beheld him,
 As he descended from Odin's throne.

Southward straight fared he, the Ruler of Battles—

Swiftly behind the Valkyrior flew :

Meyiar flugo sumnan Myrkvidh í gognom. Völundrquidlia v. 1.

Through the old Rhineland rustled their pinions,

Thar voro hiá them alptar-hamir theirra. Ib. prolog. Fiadhr-hamr dundi. Thrymsquidha 9, 1.
Till on its borders the war-horns blew.

Where once again the brood of mud-giants

Out of their depths had risen to view :

There battle-ready—the great gods defying—

The world-old combat once more to renew.

Slid also southward, Loki the shifty—

See Note *ante* page 30.

Cunningest, craftiest of gods and of men;

Southwards by side-paths, clothed round with darkness,

He slipped into Paris across the plain.

There laid Loki down his divinity,

Took on the French form of mortal race,

Marched down the Boulevards shouting "A Berlin!"

Or singing with ardour the Marseillaise.

Possessed Monsieur About—dwelt in the journalists—

Inspired *Le Gaulois* with Gallic fire—

Wrote hourly bulletins—edited *Figaro*—

"Summoned the universe to stand and admire—"

Counselled the councillors, filled them with folly—

Gave to Ollivier his *cœur léger*—

Sat in the Senate, and cheered on the Ministry—

Instructed each prefect and each loyal *maire*.

Low laughed Loki, the great mischief-maker—

Laughed when he found his wires pull well—

Laughed to behold Le Bœuf and De Failly

Lead on a nation to the mouth of hell.

Long laughed Loki, beholding the Frank land

Under the feet of traitors and knaves—

Shaking beneath them, while with light-heartedness

Slaves of a despot ruled over slaves.

Low laughed Loki, and looked to the northward :
"Hasten thy coming, O Thor! for here
All things are ready; break out in thunder—
Ruler of Battles, from Asgard appear!"

Then on a sudden arose the Thunderer—
Arose once again as in days of yore—
Grasp'd, knuckle-white,

"Thor knit his brows, and grasped the handle of his hammer with such force that the knuckles became white
from the strain." Prose Edda, cap. 44.
the old mighty hammer,
The mighty, all-rending Hammer of Thor.

Not now Miolnir name we the hammer,
Rather now Moltke ye may it call;
Weapon of Asgard, nimble, tremendous—
Truly of weapons the greatest of all.

Hurl'd from on high hurtled down the great hammer,
Shattering, smashing, it rose and fell;
Blow upon blow in thunderbolts falling,
Stroke after stroke struck deftly and well.

How the blows rang on the German anvil!
Anvil of metal well-tried and true;
Hard is the hammer and steady the stithy—
Under the hammer hits lightnings flew.

Hesmote them, he crush'd them, he ground them to powder,
He trampled them down in the miry clay!
All the round world held breath and beheld him
March to the goal of his conquering way.

Then flew Loki, clad in dove-plumage,
Soared out of Paris, the goal of Thor's way—
Flew swiftly eastwards unto Kyffhäuser,
Where in his cavern the Great Kaiser lay.

Concerning Kaiser Friedrich Barbarossa and his cavern, Mr Carlyle says:—"Nay, German tradition thinks he is not yet dead, hut only sleeping, till the bad world reach its worst, when he will re-appear. He sits within the hill near Salzburg yonder. A peasant once, stumbling into the interior, saw the Kaiser in his stone cavern: Kaiser sat at a marble table, leaning on his elbow, winking, only half asleep; beard had grown through the table, and streamed out on the floor; he looked at the peasant one moment, asked him something about the time it was, then drooped his eyelids again. Not yet time, but it will be soon! He is winking as if to awake—to awake,

and set his shield aloft by the Roncalic Fields again, with: Ho, *every* one that is suffering wrong; or that has strayed guideless, devil-ward, and done wrong, which is far fataller!" Hist. Friedr II., Vol. 1, 65.

Like as the Great Kaiser sits in his hill-cave—according to German tradition—so the Norse folk say that their great chief, Harald Fairhair, sits through the centuries in his sea-cave. Down there, in the depths of the North Sea, sits King Harald, with the mermaid who has enchanted him by her magic arts, and knows not how the time goes by; but he will throw off the magic chains and come back to his Norse folk some day. Heine says about him, in one of his weird lays, how—

*"The Great King Harald Harfager
Sits in the depths below,
With his beauteous water-fairy,
While the years come and go."*

Still round the mountain the ravens were circling,
When the dun dove in the westward appeared;
Lo! in a moment, they vanish for ever :
Lo! Barbarossa has dreed his weird.

For out of Versailles shall come now the Kaiser—
The mightiest Kaiser the Reich has seen—
He shall ride home with his Princes surrounded,
And their brows all bound with laurels green.

Kirkwall: Printed by William Peace.

The franco-German War.

(From the Northern Mythic Stand-Point.

How the great gods awoke from their slumbers—
Out of the sleep of a thousand years :
How they arose, and with them the nations,
Long shall be told to tingling ears!

Out of the North came Thor the Thunderer!
In his blue eyes the lightnings shone :
All the round world in silence beheld him
As he descended from Odin's throne.

Southward straight fared he, the Ruler of Battles—
Swiftly behind the Valkyrior flew:
Through the old Rhineland rustled their pinions,
Till on its borders the war-horns blew.

Where once again the brood of mud giants
Out of their depths had risen to view:
There battle-ready—the great gods defying—
The world-old combat once more to renew.

Slid also southward, Loki the shifty—
Cunningest, craftiest of gods and of men;
Southwards by side-paths, clothed round with darkness,
He slipped into Paris across the plain.

There laid Loki down his divinity,
Took on the French form of mortal race,
Marched down the Boulevards shouting "A Berlin!"
Or singing with ardour the Marseillaise.

Possessed Monsieur About—dwelt in the journalists—
Inspired *Le Gaulois* with Gallic fire—
Wrote hourly bulletins, edited *Figaro*,
"Summoned the universe to stand and admire;"

Counselled the councillors, filled them with folly,
Gave to Ollivier his *cœur legere*;
Sat in the Senate, and cheered on the Ministry,
Instructed each prefect and each loyal *maire*.

Low laughed Loki, the great mischief-maker—
Laughed when he found his wires pull well :
Laughed to behold Le Bœuf and De Failly
Lead on a nation to the mouth of hell.

Long laughed Loki beholding the Frank land
Under the feet of traitors and knaves—
Shaking beneath them, while with light-heartedness
Slaves of a despot ruled over slaves.

Low laughed Loki, and looked to the northward:
"Hasten thy coming, O Thor! for here
All things are ready! Break out in thunder—
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When the dun dove in the westward appeared;
Lo! in a moment, they vanish for ever :
Lo! Barbarossa has dreed his weird.

For out of Versailles shall come now the Kaiser—
The mightiest Kaiser the Reich has seen—
He shall ride home with his Princes surrounded,
And their brows all bound with laurels green.

From the Scotsman, 10th Nov. 1870.

In the Seven Months' War.

SHOULD you hear men say that when France went under
In the wondrous year that is now gone by,
When the German battle-axe clove her asunder,
And the Seven Months' War passed over in thunder.
And prostrate and bleeding we saw her lie :

That when the French eagles were snared and taken,
By pairs, by dozens, by scores in tale;
When the standards of France crossed the Rhine in hundreds,
Though with German bearers, as it betel:

Should you hear men say that not one German banner,
No standard, no colour was left behind—
That all through the tempest of siege and battle,
You shall seek for a lost Teutsch flag and not find.

Then tell them—Not so! you speak, not knowing!
There was one German standard they could not save;
There was one battle-flag they did leave behind them,
And its bearers stayed with it, and lie in one grave.

For they raised a great mound down there in the South-East—
A mound not of earth as grave-mounds are,
When they raised the grave-hillocks of old Teutsch kindred
That the tribes in their wanderings might see them afar!

But this was a mound of German manhood,
Piled and heaped where they took their stand;
And beneath it lay buried the one German standard
Which came not back to the Fatherland.

They levelled the mound of noble Germans,
To lay them low in one great grave.
And at length they came down to the precious standard—
The one German standard that none could save.

Look, O Fatherland! See, O Kaiser!
Look, Teutsch mothers, with eyes tear-blind!

Slit with the shears of a hail of iron—
This is the flag which was left behind!

Is it the flag of the Hohenzollerns—
Sable and argent party per pale?
Is it the banner—black, red, and golden—
Which of old the Empire threw to the gale?

Who can tell? It is stained and riven in sunder,
Drenched in the mud of the battle-plain;
It is red—dull red—with an awful crimson,
Deep dyed in the heart's-blood of German men.

Bear it in triumph, O French, if it please you,
Hang ye it up in the Invalides Dome!
'Tis a *Drapeau rouge*—is it not? Keep it safely;
The German barbarians may yet fetch it home.

Sixty-first Prussian Infantry Regiment,
Honour and glory and fame be thine:
Well hast thou stood by thy battle-standards.
Well hast thou kept the watch by the Rhine!

Publisher's Note.

ACCORDED a favourable reception on its first appearance in 1861, PEACE'S ORKNEY AND SHETLAND ALMANAC AND COUNTY DIRECTORY has had an increasingly complimentary recognition every new issue, until, finding a place in almost every family, it has come to be regarded as one of the institutions of the County. The return duo by us for favours so exceptional is to endeavour to make the work as complete and perfect as possible. This we aim at accomplishing, and it will be observed that in the present issue the local information has been considerably extended, and a variety of important topics introduced, such as must greatly add to its value and general utility.

Much care has been taken to secure accuracy, and though from the extent and variety of the contents this may not have been altogether attained, yet it is hoped any errors which may have crept in will be found to be few and unimportant. The Publisher, however, will at all times be glad to have such pointed out to him, so as to prevent their repetition in subsequent editions.

Some curious traditions, and other information relating to the county, have been received too late to be of any use in the present issue; but next year selections will be made from these with the view of preserving some interesting scraps of folk-lore.

Printed at the Orkney herald Office, Kirkwall.

Contents

Peace's

ORKNEY AND SHETLAND ALMANAC, 1873.

The Royal Family, &c.

Her Majesty ALEXANDRIA VICTORIA, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, born May 24, 1819; married February 10, 1840, to Albert, Duke of Saxe Coburg-Gotha, Prince Consort, born August 26, 1819, died December 14, 1861.

H.R.H. Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, Princess Royal, born November 21, 1840; married January 25th, 1858, to Fredrich Wilhelm, Crown Prince of Prussia. Issue: two sons and two daughters.

H.R.H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born November 9, 1841; married March 10, 1863, to Princess Alexandra of Denmark, born December 1, 1844, and has issue: Albert Victor Christian Edward, born January 8, 1864; George Frederick Ernest Albert, born June 3, 1865; Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar, born February 20, 1867; Victoria Alexandra Olga Mary, born July 6, 1868; Maud Charlotte Mary Victoria, born November 26, 1869, and Alexander Charles John Albert, born April 6, 1871; died April, 1871.

H.R.H. Alice Maud Mary, born April 25, 1843; married July 1, 1862, to Prince Louis of Hesse. Issue: a son and two daughters.

H.R.H. Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Edinburgh, born August 6, 1844.

H.R.H. Helena Augusta Victoria, born May 25, 1846; married July 5, 1866, to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg. Issue: two sons and two daughters.

H.R.H. Louise Caroline Alberta, born March 18, 1848; married March 21, 1871, to the Marquis of Lorne.

H.R.H. Arthur William Patrick Albert, born May 1, 1850.

H.R.H. Leopold George Duncan Albert, born April 7, 1853.

H.R.H. Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore, born April 14, 1857.

Royal Princes and Princesses.

George Frederick Alexander, Duke of Cumberland (Ex-King of Hanover), born May 27, 1819; married February 18, 1843, to Mary Alexandrina, daughter of Joseph, Duke of Saxe-Altenburg.

George William Frederick Charles, Duke of Cambridge. born March 26, 1819; Augusta Caroline. July 19, 1822; married June 28. 1843, to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; Mary Adelaide. born November 27, 1833, married Prince Von Teck, June 12, 1866.

The Ministry and Principal Officers of State.

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First Lord of the Treasury, Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

Lord Chancellor, Baron Hatherley.

President of the Council, Marq. of Ripon.

Lord Privy Seal, Viscount Halifax.

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#For Chiefs of Departments not appearing in this List, see Cabinet Ministers.

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- Earl of Camperdown.
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- J. Lambert, Esq.

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Scottish Representative Peers.

Elected Every Parliament.

Eclipses In 1873.

During the year there will be two Eclipses of the Sun, and two of the Moon:—

- A Total Eclipse of the Moon, in-visible at Greenwich, begins May 12, 8 A.M./; middle, 11.20 P.M.; ends, 2.13 P.M.
- A Partial Eclipse of the Sun, visible at Greenwich, begins May 26, 7.3 A.M.; greatest, 9.8 A.M.; ends, 11.14 A.M.
- A Total Eclipse of the Moon, partly visible at Greenwich, begins Nov. 4, 1.8 P.M.; middle, 3.51 P.M.; ends, 6.34 P.M.
- A Partial Eclipse of the Sun, invisible at Greenwich, begins Nov. 20, 1.38 A.M.; greatest, 3.22 A.M.; ends, 5.7 A.M.

Chronological Cycles.

Bank Holidays.

Scottish Law Terms.

English Law Terms.

University Terms.

Quarterly Terms.

Oriental Calendars.

CHINA.—The Chinese civil year is lunar, and consists of 12 months of 29 and 30 days alternately. In every three years a thirteenth month is added to accommodate the variations of the solar and lunar years. But this is not entirely effected by such an arrangement, consequently the Chinese have a cycle of 60 years, in which period 22 intercalary months occur. The superstitions of that nation render the almanac of the utmost importance, as it contains a statement of "lucky and unlucky days," in a manner somewhat resembling the impudent impostures of the same kind sold in our own country. The year is divided into 24 periods, corresponding to the position of the sun at its entrance into, and at the middle of each sign of the Zodiac.

JAPAN.—As in China, the almanac is one of the most important works published in Japan. The year is divided into 12 months, corresponding to the 12 signs of the Zodiac. The months, however, vary in length, and the Mikado, or Religious Emperor, assigns the necessary intercalary days, and the months that have to be added to accommodate the variation of the solar and lunar years. The division of daily time is effected in a curious manner, a peculiar sacredness attaching to the number *nine*.

HINDU.—In this calendar the luni-solar year is employed for the regulation of festivals and domestic arrangements. The year commences at the instant of the conjunction of the sun and moon in the sidereal month *Chaitra*. The month consists of 30 *Tithis* or lunar days, and is divided into two equal parts of 15 *Tithis* each, corresponding with the increase and decrease of the moon in regard to its brightness; but in different parts of India variations of this method occur, to make up deficiencies, &c., that arise in the annual, or successive annual calendar in regard to the intercalary days.

1873 January.

Day Of Moon'S Changes. Time Of High Water Moon'S Age Month. Week. First Quarter 5Th 9.27 after. Full Moon 13th... 4.23 after. Last Quarter. 21st... 8.31 after. New Moon 28Th 5.27 After. At Kirkwall. At Lerwick. Morn. Even. Morn. Even.—New-Year'S Day.—(1) Enquiry Into The Truck System Of Shetland Commenced On 1St January, 1872, In The Court House, Lerwick. H. M. H. M. H. M. H. M. 1 W 11 42 0 3 2 2 Th 0 7 0 31 0 28 0 52 3 3 F 0 57 1 22 1 18 1 43 4 4 S 1 47 2 12 2 8 2 33 5 5 S 2Nd Sunday After Christmas. Epiphany. Schooner 'Eliza GræMe,' Of Kirkwall, Wrecked On Shields Bar. 1854; Crew All Perished In View Of Thousands Of Spectators. 2 37 3 21 2 58 3 23 6 6 M 3 29 3 59 3 50 4 20 7 7 Tu 4 30 5 2 4 51 5 23 8 8 W 5 35 6 9 5 56 6 30 9 9 Th 6 43 7 18 7 4 7 39 10 10 F 7 52 8 22 8 13 8 43 11 11 S 8 49 9 14 9 10 9 35 12 12 S 1St Sunday After Epiphany. First Festive Gathering Of Good Templars Held In Lerwick On 12Th, 1872. (13) Old New-Year'S Day. (15) James Traill Calder, The Historian Of Caithness, Died At Elwickbank, Shapinsay, 1864. 9 38 10 0 9 59 10 21 13 13 M 10 19 10 39 10 40 11 0 14 14 Tu 10 58 11 17 11 19 11 38 15 15 W 11 34 11 51 11 55 16 16 Th 0 8 0 12 0 29 17 17 F 0 24 0 40 0 45 1 1 18 18 S 0 56 1 12 1 17 1 33 19 19 S 2Nd Sunday After Epiphany. Robert Burns Born, 1759. 1 29 1 46 1 50 2 7 20 20 M 2 4 2 23 2 25 2 44 21 21 Tu 2 42 3 2 3 3 3 23 22 22 W 3 23 3 46 3 44 4 9 23 23 Th 4 15 4 48 4 36 5 9 24 24 F 5 23 5 58 5 44 6 19 25 25 S 6 37 7 17 6 58 7 38 26 26 S 3Rd Sunday After Epiphany. The Pirate Gow Arrived In The Orkneys, When Ten Of His Crew Deserted, And Forwarded Information Of His Arrival To The Authorities In Leith, 1725; And On 17Th Feb. The Pirate Was Captured By James Fea, At Carrick, Eday. 7 55 8 27 8 16 8 48 27 27 M 8 58 9 25 9 19 9 46 28 28 Tu 9 53 10 19 10 13 10 40 29 29 W 10 44 11 10 11 5 11 31 1 30 Th 11 34 11 57 11 55 2 31 F 0 20 0 18 0 41 3 Rising And Setting Of The Sun At Kirkwall. Day. H. M. H. M. Day. H. M. H. M. 1St Rises, 9 9 Sets, 3 23 17Th,.. Rises, 8 51 Seats, 3 52 5Th, " 9 7 " 3 30 22Nd,.. " 8 43 " 4 4 9Th, " 9 4 " 3 37 26Th,.. " 8 36 " 4 14 13Th, " 8 58 " 3 44 30Th, " 8 28 " 4 24

For High Water At

- Stromness, Subtract 1 H. From Kirkwall
- Westray, Pierowall, subtract 1 hour From Kirkwall
- Stronsay Firth, Add 50 Min. To Kirkwall.
- Stronsay, Papa Sound, Add 1 H. Kirkwall
- Sunday, Kettletoft, Add 1 Hour Kirkwall

February. 1873.

Day Of Moon'S Changes. First Quarter 4th 10.6 morn. Full Moon... 12th... 11.33 morn. Last Quarter 20th... 11.23 morn. NEW MOON 27th... 3.22 morn. TIME OF HIGH WATER Moon's Age. Month. Week. AT KIRKWALL. AT LERWICK. Morn. Even. Morn. Even. Partridge and pheasant shooting ends. H. m. H. m. h. h. m. 1 S 0 43 1 5 1 4 1 26 4 2 S 4th Sunday after Epiphany. (2) Candlemas-day.—France declared war against England, 1793. Sir Robert Peel born, 1788. Earl Patrick Stewart executed at the market cross of Edinburgh, 1615. Mary Queen of Scots beheaded, 1587. 1 27 1 40 1 48 2 10 5 3 M 2 10 2 31 2 31 2 52 6 4 Tu 2 53 3 16 3 13 3 37 7 5 W 3 40 4 8 4 1 4 29 8 6 Th 4 41 5 17 5 2 5 38 9 7 F 5 55 6 35 6 15 6 56 10 8 S 7 17 7 58 7 38 8 19 11 9 S Septuagesima. Queen Victoria married, 1840. (10) Darnley murdered, 1567. Massacre of Glencoe, 1691. ST. VALENTINE'S DAY. 8 33 9 2 8 54 9 23 12 10 M 9 26 9 48 9 47 10 9 13 11 Tu 10 10 10 28 10 31 10 49 14 12 W 10 44 11 2 11 5 11 23 15 13 Th 11 19 11 35 11 40 11 56 16 14 F 11 50 0 11 17 15 S 0 3 0 18 0 24 0 39 18 16 S Sexagesima. (18) Martin Luther died, 1546. (20) Rev. Robert Paterson, D.D., died at Kirkwall, 1870. (22) Five pirates executed in London for the murder, on the high seas, of Captain Smith of the 'Flowery Land' and his brother, natives of Orkney, '64. 0 33 0 48 0 54 1 9 19 17 M 1 3 1 18 1 24 1 39 20 18 Tu 1 33 1 50 1 54 2 11 21 19 W 2 7 2 25 2 28 2 46 22 20 TH 12 45 3 6 3 6 3 27 23 21 F 3 29 3 58 13 50 4 19 24 22 S 4 33 5 15 4 54 5 36 25 23 S Quinquagesima—Shrove Sunday. (23) Rev. W. Logie, D.D., minister of St Magnus Cathedral, born, 1786. (24) James Baikie, Vice-Lieut, of Orkney, died at Hall of Tankerness, 1869. (28) Steam communication with the N. Isles of Orkney established, 1865. 6 0 6 47 6 21 7 8 26 24 M 7 33 8 14 7 54 8 35 27 25 Tu 8 47 9 17 9 8 9 38 28 26 W 9 45 10 9 10 6 10 30 29 27 TH 10 32 10 55 10 53 11 16 30 28 F 11 19 11 41 11 40 1 RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AT KIRKWALL. Day. h. m. h. m. Day. h. m. h. m. 1st, Rises, 8 25 Sets 4 27 16th, Rises, 7 44 Seats 5 10 4th, " 8 16 " 4 37 20th " 7 33 " 5 18 8th, " 8 6 " 4 47 24th, " 7 25 " 5 30 12th, " 7 51 " 4 58 28th, " 7 13 " 5 37 FOR HIGH WATER AT Fair Isle, add 50 minutes to Kirkwall. Wick, add 1 hour 20 min. Fraserburgh, add 1 hour 40 min. Aberdeen, add 2 hours 69 min. Arbroath, add 4 hours Leith, add 4 hours to Kirkwall. Shields Bar, add 5 hours " Liverpool, add 1 hour 22 min. " Sunderland, add 5 hours " Banff, add 2 hours 19 min.

March. 1873.

DAY OF MOON'S CHANGES. First Quarter.. 6th... 1.25 morn. FULL MOON. 14th... 5.44 morn. Last Quarter 21st ...10.19 after. NEW MOON 28th... 28th 0.54 after. TIME OF HIGH WATER Moon's Age. Week. AT KIRKWALL. AT LERWICK. Morn. Even. Morn. Even. h. m. H. M. H. m. h. m. 1 S 0 1 0 2 0 22 2 2 S 1st Sunday in Lent. [1863. Schooner 'Gipsy' wrecked at Copinshay, William Ballenden, M.D., Stromness, died, 1868. 0 21 0 42 0 42 1 3 3 3 M 1 0 1 20 1 21 1 41 4 4 Tu 1 38 1 59 1 59 2 20 5 5 W 2 18 2 39 2 39 3 0 6 6 Th 3 2 3 25 3 23 3 46 7 7 F 3 55 4 29 4 16 4 40 8 8 S 5 11 5 55 5 32 6 16 9 9 S 2nd Sunday in Lent. (9) The Flugga Rock lighthouse, Shetland, shaken by an earthquake, 1866.—Rizzio murdered, 1566. (10) Prince of Wales married, 1863. The 'Prince Consort' wrecked at Aberdeen, 1863. Diet of Spires, 1529. 6 41 7 20 7 2 7 47 10 10 M 8 6 8 41 8 27 9 2 11 11 Tu 9 6 9 28 9 27 9 49 12 12 W 9 48 10 7 10 9 10 28 13 13 Th 10 24 10 38 10 45 10 59 14 14 F 10 54 11 9 11 15 11 30 15 15 S 11 23 11 37 11 44 11 58 16 16 S 3rd Sunday in Lent. (16) Rev. Archibald Fairley, minister of Lady Parish, Sanday, died, 1866. (17) ST. PATRICK'S DAY. (19) Lucknow taken, 1858. 11 50 0 11 17 17 M 0 4 0 19 0 25 0 40 18 18 Tu 0 35 0 49 0 56 1 10 19 19 W 1 5 1 20 1 26 1 41 20 20 Th 1 37 1 54 1 58 2 15 21 21 F 2 14 2 37 2 35 2 58 22 22 S 3 2 3 31 3 23 3 52 23 23 S 4th Sunday in Lent. Rev. W. Stobbs, Stromness, died, 1863. LADY DAY. Robert Bruce crowned, 1306. George Wishart martd., 1545. 4 7 4 54 4 28 5 15 24 24 M 5 46 6 36 6 7 6 57 25 25 Tu 7 23 8 3 7 44 8 24 26 26 W 8 36 9 3 8 57 9 24 27 27 Th 9 30 9 52 9 51 10 13 28 28 F 10 13 10 34 10 34 10 55 29 29 S 10 54 11 13 11 15 11 34 1 30 S 5th Sunday in Lent. 11 34 11 54 11 55 2 31 M 0 13 0 15 0 34 3 RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AT KIRKWALL. Day. h. m. h. m. Day. h. m. h. m. 1st. Rises, 7 10 . Sets, 5 39 16th, Rises 6 17 Sets, 6 14 4th, " 7 2 . " 5 46 20th, " 6 2 " 6 24 8th. " 6 47 . " 5 55 24th, " 5 57 " 6 33 12th, " 6 32 . " 6 4 28th, " 5 52 " 6 43 FOR HIGH WATER AT Peterhead, add 2 h. 45 min. to Kirkwall. Pentland Firth, add 30 min. Lossiemouth, add 2 hours to Kirkwall. Montrose, add 3 hours 45 min.

April. 1873.

DAY OF MOON'S CHANGES. First Quarter. 4th... 6.36 after. FULL MOON 12th... 9.51 after. Last Quarter 20th... 5 47 morn. NEW MOON. 26th... 10.42 after. TIME OF HIGH WATER Moon's Age. Month. Week. AT KIRKWALL. AT LERWICK. Morn. Even. Morn. Even. [1869. Prince of Wales visited Constantinople, Richard Cobden died, 1865. Washington Irvine, whose ancestors lived in Shapinsay, born, 1674. H. M. H. M. H. M. H. M. 1 Tu 0 32 0 49 0 53 1 10 4 2 W 1 8 1 27 1 29 1 49 5 a Th 1 47 2 9 2 8 2 30 6 4 F 2 31 2 55 2 52 3 16 7 5 S 3 21 3 53 3 42 4 14 8 6 S Palm Sunday. William Wordsworth born, 1770. Rev. Thomas Scott, Shapinsay, died at Edinburgh, 1871. (9) Foundation stone of St Magnus Episcopal Church, Lerwick, laid, 1863. GOOD FRIDAY. Fort Sumter attacked, 1861. 4 35 5 21 4 56 5 42 9 7 M 6 8 6 52 6 29 7 13 10 8 Tu 7 34 8 9 7 55 8 30 11 9 W 8 35 8 56 8 56 9 17 12 10 Th 9 16 9 33 9 37 9 54 13 11 F 9 50 10 6 10 11 10 27 14 12 S 10 18 10 32 10 39 10 53 15 13 S Easter Sunday. Battle of Culloden, 1746. Magnus, Jarl of Orkney, murdered in Egilshay by Torfin, 1106. Fair Isle sold to Mr Bruce of Sumburgh for £3,360. 10 49 11 5 11 10 11 26 16 14 M 11 19 11 35 11 40 11 56 17 15 Tu 11 49 0 10 18 16 W 0 4 0 21 0 25 0 42 19 17 Th 0 38 0 56 0 59 1 17 20 18 F 1 15 1 36 1 36 1 57 21 19 S 1 58 2 25 2 19 2 46 22 20 S Low Sunday. (23) Samuel Laing, of Papdale, author of the 'Sea-Kings of Norway,' &c., died at Edinburgh, 1868. James Spence, Provost of Kirkwall, born, 1786. Died at East bank, Kirkwall, 21st April 1864. 2 53 3 24 3 14 3 45 23 21 M 4 6 4 53 4 27 5 14 24 22 Tu 5 40 6 26 6 1 6 47 25 23 W 7 10 7 47 7 31 8 8 26 24 Th 8 14 8 40 8 35 9 1 27 25 F 9 3 9 26 9 24 9 47 28 26 S 9 47 10 7 10 8 10 28 29 27 S 2nd Sunday after Caster. Foundation 'stone of the Union Bank of Scotland, Kirkwall, laid with masonic honours, 1863. Battle of Fontenoy, 1845. 10 27 10 48 10 49 11 9 1 28 M 11 7 11 28 11 28 11 49 2 29 Tu 11 46 0 7 3 30 W 0 5 0 24 0 26 0 45 4 RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AT KIRKWALL. Day. h. m. h. m. Day. h. m. h. m. 1st Rises, 5 41 Sets, 6 52 17th, Rises 4 54 Sets, 7 30 5th " 5 31 " 7 1 22nd, " 4 42 " 7 42 9th, " 5 20 " 7 11 26th " 4 32 " 7 51 13th, " 5 9 " 7 20 30th " 4 20 " 8 0 FOR HIGH WATER AT Bo'ness, add 4 h. 16 min. to Kirkwall. Berwick, North, add 4 h. 5 min. Yarmouth Roads, add 1 h. 20 min. London Bridge, add 4 h. 7 min. Duncansbay Head, add 10 m. to Kirkwall. Cape Wrath, subtract 2 hours 39 min. from Thurso, subtract 1 hour 41 min.

May. 1873.

DAY OF MOON'S CHANGES. First Quarter 4th... 0.33 after. FULL Moon.. 12th 1.18 morn. Last Quarter 19th... 11.0 morn. NEW MOON, 26th... 9.20 morn. TIME OF HIGH WATER Moon's Age. Month. Week. AT KIRKWALL. AT LERWICK. Morn. Even. Morn. Even. Prince Arthur born, 1850. Bourbon dynasty restored, 1814. h. m. h. m. h. m. H. m. 1 Th 0 44 1 3 1 5 1 24 5 2 F 1 24 1 44 1 45 2 5 6 3 S 2 7 2 31 2 28 2 52 7 4 S 3rd Sunday after Easter. Napoleon Bonaparte died, 1821. Humbolt died, 1859.—Battle of Prague, 1757. Treaty of peace between Germany and France signed at Frankfort, 1871. 2 57 3 24 3 18 3 45 8 5 M 4 1 4 43 4 22 5 4 9 6 Tu 5 23 6 3 5 44 6 24 10 7 W 6 39 7 14 7 0 7 35 11 8 Th 7 43 8 9 8 4 8 30 12 9 F 8 29 8 48 8 50 9 9 13 10 S 9 4 9 24 9 25 9 45 14 11 S 4th Sunday after Easter. (11) 'Prince Consort' wrecked at Altens Rock, 1867. (12) 137 emigrants left Fair Isle for New Brunswick, 1862. WHITSUNDAY TERM. Mrs Hemans died, 1835. 9 41 9 56 10 2 10 17 15 12 M 10 14 10 33 10 35 10 54 16 13 Tu 10 51 11 6 11 12 11 27 17 14 W 11 25 11 43 11 46 18 15 Th 0 2 0 4 0 24 19 16 F 0 22 0 43 0 43 1 4 20 17 S 1 5 1 29 1 26 1 50 21 18 S Rogation Sunday. Columbus died, 1506. Orkney Roads Bill passed, 1867. ASCeNSION DAY. German ship 'Lessing' with 4455 emigrants, wrecked on Fair Isle, 1868. Queen Victoria born, 1819. 1 53 2 22 2 14 2 43 22 19 M 2 55 3 30 3 16 3 51 23 20 Tu 4 8 4 49 4 29 5 10 24 21 W 5 29 6 7 5 50 6 28 25 22 Th 6 41 7 14 7 2 7 35 26 23 F 7 42 8 8 8 3 8 29 27 24 S 8 32 8 56 8 53 9 17 28 25 S Sunday after Ascension (25) Prince Helena born, 1846. John Calvin died, 1564. Charles II. restored, 1660. 9 21 9 44 9 42 10 5 29 20 M 10 5 10 27 10 26 10 48 30 27 Tu 10 48 11 8 11 9 11 29 1 2S W 11 29 11 47 11 50 2 29 Th 0 6 0 8 0 27 3 30 F 0 25 0 45 0 46 1 6 4 31 S 1 5 1 26 1 26 1 47 5 RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AT KIRKWALL. Day. h. m. h. m. Day. h. m. h. m. 1st, Rises 4 17 Sets, 8 3 16th,. Rises, 3 43 Sets, 8 35 4th " 4 10 " 8 9 20th,. " 3 33 " 8 44 8th, " 4 1 " 8 17 24th,. " 3 26 " 8 52 12th, " 3 52 " 8 26 28th,. " 3 19 " 9 0 FOR HIGH WATER AT Cromarty, add 1 h. 47 min. to Kirkwall. Limerick, sub 3 h. 53 m. from Glasgow, add 3 h. 16 min. to Kirkwall. Stornoway, add 4 hours 45 min.

June. 1873.

DAY OF MOON'S CHANGES. First Quarter 3rd... 6.19 morn. FULL MOON... 10th 10.1 after. Last Quarter 17th... 3.32 after. New Moon... 24th 9.12 after. TIME OF HIGH WATER Moon's Age. Month. Week. AT KIRKWALL. AT LERWICK. Morn. Even. Morn. Even. Whit Sunday. (1) Battle of Drumclog, 1679. Battle of Magenta, 1859. Slave trade abolished, 1807. Kirkwall museum sold by public roup, 1862. H. M. h. M. H. M. H. m. 1 S 1 48 2 11 2 9 2 32 6 2 M 2 34 2 58 2 55 3 19 7 3 Tu 3 24 3 54 3 45 4 15 8 4 W 4 27 5 1 4 48 5 22 9 5 Th 5 34 6 5 5 55 6 26 10 6 F 6 32 7 2 6 53 7 23 11 7 S 7 29 7 55 7 50 8 16 12 8 S Trinity Sunday. Charles Dickens died, 1870. Crystal Palace opened by the Queen, 1854. Battle of Marengo, 1800. 8 18 8 41 8

39 9 2 13 9 M 9 2 9 22 9 23 9 43 14 10 Tu 9 43 10 5 10 4 10 26 15 11 W 10 26 10 47 10 47 11 8 16 12 Th 11 8 11 30 11 29 11 51 17 13 F 11 52 0 13 18 14 S 0 16 0 38 0 37 0 59 19 15 S 1st Sunday after Trinity. (15) Rev. William B. Borwick, of Dundee, a native of Orkney, died, 1870. Battle of Waterloo, 1815. Queen Victoria's ascension, 1837. Battle of Vittoria, 1813. 1 2 1 28 1 23 1 49 20 16 M 1 55 2 23 2 16 2 44 21 17 Tu 2 51 3 22 3 12 3 43 22 18 W 3 55 4 29 4 16 4 50 23 19 Th 5 3 5 36 5 24 5 57 24 20 F 6 6 6 35 6 27 6 56 25 21 S 7 7 7 38 7 28 7 59 26 22 S 2nd Sunday after Trinity. (22) St Magnus Lodge, No. 787, I.O.G.T., instituted at Kirkwall, 1872. (24) MIDSUMMER DAY. George IV. died, 1830. Cawnpore massacre, 1857. Queen Victoria crowned, 1838. 8 7 8 35 8 28 8 56 27 23 M 9 0 9 26 9 21 9 47 28 24 Tu 9 50 10 13 10 11 10 34 29 25 W 10 34 10 55 10 55 11 16 1 26 Th 11 15 11 36 11 36 11 57 2 27 F 11 55 0 16 3 28 S 0 13 0 32 0 34 0 53 4 29 S 3rd Sunday after Trinity. Zetland Roads Bill passed, 1864. 0 51 1 9 1 11 1 30 5 30 M 1 28 1 46 1 49 2 8 6 RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AT KIRKWALL. Day. h. m. h. m. Day. h. m. h. m. 1st, Rises, 3 13 " 9 19 17th, Rises, 3 5 Sets, 9 23 5th, " 3 11 " 9 20 22nd, " 3 2 " 9 23 9th, " 3 9 " 9 21 26th, " 3 4 " 9 23 13th, " 3 7 " 9 22 30th, " 3 6 " 9 23

Payment of Poor Rates.

Poor Rates, payable by electors qualified by the Reform Act of 1868, must be paid on or before the 20th June, otherwise the names of such persons cannot be entered on the Register of Voters.

July. 1873.

DAY OF MOON'S CHANGES. First Quarter 2nd... 11.10 after. FULL MOON 10th... 6.33 morn. Last Quarter. 16th... 8.58 after. NEW MOON, 24th... 10.31 morn. TIME OF HIGH WATER Moon's Age. Month. Week. AT KIRKWALL. AT LERWICK. Morn. Even. Morn. Even. Channel Fleet arrived at Kirkwall, 1861. Prince Alfred visited Kirkwall, 1863. H. m. h. m. h. m. h. m. 1 Tu 2 6 2 27 2 27 2 48 72 W 2 48 3 10 3 9 3 31 83 Th 3 35 4 1 3 56 4 22 94 F 4 28 4 59 4 49 5 20 105 S 5 31 6 1 5 52 6 22 116 S 4th Sunday after Trinity. Rev. George Reid, Westray, died, 1862.—Countess of Zetland presented the Princess of Wales with woollen articles of Shetland manufacture, 1863. (8) Prince Alfred visited Lerwick, and Stromness on the 11th, 1863. (11) Channel Fleet arrived at Lerwick, '61. 6 29 6 58 6 50 7 19 127 M 7 29 7 59 7 50 8 20 138 Tu 8 26 8 53 8 47 9 14 149 W 9 18 9 43 9 40 10 4 1510 TH 10 7 10 31 10 28 10 52 1611 F 10 56 11 20 11 17 11 41 1712 S 11 44 0 5 1813 S 5th Sunday after Trinity. (12) James Copland, M.D., author of the 'Encyclopædic Dictionary of Practical Medicine,' a native of Deerness, Orkney, died in London, 1870. (14) Sir Robert Strange born at Kirkwall, 1721. Died 5th July 1792. 0 9 0 33 0 30 0 54 1914 M 0 58 1 22 1 19 1 43 2015 Tu 1 46 2 12 2 7 2 33 2116 W 2 37 3 2 2 58 3 23 2217 TH 3 29 3 58 3 50 4 19 2318 F 4 27 4 56 4 48 5 17 2419 S 5 28 6 0 5 49 6 21 2520 S 6th Sunday after Trinity. (20) Spanish Armada defeated, 1587. 6 34 7 10 6 55 7 31 2621 M 7 45 8 16 8 6 8 37 2722 Tu 8 48 9 15 9 9 9 36 2823 W 9 41 10 4 10 2 10 25 2924 Th 10 24 10 45 10 45 11 6 3025 F 11 5 11 22 11 26 11 43 126 S 11 40 11 57 0 1 227 S 7th Sunday after Trinity. (30) Thomas Stewart Traill, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the University of Edinburgh, editor of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' &c a native of Kirkwall, died, 1862. 0 12 0 18 0 33 328 M 0 26 0 45 0 47 1 6 429 Tu 1 2 1 19 1 23 1 40 530 W 1 36 1 53 1 57 2 14 631 Th 2 10 2 27 2 31 2 49 1 7 RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AT KIRKWALL. Day. h. m. h. m. Day. h. m. h. m. 1st, Rises, 3 7 Sets 9 22 16th, Rises 3 29 Sets, 9 44th, " 3 10 " 9 21 20th, " 3 36 " 8 58th, " 3 16 " 9 16 24th, " 3 14 " 8 51 12th, " 3 23 " 9 10 28th, " 3 52 " 8 43

Government Insurance and Annuities.

The lives of persons of either sex between the ages of sixteen and twenty may now be insured for not less than £20 nor more than £100. The sums charged for deferred annuities, or deferred monthly allowances, vary with the age, sex, &c.

August. 1873.

DAY OF MOON'S CHANGES. First Quarter 1st 2.29 morn. Full Moon. 8th 1.52 morn. Last Quarter 15th... 4.41 after. New Moon 23rd... 1.30 morn. First Quarter 31st... 3.48 morn. TIME OF HIGH WATER Moon's Age. Month. Week. AT KIRKWALL. AT LERWICK. Morn. Even. Morn. Even. LAMMAS DAY. 8th Sunday after Trinity. W. Edmonston Aytoun, Sheriff of Orkney and Professor of Belles Lettres in Edinburgh University, died, 1865. Rev. James Brown, Shapinsay, died, 1865. h. M. h. M. H. M. h. m. 1 F 2 47 3 7 3 8 3 28 8 2 S 3 28 3 54 3 49 4 15 9 3 S 4 23 4 57 4 44 5 18 10 4 M 5 33 6 10 5 54 6 31 11 5 Tu 6 46 7 23 7 7 7 44 12 6 W 7 59 8 33 8 20 8 54 13 7 Th 9 3 9 31 9 24 9 52 14 8 F 9 57 10 21 10 18 10 42 15 9 S 10 47 11 11 11 8 11 32 16 10 S 9th Sunday after Trinity. Dog Days end. Channel Fleet arrived at Kirkwall, and were visited by 2000

people, 1863. Life-Boat established at Stromness, 1867. 11 35 11 57 11 56 17 11 M 0 18 0 18 0 39 18 12 Tu 0 41 1 1 1 2 1 22 19 13 W 1 23 1 46 I 44 2 7 20 14 Th 2 9 2 31 2 30 2 52 21 15 F 2 53 3 17 3 14 3 38 22 16 S 3 42 4 32 4 3 4 33 23 17 S 10th Sunday after Trinity. Black-cock shooting begins. 4 46 5 26 5 7 5 47 24 18 M 6 7 6 47 6 28 7 8 25 19 Tu 7 29 8 6 7 50 8 27 26 20 W 8 39 9 6 9 0 9 27 27 21 Th 9 29 9 52 9 50 10 13 28 22 F 10 13 10 30 10 34 10 51 29 23 S 10 48 11 6 11 9 11 27 30 24 S 11th Sunday after trinity. (24) Freedom of the burgh of Kirkwall presented to Robert Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1872. 11 20 11 36 11 41 11 57 1 25 M 11 49 0 10 2 26 Tu 0 3 0 18 0 24 0 39 3 27 W 0 33 0 46 0 54 1 7 4 28 Th 1 0 1 16 1 21 1 37 5 29 F 1 32 1 48 1 53 2 9 6 30 S 2 3 2 22 2 24 2 43 7 31 S 12th Sunday after Trinity. 2 43 3 7 3 4 3 28 8 RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AT KIRKWALL. Day. h. m. h. m. Day. h. m. h. m. 1st, Rises, 4 1 Sets 8 33 17th, Rises, 4 37 Sets, 7 53 5th, " 4 10 " 8 23 22nd, " 4 47 " 7 40 9th, " 4 19 " 8 13 26th, " 4 55 " 7 30 13th, " 4 28 " 8 3 30th, " 5 3 " 7 20 QUARTER SESSIONS. The Quarter Sessions are held in Kirkwall on the first Tuesday of August, the last Tuesday of October, and the first Tuesdays of March and May.

September. 1873.

DAY OF MOON S CHANGES. FULL MOON 6th... 9.9 morn. Last Quarter 13th... 3.40 after. NEW MOON 21st... 5.51 after. First Quarter... 29th... 2.56 morn. TIME OF HIGH WATER Moon's Age. Month. week. At Kirkwall. At Lerwick. Mora. Even. Mora. Even. Battle of Dunbar, 1650. Rev. W. Logie, D.D., Minister of St. Magnus Cathedral, died 1856. H. M. H. M. H. M. H. M. 1 M 3 34 4 7 3 55 4 28 9 2 Tu 4 49 5 34 5 10 5 55 10 3 W 6 18 7 2 6 39 7 23 11 4 Th 7 45 8 20 8 6 8 41 12 5 F 8 50 9 19 9 11 9 40 13 6 S 9 46 10 8 10 7 10 29 14 7 S 13th Sunday after Trinity. Treaty signed by which the Orkney and Shetland Islands were pledged in security of the dowry of Margaret, daughter of Christian I. of Denmark and Norway, on her marriage with James III. of Scotland, 1468. Battle of Philiphaugh, 1645. 10 31 10 52 10 52 11 13 15 8 M 11 14 11 36 11 35 11 57 16 9 Tu 11 56 0 17 17 10 W 0 17 0 37 0 38 0 58 18 11 Th 0 56 1 15 1 17 1 36 19 12 F 1 36 1 56 1 57 2 17 20 13 S 2 17 2 39 2 38 3 0 21 14 S 14th Sunday after Trinity. Organ first used in the Parish Church of Lerwick, 1871. Battle of Alma, 1854. 3 5 3 34 3 26 3 55 22 15 M 4 10 4 56 4 31 5 17 23 16 Tu 5 41 5 27 6 2 6 48 24 17 W 7 12 7 53 7 33 8 14 25 18 Th 8 24 8 51 8 45 9 12 26 19 F 9 14 9 34 9 35 9 55 27 20 S 9 51 10 6 10 12 10 27 28 21 S 15th Sunday after Trinity. W. Grahame Watt of Breckness died, 1866.—John G. Heddle of Melsetter died, 1869. (25) Lucknow relieved, 1857. 10 21 10 35 10 42 10 56 29 22 M 10 49 11 3 11 10 11 24 1 23 Tu 11 18 11 33 11 39 11 54 2 24 W 11 46 0 7 3 25 Th 0 1 0 14 0 22 0 35 4 26 F 0 28 0 43 0 49 1 4 5 27 S 0 58 1 15 1 19 1 36 6 28 S 16th Sunday after Trinity. MICHAELMAS DAY. 1 32 1 52 1 53 2 13 7 29 M 2 13 2 37 2 34 2 58 8 30 Tu 3 7 3 41 3 28 4 2 9 RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AT KIRKWALL. Day. h. m. h. m. Day. h. m. h. m. 1st, Rises, 5 11 . Sets, 7 3 17th, Rises, 5 46 Sets, 6 22 5th, " 5 20 . " 6 52 22nd, " 5 58 " 6 10 9th, " 5 29 . " 6 42 26th, " 6 7 " 5 58 13th, " 5 38 . " 6 31 30th, " 6 16 " 5 46

Crown Feu-Duties

Payable in money become due immediately after the striking of the Fiars' prices each year; and those payable in kind must be settled between Candlemas and Martinmas for the preceding crop.

October. 1873.

DAY of MOON'S CHANGES. FULL MOON 6th... 5.31 morn. Last Quarter 13th... 6.25 morn. NEW MOON, 21st... 10.55 morn. First Quarter... 29th... 0.10 morn. TIME OF HIGH WATER Moon,s Age. Month. Week. AT KIRKWALL. AT LERWICK. Mora. Even. Morn. Even. Pheasant shooting commences. Rev. David Ramsay, Stromness, died, 1864. H. m. h. M. H. m. h. m. 1 W 4 25 5 15 4 46 5 36 10 2 Th 6 5 6 53 6 26 7 14 11 3 F 7 34 8 6 7 55 8 27 12 4 S 8 36 9 0 8 57 9 21 13 5 S 17th Sunday after Trinity. (5) First English Bible printed, 1536. Rienzi assassinated, 1354. Battle of Camperdown, 1797. (11) Freedom of the burgh of Kirkwall presented to Mr Samuel Laing, 1864. 9 24 9 44 9 45 10 5 14 6 M 10 4 10 25 10 25 10 46 15 7 Tu 10 45 11 5 11 6 11 26 16 8 W 11 27 11 47 11 48 17 9 Th 0 7 0 8 0 28 18 10 F 0 27 0 45 0 48 1 6 19 11 S 1 7 1 27 1 28 1 48 20 12 S 18th Sunday after Trinity. Battle of Jena, 1806. Houses of Parliament burnt, 1834. Lord Palmerston died, 1865. 1 50 2 12 2 11 2 33 21 13 M 2 38 3 7 2 59 3 28 22 14 Tu 3 42 4 26 4 3 4 47 23 15 W 5 14 6 1 5 35 6 22 24 16 Th 6 45 7 24 7 6 7 45 25 17 F 7 56 8 19 8 17 8 40 26 18 S 8 41 8 59 9 2 9 20 27 19 S 19th Sunday after Trinity. Battle of Trafalgar, 1805. J. W. Dunbar Moodie. Sheriff of Hastings, an Orcadian, died at Belleville, C.W., 1869. George II. died, 1760. 9 17 9 33 9 38 9 54 28 20 M 9 48 10 1 10 9 10 22 29 21 Tu 10 15 10 32 10 36 10 53 30 22 W 10 45 11 0 11 6 11 21 1 23 Th 11 16 11 32 11 37 11 53 24 F 2 11 46 0 7 3 25 S 0 1 0 17 0 22 0 38 4 26 S 20th Sunday after Trinity. Captain Cook born, 1728. (29) Thomas Stewart Traill of Tirlot, Westray, born at Crantit, Kirkwall, 1781. HALLOWMAS EVE. 0 34 0 52 0 55 1 13 5 27 M 1 12 1 34 1 33 1 55 6 28 Tu 1 57 2 24 2 18 2 45 7 29 W 2 54 3 33 3 15 3 54 8 30 Th 4 16 5 3 4 37 5 24 9 31 F 5 50 6 34 6 11 6 55

10 RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AT KIRKWALL. Day. h. m. h. m. Day. h. m. h. m. 1st, Rises, 6 18 Sets, 5 43 17th, Rises, 6 56 Sets, 4 58 5th, " 6 28 " 5 31 22nd, " 7 8 " 4 46 9th, " 6 37 " 5 20 26th, " 7 16 " 4 35 13th,.. " 6 47 " 5 9 30th, " 7 26 " 4 24

Licensing Courts.

The Burgh of Kirkwall Licensing Courts are held on the 2nd Tuesday of April and the 3rd Tuesday of October.—The County of Orkney Licensing Courts are held on the 3rd Tuesday of April and the last Tuesday of October.

November. 1873.

DAY OF MOON'S CHANGES. FULL MOON. 4th... 3.48 after. Last Quarter 12th... 0.48 morn. NEW MOON 20th... 3.37 morn. First Quarter... 27th... 8.13 morn. TIME OF HIGH WATER Moon's Age. Month. Week. AT KIRKWALL. AT LERWICK. Morn. Even. Morn. Even. All Saints' Day—HALLOWMAS. H. m. h. M. h. m. h. m. 1 S 7 12 7 43 7 33 8 4 11 2 S 21st Sunday after Trinity. Battle of Inkerman, 1854. Professor Foster Heddle, a native of Kirkwall, inducted to Chemistry chair of St Andrews University, 1862. 8 12 8 37 8 33 8 58 12 3 M 8 58 9 19 9 19 9 40 13 4 Tu 9 40 10 0 10 1 10 21 14 5 W 10 22 10 42 10 43 11 3 15 6 Th 11 3 11 24 11 24 11 45 16 7 F 11 43 0 4 17 8 S 0 4 0 24 0 25 0 45 18 9 S 22nd Sunday after Trinity. Splendid meteoric shower, 1866. 0 44 1 6 1 5 1 27 19 10 M 1 30 1 53 1 51 2 14 20 11 Tu 2 16 2 43 2 37 3 4 21 12 W 3 11 3 48 3 32 4 9 22 13 Th 4 30 5 11 4 51 5 32 23 14 F 5 51 6 25 6 12 6 46 24 15 S 6 58 7 27 7 19 7 48 25 16 £ 23rd Sunday after Trinity. Man in Iron Mask died, 1703. Freedom of the burgh of Kirkwall conferred on Colonel Balfour of Balfour and Trenabie, 1861. 7 53 8 14 8 14 8 35 26 17 M 8 34 8 52 8 55 9 13 27 18 Tu 9 10 9 29 9 31 9 50 28 19 W 9 45 10 1 10 6 10 22 29 20 Th 10 17 10 34 10 38 10 55 30 21 F 10 51 11 8 11 12 11 29 1 22 S 11 25 11 43 11 46 2 23 £ 24th Sunday after Trinity. John Knox died, 1574. Sir Henry Havelock died, 1857. Elementary school in connection with Anderson Institute, Lerwick, opened, 1862. 0 2 0 4 0 23 3 24 M 0 21 0 43 0 42 1 4 4 25 Tu 1 3 1 28 1 24 1 49 5 26 w 1 54 2 23 2 15 2 44 6 27 Th 2 54 3 28 3 15 3 49 7 28 F 4 4 4 42 4 25 5 3 8 29 S 5 22 6 0 5 43 6 21 9 30 £ 1st Sunday after Trinity. 6 35 7 8 6 56 7 29 10 RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AT KIRKWALL. Day. h. m. h. m. Day. h. m. h. m. 1st, Rises, 7 29 Sets, 4 21 17th, Rises, 8 12 Sets, 3 43 5th, " 7 43 " 4 8 22nd, " 8 23 " 3 33 9th, " 7 52 " 4 0 26th, " 8 32 " 3 28 13th, " 8 2 " 3 52 30th, " 8 40 " 3 21 ELECTION OF TOWN COUNCILLORS. The election of qualified electors to serve as members of the Town Council of Kirkwall takes place every year on the first Tuesday of November.

December. 1873.

DAY OF MOON'S CHANGES. FULL MOON. 4th... 4.20 morn. Last Quarter 11th... 9.54 after. NEW MOON 19th... 6.49 after. First Quarter 26th... 4.5 after. TIME OF HIGH WATER Moon's Age. Month. Week. AT KIRKWALL. AT LERWICK. Morn. Even. Morn. Even. Princess of Wales born, 1844. Battle of Hohenlinden, 1800. Cardinal Richelieu died, 1642. Independence of United States acknowledged in King's speech, 1782. H. M. h. M. h. M. h. M. 1 M 7 37 8 5 7 58 8 26 11 2 Tu 8 30 8 54 8 51 9 15 12 3 W 9 18 9 42 9 39 10 3 13 4 Th 10 4 10 26 10 25 10 47 14 5 F 10 48 11 8 11 9 11 29 15 6 S 11 30 11 52 11 51 16 7 S 2nd Sunday in Advent (7) James Spence of Pow died at Stromness, 1869. (9) Grouse shooting ends. Branch of Union Bank opened at St Margaret's Hope, 1866. W. B. Baikie, M.D., of Kirkwall, the African traveller, died at Serra Leone, '64. 0 13 0 13 0 34 17 8 M 0 33 0 53 0 54 1 14 18 9 Tu 1 14 1 35 1 35 1 56 19 10 W 1 57 2 20 2 18 2 41 20 11 Th 2 44 3 8 3 5 3 29 21 12 F 3 33 4 2 3 54 4 23 22 13 S 4 37 5 11 4 58 5 32 23 14 S 3rd Sunday in Advent. (14) The Prince Consort died, 1861. Sir Humphrey Davy born, 1778. Samuel Rogers died, 1855. 5 43 6 13 6 4 6 34 24 15 M 6 43 7 12 7 4 7 33 25 16 Tu 7 40 8 5 8 1 8 26 26 17 W 8 27 8 48 8 48 9 9 27 18 Th 9 9 9 31 9 30 9 52 28 19 F 9 52 10 13 10 13 10 34 29 20 s 10 32 10 52 10 53 11 13 1 21 S 4th Sunday in Advent. Funeral of the Prince Consort, 1861. Hugh Miller died, 1866. CHRISTMAS DAY. 11 13 11 34 11 34 11 55 2 22 M 11 57 0 18 3 23 Tu 0 19 0 40 0 40 1 1 4 24 w 1 4 1 29 1 25 1 50 5 25 Th 1 53 2 18 2 14 2 39 6 26 F 2 44 3 11 3 5 3 32 7 27 S 3 40 4 13 4 1 4 34 8 28 S 1st Sunday after Christmas. HOGMANAY. 4 47 5 22 5 8 5 43 9 29 M 5 54 6 27 6 15 6 48 10 30 Tu 7 3 7 37 7 24 7 58 11 31 W 8 7 8 35 8 28 8 56 12 RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AT KIRKWALL. Day. h. m. h. m. Day. h. m. h. m. 1st, Rises, 8 42 Sets 3 19 17th, Rises 9 4 Sets, 3 13 5th, " 8 50 " 3 16 21st, " 9 9 " 3 12 9th, " 8 55 " 3 15 36th, " 9 10 " 3 17 13th, " 8 59 " 3 14 30th, " 9 10 " 3 20 ELECTED MEMBERS TO KIRKWALL PAROCHIAL BOARD. Ratepayers meet for the election of elected members for the Parochial Board on the last Wednesday of May.

Historical, Epochs and Landmarks.

Principal Markets in Orkney.

- Dounby.—2nd Thursday of each month
- Firth.—3rd Monday of every month.
- Hosen.—2nd Wednesday of Feb. and June, and 1st Wednesday of Nov.
- Kirkwall.—1st Monday of every month. LAMMAS MARKET.—1st Tuesday after 11th August.
- Sanday.—1st Thursday before Kirk, wall Lammas Market, and 2nd Thursday of Nov.
- South Ronaldshay.—1st Wednesday after 11th Nov.
- Shapinshay.—2nd Monday of April, and 1st Monday before Kirkwall Lammas Market.
- Stromness.—Wednesday before Wasdale Market, and 1st Tuesday of Sept.
- Stenness.—1st Tuesday of Mar., 1st Tuesday after 2nd Wednesday of June, and Tuesday after 1st Wednesday of Nov.
- Wasdale.—1st Wednesday of Feb. and June, and last Wednesday of Oct.
- Walls.—1st Friday of June and Nov.

Weather Table.

THE following Table, the result of many years' careful observation, will be found useful in ascertaining the probable Weather which may follow the various changes of the Moon:—

MOON. TIME OF CHANGE. IN SUMMER. IN WINTER. Should a New Moon, First Quarter, Full Moon, or Last Quarter happen Between Midnight and 2 A.M. Mild and Fair .. Frost, unless Wind s. " 2 and 4 " Wet and Cold .. High Winds and Snow. " 4 and 6 " Wet .. Ditto. " 6 and 8 " Rain and High Winds High Winds. " 8 and 10 " Changeable .. Sleet, if Wind w., if E., " 10 and 12 " Rainy .. Gales. [Snow. " 12 Noon and 2 P.M. Very Wet .. Sleet. " 2 and 4 " Changeable .. Fair Weather. " 4 and 6 " Fair and Mild Ditto. " 6 and 8 " Fair, if N.W. Wind, but Wet if s. or s.w. Frost, if Wind N. or N.E., Sleet and Snow " 8 and 10 " Ditto .. Ditto. [if s. or s.w. " 10 and 12 " Mild and Fair .. Dry Frosty Weather.

Probable Weather for 1873.

JANUARY—1st to 5th, frosty if wind from N., sleet and snow if wind from S. or S.W.; 6th to 13th, fair; 14th to 21st, frosty; 22d to 28th, fair weather.

FEBRUARY—1st to 4th, sleet if wind N., if East wind snow; 5th to 20th, gales of wind; 21st to 27th, high winds and snow.

MARCH—1st to 6th, fresh unless wind from S.; 7th to 14th, high winds and snow; 15th to 21st, dry and frosty; 22d to 28th, sleet.

APRIL—1st to 4th, high winds and snow; 5th to 12th, sleet if wind from N., and snow if wind from E.; 13th to 20th, wind and snow; 21st to 26th, frosty.

MAY—1st to 4th, very wet; 5th to 19th, rain; 20th to 26th, changeable.

JUNE—1st to 3d, high winds and rain; 4th to 17th changeable; 18th to 24th, fair if wind N.W., but wet if wind S. or S.W.

JULY—1st to 2nd, mild and fair-3d to 10th, rain and high winds; 11th to 16th, fair if wind N.W., but wet if wind S. or S.W.; 17th to 24th, rainy.

AUGUST—1st, changeable; 2d to 8th, very wet; 9th to 15th, wet; 16th to 23d, mild and fair; 24th to 31st, wet and cold.

SEPTEMBER—1st to 6th, fair if N.W. wind, wet if S. or S.W. wind; 7th to 13th, changeable; 14th to 21st, fair and mild; 22d to 29th, changeable.

OCTOBER—1st to 6th, wet; 7th to 13th, rain and high winds: 14th to 21st, rainy; 22d to 28th, frosty unless wind from S.

NOVEMBER—1st to 4th, changeable; 5th to 11th, dry and frosty; 12th to 20th, high winds and snow; 21st to 27th changeable.

DECEMBER—1st to 4th, wet; 5th to 19th, frosty if wind N., sleet if wind S.; 20th to end of month, fair weather.

Barometer Readings—Useful Rules.

IN endeavouring to foretell weather, the general peculiarity should always be remembered, that the barometric column usually stands higher with easterly than it does with westerly winds; and with winds from the polar regions higher than with those from the direction of the equator. Hence the highest columns are observed with north-east winds in northern latitudes, and with south-east in the southern hemisphere. In middle latitudes there is an average difference (unreduced or observed height as read off) of about half an inch, other things being similar, between the heights of the mercury with north-easterly or with south-westerly winds. The more gradually the column moves the more settled in character will the weather be, and conversely.

A Rising Barometer.

A *rapid* rise indicates unsettled weather. A *gradual* rise indicates settled weather.

A *rise* with dry air and cold increasing in summer, indicates wind from northward; and, if rain has fallen, better weather is to be expected.

A *rise* with moist air and a low temperature, indicates wind and rain from northward.

A *rise* with southerly wind, indicates fine weather.

A Steady Barometer.

With dry air and a seasonable temperature, indicates a continuance of fine weather.

A Falling Barometer.

A *rapid* fall, indicates stormy weather.

A *rapid* fall with westerly wind, indicates stormy weather from northward.

A *fall* with a northerly wind, indicates storm, with rain and hail in summer and snow in winter.

A *fall* with increased moisture in the air and the heat increasing, indicates wind and rain from southward.

A *fall* with dry air and cold increasing in winter, indicates snow.

A *fall* after very calm and warm weather, indicates rain, with squally weather.

The most dangerous shifts of wind and the heaviest northerly gales happen after the mercury first rises from a very low point.

The tides are affected by atmospheric pressure, so much that a rise of one inch in the barometer will have a corresponding fall of the tides of nine to sixteen inches, or say one foot for each inch.

Seamen's Proverbs.

Long foretold long last,—short notice soon past.

First rise after very low,—foretells stronger blow.

When the glass falls low, prepare for a blow;

When it rises high, let all your kites fly.

At sea with low and falling glass, soundly sleeps a careless ass;

Only while it's high and rising, truly rests a careful wise one.

A red sky in the morning, sailors take warning;

A red sky at night is a sailor's delight.

The evening red and morning gray, are sure signs of a fine day;

But the evening gray and morning red, makes the sailor shake his head.

When rain comes before wind,—halyards, sheets, and braces mind.

When wind comes before rain,—soon you may make sail again.
 He who strives the tempest to disarm,
 Must never first embrail the lee yardarm.

June, too soon. July, stand by. August, look out you must.
 September, remember. October, all over.

Measurement and Weight of Cattle

TAKE the Girth close behind the shoulders, and multiply it by itself: take the Length from the top of the shoulder to the extremity of the buttocks, which, multiplied by the above, and divided by 7344, will give the Weight of a Fat Animal in Imperial Stones. Should the Animal be extra fat, add a twentieth; and if inferior, deduct about, the same quantity.

To find the Weight from the Table—Look in the column marked Girth for 35, and in the Column marked Length for 34, and then in the next column, in the same line with the length, is 5 stones, 9lbs., being the Imperial Weight.

Note.—The Smithfield Weight may be found by multiplying the Imperial Weight by 11, and dividing by 8.

Girth.	Length.	Imperial Weight.	Girth.	Length.	Imperial Weight.	Girth.	Length.	Imperial Weight.	Girth.
34	24	3	11	41	41	9	5	48	43
13	7	54	36	14	4	58	54	24	10
62	59	30	12	26	4	42	31	7	6
45	14	2	38	15	1	56	26	9	61
31	13	28	4	6	33	7	13	47	14
10	40	15	12	58	27	8	63	41	22
2	30	4	10	35	8	6	49	35	11
6	42	16	10	59	40	18	13	43	23
3	32	5	0	37	8	12	37	12	1
44	17	7	42	19	13	45	24	5	35
24	4	0	39	9	5	39	12	11	46
18	4	44	20	12	47	25	6	26	4
5	41	9	12	41	13	6	48	19	1
46	21	11	49	26	7	28	4	9	43
31	7	11	44	14	5	50	19	12	48
22	11	51	27	7	30	5	0	33	8
4	46	15	1	52	20	9	50	23	10
53	28	8	32	5	5	35	8	11	48
15	10	54	21	6	52	24	9	55	29
10	34	5	9	37	9	4	50	35	11
13	55	37	15	3	54	25	9	57	30
11	36	27	4	11	39	9	12	37	12
8	39	16	1	56	26	8	59	31	13
28	4	13	41	10	4	39	13	4	41
16	13	58	27	7	61	32	13	30	5
4	43	10	11	41	13	13	43	17	10
60	39	19	2	64	40	22	4	32	5
9	44	32	8	6	43	14	9	45	18
8	41	20	1	42	23	6	34	6	0
34	8	13	45	15	4	47	19	5	43
21	1	44	24	8	36	6	5	36	9
6	47	16	0	49	20	3	45	22	1
46	25	9	37	28	5	3	38	10	0
49	16	10	51	21	0	47	23	1	48
26	11	30	5	8	40	10	8	51	35
12	6	53	21	12	49	24	0	50	27
13	32	6	0	42	11	1	37	13	2
56	38	16	3	51	25	0	52	29	0
34	6	5	44	11	8	39	13	4	41
16	13	58	27	7	61	32	13	30	5
4	43	10	11	41	13	13	43	17	10
60	39	19	2	64	40	22	4	32	5
9	44	32	8	6	43	14	9	45	18
8	41	20	1	42	23	6	34	6	0
34	8	13	45	15	4	47	19	5	43
21	1	44	24	8	36	6	5	36	9
6	47	16	0	49	20	3	45	22	1
46	25	9	37	28	5	3	38	10	0
49	16	10	51	21	0	47	23	1	48
26	11	30	5	8	40	10	8	51	35
12	6	53	21	12	49	24	0	50	27
13	32	6	0	42	11	1	37	13	2
56	38	16	3	51	25	0	52	29	0
34	6	5	44	11	8	39	13	4	41
16	13	58	27	7	61	32	13	30	5
4	43	10	11	41	13	13	43	17	10
60	39	19	2	64	40	22	4	32	5
9	44	32	8	6	43	14	9	45	18
8	41	20	1	42	23	6	34	6	0
34	8	13	45	15	4	47	19	5	43
21	1	44	24	8	36	6	5	36	9
6	47	16	0	49	20	3	45	22	1
46	25	9	37	28	5	3	38	10	0
49	16	10	51	21	0	47	23	1	48
26	11	30	5	8	40	10	8	51	35
12	6	53	21	12	49	24	0	50	27
13	32	6	0	42	11	1	37	13	2
56	38	16	3	51	25	0	52	29	0
34	6	5	44	11	8	39	13	4	41
16	13	58	27	7	61	32	13	30	5
4	43	10	11	41	13	13	43	17	10
60	39	19	2	64	40	22	4	32	5
9	44	32	8	6	43	14	9	45	18
8	41	20	1	42	23	6	34	6	0
34	8	13	45	15	4	47	19	5	43
21	1	44	24	8	36	6	5	36	9
6	47	16	0	49	20	3	45	22	1
46	25	9	37	28	5	3	38	10	0
49	16	10	51	21	0	47	23	1	48
26	11	30	5	8	40	10	8	51	35
12	6	53	21	12	49	24	0	50	27
13	32	6	0	42	11	1	37	13	2
56	38	16	3	51	25	0	52	29	0
34	6	5	44	11	8	39	13	4	41
16	13	58	27	7	61	32	13	30	5
4	43	10	11	41	13	13	43	17	10
60	39	19	2	64	40	22	4	32	5
9	44	32	8	6	43	14	9	45	18
8	41	20	1	42	23	6	34	6	0
34	8	13	45	15	4	47	19	5	43
21	1	44	24	8	36	6	5	36	9
6	47	16	0	49	20	3	45	22	1
46	25	9	37	28	5	3	38	10	0
49	16	10	51	21	0	47	23	1	48
26	11	30	5	8	40	10	8	51	35
12	6	53	21	12	49	24	0	50	27
13	32	6	0	42	11	1	37	13	2
56	38	16	3	51	25	0	52	29	0
34	6	5	44	11	8	39	13	4	41
16	13	58	27	7	61	32	13	30	5
4	43	10	11	41	13	13	43	17	10
60	39	19	2	64	40	22	4	32	5
9	44	32	8	6	43	14	9	45	18
8	41	20	1	42	23	6	34	6	0
34	8	13	45	15	4	47	19	5	43
21	1	44	24	8	36	6	5	36	9
6	47	16	0	49	20	3	45	22	1
46	25	9	37	28	5	3	38	10	0
49	16	10	51	21	0	47	23	1	48
26	11	30	5	8	40	10	8	51	35
12	6	53	21	12	49	24	0	50	27
13	32	6	0	42	11	1	37	13	2
56	38	16	3	51	25	0	52	29	0
34	6	5	44	11	8	39	13	4	41
16	13	58	27	7	61	32	13	30	5
4	43	10	11	41	13	13	43	17	10
60	39	19	2	64	40	22	4	32	5
9	44	32	8	6	43	14	9	45	18
8	41	20	1	42	23	6	34	6	0
34	8	13	45	15	4	47	19	5	43
21	1	44	24	8	36	6	5	36	9
6	47	16	0	49	20	3	45	22	1
46	25	9	37	28	5	3	38	10	0
49	16	10	51	21	0	47	23	1	48
26	11	30	5	8	40	10	8	51	35
12	6	53	21	12	49	24	0	50	27
13	32	6	0	42	11	1	37	13	2
56	38	16	3	51	25	0	52	29	0
34	6	5	44	11	8	39	13	4	41
16	13	58	27	7	61	32	13	30	5
4	43	10	11	41	13	13	43	17	10
60	39	19	2	64	40	22	4	32	5
9	44	32	8	6	43	14	9	45	18
8	41	20	1	42	23	6	34	6	0
34	8	13	45	15	4	47	19	5	43
21	1	44	24	8	36	6	5	36	9
6	47	16	0	49	20	3	45	22	1
46	25	9	37	28	5	3	38	10	0
49	16	10	51	21	0	47	23	1	48
26	11	30	5	8	40	10	8	51	35
12	6	53	21	12	49	24	0	50	27

67 7 64 72 2 68 44 27 11 56 39 7 75 59 0 70 62 8 69 69 7 66 74 6 46 28 13 58 40 13 77 54 43 8 72 64 5 71 71 7
68 76 9 48 30 3 60 42 5 56 45 3 74 66 2 73 73 7 70 78 13 50 31 7 62 43 11 58 46 12 76 67 13 75 75 7 72 81 3
52 32 11 64 45 3 60 48 6 78 69 10 77 77 8 74 83 6 54 34 0 66 46 8 62 50 0 82 59 54 0 79 79 8 76 85 10 56 35 4
68 48 0 64 51 9 61 55 12 87 58 59 11 78 87 13 58 36 7 70 49 6 66 53 4 63 57 10 60 61 12 80 90 3 60 37 11 73
50 36 4 68 54 12 65 59 7 62 63 13 92 61 70 4 62 39 1 52 37 10 70 56 7 67 61 5 64 65 13 63 72 9 64 40 4 54 39
3 72 58 2 69 63 2 66 68 0 65 74 13 66 41 8 56 40 9 74 59 10 71 65 0 68 70 1 67 77 3 68 42 12 58 42 1 76 61 5
73 66 12 70 72 2 69 79 7 69 45 29 2 60 43 8 78 55 45 8 75 68 10 72 74 3 71 81 11 47 30 6 62 45 0 57 47 3 77
70 7 74 76 4 73 84 2 49 31 11 64 46 6 59 48 12 83 58 54 6 76 78 4 75 86 6 51 33 1 66 47 13 61 50 7 60 56 4 78
80 5 77 88 10 53 34 5 68 49 5 63 52 2 62 58 2 80 82 6 79 91 1 55 35 9 70 50 11 65 53 12 64 60 0 88 59 62 3 81
93 5 57 36 13 72 52 3 67 55 8 66 61 13 61 64 5 93 60 70 9 59 38 3 74 52 38 11 69 57 2 68 63 11 63 66 6 62 73
0 61 39 8 54 40 4 71 58 11 70 65 9 65 68 8 64 75 5 63 40 12 56 41 11 73 60 7 72 67 8 67 70 9 66 77 10 65 42 2
58 43 3 75 62 2 74 69 6 69 72 11 68 80 1 67 43 6 60 44 10 77 63 11 76 71 4 71 74 12 70 82 6 70 44 29 5 62 46
3 79 55 46 10 78 73 2 73 77 0 72 84 11 46 30 10 64 47 11 57 48 6 84 58 55 10 75 79 1 74 87 2 48 32 1 66 49 3
59 50 2 60 57 9 77 81 3 76 89 7 50 33 5 68 50 10 61 51 12 62 59 8 79 83 4 78 91 12 52 34 10 70 52 3 63 53 7
64 61 7 89 58 62 8 80 94 3 54 36 0 72 53 10 65 55 3 66 63 6 60 64 10 94 62 74 8 56 37 5 74 55 2 67 56 13 68
65 5 62 66 12 64 77 0 58 38 10 75 53 40 8 69 48 9 70 67 4 64 69 0 66 79 6 60 40 0 55 42 2 71 60 5 72 69 2 66
71 3 68 81 11 62 41 5 57 43 10 73 62 1 74 71 1 68 73 5 70 84 3 64 42 10 59 45 3 75 63 10 76 73 0 70 75 7 72
86 9 66 44 1 61 46 10 76 64 8 78 74 13 72 77 9 74 89 0 68 45 5 63 48 4 77 65 6 79 75 13 74 79 11 76 91 6

Measurement and Weight of Hay in Ricks of an Oblong Form.

To find the Weight from, the Table—Look for the length in the left-hand column, on the right of it for the breadth and (mean) height, opposite to which in the next column you will find the weight.

Length.	Breadth.	Height.	Weight.	Length.	Breadth.	Height.	Weight.	Length.	Breadth.	Height.	Weight.		
12	10	8	228	12	10	8	228	12	10	8	228		
23	10	8	477	31	10	9	723	39	13	12	1577		
11	9	308	11	9	590	11	10	884	14	13	1840		
12	10	373	12	10	715	12	11	1060	15	14	2123		
13	10	8	269	13	11	853	13	12	1253	16	15	2426	
11	9	333	14	12	1001	14	13	1462	17	16	2750		
12	10	412	15	13	1162	15	14	1687	18	17	3094		
13	11	482	24	10	8	497	16	15	1928	19	18	3458	
14	10	8	290	11	9	616	17	16	2186	20	19	3920	
11	9	359	12	10	746	18	17	2459	40	10	9	933	
12	10	435	13	11	889	33	10	9	770	11	10		
11	10	519	14	12	1045	11	10	941	12	11	1368		
14	12	609	15	13	1213	12	11	1129	13	12	1617		
15	10	8	311	16	14	1393	13	12	1334	14	13	1887	
11	9	385	25	10	8	518	14	13	1557	15	14	2177	
12	10	466	11	9	641	15	14	1796	16	15	2488		
13	11	556	12	10	777	16	15	2053	17	16	2520		
14	12	653	13	11	936	17	16	2327	18	17	3173		
17	10	8	352	14	12	1088	18	17	2618	19	18	3546	
11	9	436	15	13	1263	34	10	9	793	20	19	3940	
12	10	528	16	14	1451	11	10	969	21	20	4255		
13	11	630	26	10	8	539	12	11	1163	42	10	9	980
14	12	740	11	9	657	13	12	1375	11	10	1197		
18	10	8	373	12	10	808	14	13	1604	12	11	1437	
11	9	462	13	11	963	15	14	1951	13	12	1698		
12	10	560	14	12	1132	16	15	2115	14	13	1981		
13	11	667	15	13	1314	17	16	2397	15	14	2286		
14	12	784	16	14	1509	18	17	2580	16	15	2613		
19	10	8	394	27	10	8	560	36	10	9	840		
17	16	2961	11	9	487	11	9	693	11	10	1026		
18	17	3332	12	10	591	12	10	840	12	11	1232		
19	18	3724	13	11	704	13	11	1001	13	12	1456		
20	19	4137	14	12	827	14	12	1176	14	13	1698		
21	20	4573	20	10	8	414	15	13	1365	15	14	1960	
43	11	10	1226	11	9	513	16	14	1586	16	15	2240	
12	11	1471	12	10	622	28	10	8	580	17	16	2533	
13	12	1739	13	11	741	11	9	718	18	17	2856		
14	13	2019	14	12	871	12	10	871	37	10	9	863	
15	14	2341	15	13	1011	13	11	1038	11	10	1055		
16	15	2675	21	10	8	435	14	12	1219	12	11	1266	
17	16	3032	11	9	539	15	13	1415	13	12	1496		
18	17	3411	12	10	653	16	14	1618	14	13	1719		
19	18	3859	13	11	778	30	10	9	700	15	14	2014	
20	19	4236	14	12	914	11	10	755	16	15	2302		
21	20	4682	15	13	1061	12	11	1026	17	16	2609		
45	12	11	1540	22	10	8	464	13	12	1213	18	17	2935
13	12	1840	11	9	564	14	13	1405	19	18	3280		
14	13	2123	12	10	684	15	14	1633	20	19	3645		
15	14	2150	13	11	815	16	15	1866	39	10	9	910	
16	15	2800	14	12	958	17	16	2115	11	10	1012		
17	16	3173	15	13	1012	18	17	2380	12	11	1334		
18	17	3570											

Gardening Calendar for the Year.

January.

Trench and manure, pre-prepare hot-beds for asparagus, cucumbers, mint, potatoes, and the small salads. Sow the brown Dutch, and grand admiral cabbages, curled parsley for transplanting; frame peas, horn carrots,

mazagan beans, onions (to be allowed to grow large).

February.

All the ground which is destined for early crops must now be prepared, and hot-beds be multiplied for cucumbers and early melons. Celery may be sown on a moderate hot-bed; also sow cabbages, horn carrots, lettuces, leeks, parsnips, radishes, the scarlet short-top is the best kind to put in now, and a few Bath or green Egyptian cos lettuces, and in fact most of the table vegetables. Those plants, such as cabbages, chives, garlic, shalots, under-ground onions, and horseradish, which are fit, should be transplanted.

March.

In open borders sow asparagus, cabbages, carrots, curled and Hamburgh parsley, Neapolitan kale, pars-nips, onions, &c.; plant out such vegetables as have been already sown. Before sowing, dig carefully, and make the ground level and fine. Main crops may be sown in this month, such as early long-pod beans, peas, celery, turnips, and, indeed, most other vegetables. Mustard, cress, lettuce, spinach, and radishes, may be sown every week or fortnight, for succession. Chives, shalots, garlic, &c., may be planted; plant rhubarb, potatoes, and Jerusalem artichokes. Cuttings or slips of sweet herbs may be planted.

April.

Planting the vegetables which have been sown is now the chief business. Make hot-beds for cucumbers and melons; force kidney beans and Elford rhubarb. Plant out artichokes and potatoes; sow asparagus, beets, cabbages, celery, garden and kidney beans, Dutch turnips, lettuces, peas, radishes, small salading. Cress and mustard may now be sown under a south wall or fence. Clear fruit trees and bushes from suckers, and keep the ground about frequently loosened by the hoe.

May.

Sow carrots, lettuce, capsicums, cauliflowers, spinach, Knight's marrow fat as, &c. Transplant cab-ages, winter greens, lettuces, and celery. Spinach may be sown in a shaded situation, but will soon run to seed. The round-leaved kind is proper to sow now. Spinach is not a profitable summer crop. Hoe and stake peas, water newly planted crops, and propagate aromatic plants by slips and cuttings. Protect from wind and Vain choice tulips, ranunculuses, and anemonies. Propagate herbaceous plants by dividing the roots; wall flowers, sweet Williams, and rockets, by slips; and China roses, hehotropiums, &c., by cuttings.

June.

Sow Cape brocoli, kidney beans, peas, lettuces, radishes, champions, spinach, small salading, &c. The best peas for sowing now are Knight's marrow peas; they will bear till October. Hoe the beds of table vegetables, and pick out the most curled plants of curled parsley, cress, and chervil for seed.

July.

Plant cabbages, savoys, lettuce, celery, &c. Train and regulate the summer shoots both of wall trees and standards; prune vine and fig trees, and shade ripe currants that, are exposed to the full blaze of the sun Take up garlic, onions, and shalots as their leaves begin to decay.

August.

Both cabbages, spinach, Welch onions, turnips, and radishes should now be sown. Parsley which is very thick and crowded may now be cut over close to the ground. Examine bulbs that they are not damp, or they will soon become mouldy. Gather herbs in flower for drying, and articles for pickling. Keep the soil about winter crops regularly loosened.

September.

Sow vegetable seed for a spring crop. Prick out cabbage plants, and gather the ripe seeds. Hoe and clear the ground about turnips. Cabbage for collards in November, and German greens may be planted early in the month.

October.

Sow mazagan beans, and frame peas on a warm southern border. Transplant cabbages, garlic, lettuces, and shalots, under frames.

November.

Force seakale, rhubarb, and asparagus. Transplant suckers taken from the roots of the pear and codlin plum, and prepare them for budding and grafting different fruits upon.

December.

Celery should now be earthed up, and in so careful a manner as not to require the operation again. Force asparagus, rhubarb, and seakale.?

Post-Office Information.

Inland Letter and Parcel Post.

To and from all parts of the United Kingdom, for prepaid letters:—

It will thus be seen that a letter or parcel exceeding the weight of 12 ounces is liable to a postage of 1d. for every ounce or fraction of an ounce, beginning with the first ounce.

No letter or parcel must exceed 18 inches in length, 9 inches in breadth, or 6 inches in depth.

A letter posted unpaid will be charged on delivery with double postage, and a letter posted insufficiently prepaid will be charged double the deficiency.

Concurrently with the reduction of postage on Inland Letters, the Inland Sample Post was abolished.

Registration.

By the prepayment of a foe of fourpence, any letter, newspaper, or book-packet may be registered to any place in the United Kingdom or the British Colonies. The Post Office will not undertake the safe transmission of valuable enclosures in unregistered letters; and letters found to contain coin will, on delivery, be charged double foe.

Inland Book-Post.

The Book-Post rate is One Halfpenny for every 2 ozs, or fraction of 2 ozs.

A Book-Packet may contain not only books, paper, or other substance in ordinary use for writing or printing, whether plain or written or printed upon (to the exclusion of any written letter or communication of the nature of a letter), photographs, when not on glass or in frames containing glass or any like substance, and anything usually appertaining to such articles in the way of binding and mounting, or necessary for their safe transmission by post, but also *Circulars* when these are wholly or in great part printed, engraved, or litho-graphed.

Every book-packet must be posted either without a cover or in a cover open at both ends, and in such a manner as to admit of the contents being easily withdrawn for examination—otherwise it will be treated as a letter.

Any Book-Packet which may be found to contain a letter or communication of the nature of a letter, not being a Circular-letter or not wholly printed, or any enclosure sealed or in any way closed against inspection, or any other enclosure not allowed by the regulations of the Book-Post, will be treated as a Letter, and charged with double the deficiency of the Letter postage.

A packet posted wholly unpaid will be charged with double the Book-Postage; and if posted partially prepaid, with double the deficiency.

No Book-Packet may exceed 5 lbs. in weight, or 1 foot 6 inches in length, 9 inches in width, and 6 inches in depth.

Postage on Inland Newspapers.

A postage of one half-penny is charged for the transmission of each news-paper, as defined by the Act. Such newspaper posted for inland circulation must be prepaid by adhesive stamp or stamped wrapper. The prepaid rate for a packet containing two or more registered newspapers is one halfpenny for each newspaper, or, if under 2 ounces, then at the book rate of one half penny for every 2 oz., or fraction of 2oz. No packet of newspapers must exceed 2 feet in length, or 1 foot in width or depth, or 14lb. in weight.

Post Cards.

The post cards, which bear a halfpenny impressed stamp, are only available for transmission between places in the United Kingdom. The front (or stamped) side is intended for the address *only*. On the reverse side any communication, whether of the nature of a letter or otherwise, may be written or printed. Nothing may be attached; if the card be folded, cut, or otherwise altered, it will be charged on delivery as an under-paid letter.

Post-Office Orders.

Money Orders are granted in the United Kingdom as follows:—
Above which none are granted, but orders can be multiplied to any amount.

Post-Office Orders for Colonies, &c.

Money Orders granted to South American Post Office Agencies, Australian Colonies (including New Zealand), Canada, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, West Indies, Cape of Good Hope and African Dependencies, British Columbia, British Guiana, Falkland Islands, Honduras, Prince Edward Island, China and Japan, Straits Settlements, as follows:—

Post-Office Savings Banks.

By 24 Vic. cap. 14, deposits of one shilling, or of any number of shillings, or of pounds and shillings, will be received from any depositor at the Post-Office Savings Banks, provided the deposits made by such depositor in any year ending the 31st day of December do not exceed £30, and provided the total amount standing in such depositor's name in the books of the Postmaster-General do not exceed £150, exclusive of interest. When the principal and interest together, standing to the credit of any one depositor, amount to the sum of £200, all interest will cease, so long as the same funds continue to amount to the said sum of £200.

The interest is calculated to the 31st December in every year, and is then added to, and becomes part of the principal.

Telegraphic Messages.

Telegraph Messages are now sent to and from all the principal towns and villages in the United Kingdom at the uniform tariff of One Shilling for Twenty Words.

Stamp Duties.

Receipts.

Appraisements.

Bills of Exchange (Inland) or Promissory Notes.

And so on for every £100 in value.

Drafts and Cheques.

Agreements.

Apprentices' Indentures.

Articles of Clerkship.

Property Insurance, &c.

Life Insurance.

Scotch Agricultural Statistics.

THE Returns issued every year by the Board of Trade as to the Crops and Cattle of the United Kingdom furnish a large amount of information specially interesting to agriculturists. The following Table, compiled from the Returns for 1871, issued in February last, shows that of the thirty-two Counties into which Scotland is divided Orkney and Shetland stands third in the list as regards horses, the ninth as to cattle, and the eighteenth in respect to sheep :—

COUNTIES.	No. OF HORSES	No. OF CATTLE.	No. OF SHEEP.	No. OF PIGS.	ACREAGE UNDER CORN CROPS.	TOTAL ACREAGE UNDER ALL KINDS OF CROPS.
Orkney,..	5,674	22,830	26,978	6,369	34,645	89,009
Shetland,..	5,351	21,735	86,834	5,251	11,626	50,720
Total,..	11,028	44,565	113,812	11,620	46,271	139,729
Caithness,	4,805	19,265	90,035	1,044	35,152	100,067
Sutherland	2,384	10,375	216,454	1,477	8,622	23,298
Ross & Cromarty,.	6,594	35,654	358,272	6,980	47,382	122,969
Nairn,..	1,126	5,416	16,196	1,271	9,068	24,820
Elgin and Moray,	4,489	21,899	50,231	4,934	39,611	100,524
Inverness,	8,242	45,788	760,082	5,371	39,152	118,786
Banff,..	7,094	41,313	43,292	5,379	61,954	158,939
Aberdeen,	22,719	152,047	119,700	11,574	212,405	579,578
Kincardine,.	4,307	27,562	29,972	3,264	45,648	118,189
Forfar,.	9,347	46,845	117,164	7,422	93,141	240,315
Perth,..	12,950	77,431	645,635	12,874	109,505	330,098
Fife,..	9,328	37,491	56,426	7,926	91,741	239,495
Stirling,.	4,089	29,234	112,338	3,193	31,915	104,943
Dumbarton,..	1,504	13,278	75,406	1,436	11,033	44,630
Argyle,.	6,413	58,822	1,022,858	6,266	23,964	111,958
Bute,..	984	7,672	41,303	2,455	5,674	22,544
Renfrew,..	2,783	24,798	37,597	2,911	18,376	91,010
Lanark,..	6,730	64,155	219,783	12,284	56,117	243,446
Linlithgow,	1,977	11,563	16,848	2,211	18,810	57,272
Kinross,..	1,157	6,896	24,004	994	9,513	34,116
Clackmannan,..	608	3,928	11,283	1,911	6,276	15,221
Edinburgh,	4,126	11,633	153,387	6,483	41,661	131,011
Haddington,	3,673	7,065	89,513	3,673	44,859	110,597
Berwick,..	5,129	15,872	251,036	5,080	64,335	189,061
Selkirk,..	572	2,425	164,809	515	5,340	22,283
Peebles,..	1,094	6,604	191,285	1,101	12,121	40,619
Ayr,..	7,612	88,188	370,466	18,488	60,564	303,321
Dumfries,..	6,840	52,436	512,670	19,734	53,608	213,882
Roxburgh,	4,394	16,839	477,434	4,760	51,913	171,190
Kirkcudbright,.	5,016	37,937	366,647	9,659	35,338	170,845
Wigton,..	5,323	39,111	126,810	11,352	39,800	141,334
TOTAL,..	174,434	1,070,107	6,882,747	195,642	1,430,869	4,516,090

While, as compared with similar returns of former years, several Counties show a considerable falling off as regards the number of cattle, Orkney and Shetland continues steadily to increase. The complete freedom from rinderpest and all disease, hitherto enjoyed by the islands, produced a large demand for stock reared in the County; and fanners, finding a ready market, have of late years devoted more attention to this department of agricultural work than formerly. The value of cattle exported from the County during the past year has been estimated at upwards of £200,000.

East Coast Lights.

SUNDERLAND, N. and S. Pier Heads. (2.) Fixed, visible 14 miles. N. Pier Light, all night; S. Pier Light, half flood to quarter ebb. If the wind is Westerly, the S. Pier Light is put out at High Water. A Fixed Red Light is shown 18 feet lower in the N. lower. The Green Light, a signal denoting danger in the Harbour, will be exhibited from the new Lighthouse, seen over an arc of 144 deg. When no Tide Light is shown no Vessel should attempt entering the Harbour, as it is attended with great danger. The Red Light is visible 6 miles, and S. Pier 14 miles.

SOUTER POINT. Revolving Bright flash every half-minute. On same tower a Fixed Light, showing White from S. 11 deg. E.; toward southward to S. 4 deg. W., and showing Red to S. 20 deg. W. Fog horn in foggy

weather.

TYNEMOUTH, Castle Yard. Revolves every minute; Red flash.

TYNE, or Shields. Two Fixed Bright Lights, bearing in one W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N., now shown all night.

TYNEMOUTH, middle of North Pier. Fixed Red Light. This Light and Tyne-mouth Light in one clears the Stoner outside South Pier.

TYNE, North Pier. Green, White, and Red Light (vertical), on North Pier Works.

COQUET, S.W. part of Island. Fixed, visible 14 miles. Brilliant when seen from the Eastward between S. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. and N. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. A dim light is seen round the remainder of the circle. When seen in the direction of Hauxley Point Buoy it appears Red; and, to avoid the Boulmer Rocks, a Red Light is shown in that direction.—When Tynemouth Light is discontinued, the portion of the Coquet Light which is shaded *red* to cover the shoal off Hauxley Point, will show *bright* as far round to the Westward as S. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., and that a second Light will be placed in the lower part of the Tower, showing *bright* on a bearing from the lighthouse of S.S.E. (being two cables outside the Hauxley Point Buoy, which will be coloured *red*) to S. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., from which bearing it will show *red* in to the land to guard the Bondicar Bush Shoal.

WARKWORTH, N. end of S. Pier. Fixed Red Light, while 10 feet on the Bar, visible 1 mile.

FARN, (2) Highest near S.W. Point of Island; Lowest near its N.W. Point, bearing N. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., and S. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. 187 yards. Highest Revolving every half-minute, Lowest Fixed. High Light open rather less than its own height E. of Low Light, leads between Megstone and Oxscar. These Lights and Megstone in one lead between Ploughseat and Golbstone; visible 15 and 12 miles.

BERWICK PIER HEAD. TWO Vertical Fixed Lights in same Tower. Lowest while 10 feet on the Bar; the High Light White, Low one Red. Visible 11 and 8 miles.

LONOSTONE, on the Rock. Revolves every half-minute, visible 14 miles. The High Inner Light in a lino with the Long-stone, bearing S. W. by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W., leads over the Knavestone, which is half a mile outside the Longstone Light.

EYEMOUTH, Corner of a House. Fixed Red Light.

ST ABBS', on the Head. One Bright Flashing Light, on a White Tower, 28 feet high. Flashing every 10 seconds.

DUNBAR, Old Harbour and Victoria Harbour. Fixed, lighted from July to October.

FIRTH OF FORTH, Isle of May, on the summit of the Isle, N. E. side. Two Fixed Lights, visible 21 and 15 miles; bears N.N.E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E., S.S.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W., 250 yards. When in one they lead about half a mile to the E. of the North Carr Rock. The Lights must on no account be opened to the W.

BELL ROCK, a sunk Reef. Revolving Flash every minute, visible 15 miles. White and Red alternately. The base of the Lighthouse is 10 feet below high water. In fog, a Bell is sounded every half-minute.

ST ANDREW'S PIER HEAD. Fixed Light, visible 6 miles. Ditto Turret in Cathedral wall. Fixed Light, visible 5 miles.

BUDDONNESS, on the Ness; (2) bearing N.N.W. ? W. and S.S.E. ? E. 401 yards. Fixed Lights, visible 10 and 8 miles. When entering the Tay, in consequence of the Abertay Sand having extended S.E., the High Light is to be kept open to Northward of the Low Light, bearing N.W. $\frac{3}{4}$ N., until Port-on-Craig Lights are in line, bearing N.W. by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.

DUNDEE HARBOUR, Middle and Eastern Piers (2), bearing N. W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W. and S. E. $\frac{3}{4}$ E. 130 yards. Fixed Red Lights, visible 7 miles. In one they lead clear to the South westward of the Beacon Rock.

ARBROATH, on Northern Pier. Fixed Red Light, visible 8 miles, when vessels are about to enter. An Occasional Bright Flash is a warning to keep off.

MONTROSE, N. side of the entrance (2), bearing N.W. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. and S.E. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. 303 yards. Fixed Red Lights, visible 10 and 11 miles. When in one they lead into the river and clear the Annat Bank.

GIRDLENESS, on the Ness; (2) vertical, in same Tower. Fixed, visible 20 and 16 miles. Seen from N.N.E. to S.S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. by Eastward. Fog Steam Whistle sounded at intervals of one minute, the sound to continue about ten seconds each time, and be repeated day and night while the fog lasts.

ABERDEEN, on the North Pier Head. Fixed, and visible 8 miles, from half flood till high water.

ABERDEEN, half a mile up the Harbour, on South Shore (2), bearing W. $\frac{3}{4}$ S. and E. $\frac{3}{4}$ N. 220 yards. Fixed, and visible 3 miles. These Lights are Red when entrance is safe, but Green when Ships cannot enter. When in one W. $\frac{3}{4}$ S. lead into river's mouth and harbour.

BUCHANNESS. or Boddom Point, on the Ness. Flashes every 5 seconds, visible 16 miles, from N. by E. to S.W. by W. by the Eastward.

PETERHEAD, S. Harbour, elbow of W. Pier. Fixed, visible 10 miles, from S. $\frac{3}{4}$ E. round Southerly to S.W. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W.

PETERHEAD, N. Harbour, West Pier. Fixed Red Light, visible 10 miles from N.E. $\frac{1}{4}$ N. to E. $\frac{1}{2}$ N.

FRASERBURGH, Pier Head and Middle Pier (2), bearing S.E. by E. and N.W. by W. 76 yards. Fixed, and

visible five miles, except in moonlight, from July to April, and in dark nights in winter. Red Lights.

KINNAIRD HEAD, on the Head. Fixed, visible 15 miles. The Light is Red to Westward of N.W. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. over Rattray Briggs, as far as the land.

WICK, or Pulteneytown, North Pier Head. Fixed Red Light, visible eight miles. When it is unsafe to enter the Harbour three Black Balls are shown on the look-out tower, at the south head, by day, and a Green Light by night.

NOSS HEAD, on the Head. Revolves every half-minute: Bright to Seaward, and Red towards Sinclair Bay. Visible from W.N.W. to S.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W. by the Eastward, 20 miles.

PENTLAND SKERRIES, on the Island. Two Fixed Lights, bearing N.N.E. and S.S.W. 33 yards, and visible 18 and 16 miles.

Orkney Islands.

AUSKERRY, Stroneay Firth. Fixed White Light, on south end of the island, visible 16 miles.

CANTICK, on the Head. Hoy Island. Revolves every minute, and visible 16 miles.

HOY SOUND. The High Light stands on the N.E. point of Græmsay Island, and the Low Light on the N.W. point, and bearing S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. and N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. 2237 yards. Two Fixed Lights, visible 10 and 7 miles. The High Light is Red when seen from Seaward, but White when between S.S.E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E. and W.S.W.; it also lights a small are towards Cava in Scapa Flow, between N. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. and N.N. W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. The Low Light is White, and is visible between E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. and W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. round by N. When the Lights are in one they lead between the Rocks of Bow and Kirk; when within half a mile of the shore on this line the High Light disappears below the lore-ground, then haul towards the Stromness shore when the Red Light will re-appear.

KIRKWALL PIER HEAD. Fixed, and visible 9 miles. All night from August to April.

START POINT, Sanday. Fixed Red, and visible 15 miles.

NORTH RONALDSHAY. Flashes every 10 seconds, visible 18 miles.

Shetland Islands.

SUMBURGH HEAD. S.W. point of the Shetlands. Fixed, visible 21 miles, from N.E. by E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E. to N.W. by N. $\frac{1}{4}$ N. by the S.

BRESSAY. East side of entrance to Lerwick. Revolves every minute. Red and White alternately. Visible fifteen miles.

WHALSEY SKERRIES. Revolves every minute, visible 18 miles.

NORTH UNST, Muckle Flugga. Fixed, visible 21 miles. Red Light, S.S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. and S.E. by E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E. In rounding the Scaw of Unst, keep the Bright Light in sight.

Registered Fishing Boats.

Owners and Masters of fishing boats must comply with the following rules:—

- Every boat used as a Fishing Boat for *purposes of Sale* must be registered, lettered, and numbered, as required by the Sea Fisheries Regulations.
- The master of every registered Sea Fishing Boat must have on board his boat at all times (unless specially exempted by the Board of Trade) the Certificate of Registry.
- If the Certificate is lost, immediate application must be made for another.
- The Certificate must be presented to the Fishery Officer—
 - Once in every year for examination and endorsement;
 - On a change of master, for the same to be noted thereon.
- On a change of ownership, or on removal to another Collectorship, of any Registered Boat, a fresh Certificate of Registry must be applied for, and the former Certificate given up to be cancelled.

Non-compliance with either of those regulations render the Owner and the Muster liable to a penalty not exceeding *Twenty Pounds*, besides the seizure and detention of the boat.

Kirkwall Shipping.

Stromness Shipping.

Lerwick Shipping.

Census of 1871.

The British Empire.

County Directory.

County Officers.

I.—Orkney Division.

Deputy Lieutenants for Orkney, David Balfour of Balfour and Trenabie; F. W. T. Burroughs of Rousay and Veira; Samuel Laing of Crook; Charles S. Still of Bugar.

Convener of the County of Orkney, David Balfour of Balfour and Trenabie.

Sheriff-Substitute of Orkney, James Robertson.

Sheriff-Clerk of Orkney, George Petrie.

Sheriff-Clerk Depute, Robert Hourston.

Auditor of Court, George Petrie.

Commissary Clerk of Orkney, George Petrie.

Clerk of Peace for Orkney, George Petrie.

Depute Clerk of Peace for Stromness District, William Ross.

Procurators-Fiscal for Orkney, Alexander Bain; John Macrae.

County Assessor for Orkney, Edward Henderson.

Clerk of Supply and Collector of County Assessments, George Petrie.

Commissioners of Supply.

The Right Honourable Thomas Dundas, Earl of Zetland.

The Sheriff Depute of Orkney or his Substitute.

The Provost and Bailies of Kirkwall.

The Senior Bailie of Stromness.

Baikie, John, of Soulisquoy, R.N.

Baikie, Robert, of Tankerness, M.D.

Balfour, David, of Balfour and Trenabie.

Barnett, James, Crown Chamberlain.

Brims, James, Writer, Thurso.

Bruce, John A., Writer, Kirkwall.

Brotchie, Robert, of Swannay.

Burroughs, F. W. T., of Rousay and Veira.

Calder, Marcus, Elwickbank.

Dundas, Frederick, of Papdale, M.P.

Fortescue, Archer, of Swanbister.?

Gold, Andrew, Grainbank.

Græme, A. S., of Græmeshall.

Græme, A. M. S., yr. of Græmeshall.
Gray, John, of Roeberry.
Hebden, Robert J., of Eday.
Heddle, John G. M., of Melsetter.
Heddle, P. S., of Gaitnip.
Johnston, James, of Coubister.
Laing, Samuel, of Crook.
Leitch, Simon, Hall of Tankerness.
Mitchell, John, Glasgow.
Pollexfen, James R., of Cairston.
Reid, Samuel, of Braebuster.
Scarth, Robert, of Bin'scarth.
Scott, Thomas D., of Crantit.
Spence, James, of Pow.
Still, Charles S., of Burgar.
Traill, Rev. Dr Samuel, LL.D.
Traill, Thomas, of Holland.
Traill, George, yr. of Holland.
Traill, William, of Woodwick, M.D.
Watt, W. W. G., of Breckness.
David Balfour, *Convener*.
George Petrie, *Clerk*.
Auditor of the County Accounts, R. G. W. Irvine, Union Bank, Kirkwall.

Justices of Peace.

Thorns, George Hunter, Sheriff of Caithness, Orkney and Shetland.
Robertson, James, Sheriff-Substitute of Orkney.
Baikie, John, of Soulisquoy, R.N.
Baikie, Robert, of Tankemess, M.D.
Balfour, David, of Balfour and Trenabie.
Banks, William, South Ronaldshay.
Brotchie, Robert, of Swannay.
Burroughs, F. W. T., of Rousay and Veira.
Calder, Marcus, Elwickbank.
Cromarty, James, of Bankburn.
Flett, James L., of Redland.
Fortescue, Archer, of Swanbister.
Fortescue, William, yr. of Swanbister.
Garson, George, surgeon, Stromness.
Gold, Andrew, Grainbank.
Græme, A. M. S., yr. of Græmeshall.
Gray, John, of Roeberry.
Hebden, Robert J., of Eday.
Home, Adam, Carrick, Eday.
Hume, Donald, Hunton, Stronsay.
Johnston, James, of Coubister.
Kirkwall, Viscount. Laing, Samuel, of Crook.
Learmonth, Robert, Houseby, Stronsay.
Leask, Henry, of Swartland.
Logie, James S. S., M.D., Kirkwall.
Mitchell, Edward, of Glaitness.
Mitchell, John, Glasgow.
Miller, James, Aikerness, Evie.
Paul, John, Backaskail, Sanday.
Pollexfen, James R., of Cairston.
Petrie, George, Sheriff-Clerk.
Reid, Samuel, of Braebuster.

Robertson, Alexander, of the Holmes, Stromness.
Scartli, James C., Scar House, Sanday.
Scartli, Robert, of Bin'scarth.
Spence, James, of Pow.
Stanger, John, Stromness.
Still, Charles S., of Burgar.
Thomson, Charles R., North Ronaldsay.
Traill, William, of Woodwick, M.D.
Watt, W. W. G., of Breckness.

Quarter Sessions

Meet at Kirkwall on the 1st Tuesday of March, May, and August, and the last Tuesday of October, annually.

Prison Board.

The Sheriff Depute of Orkney or his Substitute.
Baikie, John, of Soulisquoy, R.N.
Balfour, David, of Balfour and Trenabie.
Græme, A. M. S., yr. of Græmeshall.
Leitch, Simon, Hall of Tankerness.
Reid, Samuel, of Braebuster.
Scartli, Robert, of Bin'scarth.
Traill, Thomas, of Holland.
Alexander Bain, *Clerk*. Rev.
William Spark, *Chaplain*.
Alexander R. Duguid, M.D., Surgeon.
Fotheringhame R. Bruce, *Keeper*.

Income-Tax Commissioners.

The Sheriff-Substitute of Orkney.
Bain, Alexander, Kirkwall.
Baikie, John, of Soulisquoy, R.N.
Gold. Andrew, Grainbank.
Græme, A. M. S., yr. of Græmeshall.
Reid, Samuel, of Braebuster.
Scarth, Robert, of Bin'scarth.
Traill, Thomas, of Holland.
J. A. Bruce, *Clerk*. Ralph Fotheringhame, *Collector*. Edward Henderson, *Surveyor*.

County Police Committee.

Baikie, Robert, of Tankerness, M. D.
Balfour, David, of Balfour and Trenabie.
Bruce, John A., Writer, Kirkwall.
Gold. Andrew, Grainbank.
Græme, A. M. S., yr. of Græmeshall.
Reid, Samuel, of Braebuster.
Robertson, James, Sheriff-Substitute.
Scarth, Robert, of Bin'scarth.
Traill, Thomas, of Holland.
George Petrie, *Clerk*. Alexander Grant, Kirkwall, *Superintendent*.

The Orkney Road Trustees

Consist of the Commissioners of Supply for the County; Tenants paying £100 of rent and upwards; Four members of the Town Council of Kirkwall; Four members of the Town Council of Stromness; and one member

of each Parochial Board of the Mainland District.—*Statutory meetings of the Trustees are held on the first Wednesday of April and October.*

David Balfour of Balfour, *Chairman.*

Alexander Bain, *Treasurer.*

John D. Miller, *Surveyor.*

William C. Liddle, *Clerk and Collector.*

Registrars of Births, Marriages and Deaths.

[*An infant must be registered within twenty-one days after its birth; a marriage must be registered within three days after its occurrence; a death must be registered within three days after the demise.*]

Birsay, George Robson.

Deerness, William Mowat.

Eday and Pharay, John R. Colston.

Evie and Rendall, Alexander Robertson.

Firth and Stenness, John Sinclair.

Flotta, James S. Barnett.

Harray, David M. Brass.

Holm and Paplay, William Tait (*int.*)

Hoy and Græmsay, David Sinclair.

Kirkwall and St Ola, John Watson.

North Ronaldsay, William Fea.

Orphir, William Tait.

Papa Westray, James Keldie.

Rousay, George Scarth.

St Andrews, Archibald Spence (*interim*).

Sanday, Gilbert Miller.

Sandwick,—

South Ronaldsay and Burray, James Forbes.

Shapinsay, George B. Hepburn.

Stromness, John C. Clarke.

Stronsay, John Forbes.

Walls, Alexander Swanson.

Westray, James Scott.

Inspectors of Poor.

Birsay, George Brown.

Deerness, William Seatter.

Eday, John R. Colston.

Evie and Rendall, Philip Corner.

Firth and Stenness, John Sinclair.

Flotta, James Hay.

Harray, Malcolm Isbister.

Holm, William Tait.

Hoy and Græmsay, David Sinclair.

Kirkwall and St Ola, Peter Peace.

Orphir, William Tait.

Papa Westray, Edward Thomson.

Rousay, George Scarth.

Sanday (Cross and Burness), James Baikie.

Sanday (Lady), W. Harvey.

Sandwick, John Moar.

Shapinsay, George B. Hepburn.

South Ronaldsay, William Taylor.

St Andrews, Richard Spence.

Stromness,—

Stronsay, John Forbes.

Walls,—
Westray, John Seatter.

Sheriff Officers.

Eday, Donald M 'Kay.
Kirkwall, Robt. Brough; Robt. Brough, jun.; Alexander Grant: Thomas Hutcheson; Charles Laughton; Wm. Linklater; John M 'Kay.
North Ronaldsay, Donald Thomson.
Rondall, James Wood.
Sanday, E. Sinclair, Appiehouse.
South Ronaldsay, Magnus Scott, New London.
Stromness, John Begg; John Knight; Thomas Work.
Stronsay, T. Fotheringhame; J. Wallace. *Westray*, William Scatter.

Courts.

THE Sheriff Ordinary and Small Debt Courts are held at Kirkwall every Thursday, except during the Vacations. The Sheriff Small Debt and Circuit Courts are held at the following places and times, viz.:—At Stromness on the third Tuesday of March, June, and September, and on the first Tuesday of December; at St Margaret's Hope, South Ronaldsay, on second Tuesdays of April, June and September.

West Mainland Agricultural Society.

W. W. G. Watt of Skail, *President*.
Francis Taylor, Howe, *Secretary*.
David Coghill, Commercial Bank, Stromness, *Treasurer*.

1st Administrative Brigade Orkney Artillery Volunteers.

STAFF.—Colonel, David Balfour of Balfour and Trenabie; Major, Alexander Bain; Surgeon, Edward Mitchell, L.R.C.E.S.E., F.R.S.S.A.; Assistant-Surgeon, John Bruce, M.B., C.M.; Adjutant, Captain John Yates; Hon. Quarter-Master, William C. Liddle; Sergeant-Major, —; Quarter-Master-Sergeant, —; Armonrer-Sergt., D. Morgan; Orderly-Room Sergeant, —; Trumpet-Major, William Work.

- No. 1 (*Kirkwall*).—Captain, And. Gold; 1st Lieutenant, Thomas Peace; 2nd Lieutenant, R. G. W. Irvine.
- No. 2 (*Sanday*).—Captain, J. C. Scarth; 1st Lieutenant, John Paul; 2nd Lieutenant, W. S. Harvey.
- No. 3 (*Shapinsay*).— Captain, M. Calder; 1st Lieutenant, James Spence; 2nd Lieutenant, William Robertson.
- No. 4 (*Stromness*).—Captain, J. Stanger; 1st Lieutenant, J. D. Turner; 2nd Lieutenant, W. H. Reid.
- No. 5 (*Stronsay*).—Captain, P. A. Calder; 1st Lieutenant, —; 2nd Lieutenant, Donald Hume.
- No. 6 (*Holm*).—Captain, Alexander Malcolm Sutherland Græme; 1st Lieut., John Armit, Bruce; 2nd Lieut., James Heddle; Hon. Assistant-Surgeon, W. Stewart, M.B., C.M.
- No. 7 (*Firth*).—1st Lieutenant, James L. Flett; 2nd Lieutenant, G. Rendall.
- No. 8 (*Evie*).—1st Lieutenant, W. Poole; 2nd Lieutenant, John Leask.

Receivers of Wreck.

George N. Watt, *Receiver for Orkney*. Thomas Bowie, *Deputy Receiver*.

District Deputy Receivers.

- *Longhope*, Thomas Wald.
- *North Ronaldsay*, Charles R. Thomson.
- *Sanday*, Oliver Drever.
- *South Ronaldsay*, William Sutherland.
- *Stromness*, John Johnstone.
- *Stronsay*, John Meil.
- *Westray*, James Sinclair.

Postmasters in Orkney.

(Those marked * are Money Order and Savings Bank Offices.)

The Post Offices are open on *Sundays* from 9 to 10 A.M. Money Order Office and Post Office Savings Bank open daily from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Departure and Arrival of Mails from and at Kirkwall.

Mails for the South leave Kirkwall every evening (Sunday excepted) at 9 P.M. Box closes at 8.45; and Receiving Pillar, Bridge Street, at 8.30.

The Mail for Shetland leaves Kirkwall by the Aberdeen, Leith, and Clyde Co.'s steamers every Wednesday and Saturday in summer, and every Saturday in winter; returning to Kirkwall on Tuesdays and Fridays in summer, and Tuesday in winter.

Stronsay, Sanday, Eday, and Westray leaves every Saturday and Wednesday morning; and arrives every Monday and Thursday evening.

Holm, Burray, and South Ronaldsay leaves every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday—and during ten weeks of fishing, from 16th July to 16th September, daily—at 7 A.M.; and arrives at 8.30 P.M.

Tankerness and Deerness leaves every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 7 A.M.; and arrives at 6 P.M.

Orphir, leaves daily from 1st April to 30th September, and from 1st October to 30th March, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 8 A.M.; and arrives at 4.40 P.M.

Longhope, leaves every Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, from 1st April to 30th September, and every Tuesday and Saturday, from 1st October to 31st March, at 8 A.M.; and arrives at 4.40 P.M.

Flotta, leaves every Tuesday and Saturday, at 8 A.M.; and arrives at 4.40 P.M.

Shapinsay, leaves daily, in summer at 5 P.M., and in winter at 3 P.M.; and arrives at 12 noon.

Firth and Stromness, leaves daily at 9 P.M.; and arrives at 3 P.M.

Rendall, Evie, and Rousay, leaves Finstown every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 9 A.M.; and arrives at Finstown at 4 P.M. same day.

Harray, leaves Finstown every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, from 1st October to 31st March, at 7.30 A.M., and arrives at 12.20 P.M. : and every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 1st April to 30th September, leaves at 3.15 P.M.; and arrives at Finstown at 8 P.M.

Sandwick and Birsay leaves Stromness every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 12.30 P.M.; and arrives at Stromness following day at 12 noon.

North Ronaldsay, arrives every Wednesday at Sanday, and returns the same day.

Clergy.

Established Church.

[The Synod of Orkney meets at Kirkwall on the second Tuesday of September.—William Spark, Kirkwall, Clerk.

Adam White, A.M., *Hon. Clerk.*

James Roy, B.D., *Clerk.*

James S. Nisbet, *Clerk.*

Congregational Church—*Harray*, W. N. Challice (1870). *Kirkwall*, Alex. Smith A.M., (1835). *Rendall*, L. Williamson.—Baptist Church.—*Burray*, Vac. *Eday*, W. Cleghorn (1871). *Westray*, G. Macdonald (1870).—Reformed Presbyterians—*Stromness*, Vac.—Evangelical Union—*Shapinsay*, W. J. Craig.

Schools and Teachers.

Andrew Hercus; John Rendall.

Burgh of Kirkwall.

Member for the Burgh, JOHN PENDER of Minard Castle.

Town Council

(The Town Council is also Local Authority for the Burgh under the Public Health Act).

Provost, D. Balfour.

Bailies, Samuel Reid, senior bailie; R. G. W. Irvine, junior bailie.

Dean of Guild, John Cursiter.

Treasurer, Andrew Johnston.

Town Clerk, P. S. Heddle.

Councillors, James Williamson, Thomas Robertson, Thomas Peace, William Cowper, And. Gold, Thomas Heddle, and William Hourston.

Commissioners of Police.

The Magistrates and Town Council.

Clerk, P. S. Heddle.

Procurator-Fiscal, J. A. Bruce.

Harbour Trustees.

Balfour, David, of Balfour and Trenabie, *Chairman*.

Cursiter, John, Kirkwall.

Gold, Andrew, Grainbank.

Græme, A. M. S., yr. of Græmeshall.

Heddle, P. S., Kirkwall.

Heddle, Thomas, Kirkwall.

Robertson, George, Kirkwall.

Reid, Samuel, of Braebuster.

Scarth, Robert, of Bin' scarth.

Traill, Thomas, of Holland.

Walls, James, Kirkwall.

Williamson, James, Kirkwall.

Bain & Macrae, *Clerks*.

William Sinclair, *Harbour Master*.

John Muir, *Depute Harbour Master*.

Police.

Alexander Grant, *Superintendent*.

John M 'Kay, Kirkwall, *Officer*.

Thomas Work, Stromness, *Officer*.

Newspapers.

THE "ORKNEY HERALD."

Published every Wednesday Morning.

THE "SATURDAY HERALD."

Published every Saturday Morning.

William Peace, *Publisher*.

Offices: Albert street.

THE "ORCADIAN."

Published every Saturday Morning.

James U. Anderson, *Publisher*.

Office: Victoria street.

Insurance Agencies

Alliance—R. G. W. Irvine, accountant, Union Bank.
Briton Medical—M. Green, auctioneer.
Caledonian—D. Spence, bookseller.
City of Glasgow—J. Cursiter, merchant.
Edinburgh—J. Spence, Com. Bank.
Insurance Co. of Scotland—R. G. W. Irvine, accountant, Union Bank.
N. British and Mercantile—J. Baikie, banker.
Northern—John A. Bruce, solicitor.
Royal—P. S. Heddle, solicitor.
Scottish Equitable—Robert Scarth, Bin'scarth.
Scottish Imperial—W. Cowper, solicitor.
Scottish Provincial—G. Petrie, Sh-Clk.
Scottish Union—J. Spence, Com. Bank.
Scottish Widows' Fund—Andrew Gold, Grainbank.
Standard—Bain & Macrae, solicitors.

Banks.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF SCOTLAND.

Albert street.
James Spence, *Agent*.
R. M. Hercus, *Accountant*.

NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND.

Victoria street.
John Baikie and James Donald, *Agents*.

UNION BANK OF SCOTLAND.

Albert street.
Robert Scarth, *Agent*.
R. G. W. Irvine, *Accountant*.

Public Offices, &c.

Aberdeen, Leith, and Clyde Shipping Company.

Office, Harbour street. Chas. Davidson, *Agent*.

Balfour Hospital.

Main street. Mrs Dunnet, *Matron*.
John Baikie, *Acting Trustee*.

Crown Chamberlain.

Office, Victoria Street. J. Barnett, *C.C.*

Custom House.

Albert street. Geo. N. Watt, *Superintendent, Receiver of Wreck, and Collector of Light Dues*. Thos. Bowie, *Examining Officer*. Geo. Drever, *Out-Door Officer*.

Emigration Agents.

James Adam son, Broad street; Robert Flett, Shore street; William Peace, Albert street.

Gas Company.

Albert Street. W. Hourston, *Manager*.

Weights and Measures.

Inspector for the County of Orkney and Burgh of Kirkwall, J. Liddle, Victoria Street.

Kirkwall & Leith Shipping Company.

Office, Shore street. Robt. Flett, *Agent*.

News Room.

Broad street. James Donald, *Treasurer*.

Orkney Steam Navigation Company (LIMITED).

Harbour street. G. Robertson, *Manager*.

Parochial Board.

Office, Albert street. Alexander Bain, *Chairman*. Peter Peace, *Collector and Inspector*.

Post-Office.

Victoria st. A. M. Garrioch, *Postmaster*.

Registrar.

John Watson, Palace street.

Town Clerk.

P. S. Heddle. Office, Albert street.

Telegraph Office.

Albert street. Joseph R. Holmes, *Super-intendent*. Win. L. Isbister, *Clerk in charge*. John Gibson, *Junior Clerk*.

Vice-Consuls.

For Denmark, Germany, and Russia, Jas. C. Scarth, Office, Albert street. *For Sweden and Norway*, Robert Scarth, Office, Albert street.

Ship Owners and Agents.

Baikie, Samuel, Ayre.

Davidson, Charles, Harbour street.

Flett, Robert, Shore street.

Fortescue, Archer, Swanbister, Orphir.

Heddle, T. & J., Shore street.

Hewison, John, Pierowall, Westray.

Reid, Samuel, Albert street.

Robertson, George, Harbour street.

Scarth, James C., Albert street.

Spence, Nicol, Bridge street.

Walls, James, Shore street.

Warren, Thomas, Albert, street.

Williamson & Sons, J., Harbour street.

Local Societies.

Orkney Library, Literary & Scientific Association.

Robt. Scarth, *Pres*.

R.G.W. Irvine, *Sec*.

R. Tulloch, *Treas.*

J. Ewing, *Librn.*

The Library is open every Tuesday and Friday from 2.30 to 3.30 P.M.

Annual Subscription, Three Shillings.

Orkney Auxiliary to the National Bible Society of Scotland.

President, D. Balfour of Balfour and Trenabie.

Vice Presidents, Provost Bain, Thomas Traill of Holland,
William Traill of Wood wick, M.D.

Secretary, Rev. Wm. Spark.

Treas., Jas. Donald, Eastbank.

Young Men's Literary Association.

Honorary President, Samuel Laing of Crook.

Honorary Members, Rev. Dr Clouston, Sand wick; Daniel Gorrie, London; George Petrie, F.R.S.N.A.,
Kirkwall; Wm. Scott, Kirkwall; James Tait, Kelso; Arch.

Smith, Glasgow; J. Heddle, Walls; N. Spence, Kirkwall.

President, David Laughton.

Vice-President, Cha. Smith.

Treasurer, James Wilson.

Secretary, Thos. M. Cruickshank.

Place of meeting—Subscription School.

Society for Teaching the Blind to Read.

Rev. Wm. Sinclair, *Chairman.*

P. S. Heddle, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Choral Union.

President, Geo. N. Watt.

Conductor, George Chisholm.

Secretary, Stewart Hewison.

Treasurer, James Craig.

Committee of Management, J. Petrie, G. Drever, George Milne, Alexander Seatter, Geo. Drever, Wm.
Work, with the office bearers.

Place of meeting—Grammar School.

Freemasons.

LODGE KIRKWALL KILWINNING

(No. 38 Scotland).

Date of Charter, 1738. Colour, Mazarine Blue.

R. Scarth, *R.W.M.* J. A. Bruce. *Sec.*

Meets in winter every Friday evening, and in summer first Friday of every month, in the Town Hall.

I.O.G.T.

ST MAGNUS LODGE (No. 787 Scotland).

Date of Charter, June 1872.

G. Drever, *W.C.T.*

Geo. Drever, *Sec.*

James Adamson, *Lodge Deputy.*

Meet in winter every Tuesday, and in summer every Friday, at 8.15 P.M.

Place of meeting—Subscription School.

D. MORGAN,

District Deputy for Orkney.

Kirkwall Trades Directory.

Fiars' Prices in the County of Orkney.

Crop 1871.

Burgh of Stromness.

Town Council and Commis-sioners of Police

Senior Bailie, John Stanger.

Junior Bailie, Dr G. Garson.

Councillors, George Halcro, John Wylie, J. R. Garriock, Jas. Mowat, Robt. Hay, David Scott, John Rae, Wm. B. Rossie.

Town-Clerk, William Hay.

Resident Justices of Peace

Garson, George, jr.

Robertson, A., of The Holmes.

Spence, James, of Pow.

Stanger, John, of Ness.

Law Agents

Hay, William, N.P.

Ross, William, N.P.

Lifeboat Officials

George Halcrow, *Chairman*.

W. Flett, *Coxswain*.

J. R. Garriock, *Sec*.

Sheriff-Officers

Begg, John.

Knight, John.

Work, Thomas (police-officer).

Custom-House

John Johnston and Samuel Brown.

Banks

COMMERCIAL BANK OF SCOTLAND.

D. Coghill, *Agent*; W. H. Reid, *Acct*.

William Sabiston, *Clerk*.

NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND.

John Beatton and James Spence, *Agents*.

Lewis White, *Clerk*.

UNION BANK OF SCOTLAND.

Wm. Hay, *Agent*; Jas. A. Garriock, *Clk.*

Public Offices, &c.

News-Room.

President, William Rossie.

Medical Practitioner.

George Garson, surgeon.

Excise Officers.

Supervisor, David Finlayson.

Officers, Thomas Kendrew and A. Duff.

Lloyds' Agent.

James Mowat.

Shipowners and Agents.

Brown, John C.

Garriock, James R., Emigration Agent, and Hon. Agent for Shipwrecked Mariners' Society.

Hay, Robert.

Mowat, James.

Rosey, Alexander.

Stanger, John.

Thomson, A., Agent for Mail Steamer and Reaper.

Tulloch, John.

Hon. Hudson's Bay Company's Office.

John Stanger, *Agent*.

Local Societies

Orkney Natural History Society.

James H. Dunn, Naturalist, *Curator*.

William Hay, *Secretary and Treasurer*.

Masonic Lodge.

Scott, D., *R.W.M.*

Spence, Jas., *Secy.*

Shearer, W. T., *Treasurer*.

Stromness Philharmonic Society.

Hon. President, Rev. James S. Nisbet.

Vice-President, James Spence of Pow.

Conductor, W. Ross-Clouston.

Librarian, Samuel Brown.

Secretary and Treasurer, J. S. Spedding.

COMMITTEE.

Clouston, James.

Hourston, Samuel.

Leslie, William.

Porteous, Peter.
Shearer, John A.
Sinclair, James.
White, Lewis, *H.S.*

I.O.G.T.

STAR OF POMONA LODGE (No. 789 Scot.)
J. Johnston, *W.C.T.* J. Robertson, *Sec.*
WM. PEACE, *Lodge Deputy.*

Stromness Trades Directory.

Bakers

- Porteous, P.
- Scott, David
- Spence, John

Blacksmiths

- Johnston, Thomas
- Kirkness, William
- Saunders, Thos. (tinsmith)
- Smith, David

Boatbuilders

- Anderson, John
- Anderson, William
- Baikie, Thomas
- Copland, G. & P.
- Flett, William
- Gillies, Robert
- Louttit, P.
- Moar, James
- Tait, John

Bookseller and Stationer

- Rae, John

Butchers

- M 'Kay, Mrs William
- M 'Kay, Colin
- Ronalds on, John
- Young, Hans

Cabinetmaker

- Sinclair James

Coopers

- Flett, Samuel
- Miller, D.

Distillers

- Miller, David
- Sinclair, David

Drapers and Clothiers

- Brown, John C.
- Corrigan & Rossie
- Dunnet, William
- Fiddler, William
- Garriock, James R.
- Halcrow, George
- Rousay, J. B.
- Stove, William
- Turner, J. D.
- Wylie, John

Druggist

- Spedding, James S.

Grocers, &c.

- Burns, James
- Brown, John
- Chambers, W.
- Duff, William
- Firth, Mrs John
- Flett, Samuel
- Flett, A.
- Grieve, Miss J.
- Garson, B.
- Humphrey, Robert
- Humphrey, John
- Irvine, Eliza
- Knight, John
- Leslie, William
- Linklater, Mrs M.
- Linklater, John
- Leask, Mrs S.
- Mowat & Hay
- Miller, John
- Murray, Andrew
- Peace, William
- Papley, Miss
- Robertson, William
- Ritch, William
- Settar, Thomas
- Shearer, J. A.
- Thomson, Mrs A. W.
- Thomson, Alexander
- Towers, David
- Taylor, Andrew
- Wood, Mrs J.
- Wylie, William
- Yorston, William
- Young, Hans

Joiners

- Leslie, Robert
- Mowat, William
- Robertson, John
- Smith, John
- Velzian, John
- Wishart, James
- Wishart, John R.

Masons

- Flett, Thomas
- Harper, Peter
- Robertson, William
- Sinclair, James
- Wishart, Thomas

Milliners and Dress-makers

- Baikie, Miss
- Baillie, Miss
- Dunnet, Miss
- Firth, Miss
- Flett, Miss
- Hercus, Mrs
- Leask, Miss B.
- Moar, Miss C.
- M 'Tavish, Miss
- Peace, Miss C.
- Ritch, Miss
- Rendall, Miss B.
- Smith, Miss Ann
- Stout, Mrs John
- Sutherland, Miss B.
- Thompson, Miss M.
- White, Miss M. A.
- Wishart, Miss A.

Photographers

- Chalmers & Howie
- Clouston, W. R.

Private Lodging Houses

- Burns, James
- Eunson, Mrs R.
- George, Mrs
- Jobson, Mrs
- Leslie, Mrs
- Rendall, John
- Sinclair, Mrs B.
- Spence, Mrs Catherine
- Spence, Mrs James
- Tait, John
- Wood, Mrs T.
- Wright, Mrs J.

Saddler

- Matheson, W.

Sawyers

- Ballentine, William
- Brown, James
- Louttit, William
- Sutherland, John
- Wishart, Magnus

Shipbuilders

- Copland, G. & P.
- Copland, John

Ship Chandlers

- Mowat & Hay
- Murrell, Joseph
- Thomson, Alexander

Shoemakers

- Brown, John
- Clouston, William
- Corrigan, David
- Corrigan, A.
- Creelman, William
- Garson, James
- Garson, David
- Garson, John
- Harvey, George
- Isbister, William
- Miller, John
- Moar, John
- Peace, William
- Ross, John
- Sutherland, James
- Tait, Peter
- Wright, J. & W.
- Yorston, William

Spirit Merchants

- Brown, Catherine
- Hourston, William
- M 'Kay, Dinah
- Marwick, Mrs
- Oman, May
- Taylor, Robert
- Thomson, Mrs A. W.
- Spence, Jessie

Tailors

- Brown, James
- Clouston, Robert, jr.
- Flett, James
- Grey, John

- Hourston, John
- Hutcheson, Thomas
- Linklater, John
- Marwick, James
- M'Leod, James
- Renton, James
- Wilson, Robert
- Young, James & Hans

Watchmakers

- Chalmers, David P.
- Shearer, William T.

Wheelwright

- Brass, David

St. Margaret's Hope and South Ronaldsay.

Parochial Board.—Wm. T. Norquay, Chairman; William Taylor, Inspector; Robert R. Wishart, Collector.

District Road Committee.—And. Gold, Kirkwall, Convener; James Cromarty, Treasurer.

Inland Revenue.—W. F. Makinson, Officer.

Agricultural Society.—Wm. Cromarty, Secretary.

Fishery Officer.—D. Harper.

Union Bank of Scotland.—W. T. Norquay, Agent; James Sinclair, Clerk.

Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Society.—John Wallace, Hon. Agent.

South Ronaldsay Total Abstinence Society.—Rev. R. Edgar, President; J. Laughton, Vice-President; John Wallace, Tr.; James Leith, Secy.

South Parish Total Abstinence Society.—William Allan, Burwick, Secretary.

Band of Hope.—Jas. Leith, President; Jas Park, Vice-President; Jas. Sinclair, Treasurer; James J. Guthrie, Secy.

Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society.—James Simison, President; James Flaws, Treasurer; Hugh N. M'Kenzie, Secretary.

Medical Officers.—Adam Gordon and James Dewar.

Commercial Inn.—Gilbert Laird.

Leith, Stromness & South Isles Shipping Company.—David Rosie, Agent.

South Ronaldsay and Burray Medical Association.—James Leith, Treasurer.

Trades, &c.

Bichan, William, fishcurer
 Brown, John S., baker and grocer
 Budge, Thomas, baker and grocer
 Gunn, David, shoemaker
 Harold & Co., D., fishcurers
 Harold, James, shoemaker
 Horn, Alexander, grocer
 Hourston, Samuel, blacksmith, Widewall
 Laughton & Son, J., general merchants
 Leith, James, tailor and clothier
 M'Kenzie, Hugh N., watchmaker
 Mowat, John, blacksmith, South Parish
 Park, James, joiner
 Scott, Samuel, blacksmith, Grimness
 Simpson, John, general merchant
 Sinclair, George, grocer
 Sinclair, John, mason
 Stewart, Robert, blacksmith, Grimness

Sutherland, Donald, blacksmith
Swannie, P. & W., wood merchants, Cara
Thomson, Jas., general merch., Quoys
Tomison, M., general merchant
Warren, Thomas, draper
Wallace, John, general merchant
Wallace, Robert, general merchant
Wallace, J. & R., fishcurers and lobstermerchants
Wishart Edward, joiner

Orkney District Directory.

Birsay.

Parochial Board.—And. Gold, chairman; George Brown, inspector; Wm. C. Liddle, collector.

Blacksmiths.—Thomas Stanger, Hill-quoy; George Brown, Breck-by-South; Jas. Gorrie, Longomess; John Stickler, Marwick. *Cartwright.*—Arch. Harvey, Hunto. *Joiners.*—Peter Stanger, Sallies; Wm. Gorrie, Midhouse; Wm. Taylor, Grigdor; Robert Johnston, Batkieth; John Folster, Peat gate; Peter Spence, Hundland. *Masons.*—Andrew Spence, Ouklap; James Kirkness, Glower. *Merchants.*—William Adamson, tailor and clothier, Palace; Wm. Sinclair, Walker-house; Wm. Lennie, New Gelderhouse; Wm. Johnston, Waird; Charlotte Johnston, Batkeith. *Shoemakers.*—Cæsar Johnston, Gatenip; David Johnston, Gatenip; David Hunter, Hillquoy; T. Spence, Claybraes; Peter Kirkness, Roadside; Jacob Spence, Littlebanks; Thos. Moar, Little-waird; Jacob Brown, Breck-by-South; John Folster, How-quoy; George Moar, Lea; John Moar, Meron; Jas. Kirkness, Glower. *Tailors.*—John Hercus, Crustem; Robt. Moar, Meron; Peter Folster, South side; David Garson, Fidge. *Weavers.*—Samuel Adamson, Palace; Peter Harvey, do.; Peter Moar, Marwick.

Burray.

Agricultural Society.—D. M. Sutherland, chairman; Alexander Kennedy, treasurer; James Laird, secretary.

Trades, &c.—James Banks, merchant; J. & A. Banks, blacksmiths; D. Bruce, shoemaker; James Cumming, joiner; James Duncan, fishcurer; John Guthrie, joiner; James L. Knight, merchant; W. & H. Laird, carpenters; Donald M 'Kay, fishcurer; Alexander Norquoy, shoemaker; William Park, merchant; Alex. Sutherland, merchant.

Deerness.

Total Abstinence Society.—Robert Cormack, president; W. Tulloch, secretary.

Trades, &c.—James Eunson, clothier; John Esson, merchant; Robert Stove, merchant; James Eunson, tailor; Wm. Hourie, shoemaker; Peter Maclellan, tailor; Robert Stove, joiner; Mrs R. Spence, innkeeper.

Eday.

Parochial Board.—A. Home, Carrick, chairman; John R. Colston, inspector.

Merchants.—John Hourston, Millbank; Hugh Marwick, Calfsound; Peter Cormack, Southend; Ann Benston, Gouth; John Benston, Ferseness.

Evie.

Parochial Board.—Rev. Alex. Leslie, chairman; W. R. S. Jefferiss, medical officer; Philip Corner, inspector.

Trades, &c.—William Brown, merchant; John Anderson, mason; Wm. Corrigall, joiner; Mrs Hadden, merchant; James Marwick, joiner; William Leask, merchant; J. & G. Miller, joiners, &c.; R. Miller, blacksmith; Mrs Miller, merchant; David Miller, merchant; Wm. Robertson, shoemaker; D. Robertson, tailor; G. Robertson, mason; Jas. Rendall, blacksmith; Hugh Scott, merchant; Wm. Scatter, merchant; Wm. Seatter, shoemaker; Wm. Shurrie, shoemaker; John Spence, merchant; Hugh Trumbland, tailor; James Wood, merchant; John Wood, inn-keeper.

Firth and Stenness.

Trades, &c.—John Esson, shoemaker; David Firth, inn-keeper; John Firth, joiner and wheelwright; James Firth, mason; Macolm Firth, mason; John Firth, Buinaquoy, mason; John Flett, merchant? William Flett, joiner and wheelwright; George Garioch, blacksmith; William Gray, merchant; Jas. Hourie, shoemaker; John

Linklater, joiner and wheelwright; Jno. Maitland, merchant; Charles Scott, blacksmith; David Isbister, blacksmith; William Waters, shoemaker: William H. Wood, merchant; Thomas Walter, tailor.

Flotta.

Merchants.—James Flett (fishcurer), Bow; Samuel Sutherland, Castle-well; William Taylor, Little bow; James Walls, Hunger-him-in. *Blacksmith.*—Ed. Nicolson, Hillside. *Carpenters and Joiners.*—Jas. Barnett, Little pan; John Flett, Bow; Robert M 'Kay. Dam; M. Flett, Blackwall; Thomas Sutherland, Glower-o'er-him. *Masons.*—Alexander Tomison, Lairdie; Magnus Tomison, Goldha'. *Miller.*—Chas. Simpson, Hillside. *Shoemaker.*—Thomas Flett, Carmel's joy. *Tailor.*—Samuel Simpson. *Weaver.*—William Work.

Harray.

Parochial Board.—G. Garson, surgeon, Stromness, medical officer; Malcolm Isbister, inspector; Wm. C. Liddle, collector.

Merchants, &c.—James Corrigan, Mrs M. Cursiter, Thomas Scott, Miss E. Smith, John Spence.

Holm.

Agricultural Society.—A. M. S. Græme, president; James Heddle, Greenwall, treasurer.

Total Abstinence Society.—Rev. Charles Runciman, president and secretary; James Heddle, Greenwall, treasurer.

Merchants.—William Bews, St Marys; James Laughton, Millhouse; Mrs Sinclair, Upper Breckquoy; Peter Sinclair, Quoys; William Wylie, Moss; Alex, Dunnett, St Marys; James Copland, Roadside Cottage.

Blacksmiths.—Peter Pratt, Greenwall; John Ritch, Mill-house; Wm. Laughton, Annfield. *Boot and*

Shoemakers.—Wm. Bews, St Marys; David Laughton, Breck; Jas. Shearer, St Marys; Peter Tait, St Marys.

Cart-wright.—George Anderson, St Marys. *Carpenters and Joiners.*—Jas. Laughton, St Marys; Wm. Sinclair, Scaldagooday; *Fishcurers*—J. Shearer & Co., St Marys;—Sutherland, St Marys. *Inn-keeper.*—Andrew M 'Beath, St Marys. *Tailors.*—Alexander Anderson, Rowland; John Laughton, Millhouse.

Hoy and Græmsay.

Trades, &c.—Peter Folster, joiner; W. Manson, joiner, Rackwick; W. Manson, carpenter, Rackwick; John M 'Kenzie, shepherd; Robert M 'Kenzie, merchant; J. Mowat, merchant; James Moar, miller; Hugh Ritch, merchant, Rackwick; James Sinclair, merchant; Thos. Thomson, merchant, Rackwick; C. Willison, merchant.

GRÆMSAY.

Merchants.—A. Miller, B. Mowat, and William Thomson.

North Ronaldsay.

Merchants, Tradesmen, &c.—William Kelday, ground officer; Samuel Cutt, carpenter; Peter Cutt, joiner and carpenter; Peter Kelday, shoemaker; Wm. Muir, blacksmith; David Scott, merchant; Magnus Swaney, merchant; Hugh Tulloch, merchant; John Tulloch, blacksmith; Peter Tulloch, joiner.

Orphir.

Trades, &c.—Wm. Bews, blacksmith; Magnus Ballentine, mason; Thomas Donaldson, merchant; George Frisken, miller; William Halcrow, joiner; R. Hutcheson, joiner; James Hay, merchant; Peter Inkster, mason; John Johnston, blacksmith; C. S. Lennie, merchant; William Manson, merchant; Alexander Nicol, blacksmith; Morrison Snody, tailor; Jas. Stewart, merchant; Adam Wishart, mason.

Rendall.

Trades &c.—William Brough, mason; Thomas Brough, tailor; And. Budge, blacksmith; John Garrioch, jr., cartwright; William Linklater, carpenter; Jas. Linklater, merchant; John Louttit, mason; George Ritchie, merchant; Magnus Williamson, tailor; Jas. Wood, merchant.

Rousay.

Merchants.—Jno. Craigie, jr., Hullion; William Craigie, Cogar; Magnus Flaws, Hammerfield; William Mainland, jr., Banks; John M 'Kinlay, Whistleban, Egilsay; John Smith, Whitelet. *Blacksmiths.*—Paterson Craigie, Claybank; George Flaws, No. 1; Magnus Kirkness, Quoygrey. *Shoe-makers.*—Magnus Flaws, Hammerfield; David Marwick, Tow; David Marwick, Viera Lodge; Isaac Marwick, Goodall; William

Marwick, Corse; John Lowe, Crowsday; William Lowe, Crowsday. *Joiners*.—Alex. Gibson, Vacquoy; Wm. Mainland, No. 2.

Sanday.

Merchants.—Oliver Drever & Son, Quivals; Mrs Garroich; Wm. Guthrie, Galilee; Kenneth Hay, Kettletoft; W. Leslie, Nearhouse; John Leslie, Russness; William Muir, Castle Green; W. Muir, Savile; Mrs Peace, Burness; Ann Peace, Silverhall; Robert Scott, Inker-man; Peter Sinclair, North Myre; And. Thomson, Roadside; Robert Yorston, Castlehill. *Blacksmiths*.—Ben. Drever, Bumess; William Hay, Cott; William Heddle, Stove; Thomas Leslie, Near-house; Wm. Rousay, Burness; Thomas Stevenson, Brough. *Masons*.—David Brown, South End; John Drever, Russness; David Drever, Russness; Scott Brothers, Parligo. *Joiners and Carpenters*.—James Guthrie, Nutthill; William Leslie, Nearhouse; David Milne, Savile; Thomas Omand, Burness; Thomas Peace, Savile Green; John Scott, Burness; Wm. Tulloch, Viggay. *Shoemakers*.—John Deerness, Broughstone; William Scott, Broughstone; William Slater, Silverhall; James Towers, Burness; Jas. Wallace, North End. *Tailors*.—Oliver Drever & Son, Quivals; James Garrioch, Newhouse; David Linay, Ayre; Wm. Peace, Silverhall; Walter Scott, Skailbrae.—Lloyd Davenport Parry, medical officer.

Sandwick.

Merchants.—Mrs Garson, Quoyloo; John Harvey, Bea; Miss Heddle, Roadside, Wrango; Mrs Inkster, Aith; Peter Irvine, Bristol, Northdyke; David Linklater, Aith; William M 'Kay, Hestwall; Thomas Merriman, Laye; David Smith, Northdyke; Alexander Smith, Grind. Mr Maitland, from Finstown, also transacts business once a week at Vetquoy. *Blacksmiths*.—James Harvey, Linklater; Thomas Harvey, Linklater; James Linklater, Voy; James Marwick, Skaill; Thos. Redland, Conyerobreck; William Smith, Northdyke. *Joiners, &c.*—David Garson, Vetquoy; Jas. Garson, Vetquoy; James Harvey, Linklater; Thomas Harvey, Linklater; Jas. Link-later, Voy; Geo. Marwick (millwright), Yesnacobie; James Marwick, Skaill. *Shoemakers*.—Wm. Ballantine, Wrango; James Brass, Merribah; Robt, Harvey, Newgarth; Thomas Merriman, Laye; John Spence, Tenston; James Towers, Voy. *Tailors*.—Hugh Hercus, tailor and clothier, Aith; David Smith, Northdyke.

Shapinsay.

Agricultural Association.—Secretary, D. B. Hepburn, teacher.

Total Abstinence Society.—Treasurer, M. Williamson, merchant.

Merchants.—William Bews, William Irvine, Henry Jeffrey, William Mitchell, Christina Reid, Jane Russell, Magnus Williamson. *Fishcurers*.—John Reid, John Sinclair. *Trades, &c.*—James Donaldson, blacksmith; Jas. Drever, shoemaker; Wm. Laughton, tailor; Thomas Omand, wright and boatbuilder; James Reid, joiner; John Scott, cabinetmaker; Thomas Stevenson, wright and boat-builder; John Tinch, joiner; William Twatt, blacksmith.

Stronsay.

Parochial Board.—Rev. Joseph Caskey, chairman; John Forbes, inspector and collector.

Merchants.—Thos. Chalmers, Whitehall Village; Jas. Chalmers, Castlehill James Davie, Station; Henry Fother inghame, Boundatown; John Meil Sampson's Lane; William Melville, S Catherine's; Richard Peace, Holin Bethia Peace, COUNGLEYBANK; Elizabeth Peace, Dishes; P. M. Shearer, Feastown; George Stevenson, Ozen. *Blacksmiths*—David Lennie, Smithy; John D. Reid Clayquoy; Jas. Scott, Whitehall Village. *Coopers*—Peter Miller, Whitehall Village; Charles Brodie, Whitehall Village. *Innkeeper*—Richard Maxwell, Whitehall Village. *Joiners and Carpenters*—James Chalmers, Castlehill; Robert Scott, Wardhill. *Miller*—Robert Chalmers, Milltown. *Shoemakers*—Jas. Caithness, Sunnybank; John Fergus, Midgarth; Wm. Williamson, Station; John Cock, Feastown. *Tailor and Clothier*—James Shearer, Sunnybank.

St. Andrews.

Merchants.—Mrs Bews, Lighthouse; Mrs Cromarty; J. Garrioch, Gayers; Mrs Taylor, Peterhouse.

Blacksmiths.—William Firth; David Meason. *Cart-wrights*.—Samuel Petrie, Langskaill; James Tait, Quoyburray. *Joiner*.— Benjamin Hercus, Lakequoy.

Walls.

Custom House Officials.—Thomas Wald, P.C.O.; J. D. Garson, O.D.O.; David Beatton, O.D.O.

Parochial Board.—Rev. John Keillor, chairman.

Lighthouse.—William Christian; H. Wallace.

Merchants.—B. Bruce, N. Walls; Jas. Charleston; James Hutcheson; James Learmonth; M. Robertson; Jas. Rossie; *Boot and Shoemakers*.—James Baikie, N. Walls; Foster Manson, S. Walls; Jas. Taylor, S. Walls.

Blacksmiths—Walter Ross; Benjamin Smith. *Carpenters and Joiners*.—Alexander Manson; David Sutherland.

Masons.—Jas. Charleston; Alexander Thomson. *Tailors*.—Thomas Leslie; William Omand.

Westray.

Parochial Board.—John Scatter, inspector; James Scott, collector.

Medical Doctor.—E. Eustace.

Officer of Inland Revenue.—W. Jones, Broughton.

Merchants.—Robert Gray, Westside; Jas. Hercus, Swartmill; Jas. S. Logie, Broughton; Jas. Logie & Son, Pierowall; George Mason, Skelwick; Mrs Miller, Rackwick; Charles Reid, Westside; Jas. Rendall, Saltness; Jas. Rendall, Piero-wall; John Rendall, Pierowall; William Robertson, Surigar; John S. Seatter, Rapness; William Smith, Pierowall; David Tulloch, Westside; Warren & Mowat. *Baker*—Mrs Balfour, Pierowall.

Blacksmiths—Matthew Hercus, Rackwick; Wm. M 'Donald, Broughton; Stewart Paterson, Westside; William Rendall, Pierowall; Wm. Reid, Rack-wick. *Innkeepers*—James Rendall, Pierowall; David Tulloch, Westside.

Joiners and Carpenters—George Drever, Broughton; Drever, Rapness; Matthew Hercus, Rackwick; Archibald Logie, Pierowall; George Rendall, Pierowall; David Reid, Brought on; William Reid, Rackwick; Charles Reid, Westside. *Masons*—John Allan, Broughton; Robt. Gray, Westside; Thomas Pottinger, Dykeside; Samuel Reid, Westside. *Shoemakers*—John Biglan, Braehead; John Drever, Pigger; Thomas Drever, Rapness; James

Garrioch, Broughton; Thomas Hercus, Westside; George Masson, Skelwick; Archibald Reid, Rackwick; John Reid, Braehead; Thos. Reid, Braehead. *Tailors*—John Burgar, Rapness; James Drever, Cleaton; Thos. Logie, Skelwick; Jas S. Logie, Broughton; James Logie & Son, Pierowall (clothiers); Warren & Mowat, Pierowall (clothiers). *Weavers*—Stewart Rendall & Sons, Broughton; John Rendall, Rackwick.

Papa-Westray.

Librarian.—James Keldie.

Trades, &c.—James Miller, merchant; Thos. Mainland, joiner and boatbuilder; Andrew Drever,

Population and Valuation of Orkney for 1872-73.

II.—Shetland Division.

Public Offices and Officials.

Sheriff Commissary and Vice-Admiral of Shetland, Sheriff Depute Thorns.

Deputy Lieutenants for Shetland, Robert Bell of Lunna; John Bruce of Sumburgh.

Joint Conveners for Shetland, Robert Bell of Lunna; John Bruce of Sumburgh.

Sheriff-Substitute of Shetland, Andrew Mure.

Sheriff-Clerk of Shetland, George Smith, S.S.C.

Sheriff-Clerk Depute, John Manson.

Auditor of Court, George Smith, S.S.C.

Commissary Clerk of Shetland, John W. Spence.

Clerk of Peace for Shetland, George Smith, S.S.C.

Procurators-Fiscal for Shetland, Charles Gilbert Duncan; J. Kirkland Galloway.

County Assessor for Shetland, E. Henderson.

Clerk of Supply, George Smith, S.S.C.

Collector of County Assessments, J. Hunter.

Commissioners of Supply

The Right Honourable Thomas Dundas, Earl of Zetland.

The Sheriff Depute of Shetland or his Substitute.

Bell, Robert, of Lunna.

Black, D. D., of Kergood.

Bruce, John, of Sumburgh.

Bruce, John, yr. of Sumburgh.

Bruce, Robert, of Symbester.

Cameron, Thomas M., of Garth.
Duncan, C. G., Chief Magistrate of Lerwick.
Dundas, Frederick, of Papdale, M.P.
Edmondstone, Thomas, of Bunes.
Garrioch, James, Reawick.
Garrioch, Lewis F. U., Reawick.
Gifford, Thomas, Factor, Busta.
Grierson, Andrew J., of Ouendale.
Hay, Arthur J., Joint-Factor to Lord Zetland.
Hay, George H. B., of Hayfield.
Irvine, William, Lerwick.
Johnson, George, of Tresta.
Leask, Joseph, of Sand.
Ogilvy, Charles, of Gossaburgh.
Robertson, John, Junior Bailie of Lerwick.
Scott, R. T. C., of Melby.
Umphray, Andrew, of Reawick.
Walker, Miles, of Swinklehouse.
Thos. M. Cameron of Garth, *Conv*
George Smith, S.S.C., *Clerk*.

Custom-House.

John Gatherer, *Collector, Receiver of Wreck, Superintendent Mercantile Marine Office, and Collector of Light Dues.* Garden, *Examining Officer.*
Robert Chisholm, Gilbert Laurenson, and George Robertson, *O. D. Officers.*

Procurators and Law Agents.

William Sievwright.
John Wm. Spence.
Charles G. Duncan.
J. Kirkland Galloway.

Consuls.

Consul for Belgium, Charles G. Duncan,
Vice-Consul for the Netherlands, Charles G. Duncan.
Vice-Consul for France, George H. B. Hay.
Vice-Consul for Denmark, Arthur J. Hay.
Vice-Consul for Spain, Joseph Leask.
Vice-Consul for Russia, William Irvine.
Vice-Consul for Sweden and Norway, A. Sutherland.
Vice-Consul for Germany, Jas. R. Spence.
Vice-Consul for United States, (vacant).

Telegraph Offices.

Lerwick, Dunrossness, Scalloway, Voe, Mossbank, Yell, Uyeasound, Baltasound.

Prison Board.

Andrew Umphray.
John Bruce, jr.
Robert Bruce.
Arthur J. Hay.
John Robertson, sen.
Thomas M. Cameron.
Joseph Leask.
George H. B. Hay.
Lewis F. U. Garrioch.
Andrew Mure, *Convener*.

George Smith, *Clerk*.
A. R. Saunders, A.M., *Chaplain*.
R. Cowie, M.D., *Surgeon*.
Mrs Laurenson, *Matron*.
Fleming Laurenson, *Keeper*.
Mrs Laurenson, *Matron*.

Property and Income-Tax Commissioners.

George H. B. Hay.
John Bruce.
Joseph Leask.
Andrew J. Grierson.
George Smith, *Clerk*.
Edward Henderson, *Valuator and Assessor*.
Ralph Fotheringhame, *Collector*.

Shetland Road Trustees.

One Representative from each Parochial Board.
The Commissioners of Supply.
The Justices of the Peace.
Four Members of Lerwick Town Council.
Thomas M. Cameron, *Chairman*. David Moncurr, Surveyor.

Police.

Peter Urquhart, Lerwick, *Superintendent*.
George Mackay, Lerwick, *Surveyor*.

Inspectors of Poor.

Bressay, John Ross.
Bressay (Burra and Quariff District), Robert Christie.
Delting, James Loutitt.
Dunrossness, William Laurence.
Lerwick, C. Sandison.
Mid and South Yell, M. L. Stove.
Nesting (Lunnasting District), John Anderson.
Nesting, J. Hunter.
Nesting (Whalsay District) J. Wishart.
Northmavine, James Bruce.
North Yell and Fetlar, P. M. Sandison.
Sandsting and Aithsting, Alexander Wallace.
Tingwall, C. C. Beatton.
Unst, D. J. White.
Walls and Sandness, James Georgeson.

Registrars.

Bressay, John Ross.
Burra and Quariff, W. E. Morrison.
Delting, Thomas Gilford.
Dunrossness, William Laurence.
Fair Isle, C. Wilson.
Fetlar, James Garrioch.
Lerwick, Charles Merrylees.
Lunnasting, John Anderson.
Nesting, W. Levie.
Northmavine, James Henderson.
Sandsting and Aithsting, Geo. Williamson.
Sandwick, Thomas Mouat.

Ting wall, C. C. Beatton.
Unst, D. J. White.
Walls..Russell.
Whalsay, John Wishart.
Whiteness, L. Henderson.
Yell (North), J. S. Hourston.
Yell (South), A. D. Mathieson.

Criminal Officers.

Abernethy, Mitchell, Sandsting.
Barclay, Andrew, Whalsay.
Jamison, Adam, Conningsburgh.
Johnstone, Thomas, Mid Yell.
Ollason, Andrew, Lerwick.
Pearson, David, Lunnasting.
Robertson. Laurence, Northmavine.
Smith, Francis, Dunrossness.
Smith, John, Aithsting.
Spence, James, North Yell.
Thomson, John, Unst.

Clergy

Established Church.

[*The Synod of Shetland meets at Lerwick on the last Wednesday of April.*—Z. Macaulay Hamilton, D.D., Bressay, *Clerk.*"]

Frederick Souter, *Clerk.*

Scottish Episcopal Church.

- *Lerwick*, Robert Walker, A.M..

Roman Catholic Church.

- *Lerwick*, Vacant

Burgh of Lerwick.

Town Council

(Commissioners of Police and Local Authority.)

Anderson, Robert.
Laurenson, Arthur.
Linklater, Robert.
Merrylees, Charles.
Robertson, Charles.
Robertson, John, jr.
Stout, Robert.
Stove, L. G.
Tait, John.
John Manson, *Town-Clerk.*
George Mackay, *Burgh Officer.*

Bailie Court.

Chief Magistrate, Charles G. Duncan.
Junior Bailie, John Robertson, sen.

Procurator-Fiscal, George Mackay.

Parochial Board.

William Sievwright, *Chairman*.

C. Sandison, *Inspector*.

George Mackay, *Collector*.

Weights and Measures.

Keeper, Peter Urquhart.

Assistant, Andrew Ollason.

Rifle Volunteer Corps.

Captain, James Hunter.

Lieutenant, John Tait.

Ensign, Charles Merrylees.

Colour-Sergeant, Charles Robertson.

Instructor, Sergeant W. Horspool.

Post Office, Inland Revenue, &c.

Postmaster of Lerwick, Robert Stout.

Registrar of Lerwick, Charles Merrylees.

Distributor of Stamps, Peter Garrioch.

Officer of Fisheries, J. Kennedy.

Supervisor of Inland Revenue, Charles D. Stewart.

Officer of Inland Revenue, Robert Paxton.

Schools.

Educational Institute of Lerwick, comprising—I. Upper School for Boys; II., Upper School for Girls; III., Elementary School: R. Whitford, M.A., *Principal*.

Parochial School, James Hunter.

St Magnus' Episcopal School, John Gray.

Ladies' School, Miss Merrylees.

Banks.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF SCOTLAND.

Charles G. Duncan, *Agent*.

Jno. M. Young, *Accountant*.

NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND.

William Sievwright, *Agent*.

Arthur Sandison, *Accountant*.

UNION BANK OF SCOTLAND.

Alexander Mitchell, *Agent*.

James Hunter, *Accountant*.

Newspapers.

THE "SHETLAND GAZETTE."

Published simultaneously in Kirkwall and Lerwick.

R. S. Brown, Bookseller, Lerwick, *Agent*. Offices: Albert Street, Kirkwall.

THE "ZETLAND TIMES."

Donald Stephen, *Publisher*.

Offices: Queen's Lane, Lerwick.

Shipping Companies.

ABERDEEN, LEITH, AND CLYDE SHIPPING COMPANY.

Robertson & Merrylees, *Agents*.

NORTH SEA FISHERY COMPANY.

William Irvine, *Agent*.

THE ZETLAND NEW SHIPPING COMPANY.

P. Garriock, *Agent*.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

R. Cowie, M.D., *Agent*.

Local Societies.

Freemasons.

MORTON LODGE (No. 89 Scotland),

Constituted 1762.

Geo. Smith, *R.W.M.* R. Goudie, *Secy*.

Place of Meeting: Masons' Hall, Queen's Lane.

Oddfellows.

LORD CLYDE LODGE.

J. S. Angus, *Presdt*.

R. Stout, *Secy*.

Place of Meeting: Oddfellows' Hall, Queen's Lane.

I.O.G.T.

ULTIMA THULE LODGE (No. 577 Scotland)

W.Duncan, *W.C.T.*

A. K. Williamson, *Sec*.

Meets every Friday evening in the Oddfellows' Hall, Queen's Lane.

STAR OF THE NORTH LODGE (No. 697 Scotland).

H.Morrison, *W.C.T.*

W. Robertson, *Sec*.

Meets every Tuesday evening in the Oddfellows' Hall, Queen's Lane.

HOPE OF LERWICK (JUVENILE) LODGE.

Robert Sinclair, *President*.

Place of Meeting : Baptist Chapel.

John Slater,

District Deputy for Shetland.

Lerwick Swimming Club.

Established 16th Oct. 1872.

President, Arthur Laurenson.

Vice-President, John Leisk.

Secretary, James Hunter, junior.

Treasurer, Arthur Sandison.

Unst Agricultural Society.

President, T. Edmondston of Bunes.

Vice-President, D. Edmondston.

Secretary, D. J. White.

Lerwick Trades Directory.

Bakers

- Hume, Stout, & Co., Commercial-st.
- Laurance. George Commercial-st.
- Malcolmsen, J. Commercial-st.
- Sinclair, Irvine. & Co., Mount Hooly-street.

Blacksmiths

- Brown, John A., Widows' [Asylum.
- Brown, John Docks.
- Brown, L North End.
- Bolt, F Reform-lane.
- Laurenson, S Mount [Hooly-street.
- Ridland, Robert No. End.

Booksellers and Stationers

- Brown, R. S., Comercl.-st.
- Jamirson, C. D.Comercl.-st.
- Morrison, H.Comercl.-st.

Chemists, &c.

- Linklater, J., Comercl.-st.
- Loeterbagh, Mrs Comercl.-st.

China Merchants

- James, Wm., Comercl.-st.
- M 'Fadden, W. Comercl.-st.

Clothiers and Outfitters

- Gilbertson, Wm., Mount [Hooly-street.
- Harrison & Son, G Commercial-street.
- Laurance & Co., R. B., Commercial-street.
- Laurenson &c Co. Commercial-street.
- Linklater, R. Commercial-street.

Drapers and Hosiers

- Harrison & Son, G., Commercial-street.
- Hay & Co. Commercial-street.
- Irvine, Geo., Reform-lane.
- Johnson, Wm., Commercial street.
- Laurance & Co., R.B. Commercial-street.
- Laurenson & Co. Commercial-street.
- Leask, Joseph, Pitt-lane.
- Leisk, R.C., Commercial-st.
- Leisk & Sandison Commercial-st.
- Linklater, Robert Commercial-st.
- Linklater, Hugh Commercial-st.
- Nicolson, Thos., Charlotte-place.
- Robertson, John, sr., Commercial-street.
- Sinclair & Co., R. Commercial-street.
- Sinclair, Robert Commercial-street.
- Spence, James R. Commercial-street.
- Tulloch, James Commercial-street.

Fleshers

- Duncan, Wm., Comercl.-st.
- Mackay, Hugh Comercl.-st.
- Jamieson, R., Comercl.-st.

Grocers

- Aitken, J., Commercial-st.
- Brown, D.iniel Commercial-st.
- Brown, William Commercial-st.
- Duncan, William Commercial-st.
- Georgeson, John Commercial-st.
- Irvine, Geo., Reform-lane.
- Johnson, G.Commercial-st.
- Laurance, George Commercial-st.
- Laurenson, William Commercial-st.
- Leslie, John Commercial-st.
- Ramsay, Mrs. Pitt-lane.
- Robertson, John, sr., Commercial-street.
- Stove, John, jr. Commercial-street.
- Stove, Helen, Victoria-wharf.
- Sutherland Henry, Commercial-st.
- Umphrny, James Commercial-street.
- Williamson, Mrs Commercial-street.

Grocers (Licensed)

- Harrison & Son, G., Commercial-street.
- Hay & Co. Commercial-street.
- Heddell, J. J. G. Commercial-street.
- Leask, Joseph Commercial-street.
- Mullay, Robert Commercial-street.
- Robertson, R. & C. Commercial-street.
- Robertson, John, jr. Commercial-street.
- Smith, W. S. Commercial-street.
- Stout, Thomas Commercial-street.
- Tait, John Commercial-street.

Hotels

- Queen's, J. Connon, Propr.
- Thulè, W. L. B. Tait, Propr.

Ironmongers

- Goudie & Son, R., Commercial-street.
- Stove, L. G. Commercial-street.
- Tait, R. T. Commercial-street.

Joiners

- Abernethy, Jas Hillhead.
- Angus, J. S., Comercl.-st.
- Georgeson, John Comercl.-st.
- Halcrow, John, North of [Port Charlotte.
- Henderson, R., Brucefield.
- Macdonald, A., Hillhead.

- Sinclair & Hardie Commercial-street.
- Tait, Robert, Steam Sawing and Planing Works.

Milliner

- Harper, Margaret, Commercial-street.

Plumbers

- Aitken & Co., S. Comrcl.-st.
- Aitken, John M... No, End.

Public-House

- Muir, John. Hillhead.

Shoemakers

- Affleck, D., Commercial-st.
- Cheyne, W., jr. Comrcl-st.
- Halcrow. James Comrcl-st.
- Ollason & Sons, C. Comrcl-st.
- Strong, Thomas Comrcl-st.

Steam Saw Mills

- Hay & Co. Docks.
- Stove & Co., L. G., No. End.
- Tait, Robert North End.

Watchmakers

- Muir, John Hillhead.
- Smith. R., Charlotte-place.
- Tait, J. P., Commercial-st.

Population and Valuation of Shetland for 1872-73.

Parish. Population. Valuation. Bressay, &c.—1 Bressay, 902 2 Burra and Quarff., 900. £1330 10 11 DELTING, 1859. 1921 4 9 DUNROSSNESS, &c.—1 Dunrossness., 1945 2 Sandwick and Ounningsburgh, 2325.. 3370 1 3 3 Fair Isle, 226 FETLAR, &c.—1 Fetlar, 517 1611 13 7 2 North Yell, 894 LERWICK, 4112.. 7191 2 8 MID AND SOUTH YELL, 1838. 1762 11 5 NESTING, &c.—1 Nesting 868 2410 1 8 2 Lunnasting, 822 3 Whalsay and Skerries, 989 NORTH MAVINE, 2572 2110 0 10 SANDSTING AND AITHSTING, 2805 2166 8 10 TINGWALL, &c.—1 Tingwall, 1416 3502 3 6 2 Whiteness and Weisdale,.. 1041 UNST 2780. 4242 2 2 WALLS, &c.—1 Walls, 1309 1941 3 4 2 Sandness, 643 3 Papa Stour, 351 4 Foula, 257 TOTAL, 31,371 £33,558 19 11

Almanac Companion.

The Island of Noss.

AT Noss, a majestic ocean precipice rises up, 600 feet above the sea, the vast nesting-place of innumerable auks and kitti-wake gulls.

Whether ap-proached from the land or the sea, the scene that suddenly bursts upon the sight is truly marvellous, and we fear inde-scribable. The rocky cliff, along its whole extent, is covered with birds, packed to-gether in long parallel rows, like books in a well-stored li-brary. The no-velty of the sight must strike with astonishment all who for the first time behold it. It is difficult to say whether the view from below or above is

the more wonderful. Seen from a boat, a wall of birds seems to rise from sea to sky, all built up in regular courses of soft-eyed gentle gulls and stiff stuck-up auks, with fringes of fretted rock-work between; and when a shot is fired there is a rush of wings, and a living cloud in the air, as if bees were swarming from an unmeasured hive. And yet, in spite of the multitudes that take wing, the eye can detect no diminution in the myriads that remain upon the rock. But after each flight a heavy dropping sound is heard on the water all along the base of the cliff, splash, splash, like the first drops of some terrible hail-shower. It is caused by the numbers of eggs which the auks have rolled over in their sudden rise. The guillemot makes no nest, but lays its one large egg upon the bare ledge, and its pear-shaped form alone prevents its being constantly overturned. Looking down from the summit of Noss, the element of terror is added to the wonder of the scene; and the mingled screams of the birds rise up for ever in one great chorus, which seems to swell, and fall, and change as if in sympathy to some unknown tune. Till recently an eagle regularly built upon this rock; but some years ago a labourer from Bressay effected the robbery of its eyrie, bearing off as a prize its two eggs, which are still to be seen in the possession of the gentleman to whom he gave them.

The Cradle of Noss.

The cradle of Noss, which is now removed, was simply a square box suspended upon two parallel ropes stretched across the gap between the island and the holm, into which the traveller took his seat, and either pulled himself across, or was drawn along by his associates.?

St. Magnus Cathedral, Kirkwall.

THE impressive memorials of antiquity, which impart distinction to the capital of Orkney, can scarcely fail to excite the surprise and awaken the interest of all intelligent travellers. They have probably been attracted to the Islands by perusing the records of the reigns of Norwegian and Scottish Earls, and yet the feeling of astonishment possesses them when they see, in the old cathedral and the ruined palaces, so many indications and remembrancers of former greatness connected with the remote town of Kirkwall. Founded before the middle of the twelfth century, and dedicated to St. Magnus the martyr, the Cathedral is a grand, solemn, and stately pile, venerable with memories of the old Norse renown, and through its gloomy aisles, haunted by sceptred shades, there still seems to sound the mournful tread of Norse warriors who, long ages ago, carried Haco, the fallen flower of Scandinavian chivalry, on his royal bier. This noble old edifice shares the distinction with St Mungo's in Glasgow, of being still entire, with the exception of the tower, which was once partially destroyed by lightning, and has never been restored to its original form. The secluded situation of St. Magnus preserved the building from the iconoclastic ravages of the reformers, and it was also fortunately saved at a later date from the blind and wanton fury of the Earl of Caithness, who after quelling with difficulty an insurrection in Orkney during the reign of King James VI., wished to crown his triumph by demolishing the cathedral church, from the spire of which the insurgents had fired upon his forces.—*Summers and Winters in the Orkneys, by Daniel Gorrie.*

St. Magnus Cathedral, from the South East.

The Wreck of the "Pacific" on East Linga, Shetland.

IN one of the last days of January, 1871, the splendid screw steamer "Pacific," of Liverpool, of about a 1000 tons register, on leaving Norway with a cargo of wood, encountered a strong head wind and a tremendous sea; when, horrible to relate, her propeller suddenly broke with a fearful jerk, and the good ship became disabled and almost helpless. The weather, however, afterwards moderated, and the wind becoming easterly, the vessel was enabled to proceed slowly on her course, with the aid of the few small sails she could set. Even on the 8th of February, hopes were entertained of reaching some port on the east coast of Scotland or England in safety. On that night, however, a fearful gale set in from the southeast. It continued with unmitigated fury all day on Tuesday the 9th, and was accompanied by blinding showers of dense sleet. In the forenoon the captain,

deserving land on the lee, made an inefficient effort to *wear* the ship. About half-past two the breakers came in sight. As the vessel was drifting directly broadside on them, one or two head-sails were set, in order to turn her head towards the rocks, and thus give the crew a better chance of saving their lives. But the sails were "torn to ribbons," and the ship went broadside on to a reef, off East Linga. Two lifeboats were now lowered, but immediately smashed to pieces against the vessel's side. The officers and all the crew went aft, save two men, who took refuge in the fore-rigging. The ship had not lain many minutes on the reef till she broke in two; the after part gradually sunk, and one or two tremendous waves, in the course of two or three minutes, swept the captain and twenty-five of the crew into eternity. Meantime, the fore part of the steamer was carried over the reef, and driven right against the side of the island; whereupon Daniel Coleman and Edward Johnson lowered themselves down with ropes, and got on the dry land. Cold, wet, hungry, bareheaded, barefooted, and clad only in a ragged shirt and trousers were these poor men when they came on shore. To add to their other miseries, they soon discovered they were on a small uninhabited island, without any kind of provisions. They would probably have been blown off their place of banishment by the violence of the hurricane, but for a hut used by the fishermen in summer. In this cold, damp, dilapidated erection they got some shelter from the pitiless storm, and enjoyed occasional snatches of sleep. On Wednesday Johnson hoisted a pair of trousers on an oar placed on the highest point of the island; this signal was observed by the fishermen at Ska, in Whalsay, three miles off, but with such weather they could render no assistance. On Tuesday and Wednesday the only sustenance the survivors obtained was quantities of water they forced themselves to drink from a spring. On Thursday and Friday some grass was added, and on Saturday forenoon the sea, which had been running mountains high round their insular prison, having somewhat abated, they were enabled to approach the shore and pick a few limpets, which they greedily devoured. There were two sheep on the islet, but every effort to catch them failed. Twelve of the brave men of Whalsay manned one of their powerful boats, on Thursday, and attempted to reach East Linga; but the sea drove them back. Another attempt made on Friday also proved futile. On Saturday at noon they effected a landing with great difficulty, and carried the poor starving sufferers in triumph to Whalsay, where the utmost kindness was showered on them.—*From "Shetland and its Inhabitants."*

Among the Icebergs.

THERE are two classes of icebergs. One consists of consolidated accumulations of ice, which, in frozen regions, fill the valleys between high mountains. The most remarkable icebergs are those on the eastern coast of Spitzbergen, which are seven in number, but at considerable distances one from the other, each filling a valley, and extending to tracts hitherto inaccessible. One of these exhibits a front of three hundred feet in height, and rivals the emerald in colour and brilliancy.

The other class of icebergs to which the term is applied is those irregular masses of ice which, being separated from the main body, float about in the ocean, exhibiting to the eye the representation of churches, houses, and other fantastical appearances. Captain Sir F. Leopold McClintock, in his "Fate of Sir John Franklin," thus writes :—"The icebergs, the chief cause of our unfortunate detention, and which for more than three weeks were in advance of us to the westward, are now, in the short space of two days, nearly out of sight to the eastward." Again he writes :—"Thermometer has fallen to 17 deg. at noon. "We have drifted eighteen miles to the west in the last week, therefore our neighbours, the icebergs, are not always aground, but even when afloat, drift more slowly than the light ice." We can well imagine it is not agreeable to be in such a position as Sir John Franklin was, nor yet as that of Captain Sir F. L. McClintock. They were verily "Among the Icebergs," perilling their lives, attempting to carry out a great discovery for the world they lived in. We will not dwell upon this, but turn our attention to the beautiful icebergs which the jocund traveller delights to witness—not in the cold regions of Spitzbergen and the Arctic, but in the tourists' fond land of Switzerland. These are the creation of ages, receiving additional height by the falling of snows and of rain, which often instantly freezes, and more than repairs the loss occasioned by the influence of the sun. At times, immense fragments break off, and descend the precipitous sides with an alarming velocity.

Frost sports wonderfully with icebergs, and gives them majestic and singular forms. Masses have been seen assuming what an Arabian tale would scarcely dare to relate.

Grindelwald owes its celebrity to the beauty of the passes of the Scheideck, and to its glaciers which, as they descend into the bottom of the valley below the level of the village, are easily accessible. From the sides of the Mettenberg stream out the two glaciers of Grindelwald. They are branches of that field or ocean of ice which occupies the table-land and high valleys of the Bernese Alps, and may be likened to feelers or claws pushed downwards into the habitable world by the grim frost-king above. As a feature of the landscape, their chief beauty arises from contrast, the white ice being fringed by forest and pasture. The lower glacier, sometimes called the smaller, although four times as large as the upper one, forces its way out between the

Eiger and Mettenberg, and descends to a point only 3200 ft. above the level of the sea. A path runs along the cliff beneath the precipices of Mettenberg, commanding a view of the minarets of the ice-fall, and affording means, by way of ladder, of paying a visit to the Eismeer (which means ice-sea) or level part of the glacier, which forms one of the pleasantest excursions on the Alps. This excursion is not suited to timid persons, as the path skirts a precipice, and the recent shrinking of the ice renders it necessary to descend by means of a ladder of a hundred steps or more. Ladies, however, do this excursion, for whom every facility is provided.

NOLTLAND CASTLE, WESTRAY.

THOSE in search of our northern antiquities need not proceed further than the subject of our plate, for it represents the most northerly building in Britain of architectural interest, and certainly it has its own peculiar features. In its plan, Noltland Castle is remarkable; and here we must refer to our plate for explanation.

Noltland Castle ruins, Westray

The central portion is an oblong parallelogram, and its lower story (strongly vaulted with one continuous semicircular arch), was devoted to the Great Hall and Kitchen. To two opposing angles of this main figure other buildings are attached. That on the left contains the great staircase, and the mass to the right appears to consist of dungeons below, and the private apartments of the Baron above.

Detached walls, and the arched gateway delineated, are the remains of additional edifices forming a court-yard; but these do not belong to the original fortress. This fact is evident from their inclosing the external ranges of embrasures or *port-holes*, if we may so call them. These are plentiful upon the portions of the Castle represented, but the opposite side is so redundant of them, tier above tier, that we can compare it to nothing but the rows of teeth "in a man of war's battery, and the general hulky appearance almost justifies us in attributing the design to a sailor architect. Whoever he was, tradition reports his remains to be immured within the walls of the staircase, and a huge stone on the exterior is pointed out as his coffin lid.

Massive construction in the basement is, however, well relieved by the fanciful design of the upper floors. Here are windows comparatively large, richly ornamented with mouldings, and the continuation of a stringcourse around the windows as labels is peculiarly effective. Nor must we omit calling attention to the ornamental turns of this string-course at the angles of the building. Much irregularity exists in the masonry, for sometimes the layers of rough stone-work are alternately massive or very thin. In nearly all of the first class the effect is peculiar, from the angular direction of the joints, which should be vertical. This has doubtless arisen from the rhomboidal form of the beds in the stone quarry.

Noltland Castle was begun by Thomas de Tulloch, Bishop of Orkney, and Governor of these isles under Eric of Denmark, 1422-48, and the initials T.T., with the kneeling figure of a Bishop, ornament the capital of the pillar supporting the great staircase; but it is not impossible that it owes some of its architectural beauty to Bishop Edward Stewart, who had some difficulty in getting it out of the hands of the lawless tacksman, Sir William Sinclair of Warsitter. It is described by a traveller in 1529 as "Arx excellentissima sed nondum completa the alterations of Stewart being left unfinished at his death. By the shrewd timeserver, Adam Bishop of Orkney (Bothwell), it was conveyed to his brother-in-law, Gilbert Balfour of Westray, Master of Queen Mary's household, Captain of Kirkwall Castle, 1560. This gentleman, a younger son of Andrew Balfour of Munguhany, in Fifeshire, stood high in his Mistress's favour, and tradition affirms that he had her orders to prepare Noltland Castle as a place of refuge for herself and the Duke of Orkney. The loyalty of Balfour to his Mistress sacrificed his estate in her support in 1571; but to her atrocious husband he refused admittance to Kirkwall Castle. Gilbert Balfour died in the service of Eric XIV. of Sweden, and on the death of Archibald his son without issue, his estates devolved on his cousin-german Sir Michael Balfour, who held Noltland during some time against Patrick Earl of Orkney. This siege, and the subsequent imprisonment of Sir Michael and his family in Kirkwall Castle, form one of the long list of crimes and treasons of the tyrannical Earl. Noltland afforded protection to the officers of Montrose, after his defeat at Kibuster, and for this and similar acts of hostility to Cromwell's government, Patrick Balfour suffered, being fined and obliged to fly to Holland. The same persecution, for a similar cause, overtook William Balfour of Trenabie, who, after many hairbreadth escapes and long concealment in caves in the neighbouring cliffs of Noup and Rapness, found refuge in Holland (1745-46). On this occasion the Hanoverian troops committed many excesses, burning the houses and maltreating the families of the disaffected—and though the walls resisted the fire, Noltland has since remained a roofless ruin.

It is the property of David Balfour of Trenabie, the twenty-sixth representative of Siward filz Osulf filz Siward, "cui dat Edgar Rex Scotorum vallem de Or (Balfour in Fifeshire) pro capite Ottari Dani"—and the otter head has since remained the cognizance of the family.—*Baronial Antiquities of Scotland*.

Shetland Witch Stories.

The Witch of Dunrossness.

THE Orkney and Shetland islanders were rich in witchcraft superstitions. They had all the Norwegian beliefs in fullest, ripest quality, and held to everything that had been handed down to them from Harald Harfagre and his followers. Kelpies and trows, and brownies and trolls, which somehow or other went out with taxation and agriculture, peopled every stream and every meadow, and witches were as many as there were men who loved nature, or women who had a faculty for healing and the instinct of making pets. Somewhere about the middle of the seventeenth century, a woman was adjudged a witch because she was seen going from Hilswick to Brecon with a couple of familiars in the form of crows or corbies, which hopped on each side of her all the way. Which thing, not being in the honest nature of these fowls to do, she was strangled and burnt. But most frequently the imp took the shape of a cat or dog; sometimes of a respectable human being; as was the case about seventy years ago, when it was notorious that the devil, as a good braw countryman, helped a warlock's wife to delve while her husband was engaged at the *haaf*. According to the same authority too, not longer ago than this time, when the devil dug like any navy, a woman of the parish of Dunrossness was known to have a deadly enmity against a boat's crew that had sot off to the *haaf*. The day was cloudless, but the woman was a witch, and storms were as easy for her to raise as to blow a kiss from the hand. She took a wooden basin, called a *cap*, and set it afloat in a tub of water; then, as if to disarm suspicion, went about her household work, chanting softly to herself an old Norse ditty. After she had sung a verso or two she sent her little child to look at the tub, and see whether the cap was *whummilled* (turned upside down) or no. The child said the water was stirring but the bowl was afloat. The woman went on singing a little louder, and presently sent the child again to see how matters stood. This time the child said there was a strange swell in the water, but the cap still floated. The woman then sang more loud and fierce, and again she sent. The child came back saying the waters were strangely troubled, and the cap was whummilled. Then she cried out, "The ton is done!" and left off singing. On the same day came word that a fishing yawl had been lost in the Roust, and all on board drowned. The same story is told of some women in the island of Fetlar, who, when a boat's crew had perished in the Bay of Funzie, were found sitting round a well, muttering mysterious words over a wooden bowl supernaturally agitated. The whole thing, as Hibbert says, forcibly reminds one of the old Norse superstition of the Quern Song.

Luggie of Bressay.

IT was no unusual thing for men and women of otherwise peaceable and cleanly life to tamper with the elements in those dim and distant days. Even seventy years ago a man named John Sutherland of Papa Stour was in the habit of getting a fair wind for weather-bound vessels; and the Knoll of Kibister, in the island of Bressay, now called Luggie's Knowe, testifies by its name to the skill and sorrowful fate of a well-known wizard of the seventeenth century. There on that steep hill used Luggie to live, and in the stormiest weather managed somehow always to have his bit of fresh fish: angling with the most perfect success, even when the boats could not come into the bay. When out at sea Luggie had nothing to do but cast out his lines to have as plentiful a dinner as he could desire. "He would out of Neptune's lowest kitchen, bring cleverly up fish well-boiled and roasted;" but strange and mischancy as the art was, his com-panions got accustomed to it, "and would by a natural courage make a merry meal thereof, not doubting who was cook." But Luggie's cleverness proved fatal to him. Men were not even adept fishers in those days without danger, and jealousy and fear helped to swell the reputation of his natural skill into supernatural power: so he was tried for a sorcerer, and burnt at a stake at Scalloway. We need hardly wonder at the fate of poor Luggie, considering the times. If it were possible to hang two women on the 26th of January 1681—actually to hang them in the sight of God and this loving pitiful human world, for calling kings and bishops perjured bloody men," we need not wonder to what lengths superstition in any of its other forms was carried. We have made a stride since then, with seven-leagued boots winged at the heels.

The Norwegian Lady.

A FAMILY of bright young sons lived on one of the Shetland islands. A certain Norwegian lady had reason to think herself slighted by one of them, and she swore she would have her revenge. The sons were about to cross a voe or ferry : but one was to take his shelty, while the rest were to go by the boat. Mysteriously the

shelty was found to have been loosed from its tether, and was gone; so all the heirs male of the race were under the necessity of going by the boat across the voe. It was the close of day—a mild windless evening—not a ripple was on the water, not a cloud in the sky; and no one on either bank heard a cry or saw the waters stir. But the youths never returned home. When they were searched for the next day they could nowhere be found—only the boat drifting to the shore, unharmed and unsteered. When the deed was done the shelty was brought back to its tether as mysteriously as it had been taken away.

Jonka Dyneis and Katherine Jonesdochter.

SIXTEEN hundred and sixteen was a fruitful year for the witch-finders. There was Jonka Dyneis of Shetland, who, offended with one Olave, fell out in most vile cursings and blasphemous exclamations, saying that within a few days his bones should be "raiking" about the banks; and as she predicted so it did turn out—Olave perishing by her sorcery and enchantments. And not content with this, she cursed the other son of the poor widowed mother, and in fourteen days he also died, to Jonka's own undoing when the Shetlanders would bear her iniquities no longer. And there was Katherine Jonesdochter, also of Shetland, who cruelly transferred her husband's natural infirmities to a stranger.—*From 'Witch Stories' collected by E. Lynn Linton.*

The Old Man of Hoy.

THE town of Stromness forms excellent head-quarters for tourists who like to lead an amphibious life during the summer and autumn months. Excursions may be made by land and sea to all points of the compass, and visitors who have heard about the Dwarfie Stone, the Old Man of Hoy, the Kame Echo, and the Enchanted Carbuncle generally select the first clear and settled day for a run to the most romantic of the Orkney Islands. Clear weather and a good start in the morning are absolutely necessary to make the trip enjoyable. The sail between Stromness and Salwick Little—the usual landing-place in Hoy—gives us an opportunity of admiring the dexterity with which the boatmen handle their craft in order to take due advantage of favourable currents. So capricious is the wind in the vicinity of Hoy that some of the crew almost invariably sit with the ropes of the sails held firmly in their hands, ready to spring the sheets should any sudden emergency arise.

About three miles from the landing-place we reach the meadow of the Kame, which is haunted by a mocking spirit that gives back song for song, shout for shout, yell for yell. There is something absolutely *eerie* in the awful distinctness of this unseen mocker's hollow peals of laughter. The sound is fitted to recall the description in *Guy Mannering* of Dominie Sampson's dreadful and ogre-like "ha! ha! ho." From the echo-haunted plain we strike off in the direction of the Old Man, scaling the western slope of the steep hills with labour dire, and bathing our hot brows at last in the cool delicious breeze that comes streaming over leagues of sunny waves. Our course now lies due southward along a "path sublime"—the summit of a colossal wall of precipices that rise one thousand feet from the sea in sheer ascent. Grasp the ledges with firm hold, and looking over the face of the cliffs, try to fathom with your eye the dizzy depth. The crows and choughs observed by Edgar from the summit of Dover cliff, "showed scarce so gross as beetles," and here you see the gulls, that wing the midway air, diminished to the size of butterflies. There is no samphire-gatherer hanging half-way down to assist your estimate of the depth—no fisherman walking on the beach—no "tall anchoring barque diminished to a cock, her cock a buoy;" but you see the billows far below breaking at the foot of the rocks, and the low voice of the sea is like the sound in the cavities of the sea-shell when

*"Pleased it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."*

The rock called the Old Man of Hoy is a huge primeval pillar, standing out from the line of cliffs, like the *stacks* of Duncansbay, in solemn and solitary grandeur. It has a singularly wild and majestic appearance, and forms a conspicuous object in the seaward view from the Caithness coast. Malcolm, the soldier-poet of Orkney, has likened the insulated cliff-pillar to

*"A giant that hath warred with Heaven,
Whose ruined scalp seems thunder-riven."*

Deaf to the sea-mew's plaint and the sullen plunge of the waves in the arches below, blind to the beauties of

sunset and moonrise, heedless alike of calm and storm, the Old Man of the Sea, like a grim and veteran sentinel at his post, keeps silent watch and ward amid the lonely waters.

—From *"Summers and Winters in the Orkneys,"* by Daniel Gorrie.

The Old Man of Hoy

The old man of Hoy

Looks out on the sea,

Where the tide runs strong and the waves ride free;

He looks on the broad Atlantic sea.

Orkney Witch Stories.

Katherine Grant and her Stoup.

KATHERINE GRANT, in the November of the year 1623, was dilatit for that she had gone to Henry Janies' house, with "a stoup in hir hand, with the bod dome foremost, and sat down ryght foment the said Henrie, and gantit thryce on him : and going furth he followit hir; and beiyan the brigstane, scho lukit over her shoulder, and turned up the quhyt of her eye, quhair by her divilrie, their fell ane great weght upoun him that he was forcit to set his bak to the wall, and when he came in, he thought the hous ran about with him, and theirefter lay seik ane lang tyme." Katherine Grant was not likely to overcome the impression of such testimony as this—that she should have gone to any man's house and yawned thrice, and added to this devilry the further crime of looking over her shoulder, was quite enough evidence of guilt for any sane man or woman in Orkney. Can we wonder, then, that she was not suffered to vox the sunlight longer by carrying pails bottom upwards, or yawning thrice in the faces of decent folk, and that she was taken forth to be strangled, burnt, and her ashes cast to the four winds of the merciful heaven?

John Sinclair.

JOHN SINCLAIR—a cruel villain to others, if loving to his own—was tried in the year 1633. For under silence and cloud of night he took his distempered sister, sitting backward on the horse, and carried her from where she lay to the Kirk of Hoy. Then a voice came to him, saying, "Seven is too many, but four might do;" and in the morning a boat with five men in it struck on the rocks, and four perished, but one was saved; by which fiendish and unholy sacrifice John Sinclair's sister was cured. He was proved to be their murderer, for when the dead men were found, and he was "forcit to lay his handis vpoun thame, they guishit out with bluid and watter at the mouth and noise." John Sinclair's thread of life needed no more waxing to make it run smoothly and easily. The hangman knew where the knot lay, and cut it to the perfect satisfaction of all the country.

Marion Cumlaquoy.

IN 1643 Marion Cumlaquoy, Birsay, bewitched David Cumlaquoy's corn seed, and made it run out too soon. She had been very anxious to know when David would sow, and when she was told, she went and stood "just to his face" all the time he was casting, and that year his seed failed him, so that he could only sow a third of his land, though he had as much grain as heretofore, and it had never run out too soon all the years he had farmed that land. And she went to Robert Carstairs' house by sunrise one day, bringing milk to his good mother, though not used to show such attention; and as she left she turned herself three several times "withershins" about the fire, and that year Robert Carstairs' "bear (barley) was blew and rottin," and his oats gave no proper meal, but made all who ate thereof heart-sick, albeit both bear and oats were good and fresh when he put them in the yard. And if all this was not proof against Marion Cumlaquoy, what would the Orkney courts hold as proof? As the past, so the present; and Marion Cumlaquoy must learn in prison and at the stake the evils that honest folk found in her power of "enchanting" corn and crops.

The Misdeeds of Marion Richart.

"MAREOUNE" RICHART, *alias* Langeland, dwelt on one of the wild Orkney islands, not far from where mad Elspeth Sandisome kept the whole country in fear lest she should do something terrible to herself or to others. Marion was invited to go to the house, and try her skill at curing her, for she was known to be an awful witch, and able to do whatever she had a mind in the way of healing or killing. So she wont, and set herself to her

charm. She took some "remedie water"—which she made into "remedy water," by carrying it in a round bowl to the byre, where she cast into it something like "great salt," taken from her purse, spitting thrice into the bowl, and blowing in her breath—and with this magic "remedie watter forspeking," she bade Elspeth's woman-servant wash her feet and hands, and she would be as well as ever she had been before. This was bad enough; but worse than this, she came to Stronsay on a day, asking alms of "Andro Coupar, skipper of ane bark," to whom said Andrew rudely, "Away witch, carling; devils ane farthing ye will fall!" whereupon went Marion away "verie offendit; and incontinentlie he going to sea, the bark being vnder sail, he ran wode, and wald half luppen our-board; and his sone seeing him gat him in his armes, and held him; quhairvpon the sicknes immediatelie left him, and his sone ran made; and Thomas Paiterson, seeing him tak his madnes, and the father to turn weill, ane dog being in the bark, took the dog and bladdit him vpon the twa schoulderis, and thaireftir flang the said dogg in the sea, quhairby those in the bark were saiffed." So Marion Richart, *alias* Langland, learnt the hangman's way to the grave in the year of grace 1629; and her corpse was burned, when the hangman's rope had done its work.

Alison Balfour.

JUNE, 1596, had nearly seen a nobler victim than those usually accorded. John Stuart, Master of Orkney, and brother of the Earl, "was dilatit of consulting with umquhile Margaret Balfour, ane wich, for the destructionne of Patrik Erll of Orkney, be poysoning." In the dittay she is called "Alysoun Balfour, ane knawing notorious wich." Alisoun, after being kept forty-eight hours in the "caschiclawis"—her husband, an old man of eighty-one, her son, and her young daughter, all being in ward beside her, and tortured—was induced to confess. She could not see the old man with the Lang Irons of fifty stone weight laid upon him; her son in the boots, with fifty-seven strokes; and her little daughter, aged seven, with the thumbscrews upon her tender hands, and not seek to gain their remission by any confession that could be made. But when the torture was removed from them and her, she recanted in one of the most moving and pathetic speeches on record—availing her little then, poor soul! for she was burnt on the Castle Hill, December 16th, 1594, and her confession treasured up to be used as future evidence against John Stuart. Thomas Palpla, a servant, was also implicated; but as he had been kept eleven days and nights in the caschiclaws (or caspie-claws); twice in the day for fourteen hours "callit in the buitis;" stripped naked and scourged with "ropes in sic soirt that they left nather flesh nor hyde vpoun him;" and, as he recanted so soon as the torture was removed, his confession went for but little. So John, Master of Orkney, was let off, when perhaps he had been the only guilty one of the three.—*From 'Witch Stories' collected by E. Lynn Linton,*

Anderson Institute, Lerwick.

THE Anderson Institute was erected and founded in 1862, by Arthur Anderson, Esq., who represented his native county in Parliament from 1847 to 1852. Over the principal entrance is placed a sculpture of the late Thomas Bolt., Esq. of Cruster, Bressay, which represents an incident from which the founder dated his success in life. Mr Bolt, attired according to the fashion of the day, in taking leave of his clerk, Arthur Anderson, then about to enter the navy, is represented as imparting to him the sage advice of 'Do weel and persevere.' This worthy gentleman, whose memory is thus deservedly honoured, was the last of a Shetland family held in high esteem for many generations. In the hall, which is a small, but lofty apartment, with a handsome Gothic roof, are hung beautiful oil paintings of Mr and Mrs Anderson, which were presented to that gentleman by the community of Shetland in 1860. Besides the hall, the building contains three large and commodious class-rooms, and ample accommodation for the principal and his boarders. The Institute consists of an upper school or academy, and an elementary school, both of which are well attended. It is presided over by a principal, who is assisted by two male, and three or four female teachers. For the first four or five years of its history the Institute did not come up to the expectations formed of it, but since then it has been most judiciously managed, and the excellent nature of its tuition has been shown by the high places taken by the pupils at the University Middle Class Examinations.—*Shetland and its Inhabitants, by Dr. Cowie.*

Anderson Institute, Lerwick.

The Family Doctor.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—The following is said to be a cure for rheumatism : "Take one pound of hops, two quarts of water; boil down to one quart; add one penny worth of saltpetre; strain, and bottle it for use. A small glassful to be taken three times a day.

BURNS AND SCALDS.—Of all applications for a burn, there are few equal to a simple covering of common wheat flour. This is always at hand, and while it requires no skill in using, produces most astonishing effects.

CUTS.—The leaves of geraniums are an excellent application for cuts, where the skin is rubbed off, and other wounds of that kind. One or two leaves must be bruised and applied on linen to the part, and the wound will begin to heal in a very short time.

SPRAINS.—Keep the joint perfectly at rest. If one of the joints of the leg be injured, let the person keep upon a bed or sofa. Apply warm moist flannels to the injured part, or a large poultice of bread and water. If the pain be very considerable, a few leeches should be applied. Above all else, avoid motion of the joint.

NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, &c.—From two to six drops of cajeput oil upon cotton wool, put upon the painful tooth, will subdue the pain more effectually than any essential oil. A smart pain will be felt, but only for a few seconds.

QUINSY.—A simple and efficacious remedy in this distressing malady is an onion poultice. Bake or roast three or four large onions until soft. Peel quickly and beat flat; put them into a thin muslin bag, about three inches deep, that will reach from ear to ear. Apply it speedily, as warm as can be borne to the throat. Keep it on night and day, taking fresh onions when the strength of the first poultice is exhausted. Flannel must be worn round the throat when the poultice is removed.

OFFENSIVE BREATH.—Nothing is so good as the concentrated solution of cholride of soda, as prepared by Beaufoy. From six to ten drops in a wine-glassful of pure spring water, taken immediately after washing in the morning, will sweeten the breath by disinfecting the stomach, which will be benefited by the medicine.

FOR RECENT BRUISES.—Put one table-spoonful of tincture of arnica into half a pint of *warm* water. Apply constantly or the first hour. Then apply the same quantity of tincture of arnica with cold water.

Useful Recipes.

REMEDY FOR MOTHS.—A small piece of paper or linen moistened with spirits of turpentine, and put into a drawer for a single day, two or three times a year, is an effectual preservative against moths.

KEEPING BUTTER.—There is a very common mistake made in keeping sweet butter, namely, in water. This very quickly injures the flavour of it. It should be kept in a cool, airy place, but perfectly dry. When butter is made up in small fancy shapes, and kept for two or three days in water, the flavour is affected, and the butter more or less injured.

TENDER FEET may be cured by dissolving one pound of bay salt in one gallon of spring water; and by soaking or bathing the feet therein about five minutes night and morning.

BRAN TEA.—A very cheap and useful drink in colds, fevers, and restlessness from pain: Put a handful of bran in a pint and a half of cold water; let it boil rather more than half an hour; strain; and flavour with sugar and lemon juice according to taste.

CHEAP FUEL.—The following recipe, taken from Parkes' "Chemical Essays," is worth attention now coal is so dear: "Get half a peck of clay, or stiff loam; make it soft with water; then put one peck of small coal to it and mix them well together until you can roll it into several parts like pieces of charcoal and long eggs. Any other combustible may be added and mixed up with the above, such as sawdust, tanners' waste, bark, curriers shavings, &c. As much can be made in an hour as would last several days.

TO CLEANSE SILKS.—The finest and most, delicate silks may be cleansed, without injury to the fabric or colour, by the pulp of a few potatoes finely scraped into water. Silk which has got wrinkled may be rendered nearly as smooth as when new, by sponging it on the surface with a weak solution of gum arable or white glue, and then ironing it on the wrong side.

TO TAKE INK OUT OF LINEN.—Take a piece of tallow, melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen into the tallow. The linen may then be washed, and the spots will disappear without injuring the linen.

TO REMOVE CARPET SPOTS.—A few drops of carbonate of ammonia in a small quantity of warm rain-water, will prove a safe and easy anti-acid, &c., and will change, if carefully applied, dis-coloured spots upon carpets.?

A DISTINGUISHED ORCADIAN.

ROBERT STRANGE, an eminent engraver who flourished in the middle of the last century, was a Scotchman, and was born at Pomona, the principal of the Orkney Islands, in 1721. Although his infancy was passed on his native islet, against whose rocky sides the restless ocean unceasingly beats, and among whose quiet people political strife rarely entered, no sooner had he attained early manhood than he threw himself heart and soul into the Jacobite movement, and, crossing to the mainland of Scotland, joined himself to the insurgent forces.

The collapse of the rebellion of '45 would have proved fatal to young Strange but for the more than presence of mind of a young lady, for the Duke of Cumberland mercilessly shot all rebels caught with arms in their hands. Strange after the battle of Culloden, which was fought on the 16th of April, 1746, was fleeing from the close pursuit of the royal troops, when an open door presented itself, and he rushed upstairs to the first floor. There a girl, young and handsome, was sitting sewing, enlivening her task by singing. The handsome young rebel, in pathetic words, besought her to save his life, and she, with woman's ready wit, and casting all scruples aside, lifted her ample hoop—which, something like the crinoline of the present day, it was the fashion to wear—and concealed him under the folds of her skirt. A moment later, and the soldiers entered to search the house; but only finding Miss Lonsdale, still sewing and singing, retired. This romantic narrative would not have been complete if it had not been recorded that Strange fell in love with his fair preserver—and this he did, and afterwards married her. She made him a good wife, and cheerfully shared the early struggles which subsequently led him to fame. He, in turn, became a loyal subject, and worked earnestly at his trade, in which he soon arrived at eminence. His skill attracted royal attention and favour, and on the 12th of October, 1787, he was knighted by George III. The foreign academies also recognised his merits, and he was elected an honorary member of almost all of them. His works are still universally admired; and instead of dying on the scaffold, as did eighty or ninety others who had participated in the rebellion, Strange lived to secure for himself the title of the "prince of British line engravers," and died in the year 1792.

THE ORKNEY BOATMAN'S SONG.

BY J. W. DUNBAR MOODIE.

THE foaming sea is dear to me,
It bears me on to thee, love! [fly,
And what care I though the spume drift
It speeds me on to thee, love! [view
The heart that's true, ne'er dreads the
Of stormy clouds or sea, love!
The curling wave may scare the slave,
It ne'er will scare the free, love!

The wintry blast may bend the mast,
The sheet I'll ne'er let fly, love!
Till the water o'er the gunwale pour,
While the squall blows low and high, love!
The waves may roar on the rocky shore,
And the sea-birds sadly wail, love!
O'er the watery grave of the storm-tossed brave
That sink 'mid the angry gale, love!

The tumbling tide, and the ocean wide,
Are blithesome sights to see, love!
The grey gull's cry in the gathering sky,
Is music sweet to me, love!
Now, sunbeams smile on the dusky isle,
And the cot that shelters thee, love!
Through the dashing spray I'll cleave my
And hasten home to thee, love! [way,

From the beetling cliff our dancing skiff
With throbbing heart thou'lt see, love!
But your blushing cheek will gladness speak
When fondly pressed by me, love!
With tale and song we'll drive along
The merry hours with thee, love!
And the morning beams will chase sweet dreams
Of her that's dear to me love!

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Preface.

ON the occasion of the late reinstatement of the Gladstone Ministry without any doubt the most able speech was that of Mr. D'Israeli; his final words were particularly remarkable, "We are now emerging from the fiscal period in which almost all the public men of this generation have been brought up. All questions of trade and navigation, the incidence of taxation and of public economy is settled. But there are other questions arising of not less importance, but of a deeper and higher reach and range—the attributes of a Constitutional Monarchy; the question whether the Aristocratic principle shall be recognized by our Constitution, and if so, in what form; whether the Commons of England shall remain a state of the realm, numerous but privileged and qualified, or whether they should degenerate into an indiscriminate multitude (laughter); whether a national church shall be maintained, and what should be its rights and what should be its duties; the functions of corporations, and the sacredness of endowments (cheers); the tenure of landed property (renewed cheers), all these institutions and all these principles, which we believe have made this country free and famous and conspicuous for its union of order and liberty, are now impugned and in due course will become great and burning questions (loud cheers)."

Many persons will say that this country has now arrived at a period when the above mentioned institutions are about to be put on their trial: the question then will be, not whether they have done material service towards the past greatness of England, but whether they are fitted to the times in which we now live, or in other words, whether they are in accordance with what our German brothers call the *Zeitgeist!* Let us see how certain learned foreigners look on this question. Dr. L. Buchner, the talented author of "Force and Matter," and many other scientific works, forcibly remarks: "If in politics we have long since come to replace the old system of oppression and domination by the now generally-recognized principle of *equal rights* and *equal duties*, we must likewise socially replace the system of mutual plunder which has hitherto prevailed," and speaking of the question of property in land he observes, "such a restoration of the property in land to the community, moreover, even if we leave entirely out of the question, all social reasons, or scruples of justice, is an *economical or political necessity*, and must finally be done in spite of all opposition. For the more the population increases the more necessary it becomes to obtain from the soil the utmost produce, both in quantity and in quality. It can; therefore, no longer be left to the individual possessor of land to decide what he will do with it, but how much it may be made to produce for the interests of the community; thus in England vast tracts of cultivable land are either left wholly unemployed by their owners, or converted into grass, parks, race-courses, or vast gardens, &c., which serve only to gratify private interests without contributing at all to the

general good, and this is a circumstance which is very general everywhere, although not to so great an extent as in England.

The county of Sutherland contains more than a million acres of land belonging to Two owners, out of which not more than 23,000 acres are under cultivation. The English lords prefer making sheep-runs, hunting ground, or enormous parks out of cultivable land.

"The Land-question, it is well known, has assumed an immense importance latterly in England, that country of political freedom, on account of the peculiarities of its land tenure, and the agitation in favour of community in possession of land, or at least of a thorough-going reform of the existing state of things, has already made itself felt and obtained many adherents.

"According to Radenhausen (Isis, vol. iii., p.354) *land slavery* in England has been one of the principal means of making the high nobility enormously rich, whilst, on the other hand, it has placed the greatest difficulties in the way of agricultural improvement of the soil which is so necessary.

"Ground rents appear to be most unjust when they are produced by simple increase in the population, and the augmented value of landed property caused thereby. This is most striking in and near large growing cities, where pieces of land, which were previously of little or no value, often become real gold fields within a short period. This kind of rent or augmentation of property is evidently produced without the assistance from the individual merely by the industry and activity of the community, but which, nevertheless, becomes the result of its industry to the individual owner of the property without any deduction, Here, even *without* the introduction of communistic possession of the soil, the community even now, by equitable taxation, might be made at least a joint proprietor of the benefit created by itself."

These views of educated and intelligent foreigners are of very high value, being the result of calm and dispassionate reflection, and may be accepted as an apt preface to the matters mooted in the present small brochure.

The Land and Landlordism.

HOW is it that the possession of Land is so coveted by gentlemen? Almost every other kind of property gives a better interest. Consols give as good a security with infinitely less trouble; still the ambition of a wealthy tradesman is to buy an estate only yielding, perhaps, three per cent, and costing enormously in the shape of an attorney's bill.

How does this happen?

Because the rags of Feudalism still cling to us. When William the Conqueror took possession of these islands his first thought was to secure his conquests, and so, with little ceremony, he parcelled out the country into large estates over which he placed his chief officers. *He did not give these estates in fee simple.* The land, (*as in Asia now,*) belonged to the Crown, that is, to the people as represented by the Crown, and these Dukes, Counts and Barons were made *tenants* of the Crown. And what was the rent they paid? They paid all the military expenses, which, in these days, amount to twenty-seven millions, and are paid by the landless people—in other words they were bound to serve the King in time of war and to bring into the field a certain number of their tenants according to the extent of their possessions.

Thus we see that the principle of absolute private possession in land had not yet made its appearance, and the axiom "that property has its duties as well as its privileges," (the utterance of which by the late Mr. Drummond brought such opprobrium on his head) was then in active force.

The country in those ancient days was neither more nor less than an organized armed camp, these great nobles being the officers, their duties clear and defined as their rank, which was military. The Sovereign in those days did not bestow titles on mere money bags.

In order to stereotype this military class and to keep a great number of landlords in this position as military officers ready to be called out in time of war, primogeniture and entail were established so that the eldest son stepped into the place of the fallen sire inheriting his duties and his pay. If there were no sons, but daughters only, the King had always a favourite officer on whom to bestow the hand of the heiress.

In the middle ages when force was uppermost, this social and political system of feudalism was perhaps as good a scheme as a nation of warriors could invent. Like all other systems it was the product neither of one philosopher's brain nor of an academy of sages: it grew and crystallized by slow degrees, probably in spite of many who opposed its progress.

The great men of those days had unquestionably great talents. A sharp boy in a good modern school could doubtless have taught the greatest of those statesmen more of political economy than the King's Council had ever dreamed of, and a clever subaltern of our army could have given William the Conqueror valuable lessons in strategy, simply because, unlike the lower animals, mankind has a collective store of knowledge which is

added to from age to age. Still there were great men in those days, men of powerful brains as well as muscular bodies, and these powerful men were usually found in the ranks of the nobles, recruited as they were incessantly by men of energy and talent.

As to the morals of the age, we know that the standard was not high. Force and fraud gained the day, as they do now in Afghanistan and other countries which seem to be in what may be termed the age of iron. If one of these nobles died while his heir was a child, the chances were ten to one against the child ever coming to its majority. If the child was a daughter, her's was probably a sad fate. Murders were rarely punished by law if the murderer was a man of rank; poison too was not unknown, while analysis was unheard of. We must then confess that many of the founders of our great families, the men whose Norman names are so coveted that some are weak enough to adopt them in these days, were unprincipled ruffians who gained their honours through foul dishonour, and I need not add that some of their descendants are excellent men, some as bad as the law will permit them to be, and most neither very good nor very bad—in short like the bulk of us.

The feudal system did not generally prevail until long after it had been established in England.

In Ireland, Scotland and Wales titles and rank were what may be loosely termed hereditary. The land was tribal property, the chief was the representative of the tribe and was largely paid in sheep, corn, oxen and the like, in order that he might be profusely hospitable, and exercise the functions of Commissary-General in time of war as well as those of Commander-in-Chief; but if he was greedy or tyrannical, the people fell away from him and sought other allegiance, and there was always some brother, uncle or nephew, or failing these, some bold adventurer to supplant or murder him.

The hereditary system has been always more or less clung to, and yet always swept away when necessary. The son or brother had the preference in these rude ages, but when he was incompetent to lead men, he was pushed aside in one way or another; but the more civilization advances, and with it, a greater security for life and property, this principle is apt to fall into contempt, for an incapable now placed in the position of leader cannot be brushed aside—he has all the force of an organized society to uphold him; hence he is apt to exhibit himself conspicuously as unfit for his post. Thus it is that our hereditary nobility is becoming contemptible in spite of occasional great men found in, or received into, its ranks.

In course of time the feudal system crept on and invaded Wales, Scotland and Ireland, and here we see the origin of those enormous estates in Scotland. The "properties," which almost cover counties, were tribal grounds occupied by members of one tribe, happy hunting grounds for the red-headed Celts who loved their Chief as their Father or Patriarch. The civilized courts in Edinburgh and London gradually attracted these Chiefs to the capitals—they were made nobles, and then their tribal hunting grounds were granted as feudal holdings, and the next step made them absolute private proprietors.

In the reign of Charles II., of infamous memory, the last great robbery was completed.

Before I give the details of this, I must remind my readers that Parliament had several times solemnly protested against alienating the crown lands, though such acts of robbery were perpetrated from time to time by worthless monarchs; thus William Rufus was compelled to resume large grants of land which he had made, and Henry II. resumed the crown lands granted by Stephen. Richard I. sold several estates to raise funds for his crusade, but after his second coronation at Winchester he resumed the same, "alleging that it was not in his power to alien anything appertaining to the same whereby his state was to subsist.

Noakes.

"John made grants of the crown lands, and they were revoked by Henry III. Henry VIII. granted vast Abbey lands to the Russell family and others—why then did not Elizabeth resume them? Because our noble-minded aristocracy had been bribed by these lands to support the Protestant religion; and if these men had been made to disgorge their plunder, that religion, would have perished in the blood of thousands, and England would once more have been delivered over to the Pope.

And now when Charles II. was in exile a number of these noble lords thought they would get him back again and "make a good thing of it," so they conspired together to induce him to aid them in getting rid of their feudal burdens (precisely as if a number of rogues farming an estate were to conspire to repudiate paying the rent), and on condition of Charles granting this aid, they would help him in recovering the throne which the first Charles had so deservedly forfeited. Accordingly in 1645 they enacted the 12th Charles II., cap. 24, intituled "An Act for taking away the Court of Wards and Liveries and Tenures in Capite, and by knight service and purveyance, and for settling a revenue on His Majesty in lieu thereof." This Act passed in a House of Commons composed almost entirely of landlords, and confirmed in a House of Lords then, as now, a trades' union of landlords. It abolished the feudal dues which had been levied since the Conquest, and which were rents paid for the estates they held and thereby made over the estates in fee-simple to the rogues who held them. There was still a revenue to be raised, and how was this to be met? How were the military expenses of the nation to be paid, now that the nation was robbed of its rents? The Houses of Parliament imposed a tax of one shilling and threepence a barrel on all beer sold in the kingdom. As the lords and gentry made their own beer they thus

escaped also this tax.

Let us take another page out of history. "By the 4th William and Mary, cap. i, intituled, 'An Act for granting to their Majesties an aid of 4s. in the pound for carrying on a vigorous war with France,' it was enacted that a land tax of 4s. in the pound on the true yearly rent, and a tax of 24s. in the £100 on personal property, should be raised for the public service. The interest on money was then 6 per cent., and personal property being supposed to yield 6 per cent, also, the two assessments were at the same rate. This form of tax was adhered to for nine years, but in 1697 Laud committed another great fraud. By 9 William and Mary, cap. 10, no poundage was granted, but a definite sum of £1,484,015 to be raised in the following singular manner : 'Personal property to pay 3s. in the pound, and real property to be charged with as much equality and indifferency as possible by a pound rate towards the sum by this Act imposed;' so that by this ingenious contrivance, personal property is to pay 15 per cent, of its income, and real property is to make up the deficit of the tax imposed. The different counties, boroughs, and towns are thus assessed at a certain sum; the tax is renewed yearly at the same *sum* not at the same *rate*, so that the increased real property arising from discovery of mines, collieries, and the extension of agriculture does not bear the tax. By this admirable plan, some places pay a penny and others a farthing in the pound at the present time. The land tax was subsequently raised to 2,307,627, and is by 38 George III., cap. 60, converted into a perpetual tax instead of an annual one, but subject to redemption."

Noakes.

A little reflection will show that, had the land-tax continued in its original force, there would have been no national debt. The money accruing from the lands robbed from the people, has been devoted to the support of a large class of idlers living in the height of luxury and extravagance. Let any one deny this simple fact if he can.

After all, let us reflect that these aristocrats are no worse and no better than the rest of us. They found themselves in possession of power, and behaved as all classes ever have done when thus situated. If we were to send a Parliament of brewers to govern us, no doubt all foreign beer would be heavily taxed, and other laws would be framed to favour brewers; if grocers were to be sent in a great majority to Parliament, we should have an end put to co-operative stores, and be obliged to drink British wines; if none but tenant farmers, we should have Corn Laws re-established, no Foreign Cattle Importation, and a Tenant-right Bill, that would leave the landlord little to enjoy. None should be trusted with exclusive and unchecked power, it is good for no individual, and, least of all, for any class or trade. A large class has no conscience. The units composing such keep each other in countenance. The landlords have behaved so unscrupulously simply because the nation entrusted, and still entrusts them with too much power. Hitherto the tenant farmer, unprotected by the Ballot, was bound to vote at his landlord's dictation; now he can vote as he chooses. Let him remember that we have enough, and more than enough, of some interests, the chief of which are lawyers and landlords in the House of Commons, and a House of Lords composed of none others except the priests of one of our numerous religious sects.

Proudhon horrified all Europe some thirty years ago, by declaring that "property was robbery." Without in the least adopting this monstrous theory, we may safely say that the origin of the largest estates in Great Britain was pure robbery. Should we then try to get them back again? God forbid, at least, not in the way my readers would understand the question; but there is a safe and simple mode of breaking up enormous estates in process of time, and this is by doing our utmost to get rid of the mischievous laws and customs of entail and primogeniture. The natural simple process in every country (unblest by an aristocracy) is for land to be divided amongst children at the death of the parent, not necessarily in absolutely equal divisions, but divided. From time to time some man buys up the portions of his brothers, and perhaps others beside, but at his death again there is a division, and so it comes to pass that, after all, the main part of the land belongs to the people, to the cultivator, that is, to those who best know how to use it. In France the division at the death of the owner is compulsory; a man cannot there "make an eldest son," though he may leave a double portion to a favourite child. This French fashion is spoken of with horror by our gentry, who always seem to be afraid that the division will go on *ad infinitum* until a man will be obliged to cultivate a portion of soil that will not keep him, but let us look rather to practical experience than to what might happen. As a matter of fact the land never is to any extent too minutely subdivided; and as a matter of fact no French Government, since the great revolution when this system was established, monarchial, republican, nor imperial has ever made an attempt to change the present French system; it is found to answer too well. There are *Land and Labour Leagues*, and a *Land Tenure Reform Association* in England, but no such things in France. They are satisfied with their system, which is a natural and wholesome one.

To see how this feudal land system has worked in a purely agricultural country we must turn to Ireland, and I cannot do better than quote a touching example given by Sir George Grey in a letter to the *Daily News* :—"In 1576, Queen Elizabeth granted to the Earl of Essex the territory of Ferney, in the County of Monaghan—68,000 acres in extent. The country was then only partially subdued, and its inhabitants must have been numerous, for even in times of the best peace and security, no Lord-Deputy did ever venture himself into

those parts without an army of 800 or 1,000 men. The inhabitants of this tract of country had, prior to the grant of it by Elizabeth, been ruled by their own nobles, and were with them conjoint owners of the soil. Such was the district which in 1576 was granted to the Earl of Essex. Not the smallest portion of land was reserved, either for the chiefs or people who occupied it, not even for those guiltless of any offence, for childhood and infancy must have been innocent. No provision was made for the future wants of the people, no voice nor influence was left to them in making the laws to which they were to be subjected, or in the imposition or distribution of the taxes which they were to pay, or in devising measures for the welfare of themselves or their descendants. Ireland being also an island, inhabited in all parts, these unhappy people had no large districts of unoccupied fertile land to which they could remove. The MacMahon's were the original chiefs of this country, and in 1606 the whole estate, with all its profits, was leased to Ever MacMahon for a yearly rent of £250, payable in Dublin probably, because it was impossible to collect the rent on the property. In 1633 the yearly rent had risen to £2,022, and the number of tenants was 38, but it must be remembered that these tenants, whatever was their number, were middle men, or intermediate tenants between the English landlord and the occupiers of the soil.

"In 1646, on the death of the third Earl of Essex, he was succeeded by his two sisters and the property came into their joint possession, and in 1692, when the division of the property was actually made between the respective heirs male of each of these sisters, the eastern moiety allotted to Thomas Thynne, ancestor of the present Marquis of Bath, was worth £1,300 a year, and the value of the western moiety allotted to Robert Shirley, Earl Ferrers, was about the same. Each half of the property then continued to descend, in accordance with existing law and the existing custom of entail, in unbroken bulk to the next heir male."

"The next date at which I take the Ferney property up is the year 1843. For 267 years a succession of one or of two persons at a time of one family, had then been in possession of the property. They had not originally the smallest natural claim or right to the soil, they had never during their possession of it laboured in its cultivation, they hardly ever visited it. The people on it were strangers to them, these people were the creatures, the Celt in his purity. Yet for so many years these foreign landlords had, year by year, drawn large revenues from it, which they had expended in another country upon their own caprices and pleasures. But during the same period of time, a vast population, the descendants of the original proprietors of the land (few or none of whom were ever displaced by the aristocratic owners of the soil) had been at work upon it; they had fenced and enclosed and ultimately brought under cultivation the waste and wild lands; they had so raised the value of the property from what we have seen it, that the valuation of the property, including church land, in 1843 was about £46,395 per annum, and their own numbers had increased to 44,107 souls. Yet during all that number of years, whilst these toiling thousands were creating wealth, almost fabulous in amount for a foreign landlord, and were ever and ever adding to the value of his capital in land, the barest subsistence only was left to them who were without the power of legislation or means of removing the evils of their condition. During all that time, although numerous statutes had been passed to enforce the rights of the landlord, not one had been passed in favour of the tenant. Their state had been for nearly three centuries, and then was, most pitiable. Upon these multitudes of thousands, succeeding each other in successive generations of many thousands each, no ray of hope ever dawned from their cradles to their graves. In all those multitudes no fathers were born that could press their children to their hearts with a knowledge that they could leave to them even the very humblest heritage, earned for them by their toil. All they or their children could hope for was to obtain, after the keenest competition, the temporary use of a spot of land on which to exercise their industry. The tenants' very improvements went to swell the accumulations of the heirs of an absentee, not of his own. Of all the produce of his industry he could retain barely sufficient to feed himself, his wife and children on the meanest fare, and to clothe them in rags. He could save nothing to meet times of dearth or want if such came, from having been denied all power of legislation, and of considering and providing for his necessities as a citizen; he had lost the faculty of so doing and was as it were, paralyzed. In such evil days of want people succumbed to their fate almost without a struggle. They died in their mountain glens; they died along the sea coast; they died on the roads; and they died in the fields; they wandered into the towns, and died in the streets; they closed their cabin doors, and lay down upon their beds, and died of actual starvation in their houses."

I am tempted to go on quoting from this most eloquent letter of Sir George Grey. Never to my mind has the case been more clearly put; primogeniture and entail in all their naked reality. Aristocracy in its true colours, stripped of its tinsel and rouge. And the end and aim of all this? For what was this vast human sacrifice? What was the great national benefit to accrue from the tears, the toil, the life-long misery of so many thousands of God's creatures? To produce a modern nobleman, a man who is usually precisely like any other well-fed human being, too often one as ignoble as a boor, and often miserable himself because idle. There are certain Indian tribes who fatten alligators and nourish sacred monkeys, and if these bloated animals devour or injure themselves or offspring, they worship them all the more. We laugh at these abject superstitions, and yet, in what does our conduct differ from their? They worship the animals; if one of our nobles leads an ignoble animal life, he is still worshipped by virtue of his wealth and title. Now had there been no primogeniture and

entail this estate would have descended to sons and daughters equally, to grandsons and granddaughters until, in the multitude of descendants, the wrong of the original robbery would have been forgotten and its results innocuous. Nature if left to herself has a sweet healing property. This system of aristocracy is a system of human bungling that interferes with nature's laws, producing thereby indefinite human misery. It is nothing less than an attempt to render a family immortal and unchangeable. Let us suppose if we can that a nobleman drank the fabulous potion that ensured immortality. After a certain number of years what a nuisance he would become, what gigantic accumulations of wealth he would acquire, what evil power he would have, how selfish and antiquated would be his notions! Hence we should realize that death is a perfectly wise ordinance of God in seeing such an exception, and so it is with this mischievous system which thus gives a sort of immortality to families based on wealth, irrespective of virtue, wisdom, or goodness.

And this is the system that nine-tenths of the established clergy support. A clergy established to preach the gospel of Christ, who distinctly advocated the distribution of wealth, who denounced luxury, ostentation, and human vanity, and who passed through life pleading the cause of the poor and needy.

Some people have asserted that Absenteeism is the great evil of Ireland. Assuming that society, where the many are doomed to toil for one drone, is a healthy condition of the social system, assuming that the rich juices of the body ought to go to nourish a wen, then it would appear as if the drone had better stay and drop a few of his sovereigns round about him, but I deny that such is a healthy social state, and I further say that the presence of the landlord is often a great evil. A man cultivating a farm in Wales, and paying his rent to, let us say, an old lady in London, is often in a far better position than one close to the Hall. He is not overrun with game, he is not spied on and bullied by the game keeper, he is not plagued about going or not going to church, for strange to say the man who receives the rent has sometimes the impertinence to interfere with the tenant's conscience. In short the tenant who is away from his landlord is not "looked after," and therefore leads a more independent and manlier existence. As for the money the landlord spends on the spot it is not worth consideration. If the whole of the landlords of England were to live permanently in London, they would still require country produce, the same money would be given for it.

But let us reflect on the position of this favoured being on his own estate. He is, as we all know, a little prince in power and influence. A man of very exceptional virtues has an immense scope for doing good, but how many men of such sort are there! You may have a man of the noblest character, of the very best intentions, of lavish charity, and he may do actually more harm in such a position than a miser or a sot. The good man may have some mischievous crotchet, he may have an ideal view of "the good old times," and may join with some high church parson to bring back the middle ages, or what they take to be the middle ages, and he may demoralize a whole parish by almsgiving and trying to be the patriarch. But the ordinary country squire, whether or not he has a handle to his name (and this after all is the difference between a squire and a noble), is just like any other man brought up in a bad school, and with unusual powers. He is a magistrate as a matter of course, and we all know that there are lads not long ago whipped at school who take their seats on the bench to try poachers and others, a sight that in any other country would be scandalous, and which has brought Justice's justice into proverbial contempt. He and his squire neighbours have all the county administration in their hands, the farmers and the labourers who, after all, are the makers of the wealth, have not a voice in the choice of the magistrates who administer the main public expenditure. Then the social power of the landlord and his class is absolute. The parson defers to him, the lawyer truckles to him, the doctor dare not offend him, the tradesmen may as well shut up shop as contradict him in anything, the farmers (with a six month's notice to quit hanging over their heads) can hardly call their souls their own. Indeed this is a literal fact, for the clergyman claims their souls as belonging to the church.

But let us inquire for a moment whether this state of things is good for cultivation. Surely we all have an interest in this question. Arthur Young says :—"Give a man the secure possession of a bleak rock, and he will turn it into a garden; give him a nine years' lease of a garden, and he will convert it into a desert." Now to whom does an English entailed estate belong? Not to the so-called owner, for he has only what is called a "life interest" in it. It may be said that no one can have more than a life interest in any property, but a life interest in an entailed estate is a very different thing from a life ownership. The squire coming into an entailed estate finds probably all sorts of charges upon it, dowagers and pensioners have to be provided for out of it. He cannot sell a portion of it as it belongs in part to a child in the cradle or even unborn. Perhaps a town is growing out towards some of his estate, a neighbouring manufacturer would give £1,000 an acre for some of his land, whereon he might erect large works, give employment to hundreds, and open a capital market for farm produce, but no, the land is locked up, nothing can be done, and even if the squire or lord could sell a portion, he does not like to have his game preserves disturbed, and so he wont. Perhaps a congregation of Baptists or Methodists wants a place of worship, and offers the landlord a fair sum for a plot of ground. How can he encourage dissenters? Why can they not go to the parish church, where perhaps last year evangelicalism was preached, but now it is adorned with flowers and pictures, and a sort of mass is performed. The bailiff suggests sundry improvements,

the cost of which he estimates at £3,000 or £4,000. But if the squire spends all that money out of his own pocket, he makes a present of that sum to his eldest son, who is to have all, and so robs his younger children—consequently the projected improvements are cancelled. In short, the estate does not belong to the so-called owner, there is not the sense of property in it that makes the rock a garden. Well then, is there this sense of property on the part of the farmers? How can a farmer throw his soul into farming, as well as skill and capital, when he may any day receive a six months* notice to quit? He may be denounced by the gamekeeper, he may quarrel with his landlord, or his landlord's flunkeys, and then away goes the fruit of his skill, industry, and providence, and his home is broken up. Surely it is evident that there is no sense of property under this system, and therefore no encouragement to cultivation.

Have the labourers then any sense of property? I declare that I have travelled all over Europe, and in many parts of Asia and Africa—I never saw any cultivators of the soil in such an abject state of degradation as are the peasantry of England, excepting perhaps the *fellahs* of Egypt. If any one wishes to defend the aristocratic system his opponent need not trouble himself with any elaborate arguments to refute anything he may say, he has only to point to the peasantry of Great Britain as a practical illustration of the system.

Has any one of my readers ever wished to purchase a piece of land? I know of no healthier or more wholesome ambition in the breast of an industrious man than the desire to possess a piece of land of his own, which he might spend his days in cultivating, and there is nothing that a Government ought to encourage more.

But just try to buy a bit of land. Step into an auction room and bid for a small plot, say three or four hundred pounds' worth. From the moment it is knocked down to you, for weeks or months to come your life will be a burden to you. Attorneys will infest you with their parchments and horrible jargon, the meaning of which you can scarcely guess at, the only thing clear about it being that you are going to be legally and respectably garrotted and fleeced. I have heard of a hard-working poor man who, after a lifetime of industry, ventured to bid for his cottage and garden which, with the rest of a large property, was for sale. It was knocked down to him for £100, and, "now," thought he, "I will make that bit of ground a model garden." He began at once to dig and trench, to drain, to manure, to plant, he was a happy man, he was working not only for this year, but for the next, and the year after that he would raise the value of it considerably, and when he died, the sale thereof would go far to keep his widow in comfort for the remainder of her days. His bit of money was all ready, £100 and a few pounds besides for incidental expenses. He supposed the lawyer would have a bill, he had heard those sort of gentry were dangerous customers, but surely a £5 note at the outside would satisfy him for the bits of papers necessary for a cottage and garden.

A good time elapsed before he heard from the lawyer, meantime the poor man was living, in what is termed, a fool's paradise. At length about a barrow full of parchments came, which were to make the purchase secure. The lawyer's bill was over £150. He had had to go through the title deeds of a large estate. I need not add the poor man was utterly ruined.

This, of course, is an extreme instance, but it is a true one, and by no means an improbable one. But I defy any one to contradict the assertion, that if you buy one hundred pounds' worth of land, you will have from twenty to thirty pounds to pay in legal expenses. This is monstrous. If you buy a hundred-guinea horse have you to pay twenty pounds to some one for passing it over? If you buy a hundred pounds' worth of hay have you to pay thirty pounds (not for hauling or stacking), but simply for taking possession? Supposing you had a ship load of wool to send to Prance, you would, of course, have a considerable sum to pay for the conveyance, and you would not grumble, but if you wished only to send a sample, and so despatch two pounds of wool, what would be your feelings if you had to pay as much for the conveyance of your small parcel as for the ship-load? And supposing this were the rule, why, of course, no small parcels would be conveyed, neither are small parcels of land conveyed from seller to buyer in England, except amongst rich men, on account of the monstrous charges. The cause of all this mischievous complication is the supposed necessity for an aristocracy.

Now, let me ask what an aristocrat is? We need not go far into the definition of the word. It is composed of two Greek words, signifying the *rule* of the *best*. In this country a rich man is assumed to be the best man. As a matter of fact, any one who buys an estate and entails it, is an aristocrat.

And what, after all, is the usual origin of the modern aristocrat? In the iron age, war was the road to fortune; in the present golden age, commerce and money-making—*per fas et nefas*. I do not say that the modern road to rank is less worthy than the ancient, but it is not more noble. The stock-broker, the projector of bubble companies, and in Wales especially, the unscrupulous attorneys and moneylenders share with those whose fortunes are built up by a life of commercial enterprise, combined with blameless integrity, the honours of landed proprietorship. No one would envy these men their fortunes, but is there anything so transcendently noble in the art of money-making that the lucky ones should be formed into a privileged class, and that our laws and constitution should be vitiated to do them honour!

No sooner has a man made his fortune than he wants to be a sort of feudal chief amongst his tenantry. He has children, and he begins by disinheriting all but one, the eldest son, after the manner of the warriors of

Normandy!

One might suppose that when a father gathers around him his chubby bairns by the fire-side he would love them equally, that Johnny the eldest would not be loved more than the bright-eyed Tommy, and the mild-eyed little Mary, but this wretched sham of a modern feudalism bids the man whose breast is swollen with a mean ambition, to ape his wealthier neighbours, to sacrifice his younger sons and daughters, to allow the latter, if they don't marry, to wear out their lives in some mean lodgings in a mean provincial town. I have known "eldest sons" made on £2,000, and even £1,000 a year, and when feudal rank had to be kept on such sums, what must have been the miserable pittance of the poor unmarried daughters?

But perhaps our sharp attorney may have accumulated £5,000, or even £10,000 a year, and thus become a territorial aristocrat. Of course, in one of those books, written by a sort of literary pander for the unwholesome passions of these rich upstarts, there appears a long and stately pedigree of Mr Brown, whose father probably drove pigs to market before he put his son into Cheatem's office as errand boy. There are but faint traditions of old grand-father Brown, a day labourer possibly, but all the common names of England and Wales are to be found in the peerage, and the arms of the Earl of Derby, or some other magnate, are forthwith assumed on the strength of the family names.

Perhaps Brown's ambition soars higher and he longs for a title, something hereditary, to transmit with his estate. Now let us reflect for a moment on the monstrous absurdity of an hereditary mark of honour. A man may do some great deed, he may codify our laws, or defeat our enemies, and the country will delight to honour him by a title, but what has his son done for us? He may be a respectable and worthy man, or he may be a rogue, still he is to bear a title of honour and in many cases even to govern us.

Our friend the supposed lawyer or tradesman is ambitious of a title. He has spent his life in collecting the coin of the realm and has dirtied his fingers considerably in the process, he has never been proved or even suspected of one generous or noble action. The dispositions to do such seldom belong to successful money-collectors. How then can he acquire a title, the reward of distinguished service to the State! He offers himself to some corrupt and beery constituency as a Candidate for Parliament and spends a few thousands in corrupting the poor. How we sneer at the influence of the "almighty dollar" in America and yet how we honour it here. Let the greatest philosopher appear in the lists against the man with £5,000 to spend and philosophy goes to the wall; beer is in the ascendant (Smith spent more than £5,000). Our friend of course obtains a seat in Parliament, and he either votes persistently with the Minister of the day, or he adroitly changes his creed at some critical moment when parties are evenly balanced, and so he becomes a baronet or a lord, and not only he but his son succeeds him as such.

But it is of more interest to us to enquire about him as a landlord. Now what is a landlord? He is simply a man who has invested his money in land or inherits money so invested. He owns the land, and a certain number of farmers pay him a yearly sum for the privilege of cultivating it, the proceeds being of course the profit, out of which the rent is paid. Everything produced on the land belongs by law to the farmer, including of course the game which feeds on the crops. Usually but not always, the landlord makes an agreement with the tenant to give up the game to him (the landlord), and this may fairly be done, but not unfrequently a shabby fraud is perpetrated by the latter, who, taking advantage of the vagueness of the agreement, and of the dependant position of the tenant, keeps a far greater amount of game than the tenant ever anticipated, whereby much profit ensues by the sale of this game at the poulterers. The fine old sport of shooting has miserably degenerated of late years. Many of us delight in roving the woods and fields after wild animals, calling to our aid the marvellous instinct and sagacity of the dog, so beautifully trained and so delighting in the pursuit himself, and no farmer that ever I heard of objected to the presence of a moderate amount of game. The number of these animals that the land will bear depends of course upon the state of cultivation, but I have seen high farming carried on by men who did not object even to a few hares, and I can scarcely conceive of farmers who would mind a few covies of partridges, especially if they were to share in the sport, which ought always to be the case. But sport in the old sense of the word is extinct, and the so-called sportsman of the present day thinks of nothing but killing. The best part of the sport used to be the finding the game—that in at an end, the game is as easily found as the chickens in a farm-yard and almost as tame. A well-preserved estate is guarded all the year round by an army of keepers. The rural police is called to their aid, all the eggs and milk in the neighbourhood are bought up to feed the young pheasants, and people wishing to have a day's holiday in the country, nutting or blackberry gathering, are warned off; the beauties of the country are not for them.

If the fanners complain that their turnips are destroyed by animals that nibble and spoil ten roots for one they eat, they run a very good chance of losing their farms, and this I maintain is downright robbery. When a man, who has put money, skill and labour into the land for years, is turned out at six months' or a year's notice without due compensation, that man is as distinctly robbed by his landlord as if he had picked his pocket. That this is done not unfrequently we all know; that the fear of it hangs like a nightmare over thousands of farmers' heads is unquestionable; and that we must have a Tenant-right Bill for England, Scotland and Wales is as clear

as noonday.

A writer in the *Field* newspaper, an organ of the landlords, preaches a long sermon to the unreasonable farmers. He seems to think it monstrous that the landlord cannot have an enormous shooting rent as well as a farming rent,—the game which brings the former being fed of course at the expense of the tenants.

"Beware then in time," he says, "and listen to a tale that is strictly true. Some twenty years ago a friend of mine, who had a good estate let very low—*no leases*—a good many hares, of which he was most liberal to his tenants, allowing them, too, always to course on proper application, received a 'round robin' from his farmers complaining of the hares. He was in London; so summoning them to be on a certain day at the steward's office he met them there, and, holding out their letter, asked if that was their production. Of course they answered that it was. 'Then, gentlemen, I give you all notice to quit your farms; gentlemen, good morning.' And he returned to town that night. Shortly afterwards he received another letter, begging to recall their first, and asking him to come down again to meet them. Accordingly my friend went. 'You wish to recall your letter I hear?' 'Certainly,' was the unanimous answer. 'Now then, gentlemen, that being the case, I shall have all your farms valued by a fair and competent man, and you shall have the option of retaining them or not at such valuation. Gentlemen, I wish you good morning.' Accordingly the valuation took place, and, with the exception of one farm, the rent was raised 25 per cent., at which advance the farmers were very glad to retake them; and my friend never heard any more about hares. He had looked well into the matter, and had made all his arrangements to take all his farms into his own hands. There are many perfectly prepared, if it is to be forced on them, to adopt the same course."

The writer seems to believe that a body of British farmers are to go on from generation to generation suffering this sort of thing, but I venture to think that he is much mistaken.

In other matters besides game the landlord often seems to have outrageous ideas. After all his proper functions are little more than those of a money-lender with a mortgage on the farm. He is a capitalist and he invests his money in the productive soil, and, in England, in farm building, gates, and sundry other matters. We often hear of a good landlord, one who spends his money on the improvement of his estate, and he is usually held up to our admiration as something a little lower than the angels. In what other trade, profession, or business would a man be held up for our admiration who invested his money in plant, machinery, and the like, looking of course for a proportionate profit, and yet a landlord who does this is lauded to the skies!

But there are landlords, and I have known such, who never lose an opportunity of defrauding their tenants in such matters as the repair of out-buildings, &c., and who are not ashamed to raise their rents the moment the farm as become more valuable *by the labour of the tenant*. Now the very essence of property is the product of a man's labour, and the landlord who is ever ready to raise the rent on the slightest pretext is morally, if not legally, a thief. I need hardly say that human laws are very imperfect, and that there are many thieves at large who deserve to be on the treadmill.

A man occupying a farm, and doing his duty by it, acquires a certain property in the land beyond that of the mere money-lender who has bought it, and the state of things is imperfect where a landowner can suddenly turn out of their homes fourteen or fifteen tenants to make room for a man with more money, when many of these hard-working men had taken these farms from the hands of their fathers and great-grandfathers, and increased the value considerably by their skill and labour, and yet I have known this done.

We may imagine almost any freak on the part of the capitalist. He might own a province and clear away all the natives to introduce Chinese or some other strange people, or he might lay waste a great part of it to devote it to game. The latter is the more extravagant freak of the two, and yet, strange to say, it has been done, not in Timbuctoo, but in Great Britain. Thousands of families, good, honest, God-fearing Christians, the men who furnished some of our best soldiers and sailors, have been, during the last century, cleared off the country to make room for red deer in order to afford sport for the rich! This is landlordism, and is surely proof sufficient that there is still room for improvement in our laws; that the soil, the earth, the source of our very bodies, belongs more or less to every one who has a right to live, and that there should be no *absolute* private property in land, that the holding of land should be more subject to the requirements of the community, that no year-to-year-tenantry, slaves to the caprices of one man should be allowed, but that contracts between landlord and tenant should be subservient to the good of the community, and to the productiveness of the soil.

Does it not stand to reason that if a man is safe from capricious eviction he will farm better, and if he farms better it is equally obvious that his labours (with those of his kind) tend to cheapen food—and legislation leading to this the community has a right to demand.

But of all the monstrous claims that the landlord has put forward, that of coercing his tenant's votes is about the most flagitious, and yet, before the ballot, the landlords of England and Scotland usually, and of Wales almost universally looked upon the votes of their tenants as absolutely their own, and were guilty of great cruelty in punishing their tenants, and of abominable dishonesty in possessing themselves of the unexhausted improvements of their discharged tenants, and of great meanness in trying to deny their deeds.

Since the people of England are divorced from their soil in order to keep up an aristocracy, a privileged class of beings, we may enquire how far the system benefits us or the reverse. It is often said that it is the source of England's greatness, that all our great deeds are performed by younger sons who, by their poverty, are stimulated to exertion and so distinguish themselves. If poverty be such a benefit to the younger sons why deprive the elder ones of the boon? Thus we come to the socialist doctrine that would forbid the inheritance of any wealth. Then again it is said that the system secures a leisured class which can devote itself to the cultivation of the graces and of science. Now this is a very pretty theory, but as a matter of fact it does not hold water. Doubtless there are amongst our landlords a fair proportion of men who cultivate literature, art, and I was going to say science, but really I do not know more than, perhaps, two scientific names amongst our aristocracy; as a class they do not cultivate such things, but instead thereof, dogs, horses and game, very good things in their way but which can scarcely justify the existence of an aristocracy. Literature mainly flourishes amongst quite another class, and countries which have discarded the system, such as France, are foremost in art, science and literature. Wealth with the ease, luxury, and social distractions it entails is positively adverse to the higher pursuits of life. You will of course see the names and titles of magnates presiding over learned societies, but this is pure flunkeyism which has eaten into our social system. The names of Faraday, Huxley, Tyndal, Buckle, Lecky, Mill, Darwin, &c., are not those of landlords.

It is said again that this system secures a centre of light and cultivation in every district or parish which might otherwise be left to ignorant boors. This too I deny. Our estates are becoming larger and larger, and are swallowing up not only the few yeomen left but even the smaller squires. During the greater part of the year the Hall is shut up and the domain handed over to gamekeepers. After the London season the Hall is re-occupied and the lord brings his own society with him, and after a carnival of pheasant slaughtering the place is again empty. I fail to see the light which is said to shine from such a source. On the contrary it appears to me to be darkness visible. If our land system were done away with and land made free we might then expect many gentlemen of moderate means, graduates of Universities, and the like, to try their hands at farming, for after all many such yearn for the tranquil and natural enjoyments of the country, and such an element as this would assuredly bring light into dark places. Instead of wallowing in mere slaughter they would unravel the mysteries of nature and give an impetus to agriculture.

The fact is the system is a sham, a miserable copy of what was once a real military organization. It has crept on us by degrees as a baleful growth, and has corrupted the minds and manners of our population in proportion to its growth. Thus it is that wealth, mere wealth independent of talent, (unless money-making may be dignified by the term, financial talent), of virtue, of public service, is idolized and can command anything. A mere banker, or pawnbroker, whose god is in his cash-box, whose manners are those of a boor, can nevertheless command not only a title but the right to govern us, and not only he but his posterity, quite independent of their capacities.

There used to be an old superstition concerning blood and race which, I believe, even yet lingers in the brains of love-sick milliners who read third-rate novels. It was supposed that the members of the House of Lords were of a finer breed than the rest of men. I do not deny for a moment that an aristocracy *might* be produced by careful selection of the finest specimens of the human race to breed from, but our aristocracy, the oldest families I mean, have married all sorts of women, sometimes for their beauty, sometimes for their free and easy virtue, but oftenest for their money, quite irrespective of their birth. I need not remind my farming friends that if they were to mix their stock anyhow, or turn out their racing stallions and mares amongst their cart stock, they would have some queer progeny. In the course of a few years, when the prize animals had died off, how could they boast of the queer crosses that remained? And thus it is with our aristocracy. They are no worse than any other class, but assuredly they are no better than any other set of people equally well fed. That we have a genuine aristocracy in England is most certain, and it is one that God made, not man. It belongs to no class, but scions of it spring from the cottage and from the hall. When shall we leave our base idols of clay and recognize sterling metal when we see it? Occasionally but rarely, a genuine man like Lawrence, or Clyde, is admitted into the House of Lords, but he must be rich or he must be childless, and in the former case he must consent to be cruel and unjust to his younger children. But for one such man as those named there are twenty others who are "enabled" as it is called simply for their money bags. The Israelites were punished for once worshipping the golden calf; we have built a temple for the same worship and the bishops of our church are the high priests thereof.

But even a genuine nobleman, a man who has really served his country, does not necessarily reproduce his kind, his eldest son may possibly resemble his father, but in all probability he is very unlike him. Solomon was a wise man and a good king, but Rehoboam was a fool and a bad king. Nothing can be more irrational than to reward the eldest sons of the posterity of a man who has done a great and good service to the nation; it would be quite as just or unjust to put the eldest sons of the Russell family on the treadmill, because their ancestor in Henry the VIII.'s reign plundered church property.

How monstrous is it to invent a system to protect and keep wealthy the supposed *best* of the earth. They can only prove themselves to be the best by surpassing their fellow creatures in an equal race during life. Do you give the favourite horse in a race any advantages?

But no human system ever did produce an aristocracy. Several of what are called our "noblest" families are the adulterous fruit of lecherous kings and loose women, and in the present day it would, in fashionable life, be esteemed an honour to be allied to these *ennobled* (!) families. Thus the system of Brummagem tinsel-nobility is apt to debase even public opinion and demoralise society. Surely in this nineteenth century we should outgrow such puerilities and regard a man for what he is and for what he has done, not for what some possible ancestor is supposed to have done, least of all when his supposed ancestors have only their vices to boast of.

*"A King may mak' a belted Knight
A Marquis, Duke, or a' that,
But an honest man's a boon his might
A man's a man for a' that."*

Thus sang Burns, one of God's noblemen, who could hardly breathe in the foetid air of modern flunkeyism.

But by far the most sad and serious feature in our land system is the condition of our agricultural labourers. In 1863 the Privy Council appointed Mr. Simon, the distinguished officer of health, to conduct an enquiry into the condition of the agricultural population. The revelations were awful—families, not belonging to the pauper or criminal classes, but families of hard working English agriculturalists, brought up under the squire and parson, and taught "to learn and labour truly," to be "true and just in all their dealings," and "to order themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters," such families I say, were found lying crowded in small rooms, wallowing in beastiality. Fathers, mothers, adult sons, and daughters, and lodgers in circumstances impossible for decency, impossible for virtue, while within a stone's throw the squire's horses and dogs were lodged sumptuously and fed luxuriously. Mr. Simon found and recorded the fact, that large bodies of these wealth-producing people were existing on less food than scientific men during the Lancashire famine had decided as the lowest diet necessary for health. How could it be otherwise when the wages in some parts of the country were as low as 7s. a week? In some counties, as Lincolnshire, the landed proprietors have cleared thousands of acres of all human habitations, thereby driving the poor into the crowded slums of towns, and the land was then worked by agricultural gangs of youths and girls, whose morals had fallen lower than those of animals, whose mouths were full of ribald and obscene language, poor girls who might have lived to be happy decent mothers, now driven about from place to place, sleeping in sheds promiscuously with youths, lost to all sense of sweet maidenly chastity, and this is the result of our gentry "doing what they like with their own." The noble men and women who, before God, are responsible for all this, crowd the churches weekly, where, amidst creeds, dogmas, and the great organized system that has usurped the name of Christianity, their consciences are killed outright. These are facts, shameful, awful facts, which ought to burn into the consciences of each and all of us. What is our church doing, what are the ministers of religion about?

Is it not a solemn mockery to teach the poor contentment with their lot when their lot is more wretched than the condition of animals, and when religion and morality are impossible in the miserable styes into which they are driven?

I appeal to Conservatives, to those who tremble, or profess to tremble at the revolutionary tendencies of the age, and who are calling on Mrs. Partington to bring her mop and stay the advance of the Atlantic ocean. I ask these gentlemen if that is a safe condition of any social system where there is such a mass of poverty and misery at its base. One half of England is owned by *one hundred and fifty*, and nineteen and a half millions of acres in Scotland are owned by *twelve* persons. Men are living in such luxury as to rival the worst days of Imperial Rome, and millions can scarce buy bread. No society can call itself stable on such a foundation. Then we have the vast democracy of the towns who now have votes, and the labourers of the country who are determined to have them.

Now would it not be as well to let these men have a fair chance of having a stake in the country in the shape of some land of their own, which the most provident or industrious of them would soon acquire if they had a fair chance. True they might disturb your game, but beware lest you lose more than your game. We do not call on you to part with one penny of your property, nay, every acre you have would increase in value with the increased fertility of the country, when small landowners and peasant proprietors had begun to turn waste land into gardens, but we ask you to relax your stupid Conservatism, based as it is on the most short-sighted, purse-proud selfishness, we ask you to give up the mean ambition of continuing your ignoble names as associated with the property your father bought, or your grandfather acquired honestly or dishonestly.

Be just to your own flesh and blood and refuse to stifle the natural affections of your hearts in favour of this

unworthy system. Break through the trammels of a vile superstition requiring such human sacrifices. Set free the land and restore Old England to something like its former condition when, as in Henry VI.'s time, peasants were en-joined not to eat meat more than once a day and not to wear belts with silver ornaments. And I tell you farmers and employers of agricultural labour, that while you have wrongs to endure those below you have ten times worse to suffer. I tell you that it is downright bad economy to underpay your labourers and then look to the rates to keep them alive, Help us then to make the land free, to unlose the shackles of industry and to make it possible for a provident man to invest in the soil.

Is he to be told that he is but a madman to buy a piece of land, because the net return to the rich man is but 2 ½ per cent., while he himself is investing his savings at 2 ¾, or at best at 3."—WREN HOSKINS.

I can fully sympathize with the pride of an illustrious birth, I can well understand the sentiment that carries back the mind to the glorious deeds of ancestry, but I deny that this is the spirit on which is founded the passion for "making an eldest son." Many of the lineal descendants of the most honoured and even ancient families, the heads of these families, are now inhabiting small villas at Holloway or clerk's lodgings in Islington. Why should the nation suffer that Lord Bampton, whose father was a notorious Stock Exchange Gambler, should nurse his ancestral pride in splendid state? Moreover, why deny the pride of birth to the younger sons, and if they are to indulge it, surely they must do so without entailed estates. The sentiment of ancestral pride, innocent enough when not offensively exhibited, is common to well nigh all of us. The struggling country surgeon, as he sits by his fireside, will tell his children of the glories of the old family place in some distant county, he being the younger son of some generations of younger sons, but he hugs the good name and enjoins his children to pass it on without stain or reproach. John Hodge, the small market gardener, will boast that no Hodge of his family ever received parish relief or ever was in trouble with the law. Let them nourish this

*"Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied
In fact a noble passion, mis-named pride,"*

for it does no harm to the community and requires not the sacrifice of the natural affections.

There are sentimentalists who may mournfully ask what is to become of our old nobility if the land monopoly is destroyed? It is indeed a sad fact in natural history that some races are inevitably doomed to be improved off the face of the earth or to be absorbed into civilized peoples with the ruthless march of civilization. The noble savage with his war paint, his feathers, his dignity and scorn of base mechanical labour, and his passion for the chase cannot hold his own any more than the noble Peer with his stars and garters, and titles, and dignity, and scorn of base labour, and love of field sports. The fact is that our form of civilization cannot co-exist with such people's, they require too much of the earth's surface for their support, either they will destroy civilization as they have done in some parts of Scotland, and as the Bedouins have done in parts of Syria, clearing away large tracts of cultivated ground and villages, or else the civilized beings must make short work of them. That the tribes of Peers have hitherto co-existed with civilization merely proves that the latter has been hitherto very imperfect.

In a report of the growth of the Northern Pacific Railway it is said "the exploring parties have in some instances been compelled to fight their way through opposing and hostile Indians, but despite all this have carried their survey successfully to the Yellowstone." For Indians read landowners, and precisely the same story may be told of British Railways. On some lines the surveyors had to work by stealth on dark stormy nights and armed against the gamekeepers and labourers of the Peer, but here the analogy ends, our "Indians" mulcted the nation of more millions than we spent in the great Russian war, and having so despoiled us on the ground of damage to property, they are fabulously enriched by these very roads they opposed. One, and one only, I believe, the late Lord Taunton, returned £20,000 compensation money to the Great Western, which his conscience would not allow him to keep. Such consciences are rare indeed.

The people of the cities little know how much they suffer from the utter want of small cultivators.

In 1869, the year before the great war, France—a country of small proprietors—sent us three millions sterling worth of eggs, butter, poultry and fruit. Precisely the produce of families cultivating their two or three acres, or less. We all know the difficulty there is in England in procuring these necessities in any country place. Our agricultural labourers have to rear their families without milk, their ancestors had abundance, but commons have been gradually, and in many places most dishonestly taken from the poor, and the possibility of the most provident and industrious obtaining a bit of land is put out of the question. I have travelled much in countries where the land is mainly owned by the cultivators, and have been struck by the careful cultivation, and the evident well-being of the people, and most of all by the absence of that appalling mass of abject slum-population met with in every town in England—large and small—where misery, vice, and disease are nourished as in hot-houses. I remember staying some weeks in the little town of Point à Mousson in France

during the war, when it was occupied by the Prussians. When the market day came round, I naturally supposed the market place would be almost deserted; on the contrary, it was crowded with the country women offering a marvellous amount of small produce, such as peas, beans, potatoes, fruit, butter, eggs, and poultry, and all very cheap compared with English prices, but then nearly every country labourer there has his bit of land, his cow, his goats, pigs, &c. Switzerland, too, is a nation of peasant proprietors, and the well-being and industry of that marvellous country are incredible. Switzerland has a soil about the worst in Europe, it has no navigable rivers, no sea board, no mines, and yet it is perhaps the most prosperous country in Europe.

The Engadine is the most elevated, the coldest and least fertile portion of Switzerland, and what says "Inglis," one of our most trusted travellers. "There is not a foot of waste land in the Engadine, the lowest part of which is not much lower than the top of Snowdon. Wherever grass will grow, there it is; where-ever a rock will bear a blade, verdure is seen upon it; wherever rye will succeed there it is cultivated. Barley and oats have also their appropriate spots; and wherever it is possible to ripen a little patch of wheat, the cultivation of it is attempted." From personal observation I can confirm every word of this description.

Howitt says, speaking of the Canton of Zurich, "In England, with its great quantity of grass lands and its large farms, so soon as the grain is in, and the fields are shut up for hay grass, the country seems in a comparative state of rest and quiet. But here they are everywhere and forever hoeing and mowing, planting, and cutting, weeding and gathering. They have a succession of crops like a market gardener. They have their carrots, poppies, hemp, flax, sainfoin, lucerne, rape, colewort, cabbage, rutabaga, black turnips, Swedish and white turnips, teazels, Jerusalem artichokes, mangel wurzel, parsnips, kidney beans, vetches, Indian corn, buckwheat, madder, potatoes, their great crop of tobacco, millet—all, or the greater part, under family management in their own family allotments. They have had these things first to sow, many of them to transplant; to hoe, to weed, to clear off insects, to top, many of them to mow and gather in successive crops. They have their water-meadows, of which kind almost all their meadows are, to flood, to mow, and to re-flood, water courses to re-open and to make anew; their early fruits to gather, to bring to market with their green crops of vegetables, their cattle, sheep, calves, fowls, and poultry to look after, their vines as they shoot rampantly in the summer heat, to prune and thin out the leaves where they are too thick; and any one may imagine what a scene of incessant labour it is." And I may add, of productive labour. Any English traveller will bear me witness that these peasantry, of the *social* rank of our own, have stores of linen, little hoards of coin, and are in a general way as far above our own as are our tenant farmers above our labourers.

I will now venture to offer a few suggestions as to our future legislation on the Land Question, premising that I pretend to no originality in my proposals :—

- We must have compulsory registration of title and mortgages; and these cheap and simple.
- No settlement upon unborn persons, nor upon more than two persons in succession.
- Permission to all life tenants of settled estates to sell any portion of the estate, except the mansion-house and grounds, for the improvement of the remainder, or for investment in the funds for trustees for the benefit of those to which the sold land was subject.
- A Tenant-right similar to that of Ireland.
- Equalization of succession duty on real and personal property.
- An extension of compulsory powers of buying land for the benefit of the community. Whereas a company can now, by special Act of Parliament, purchase property for a railway, I would extend the practice, and allow towns to purchase themselves by compulsory enactment, also to purchase sites for schools, lecture-rooms, and places of worship.

This idea will, of course, be deemed one of confiscation and robbery. There are several landowners in England who have opposed railways and every single attempt at improvement made by the towns in which their property was situated. In spite of themselves, however, in many cases, and in all cases, without the slightest exertion or sacrifice, or investment on their parts, but solely by the industry and providence of others, these men have been enormously enriched, in other words, they have lawfully taken possession of the earnings of other men. Some people might suggest that this looked like legal robbery. I would meet it by legally empowering the town or city to pay the landowners the full value of their property, and making it communal. I fail to see as much robbery in this plan as in the present state of affairs.

7.—It is necessary to separate political power from landowning. The county rate should be levied and administered by an elective assembly, not by the county magistracy. These latter should be replaced by stipendiaries.

8.—The equal succession to real property, in case of intestacy, is scarcely worth mentioning. This trifling tribute to common justice is about to pass the legislature, let us hope, in a few months. That it has so long been resisted is a striking proof of the prejudices of Parliaments of Landlords. And here I would remark that at last the Scotch farmers are opening their eyes to Landlordism in Parliament, and if the electors of England and Wales follow suit, we may hope to have the House of Commons at least, less of a trade's union, whose partial

legislation has been shown in the unjust and one-sided law of Hypothec, and who quite recently condemned the large and important city of Birmingham to disease and filth, rather than incommode slightly Sir Robert Peel and Sir Charles Adderly by the compulsory purchase of a piece of land for the sewage works. Thousands of poor citizens are to suffer discomfort, disease, and death rather than that the rich man should be annoyed.

The House of Lords, too, must be remodelled. At present it is an institution adapted to check every national aspiration towards a higher life. A Chamber, containing as every chance-medley collection of Englishmen inevitably contains, a few able and eloquent men, but the mass of whose members is simply composed of wealthy mediocrities—this house, too, rests mainly on entail and primogeniture, and no patriotic Englishmen, not blinded by class prejudice, can fail to see that the country cannot possibly progress satisfactorily under the blighting influence of a hereditary house, which is simply a trades' union of landed proprietors. I defy any one to read the History of England for even a short period, say the last forty years, without being disgusted at the alternate obstructive obstinacy and contemptible weakness shown by what ought to be our highest and best deliberative assembly.

I am well aware that there is much open to criticism in the foregoing pages, but they are a humble contribution to the political offerings of the day. They are addressed mainly to the agriculturalists of England, who, after all, have more power than perhaps they are aware of. They have only faithfully to record their votes for those candidates who are averse to privilege and monopoly, and we shall see, even in our own day, a healthier system of land tenure in England, and in time the land may even come to belong mainly to the cultivators, large and small, which is the healthiest and most natural condition of any country.

KERBY & ENDEAN, Printers, 190, Oxford Street, London.

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Real Horrors of War,

(Reprinted from, "All the Year Round," by permission of Mr. Charles Dickens.)

THE spade is now busy on the ground of Solferino and Magenta. The manumitted husbandman, now bidden to look up and and be cheerful because he has been set free gloriously, ruefully takes thought how he shall remedy the disorder his deliverers have brought to him. Almost which despair he gazes upon his crops, trodden into a mash by swiftly-passing legions; upon the stumps of his vine-trees, cut down pitilessly to warm his benefactors' soup; above all, upon the memorials they have left to him, of bodies thrust barely a foot below his soil, from which the sweltering sun distils the thick miasma of decomposition, encompassing him in a cloud too broad to travel out of. It will be long before those human shambles can be made to take the smooth, decent, tranquil aspect of a graveyard.

But for the people outside, who stood round watching the fight, with bated breath and senses painfully strained, it seemed a glorious, thrilling spectacle, that campaign just now played out. For those who sit at a distance and read all the shifts and turnings and general theatrical business of a war in the open field, the trumpet-blowing and fanfares, the flaunting colours and gaudy liveries, the marching and manoeuvring, the desperate charges and bits of dramatic heroism, have had a grand and pulse-thrilling effect which makes the eyes sparkle and the colour come and go. There is, at home, data from Aldershott, to furnish the upholstery and supply a light basis for fancy.

But this is all no more than the fine colouring of a consumptive cheek, or the bloom of a rotten apple. There is not, of all things existent, a more repulsive, coarse, untheatrical business than war, and what it brings with it. The delicate film of gaudiness rubs off in an hour; the gold lace tarnishes in a night, the bright uniforms, faded with rain and puddle stains, fall into rags and show great patches.

12mo Series, No, 51.]

Improvised camps become presently filthy swamps and open sewers. The grand "pomp and circumstance of glorious war" is well enough in the abstract: in its details and private bearings it is offensive, rough, and overpowering.

Think only of the common hackneyed expressions which pass so lightly between the lips when speaking of a great battle. We talk exultingly, and with a certain fire, of "a magnificent charge!" of "a splendid charge!" yet very few will think of the hideous particulars these two airy words stand for. The "splendid charge" is a

headlong rush of men on strong horses urged to their fullest speed, riding down and overwhelming an opposing mass of men on foot. The reader's mind goes no further: being content with the information that the enemy's line was "broken" and "gave way." It does not fill in the picture. To do so effectively, we must think first of an ordinary individual run down in the public street by a horseman moving at an easy pace. The result is, usually, fracture and violent contusion. We may strengthen the tones of the picture by setting this horseman at full gallop, and joining to him a company of other flying horsemen. How will it then be with the unhappy pedestrian? So when the "splendid charge" has done its work, and passed by, there will be found a sight very much like the scene of a frightful railway accident. There will be the full complement of backs broken in two; of arms twisted wholly off; of men impaled upon their own bayonets; of legs smashed up like bits of firewood; of heads sliced open like apples; of other heads crunched into soft jelly by iron hoofs of horses; of faces trampled out of all likeness to anything human. This is what skulks behind "a splendid charge!" This is what follows, as a matter of course, when "our fellows rode at them in style," and "cut them up famously." Again, how often does the commander, writing home in his official despatches, dwell particularly on the gallant conduct of Captain Smith, who, finding the enemy were "annoying our right a little, got his gun" into position, and effectually "held them in check!" Both expressions are fair drawing-room phrases, to be mentioned cheerfully by ladies' lips. It is, as it were, a few flies buzzing about "our right wing," teasing and fretting "our" men. And yet, properly translated, it signifies this: that stray men of that right wing are now and then leaping with a convulsive start into the air, as a Minié bullet flies with sharp sting through their hearts; that stray men, suddenly struck, are rolling on the ground; that a man, here and there, is dropping down quite suddenly with a shriek, his firelock tumbling from his hand: in short, that there is a series of violent death-scenes being enacted up and down the long line.

The reading public—instructed by journals and books of memoirs—can form for itself satisfactory pictures of the poor soldiers in hospital, lying on their pallets in rows, say at Scutari, having their pillows smoothed and cooling drinks proffered by those kind, charitable ladies, who went out to be their nurses. Has not the public viewed paintings of the scene—the sick warrior lying in comfortable convalescence, and taking with grateful languor the cool beverage from his gentle attendant? The sympathising public has also had presented to it in manly and affecting language, by Mr. Russell, some pictures of those sufferings which fall under the frightful category of gun-shot wounds. Doctor Williamson has now collected a number of cases from the late Indian mutiny, with the view of assisting his profession; take a few samples from this miscellany as among the real Horrors of War.

Private John Halliday received a gun-shot wound in the head, which carried away "a large portion of the scalp and bone," and left "a large irregular opening" about two inches in diameter, through which the brain might be seen pulsating. This injury was done by bits of the telegraph wire ingeniously cut up into slugs.—Private O' Leary was stricken by a large fragment of shell, and at first appeared not to be seriously injured. Presently he complained of headache and sickness, and a "crucial" incision was at once made. Here was discovered a fracture, and an opening left "about the size of a shilling." The dura mater at once protruded through the wound and was punctured. In a few days convulsive fits came on, with paralysis, and he died comatose. Poor Private O' Leary! On post-mortem examination, one-half of his head, internally, was discovered to be a mass of blood and "disorganised cerebral matter."—Private M' Kenzie had been hit in the same place, and had several large fragments of bone removed from him by means of an instrument known as Hey's saw; still "inflammation of the brain and its membranes" set in, and the surgeons thought of making a closer examination, when a great fragment of bone was discovered, "turned edgeways," and sticking into the dura mater! Strange to say, Private M' Kenzie recovered, and is doing duty now.

Another soldier was brought in with "nearly half the roof of his skull blown off by a shell," yet who held on, till the tenth day.

Often, a ball striking on the scalp splits into two pieces, so stout is the bony texture of the skull. One fragment, however, is sure to penetrate. Sometimes, it leaves a clean round hole with cracks radiating from it in all directions as in a broken pane of glass.

Often, the ball cannot be found, and has to be groped for unsuccessfully, with the probe. One wretched private had to carry it twenty-five days in his head. Another man's piece burst in his hand, and part of the lock got imbedded under his eye, too far in to be removed. Many more were afflicted by a ball making entrance just behind the ear, and passing out over the temple.

Then come the bayonet wounds, jagged, perplexing, and painful. Now has it been thrust violently through the chest and lungs and out at the back, and is as violently withdrawn with a peculiar twist, whence come suppuration, painful gasping for breath, and all manner of horrid accompaniments. Now it has impaled the intestines, producing strange complication. Now it has pierced the lower extremity of the heart, and, curious to say, the victim has lived five days. The spine comes in, too, for its share of injury. A bullet skims through the body, smashes the lower vertebra! of the column, makes its escape on the other side. The bones come away in

little pieces. The new Minié ball has, we are told, the useful property of shivering the bone into numberless splinters and fragments. The conical point acts as a wedge, and the scattering of the splinters adds much to the inflammation. So the dismal catalogue runs on.

The real horrors of war are played out to the utmost on the hospital pallet when the theatrical business is all over.

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An Appeal on behalf of Our Seamen.

FROM THE LARGER WORK, ENTITLED "OUR SEAMEN."

BY Samuel Plimsoll, M.P.

To which is Added

A Speech

Delivered in the House of Commons, March 4, 1873, By the Author, in Moving for a Royal Commission to Inquire into the Condition of the Mercantile Marine of the United Kingdom.

Also A NOTICE OF A SPEECH DELIVERED AT LEEDS, SUNDAY, MARCH 16.

London: Virtue and Co., 26, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row. 1873.

Price Four pence.

Introductory,

THE following is a portion of the Preface I wrote for the first edition of my book:—

"Everybody knows that there is a great loss of life on our coasts annually, and nearly everybody deploras it. I am sure that if the English public equally knew how much of this loss is preventible, and the means of preventing it, no long time would elapse before means would be taken to secure this end.

"It is with the view of giving this information, so as to enable each person who reads these pages to pronounce with decision upon this question, that this pamphlet is submitted to the public.

"I have kept steadily in mind the idea of writing to an individual, as otherwise I should not have had the courage to address the public in what (from its length alone) looks like a book. As to a portion of it, I (perhaps naturally) shrink a good deal from submitting it to the public. It seemed, however, in writing it, and still seems to me, to give weight to my testimony on behalf of the working men. I apologize to any of my friends who may feel annoyed, and who would doubtless have aided me had they known of the straits to which I was brought in the earlier part of my life in London; but I ask them to think what a grand and glorious thing it will be if, by any sacrifice, we can put a stop to the dreadful and the shameful waste of precious human life which is now going on.

"I thank all those gentlemen in the east, in the west, in the north, in the south, and in London, who have so greatly assisted me for some years in my inquiries, but they would not thank me if I thanked them by name. They are, however, one and all, longing to tell a Royal Commission all they have told to me—and more; for then they would speak under the protection of the law, whereas now they have to depend upon my discretion."

This sufficiently indicates my purpose. In a note appended to a cheap edition, which I was requested by many good friends of my cause in all parts of the country to allow to be published, I gratefully acknowledged the generous spirit in which my Appeal had been received, and recorded my confidence in publicity. This present abridgment, consisting of the Appeal only, without the evidence, is also printed to meet wishes that have been expressed to me with an urgency I do not feel myself at liberty to set aside.

The Appeal was published, as the date at the end of it shows, in January last. On the 4th of March I fulfilled the promise contained in it (see page 7), and moved for "a Royal Commission to inquire into the condition of the Mercantile Marine of the United Kingdom." In order to give greater completeness to this pamphlet, I have appended the speech I made upon that occasion.

The following passage from the earlier part of my book forms a fit introduction to the portion herein reproduced:—

"On occasion of one of my visits to a port in the north, I was met by a gentleman who knew what my errand there was likely to be, and he said, 'Oh, Mr. Plimsoll, you should have been here yesterday; a vessel went down the river so deeply loaded, that everybody who saw her expects to hear of her being lost. She was loaded under the personal directions of her owner, and the Captain himself said to me, "Isn't it shameful, sir, to send men with families to sea in a vessel loaded like that?" Poor fellow, it is much if ever he reaches port.'

"Mr. C——B——k said, as he saw her, 'That ship will never reach her destination.'

"Mr. J——B——said, 'She did not look to be more than 12 or 14 inches out of the water.'

"Mr. J——H——, a policeman, said to his colleague, 'Dear me! how deep she is!'

"Mr. W——B—— said to a friend standing by his side, 'Dear me! this vessel appears very deep in the water.'

"Mr. J——S—— said, 'It strikes me she is dangerously deep.'

"The Captain called on his friend, M. J——H——, who said he (the Captain) was greatly depressed in spirits. He told him (Mr. H——), 'that he' (the Captain) 'had measured her side loaded, and she was only 20 inches out of the water.' He also asked his friend to look after his (the Captain's) wife. Mr. H—— gave him some rockets in case of the worst, and then they shook hands and parted.

"J——N—— and C——, two workmen, said to each other, 'that they would not go in that ship if the owner would give them the ship.' And J——L——, another workman, said 'he'd rather go to prison than go in that ship;' and lastly, two of the wives of two of the sailors at least begged the owner 'not to send the vessel to sea so deep.'

"She was sent. The men were some of them threatened, and one at least had a promise of 10s. extra per month wages to induce him to go. As she steamed away, the police boat left her; the police had been aboard to overawe the men into going. As the police boat left her side, two of the men, deciding at the last moment that they would rather be taken to prison, hailed the police, and begged to be taken by them. The police said 'they could not interfere,' and the ship sailed. My friend was in great anxiety, and told me that if it came on to blow, the ship *could not* live.

"It did blow a good half gale all the day after, Sunday—the ship sailed on Friday. I was looking seaward from the promontory on which the ruins of T——Castle stand, with a heavy heart. The wind was not above force 7—nothing to hurt a well-found properly loaded vessel. I had often been out in much worse weather, but then this vessel was not properly loaded (and her owner stood to gain over £2,000 clear if she went down, by over-insurance), and I knew that there were many others almost as unfit as she was to encounter rough weather—ships so rotten that if they struck they would go to pieces at once, ships so overloaded that the sea would make a clean sweep over them, sending tons and tons of water into the hold every time, until the end came.

"On Monday, we heard of a ship in distress having been seen; rockets had been sent up by her; it was feared she was lost. On Tuesday, a name-board of a boat was picked up, and this was all that was ever heard of her."

S. P.

March, 1873.

An Appeal on Behalf of our Seamen.

NOW my task is nearly done.

I have shown you that what Mr. O'Dowd, the counsel of the Board of Trade, justly calls a "homicidal system," exists in our midst; that it is vain to look to underwriters for a remedy; that it is equally vain to expect it from the poor sailors themselves; that the ship-owners as a class have done all they can; and that, therefore, it is your duty, yours personally, and mine, to endeavour to apply a remedy.

I have also shown you that in extending to our fellow-men at sea the protection of the law we should not be setting a precedent, but should simply be following many precedents long established, only giving the sailors what we ashore have long enjoyed.

I have shown you the extent of the evil, examined its sources, distinguishing those requiring skilled treatment from those you can pronounce upon.

I have indicated to you the almost total change which will follow if we do our duty.

I have shown you how utterly groundless are all the objections urged against doing our simple duty; and, finally, that nearly all the ports are earnestly desirous of our assistance.

And now I'll tell you what I propose to do in the coming Session, and earnestly beg your assistance:—

I shall bring in a Bill providing for the compulsory survey of all merchant ships (the Newcastle proposal and mine are alike in effect, as you have seen), and providing also that no ship shall be allowed to proceed to sea overloaded, giving the ship-owner the choice of all existing scales, subject to approval by the Board of Trade.

Whether there will be a third clause, dealing with over-insurance, will depend upon the advice of practical men in the meantime. The sum for which a ship may fairly be assured must be a fixed sum per ton register, and the amount will necessarily vary with the ship's class, her age, rig, and material. It will be a work of time and

difficulty to arrange schedules dealing with this point. I shall seek the best practical aid available, and if the thing can be accomplished on going into it, in time—well; if not, my Bill will only deal with overloading and rottenness; except this point,—the master must be made to return the number of hands he has on board on proceeding to sea, with a view to future legislation, if it is found necessary.

I shall also move an Address to the Crown,

See p. 19.

praying Her Majesty to issue a Royal Commission to inquire into the other sources of loss I have referred to, and into the general subject; but we must not allow even the issue of such a commission to delay legislation if we can help it on these two points, on which we are as able to pronounce as any commission, namely,—That ships unseaworthy by reason of want of repair shall not be allowed to go to sea unrepaired; and that ships shall not be overloaded.

With reference to the first point, I have this day heard (Dec. 13, 1872) of a very bad case. The owners of a ship (I am not at liberty to mention her name or her owners) applied to Lloyd's to have her classed. She was surveyed, and reported to be in a bad condition, two or three material defects being obvious. Lloyd's Committee refused to give her any class in her then condition; the owners pressed—the matter was gone into again. The Committee referred again to the surveyor. He said in reply, "She is utterly unfit to go to sea, unless the defects (specified) are attended to." The owners refused to lay out any money; she was refused classification. She was loaded in London, and went on her voyage to cross the Atlantic.

Going down the Thames the crew became aware of her state, and at Deal refused to proceed on the voyage. They were landed and taken to prison, and subsequently sentenced, one and all, to a long term of imprisonment in the county gaol. Another crew was obtained somehow, and the ship went on her voyage, and while the one set of men were in gaol, all the others went to the bottom of the sea, for she was never heard of again. I can give all particulars to a Royal Commission, as well as of several other cases, all of them just as bad.

Now you who read these pages—somebody *shall* read them, if I have to give away the whole edition—will you help me to put these things right? If you will, whether man or woman, write me just a line to 16, St. James's Street, London, S.W., to say so, and I will then say how you best can do so. There is little reason, I fear, for thinking my correspondence will be too heavy for me, for no one seems to care for the sailors; but write, and I shall be able, I dare say, to say what is best to be done in your case.

If our sailors were as bad as bad can be, if their labour was of no use to any of us, that would surely be no reason for permitting such a "homicidal system" (Mr. O'Dowd) to continue; but they are not bad, they are as brave and manly fellows as any class ashore, and they have wives and families to deplore and suffer for their loss.

I would with all my heart and soul that I possessed the eloquence of Bright, the graphic power of MM. Erckmann-Chatrion, to use in their behalf, for then you would surely be moved to action; but I have not, yet I may tell you why I feel so strongly on their behalf. If the lives of nearly a thousand of our ministers of religion, or of our lawyers, or of our doctors, or of our public men were sacrificed every year, to what a Government officer described as a "homicidal system," to pure and most culpable neglect, what would be said? All England would ring with indignation at the outrage; yet I venture to say, and I say it conscientiously, believing it to be true, that any thousand of what is called the working classes are as worthy of respect and affection as any of these. If honesty, if strong aversion to idleness, if tenderness to wife and children, if generosity to one another in adversity, and if splendid courage are claims to respect, I am not sure that, taking them as a whole, you can find these moral qualities in equal degree in any other class.

I don't wish to disparage the rich, but I think it may be reasonably doubted whether these qualities are so fully developed in them; for, notwithstanding that not a few of them are not unacquainted with the claims, reasonable and unreasonable, of poor relations, these qualities are not in such constant exercise; and riches seem in so many cases to smother the manliness of their possessors, and their sympathies become not so much narrowed as, so to speak, stratified—they are reserved for the sufferings of their own class, and the woes of those above them. They seldom tend downwards much, and they are far more likely to admire an act of high courage, like that of the engine-driver who saved his passengers lately from an awful collision by cool courage, than to admire the constantly exercised fortitude and the tenderness which are the daily characteristics of a British workman's life.

You may doubt this. I once should have done so myself, but I have shared their lot; I have lived with them. For months and months I lived in one of the model lodging-houses, established mainly by the efforts of Lord Shaftesbury—there is one in Fetter Lane, another in Hatton Garden, and indeed they are scattered all over London. I went there simply because I could not afford a better lodging. I have had to make 7s. 9 1/2d. (3s. of which I paid for my lodging) last me a whole week, and did it. It is astonishing how little you can live on, when you divest yourself of all fanciful needs. I had plenty of good wheat bread to eat all the week, and the half of a herring for a relish (loss will do if you can't afford half, for it is a splendid fish), and good coffee to drink; and I

know how much, or rather how little, roast shoulder of mutton you can get for *2d.* for your Sunday's dinner. Don't suppose I went there from choice—I went of stern necessity (and this was promotion too), and I went with strong shrinking, with a sense of suffering great humiliation, regarding my being there as a thing to be carefully kept secret from all my old friends. In a word, I considered it only less degrading than spunging upon friends, or borrowing what I saw no chance of ever being able to pay.

Now what did I see there? I found the workmen considerate for each other. I found that they would go out (those who were out of employment) day after day, and patiently trudge miles and miles seeking employment, returning night after night unsuccessful and dispirited; only, however, to sally out the following morning with renewed determination. They would walk incredibly long distances, to places where they heard of a job of work; and this not for a few days, but for many, many days. And I have seen such a man sit down wearily by the fire (we had a common room for sitting and cooking everything), with a hungry, despondent look—he had not tasted food all day—and accosted by another, scarcely less poor than himself, with "Here, mate, get this into thee," handing him at the same time a piece of bread and some cold meat, and afterwards some coffee; and adding, "Better luck to-morrow; keep up your pecker." And all this without any idea that they were practising the most splendid patience, fortitude, courage, and generosity I had ever seen. You would hear them talk of absent wife and children sometimes—these in a distant workhouse (trade was very bad then)—with expressions of affection, and the hope of seeing them again soon; although the one was irreverently alluded to as "my old woman," and the latter as "the kids."

I very soon got rid of miserable self-pity there, and came to reflect that Dr. Livingstone would probably be thankful for good wheat bread; and, if the bed was of flock and hay, and the sheets of cotton, that better men than I in the Crimea (the war was going on then) would think themselves very lucky to have as good; and then, too, I began to reflect, that, when you come to think of it, such as these men were, so were the vast majority of the working classes; that the idle and the drunken we see about public-houses are but a small minority of them, made to appear more because public-houses are all put in such places; that the great bulk are at home—for the man who has to be at work at six in the morning can't stay up at night; he is in bed early, and is as I found my fellow-inmates. Now just consider: do you not—unconsciously, it may well be—still, do you not sometimes, in thinking of working men, picture those, few though they be, you see late at night about public-houses; not exclusively, perhaps, but rather more than of the ninety and nine who are at home with their families, recruiting their physical strength for the morrow's work? Well, it was impossible to indulge self-pity in circumstances like these, and, emulous of the genuine manhood all around me, I set to work again; for what might not be done with youth and health? and simply by preparing myself rather more thoroughly for my business than had previously been considered necessary, I was soon strong enough to live more in accordance with my previous life, and am now able to speak a true word for the genuine men I left behind, simply because my dear parents had given no greater advantages than these men had had. But I did not leave all at once. I wanted to learn the lesson well; and, though I went reluctantly, I remained voluntarily, because the kindly feelings I took with me had changed into hearty respect and admiration, and I was busy thinking, for some things I thought I knew before appeared in a new and different aspect—for instance, I knew when the explosion took place at the Warren Vale Colliery, that, as a member of the relief committee formed in Sheffield, I had found that the claims upon the funds had not been limited to the wives and children of the poor men killed; but we found that in several instances the men killed had supported widowed mothers, and in others younger brothers and sisters, who had with themselves been deprived of fathers by some preceding accident. And, again, at the Lund Hill explosion this was the case too—nearly one-third of the men killed, as the respective committees can testify, were thus supporting relations others than wife or child.

Have you reflected what this is? Rich men, even comfortably-to-do men, do this, I don't doubt. But consider the difference; in one case it is simply signing a cheque, and mayhap leaving rather less behind him; in the other, it is perhaps having rather less to spend on what, after all, perhaps is fore gone without any personal discomfort; but in the case of the collier every shilling thus spared means more than an hour's hard work, lying nearly naked on his side in a solitary benk or heading far away from the pit-bottom, with his life literally in the keeping of each one of all the many men working in the pit.

I also thought a little more of the subscriptions of the men I had generally managed at the brewery where I was employed before I came to London to seek my fortune. And the more I thought, the more I wondered at the readiness with which men earning *16s.* per week, and a cottage, and having a wife, and, in some cases, five and seven children, would spare *1s.* each to help a dead comrade's widow, or *6d.* to help a fellow-workman to defray the extra expense of a funeral in his family. Fancy what a sum *1s.* is in such circumstances!

I thought, too, of the wonderful courage—more: of the real and wonderful heroism of the working men in circumstances of peril—deadly peril—at Edmund's Main Colliery explosion, when nearly two hundred men perished. After the first explosion, and a second was expected every moment, there was some doubt whether all in the pit were killed. "Who volunteers to go down to search?" is asked. Instantly, and without any knowledge

apparently that the act was out of the common way, three times the number of men wanted stepped forward and went down. They never came up again alive, poor fellows, for a second explosion came, and the brave and gallant men, though their faces and hands wore black, vindicated their courage with their lives.

Again, when the last explosion took place at the Oaks Colliery, and it was thought some might be living below, when my dear friend, Parkin Jeffcock, held up his hand, and said, "Well, lads, who goes down WITH me?" (that's the place of an English gentleman), more than double the number he wanted quickly stepped out of the crowd. God help me, I fear I should not have the like courage in like circumstances, for a second explosion was so imminent that, having selected his men, the rest were ordered to fall back from the pit's mouth, lest they should be blown into the air. You know they never came up again. Poor fellows! Poor Jeffcock! it was a death worthy of envy, almost as much as Cobden's life was.

Who forgets Joe Rodgers, the plain seaman, who, with a thin cord made fast to his body, sprang from the deck of the *Royal Charter*, on the chance that he might be dashed on the shore with life enough to establish the line which was stretched from ship to shore, and which saved nearly forty lives? or the sailor who, when the Sailors' Home, which the late Prince Albert assisted to build in Liverpool, was ablaze, and the ladders were all too short to reach the highest floor, where the sailors were shut up by the fire, took one ladder, with the bottom rung resting on the bend of his right arm, and, pushing it up before him, mounted to the top of another, and thus, at the extreme peril of his own life (for had the imprisoned sailors not come down one at once all would have been killed), saved the lives of five men?

Can we forget the common soldiers, too, who, when the *Birkenhead* was lost, went down to death, shoulder to shoulder, having to the last kept their ranks to form a pathway of safety for the women and children?

Remember the *Sarah Sands*, too. Death seems robbed of all its horror when it is accompanied by glories like these. And now, tell me if I have not reason when I say that I absolutely glory in the working men, and aspire no higher than to merit equal respect with them. Yes, before I left my friends—for such we became at the model lodging-house—I had learned to feel as well as to know that—

*"Honour and shame from no condition rise :
Act well your part—there all the honour lies;"*

and had also become more fully aware than I was before, how great and how glorious a thing it is to be born an Englishman. And yet these are the men we leave, shamefully leave, to perish by the dozen, by the score, without an effort to save them—allow them to perish from causes which could be remedied before the winter of 1873, and yet make no effort.

Do you want to know more about the sort of men who thus are cut off in their full manhood? Do you want to know how their loss is felt? Come with me a few minutes, and I'll show you. The initials are all strictly correct, both those indicating names and also those giving addresses, and I can produce all the people. In this house, No. 9, L——11 Street, lives Mrs. A——r R——e. Look at her; she is not more than two or three-and-twenty, and those two little ones are hers. She has a mangle you see. It was subscribed for by her poor neighbours—the poor are very kind to each other. That poor little fellow has hurt his foot, and looks wonderingly at the tearful face of his young mother. She had a loving husband but very lately; but the owner of the ship, the S——n, on which he served, was a very needy man, who had insured her for nearly £3,000 more than she had cost him; so, if she sank, he would gain all this. Well, one voyage she was loaded *under the owner's personal superintendence*; she was loaded so deeply that the dock-master pointed her out to a friend as she left the dock, and said emphatically, "That ship will never reach her destination." She never did, but was lost with all hands, twenty men and boys. A——R——complained to her before she sailed, that the ship was "so deep loaded." She tried to get to the sands to see the ship off with Mrs. S——r, whose husband also was on board. They never saw their husbands again.

In this most evil-smelling room E——Q——, C——Street, you may see in the corner two poor women in one bed, stricken with fever (one died two days after I saw them), mother and daughter. The husband of the daughter, who maintained them both, had been lost at sea a little while before—with a ship so loaded that when Mr. B——l, a Custom-House officer, who had to go on board for some reason as she was lying in the river, on asking whereabouts the ship was, was told, "She's yonder; you can easily find her; she's nearly over t' head in water." Mr. B——I told me, "I asked no questions, but stepped on board. This description was quite sufficient."

Mrs. R——s, 14, H——n Place, told me her young brother was an orphan with herself. She and her sister had brought him up until she was married. Then her husband was kind to him, and apprenticed him to the sea. He had passed as second mate in a sailing ship; but (he was a fine young fellow : I have his portrait) he was ambitious to "pass in steam" also; engaged to serve in the S——ship, leaking badly, but was assured on signing that she was to be repaired before loading. The ship was not repaired, and was loaded, as he told his

sister-mother, "like a sand-barge." Was urged by his sister, and also her husband, not to go. His sister again urged him, as he passed her bedroom door in the morning, not to go. He promised he wouldn't, and went to the ship to get the wages due to him. Was refused payment unless he went; was over-persuaded, and threatened, and called a coward, which greatly excited him. He went; and two days afterwards the ship went down.

Her husband, Mr. R——s, also told me that he and his wife "had a bit crack," and decided to do all they could to "persuade Johnnie not to go." The young man was about twenty-two.

Mr. J——H——I told me that the captain was his friend, and the captain was very "down-hearted about the way she was loaded" (mind, she was loaded under the owner's personal supervision). The captain asked him (Mr. A——) to see his wife off by train after the ship had sailed. She, poor soul! had travelled to that port to see him off. Captain said to him, "I doubt I'll never see her more!" and burst out crying. Poor fellow! he never did see her more.

Now come with me to 36, C——Street, and see Mrs. J——s R——e. She is a young woman of superior intelligence, and has a trustable face—very. She may be about twenty-seven. She lost her husband in the same ship. He was thirty years of age, and, to use her own words, "such a happy creature, full of his jokes." He was engaged as second engineer at £110s. and board. "After his ship was loaded he was a changed man, he got his tea without saying a word, and then sat looking into the fire in a deep study like. I asked him what hailed him, and he said, more to himself than me, 'She's such a beast!' I thought he meant the men's place was dirty, as he had complained before that there was nowhere for the men to wash. He liked to be clean, my husband, and always had a good wash when he came home from the workshop, when he worked ashore. So I said, 'Will you let me come aboard to clean it for ye?' and he said, still looking at the fire, 'It isn't that.' Well, he hadn't signed, only agreed, so I said, 'Don't sign, Jim;' and he said he wouldn't, and went and told the engineer he shouldn't go. The engineer 'spoke so kindly to him,' and offered him 10s. a month more. He'd had no work for a long time, and the money was tempting," she said, "so he signed. When he told me, I said, 'Oh! Jim, you won't go, will you?' He said, 'Why, hinnie, hinnie, they'll put me in gaol if I don't.' I said, 'Never mind, ye can come home after that.' 'But,' said he, 'they'll call me a coward, and ye wouldn't like to hear me called that.'"

The poor woman was crying very bitterly, so I said gently, "I hope you won't think I'm asking all these questions from idle curiosity;" and I shall never forget her quick disclaimer, for she saw that I was troubled with her—

"On no, sir, I am glad to answer you; for so many homes might be spared being made desolate if it was only looked into."

I ascertained that she is now "getting a bit winning for a livelihood," as my informant phrased it (of course I was not so rude as to ask her that), by sewing for a ready-made clothes shopkeeper. She was in a small garret, with a sloping roof, and the most modest fireplace I ever saw—just three bits of iron laid from side to side of an opening in the brick-work, and two more up the front; no chimney-piece, or jambs, or stone across the top, but just the bricks laid nearer and nearer until the courses united. So I don't fancy she could be earning much. But with the very least money value in the place, it was as beautifully clean as I ever saw a room in my life.

I saw also Mrs. W——ks, of 78, B——d Street, who had lost her son, Henry W——ks, aged twenty-two. She too cried bitterly as she spoke with *such* love and pride of her son, and of the grief of his father, who was sixty years of age. Her son was taken on as stoker, and worked in the ship some days before she was ready for sea. He didn't want to go then, when he saw how she was loaded; but they refused to pay him the money he had earned unless he went; and he too was lost with all the others.

Just one more specimen of the good, true, and brave men we sacrifice by our most cruel and manslaughtering neglect, and then I will go on to the next part of my subject.

This time I went to 17, D——h Street, and called upon old J——n P——r, and after apologizing for intruding upon his grief, I asked him if he had any objection to telling me whether his son had had any misgivings about the ship before he went. He said, "Yes. I went to see the ship myself, and I was horrified to see the way she was loaded. She looked like a floating wreck; and I tried all I could to persuade him not to go; but he'd been doing nothing for a long time, and he didn't like being a burden on me. He'd a fine 'sperrit,' sir, had my son," said the poor old man.

Here a young woman I had not observed (she was in a corner, with her face to the wall) broke out into loud sobs, and said, "He was the best of us all, sir—the best in the whole family. He was as fair as a flower, vah-y canny-looking."

Oh! my God! my God! what can I say, what can I write, to make the people take thought on this terrible wrong?

I tell you, you who read these lines, if you are a man, you deserve to perish suddenly, lacking sympathy and succour in your hour of utmost need, and leaving your nearest and dearest only the cold charity of the world to depend upon—for this is how sailors die—if you don't help. If you are a wife, you deserve that your husband should be taken from you without warning, and that to the anguish of bereavement should be added the material

miseries of hunger and destitution—for this is how sailors' wives suffer—if you do not help. If you are a father, descending it may be into the vale of years, with sons strong and brave, the pride and support of your age, you deserve that they should suddenly perish with no hand to help them, leaving your remaining years uncheered by one filial greeting—for so the fathers of sailors are bereaved—if you do not help. If you are a mother, you deserve that your son should be taken from you in the pride of his young manhood, if you don't help to stop this homicidal, this manslaughtering, this widow-and-orphan manufacturing system.

Fellow Christians, have you nothing to say to this? Do you think that there are no religious sailors—no followers of our common Lord and Saviour amongst them? Oh, but you are greatly mistaken. There is more true religion amongst miners and sailors than you are aware.

Don't you recollect the miner at the Hartley accident who slid down the guide-rods, knowing he could not get up again for days it might be, that he might pray with and for his companions who were below the broken engine-beam, and who could never more see the light?

Do you forget the loving husband who in that horrible pit, face to face with death, scratched with his knife on a breakfast can a message of love to his wife Sarah?

I have been aboard a ship when the sailors were holding a service in the fore-castle, a single lamp swinging from the deck beam, and wild rough weather without, making you hold on to a pillar to stand, and this was the order of it. They commenced by singing Toplady's beautiful hymn, which solaced good Prince Albert when he lay on his all-too-early death-bed—

*"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."*

Then followed the reading of a chapter and prayer. Then this hymn—

*"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,
The darkness thickens, Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me."*

Then the big, bluff captain, with the Union Jack for cover, and a hogshead on end for a reading-desk, gave a short, earnest sermon from—"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me;" and then they concluded with the hymn—

*"One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend,"*

and I well remember their singing the verse—

*"Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?"*

and wondering how it was that these brave men were so entirely friendless—how it was that they alone of British subjects should have been abandoned to the tender mercies of unchecked irresponsibility—of competition run mad.

Have you no word to say when you are shown, on evidence you *cannot* doubt, that your fellow Christians are sent down to death, and their wives made widows, their children fatherless, when you could prevent it by the simple expression of your will? Oh! shame, shame! how will you answer to the Master for it, when you and they stand at length before Him?

Fellow Loyalists,—You who are thankful for the inestimable blessings of a settled government, and who are unwilling that this glorious England of ours should incur the tremendous loss of dignity which would ensue from having the highest person in the nation subjected to all the abuse which malignity and falsehood can allege or invent, every four years, and who are, besides being loyal, deeply attached to our good Queen: I call upon you to help, for I feel absolutely sure she would, if she should ever hear how the matter stands. You cannot forget how she telegraphed, day after day, while there was any hope of rescuing the poor men who were

interred alive in the Hartley Colliery.

Working men, is it nothing to you that your fellow-workmen, fathers of families, men to whom life is as dear as it is to yourselves, men who have committed no fault, should thus shamefully be neglected? should thus be drowned by the dozen and the score to make a few bad men richer?—and that their needless deaths should not elicit an inquiry into the cause of it? I hate to appeal to class feelings or prejudices, but class jealousy can only be allayed by justice, not by ignoring murderous wrong; and I ask, seriously and sadly, can any one doubt but that, if these brave men had been pigs or sheep, the Legislature had long since been compelled by powerful advocates to stop such losses? Pigs and sheep are property, and property is well represented in Parliament; but these—why, they are only our poor brothers, and no one speaks for them.

You who are members of societies can help best by calling upon your secretaries to organize a public meeting or demonstration in favour of the passing of the Merchant Shipping Survey Bill this Session. Do this, if you are men.

I do not wish to represent Parliament as indifferent to the interests of working men. On the contrary, it is impossible to contemplate the fiscal legislation of the past twenty years without gratefully acknowledging on their behalf its unselfish, nay, more, its self-denying character; but, when no pressing demand is made for the remedy of social wrong, its removal is postponed to those matters which are pressed. Parliament will act readily enough if people out of doors make it a prominent question; and so thoroughly am I satisfied on this point, that I begin to doubt whether I was right in trying to get into Parliament with the object of getting this done. It seems to me at least doubtful whether I should not have done better to have endeavoured to rouse people out of doors to the urgency of the matter. At any rate, on this I have decided, that if, during the coming Session, I again fail to obtain at least a Royal Commission to inquire into the subject, I will restore to my constituents the high trust they confided to me, and will then, as God may help me, and with such fellow-workers as I may find, go from town to town, and tell the story of the sailors' wrongs. For, if the working men of Sheffield, Leeds, Birmingham, and Manchester only demand justice for these poor men, the thing is done. The working men of Derby have done their part, for when, moved by the sailors' wrongs, I asked them to send me to Parliament to seek for justice, they sent me by over 2,000 majority.

Gentlemen of the Press,—Your great power and influence have always been exercised on behalf of the oppressed. Nor has their inability to even thank you stayed the generous exercise of your power, else one might despair of these men, for they are politically perfectly helpless; they can neither threaten a ministry nor offer a contingent to the opposition; they are not even your supporters as readers, for, divided into small groups of a dozen or a score, they spend their lives for the most part far away at sea, and know not, even if they were able to invoke it, how great is the help you can give them. This will not render you less willing to help them, their case understood, and I have diligently done my poor best to gather for you the materials for forming a judgment on it.

Help them, then, I pray you, and you too shall be helped by the recollection of your brotherly aid when that hour comes when you will need the help of Him that sticketh closer than a brother. Consider how not only are the sailors' lives sacrificed, not only are many, very many of their wives made widows, but what a clouded life all their wives lead from well-grounded and constant apprehension, which, deeply depressing at all times, knows no other variation than the quick agony into which those apprehensions are aroused whenever the wind rises oven to a moderate gale.

Whoever you are who read this, help the poor sailors, for the love of God. If you are a man of influence, call a meeting and confer on this Appeal; if you are not, and will write to mo, I will try to show you how to help.

If you refuse—but this I cannot think—but if you refuse or neglect to use your influence, before another year has run its course at least five hundred—five hundred men!—now in life, will strew the bottom of the sea with their dead, unburied, unresting bodies, and desolation and woe will have entered many and many a now happy home; but if you do render your help, we can secure such life-preserving activity in precautionary measures that the sailor will have no fear; and then the storms of winter may come, but with good tight ships under them, and sound gear to their hands, their own strong arms and stout hearts can do the rest; and as after a night of storm and tempest, which but for your fraternal care would have overwhelmed them in death and sent bereavement and anguish into their humble homes, they reach their desired haven, weary and worn it may be, but still safe—chilled to the marrow, but still alive—the blessings of those who are ready to perish shall be yours: nor shall there be lacking to you those richer blessings promised by the Great Father of us all, to those who visit the widow and fatherless, for that, to the high and the noble and the sacred duty of visiting them in their affliction, you have preferred the higher, the nobler, and the yet more sacred duty of saving women and children from so sad a fate.

Samuel Plimsoll.

A Speech

Delivered in the House of Commons, March 4, 1873,

By Samuel Plimsoll,

In Moving for a Royal Commission to Inquire into the Condition of the Mercantile Marine of the United Kingdom.

ALSO A NOTICE OF A SPEECH DELIVERED AT LEEDS, SUNDAY,
MARCH 16.

A Speech

Delivered in the House of Commons, March 4, 1873.

SIR,

If I were as competent to speak as I am to work for and to sympathize with the maritime population of this country, I should make a speech which would not be unworthy even of this House; unfortunately, however, I am not, and am even less able to speak in this presence than to assemblies in other places.

I trust, therefore, Sir, that the House will accord to me its indulgence whilst I endeavour to lay before it a few facts, out of many, upon which I shall found a motion for an Address to the Crown, even though my statement of facts and arguments should not be as clear as other statements to which it is accustomed to listen.

I will do my best to avoid, on the one hand, leaving my statements unsupported, and, on the other hand, overlaying my subject with a redundancy of proof.

Before I proceed, one observation further. I wish to guard myself against being understood, in any strictures or remarks which I may use, as applying them to the whole of the ship-owners of this kingdom—nothing can be further from my intention than that. I simply wish to describe practices which prevail amongst a part, and, as I believe, but a small part, of those ship-owners.

Sir, considering the amount of general knowledge which prevails now on this important subject, I shall not consider it necessary to arrange my subject into as many divisions as a full treatment of it would require, and then support each by appropriate proof: I shall rest my case upon a general statement of the law as it affects this matter—supported by quotations from letters.

My statement is that the law will not prevent mo nor any one else from building a ship of any dimensions which fancy or caprice may dictate.

That the law will not prevent me from using timber altogether insufficient in scantling and unsuitable in quality in building that ship.

That the law will not prevent me from building an iron ship in any way I please, and of so-called steel plates of such a quality that a strong man with a heavy hammer could knock a hole in them—plates, in point of fact, little better than cast metal.

That the law will not prevent me, having selected a design for a flush-deck iron steamer, and having had the ship so constructed, from building upon her, after she is launched, a poop, 120 feet long, then adding a top-gallant fore-castle 50 feet long, then uniting the two roofs and calling it a hurricane-deck, and then putting upon the latter donkey-engines, steam-cranes, and other gear, in such a way as to provoke the strongest representations that I had simply built one ship upon another, and that the whole must certainly founder the first time she encounters half a gale of wind and a beam sea.

That the law will not prevent me, urged by competition, from cutting a vessel in two, adding 50 or 70 or any other number of feet to her length amidships, without any diagonal bracing, any doubling of plates, any additional bulkheads, or any of those appliances which a competent naval architect would think necessary.

That the law will not prevent me from keeping my ship at sea in a state of unrepair, fraught with the highest peril to those on board—keeping her at sea until she is 70, 80, 90, 100, or even more years old—from keeping her at sea in fact when she is so utterly rotten that if she takes the ground or touches a rock she must inevitably go to pieces with quick and sudden destruction.

That the law will not interfere to prevent my loading a ship, no matter of what class or kind, with an amount of cargo that shall sink her deck within a couple of feet of the water, and sending her to sea in a condition which not merely excites the forebodings of all on board, but gives rise to many condemnatory remarks on the part of those who see her set forth.

That the law will not interfere to prevent me, having built steamers for what is called canal and general cargo traffic, from sending them across the Atlantic and loading them with grain in bulk, a most dangerous cargo, and requiring ships of extraordinary tightness and strength to carry in safety; because, should there be the slightest leakage, the grain absorbs the moisture and swells, and the bursting force thus accumulated beneath the superincumbent weight of the cargo may be easily judged of when we consider the familiar illustration that is afforded in the fact, that, if you lay a flag-stone upon a stool of crocuses or snowdrops in the spring, the vital forces which the spring sets in operation will lift the stone so as to enable them to get forth.

That the law will not prevent me from so overtaking the engine-power of my vessel as to load from 17 to 19 tons cargo per horse-power, a fair load per horse-power not being more than from 12 to 13 tons; and so overtaking the human power on board as to sail a steam-vessel of over 2,000 tons from a foreign port for England with only eight deck-hands on board, three only of whom were able seamen and competent to understand the orders which were given to them.

And, lastly, that the law provides for the measurement of ships in such a way as distinctly to encourage the building of ships of an unsafe character, inasmuch as, if you cover your ship from end to end with a hurricane-deck, which will enable the vessel to throw off the seas, you make her liable to considerably increased charges—as tonnages, dues, &c.; which additional charges you altogether escape if you build merely a long poop and a forecastle, thus leaving the engine-hatches and apertures leading to the fire-hole open like a funnel to receive every sea which washes on board.

If then, Sir, all this is true, and the law does not interfere to prevent practices like these, the state of things which might be anticipated, even without experience of their effects, would be ample reason why an inquiry should be instituted, with a view to the establishment of a better system.

But, Sir, we are not left to *à priori* reasoning on this subject. We have a great mass of evidence of the saddest and most melancholy character to show that the results which might have been anticipated have followed.

The statements which occur with such distressing frequency in the Board of Trade Returns, and the statements which have been so repeatedly made in the Magazine of the Lifeboat Institution, and those which are repeated on every hand by papers published in our seaport towns, constitute what I may call general proof in support of my statement.

I should, however, I think, make a mistake if I did not submit to the House one or two special instances which have come to my knowledge even within the past few days.

This letter reached me February 27th:—

"I was brought up at a seaport town, and was twelve years in a shipbuilding and repairing yard; six years of the time I acted as outside superintendent, so that I had abundant opportunity of noticing the sort of 'coffins' in which sailors are often sent to sea.—being a depot for the North, there are two important trades carried on, viz., coal and wood. The coal, at least until three years ago (when I left), was principally carried on by small merchants. They employed schooners, brigantines, and brigs to carry coal from the Scotch and English ports; very few of these vessels were classed, and the majority were equipped in the most miserable way. One merchant whom I could name lost two or three vessels every year, and, generally, all hands with the vessels. He has often been known to send his vessels to sea without proper ground-gear, in order that the captains would have to beat a passage, and not take an intermediate port. I have seen dozens of such vessels that could not be properly caulked, the planks being so rotten that pieces of wood had to be driven in the seams; and if a piece of plank was taken out, no timbers or frames could be found to fasten it to, a plate of iron having to be laid on the ceiling or inside skin for this purpose. Then, again, the running gear as a rule was perfectly rotten—rotten masts, spars, and sails, and miserable cabins and forecastles: these vessels would make a passage across Channel in the middle of winter, with, perhaps, eighteen inches of side above water. The timber ships are employed running to North America; many of these vessels have no character or class, and their hulls are just as bad as the coal schooners. The timber ships have generally to bring home heavy deck loads, and you are well aware of the number of such vessels that are lost annually.—being a very handy place for wind-bound and distressed vessels, I had many chances of seeing vessels which had put into the port leaky, carrying all sorts of cargoes—salt, pig-iron, rails, &c. These cargoes are very severe on old ships; often the crews have

mutinied, or, more properly speaking, refused to proceed in the ships, having regard for their own safety, and very often they were imprisoned for doing so.

"I may add that I have no interest, at least pecuniarily, in this matter now, as I am in quite a different trade; but I know that you are right, although you may encounter a great deal of opposition. I am sure that my old master, who is still a ship-builder and repairer, would give you every information he could in a private way. I have written this letter on the impulse of the moment, so that I beg you will excuse any irregularities. If you wish to make a strong case, you have only to visit the seaports to find out for yourself, as I am sure there is an abundance of evidence."

Then the next letter I would submit to the House is as follows:—"The British steamer _____, 305 tons gross, 193 tons net, 35 horse-power, launched August, 1872, owned by _____. Left _____ for _____, 27th December, 1872, with 360 tons pig-iron. Arrived at _____ with difficulty. Left Sunday, 2nd February last, with about 415 tons of wheat on board. Barely got out of the port, the weather being stormy, when she became disabled in her machinery, got down her anchors, and hung on them till they parted in a few hours, and about 3 P.M. (Sunday) went ashore and was broken up. Of the crew (eleven in number) three only were saved. When the captain's body came ashore it had two wounds near the heart, which, being examined by a surgeon, led to the conclusion that he had committed suicide in his cabin before the completion of the wreck."

Lloyd's agent at _____, writes, under date February, 1873:—"I was informed by _____, an Englishman, representative of Messrs. _____, the shippers of the cargo, that the master appeared to be vexed by a letter received, on arriving to load, from the owners of the vessel _____, as to the length of time of the passage. He explained to _____ that the engines were entirely the cause of the delay. The vessel and engines being new, he said that the latter required an entire overhauling to be cleaned out, as the valves were probably choked, and that they had experienced a good deal of difficulty with them on starting from _____, but that the vessel was never sufficiently long in port to give a proper overhauling. Again, putting to sea on the Sunday when storm signals were hoisted at the head of the harbour, knowing the engines to be defective, must have been considered a most imprudent act. But had he remained in port the vessel would have been neaped (detained by neap tides) for about ten days, to the prejudice of the owners and shippers, and for which he probably would have lost the command of the vessel. I think, therefore, that these reasons, with the fearful position of the moment, may possibly have instigated the act."

I will now read part of another letter: "A few months ago a crew refused to go to sea, alleging the unseaworthiness of the ship as their reason—they were sentenced to three months' imprisonment; another crew was obtained, and the ship left, and went as far as Milford, when the second crew refused to go any further; a survey was ordered, and the ship condemned. Of course the first crew was then released, but, I presume, no compensation was given them for their unjust imprisonment, and I am told that they lost their clothes, which remained in the ship, when they went to prison. I presume this fact can be obtained from the records of the Board of Trade. I hesitate to burden you with these statements, as I fear you have similar cases *ad nauseam*; should it, however, be in my power in any way to help in putting a stop to the fearful state of things now existing, I shall only be too glad to do so."

Then the next letter is: "My dear Sir—You have made a move in the cause of humanity for which you deserve immortal credit. I have not seen your book, but I read a review of it in the *Times* with the deepest interest. Cases have occurred where delinquents have been executed for murder who deserved the gallows less than the monied barbarians who have sent overladen ships to sea. I send you enclosed an illustration of the justice of my statement. But to judge accurately of the disgraceful case, you shall read the evidence on the inquiry. It was proved that the decks were so laden with bales of cotton that the crew had to stand and walk on the top of them so as to manage the ship, and Mr.——, a ship-owner, examined for the defence, *swore* that the higher the bales were piled the more it conduced to safety, as if the ship went down the crew and passengers would have a better chance of escaping."

The next letter, which I will read a portion of, describes a case which in magnitude is of frequent and in character of every-day occurrence:—

"Scarcely a second day passes but the Police Court here encounters cases of 'refusing to proceed to sea.' Many occur through the vice of local crimps, but as many perhaps result from the resolve of seamen not to be hastened to a sure and certain death in rotten or overladen ships. Some three weeks since some men were charged with 'refusing to proceed;' a local shipbuilder and owner surveyed, no doubt for the purpose of conviction, and swore the ship was fit for sea. The men were all but sentenced, but justice happened to halt; a remand occurred; a qualified person surveyed immediately; swore the vessel was not fit for sea, and, lo! the men escaped the punishment which perjury or incompetence, perhaps both, would have inflicted upon them, and probably, in the then state of the weather, they escaped the inevitable doom so often forced upon seamen. The other fact is this—a local iron firm of brothers were engaged to remove and repair the shaft of a large

steamer; it had been bent, and cracked, and was totally unfit for use. Being removed and examined, nothing could be done but cutting off the injured part, but the authorities of the ship would not hear of it; it was patched up, but the wound was dangerous as ever. These brothers remarked that it was a scandal to take a ship to sea with such a shaft—'they would not go to sea in her for all the world.' She was bound for America, and they remarked 'if she does get there she will never return.' She did get there, but never returned, and her history was obliterated in the dark and secret sea. No inquiry followed! no record of her fate! no sympathy! her crew, I believe, were erased from life as if they had never lived, but the widow and the orphan's moans were heard in Heaven, where these Pharisees will some day be called to judgment! As to evidence, these gentlemen, the officers of Customs, pilots, and men who stow the coal and iron cargoes, could give invaluable and conclusive testimony. and should be called throughout the kingdom, while the gentlemen who related the incident of the broken shaft are prepared to swear to its truth."

That extract, Sir, will complete my statement of the case. It will be seen by the House, that, as now stated by me, I have limited myself to extracts from official documents and eases which have come to my knowledge within the last few days.

I have done this advisedly, for the purpose of avoiding the introduction of controversial matter.

I will now ask the House to consider with me for a moment the extent of the mischief which has resulted from the state of things which I have endeavoured to describe.

I have endeavoured to get at the total loss of life recorded in the *Wreck Register* of the Board of Trade, but the totals are so distributed as to make this very difficult, and I am not even now sure that I have the whole; at any rate I am able to assure the House that the total annual loss for the following four years is not less than I now give the figures for:—

or 2,754 per annum on the average.

I will next ask the House to consider with me for a moment the king of men that are thus drowned in such appalling numbers; and will, for this purpose, confine myself to entries which I find in the Blue Books issued by the Board of Trade—of opinions not uttered by Englishmen, but by the agents of foreign governments, who have been struck with admiration at the heroism and self-denial and humane feeling of our seamen at various times.

The Blue Books of each year are crowded with instances of the same character as those of which I will read to the House a very few.

In the Blue Book for the year 1861, at page 81, it will be found that 12 Englishmen, whose names are given, were rewarded by the French government each with a silver medal, for rescuing, at great risk, the crew of the French galleot *L Anemone*, of Nantes.

The same page records that a gold medal was given to an Englishman for rescuing, with much risk, the survivor of the ship *Courier*, of Dieppe.

The very next entry is that of the master of the *Perthshire Lassie*, who was rewarded with a gold medal for rescuing, with much difficulty, the crew of a French ship.

Further down we find that an Englishman was rewarded with a binocular glass for rescuing the crew of a French ship, *L' Aimable Virginie*, and treating them with much kindness for thirteen days.

In the same page fourteen Englishmen were each rewarded by the French Government with a silver medal for attempting, at the risk of their lives, to rescue the crew of the French ship *Trois SŒurs*.

These instances might be quoted *ad infinitum*.

In the *Wreck Register* of 1865 it is recorded that two Englishmen were rewarded by the Government of the Netherlands for their gallant and humane conduct in rescuing the crew of a steamer which was in danger.

I should weary the House if I were merely to attempt to read a tithe of these cases; to read them in the Blue Books is deeply interesting, and makes us very proud of our countrymen; but, although I will not trouble the House with any more special instances, I wish to guard against these being supposed to be at all singular, by stating that in the year 1861 thirty instances are recorded where a British subject or subjects, as the case might be, were rewarded by foreign governments for conspicuous gallantry in rescuing and saving imperilled life.

Such instances occur in—

In many of these instances, of course, very considerable numbers of men were included in the rewards and commendation of foreign governments, and we may fairly assume that the cases of courage and self-devotion exhibited are vastly more numerous than those which were brought to the notice of the authorities and followed by reward.

Does not the reading of these testimonies to the gallantry and self-devotion of our fellow-countrymen at sea, cause all our hearts to beat high with pride that the fame of England is thus upheld in the eyes of other nations? Brave, tender-hearted, courageous, we yet suffer them to be drowned by the dozen and score at once, or to suffer torments worse than death, to add to the ill-gotten gains of a few bad men.

Now, Sir, let us see who they are who mourn the loss of these men.

"DEAR SIR,

"I trust that the disappointment you have encountered in the outset of your gallant undertaking will in nowise deter you from what you propose doing. Only be bold enough and consistent, and you will find supporters everywhere. How little true patriotism there is—the base greed of gain swallows up every honourable thought and Christian principle. If I were a man I would uphold the cause publicly. Ah! it makes my heart burn to think that English lads by scores, like my own son, are sent out to perish in rotten tubs, while the 'honest' ship-owner sits complacently in his Sunday pew and lays by his guineas with untroubled conscience. So, onward I say for the sake of England's name, which is growing fast a by-word among nations.

"AN ENGLISH MOTHER,"
Take another case:—

"DEAR SIR,

"It is with feelings of deep deep gratitude that I address you, and trust you will pardon my seeming intrusion. I am simply doing what a vast number of widows and fatherless would endorse. Thank you for taking the part of the sailors, to whom the nation at large owe so much and care for so little. Two years ago I lost my dear husband; he left me to join a splendid steamer called the _____, and there were on that same vessel men of tender loving hearts, and upright minds—thirty-seven of the men went into eternity. God only knows how bitter it is to part from those dear as life itself, waiting to hear the old step again, waiting to see the happy manly face, and to hear the voice once more, but waiting in vain, for they have had the bright eyes closed in death, not by loving hands at home, but amid the angry billows, far from those who would gladly have saved them from such a cruel end.

"I have not read your book, but have heard about it; it would only intensify a sorrow bitter enough at times. I can only say I know the truth and justice of the cause you set forth, and hope it will meet with the sympathy it demands. One could more fully submit to the loss of friends when all has been done for them, when no fault of carelessness is left to haunt the soul after; but England has permitted men to go to sea in rotten vessels. What is the consequence? Every winter numbers of brave strong men find a watery grave, and all that is left for the poor widows and children is a little sympathy, unless it be in the case of a *Captain* or *Northfleet*—then it goes far enough to help as well as pity. How do we act on shore when danger or disease overtakes us? We take every precaution, use the means, then leave the rest to God. But people are in the habit of speaking as if all the loss of life at sea ought to be expected. We know that God holds the waters in the hollow of His hands. He raiseth the stormy wind; but are we to charge Him with what man does? I do not, and how much pain it would save the childless mother, the widow and fatherless, did they but know that *all care* had been taken of the loved and lost. Your work cannot recall those who are gone, cannot bring back *my* husband and home, but there are others now on the deep who will thank you for spared lives, and many a tender woman will unite with me in *thanking* you. May God grant that the interest now awakened may not subside as it has before! For two years I have prayed that some one would come forth, and I have faith to believe that not only something may be done, but all that will ensure the safety of those who leave home and loved ones to ply the great deep. If they are taken, then we as a *nation* could say the Lord hath taken.

"Pardon my writing. God knows what I *feel*; may He bless and help you in your work is the prayer of

"Yours respectfully,

" _____ "

Sir, I ask this House to put a stop to this wanton and wicked waste of precious human life, and I gather that that is their will.

I will now proceed to consider the steps necessary to give effect to that will.

We must first—and I trust that will be some time before we sleep—appoint a Commission which shall make a thorough and searching inquiry into the whole subject, including—

- Undermanning,
- Bad stowage,
- Deck loading,
- Deficient engine power,

- Over-insurance,
- Defective construction,
- Improper lengthening,
- Overloading,
- Want of repair,
- Necessity for certificated masters between Brest and the Elbe,
- Rate of speed lawful in fogs,
- Rule of road, and
- Code of signals.

I trust her Majesty's Government will see that the Commission consists of the very best men that can be found for the purpose, and that it is sufficiently numerous, after prosecuting the inquiry, so far as it can be prosecuted with advantage in London, to divide itself into two sections, one of which might take the East Coast and Scotland, and the other the West Coast and Ireland, so as to lose as little time as possible in completing their investigations.

In the meantime I trust this House will pass a Bill dealing with the most obvious and easily-remediable sources of disaster, which Bill can give place to the more perfect and thoroughly-considered measure which we may anticipate as the result of their Report.

We may, also, in the meantime, avail ourselves of the ample information possessed by the Board of Trade, to compile a series of Tables or Returns which shall greatly aid the Commission when they come to frame the recommendations which they will lay before the House.

I find that the Board of Trade has the most ample records, and the fullest details on this subject—details sufficiently extensive and exhaustive, with the aid of such particulars as we may easily obtain from the Register of British and Foreign Ships, to compile the Returns, which I will now suggest to the House should be ordered forthwith. The Returns I suggest are—

- Debiting all wrecks to the various ports. 2nd. Debiting them to the various kinds of cargo. 3rd. Showing lengths; other dimensions. 4th. Showing proportion of man power to ship's tonnage. 5th. Man power to the weight of cargo. 6th. Showing the proportion of engine power to ship's tonnage. The 7th should show the proportion of engine power to the height of cargo. For the 8th. Use water draught line for deep loading. And 9th. An alphabetical list of owners, showing the losses of each individual ship-owner. And then, 10th. Arranged so as to show first those who have lost none for the ten years (a large proportion of the whole). Then those who have lost fewest, and so on.

And at the end of this list the country will see what they will see.

The records of the Board of Trade are amply sufficient to furnish the whole of this information—they are like the still waters of Bethesda's pool, full of latent capability of blessing, and like them only waiting to be troubled by the spirit of inquiry, to give forth healing and life. And, Sir, I am satisfied that when the Commission, which I trust this House will appoint this evening, has completed its work and reported thereon, and this House has adopted such measures, in consequence, as the exigencies of the case may require, so great a change will ensue, that, whereas our fellow-subjects at sea have hitherto pursued their most beneficent calling in constant and imminent peril of their lives, they shall in the future pursue that calling with as much as, or even greater safety than, that in which we travel by railway ashore; and as to the homes of those who are dependent upon them, of those they love, so great will be the change, that, whereas in the past their homes have been like those of the Egyptians on that dread night when the angel of death went from house to house throughout all the land taking his toll of dead, they shall in the future be like the homes of the Israelites on that same night, which, when the angel of death sought to enter, he could not, because they bore upon them the symbol of His loving and protecting care.

I move that an humble Address be presented to her Majesty, praying that she will be pleased to issue a Royal Commission to inquire into the condition of, and certain practices connected with, the Mercantile Marine of the United Kingdom.

Report of a Speech Delivered at Leeds, Sunday, March 16.

(From the TIMES of March 17th, 1873.)

MR. PLIMSOLL, M.P., happening to be in Leeds on the 16th, and accidentally observing on the walls the announcement that a sermon would be delivered in the amphitheatre by a local minister, attended the gathering, and at the close was invited to speak. After the subsidence of the ringing cheers which greeted him on stepping

to the front of the stage,

Mr. PLIMSOLL said if it was right to lift from a pit a horse or an ass which had fallen into it on the Sabbath day, he thought it was also right that, although it was the Sabbath day, he should take the opportunity of saying a word or two on the subject which he took for granted had brought the audience together that afternoon. An hour and a half before he was not at all aware of the meeting. Late last night he reached Leeds to fulfil an engagement upon the subject he supposed they had then in their minds, and as he went to Woodhouse Lane Cemetery that afternoon to visit the grave of a friend who was laid there seven-and-twenty years ago, he saw "Rotten Ships!" "Rotten Ships!" "Rotten Ships!" staring at him upon the walls, so he thought he would turn in and hear what was to be said upon that subject, and take part, if possible, in the meeting. That was the secret of his presence among them. He came the previous night, and intended returning at half-past ten on Monday morning; but he thought he should like to say a word or two to the people of Leeds before he went away, seeing that they were assembled to discuss a subject in which he took so much interest, and seeing also that some time ago he was prevented from coming to Leeds when he should have been glad to have done so. He wanted the Leeds people to help the London people to make it impossible for the Government to let this Session of Parliament go by without legislating on behalf of our sailors. Unless a very strong public effort was made through the length and breadth of the land, Parliament would separate without doing anything but appoint a Commission. A Commission was a good thing, and he hoped its work would be well done; but the country could not afford to wait three years longer. Some measures must be taken in the meantime to secure the safety of our sailors. Surely they need not wait for a Commission to say that a ship that needed repair or that was overloaded should not put to sea? Every day, and almost every hour of every day, brought to him cases of a most heartrending character. Not having been aware of the meeting, he had not any speech prepared, but while Mr. Adey had been speaking he had jotted down one or two cases that had been brought under his notice within the last eight days. On Saturday week he had a letter from a seaport town in the north of Scotland, in which it was stated that an old ship had been sailing from that port longer than anybody that lived there could tell, and that she ought to have been broken up for firewood any time during the last twenty years. It was so notoriously unseaworthy that at last the owner could not get any man to go aboard of her. The captain himself stuck to her because he was an old man and had a large family, and the choice for him was that or destitution. He had sailed so many years in her, and had always escaped, that he thought he would risk it. The captain and owners put their heads together, and what did they do? After they found they could not get men to sail in her, they actually sent the ship to sea with a crew of young boys, the eldest of whom was not more than seventeen, and she went to the bottom and drowned them all. (Cries of "Shame.") What did the audience call that? He called it murder. (Loud cheers.) He was asked to make inquiries, and he took the letter to a gentleman, who assisted him, and replied, "Be sure of this, the matter will be inquired into." He then telegraphed to Hull, where they had a trusty messenger, who travelled for him and obtained him information. "Go right away to this place, make inquiry, and let me know if the ship was lost and these lads were drowned," and the man went and was now pursuing an investigation into the case. Another thing that happened during the last week was this—He saw a gentleman driving a pair of very fine horses with a smart groom behind him in the West-end of London. He knew something about the gentleman, and he looked at him as he went by and thought rather more than he would tell them just then. (A laugh.) The day after that he got a letter from the north-west. What did they think it said. It told him that one of that man's ships had just come to port so grossly overladen that if she had the least heavy weather she and all her crew must have gone to the bottom. (Cheers.) And now another instance. A ship, the name of which he had on the piece of paper he held in his hand, sailed from a port so overladen that the seamen shortly afterwards put into port and refused to work her. They were taken before the magistrates, and the magistrates sentenced each of them to six weeks' imprisonment. Another crew was obtained, put on board the same ship, and she went to sea the day after. On the day after that she put into Falmouth, the second crew refused to go on the voyage, and they were sent to prison, one and all, for three months. Then a third crew was mustered and put on board, and the vessel was again sent to sea. While the first and second crews were still in gaol, the ship went down, and the third crew was drowned. (Cries of "Shame.") He had a letter from the governor of a gaol only last week. Governors of gaols were not very tenderhearted men. (Laughter.) They were not very sentimental, and they were very much given to think that everybody who came under their charge came for some very good reason, and that they were not, therefore, entitled to any special marks of kindness or approbation. But this governor of a county gaol, who was a commander in the Royal Navy before he was made governor, wrote to him, enclosing a copy of a letter written by two young men, who were in the gaol. The letter was too long to read to the meeting, but he would tell them what the governor said. He told him that the two young men were as respectable and well-behaved as ever he saw in his life, and that they were part of a crew who had been sent to gaol for not going to sea, and that they were writing to their parents in the greatest distress, fearing the shock it would be to the minds of those respectable people to know that their sons were in gaol. Mr. Plimsoll said a late captain in the Royal Navy and present governor of a county gaol told him it was

literally true that many of the best of our fellow countrymen had only to choose between death by drowning and the common gaol, and he begged him to go on and persevere in what he was doing. (Cheers.) Now, he asked the working-men of Leeds if they would stand that sort of thing any longer. (General cries of "No, no.") See, then, that they formed a committee to co-operate with the committee which was being formed in London. (Cheers.) He did not know what would be the mode of operation of the London committee, but he should propose to them that every town in England should depute one or more persons to wait upon Mr. Gladstone before the end of the month and let him know unmistakably that the will of the people of England was that they would not give up until their fellow-subjects at sea enjoyed the some protection which they gave to their factory hands and their miners. (Loud cheers.) If the people of Leeds lent a helping hand in the movement, they would never regret it, the recollection would remain with them until their dying day; it would be a solace when flesh and heart failed because of physical prostration and weakness; it would be with them sustaining their sinking spirits even to the confines of an eternal world, and would precede them even into that world, and plead for them with Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

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A Complete Refutation of Spiritism

In Every Shape, Being

A Lecture Delvered By John Graham,

At Dunedin.

Price One Shilling.

Dunedin: Mills, Dick & Co., Printers, Stafford Street. 1872.

Human Nature Essentially Mortal, as Proved by "Nature" and Revelation.

SOMETHING like an apology is necessary for the views that will be advanced in the present lecture. Yet not an apology, for truth requires no apology. Nevertheless, the doctrine to be advanced is so utterly subversive of a point of popular creed, generally regarded as an essential feature of divine truth, that the course of argument may appear to savour of infidel tendencies, and therefore constrains deference so far to worthy feeling, as to assure the reader that the argument is prompted by no speculative wantonness, nor delight in tampering with settled and sacred things. The real and only reason for doing what is about to be done, is a conviction, most earnest and profound, that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is an untrue doctrine, both philosophically and Scripturally considered, and effectually prevents the believer of it from truly apprehending the teaching of Christ.

The universal theory of the human constitution is, that in his proper essential nature, man is a "spiritual," immaterial, and immortal being, tabernacling in a material body composed of organs necessary for the manifestation of his invisible and indestructible "self" in this external and material world, but in no way beholden to that body for existence or identity. The organs composing the body are not regarded as any part of man's being; they are looked upon as things which the man uses as a mechanic employs his tools—the external agencies by which the behests of "the inner man" are carried out. All bodily functions are referred to the same category of material agency, while mental qualities—such as reason, sentiment, disposition; &c.—are set down as the attribute of the spiritual "essence" which is supposed to constitute himself, and to reside mysteriously in some part of the body's substance. The body is, of course, admitted to have had a material derivation "from the dust of the ground," but the "essence" is believed to have come from God himself—to be, in fact, a part of the Deity—a spark, or particle, scintillated from the Divine centre, having intelligent faculty and existence altogether independently of the substantial organism with which it is associated. In accordance with this view, death is looked upon as an accident which does not affect a man's being. It simply demolishes the material organism, and liberates the deathless, intangible man from the bondage of this "mortal coil" which, having "shuffled off," he wings his way to spiritual regions, there to undergo eternal happiness or misery, according to "deeds done in the body."

Those who hold this belief will not readily apprehend the idea which lurks behind the proposition of the lecture. Admitting the mortality of human nature in a certain general sense, they may be disposed to regard it as a truism, without perceiving that it expresses the opposite of their most cherished unbelief. Elaborated a little for the sake of explicitness, the proposition would stand as follows:—

- Man is destitute of immortality *in every sense*. He is a mortal creature of organized substance, energised and sustained in being by power emanating from God, which he shares in common with every living thing under the sun, and which he only holds on the short average tenure of threescore years and ten, at the end of which he gives it up to Him from whom he received it, and returns to the ground, whence he originally came, *and his existence meanwhile is obliterated in the grave*.

This is the idea expressed in the subject as stated. It constitutes the affirmation of the lecture in opposition to the commonly received doctrine of the immortality of the soul, which is the basis of popular religion. A supplementary assertion is made in the second half of the subject, viz. :—that both "nature" and revelation combine to establish this affirmation by the evidence which they furnish. Evidence, then, is the main thing with which we shall have to deal. The evidence is of two kinds as indicated—1st, the testimony of existing natural facts; and, 2nd, the declaration of the inspired Word of God.

To some it may seem inappropriate to take natural facts at all into account, in discussing a question in which the Holy Scriptures are allowed to have authority. The objection has some force, but when it is considered that nearly all the arguments by which the popular doctrine is supported, are derived from nature, it will not seem out of place to have recourse to the same source, seeing the object is to show that all the arguments upon which it is founded are fallacious, and that the doctrine has literally not a foot to stand upon. This must be the apology for entering upon a department of reasoning which may be distasteful to purely sentimental minds, but which must be thoroughly ransacked before searching minds will be satisfied. We shall endeavor to show—1st, that the natural facts adduced in support of the immortality of the soul do not in any way constitute proof of the doctrine; and, 2nd, that certain natural facts exist which overturn the doctrine. The testimony of Scripture will then come in an appropriate and conclusive supplement.

The first argument usually employed by those who set themselves philosophically to demonstrate the doctrine, is a little subtle, but not difficult of refutation. It is contended that matter cannot think, and that, as man thinks, there must be some immaterial essence in him that performs the thinking, and that, being immaterial, this essence must be indestructible and, therefore, immortal. Stated in this curt and peremptory way, there seems at first sight to be strength in the argument, but a little thought will reveal the weakness of it. Is it quite correct to assume that matter cannot think? Of course, it is evident enough that stone, wood, iron, and inanimate substances in general, are incapable of thought. No one would be so foolish as to assert the contrary; but is it true universally that matter, or substance in every form and condition, is incapable of evolving mental power? To assert this would require the assertor to be able in the first place to define where the empire of what is called "matter" ends, and to prove that he was so familiar with every part of its domain, as to be able to say with authority, that thought was an impossibility in it. What are the boundaries dividing that department of nature styled "matter," from that which is supposed to be the province of "mind"? Earth, stones, iron and wood would come into the category of matter without a question; but what about smoke? It may be replied that smoke, though in palpable to the touch, is but a diffuse form of matter; and as it will not be contended that smoke is an accessory to thought, except by the liberty of a metaphor, we may allow the answer to go. But what about light and heat, which can be evolved from the gross forms of matter first mentioned? Light and heat can hardly be brought within any of the ordinary definitions of matter, and yet they manifestly have a most intimate relation to matter in its most tangible form. Nothing can exceed light in its subtlety and imponderability. Is it within or without the empire of matter? It would puzzle the methodical metaphysician to say. And if perplexed with light, what would he do with electricity, a power more uncontrollable than any other force in nature, a principle existing in everything, yet impalpable to the senses except in its effect—invisible, immaterial, omnipotent in its operations, and essential to the very existence of every form of matter. Is this part of the "matter" from which the argument in question excludes the possibility of mental phenomenon? If so, what is that which is not matter? It will not do to say "spirit," if we are to take our notions of spirit from the Bible, for the spirit came upon the apostles on the day of Pentecost "like a mighty rushing wind," and made the place shake, showing it to be capable of mechanical momentum, and therefore as much on the list of material forces as light, heat, and electricity. Coming upon Samson, it energised his muscles to the snapping of ropes, like thread—(Judges xv. 14); and inhaled by the nostrils of man and beast, it gives physical life—(Psalm civ. 30).

It is evident that there would be great difficulty in arriving at such a definition of matter as would sustain the argument under consideration. In fact, it is an impossibility. It is only an arbitrary system of thought that has created the distinctions implied in the term of metaphysics. Nature—that is, universal existence—is *one*; it is the elaboration of one primitive power; it is not made up of two antagonistic and incompatible elements. God is the source of all. In Him everything exists; out of Him everything is evolved. Different elements and substances

are but different forms of the same eternal essence or first cause, described in the Bible as "spirit," which God is; and in scientific language as electricity. The word "matter," there fore, only describes an *aspect* of creation, as presented to finite sense; it does not touch the essence of the thing, though intended to do so by the short-sighted, because unexperimental and unobservant system which invented it.

But, it difficult to fix the limits of un sentient matter, there is another difficulty which is equally fatal to the argument, viz., the difficulty of defining the process which is expressed by the word "think." It would be necessary to define this process before it would be legitimate to argue that every form of matter is incapable of it; for, unless defined, how could we say when and where it was possible or not possible? To say that matter cannot think is virtually to allege that the nature of thought is so and so, and the nature of matter so and so, in consequence of which they have no mutual relation. We have seen the impossibility of taking this ground with regard to matter. Who shall define the *modus operandi* of thought? Impossible, except in general terms, and these general terms destroy the argument now under review. Thought is a power developed by brain organisation, and consists of impressions made upon that delicate organ through the medium of the senses, and afterwards classified and arranged by a function pertaining in different degrees to brain in human form, known as reason. This proposition accepted, destroys the metaphysical argument, since it affirms what the argument denies, viz., that the matter of the brain electrically energised is capable of evolving thought.

The whole argument is based on a fallacy. It assumes complete knowledge of "nature's" capabilities, which is beyond human ken. Who knows what matter *is* essentially? Chemists can tell the number and proportion of elementary gases which enter into any compound; but who understands the essential nature of any one of those elements separately? The more learned our great minds become, the more diffident do they become on this subject. They hesitate to be certain about almost anything in which the secrets of nature are involved. None but the ignorant or the superficial would be so unwise as to draw the line fixing the limit of the possible. What is nature? The sphere of Omnipotence—the arena of God's operations. Shall we say that anything is impossible with God? True, inanimate matter, such as iron or stone, cannot think; but we know experimentally that there is such a thing as "living matter," and that living matter is sentient and thinking by virtue of its organisation, which is only another phrase for its divine endowment. This is a matter of experience, illustrated in degrees in every department of the animal kingdom.

It is argued that the possession of "reason" is evidence of the existence of an immortal and immaterial soul in man; but the logic of this argument is difficult of discovery. Reason is unquestionably a wonderful attribute, and an extraordinary function of the mental machinery; but how can it be held to prove the existence of a something beyond knowledge or comprehension, since there can be no known connection between that which is incomprehensible and that which is unknown? To say that we have an indestructible soul because we have reasonable faculty, is to repeat the mistake of our forefathers of the last generation, who referred the achievements of machinery to Satanic agency, because in their ignorance they were unable to account for them in any other way. We may be unable to understand how it is that reason is evolved by the organisation with which God has endowed us, but we are compelled to recognise the self-evident fact.

Again, it is argued that the power of the mind to "travel," while the body remains quiescent is proof of its immaterial and, therefore, immortal nature. Let us see. What is this "travelling" of the mind? Does the mind traverse actual space and witness realities? A man has been in America, has seen many sights, and returns home; occasionally he sees those sights over again; the impressions made on the sensorium of the brain through the organs of sight and hearing, while in America, are revived so distinctly that he can actually fancy himself in the place he has left so many thousands of miles' behind. Surely no one will contend that each time this reverie comes upon him, his mind actually goes out of his body, and transfers itself actually to the place thought of? If this be contended, it ought also to be allowed that the man, when so spiritually transferred, should witness *what is actually transpiring in the country at the time of Jus spiritual presence*, and that, therefore, we might dispense with the post and the tele-graph as clumsy contrivances for getting the news, compared with the facility and dispatch of spiritualography. But this will not be contended. As well might we say that the places and persons we see in our dreams have a real existence. In both cases the phenomenon is the result of a process that takes place *within the brain*. Memory treasures impressions received, and re-products them as occasion occurs clear, calm, and coherent, if the brain be in a healthy condition; confused, disjointed, and aberrated, if the brain be disordered, whether in sleep or out of it. In no case does reverie involve an actual *transit* of the mind from one place to another; and hence the "travelling" argument fails to the ground. If a man could to China, while his body remained in Britain, and see the country and the people *as they really are*, there might be something worthy of consideration, though even then it would not prove the immortality of the soul, but only the wonderful power of the brain while a living instrument, in acting at long distances through an electrical atmosphere.

The power of dreaming is cited as another fact favorable to the popular doctrine; but here again the argument fails; because *dreaming is invariably connected with the living brain*. Besides, who ever dreams a

sensible dream? Dreams, in general, are a confused and illogical jumble of facts which have at one time or other been stowed away in the warehouse of the brain; and if they prove anything concerning a thinking spirit, independent of the body, they prove that the spirit loses its power in exact proportion to its separation from the assistance of the body; and that, therefore, without the body, it would be powerless.

It is next contended that the spirituality of man's nature is proved by the fact that though he may be deprived of a limb, he retains a consciousness of that limb, sometimes, even, feeling pain in it. The argument is, that if the man is conscious of a part of himself when the material organ of that part is wanting, so will he be conscious of his entire being when the whole body shall be wanting. This looks very plausible : but let us examine it. Why is a man conscious of an absent member? Because *the independent nerves of that member remain in the system from the point of dissection up to their place in the brain*; so that although the hand or foot may be absent, the brain goes on to feel as if they were present, because the nerves that produce the sensation of the presence are still active at the brain centre. But if, when you cut off a leg, you could also remove the entire nerves of the leg from the point of amputation up to their roots in the brain, and still preserve a consciousness of the severed member, then the argument for immateriality of nature would have something like a foundation.

But the most powerful natural argument in favor of the popular doctrine has yet to be noticed. It is the one mainly relied upon by all its great advocates. It is this : it is an ascertained fact in physiology that the substance of our bodies undergoes an entire change every seven years; that is, there is a gradual process of substitution going on, by which, atom after atom is expelled from the body as its vital qualities are worn out, and its place filled up by new material from the blood; so that at the end of the period mentioned, the body is made up of entirely new substance. Yet, notwithstanding this constant mutation of the material atoms of the body, and the periodical change of its entire substance, memory and personal identity remain un-affected to the close of life. An old man feels that he is the same person at eighty that he was at ten, although at eighty he has not a single particle of the matter which composed his body when a boy; and the argument is, that the thinking faculty and power of consciousness must be the attribute of some immaterial principle residing in the body. Now this has all the appearance of an unanswerable argument. However, we shall find that it is not so formidable as it seems. The question to be considered is—whether this fact of continuous identity, amid atomic change, can be explained in accordance with the view which regards the mind as a property of living brain substance. We shall maintain that it can; because we find from experience that *the qualities resulting from any organic combination of atoms are transmissible to other atoms which may take their place as organic constituents*. An atom as it exists in food has no power of sensation; but let it be assimilated by the blood, and incorporated with any of the nerves, and it possesses a vital power which it formerly did not have. It, becomes part of the organisation, and *feels* whether in man or animal. Why? Because it takes up and perpetuates the organic power which its predecessor has left behind. On this principle, we find that the mark of a scar will be continued in the flesh through life; and so also with discolorations of the skin, which exist in some persons from congenital causes. This perpetuation of physical disfigurement could not take place if it were not for the fact alluded to. Now if we apply this principle to the brain, we have a complete solution of the apparent difficulty on which the argument of the question is founded. *Mind is the product of the living brain, and personal identity the sum of its impressions*. This will not be questioned by the student of human nature, though it may not be understood. Mental impression is a fact, though a mystery, alike in men and animals; and facts are the things that wise men have to deal with. It is impossible to explain, or even to comprehend, the process by which thought is gotten in the tissues of the brain; but that the process transpires will not be denied by those that have observed and cogitated. We are conscious of the process, and feel the result in the possession of separate individuality—the power of contemplating all other persons and things objectively. Now in order to perpetuate this result, all that is necessary is to preserve the action of the organ evolving it—the brain—by means of nutrition. This, of course, involves the introduction of fresh material into its structure, but it does not imply an invasion of the unique process going on in it, which the argument in question supposes; the process conquers the material, and converts it to its own uses, and not the material the process. Who ever heard of a man's bone turning to wheat from the eating of flour? The nutritive apparatus *assimilates*, which is in fact the answer to the argument. The new material entering the brain is *assimilated* to its existing condition; and thus, although the atoms came and go for a life-time, the conditions remain substantially unaltered, being sustained by the new material, much as a fire is kept up by fuel. If, then, we are asked how a man of eighty feels himself to be the same person that he was at ten, though his entire substance is changed, we reply, those brain impressions which enable him to feel that he is himself, have been kept up all along, though modified by the circumstances and conditions through which he has passed. The process of change is so slow that the new atoms take on the organic qualities of the old, as they are gradually incorporated with the brain, and sustain the general result of the brain's action in preserving its continuous function unimpaired. If cases could be cited in which identity survived the *destruction of the brain*, the plea for immateriality would be unanswerable; but so long as it is only to be found in

connection with a *perpetuated brain organisation*, we are compelled to reject every theory which ignores this essential and significant fact.

Thus it will be observed that none of the "natural" arguments usually advanced in support of the immateriality and immortality of the soul, are really logical. Each of them falls through when thoroughly tested. The evidence of the other side of the question will be found to stand in a very different position. At the very outset, we are confronted with the difficulty of conceiving how immateriality can inhere in a material organization. Cohesion and conglomeration require affinity as their first condition; but, in this case, affinity is entirely wanting. What connection can exist between "matter" and the *immaterial* principle of popular belief? They are not in the nature of things susceptible of combination. Yet in the face of this difficulty, we find that the mind is located *in one body*. It is not a loose ethereal thing, capable of detachment from the material person! It is inexorably fixed in the bodily framework, and never leaves it while life continues. If we enquire in what portion of the body it is specially located, we instinctively answer that it is not in the hand, nor in the foot, nor in the stomach, nor in the heart, nor in any part of the trunk. Our consciousness unerringly tells us that it is in the head. We feel, as a matter of experience, that the mind cohabits with the substance of the brain.

Extending our observation externally, we never discover mind without a corresponding development of brain. Deficient brain is always bound to manifest deficient reason, and *vice versa*. Master minds in science and literature have large and deeply convoluted cerebrums. These are facts that cannot be impugned. But how are we to explain them consistently with the theory which pronounces mind to be the attribute of an immortal essence? That theory requires that mind be exhibited independently of either quantity or quality of organization. The facts in question are opposed to the theory; and the theory must therefore be dismissed in deference to the facts.

Again; if the mind were immaterial, its functions would be unaffected by the conditions of the body. Thinking and feeling would never abate in vigor or vivacity. We should always be serene and calm-headed—always ready for the "study," whatever might be the state of the bodily machinery; whereas we know that the opposite is the case. Sickness or over-work will exhaust the mental energies, and make the mind a blank. Languor and dulness of spirits are of common experience. We can all testify to days of fretful *ennui*, in which the mind has refused to perform its lively office; and we can remember, too, the uneasy pillow, when horrible visions have scared us. This never happens in a good state of health, but always when the material organization is out of order. How is this? Does it not tell against the theory which represents the mind as an immaterial, incorruptible, imperishable thing? The mind is the offspring of the brain, and is therefore affected by all its passing disorders.

Let us carry the process further. Let the brain be internally injured; and we then perceive a most signal refutation of the popular idea; *the mind vanishes altogether*. We make the following extract from the American 'Advent Review,' in illustration :

"Richmond mentions the case of a woman whose brain was exposed in consequence of the removal of a considerable part of its bony covering by disease. He says, 'I repeatedly made a pressure on the brain, and each time *suspended all feeling and all intellect*, which were immediately restored when the pressure was withdrawn.' The same writer mentions another case. He says, 'There was a man who had been trepanned, and who perceived his intellectual faculties failing, and his existence drawing to a close, every time the effused blood collected upon the brain so as to produce pressure.'

"Prof. Chapman in one of his lectures, says, 'I saw an individual with his skull perforated, and the brain exposed, who was accustomed to submit his brain to be experimented upon by pressure, and who was exhibited by the late Professor Weston to his class. *His intellect and moral faculties disappeared on the application of pressure to the brain*. They were held under the thumb, as it were, and restored at pleasure to their full activity by discontinuing the pressure.'

"But of all facts, the following, related by Sir Astley Cooper in his Surgical Lectures, is the most remarkable :—'A man of the name of Jones received an injury on the head while on board a vessel in the Mediterranean, which rendered him insensible. The vessel soon after made Gibraltar, where Jones was placed in the hospital, and remained several months in the same insensible state. He was then carried on board the *Dolphin* frigate to Deptford, and from thence was sent to St Thomas's Hospital, London. He lay constantly on his back, and breathed with difficulty. When hungry or thirsty, he moved his lips or tongue. Mr Clyne, the surgeon, found a portion of the skull depressed, trepanned him, and removed the depressed portion. Immediately after this operation, the motion of the fingers, occasioned by the beating of the pulse, ceased, and in three hours he sat up in bed, sensation and volition returned, and in four days he got up out of his bed and conversed. The last thing he remembered was the occurrence of taking a prize in the Mediterranean. *From the moment of the accident, thirteen months and a few days before, oblivion had come over him—all recollection ceased*. Yet on removing a small piece of bone which pressed upon the brain, he was restored to the full possession of the powers of his mind and body.'"

How are such cases to be explained in accordance with the popular theory of the mind? If a derangement of the material organisation suspend mental operation, obviously the mind is not the attribute of a principle existing in us independently of that organisation. The facts cited show that thinking is dependent upon the function of the brain, and cannot therefore be the action of an immaterial principle, which could never be affected by any material condition whatever.

There are other difficulties. If the mind be a spark from God—if it be a part of the Deity Himself, transfused into material organisations (and this is the view contended for by believers in the immortality of the soul) our faculties ought to spring forth in maturity at birth. How then shall we explain infantile inanity? A new-born babe has not a spark of intellect or a glimmer of consciousness. According to popular belief it ought to possess both in full measure, because of the immaterial thinking principle. Why, then, does it not think? Manifestly the theory is wrong. No one can carry his memory back to his birth. He can remember when he was three years old; only in a few cases can he recall an earlier date. 'Yet if popular belief were correct, *memory ought to be contemporaneous with life from its very first moment.*

Again—If all men partake alike of this divine thinking essence which they are supposed to have inherited from Adam, or received individually at birth, why do they not manifest the same degree of intelligence, and show the same disposition? Why is there such an infinite diversity among men? Why is one man shrewd, while another is dull and doltish?—one vicious and depraved, while a fourth is high-souled and virtuous?—some good, others bad?—some kind, others harsh and inconsiderate?—some docile and gentle, while others are fierce and intractable, and so on? There ought to be uniformity of manifestation, if there be uniformity of power.

These, then, are so many natural obstacles in the way of the doctrine which constitutes the very foundation of all popular religion. They disprove that man is an immaterial entity, capable of disembodied existence. They show him to be a compound—a *creature of living organization*—a being created from the dust of the ground, vivified with life from God, and ennobled with qualities which constitute him "the image of God but nevertheless mortal in constitution. Why should there be so much inveterate opposition to this view? Is not all natural evidence in its favour? If there [*unclear: none the less*] obviousness. Mystery is no ground of disbelief. This is shown in the universal credence accorded, to the much more mysterious doctrine of the immortality of the soul. If it come to that, we are surrounded with mystery. We can only approximate to truth; the *how* of any organic process is utterly beyond comprehension; yet this does not prevent us in most matters from recognising the result in its proper subordinate relationship. Though we are unable to understand the mode in which nerve communicates sensation, muscle generates strength, blood supplies life, &c., we do not deny that these agencies are the proximate causes of the results developed, whether in man or animals. Now why should there be an exception in the case of thought. What we know of it is all connected with physical organisation. We have no experience of human mind apart from human brain. In fact, we have no experience of any human faculty apart, from its material manifestation; and in ordinary sensible thinking, the various living powers of man are seen and practically acknowledged to, be the properties of the numerous organs which collectively compose himself. If he sees, he has an eye to see; if he hears, he has an ear to hear; and without these organs, he can neither see nor hear; and in proportion as these organs are perfectly formed, is there perfect sight or hearing. Why should this principle not be applied to the mind? The parallel is complete. Man thinks, and he has a brain to think with; and in proportion as the brain is properly organised and developed, does he think comprehensively and well. If it be large, there is power and scope of mind; if small, there is mediocrity; if below par, there is intellectual deficiency, as illustrated in the case of idiots. These are facts, apart altogether from the modern science of phrenology; and their tendency is unmistakable. They prove the connection of mind with living brain-substance, however mysterious that connection may be, and overturn the theory of metaphysical abstraction. Some say "No" to all this; "the brain is simply the medium of the soul's manifestation; deficiency of intellect and other mental irregularities are the result of imperfection in the mediumship:" but there again gratuitous theory is introduced. The answer begs the question. *It assumes the very point at issue*, viz, the existence of a thinking abstraction to manifest itself. This kind of argument would not be admitted in the consideration of any other question. But suppose we accept the explanation, it avails nothing for the popular theory; for if the soul cannot manifest itself—cannot reason, reflect, be conscious, love, hate, &c.—without a material "medium," what is its value as a thinking agent when without that medium; that is, when the body is in the grave? The explanation, however, cannot be accepted. It is the ingenious suggestion of a philosophy which is in straits to preserve itself from confusion. How much wiser to recognize the fact which presents itself to our actual experience, namely, that all our conscious, as well as unconscious powers as living beings, are the result of a conjunction between the life-power of God and the substance of our organizations, and do not exist apart from that connection in which they are developed.

From nature we turn to the holy oracles, whose voice will perhaps be more heeded than the fallible deductions of philosophy; and here we shall find a perfect agreement with the natural evidence in the case. The

first thing to be noted is the conspicuous absence of those common phrases by which the popular doctrine is expressed. "Never-dying soul," "immortal soul," "immortality of the soul," &c., so constantly on the lips of religious teachers, are forms of speech which are [*unclear*: not to be mat] Scripture, from Genesis to Revelations. What a singular fact that is, if the doctrine imported by the expressions is a true one. If man is an immaterial, immortal being, destined for high and eternal spheres of existence after his brief sojourn upon earth is over, the truth is so unspeakably momentous as to demand the same authoritative and explicit enunciation in the Sacred Record, which it receives at the hands of "divines." All its essential teachings are plain, unequivocal, and copious. The existence and creative power of God—His purposes in regard to the future—the Messiahship of Jesus Christ—the object of his mission to earth—the doctrine of the resurrection, &c., are all enforced as plainly as language can express them; but of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, *there is not the slightest mention*. This fact is acknowledged by eminent theologians, but does not seem to suggest to their minds the fictitiousness of the doctrine. They argue the other way, and assume that it is so self-evident as to have been passed over by the sacred writers as a thing understood, and not to be questioned. This is a very unsatisfactory way of getting over the difficulty; because it would be equally competent and more appropriate to suggest the very opposite significance to the silence of the Scriptures on the subject, or in fact to put any construction upon it which learned ingenuity might suggest. The admission of such a style of reasoning would open the door for any kind of doctrine which might be put forward. For if silence mean consent in one case, why not in another? If the immortality of the soul is to be believed without sanction from revelation, on the mere assumption that it is self-evident, may we not uphold any doctrine for which we have a prepossession? A more rational course to pursue is to suspect a doctrine not divinely inculcated, and subject it to the severest scrutiny before receiving it. This is the course adopted in the present lecture; and we shall find that the process will result in a complete breakdown of the doctrine subjected to the test. The Bible is not silent on the question involved, although it says nothing about the immortality of the soul. It supplies direct and conclusive evidence of the absolute ephemerality of human nature, which, in conjunction with its non-enunciation of the opposite doctrine, and the coincidence of natural evidence, establishes an unanswerable case.

Some, however, may not be satisfied that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is not definitely broached in the sacred writings. Recalling to mind the constant use of the word "soul," they may be disposed to consider that it is countenanced and endorsed in such a way as to render formal enunciation superfluous. For the benefit of such, it will be well to look at the use made of the word in the Scriptures, in order to see its meaning. First, let it be remembered that in its original derivation, the word "soul" simply means a breathing creature, without any reference to its constitution, or the duration of existence. This fact is strikingly illustrated in the renderings adopted by our translators in the first few chapters of Genesis. As applied to Adam it is translated soul (Gen. ii. 7); as applied to beasts, birds, reptiles, and fish, it is rendered "creature" and "thing" (Gen. i. 20, 21, 24, 28). The word originating in respiring existence as its primary signification, is employed to express various ideas arising out of this fundamental antecedent. It is put for persons in the following:—

"And Abraham took * * *the souls* that they had gotten in Haran, and they went forth to go into the land of Canaan that is, Abraham took all the persons, &c.—Gen. xii. 5

It is applied to animals in this:—

"*Levy a tribute unto the Lord of the men of war which went out to battle, one soul of five hundred, both of the persons, and of the beeves, and of the asses, and of the sheep.*"—Numbers xxxi. 28.

It is also used to represent mind, disposition, life, &c., and that which it describe is spoken of as capable of hunger (Prov. xix, 15), of being satisfied with food (Lam. i, 11, 19), of touching a material object (Leviticus v, 2), of going into the grave (Job xxxiii 22, 28), of coming out of it (Psalm xxx 3), &c. It is never spoken of as an immaterial, immortal, thinking entity. The original word occurs in the Old Testament about 700 times, and in the New Testament about 180 times; and among all the variety of its renderings, it is impossible to discover anything approaching to the popular dogma. It is rendered "soul" 150 times; "life, or living" 190 times; "person" 34 times; and "beasts and creeping things" 23 times. It is also rendered "a man," "a person," "self," "they," "we," "him," "anyone," "breath," "heart," "mind," "appetite," "the body," &c. In no instance has it the significance claimed for it by the professing Christians of modern times. It is never said to be immortal, but always the reverse. It is not only represented as capable of death, but as naturally liable to it. We find the psalmist declaring in Psalm xxii 29, "None can keep alive his own soul"; and again, in Psalm lxxxix 48, "What man is he that liveth and shall not see death? Shall he deliver HIS SOUL from the hand of the grave?" And in making an historical reference, he further says, "He spared not THEIR SOUL from DEATH, but gave their life over to the pestilence"—(Psalm lxxviii 50). Finally, Ezekiel declares (chapter xviii 4), "The soul that sinneth, IT SHALL DIE."

We have to note another difference between Scriptural and modern sentiment. How common it is to indulge in rhapsodies upon the supposed value of the immortal soul. We frequently hear it exclaimed, "Oh! the value of one human soul! Countless worlds cannot be placed in the balance with it!" Now we meet with nothing of this

sort in the Scriptures. The sentiment there is entirely the contrary way. Take for instance this:

"What is your LIFE? *It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away!*"—James iv 14.

Or, Psalm cxliv 3, 4—

"Lord, what is man that thou takest knowledge of him, and the son of man that thou makest account of him? *Man is like to vanity; his days are as a shadow that passeth away*"

Or, Psalm ciii 14-16—

"He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust. *As for man, his days are as grass, as a flower of the field so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof is known no more.*"
And more expressive than all, we read in Isaiah xl 15, 17—

"Behold the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance. * * *All nations before him are AS NOTHING, and are counted to him LESS THAN NOTHING, and vanity.*"

And in Daniel iv 35—

"All the inhabitants of the earth ARE REPUTED AS NOTHING."

There is only one passage that looks a little different from this. It is this :

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—Mark viii 36,37.

This is frequently quoted in justification of the sentiment in question; but it will at once be observed that the words do not describe the absolute value of a man's life in creation, but simply its relative value to himself. They enforce the common principle that for a man to sacrifice his life in Order to obtain a thing which without life he can neither possess nor enjoy, would be to perpetrate the worst of all folly. Does any one insist that it means the "immortal soul" of common belief? Then let him remember that the same word which is translated "soul" in this passage is translated "life" in the one immediately before, in which if we were to read it "immortal soul," the absurdity would at once appear :—

"For whosoever will save his immortal soul *shall lose it*, but whosoever shall LOSE HIS IMMORTAL SOUL for my sake and the gospel's, *the same shall save it.*"—Mark viii 35.

What an awful paradox would this express in orthodox mouths! But regard the words in the light in which we have already seen the Scriptures use it, and you perceive beauty in the idea—preciousness in the promise, He who shrinks not from sacrificing his life in this age, rather than deny Christ and forsake his truth, will be rewarded with a more precious life at the resurrection; whereas he who renounces the truth to protect his poor mortal instincts, will be excluded from the blessings of the life to come.

In Genesis, we are furnished with an account of the creation of man, and we its phraseology entirely coincident with the view advocated in this lecture:—

"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."

—Gen. ii 7.

Here we are informed that man was made from the ground, and that *that which was produced from the ground*, was the being called MAN. "But," says an objector, it only means his body." It is possible to say that it *means* anything we may fancy. A statement of this kind is worth nothing. There is nothing in the passage before us, nor any where else in the Scriptures, to indicate the popular distinction between *a man* and his body. The substantial organization is here called *man*—not his body. True, he was without life before the inspiration of the breath of lives, yet he was *man*. The life was something superadded to give man living, existence. The life was not the man : it was the principle; it was something outside of him, proceeding from a divine source, and infusing itself into the wonderful mechanism prepared its reception. "He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and MAN BECAME *a living soul.*" This is frequently quoted in proof of the common doctrine—or rather mis-quoted, for it is generally given "and *breathed INTO HIM* a living soul;" but it really establishes the contrary. What became "a living soul?" The *dust-formed being* If, therefore, the use of the phrase "became-a living soul," prove the immortality and immateriality of any part of man's nature, it carries the proof to the body, for it was that which became a "living soul." But, of course, this would be absurd. The idea expressed in the passage before us is simple and rational, viz., that the previously inanimate being became a living being when vitalized, but not necessarily immortal, for, though a living soul, it is not said that he became an "ever-living" or "never-dying" soul.

But, whatever Adam may have been as originally constituted, the decree went forth that he should cease to be—that he should return to the state of nothingness from which he had been developed by creative power.

"Because thou hast eaten of the tree of which I commanded thee, saying thou shall not eat of it, . . . in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till THOU *return unto the ground; for out of it wast THOU taken; for dust THOU art, and unto dust shalt thou return.*" —Gen. iii. 17—19.

To say that this sentence merely relates to the body and does not affect the being, is to play with words. The

personality expressed in the pronoun "thou" is here distinctly affirmed of the physical organisation. THOU *art dust.*" What could be more emphatic? "THOU *shalt return to the dust.*" This of course is utterly inapplicable to the intangible principle which is supposed to constitute the soul, and refers exclusively to man's material nature. This is Longfellow's view of the matter, if a poet's testimony be of any value on such a subject:

*"Dust thou art, to dust returnest
Was not spoken of the soul."*

Ergo, it conclusively decides *that* to be a man's constituent personality which undergoes physical dissolution, or, at any rate, the indispensable basis of it. Abraham expresses this view in the following words :
"Behold now I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, *which am but dust and ashes.*" —*Gen.* xviii. 27.

This is Abraham's estimate of himself; but some of his modern friends would have corrected him. "Father Abraham, you are mistaken; YOU are not dust and ashes; it is only your body." Abraham's Unsophisticated view, however, is more reliable than "the (philosophical) wisdom of this world," which Paul pronounces to be "foolishness with God."—(1 *Cornith.* iii. 19.)

Paul keeps company with Abraham "I know that in me (*that is, in the flesh*) dwelleth no good thing—(Romans vii 18), and tells us in general to "Beware of philosophy and vain deceit," which are specially to be guarded against on this question.

James (chap. i. 9, 10) adds to this testimony :

"Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted; but the rich in that he is made low; because *as the flower of the grass he shall pass away;*"

Which is something like a reiteration of Job's words (chap. xiv. 1, 2):

"Man, that is born of a woman, *is of few days,* and full of trouble; he cometh forth like a flower and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not.

Then come the preclusive words of Solomon, the wisest man of all:—

"I said (or wished) in mine heart concerning the estate of the sons of men, that God might manifest them, and that they might see that *they themselves are beasts;* for that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them; *as the one dieth so dieth the other: yea, they have all one breath; SO THAT A MAN HATH NO PRE-EMINENCE ABOVE A BEAST;* for all is vanity; *all go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again.*"—*Eccles.* iii. 18—20.

We can fancy the hasty believer in the popular doctrine getting impatient with this statement: "*No pre-eminence above a beast!*" Had it proceeded from a less authoritative pen than Solomon's, it would have been stigmatised as slanderous and atheistical; but there it stands in all its invulnerable emphasis, as a sweeping condemnation to the flattering dogma which exalts human nature to equality with Deity. It reproves the arrogance of human philosophy, and teaches the humiliating fact that man is "but flesh, a wind that passeth away and (of itself) cometh not again."

Thus do the Scriptures combine with nature in pronouncing man to be a creature of frailty and mortality, who, though bearing the image of God, and towering far above all other creatures in his intellectual might, and in the grandeur of his moral nature, is yet labouring under a curse which hastens him to an appointed end!

It is of the highest importance that this negative view should be enforced. It will no longer do to parley with the popular heresy. Duty to God and man compels the proclamation that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is the great error of the age—the mighty delusion which overspreads all people like a veil—the great obstruction to the progress of true Christianity! It mischievously diverts the attention of perishing multitudes from the true bread of life, and gives mere chaff in exchange, which will profit them nothing. It turns them away from the living waters of an offered life, which they are invited to *drink* without money and without price, and points them to the broken cisterns of their own natures, which hold no water. It tells them they have life in themselves, and are as gods in nature; and thus inflames them with a conceit which is offensive before God. It propounds the serpent's lie, "Ye shall not surely die," and thus disqualifies them for entering "the way of life," and makes them the fitting subjects of Christ's lament to the Jews—"Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life."—(John v. 40.) It is the basis of all the ecclesiastical tyranny which has cursed the world for centuries. It is the parent of all the religious fooleries which have outraged propriety, and chased intelligence into indifference and unbelief. It has paved the way for the absurdities and superstitions of Romanism, and supplied but too plausible a pretext for the existence and power of its execrable priest-craft. It has given rise to the belief in ghosts and apparitions, and in later days, has led to the development of the monstrously foolish system which is getting abroad under the name of "spiritualism." Words fail to describe the mischief it has done. It has rendered the Bible unintelligible, perverted religion, and induced scepticism, by implicating revelation in its insane dogma. It has taken away the vitality of religion, and neutralized its interest by investing

it with superstitious mystery, and making it a thing too much above the common experience and comprehension of mankind. It has robbed it of its vigour, and reduced it to a degenerate, effeminate thing, disowned and unpractised by men of robust mind, and heeded only by the sentimental and romantic. What is our duty in the case but to discard the evil thing—to fling it to the moles and to the bats, and humbly accept the evidence of fact, and the testimony of God's infallible Word.

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Publisher's Note.

IN introducing this work in its present cheap form to the British public, the Publisher considers it right to state, that he is aware another edition is in circulation, and had that been a faithful reprint of the Author's book, this edition would have been uncalled for; but he thinks it not only unfair to the accomplished Authoress, but equally so to the public, to omit whole pages, and mutilate passages in many places, because they contain sentiments that do not fall in with the prejudices of an editor or publisher.

In this edition the original work is given entire, and the Publisher would say to those who consider the author has allowed her fancy to run wild, that what are deemed the wild fancies of to-day may, twenty years hence, be generally accepted as sober realities. It has always been so in time past and may be so again.

The only change the Publisher has seen fit to make is on the title-page namely, the additional explanatory words, "or a Glimpse into Heaven."

To my father,

Whose Life, Like a Perfume from Beyond the Gates, Penetrates Every Life which Approaches it, the Readers of this Little Book will Owe whatever Pleasant thing they May Find within its Pages.

E. S. P.

The Gates Ajar.

I.

ONE week; only one week to-day, this twenty-first of February.

I have been sitting here in the dark and thinking about it, till it seems so horribly long and so horribly short; it has been such a week to live through, and it is such a small part of the weeks that must be lived through, that I could think no longer, but lighted my lamp and opened my desk to find something to do.

I was tossing my paper about—only my own; the packages in the yellow envelopes I have not been quite brave enough to open yet—when I came across this poor little book in which I used to keep memoranda of the weather, and my lovers, when I was a school-girl. I turned the leaves, smiling to see how many blank pages were left, and took up my pen, and now I am not smiling any more.

If it had not come exactly as it did, it seems to me as if I could bear it better. They tell me that it should not have been such a shock. "Your brother had been in the army so long that you should have been prepared for anything. Everybody knows by what a hair a soldiers life is always hanging," and a great deal more that I am afraid I have not listened to. I suppose it is all true; but that never makes it any easier.

The house feels like a prison. I walk up and down and wonder that I ever called it home. Something is the matter with the sunsets; they come and go, and I do not notice them. Something ails the voices of the children snowballing down the street; all the music has gone out of them, and they hurt me like knives. The harmless, happy children!—and Hoy loved the little children.

Why, it seems to me as if the world were spinning around in the light and wind and laughter, and God just stretched down his hand one morning and put it out. It was such a dear, pleasant world to be put out! It was never dearer or more pleasant than it was on that morning. I had not been as happy for weeks. I came up from the Post-Office singing to myself. His letter was so bright and full of mischief! I had not had one like it all the winter. I have laid it away by itself, filled with his jokes and pet names, "Mamie" or "Queen Mamie" every other line, and signed, "Until next time, your happy ROY."

I wonder if all brothers and sisters keep up the baby-names as we did. I wonder if I shall ever become used to living without them.

I read the letter over a great many times, and stopped to tell Mrs. Bland the news in it, and wondered what had kept it so long on the way, and wondered if it could be true that he would have a furlough in May. It seemed too good to be true. If I had been fourteen instead of twenty-four, I should have jumped up and down and clapped my hands there in the street. The sky was so bright that I could scarcely turn up my eyes to look at it. The sunshine was shivered into little lances all over the glaring white crust. There was a snow-bird chirping and pecking on the maple-tree as I came in.

I went up and opened my window; sat down by it and drew a long breath, and began to count the days till May. I must have sat there as much as half an hour. I was so happy counting the days that I did not hear the front gate, and when I looked down a man stood there,—a great, rough man,—who shouted up that he was in a hurry, and wanted seventy-five cents for a telegram that he had brought over from East Homer. I believe I went clown and paid him, sent him away, came up here and locked the door before I read it. Phoebe found me here at dinner time.

If I could have gone to him, could have busied myself with packing and journeying, could have been forced to think and plan, could have had the shadow of a hope of one more look, one word, I suppose I should have taken it differently. Those two words—"Shot dead"—shut me up and walled me in, as I think people must feel shut up and walled in in hell. I write the words most solemnly, for I know that there has been hell in my heart.

It is all over now. He came back, and they brought him up the steps, and I listened to their feet,—so many feet; he used to come bounding in. They let me see him for a minute, and there was a funeral, and Mrs. Bland came over, and she and Phoebe attended to everything I suppose. I did not notice nor think till we had left him out there in the cold and had come back. The windows of his room were opened, and the bitter wind swept in. The house was still and damp. Nobody was there to welcome me. Nobody would ever be

Poor old Phoebe! I had forgotten her. She was waiting at the kitchen window in her black bonnet; she took off my things and made me a cup of tea, and kept at work near me for a little while, wiping her eyes. She came in just now, when I had left my unfinished sentence to dry, sitting here with my face in my hands. "Laws now, Miss Mary, my dear! This won't never do,—a rebellin' agin Providence, and singein' your hair on the lamp chimney this way! The dining-room lire's goin' beautiful, and the salmon is toasted to a brown. Put away them papers and come right along!"

II.

February 23rd.

WHO originated that most exquisite of inquisitions, the condolence system?

A solid blow has in itself the elements of its rebound; it arouses the antagonism of the life on which it falls; its relief is the relief of a combat. But a hundred little needles pricking at us,—what is to be done with them? The hands hang down, the Knees are feeble. We cannot so much as gasp, because they *are* little needles.

I know that there are those who like these calls; but why, in the name of all sweet pity, must we endure them without respect of persons, as we would endure a wedding reception or make a party-call?

Perhaps I write excitedly and hardly. I feel excited and hard. I am sure I do not mean to be ungrateful for real sorrowful sympathy, however imperfectly it may be shown, or that near friends (if one has them) cannot give, in such a time as this, actual strength, even if they fail of comfort, by look and tone and love. But it is not near friends who are apt to wound, nor real sympathy which sharpens the worst of the needles. It is the fact that all your chance acquaintances feel called upon to bring their curious eyes and jarring words right into the silence of your first astonishment; taking you in a round of morning calls with kid gloves and parasol, and the liberty to turn your heart about and cut into it at pleasure. You may quiver at every touch, but there is no escape, because it is "the thing."

For instance, Meta Tripp came in this afternoon,—I have refused myself to everybody but Mrs. Bland before, but Meta caught me in the parlour, and there was no escape. She had come, it was plain enough,

because she must, and she had come early, because, she too having lost a brother in the war, she was expected to be very sorry for me. Very likely she was, and very likely she did the best she knew how, but she was—not as uncomfortable as I, but as uncomfortable as she could be, and was evidently glad when it was over. She observed, as she went out, that I should not feel so sad by and by. She felt very sad at first when Jack died, but everybody got over that after a time. The girls were going to sew for the Fair next week at Mr. Quirk's, and she hoped I would exert myself and come. All, well:—

*"First learn to love one living man,
Then mayst thou think upon the dead."*

It is not that the child is to be blamed for not knowing enough to stay away; but her coming here has made me wonder whether I am different from other women; why Roy was so much more to me than many brothers are to many sisters. I think it must be that there never *was* another like Roy. Then we have lived together so long, we two alone, since father died, that he had grown to me, heart of my heart, and life of my life. It did not seem as if he *could* be taken, and I be left. Besides, I suppose most young women of my age have their dreams, and a future probable or possible, which makes the very incompleteness of life sweet, because of the symmetry which is waiting somewhere. But that was settled so long ago for me that it makes it very different. Roy was all there was.

February 26th.

Death and heaven could not seem very different to a Pagan from what they seem to me. I say this deliberately. It has been deliberately forced upon me. That of which I had a faint consciousness in the first shock takes shape now. I do not see how one with such thoughts in her heart as I have had can possibly be "regenerate," or stand any chance of ever becoming "one of the redeemed." And here I am, what I have been for six years, a member of an Evangelical church, in good and regular standing!

The bare, blank sense of physical repulsion from death, which was all the idea I had of anything when they first brought him home, has not gone yet. It is horrible. It was cruel. Roy, all I had in the wide world,—Roy, with the flash in his eyes, with his smile that lighted the house all up; with his pretty, soft hair that I used to curl and kiss about my finger, his bounding step, his strong arras that folded me in and cared for me,—Roy snatched away in an instant by a dreadful God, and laid out there in the wet and snow, in the hideous wet and snow,—never to kiss him, never to see him any more!

He was a good boy. Roy was a good boy. He must have gone to heaven. But I know nothing about heaven. It is very far off. In my best and happiest days, I never liked to think of it. If I were to go there it could do me no good, for I should not see Roy. Or if by chance I should see him standing up among the grand, white angels, he would not be the old dear Roy. I should grow so tired of singing! Should long and fret for one little talk,—for I never said good-bye, and——

I will stop this.

A scrap from the German of Bürger, which I came across to-day shall be copied here.

*"Be calm, my child, forget thy woe,
And think of God and heaven;
Christ thy Redeemer hath to thee
Himself for comfort given.*

*"O mother, mother, what is heaven?
O mother, what is hell?
To be with Wilhelm,—that's my heaven;
Without him,—that's my hell."*

February 27th.

Miss Meta Tripp, in the ignorance of her little silly heart, has done me a great mischief.

Phoebe prepared me for it by observing, when she came up yesterday to dust my room, that "folks was all sayin' that Mary Cabot"—(Homer is not an aristocratic town, and Phœbe doffs and dons my title at her own sweet will)—that Mary Cabot was dreadful low sence Royal died, and hadn't ought to stay shut up by herself, day in and day out. It was behaving contrary to the will of Providence, and very bad for her health too." Moreover, Mrs. Bland, who called this morning with her three babies,—she never is able to stir out of the house without those children, poor thing!—lingered awkwardly on the door-steps as she went away, and hoped that "Mary my dear" wouldn't take it unkindly, but she did wish that I would exert myself more to see my friends and receive comfort in my affliction. She didn't want to interfere, or bother me, or—but—people would talk, and——

My good little minister's wife broke down all in a blush, at this point in her "porochial duties" (I more than suspect that her husband had a hand in the matter), so I took pity on her embarrassment, and said smiling that I would think about it.

I see just how the leaven has spread. Miss Meta, a little overwhelmed and a good deal mystified by her call here, pronounces "poor Mary Cabot *so* sad; she wouldn't talk about Royal; and you couldn't persuade her to come to the Fair; and she was so *sober!*— why it was dreadful!" Therefore, Homer has made up its mind that I shall become resigned in an arithmetical manner, and comforted according to the Rule of Three.

I wish I could go away! I wish I could go away and creep into the ground and die! If nobody need ever speak any more words to me! If anybody only knew *what* to say!

Little Mrs. Brand has been very kind, and I thank her with all my heart. But she does not know. She does not understand. Her happy heart is bound up in her little live children. She never laid anybody away under the snow without a chance to say good-bye.

As for the minister, he came, of course, as it was proper that *he* should, before the funeral, and once after. He is a very good man, but I am afraid of him, and I am glad that he has not come again.

Night.

I can only repeat and re-echo what I wrote this noon. If anybody knew *what* to say!

Just after supper I heard the door-bell, and, looking out of the window, I caught a glimpse of Deacon Quirk's old drab felt hat, on the upper step. My heart sank, but there was no help for me. I waited for Phœbe to bring up his name, desperately listening to her heavy steps, and letting her knock three times before I answered. I confess to having taken my hair down twice, washed my hands to a most unnecessary extent, and been a long time brushing my dress; also to forgettng my handkerchief, and having to go back for it after I was down stairs. Deacon Quirk looked tired of waiting. I hope he was.

O, what an ill-natured thing to say! What is coming over me? What would Roy think? What could he?

"Good evening, Mary," said the Deacon, severely, when I went in. Probably he did not mean to speak severely, but the truth is, I think he was a little vexed that I had kept him waiting. I said good evening, and apologised for my delay, and sat down as far from him as I conveniently could. There was an awful silence.

"I came in this evening," said the Deacon, breaking it with a cough, "I came—hem!—to confer with you—"

I looked up. "I thought somebody had ought to come," continued the Deacon, "to confer with you as a Christian brother on your spiritooal condition."

I opened my eyes.

"To confer with you on your spiritooal condition," repeated my visitor. "I understand that you have had some unfortoonate exercises of mind under your affliction, and I observed that you absented yourself from the Communion Table last Sunday."

"I did."

"Intentionally?"

"Intentionally."

He seemed to expect me to say something more; and, seeing that there was no help for it, I answered,— "I did not feel lit to go. I should not have dared to go. God does not seem to me just now what he used to. He has dealt very bitterly with me. But, however wicked I may be, I will not mock Him. I think, Deacon Quirk, that I did right to stay away."

"Well," said the Deacon, twirling his hat with a puzzled look, "perhaps you did. But I don't see the excuse

for any such feelings as would make it necessary. I think it my duty to tell you, Mary, that I am sorry to see you in such a rebellious state of mind.

I made no reply.

"Afflictions come from God," he observed, looking at me as impressively as if he supposed that I never heard the statement before.

"Afflictions come from God, and however afflictin' or however crushin' they may be, it is our duty to submit to them. Glory in triboolation, St. Paul says; glory in triboolation."

I continued silent.

"I sympathise with you in this sad dispensation," he proceeded.

Of course you was very fond of Royal; it's natural you should be, quite natural—" He stopped, perplexed, I suppose, by something in my face. "Yes, it's very natural; poor human nature sets a great deal by earthly props and affections. But it's your duty as a Christian and a church-member to be resigned."

I tapped the floor with my foot. I began to think that I could not bear much more.

"To be resigned, my dear young friend. To say 'Abba, Father, and pray that the will of the Lord be done.'"

"Deacon Quirk!" said I, "I am *not* resigned. I pray the dear Lord with all my heart to make me so, but I will not say I am, until I am,—if ever that time comes. As for those words about the Lord's will, I would no more take them on my lips than I would blasphemy, unless I could speak them honestly,—and that I cannot do. We had better talk of something else now, had we not?"

Deacon Quirk looked at me. It struck me that he would look very much so at a Mormon or a Hottentot, and I wondered whether he were going to excommunicate me on the spot. As soon as he began to speak, however, I saw that he was only bewildered,—honestly bewildered, and honestly shocked: I do not doubt that I had said bewildering and shocking things.

"My friend," he said, solemnly, "I shall pray for you and leave you in the hands of God. Your brother, whom he has removed from this earthly life for His own wise—"

"We will not talk any more about Roy, if you please," I interrupted; *he* is happy and safe."

"Hem!—I hope so," he replied moving uneasily in his chair; "I believe he never made a profession of religion, but there is no limit to the mercy of God. It is very unsafe for the young to think that they can rely upon a death-bed repentance, but our God is a covenant-keeping God, and Royal's mother was a pious woman. If you cannot say with certainty that he is numbered among the redeemed, you are justified, perhaps, in hoping so."

I turned sharply on him, but words died on my lips. How could I tell the man of that short, dear letter that came to me in December,—that Roy's was no death-bed repentance, but the quiet, natural growth of a life that had always been the life of the pure in heart; of his manly beliefs and unselfish motives; of that dawning sense of friendship with Christ of which he used to speak so modestly, dreading lest he should not be honest with himself? "Perhaps I ought not to call myself a Christian," he wrote,—I learned the words *by heart*,—"and I shall make no profession to be such, till I am sure of it, but my life has not seemed to me for a long time to be my own. 'Bought with a price' just expresses it. I can point to no time at which I was conscious by any revolution of feeling of 'experiencing a change of heart,' but it seems to me that a man's heart might be changed for all that. I do not know that it is necessary for us to be able to watch every footprint of God. The *way* is all that concerns us,—to see that we follow it and Him. This I am sure of; and knocking about in this army life only convinces me of what I felt in a certain way before,—that it is the only way, and He the only guide *to* follow."

But how could I say anything of this to Deacon Quirk?—this my sealed and sacred treasure, of all that Roy left me the dearest. At any rate I did not. It seemed both obstinate and cruel in him to come there and say what he had been saying. He might have known that I would not say that Roy had gone to Heaven, if,—why, if there had been the breath of a doubt. It is a possibility of which I cannot rationally conceive, but I suppose that his name would never have passed my lips. So I turned away from Deacon Quirk, and shut my mouth, and waited for him to finish. Whether the idea began to struggle into his mind that he *might* not have been making a very comforting remark, I cannot say; but he started very soon to go.

"Supposing you are right, and Royal was saved at the eleventh hour," he said at parting, with one of his stolid efforts to be consolatory that are worse than his rebukes, "if he is singing the song of Moses and the Lamb (he pointed with his big, dingy thumb at the ceiling), *he* doesn't rebel against the doings of Providence. All *his* affections are subdued to God,—merged, as you might say,—merged in worshipping before the great White Throne. He doesn't think this miser' ble earthly spere of any importance, compared with that eternal and exceeding weight of glory. In the appropriate words of the poet,—

'O, not to one created thing

*Shall our embrace be given,
But all our joy shall be in God,
For only God is Heaven.'*

Those are very spiritooal and scripteral lines, and it's very proper to reflect how true they are."

I saw him go out, and came up here and locked myself in, and have been walking round and round the room. I must have walked a good while, for I feel as weak as a baby. Can the man in any state of existence be made to comprehend that he has been holding me on the rack this whole evening? Yet he came under a strict sense of duty, and in the kindness of all the heart he has! I know, or I ought to know, that he is a good man,—far better in the sight of God to-night, I do not doubt, than I am. But it hurts,—it cuts,—that thing which he said as he went out; because I suppose it must be true; because it seems to me greater than I can bear to have it true.

Roy, away in that dreadful Heaven, can have no thought of me, cannot remember how I loved him, how he left me all alone. The singing and the worshipping must take up all his time. God wants it all. He is a "Jealous God." I am nothing any more to Roy.

March 2.

And once I was much,—very much to him! His Mamie, his poor Queen Mamie,—dearer, he used to say, than all the world to him,—I don't see how he can like it so well up there as to forget her. Though Roy was a very good boy. But this poor, wicked little Mamie,—why, I fall to pitying her as if she were some one else, and wish that some one would cry over her a little. I can't cry.

Roy used to say a thing—I have not the words, but it was like this,—that one must be either very young or very ungenerous, if one could find time to pity one's self.

I have lain for two nights, with my eyes open all night long. I thought that perhaps I might see him. I have been praying for a touch, a sign, only for something to break the silence into which he has gone. But there is no answer, none. The light burns blue, and I see at last that it is morning, and go down stairs alone, and so the day begins.

Something of Mrs. Browning's has been keeping a dull mechanical time in my brain all day.

"God keeps a niche
In Heaven to hold our idols albeit
He brake them to our faces, and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white."

But why must He take them? And why should He keep them there? Shall we ever see them framed in their glorious gloom? Will He let us touch them *then*? Or must we stand like a poor worshipper at a cathedral, looking up at his pictured saint afar off upon the other side?

Has every thing stopped just here? Our talks together in the twilight, our planning and hoping and dreaming together; our walks and rides and laughing; our reading and singing and loving,—these then are all gone out forever?

God forgive the words! but Heaven will never be Heaven to mo without them.

March 4.

Perhaps I had better not write any more here after this.

On looking over the leaves, I see that the little green book has become an outlet for the shallower part of pain.

Meta Tripp and Deacon Quirk, gossip and sympathy that have buzzed into my trouble and annoyed me like wasps (we are apt to make more fuss over a wasp-sting than a sabre-cut), just that proportion of suffering which alone can ever be put into words—the surface.

I begin to understand what I never understood till now—what people mean by the luxury of grief. No, I am sure that I never understood it, because my pride suffered as much as any part of me in that other time. I would

no more have spent two consecutive hours drifting at the mercy of my thoughts, than I would have put my hand into the furnace fire. The right to mourn makes everything different. Then, as to mother, I was very young when she died, and father, though I loved him, was never to me what Roy has been.

This luxury of grief, like all luxuries, is pleasurable. Though, as I was saying, it is only the shallow part of one's heart—I imagine that the deepest hearts have their shallows—which can be filled by it, still it brings a shallow relief.

Let it be confessed to this honest book, that, driven to it by desperation, I found in it a wretched sort of content.

Being a little stronger now physically, I shall try to be a little braver; it will do no harm to try. So I seem to see that it was the content of poison—salt-water poured between shipwrecked lips.

At any rate I mean to put the book away and lock it up. Roy used to say that he did not believe in journals. I begin to see why.

III.

March 7.

I have taken out my book, and am going to write again. But there is an excellent reason. I have something else than myself to write about.

This morning Phoebe persuaded me to walk down to the office, "To keep up my spirits and get some salt pork." She brought my things and put them on me while I was hesitating; tied my victorine and buttoned my gloves; wanned my boots, and fussed about me as if I had been a baby. It did me good to be taken care of, and I thanked her softly; a little more softly than I am apt to speak to Phoebe.

"Bless your soul, my dear!" she said, winking briskly, "I don't want no thanks. It's thanks enough jest to see one of your old looks comin' over you for a spell, sence—" She knocked over a chair with her broom, and left her sentence unfinished. Phoebe has always had a queer, clinging, superior sort of love for us both. She dandled us on her knees, and made all our rag-dolls, and carried us through measles and mumps and the rest. Then mother's early death threw all the care upon her. I believe that in her secret heart she considers me more her child than her mistress. It cost a great many battles to become established as "Miss Mary."

"I should like to know," she would say, throwing back her great, square shoulders and towering up in front of me,— "I should like to know if you s'pose I'm a goin to 'Miss' anybody that I've trotted to Bam berry Cross as many times as I have you, Mary Cabot! Catch me!"

I remember how she would insist on calling me "her baby" after I was in long dresses, and it mortified me cruelly once when Meta Tripp was here to tea with some Boston cousins. Poor, good Phœbe! Her rough love seems worth more to me, now that it is all I have left me in the world. It occurs to me that I may not have taken notice enough of her lately. She has done her honest best to comfort me, and she loved Roy, too.

But about the letter. I wrapped my face up closely in the *cr#pe*, so that, if I met Deacon Quirk, he should not recognise me, and, thinking that the air was pleasant as I walked, came home with the pork for Phoebe and a letter for myself. I did not open it; in fact, I forgot all about it, till I had been at home for half an hour. I cannot bear to open a letter since that morning when the lances of light fell on the snow. They have written to me from everywhere—uncles and cousins and old school friends; well-meaning people; saying each the same thing in the same way—no, not that exactly, and very likely I should feel hurt and lonely if they did not write; but sometimes I wish it did not all have to be read.

So I did not notice much about my letter this morning, till presently it occurred to me that what must be done had better be done quickly; so I drew up my chair to the desk, prepared to read and answer on the spot. Something about the writing and the signature rather pleased me: it was dated from Kansas, and was signed with the name of my mother's youngest sister, Winifred Forceythe. I will lay the letter in between these two leaves, for it seems to suit the pleasant, spring-like day; besides, I took out the green book again on account of it.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS,

February 21.

MY DEAR CHILD,—I have been thinking how happy you will be by and by because Roy is happy. And yet I know—I understand——

You have been in all my thoughts, and they have been such pitiful, tender thoughts, that I cannot help letting you know that somebody is sorry for you. For the rest, the heart knoweth its own, and I am, after all, too much of a stranger to my sister's child to intermeddle.

So my letter dies upon my pen. You cannot bear words yet. How should I dare to fret you with them? I can only reach you by my silence, and leave you with the Heart that bled and broke for you and Roy.—

Your Aunt, WINIFRED FORCEYTHE.

Postscript,

February, 23.

I open my letter to add, that I am thinking of coming to New England with Faith,—you know Faith and I have nobody but each other now. Indeed, I may be on my way by the time this reaches you. It is just possible that I may not come back to the West. I shall be for a time at your Uncle Calvin's, and then my husband's friends think that they must have me. I should like to see you for a day or two, but if you do not care to see me, say so. If you let me come because you think you must, I shall find it out from your face in an hour. I should like to be something to you, or do something for you; but if I cannot, I would rather not come.

I like that letter. I have written to her to come, and in such a way that I think she will understand me to mean what I say. I have not seen her since I was a child. I know that she was very much younger than my mother; that she spent her young ladyhood teaching at the South;—grandfather had enough with which to support her, but I have heard it said that she preferred to take care of herself—that she finally married a poor minister, whose sermons people liked, but whose coat was shockingly shabby; that she left the comforts and elegancies and friends of New England to go to the West and bury herself in an unheard-of little place with him (I think she must have loved him); that he afterwards settled in Lawrence; that there, after they had been married some childless years, this little Faith was born; and that there Uncle Forceythe died about three years ago; that is about all I know of her. I suppose her share of grandfather Burleigh's little property supports her respectably. I understand that she has been living a sort of missionary life among her husband's people since his death, and that they think they shall never see her like again. It is they who keep her from coming home again, Uncle Calvin's wife told me once; they and one other thing—her husband's grave. I hope she will come to see me. I notice one strange thing about her letter. She does not use the ugly words "death" and "dying." I don't know exactly what she put in their places, but something that had a pleasant sound.

"To be happy because Hoy is happy." I wonder if she really thinks it is possible. I wonder what makes the words chase me about.

IV.

May 5.

I am afraid that my brave resolutions are all breaking down. The stillness of the May days is creeping into everything; the days in which the furlough was to come; in which the bitter Peace has come instead, and in which he would have been at home, never to go away from me any more.

The lazy winds are choking me. Their faint sweetness makes me sick. The moist, rich loam is ploughed in the garden; the grass, more golden than green, springs in the warm hollow by the front gate; the great maple, just reaching up to tap at the window, blazes and bows under its weight of scarlet blossoms. I cannot bear their perfume; it comes up in great breaths, when the window is opened. I wish that little cricket, just waked from his winter's nap, would not sit there on the sill and chirp at me. I hate the bluebirds flashing in and out of the carmine cloud that the maple makes, and singing, singing everywhere.

It is easy to understand how Bianca heard "the nightingales sing through her head," how she could call them "owl-like birds," who sang "for spite," who sang "for hate," who sang "for doom."

Most of all I hate the maple. I wish winter were back again to fold it away in white, with its bare, black fingers only to come tapping at the window. "Roy's maple" we used to call it. How much fun he had out of that old tree!

As far back as I can remember, we never considered spring to be officially introduced till we had had a fight with the red blossoms. Roy used to pelt me well; but with that pretty chivalry of his, which was rare in such a little fellow, which developed afterwards into that rarer treatment of women, of which every one speaks

who speaks of him, he would stop the play the instant it threatened roughness. I used to be glad, though, that I had strength and courage enough to make it some fun to him.

The maple is full of pictures of Roy. Roy, not yet over the dignity of his first boots, aiming for the cross-barred branch, coming to the ground with a terrible wrench on his ankle, straight up again before anybody could stop him, and sitting there on the ugly, swaying bough as white as a sheet, to wave his cap—"There, I meant to do it, and I have!" Roy, chopping off the twigs for kindling wood in his mud oven, and sending his hatchet right through the parlour window. Roy cutting leaves for me, and then pulling all my wreaths down over my nose every time I put them on! Roy making me jump halfway across the room with a sudden thump on my window, and, looking out, I would see him with his hat off and hair blown from his forehead, framed in by the scented blossoms, or the quivering green, or the flame of blood-red leaves. But there is no end to them if I begin.

I had planned, if he came this week, to strip the richest branches, and fill his room.

May 6.

The May-day stillness, the lazy winds, the sweetness in the air, are all gone. A miserable north-easterly storm has set in. The garden loam is a mass of mud; the golden grass is drenched; the poor little cricket is drowned in a mud-puddle; the blue-birds are huddled among the leaves, with their heads under their drabbed wings, and the maple blossoms, dull and shrunken, drip against the glass.

It begins to be evident that it will never do for me to live alone. Yet who is there in the wide world that I could bear to bring here—into Roy's place?

A little old-fashioned book, bound in green and gold, attracted my attention this morning while I was dusting the library. It proved to be my mother's copy of "Elia,"—one that father had given her, I saw by the fly-leaf, in their early engagement days. It is some time since I have read Charles Lamb; indeed, since the middle of February I have read nothing of any sort. Phoebe dries the Journal for me every night, and sometimes I glance at the Telegraphic Summary, and sometimes I don't.

"You used to be fond enough of books," Mrs. Bland says, looking puzzled,—"regular blue-stocking, Mr. Bland called you (no personal objection to you, of course, my dear, but he *doesn't* like literary women, which is a great comfort to me). Why don't you read and divert yourself now?"

But my brain, like the rest of me, seems to be crushed. I could not follow three pages of history with attention. Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Whittier, Mrs. Browning, are filled with Roy's marks,—and so down the shelf. Besides, poetry strikes as nothing else does, deep into the roots of things. One finds everywhere some strain at the fibres of one's heart. A mind must be healthily reconciled to actual life before a poet—at least most poets—can help it. We must learn to bear and to work, before we can spare strength to dream.

To hymns and hymn-like poems, exception should be made. Some of them are like soft hands stealing into ours in the dark, and holding us fast without a spoken word. I do not know how many times Whittier's "Psalm," and that old cry of Cowper's, "God moves in a mysterious way," have quieted me,—just the sound of the words; when I was too wild to take in their meaning, and too wicked to believe them if I had.

As to novels (by the way, Meta Tripp sent me over four yesterday afternoon, among which notice "Aurora Floyd" and "Uncle Silas"), the author of "Rutledge" expresses my feeling about them precisely. I do not remember her exact words, but they are not unlike these—"She had far outlived the passion of ordinary novels; and the few which struck the depths of her experience gave her more pain than pleasure."

However, I took up poor "Elia" this morning, and stumbled upon "Dream Children," to which, for pathos and symmetry, I have read few things superior in the language. Years ago, I almost knew it by heart, but it has slipped out of memory with many other things of late. Any book, if it be one of those which Lamb calls "books which *are* books," put before us at different periods of life, will unfold to us new meanings,—wheels within wheels, delicate springs of purpose to which, at the last reading, we were stone-blind; gems which perhaps the author ignorantly cut and polished.

A sentence in this "Dream Children," which at eighteen I had passed by with a compassionate sort of wonder, only thinking that it gave me "the blues" to read it, and that I was glad Roy was alive, I have seized upon, and learned all over again now. I write it down to the dull music of the rain.

"And how, when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death, as I thought, pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again."

How still the house is! I can hear the coach rumbling away at the half-mile corner, coming up from the evening train. A little arrow of light has just cut the gray gloom of the West.

Ten o'clock.

The coach to which I sat listening rumbled up to the gate and stopped. Puzzled for the moment, and feeling as inhospitable as I knew how, I went down to the door. The driver was already on the steps, with a bundle in his arms that proved to be a rather minute child; and a lady, veiled, was just stepping from the carriage into the rain. Of course I came to my senses at that, and, calling to Phœbe that Mrs Forceythe had come, sent her out an umbrella.

She surprised me by running lightly up the steps. I had imagined a somewhat advanced age and a sedate amount of infirmities, to be necessary concomitants of aunthood. She came in all sparkling with rain-drops, and, gently pushing aside the hand with which I was trying to pay her driver, said, laughing :—"Here we are, bag and baggage, you see, 'big trunk, little trunk,' &c., &c. You did not expect me? Ah, my letter missed then. It is too bad to take you by storm in this way. Come, Faith! No, don't trouble about the trunks just now. Shall I go right in here?"

Her voice had a sparkle in it, like the drops on her veil, but it was low and very sweet. I took her in by the dining-room fire, and was turning to take off the little girl's things, when a soft hand stayed me, and I saw that she had drawn off the wet veil. A face somewhat pale looked down at me,—she is taller than I—with large compassionate eyes.

"I am too wet to kiss you, but I must have a look," she said, smiling. "That will do. You are like your mother, very like."

I don't know what possessed me, whether it was the sudden, sweet feeling of kinship with something alive, or whether it was her face or her voice, or all together, but I said :—"I don't think you are too wet to be kissed," and threw my arms about her neck—I am not of the kissing kind, either, and I had on my new bombazine, and she *was* very wet. I thought she looked pleased. Phoebe was sent to open the register in the blue room, and as soon as it was warm I went up with them, leading Faith by the hand. I am unused to children, and she kept stepping on my dress, and spinning around and tipping over, in the most astonishing manner. It strikingly reminded me of a top at the last gasp. Her mother observed that she was tired and sleepy. Phoebe was waiting around awkwardly up stairs, with fresh towels on her arm. Aunt Winifred turned and held out her hand. "Well, Phœbe, I am glad to see you. This is Phœbe, I am sure? You have altered with everything else since I was here before. You keep bright and well, I hope, and take good care of Miss Mary?"

It was a simple enough thing, to be sure, her taking the trouble to notice the old servant with whom she had scarcely ever exchanged a half-dozen words; but I liked it. I liked the way, too, in which it was done. It reminded me of Roy's fine, well-bred manner towards his inferiors,—always cordial, yet always appropriate; I have heard that our mother had much the same.

I tried to make things look as pleasant as I could down stairs, while they were making ready for tea. The grate was raked up a little, a bright supper-cloth laid on the table, and the curtains drawn. Phoebe mixed a hasty cake of some sort, and brought out the heavier pieces of silver—tea-pot &c., which I do not use when I am alone, because it is so much trouble to take care of them, and because I like the little Wedgwood set that Roy had for his chocolate.

"How pleasant!" said Aunt Winifred, as she sat down with Faith in a high chair beside her, Phoebe had a great hunt up garret for that chair; it has been stowed away there since it and I parted company. "How pleasant everything is here! I believe in bright dining-rooms. There is an indescribable dinginess to most that I have seen, which tends to anything but thankfulness. Homesick, Faith? No; that's right. I don't think we shall be homesick at Cousin Mary's."

If she had not said, the probabilities are that they would have been, for I have fallen quite out of the way of active housekeeping, and have almost forgotten how to entertain a friend. But I do not want her good opinion wasted, and mean they shall have a good time if I can make it for them.

It was a little hard at first to see her opposite me at the table; it was Roy's place.

While she was sitting there in the light, with the dust and weariness of travel brushed away a little, I was able to make up my mind what this aunt of mine looks like.

She is young, then, to begin with, and I find it necessary to reiterate the fact, in order to get it into my stupid brain. The cape and spectacles, the little old woman's shawl and invalid's walk, for which I had prepared myself, persist in hovering before my bewildered eyes, ready to drop down on her at a moment's notice. Just thirty-five she is by her own showing; older than I to be sure; but as we passed in front of the mirror together, once to-night, I could not see half that difference between us. The peace of her fair face and the pain of mine

contrast sharply, and give me an old, worn look, beside her. After all, though, to one who had seen much of life, hers would be the true maturity perhaps—the maturity of repose. A look in her eyes once or twice gave me the impression that she thinks me rather young, though she is far too wise and delicate to show it. I don't like to be treated like a girl. I mean to find out what she does think.

My eyes have been on her face the whole evening, and I believe it is the sweetest face—woman's face—that I have ever seen. Yet she is far from being a beautiful woman. It is difficult to say what makes the impression; scarcely any feature is accurate, yet the *tout ensemble* seems to have no fault. Her hair, which must have been bright bronze once, has grown gray—quite gray—before its time. I really don't know of what colour her eyes are; blue, perhaps, most frequently, but they change with every word that she speaks; when quiet, they have a curious, far-away look, and a steady, lambent light shines through them. Her mouth is well cut and delicate, yet you do not so much notice that as its expression. It looks as if it held a happy secret, with which, however near one may come to her, one can never intermeddle. Yet there are lines about it and on her forehead, which are proof plain enough that she has not always floated on summer seas. She yet wears her widow's black, but relieves it pleasantly by white at the throat and wrists. Take her altogether, I like to look at her.

Faith is a round, rolling, rollicking little piece of mischief, with three years and a half of experience in this very happy world. She has black eyes and a pretty chin, funny little pink hands all covered with dimples, and a dimple in one cheek besides. She has tipped over two tumblers of water, scratched herself all over playing with the cat, and set her apron on fire already since she has been here. I stand in some awe of her; but, after I have become initiated, I think that we shall be very good friends.

"Of all names in the catalogue," I said to her mother, when she came down into the parlour after putting her to bed, "Faith seems to be about the *most* inappropriate for this solid-bodied, twinkling little bairn of yours, with her pretty red cheeks, and such an appetite for supper!"

"Yes," she said, laughing, "there is nothing *spirituelle* about Faith. But she means just that to me. I could not call her anything else. Her father gave her the name." Her face changed, but did not sadden; a quietness crept into it and into her voice, but that was all.

"I will tell you about it sometime,—perhaps," she added, rising and standing by the fire. "Faith looks like him." Her eyes assumed their distant look, "like the eyes of those who see the dead," and gazed away,—so far away, into the fire, that I felt that she would not be listening to anything that I might say, and therefore said nothing.

We spent the evening chatting cosily. After the fire had died down in the grate (I had Phœbe light a pine-knot there, because I noticed that Aunt Winifred fancied the blaze in the dining-room), we drew up our chairs into the corner by the register, and roasted away to our heart's content. A very bad habit, to sit over the register, and Aunt Winifred says she shall undertake to break me off it. We talked about everything under the sun,—uncles, aunts, cousins, Kansas and Connecticut, the surrenders, and the assassination, books, pictures, music, and Faith,—O, and Phœbe and the cat. Aunt Winifred talks well, and does not gossip nor exhaust her resources; one feels always that she has material in reserve on any subject that is worth talking about.

For one thing I thank her with all my heart: she never spoke of Roy.

Upon reflection, I find that I have really passed a pleasant evening. She knocked at my door just now, after I had written the last sentence, and had put away the book for the night. Thinking that it was Phoebe, I called, "Come in," and did not turn. She had come to the bureau where I stood unbraiding my hair, and touched my arm, before I saw who it was. She had on a crimson dressing-gown of warm flannel, and her hair hung down on her shoulders. Although so gray, her hair is massive yet, and coils finely when she is dressed.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but I thought you would not be in bed, and I came in to say,—let me sit somewhere else at the breakfast-table, if you like, I saw that I had taken 'the vacant place.' Good night, my dear."

It was such a little thing! I wonder how many people would have noticed it, or taken the trouble to speak of it. The quick perception, the unusual delicacy, these too are like Roy. I almost wish that she had stayed a little longer. I almost think that I could bear to have her speak to me about him.

Faith, in the next room, seems to have wakened from a frightened dream, and I can hear their voices through the wall. Her mother is soothing and singing to her in the broken words of some old lullaby with which Phoebe used to sing Roy and me to sleep, years and years ago. The unfamiliar, home-like sound is pleasant in the silent house. Phoebe, on her way to bed, is stopping on the garret-stairs to listen to it. Even the cat comes mewling up to the door, and purring as I have not heard the creature purr since the old Sunday-night singing, hushed so long ago.

V.

May 7.

I was awakened and nearly smothered this morning by a pillow thrown directly at my head. Somewhat unaccustomed in the respectable, old maid's life that I lead, to such a pleasant little method of salutation, I jerked myself upright, and stared. There stood Faith in her night-dress, laughing as if she would suffocate, and her mother in search of her was just knocking at the open door.

"She insisted on going to wake Cousin Mary, and would'nt be washed till I let her; but I stipulated that she should kiss you softly on both your eyes."

"I did," said Faith, stoutly; "I kissed her eyes, both two of 'em, and her nose, and her mouth, and her neck; then I pulled her hair, and then I pinched her; but I thought she'd have to be banged a little. *Wasn't* it a bang, though!"

It really did me good to begin the day with a hearty laugh. The days usually look so long and blank at the beginning, that I can hardly make up my mind to step out into them. Faith's pillow was the famous pebble in the pond, to which authors of original imagination invariably resort; I felt its little circles widening out all through the day. I wonder if Aunt Winifred thought of that. She thinks of many things.

For instance, afraid apparently that I should think I was afflicted by one of those professional visitors who hold that a chance relationship justifies them imposing on one from the beginning to the end of the chapter, she managed to make me understand, this morning, that she was expecting to go back to Uncle Forceythe's brother on Saturday. I was surprised at myself to find that this proposition struck me with dismay. I insisted with all my heart on keeping her for a week at least, and sent forth a fiat that her trunks should be unpacked.

We have had a quiet, home-like day. Faith found her way to the orchard, and installed herself there for the day, overhauling the muddy grass with her bare hands to find dandelions. She came in at dinner-time as brown as a little nut, with her hat hanging down her neck, her apron torn, and just about as dirty as I should suppose it possible for a clean child to succeed in making herself. Her mother, however, seemed to be quite used to it, and the expedition with which she made her presentable I regard as a stroke of genius.

While Faith was disposed of, and the house still, auntie and I took our knitting and spent a regular old woman's morning at the south window in the dining-room. In the afternoon Mrs. Bland came over, babies and all, and sent up her card to Mrs. Forceythe.

Supper-time came, and still there had not been a word of Boy. I began to wonder at, while I respected this unusual silence.

While her mother was putting Faith to bed, I went into my room alone, for a few moments' quiet. An early dark had fallen, for it had clouded up just before sunset. The dull, gray sky and narrow horizon shut down and crowded in everything. A soldier from the village, who has just come home, was walking down the street with his wife and sister. The crickets were chirping in the meadows The faint breath of the maple came up.

I sat down by the window, and hid my face in both my hands. I must have sat there some time, for I had quite forgotten that I had company to entertain, when the door softly opened and shut, and some one came and sat down on the couch beside me. I did not speak, for I could not, and, the first I knew, a gentle arm crept about me, and she had gathered me into her lap and laid my head on her shoulder, as she might have gathered Faith.

"There," she said, in her low, lulling voice, "now tell Auntie all about it."

I don't know what it was, whether the voice, or touch, or words, but it came so suddenly,—and nobody had held me for so long—that everything seemed to break up and unlock in a minute, and I threw up my hands and cried. I don't know how long I cried.

She passed her hand softly to and fro across my hair, brushing it away from my temples while they throbbed and burned; but she did not speak. By and by I sobbed out :—"Auntie, Auntie, Auntie!" as Faith sobs out in the dark. It seemed to me that I must have help or die.

"Yes, dear. I understand. I know how hard it is. And you have been bearing it alone so long? I am going to help you, and you must tell me all you can."

The strong, decided words, "I am going to help you," gave me the first faint hope I have had, that I *could* be helped, and I could tell her—it was not sacrilege—the pent-up story of these weeks. All the time her hand went softly to and fro across my hair.

Presently, when I was weak and faint with the new comfort of my tears, "Aunt Winifred," I said, "I don't know what it means to be resigned; I don't know what it *means!*"

Still her hand passed softly to and fro across my hair.

"To have everything stop all at once! without giving me any time to learn to bear it. Why, you do not know—it is just as if a great black gate had swung to and barred out the future, and barred out him, and left me all alone in any world that I can ever live in, forever and forever."

"My child," she said, with emphasis solemn and low upon the words,— "my child, I *do* know. I think you forget—my husband."

I had forgotten. How could I? We are most selfishly blinded by our own griefs. No other form than ours ever seems to walk with us in the furnace. Her few words made me feel, as I could not have felt if she had said more, that this woman who was going to help me had suffered too; had suffered perhaps more than I—that, if I sat as a little child at her feet, she could teach me through the kinship of her pain.

"O my dear," she said, and held me close, "I have trodden every step of it before you—every single step."

"But you never were so wicked about it! You never felt—why, I have been *afraid* I should hate God! You never were so wicked as that."

Low under her breath she answered "Yes,"—this sweet, saintly woman who had come to me in the dark as an angel might. Then, turning suddenly, her voice trembled and broke :—"Mary, Mary, do you think He *could* have lived those thirty-three years, and be cruel to you now? Think that over and over; only that. It may be the only thought you dare to have—it was all I dared to have once—but cling to it; *cling with both hands*, Mary, and keep it."

I only put both hands about her neck and clung there; but I hope—it seems, as if I clung a little to the thought besides; it was as new and sweet to me as if I had never heard of it in all my life; and it has not left me yet.

"And then, my dear," she said, when she had let me cry a little longer, "when you have once found out that Roy's God loves you more than Roy does, the rest comes more easily. It will not be as long to wait as it seems now. It isn't as if you never were going to see him again."

I looked up bewildered.

"What's the matter, dear?"

"Why, do you think I shall see him—really see him?"

"Mary Cabot," she said abruptly, turning to look at me, "who has been talking to you about this thing?"

"Deacon Quirk," I answered faintly,— "Deacon Quirk and Dr. Bland."

She put her other arm around me with a quick movement, as if she would shield me from Deacon Quirk and Dr. Bland. "Do I think you will see him again? You might as well ask me if I thought God made you and made Roy, and gave you to each other. See him! Why, of course you will see him as you saw him here."

"As I saw him here! Why, here I looked into his eyes, I saw him smile, I touched him. Why, Aunt Winifred, Roy is an angel!"

She patted my hand with a little, soft, comforting laugh.

"But he is not any the less Roy for that—not any the less your own real Roy, who will love you and wait for you and be very glad to see you, as he used to love and wait and be glad when you came home from a journey on a cold winter night."

"And he met me at the door, and led me in where it was light and warm!" I sobbed.

"So he will meet you at the door in this other home, and lead you into the light and the warmth. And cannot that make the cold and dark a little shorter? Think a minute."

"But there is God—I thought we went to Heaven to worship him, and——"

"Shall you worship more heartily or less, for having Roy again? Did Mary love the Master more or less, after Lazarus came back? Why, my child, where did *you* get your ideas of God? Don't you suppose He *knows* how you love Roy?"

I drank in the blessed words without doubt or argument. I was too thirsty to doubt or argue. Some other time I may ask her how she knows this beautiful thing, but not now. All I can do now is to take it into my heart and hold it there.

Roy my own again—not only to look at standing up among the singers—but close to me; somehow or other to be as near as—to be nearer than—he was here, *really* mine again! I shall never let this go.

After we had talked awhile, and when it came time to say good night, I told her a little about my conversation with Deacon Quirk, and what I said to him about the Lord's will. I did not know but that she would blame me.

"Some time," she said, turning her great, compassionate eyes on me,—I could feel them in the dark,—and smiling, "you will find out all at once, in a happy moment, that you can say those words with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your strength; it will come, even in this world, if you will only let it. But, until it does, you do right, quite right, not to scorch your altar with a false burnt offering. God is not a God to be mocked. He would rather have only the old cry: 'I believe; help mine unbelief,' and wait till you can say the rest."

"It has often grated on my ears," she added, "to hear people speak those words unworthily. They seem to me the most solemn words that the Bible contains, or that Christian experience can utter. As far as my observation goes, the good people—for they are good people—who use them when they ought to know better

are of two sorts. They are people in actual agony, bewildered, racked with rebellious doubts, unaccustomed to own even to themselves the secret see things of sin; really persuaded that because it is a Christian duty to have no will but the Lord's, they are under obligations to affirm that they have no will but the Lord's. Or else they are people who know no more about this pain of bereavement than a child. An affliction has passed over them, put them into mourning, made them feel uncomfortable till the funeral was over, or even caused them a shallow sort of grief, of which each week evaporates a little till it is gone. These mourners air their trouble the longest, prate loudest about resignation, and have the most to say to you or me about our 'rebellious state of mind.' Poor things! One can hardly be vexed at them for pity. Think of being made so!"

"There is still another class of the cheerfully resigned," I suggested, "who are even more ready than these to tell you of your desperate wickedness——"

"People who have never had even the semblance of a trouble in all their lives," she interrupted. "Yes. I was going to speak of them. Of all miserable comforters, they are the most arrogant."

"As to real instant submission," she said presently, "there *is* some of it in the world. There are sweet, rare lives capable of great loves and great pains, which yet are kept so attuned to the life of Christ, that the cry in the Garden comes scarcely less honestly from their lips, than from his. Such, like the St. John, are but one among the Twelve. Such, it will do you and me good, dear, at least to remember."

"Such," I thought when I was left alone, "you, new dear friend of mine, who have come with such a blessed coming into my lonely days,—such you must be now, whatever you were once." If I should tell her that, how she would open her soft eyes!"

VI.

May 9.

As I was looking over the green book last night, Aunt Winifred came up behind me and softly laid a bunch of violets down between the leaves. By an odd contrast, the contented, passionless things fell against those two verses that were copied from the German, and completely covered them from sight. I lifted the flowers, and held up the page for her to see. As she read, her face altered strangely; her eyes dilated, her lip quivered, a flush shot over her cheeks and dyed her forehead up to the waves of her hair. I turned away quickly, feeling that I had committed a rudeness in watching her, and detecting in her, however involuntarily, some far, inner sympathy, or shadow of a long-past sympathy, with the desperate words.

"Mary," she said, laying down the book, "I believe Satan wrote that." She laughed a little then, nervously, and paled back into her quiet, peaceful self. "I mean that he inspired it. They are wicked words. You must not read them over. You will outgrow them sometime with a beautiful growth of trust and love. Let them alone till that time comes. See, I will blot them out of sight for you with colours as blue as heaven—the *real* heaven, where God *will* be loved the most."

She shook apart the thick, sweet nosegay, and, taking a half-dozen of the little blossoms, pinned them, dripping with fragrant dew, upon the lines. There I shall let them stay, and, since she wishes it, I shall not lift them to see the reckless words till I can do it safely.

This afternoon, Aunt Winifred has been telling me about herself. Somewhat more, or of a different kind, I should imagine, from what she has told most people. She seems to love me a little, not in a proper kind of way, because I happen to be her niece, but for my own sake. It surprises me to find how pleased I am that she should.

That Kansas life must have been very hard to her, in contrast as it was with the smooth elegance of her girlhood; she was very young too, when she undertook it. I said something of the sort to her.

"They have been the hardest and the easiest, the saddest and the happiest years of all my life," she answered.

I pondered the words in my heart, while I listened to her story. She gave me vivid pictures of the long, bright bridal journey, overshadowed with a very mundane weariness of jolting coaches and railway accidents before its close; of the little neglected hamlet which waited for them, twenty miles from a post-office and thirty from a school-house; of the parsonage, a log-hut among log-huts, distinguished and adorned by a little lath and plastering, glass windows, and a doorstep;—they drew in sight of it at the close of a tired day, with a red sunset lying low on the flats.

Uncle Forceythe wanted mission-work, and mission-work he found here with—I should say, with a vengeance, if the expression were exactly suited to an elegantly constructed and reflective journal.

"My heart sank for a moment, I confess," she said, "but it never would do, you know, to let him suspect that, so I smiled away as well as I knew how, shook hands with one or two women in red calico, who had been

'slicking up inside,' they said; went in by the fire,—it was really a pleasant fire,—and, as soon as they had left us alone, I climbed into John's lap, and, with both arms around his neck, told him that I knew we should be very happy. And I said—"

"Said what?"

She blushed a little, like a girl.

"I believe I said I should be happy in Patagonia—with him. I made him laugh at last, and say that my face and words were like a beautiful prophecy. And, Mary, if they were, it was beautifully fulfilled. In the roughest times—times of ragged clothes and empty flour-barrels, of weakness and sickness and quack doctors, of cold and discouragement, of prairie fires and guerillas—from trouble to trouble, from year's end to year's end, we were happy together, we two. As long as we could have each other, and as long as we could be about our Master's business, we felt as if we did not dare to ask for anything more, lest it should seem that we were ungrateful for such wealth of mercy."

It would take too long to write out here the half that she told me, though I wish I could, for it interested me more than any story that I have ever read. After years of Christ-like toiling to help those rough old farmers and wicked bushwhackers to Heaven, the call to Lawrence came, and it seemed to Uncle Forceythe that he had better go. It was a pleasant, influential parish, and there, though not less hard at work, they found fewer rubs and more comforts; there Faith came, and there were their pleasant days, till the war.—I held my breath to hear her tell about Quantrell's raid. There, too, Uncle wasted through that death-in-life, consumption; there he "fell on sleep," she said, and there she buried him. She gave me no further description of his death than those words, and she spoke them with her far-away, tearless eyes looking off through the window, and after she had spoken she was still for a time. The heart knoweth its own bitterness; that grew distinct to me, as I sat, shut out by her silence. Yet there was nothing bitter about her face.

"Faith was six months old when he went," she said presently.

"We had never named her: Baby was name enough at first for such a wee thing; then she was the only one, and had come so late that it seemed to mean more to us than to most to have a baby all to ourselves, and we liked the sound of the word. When it became quite certain that John must go, we used to talk it over, and he said that he would like to name her, but what, he did not tell me.

"At last, one night, after he had lain for a while thinking with closed eyes, he bade me bring the child to him. The sun was setting, I remember, and the moon was rising. He had had a hard day; the life was all scorched out of the air. I moved the bed up by the window, that he might have the breath of the rising wind. Baby was wide awake, cooing softly to herself in the cradle, her bits of damp curls clinging to her head, and her pink feet in her hands. I took her up and brought her just as she was, and knelt down by the bed. The street was still. We could hear the frogs chanting a mile away. He lifted her little hands upon his own, and said—no matter about the words—but he told me that as he left the child, so he left the name, in my sacred charge,—that he had chosen it for me,—that when he was out of sight, it might help me to have it often on my lips.

"So there in the sunset and the moonrise, we two alone together, he baptized her, and we gave our little girl to God."

When she had said this, she rose and went over to the window, and stood with her face from me. By and by, "It was the fourteenth," she said, as if musing to herself,—the fourteenth of June."

I remember now that Uncle Forceythe died on the fourteenth of June. It may have been that the words of that baptismal blessing were the last that they heard, either child or mother.

May 10.

It has been a pleasant day; the air shines like transparent gold; the wind sweeps like somebody's strong arms over the flowers, and gathers up a crowd of perfumes that wander up and down about one. The church bells have rung out like silver all day. Those bells—especially the Second Advent at the further end of the village—are positively ghastly when it rains.

Aunt Winifred was dressed bright and early for church. I, in morning dress and slippers, sighed and demurred.

"Auntie, *do* you expect to hear anything new?"

"Judging from your diagnosis of Dr. Bland,—no."

"To be edified, refreshed, strengthened, or instructed?"

"Perhaps not."

"Bored, then?"

"Not exactly."

"What do you expect?"

"There are the prayers and singing. Generally one can, if one tries, wring a little devotion from the worst of them. As to a minister, if he is good and commonplace, young and earnest and ignorant, and I, whom he cannot help one step on the way to Heaven, consequently stay at home, Deacon Quirk, whom he might carry a mile or two, by and by stays at home also. If there is to be a 'building fitly joined together,' each stone must do its part of the upholding. I feel better to go half a day always. I never compel Faith to go, but I never have a chance, for she teases not to be left at home."

"I think it's splendid to go to church most the time," put in Faith, who was squatted on the carpet, counting sugared caraway seeds,— "all but the sermon. That isn't splendid. I don't like the great big prayers 'n' things. I like caramary seeds, though; mother always gives 'em to me in meeting 'cause I'm a good girl. Don't you wish *you* were a good girl, Cousin Mary, so's you could have some. Besides, I've got on my best hat and my button-boots. Besides, there used to be a real funny little boy up in meeting at home, and he gave me a little tin dorg once over the top of the pew. Only mother made me give it back. O, you ought to seen the man that preached down at Uncle Calvin's! I tell you he was a bully old minister,—*he banged the Bible like everything!*"

"There's a devotional spirit for you!" I said to her mother.

"Well," she answered, laughing, "it is better than that she should be left to play dolls and eat preserves, and be punished for disobedience. Sunday would invariably become a guilty sort of holiday at that rate. Now, caraways or 'bully old ministers' notwithstanding, she carries to bed with her a dim notion that this has been holy time and pleasant time. Besides, the associations of a church-going childhood, if I can manage them genially, will be a help to her when she is older. Come, Faith! go and pull off Cousin Mary's slippers, and bring down her boots, and then she'll have to go to church. No, *I didn't* say that you might tickle her feet!"

Feeling the least bit sorry that I had set the example of a stay-at-home Christian before the child, I went directly up stall's to make ready, and we started after all in good season.

Dr. Bland was in the pulpit. I observed that he looked—as indeed did the congregation bodily—with some curiosity into our slip, where it has been a rare occurrence of late to find me, and where the light, falling through the little stained glass oriel, touched Aunt Winifred's thoughtful smile. I wondered whether Dr. Bland thought it was wicked for people to smile in church. No, of course he has too much sense. I wonder what it is about Dr. Bland that always suggests such questions.

It has been very warm all day—that aggravating, unseasonable heat which is apt to come in spasms in the early part of May, and which, in thick spring alpaca and heavy sack, one finds intolerable. The thermometer stood at on the church porch; every window was shut, and everybody's fan was fluttering. Now, with this sight before him, what should our observant minister do, but give out as his first hymn, "Thine earthly Sabbaths." "Thine earthly Sabbaths would be a beautiful hymn, if it were not for those lines about the weather—

*"No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon!"*

There was a great hot sunbeam striking directly on my black bonnet. My fan was broken. I gasped for air. The choir went over and over and *over* the words, spinning them into one of those indescribable tunes, in which everybody seems to be trying to get through first. I don't know what they called them,—they always remind me of a game of "Tag."

I looked at Aunt Winifred. She took it more coolly than I, but an amused little smile played over her face. She told me after church that she had repeatedly heard that hymn given out at noon of an intense July day. Her husband, she said, used to save it for the winter, or for cloudy afternoons. "Using means of grace," he called that.

However, Dr. Bland did better the second time, Aunt Winifred joined in the singing, and I enjoyed it, so I will not blame the poor man. I suppose he was so far lifted above this earth that he would not have known whether he was preaching on Greenland's icy mountains or on India's coral strand.

When he announced his text, "For our conversation is in heaven," Aunt Winifred and I exchanged glances of content. We had been talking about heaven on the way to church; at least till Faith, not finding herself entertained, interrupted us by some severe speculations as to whether Maltese kitties were mulattoes, and "why the bell-ringer didn't jump off the steeple some night, and see if he could'nt fly right up, the way Elijah did."

I listened to Dr. Bland as I have not listened for a long time. The subject was of all subjects nearest my heart. He is a scholarly man, in his way. He ought to know, I thought, more about it than Aunt Winifred. Perhaps he could help me. His sermon, as nearly as I could recall it, was substantially this :—"The future life presented a vast theme for our speculation. Theories 'too numerous to mention' had been held concerning it. Pagans had believed in a coming state of rewards and punishments. What natural theology had dimly foreshadowed, Revelation had brought in, like a full-orbed day, with healing on its wings." I am not positive

about the metaphors.

"As it was fitting that we should at times turn our thoughts upon the threatenings of Scripture, it was eminently suitable also that we should consider its promises. He proposed in this discourse to consider the promise of heaven, the reward offered by Christ to his good and faithful servants.

"In the first place: What is heaven?"

I am not quite clear in my mind what it was, though I tried my best to find out. As nearly as I can recollect, however—

"Heaven is an eternal state.

"Heaven is a state of holiness.

"Heaven is a state of happiness."

Having heard these observations before, I will not enlarge as he did upon them, but leave that for the "vivid imagination" of the green book.

"In the second place: What will be the employments of heaven?"

"We shall study the character of God. An infinite mind must of necessity be eternally an object of study to a finite mind. The finite mind must of necessity find in such study supreme delight. All lesser joys and interests will pale. He felt at moments, in reflecting on this theme, that that good brother who, on being asked if he expected to see the dead wife of his youth in heaven, replied—'I expect to be so overwhelmed by the glory of the presence of God, that it may be thousands of years before I shall think of my wife,'—he felt that perhaps this brother was nearer the truth."

Poor Mrs. Bland looked exceedingly uncomfortable.

"We shall also glorify God."

He enlarged upon this division, but I have forgotten exactly how. There was something about adoration, and the harpers harping with their harps, and the sea of glass, and crying, Worthy the Lamb! and a great deal more that bewildered and disheartened me so that I could scarcely listen to it. I do not doubt that we shall glorify God primarily and happily, but can we not do it in some other way than by harping and praying?

"We shall, moreover, love each other with a universal and unselfish love."

"That we shall recognise our friends in heaven, he was inclined to think, after mature deliberation, was probable. But there would be no special selfish affections there. In this world we have enmities and favoritisms. In the world of bliss our hearts would glow with holy love alike to all other holy hearts."

I wonder if he really thought *that* would make "a world of bliss." Aunt Winifred slipped her hand into mine under her cloak. Ah. Dr. Bland, if you had known how that little soft touch was preaching against you!

"In the words of an eminent divine, who has long since entered into the joys of which he spoke—"Thus, whenever the mind roves through the immense region of heaven, it will find, among all its innumerable millions, not an enemy, not a stranger, not an indifferent heart, not a reserved bosom. Disguise here, and even concealment, will be unknown. The soul will have no interests to conceal, *no thoughts to disguise*. A window will be opened in every breast, and show to every eye the rich and beautiful furniture within!"

"Thirdly, How shall we fit for heaven?" He mentioned several ways, among which—

"We should subdue our earthly affections to God. We must not love the creature as the Creator. My son, give *me* thy heart. When he removes our friends from the scenes of time (with a glance in my direction), we should resign ourselves to his will, remembering that the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away in mercy; that He is all in all; that He will never leave us nor forsake us; that *He* can never change or die."

As if that made any difference with the fact that his best treasures change or die!

"In conclusion, we infer from our text that our hearts should not be set upon earthly happiness. (Enlarged.)

"That the subject of heaven should be often in our thoughts and on our lips." (Enlarged.)

Of course I have not done justice to the filling up of the sermon; to the illustrations, metaphors, proof-texts, learning and eloquence; for, though Dr. Bland cannot seem to think outside of the old grooves, a little eloquence really flashes through the tameness of his style sometimes, and when he was talking about the harpers, etc., some of his words were well chosen. "To be drowned in light," I have somewhere read, "may be very beautiful; it is still to be drowned." But I have given the skeleton of the discourse, and I have given the sum of the impressions that it left on me, an attentive hearer. It is fortunate that I did not hear it while I was alone; it would have made me desperate. Going hungry, hopeless, blinded, I came back empty, uncomforted, groping. I wanted something actual, something pleasant, about this place into which Roy has gone. He gave me glittering generalities, cold commonplace, vagueness, unreality, a God and a future at which I sat and shivered.

Dr. Bland is a good man. He had, I know, written that sermon with prayer. I only wish that he could be made to *see* how it glides over and sails splendidly away from wants like mine. But thanks be to God who has

provided a voice to answer me out of the deeps.

Auntie and I walked home without any remarks (we overheard Deacon Quirk observe to a neighbour: "That's what I call a good gospel sermon, now!"), sent Faith away to Phœbe, sat down in the parlour, and looked at each other.

"Well?" said I.

"I know it," said she.

Upon which we both began to laugh.

"But did he say the dreadful truth?"

"Not as I find it in my Bible."

"That it is probable, only *probable* that we shall recognise—"

"My child, do not be troubled about that. It is not probable, it is sure. If I could find no proof for it, I should none the less believe it, as long as I believe in God. He gave you Roy, and the capacity to love him. He has taught you to sanctify that love through love to Him. Would it be *like* Him to create such beautiful and unselfish loves,—most like the love of any type we know,—just for our threescore years and ten of earth? Would it be like Him to suffer two souls to grow together here, so that the separation of a day is pain, and then wrench them apart for all eternity? It would be what Madame de Gasparin calls, 'fearful irony on the part of God.'"

"But there are lost loves. There are lost souls."

"How often would I have gathered you, and ye would not! That is not his work. He would have saved both soul and love. They had their own way. We were speaking of His redeemed. The object of having this world at all, you know, is to fit us for another. Of what use will it have been, if on passing out of it we must throw by forever its gifts, its lessons, its memories? God links things together better than that. Be sure, as you are sure of Him, that we shall be *ourselves* in Heaven. Would you be yourself not to recognise Roy?—consequently, not to love Roy, for to love and be separated is misery, and heaven is joy."

"I understand. But you said you had other proof."

"So I have; plenty of it. If 'many shall come from the East and from the West, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,' will they not be likely to know that they are with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob? or will they think it is Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego?"

"What is meant by such expressions as 'risen *together*,' 'sitting *together* at the right hand of God,' 'sitting *together* in heavenly places'? If they mean anything, they mean recognitions, friendships, enjoyments. Did not Peter and the others know Moses when they saw him? know Elias when they saw him? Yet these men were dead hundreds of years before the favoured fishermen were born. How was it with those 'saints which slept and arose' when Christ hung dead there in the dark? Were they not seen of many?"

"But that was a miracle."

"They were risen dead, such as you and I shall be some day. The miracle consisted in their rising then and there. Moreover, did not the beggar recognise Abraham? and—well one might go through the Bible finding it full of this promise in hints or assertions, in parables or visions. We are 'heirs of God,' 'joint heirs with Christ'; having suffered with Him, we shall be 'glorified *together*.' Christ himself has said many sure things: 'I will come and receive you, that where I am, there ye may be.' 'I will that they be with me where I am.' Using, too, the very type of Godhead to signify the eternal nearness and eternal love of just such as you and Roy, as John and me, he prays: 'Holy Father, keep them whom Thou hast given me, that *they may be one as we are*.' There is one place, though, where I find what I like better than all the rest; you remember that old cry wrung from the lips of the stricken king,—'I shall go to him; but he will not return to me.'"

"I never thought before how simple and direct it is; and that, too, in those old blinded days."

"The more I study the Bible," she said, "and I study not entirely in ignorance of the commentators and the mysteries, the more perplexed I am to imagine where the current ideas of our future come from. They certainly are not in this book of gracious promises. That heaven which we heard about to-day was Dr. Bland's not God's. 'It's aye a wonderfu' thing to me,' as poor Lauderdale said, 'the way some preachers take it upon themselves to explain matters to the Almighty!'"

"But the harps and choirs, the throne, the white robes, are all in Revelation. Deacon Quirk would put his great brown finger on the verses, and hold you there triumphantly."

"Can't people tell picture from substance, a metaphor from its meaning? That book of Revelation is precisely what it professes to be,—a vision; a symbol. A symbol of something, to be sure, and rich with pleasant hopes, but still a symbol. Now, I really believe that a large proportion of Christian church-members, who have studied their Bible, attended Sabbath-schools, listened to sermons all their lives, if you could fairly come at their most definite idea of the place where they expect to spend eternity, would own it to be the golden city, with pearl gates, and jewels in the wall. It never occurs to them that if one picture is literal another must be. If we are to walk golden streets, how can we stand on a sea of glass? How can we 'sit on thrones'? How can untold millions of us 'lie in Abraham's bosom'?"

"But why have given us empty symbols? Why not a little fact?"

"They are not *empty* symbols. And why did God not give us actual descriptions of actual heavenly life, I don't trouble myself to wonder. He certainly had his reasons, and that is enough for me. I find from these symbols, and from his voice in my own heart, many beautiful things,—I will tell you some more of them at another time,—and, for the rest, I am content to wait. He loves me, and he loves mine. As long as we love Him. He will never separate Himself from us, or us from each other. That, at least, is *sure*."

"If that is sure, the rest is of less importance;—yes. But Dr. Bland said an awful thing!"

"The quotation from a dead divine?"

"Yes. That there will be no separate interests, no thoughts to conceal."

"Poor good man! He has found out by this time that he should not have laid down nonsense like that, without qualification or demur, before a Bible-reading hearer. It was simply *his* opinion, not David's or Paul's, or John's, or Isaiah's. He had a perfect right to put it in the form of a conjecture. Nobody would forbid his conjecturing that the inhabitants of heaven are all deaf and dumb, or wear green glasses, or shave their heads, if he chose, provided he stated that it was conjecture, not revelation."

"But where does the Bible say that we shall have power to conceal our thoughts?—and I would rather be annihilated than to spend eternity with heart laid bare,—the inner temple thrown open to be trampled on by every passing stranger!"

"The Bible specifies very little about the minor arrangements of eternity in any way. But I doubt if, under any circumstances, it would have occurred to inspired men to inform us that our thoughts shall continue to be our own. The fact is patent on the face of things. The dead minister's supposition would destroy individuality at one fell swoop. "We should be like a man walking down a room lined with mirrors, who sees himself reflected in all sizes, colours, shades, at all angles and in all proportions, according to the capacity of the mirror, till he seems no longer to belong to himself, but to be cut up into ellipses and octagons and prisms. How soon would he grow frantic in such companionship, and beg for a corner where he might hide and hush himself in the dark. That we shall in a higher life be able to do what we cannot in this,—judge fairly of each other's *moral* worth,—is undoubtedly true. Whatever the Judgment Day may mean, that is the substance of it. But this promiscuous theory of refraction;—never! Besides, wherever the Bible touches the subject, it premises our individuality as a matter of course. What would be the use of talking, if everybody knew the thoughts of everybody else?"

"You don't suppose that people talk in heaven?"

"I don't suppose anything else. Are we to spend ages of joy, a company of mutes together? Why not talk?"

"I supposed we should sing,—but—"

"Why not talk as well as sing? Does not song involve the faculty of speech?—unless you would like to make canaries of us."

"Ye-es. Why, yes."

"There are the visitors at the beautiful Mount of Transfiguration again. Did not they *talk* with each other and with Christ? Did not John *talk* with the angel who 'showed him those things'?"

"And you mean to say—"

"I mean to say that if there is such a thing as common sense, you will talk with Roy as you talked with him here,—only not as you talked with him here, because there will be no troubles nor sins, no anxieties nor cares to talk about; no ugly shades of cross words or little quarrels to be made up; no fearful looking-for of separation."

I laid my head upon her shoulder, and could hardly speak for the comfort that she gave me.

"Yes, I believe we shall talk and laugh and joke and play—"

"Laugh and joke in heaven?"

"Why not?"

"But it seems so—so—why, so wicked and irreverent and all that, you know."

Just then Faith, who, mounted out on the kitchen table, was preaching at Phoebe in comical mimicry of Dr. Bland's choicest intonations, laughed out like the splash of a little wave. The sound came in at the open door, and we stopped to listen till it had rippled away.

"There!" said her mother, "put that child, this very minute, with all her little sins forgiven, into one of our dear Lord's many mansions, and do you suppose that she would be any the less holy or less reverent for a laugh like that? Is he going to check all the sparkle and blossom of life when he takes us to himself? I don't believe any such thing. There were both sense and Christianity in what somebody wrote on the death of a humorous poet:—"

'Does nobody laugh there, where he has gone,

This man of the smile and jest?'

—provided there was any hope that the poor fellow *had* gone to heaven; if not, it was bad philosophy and worse religion. Did not David dance before the Lord with all his might? A Bible which is full of happy battle-cries: 'Rejoice in the Lord! make a joyful noise unto him! Give thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth!'—a Bible which exhausts its splendid wealth of rhetoric to make us understand that the coming life is a life of *joy*, no more threatens to make nuns than mutes of us. I expect that you will hear some of Roy's very old jokes, see the sparkle in his eye, listen to his laughing voice, lighten up the happy days as gleefully as you may choose, and that—"

Faith appeared upon the scene just then, with the interesting information that she had bitten her tongue; so we talked no more.

How pleasant—how pleasant this is! I never supposed before that God would let any one laugh in heaven.

I wonder if Roy has seen the President. Aunt Winifred says she does not doubt it. She thinks that all the soldiers must have crowded up to meet him, and "O," she says, "what a sight to see!"

VII.

May 12th.

Aunt Winifred has said something about going, but I cannot yet bear to hear of such a thing. She is to stay a while longer.

16th.

We have been over to-night to the grave. She proposed to go by herself, thinking, I saw, with the delicacy with which she always thinks, that I would rather not be there with another. Nor should I, nor could I. with any other than this woman. It is strange. I wished to go there with her. I had a vague unreasoning feeling that she would take away some of the bitterness of it, as she has taken the bitterness of much else.

It is looking very pleasant there now. The turf has grown fine and smooth. The low arborvitæ hedge and knots of Norway spruce, that father planted long ago for mother, drop cool, green shadows that stir with the wind. My English ivy has crept about and about the cross. Roy used to say that he should fancy a cross to mark the spot where he might lie; I think he would like this pure, unveined marble. May-flowers cover the grave now, and steal out among the clover-leaves with a flush like sunrise. By and by there will be roses, and, in August, August's own white lilies.

We went silently over, and sat silently down on the grass, the field-path stretching away to the little church behind us, and beyond, in front, the slope, the flats, the river, the hills cut in purple distance melting far into the east. The air was thick with perfume. Golden bees hung giddily over the blush in the grass. In the low branches that swept the grave a little bird had built her nest.

Aunt Winifred did not speak to me for a time, nor watch my face. Presently she laid her hand upon my lap, and I put mine into it.

"It is very pleasant here," she said then, in her very pleasant voice.

"I meant that it should be," I answered, trying not to let her see my lips quiver. "At least it must not look neglected. I don't suppose it makes any difference to *him*."

"I do not feel sure of that."

"What do you mean?"

"I do not feel sure that anything he has left makes no 'difference to him.'"

"But I don't understand. He is in heaven. He would be too happy to care for anything that is going on in this woful world."

"Perhaps this is so," she said, smiling a sweet contradiction to her words, "but I don't believe it."

"What do you believe?"

"Many things that I have to say to you, but you cannot bear them now."

"I have sometimes wondered, for I cannot help it," I said, "whether he is shut off from all knowledge of me for all these years till I can go to him. It will be a great while. It seems hard. Roy would want to know

something, if it were only a little, about me."

"I believe that he wants to know, and that he knows, Mary; though, since the belief must rest on analogy and conjecture, you need not accept it as demonstrated mathematics," she answered, with another smile.

"Roy never forgot me here!" I said, not meaning to sob.

"That is just it. He was not constituted so that he, remaining himself, Roy, could forget you. If he goes out into this other life forgetting, he becomes another than himself. That is a far more unnatural way of creeping out of the difficulty than to assume that he loves and remembers. Why not assume that? In fact, why assume anything else? Neither reason, nor the Bible, nor common sense, forbids it. Instead of starting with it as an hypothesis to be proved if we can, I lay it down as one of those probabilities for which Butler would say, 'the presumption amounts nearly to certainty'; and if any one can disprove it, I will hear what he has to say. There!" she broke off, laughing softly, "that is a sufficient dose of metaphysics for such a simple thing. It seems to me to be just here: Roy loved you. Our Father, for some tender, hidden reason, took him out of your sight for a while. Though changed much, he can have forgotten nothing. Being *only out of sight*, you remember, not lost, nor asleep, nor annihilated, he goes on loving. To love, must mean to think of, to care for, to hope for, to pray for, not less out of a body than in it."

"But that must mean—why, that must mean—"

"That he is near you. I do not doubt it."

The sunshine quivered in among the ivy-leaves, and I turned to watch it, thinking.

"I do not doubt it," she went on, speaking low,—"*I cannot doubt that our absent dead are very present with us. He said, 'I am with you alway,' knowing the need we have of Him, even to the end of the world. He must understand the need we have of them. I cannot doubt it.*"

I watched her as she sat with her absent eyes turned eastward, and her peculiar look—I have never seen it on another face—as of one who holds a happy secret; and while I watched I wondered.

"There is a reason for it," she said, rousing as if from a pleasant dream,—"*a good sensible reason, too, it strikes me independent of Scriptural or other proof.*"

"What is that?"

"That God keeps us briskly at work in this world."

I did not understand.

"Altogether too briskly, considering that it is a preparative world, to intend to put us from it into an idle one. What more natural than that we shall spend our best energies as we spent them here,—in comforting, teaching, helping, saving people whose very souls we love better than our own? In fact, it would be very unnatural if we did not."

"But I thought that God took care of us, and angels, like Gabriel and the rest, if I ever thought anything about it, which I am inclined to doubt."

"God works by the use of means,' as the preachers say. Why not use Roy as well as Gabriel? What archangel could understand and reach the peculiarities of your nature as he could? or, even if understanding, could so love and bear with you? What is to be done? Will they send Roy to the planet Jupiter to take care of somebody else's sister?"

I laughed in spite of myself; nor did the laugh seem to jar upon the sacred stillness of the place. Her words were drawing away the bitterness, as the sun was blotting the dull, dead green of the ivy into its glow of golden colour.

"But the Bible, Aunt Winifred."

The Bible does *not* say a great deal on this point," she said, "but it does not contradict me. In fact, it helps me; and, moreover, it would uphold me in black and white if it weren't for one little obstacle."

"And that?"

"That frowning 'original Greek,' which Gail Hamilton denounces with her righteous indignation. No sooner do I find a pretty verse that is exactly what I want, than up hops a commentator, and says, this isn't according to text, and means something entirely different; and Barnes says this, and Stuart believes that, and Olshausen has demonstrated the other, and very ignorant it is in you, too, not to know it! Here the other day I ferreted out a sentence in Revelation that seemed to prove beyond question that angels and redeemed men were the same; where the angel says to John, you know, 'Am I not of thy brethren the prophets?' I thought I had discovered a delightful thing which all the Fathers of the Church had overlooked, and went in great glee to your Uncle Calvin, to be told that something was the matter,—a noun left out, or some other unanswerable and unreasonable horror, I don't know what; and that it didn't mean that he was of thy brethren the prophets at all! You see, if it could be proved that the Christian dead become angels, we could have all that we need, direct from God, about—to use the beautiful old phrase—the communion of saints. From Genesis to Revelation the Bible is filled with angels who are at work on earth. They hold sweet converse with Abraham in his tent. They are entrusted to save the soul of Lot. An angel hears the wail of Hagar. The beautiful feet of an angel brings the

good tidings to maiden Mary. An angel's noiseless step guides Peter through the barred and bolted gate. Angels rolled the stone from the buried Christ, and angels sat there in the solemn morning,—O Mary! if we could have seen them! Then there is that one question, direct, comprehensive,—we should not need anything else,—'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation.' But you see it never seems to have entered those commentators' heads that all those beautiful things refer to any but a superior race of beings, like those from whose rank Lucifer fell."

"How stupid in them!"

"I take comfort in thinking so; but, to be serious, even admitting that these passages refer to a superior race, must there not be some similarity in the laws which govern existence in the heavenly world? Since these gracious deeds are performed by what we are accustomed to call 'spiritual beings,' why may they not as well be done by people from this world as from anywhere else? Besides, there is another point, and a reasonable one, to be made. The word in the original (Greek text) means, strictly, *a messenger*. It applies to any servant of God, animate or inanimate. An east wind is as much an angel as Michael. Again, the generic terms, 'spirits,' 'gods,' 'sons of God,' are used interchangeably for saints and for angels. So, you see, I fancy that I find a way for you and Roy and me and all of us, straight into the shining ministry. Mary, Mary, wouldn't you like to go this very afternoon?"

She lay back in the grass with her face upturned to the sky, and drew a long breath, wearily. I did not think she meant me to hear it. I did not answer her, for it came over me with such a hopeless thrill, how good it would be to be taken to Roy, there by his beautiful grave with the ivy and the May-flowers and the sunlight and the clover-leaves round about; and that it could not be, and how long it was to wait,—it came over me so that I could not speak.

"There!" she said, suddenly rousing, "what a thoughtless, wicked thing it was to say! And I meant to give you only the good cheer of a cheery friend. No, I do not care to go this afternoon, nor any afternoon, till my Father is ready for me. Wherever he has most for me to do, there I wish,—yes, I think I *wish* to stay. He knows best."

After a pause, I asked again, "Why did He not tell us more about this thing,—about their presence with us? You see if I could *know* it!"

"The mystery of the Bible lies not so much in what it says, as in what it does not say," she replied. "But I suppose that we have been told all that we can comprehend in this world. Knowledge on one point might involve knowledge on another, like the links of a chain, till it stretched far beyond our capacity. At any rate, it is not for me to break the silence. That is God's affair. I can only accept the fact. Nevertheless, as Dr. Chalmers says: 'It were well for us all could we carefully draw the line between the secret things which belong to God and the things which are revealed and belong to us and to our children.' Some one else,—Whately, I think,—I remember to have noticed as speaking about these very subjects to this effect,—that precisely because we know so little of them, it is the more important that we 'should endeavour so to dwell on them as to make the most of what little knowledge we have.'"

"Aunt Winifred, you are such a comfort!"

"It needs our best faith," she said, "to bear this reticence of God. I cannot help thinking sometimes of a thing Lauderdale said,—I am always quoting him,—from 'Son of the Soil,' you remember: 'It's an awfu' marvel, beyond my reach, when a word of communication would make a' the difference, why it's no permitted, if it were but to keep a heart from breaking now and then.' Think of poor Eugenie de Guèrin, trying to continue her little journal 'To Maurice in Heaven,' till the awful, answerless stillness shut up the book and laid aside the pen.

"But then," she continued, "there is this to remember,—I may have borrowed the idea, or it may be my own,—that if we could speak to them, or they to us, there would be no death, for there would be no separation. The last, the surest, in some cases the only test of loyalty to God, would thus be taken away. Roman Catholic nature is human nature, when it comes upon its knees before a saint Many lives—all such lives as yours and mine—would become—"

"Would become what?"

"One long defiance to the First Commandment."

I cannot become used to such words from such quiet lips. Yet they gave me a curious sense of the trustworthiness of her peace. "Founded upon a rock," it seems to be. She has done what it takes a lifetime for some of us to do; what some of us go into eternity, leaving undone; what I am afraid I shall never do,—sounded her own nature. She knows the worst of herself, and faces it as fairly I believe, as anybody can do in this world. As for the best of herself, she trusts that to Christ, and he knows it, and we. I hope she, in her sweet humbleness, will know it some day.

"I suppose, nevertheless," she said, "that Roy knows what you are doing and feeling as well as, perhaps, better than he knew it three months ago. So he can help you without harming you."

I asked her, turning suddenly, how that could be, and yet heaven be heaven,—how he could see me suffer

what I had suffered, could see me sometimes when I supposed none but God had seen me,—and sing on and be happy.

"You are not the first, Mary, and you will not be the last to ask that question. I cannot answer it, and I never heard of any one who could. I feel sure only of this,—that he would suffer far less to see you than to know nothing about you; and that God's power of inventing happiness is not to be blocked by an obstacle like this. Perhaps Roy sees the end from the beginning, and can bear the sight of pain for the peace that he watches coming to meet you. I do not know,—that does not perplex me now; it only makes me anxious for one thing."

"What is that?"

"That you and I shall not do anything to make them sorry."

"To make them sorry?"

"Roy would care. Roy would be disappointed to see you make life a hopeless thing for his sake, or to see you doubt his Saviour."

"Do you think *that*?"

"Some sort of mourning over sin enters that happy life. God himself 'was grieved' forty years long over his wandering people. Among the angels there has been 'silence,' whatever that mysterious pause may mean, just as there is joy over one sinner that repenteth; another of my proof-texts that, to show that they are allowed to keep us in sight."

"Then you think, you really think, that Roy remembers and loves and takes care of me; that he has been listening, perhaps, and is—why, you don't think he may be *here*?"

"Yes, I do. Here, close beside you all this time, trying to speak to you through the blessed sunshine and the flowers, trying to help you, and sure to love you,—right here, dear. I do not believe God means to send him away from you, either."

My heart was too full to answer her. Seeing how it was, she slipped away, and strolling out of sight with her face to the eastern hills, left me alone. And yet I did not seem alone. The low branches swept with a little soft sigh across the grave; the May-flowers wrapped me in with fragrance thick as incense; the tiny sparrow turned her soft eyes at me over the edge of the nest, and chirped contentedly; the "blessed sunshine" talked with me as it touched the edges of the ivy-leaves to fire. I cannot write it even here, how these things stole into my heart and hushed me. If I had seen him standing by the stainless cross, it would not have frightened or surprised me. There—not dead or gone, but *there*—it helps me, and makes me strong!

"Mamie! little Mamie!" O Roy, I will try to bear it all, if you will only stay!

VIII.

May 20.

The nearer the time has come for Aunt Winifred to go, the more it has seemed impossible to part with her. I have run away from the thought like a craven, till she made me face it this morning, by saying decidedly that she should go on the first of the week. I dropped my sewing; the work-basket tipped over, and all my spools rolled away under the chairs. I had a little time to think while I was picking them up.

"There is the rest of my visit at Norwich to be made, you know," she said, "and while I am there I shall form some definite plans for the summer; I have hardly decided what, yet I had better leave here by the seven o'clock train, if such an early start will not incommode you."

I wound up the last spool, and turned away to the window. There was a confused, dreary sky of scurrying clouds, and a cold wind was bruising the apple-buds. I hate a cold wind in May. It made me choke a little, thinking how I should sit and listen to it after she was gone,—of the old, blank, comfortless days that must come and go,—of what she had brought, and what she would take away. I was a bit faint, I think, for a minute. I had not really thought the prospect through, before.

"Mary," she said, "what's the matter? Come here."

I went over, and she drew me into her lap, and I put my arms about her neck. "I can *not* bear it," said I, "and that is the matter."

She smiled, but her smile faded when she looked at me. And then I told her, sobbing, how it was; that I could not go into my future alone,—I could not do it! that she did not know how weak I was,—and reckless,—and wicked; that she did not know what she had been to me. I begged her not to leave me. I begged her to stay and help me to bear my life.

"My dear! you are as bad as Faith when I put her to bed alone."

"But," said I, "when Faith cries, you go to her, you know."

"Are you quite in earnest, Mary?" she asked, after a pause.

"You don't know very much about me, after all, and there is the child. It is almost an experiment, bringing two families into lifelong relations under one roof. If I could think it best you might repent your bargain."

"I am not 'a family,'" I said, feebly trying to laugh. "Aunt Winifred, if you and Faith only *will* make this your home, I can never thank you, never. I shall be entertaining my good angels, and that is the whole of it."

"I have had some thought of not going back," she said at last, in a low, constrained voice, as if she were touching something that gave her great pain, "for Faith's sake. I should like to educate her in New England, if—I had intended if we stayed to rent or buy a little home of our own somewhere, but I had been putting off a decision. We are most weak and most selfish sometimes when we think ourselves strongest and noblest, Mary. I love my husband's people. I think they love me. I was almost happy with them. It seemed as if I were carrying on his work for him. That was so pleasant!"

She put me down out of her arms and walked across the room.

"I will think the matter over," she said, by and by, in her natural tones, "and let you know to-night."

She went away up stairs then, and I did not see her again until to-night. I sent Faith up with her dinner and tea, judging that she would rather see the child than me. I observed when the dishes came down, that she had touched nothing but a cup of coffee.

I began to understand, as I sat alone in the parlour through the afternoon, how much I had asked of her. In my selfish distress at losing her, I had not thought of that. Faces that her husband loved, meadows and hills and sunsets that he has watched, the home where his last step sounded and his last word was spoken, the grave where she has laid him,—this last more than all,—call after her and cling to her with yearning closeness. To leave them, is to leave the last faint shadow of her beautiful past. It hurts, but she is too brave to cry out.

Tea was over, and Faith in bed, but still she did not come down. I was sitting by the window, watching a little crescent moon climb over the hills, and wondering whether I had better go up, when she came in and stood behind me, and said, attempting to laugh, "Very impolite in me to run off so, wasn't it? Cowardly too, I think. Well Mary?"

"Well, Auntie?"

"Have you not repented your proposition yet?"

"You would excel as an inquisitor, Mrs. Forceythe!"

"Then it shall be as you say; as long as you want us you shall have us,—Faith and me."

I turned to thank her, but could not when I saw her face. It was very pale; there was something inexpressibly sad about her mouth, and her eyelids drooped heavily, like one weary from a great struggle. Feeling for the moment like one guilty and ashamed before her, as if I had done her wrong, "It is going to be very hard for you," I said.

"Never mind about that," she answered quickly. "We will talk about that. I knew, though I did not *wish* to know, that it was best for Faith. Your hands about my neck have settled it. Where the work is there the labourer must be. It is quite plain now. I have been talking it over with them all the afternoon; it seems to be what they want."

"With *them*"? I started at the words; who had been in her lonely chamber? Ah, it is simply real to her. Who, indeed, but her Saviour and her husband?

She did not seem inclined to talk, and stole away from me presently, and out of doors; she was wrapped in her blanket shawl, and had thrown a shimmering white hood over her gray hair. I wondered where she could be going, and sat still at the window watching her. She opened and shut the gate softly; and, turning her face towards the churchyard, walked up the street and out of my sight. She feels nearer to him in the resting-place of the dead. Her heart cries after the grave by which she will never sit and weep again; on which she will never plant the roses any more. As I sat watching and thinking this, the faint light struck her slight figure and little shimmering hood again, and she walked down the street and in with steady step. When she came up and stood beside me, smiling, with the light knitted thing thrown back on her shoulders, her face seemed to rise from it as from a snowy cloud; and for her look,—I wish Raphael could have had it for one of his rapt Madonnas.

"Now, Mary," she said, with the sparkle back again in her voice, I am ready to be entertaining, and promise not to play the hermit again very soon. Shall I sit here on the sofa with you? Yes, my dear, I am happy, quite happy."

So then we took this new promise of home that has come to make my life, if not joyful, something less than desolate, and analysed it in its practical bearings. What a pity that all pretty dreams have to be analysed! I had some notion about throwing our little incomes into a joint family fund, but she put a veto to that; I suppose because mine is the larger. She prefers to take board for herself and Faith; but, if I know myself, she shall never be suffered to have the feeling of a boarder, and I will make her so much at home in my house that she will not remember that it is not her own. Her visit to Norwich she has decided to put off until the autumn, so that I shall have her to myself undisturbed all summer.

I have been looking at Roy's picture a long time, and wondering how he would like the new plan. I said something of the sort to her.

"Why put any 'would' in that sentence?" she said, smiling. "It belongs in the present tense."

"Then I am sure he likes it," I answered,— "he likes it," and I said the words over till I was ready to cry for rest in their sweet sound.

22nd.

It is Roy's birthday. But I have not spoken of it. We used to make a great deal of these little festivals,—but it is of no use to write about that.

I am afraid I have been bearing it very badly all day. She noticed my face but said no thing till to-night. Mrs. Bland was down stairs, and I had come away alone up here in the dark. I heard her asking for me, but would not go down. By and by Aunt Winifred knocked, and I let her in.

"Mrs. Bland cannot understand why you don't see her, Mary," she said, gently. "You know you have not thanked her for those English violets that she sent the other day. I only thought I would remind you; she might feel a little pained."

"I can't to-night,—not to:night, Aunt Winifred. You must excuse me to her somehow. I don't want to go down."

"Is it that you don't 'want to,' or *is* it that you can't?" she said, in that gentle, motherly way of hers, at which I can never take offence. "Mary, I wonder if Roy would not a little rather that you would go down?"

It might have been Roy himself who spoke. I went down.

IX.

June 1.

Aunt Winifred went to the office this morning, and met Dr. Bland, who walked home with her. He always likes to talk with her. A woman who knows something about fate, free-will, and foreknowledge absolute, who is not ignorant of politics, and talks intelligently of Agassiz's latest fossil, who can understand a German quotation, and has heard of Strauss and Neander, who can dash her sprightliness ably against his old dry bones of metaphysics and theology, yet never speak an accent above that essentially womanly voice of hers, is, I imagine, a phenomenon in his social experience.

I was sitting at the window when they came up and stopped at the gate. Dr. Bland lifted his hat to me in his grave way, talking the while; somewhat eagerly, too, I could see. Aunt Winifred answered him with a peculiar smile and a few low words that I could not hear.

"But, my dear madam," he said, "the glory of God, you see, the glory of God is the primary consideration."

"But the glory of God *involves* these lesser glories, as a sidereal system, though a splendid whole, exists by the multiplied differing of one star from another star. Ah, Dr. Bland, you make a grand abstraction out of it, but it makes me cold,"—she shivered, half playfully, half involuntarily,— "it makes me cold. I am very much alive and human; and Christ was human God."

She came in smiling a little sadly, and stood by me, watching the minister walk over the hill.

"How much does that man love his wife and children?" she asked abruptly.

"A good deal. Why?"

"I am afraid that he will lose one of them then, before many more years of his life are past."

"What! he hasn't been telling you that they are consumptive or anything of the sort?"

"O dear me, no," with a merry laugh which died quickly away: "I was only thinking,—there is trouble in store for him; some intense pain,—if he is capable of intense pain,—which shall shake his cold, smooth theorising to the foundation. He speaks a foreign tongue when he talks of bereavement, of death, of the future life. No argument could convince him of that, though, which is the worst of it."

"He must think you shockingly heterodox."

"I don't doubt it. We had a little talk this morning, and he regarded me with an expression of mingled consternation and perplexity that was curious. He is a very good man. He is not a stupid man. I only wish that he would stop preaching and teaching things that he knows nothing about. He is only drifting with the tide, though," she added, "in his views of this matter. In our recoil from the materialism of the Romish Church, we have, it seems to me, nearly stranded-ourselves on the opposite shore. Just as, in a rebound from the spirit

which would put our Saviour on a level with Buddha or Mahomet, we have been in danger of forgetting 'to begin as the Bible begins,' with his humanity. It is the grandeur of inspiration, that it knows how to *balance* truth."

It had been in my mind for several days to ask Aunt Winifred something, and, feeling in the mood, I made her take off her things and devote herself to me. My question concerned what we call the "intermediate state."

"I have been expecting that," she said; "what about it?"

"What is it?"

"Life and activity."

"We do not go to sleep, of course."

"I believe that notion is about exploded, though clear thinkers like Whately have appeared to advocate it. Where it originated, I do not know, unless from the frequent comparisons in the Scriptures of death with sleep, which refer solely, I am convinced, to the condition of body, and which are voted down by an overwhelming majority of decided statements relative to the consciousness, happiness, and tangibility of the life into which we immediately, pass."

"It is intermediate in some sense, I suppose."

"It waits between two other conditions,—yes; I think the drift of what we are taught about it leads to that conclusion. I expect to become at once sinless, but to have a broader Christian character many years hence; to be happy at once, but to be happier by and by; to find in myself wonderful new tastes and capacities, which are to be immeasurably ennobled and enlarged after the Resurrection, whatever that may mean."

"What does it mean?"

"I know no more than you, but you shall hear what I think, presently. I was going to say that this seems to be plain enough in the Bible. The angels took Lazarus at once to Abraham. Dives seems to have found no interval between death and consciousness of suffering."

"They always tell you that it is only a parable."

"But it must mean *something*. No story in the Bible has been pulled to pieces and twisted about as that has been. We are in danger of pulling and twisting all sense out of it. Then Judas, having hanged his wretched self, went to his own place. Besides, there was Christ's promise to the thief."

I told her that I had heard Dr. Bland say that we could not place much dependence on that passage, because "Paradise" did not necessarily mean heaven.

"But it meant living, thinking, enjoying; for 'To-day thou shalt *be with me*.' Paul's beautiful perplexed revery, however, would be enough if it stood alone; for he did not know whether he would rather stay in this world, or depart and be with Christ, which is far better. *With Christ*, you see; and His three mysterious days, which typify our intermediate state, were over then and he had ascended to his Father. Would it be 'far better' either to leave this actual tangible life throbbing with hopes and passions, to leave its busy, Christ-like working, its quiet joys, its very sorrows which are near and human, for a nap of several ages, or even for a vague, lazy, half-alive, disembodied existence?"

"Disembodied? I supposed, of course, that it was disembodied."

"I do not think so. And that brings us to the Resurrection. All the *tendency* of Revelation is to show that an embodied state is superior to a disembodied one. Yet certainly we who love God are promised that death will lead us into a condition which shall have the advantage of this: for the good apostle to die 'was gain.' I don't believe, for instance, that Adam and Eve have been wandering about in a misty condition all these thousands of years. I suspect that we have some sort of body immediately after passing out of this, but that there is to come a mysterious change, equivalent, perhaps, to a re-embodiment, when our capacities for action will be greatly improved, and that in some manner this new form will be connected with this 'garment by the soul laid by.'"

"Deacon Quirk expects to rise in his own entire, original body, after it has lain in the First Church cemetery a proper number of years, under a black slate headstone, adorned by a willow, and such a 'cherubim' as that poor boy shot,—by the way, if I've laughed at that story once, I have fifty times."

"Perhaps Deacon Quirk would admire a work of art that I found stowed away on the top of your Uncle Calvin's bookcases. It was an old woodcut—nobody knows how old—of an interesting skeleton rising from his grave, and, in a sprightly and modest manner, drawing on his skin, while Gabriel, with apoplectic cheeks, feet uppermost in the air, was blowing a good-sized tin trumpet in his ear! No; some of the popular notions of resurrection are simply physiological impossibilities, from causes 'too tedious to specify.' Imagine for instance, the resurrection of two Hottentots, one of whom has happened to make a dinner of the other some fine day. A little complication there! Or picture the touching scene, when that devoted husband, King Mausolas, whose widow had him burned and ate the ashes, should feel moved to institute a search for his body! It is no wonder that the infidel argument has the best of it, when we attempt to enforce a natural impossibility. It is worth while to remember that Paul expressly stated that we shall *not* rise in our entire earthly bodies. The simile which he used is the seed sown, dying in, and mingling with, the ground. How many of its original particles are found in

the full-grown corn?"

"Yet you believe that *something* belonging to this is preserved for the completion of another?"

"Certainly. I accept God's statement about it, which is as plain as words can make a statement. I do not know, and I do not care to know, how it is to be effected. God will not be at a loss for away, any more than he is at a loss for a way to make his fields blossom every spring. For ought we know, some invisible compound of an annihilated body may hover, by a divine decree, around the site of death till it is wanted,—sufficient to preserve identity as strictly as a body can ever be said to preserve it; and stranger things have happened. You remember the old Mohammedan belief in the one little bone which is imperishable. Prof. Bushe's idea of our triune existence is suggestive, for a notion. He believed, you know, that it takes a material body, a spiritual body, and a soul to make a man. The spiritual body is enclosed within the material, the soul within the spiritual. Death is simply the slipping off of the outer body, as a husk slips off from its kernel. The deathless frame stands ready then for the soul's untrammelled occupation. But it is a waste of time to speculate over such useless fancies, while so many remain that will vitally affect our happiness."

It is singular; but I never gave a serious thought—and I have done some thinking about other matters—to my heavenly body, till that moment, while I sat listening to her. In fact, till Roy went, the Future was a miserable, mysterious blank, to be drawn on and on in eternal and joyless monotony, and to which, at times, annihilation seemed preferable. I remember, when I was a child, asking father once, if I were so good that I *had* to go to heaven, whether, after a hundred years, God would not let me "die out." More or less of the disposition of that same desperate little sinner I suspect has always clung to me. So I asked Aunt Winifred in some perplexity, what she supposed our bodies would be like.

"It must be nearly all 'suppose,'" she said, "for we are nowhere definitely told. But this is certain. They will be as real as these."

"But these you can see, you can touch."

"What would be the use of having a body that you can't see, and touch? A body is a *body*, not a spirit. Why should you not, having seen Roy's old smile and heard his own voice, clasp his hand again, and feel his kiss on your happy lips?"

"It is really amusing," she continued, "to sum up the notions that good people—excellent people—even thinking people—have of the heavenly body. Vague visions of floating about in the clouds, of balancing—with a white robe on, perhaps—in stiff rows about a throne, like the angels in the old pictures, converging to an apex, or ranged in semi-circles like so many marbles. Murillo has one charming exception. I always take a secret delight in that little cherub of his, kicking the clouds, in the right-hand upper corner of the Immaculate Conception; he seems to be having a good time of it, in genuine baby-fashion. The truth is, that the ordinary idea, if sifted accurately, reduces our eternal personality to—*gas*."

"Isaac Taylor holds, that, as far as the abstract idea of spirit is concerned, it may just as reasonably be granite as ether."

"Mrs. Charles says a pretty thing about this. She thinks these 'super-spiritualised angels' very unsatisfactory beings, and that the heart returns with loving obstinacy to the young men in long white garments' who sat waiting in the sepulchre."

"Here again I cling to my conjecture about the word 'angel'; for then we should learn emphatically something about our future selves. 'As the angels in heaven,' or 'equal unto the angels,' we are told in another place,—that may mean simply what it says. At least, if we are to resemble them in the particular respect of which the words were spoken,—and that one of the most important which could well be selected,—it is not unreasonable to infer that we shall resemble them in others. 'In the Resurrection,' by the way, means, in that connection and in many others, simply future state of existence, without any reference to the time at which the great bodily change is to come."

"'But this is a digression,' as the novelists say. I was going to say, that it bewilders me to conjecture where students of the Bible have discovered the usual foggy nonsense about the corporeity of heaven. If there is anything laid down in plain statement, devoid of metaphor or parable, simple and unequivocal, it is the definite contradiction of all that. Paul, in his preface to that sublime apostrophe to death, repeats and reiterates it, lest we should make a mistake in his meaning. 'There are celestial *bodies*' 'It is raised a spiritual *body*.' 'There is a spiritual *body*.' 'It is raised in incorruption.' 'It is raised in glory.' 'It is raised in power.' Moses, too, when he came to the transfigured mount in glory, had as real a *body* as when he went into the lonely mount to die."

"But they will be different from these?"

"The glory of the terrestrial is one, the glory of the celestial another. Take away sin and sickness and misery, and that of itself would make difference enough."

"You do not suppose that we shall look as we look now?"

"I certainly do. At least, I think it more than possible that the human form divine,' or something like it, is to be retained. Not only from the fact that risen Elijah bore it; and Moses, who, if he had not passed through his

resurrection, does not seem to have looked different from the other,—I have to use those two poor prophets on all occasions, but, as we are told of them neither by parable nor picture, they are important,—and that angels never appeared in any other, but because in sinless Eden, God chose it for Adam and Eve. What came in unmarred beauty direct from His hand cannot be unworthy of His other Paradise 'beyond the stars.' It would chime in pleasantly, too, with the idea of Redemption, that our very bodies, free from all the distortion of guilt, shall return to something akin to the pure ideal in which He moulded them. Then there is another reason, and stronger."

"What is that?"

"The human form has been born and dignified forever by Christ. And, further than that, He ascended to His Father in it, and lives there in it as human God to-day."

I had never thought of that and said so.

"Yes, with the very feet which trod the dusty road to Emmaus; the very wounded hands which Thomas touched, believing; the very lips which ate of the broiled fish and honey-comb; the very voice which murmured 'Mary!' in the garden, and which told her that He ascended unto His Father and her Father, to His God and her God. He 'was parted from them,' and was 'received up into heaven.' His death and resurrection stand forever the great prototype of ours. Otherwise, what is the meaning of such statements as these: 'When He shall appear, we shall be *like Him*'; 'The first man (Adam) is of the earth; the second man is the Lord; as we have borne the image of the earthy, *we shall also bear the image of the heavenly*'? And what of this, when we are told that our 'vile bodies,' being changed, shall be fashioned '*like unto His glorious body*'?"

I asked her if she inferred from that, that we should have just such bodies as the freedom from pain and sin would make of these.

"Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom," she said. "There is no escaping that, even if I had the smallest desire to escape it, which I have not. Whatever is essentially earthly and temporary in the arrangements of this world will be out of place and unnecessary there. Earthly and temporary, flesh and blood certainly are."

"Christ said 'A spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have.'"

"A *spirit* hath not; and who ever said that it did? His body had something that appeared like them, certainly. That passage, by the way, has led some ingenious writer on the Chemistry of Heaven to infer that our bodies there will be like these, minus *blood*! I don't propose to spend my time over such investigations. Summing up the meaning of the story of those last days before the Ascension, and granting the shade of mystery which hangs over them, I gather this,—that the spiritual body is real, is tangible, is visible, is human, but that 'we shall be changed.' Some indefinable but thorough change had come over Him. He could withdraw Himself from the recognition of Mary, and from the disciples, whose 'eyes were holden,' as it pleased Him. He came and went through barred and bolted doors. He appeared suddenly in a certain place, without sound of footstep or flutter of garment to announce His approach. He vanished, and was not, like a cloud. New and wonderful powers had been given to Him, of which, probably, His little bewildered group of friends saw but a few illustrations."

"And He was yet *man*?"

"He was Jesus of Nazareth until the sorrowful drama of human life that He had taken upon Himself was thoroughly finished, from manger to sepulchre, and from sepulchre to the right hand of His Father.

"I like to wonder," she said, presently, "what we are going to look like and be like. *Ourselves*, in the first place. 'It is I Myself,' Christ said. Then to be perfectly well, never a sense of pain or weakness,—imagine how much solid comfort, if one had no other, in being forever rid of all the ills that flesh is heir to! Beautiful, too, I suppose we shall be, every one. Have you never had that come over you, with a thrill of compassionate thankfulness, when you have seen a poor girl shrinking, as only girls can shrink, under the lifelong affliction of a marred face or form? The loss or presence of beauty is not as slight a deprivation or blessing as the moralists would make it out. Your grandmother, who was the most beautiful woman I ever saw, the belle of the county all her young days, and the model for artists' fancy sketching even in her old ones, as modest as a violet and as honest as the sunshine, used to have the prettiest little way when we girls were in our teens, and she thought that we must be lectured a bit on youthful vanity, of adding, in her quiet voice, smoothing down her black silk apron as she spoke, 'But still it is a thing to be thankful for, my dear, to have a *comely countenance*.'"

"But to return to the track and our future bodies. We shall find them vastly convenient, undoubtedly, with powers of which there is no dreaming. Perhaps they will be so one with the soul that to will will be to do,—hindrance out of the question. I, for instance, sitting here by you, and thinking that I should like to be in Kansas, would be there. There is an interesting bit of a hint in Daniel about Gabriel, who, 'being caused to fly swiftly, touched him about the time of the evening oblation.'"

"But do you not make a very material kind of heaven out of such suppositions?"

"It depends upon what you mean by 'material.' The term does not, to my thinking, imply degradation, except so far as it is associated with sin. Dr. Chalmers has the right of it, when he talks about '*spiritual materialism*.' He says in his sermon on the New Heavens and Earth,—which, by the way, you should read, and

from which I wish a few more of our preachers would learn something, that we 'forget that on the birth of materialism, when it stood out in the freshness of those glories which the great Architect of Nature had impressed upon it, that then the 'morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.' I do not believe in a *gross* heaven, but I believe in a *reasonable* one."

4th.

We have been devoting ourselves to feminine vanities all day out in the orchard. Aunt Winifred has been making her summer bonnet, and I some linen collars. I saw, though she said nothing, that she thought the *crepe* a little gloomy, and I am going to wear these in the mornings to please her.

She has an accumulation of work on hand, and in the afternoon I offered to tuck a little dress for Faith,—the prettiest pink *barege* affair, pale as a blush rose, and about as delicate. Faith, who had been making mud-pies in the swamp, and was spattered with black peat from curls to stockings, looked on approvingly, and wanted it to wear on a flag-root expedition to-morrow. It seemed to do me good to do something for somebody after all this lonely and—I suspect—selfish idleness.

6th.

I read a little of Dr. Chalmers to-day, and went laughing to Aunt Winifred with the first sentence :—"There is a limit to the revelations of the Bible about futurity, and it were a mental or spiritual trespass to go beyond it."

"Ah! but," she said, "look a little farther down."

And I read, "But while we attempt not to be 'wise above that which is written,' we should attempt, and that most studiously, to be wise *up to* that which is written."

8th.

It occurred to me to-day, that it was a noticeable fact, that, among all the visits of angels to this world of which we are told, no one seems to have discovered in any the presence of a dead friend. If redeemed men are subject to the same laws as they, why did such a thing never happen? I asked Aunt Winifred, and she said that the question reminded her of St. Augustine's lonely cry thirty years after the death of Monica: "Ah, the dead do not come back; for, had it been possible, there has not been a night when I should not have seen my mother!" There seemed to be two reasons, she said, why there should be no exceptions to the law of silence imposed between us and those who have left us; one of which was, that we should be overpowered with familiar curiosity about them which nobody seems to have dared to express in the presence of angels, and the secrets of their life God has decreed that it is unlawful to utter.?

"But Lazarus, and Jairus's little daughter, and the dead raised at the Crucifixion,—what of them?" I asked.

"I cannot help conjecturing that they were suffered to forget their glimpse of spiritual life," she said. "Since their resurrection was a miracle, there might be a miracle throughout. At least, their lips must have been sealed, for not a word of their testimony has been saved. When Lazarus dined with Simon, after he had come back to life,—and of that feast we have a minute account in, I believe, every Gospel,—nobody seems to have asked, or he to have answered, any questions about it. The other reason is a sorrowfully sufficient one. It is that *every* lost darling has not gone to heaven. Of all the mercies that our Father has given, this blessed uncertainty, this long unbroken silence, may be the dearest. Bitterly hard for you and me, but what are thousands like you and me weighed against one who stands beside a hopeless grave? Think a minute what mourners there have been, and *whom* they have mourned! Ponder one such solitary instance as that of Vittoria Colonna wondering, through her widowed years, if she could ever be 'good enough' to join wicked Pescara in another world! This poor earth holds—God only knows how many, God make them very few!—Vittorias. Ah, Mary, what right have *we* to complain?"

9th.

To-night Aunt Winifred had callers,—Mrs. Quirk and (O Homer aristocracy!) the butcher's wife,—and it fell to my lot to put Faith to bed.

The little maiden seriously demurred. Cousin Mary was very good,—O yes, she was good enough, but her mamma was a great deal gooder; and why couldn't little peoples sit up till nine o'clock as well as big peoples,

she should like to know! Finally, she came to the gracious conclusion that perhaps I'd *do*, made me carry her all the way up stairs, and dropped like a little lump of lead, half asleep, on my shoulder, before two buttons were unfastened.

Feeling under some sort of theological obligation to hear her say her prayers, I pulled her curls a little till she awoke, and went through with "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pway ve Lord," triumphantly. I supposed that was the end, but it seems that she has been also taught the Lord's Prayer, which she gave me promptly to understand.

"O, see here! That isn't all. I can say Our Father, and you've got to help me a lot!" This very soon became a self-evident proposition: but by our united efforts we managed, after tribulations manifold, to arrive successfully at "For ever 'n' ever 'n' ever 'n' A-men."

"Dear me," she said, jumping up with a yawn, "I think that's a *dreadful long-tailed prayer*,—don't you, Cousin Mary?"

"Now I must kiss mamma good night," she announced, when she was tucked up at last.

"But mamma kissed you good night before you came up."

"O, so she did. Yes, I 'member. Well, it's papa I've got to kiss, I knew there was somebody."

I looked at her in perplexity.

"Why, there!" she said, "in the upper drawer,—my pretty little papa in a purple frame. Don't you know?"

I went to the bureau-drawer, and found in a case of velvet a small ivory painting of her father. This I brought, wondering, and the child took it reverently and kissed the pictured lips.

"Faith," I said, as I laid it softly back, "do you always do this?"

"Do what? Kiss papa good night? O yes, I've done that ever since I was a little girl, you know I guess I've always kissed him pretty much. When I'm a naughty girl he feels *real* sorry. He's gone to heaven. I like him. O yes, and then, when I'm through kissing, mamma kisses him too."

X.

June 11.

I was in her room this afternoon while she was dressing. I like to watch her brush her beautiful gray hair; it quite alters her face to have it down; it seems to shrine her in like a cloud, and the outlines of her cheeks round out, and she grows young.

"I used to be proud of my hair when I was a girl," she said with a slight blush, as she saw me looking at her; "it was all I had to be vain of, and I made the most of it. Ah well! I was dark-haired three years ago.

"O you regular old woman!" she added, smiling at herself in the mirror, as she twisted the silver coils flashing through her fingers. "Well, when I am in heaven, I shall have my pretty brown hair again."

It seemed odd enough to hear that; then the next minute it did not seem odd at all, but the most natural thing in the world.

June 14.

She said nothing to me about the anniversary, and, though it has been in my thoughts all the time, I said nothing to her. I thought that she would shut herself up for the day, and was rather surprised that she was about as usual, busily at work, chatting with me, and playing with Faith. Just after tea, she went away alone for a time, and came back a little quiet, but that was all. I was for some reason impressed with the feeling that she kept the day in memory, not so much as the day of her mourning, as of his release.

Longing to do something for her, yet not knowing what to do, I went into the garden while she was away, and, finding some carnations, that shone like stars in the dying light, I gathered them all, and took them to her room, and, filling my tiny porphyry vase, left them on the bracket, under the photograph of Uncle Forceythe that hangs by the window. When she found them, she called me, and kissed me.

"Thank you, dear," she said, "and thank God too, Mary, for me. That he should have been happy,—happy and out of pain, for three long beautiful years! O, think of that!"

When I was in her room with the flowers, I passed the table on which her little Bible lay open. A mark of rich ribbon—a black ribbon—fell across the pages; it bore in silver text these words:—

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me"

"I thank thee, my God, the river of Lethe may indeed flow through the Elysian Fields,—it does not water the Christian's Paradise."

Aunt Winifred was saying that over to herself in a dreamy undertone this morning, and I happened to hear her.

"Just a quotation, dear," she said, smiling, in answer to my look of inquiry, "I couldn't originate so pretty a thing. *Isn't* it pretty?"

"Very; but I am not sure that I understand it."

"You thought that forgetfulness would be necessary to happiness?"

"Why,—yes; as far as I had ever thought about it; that is, after our last ties with this world are broken. It does not seem to me that I could be happy to remember all that I have suffered and all that I have sinned here."

"But the last of all the sins will be as if it had never been; Christ takes care of that. No shadow of a sense of guilt can dog you, or affect your relations to Him or your other friends. The last pain borne, the last tear, the last sigh, the last lonely hour, the last unsatisfied dream, forever gone by; why should not the dead past bury its dead?"

"Then why remember it?"

"Save but to swell the sense of being blest.' Besides, forgetfulness of the disagreeable things of this life implies forgetfulness of the pleasant ones. They are all tangled together."

"To be sure. I don't know that I should like that."

"Of course you wouldn't. Imagine yourself in a state of being where you and Roy had lost your past; all that you had borne and enjoyed, and hoped and feared, together; the pretty little memories of your babyhood, and first 'half-days' at school, when he used to trudge along beside you,—little fellow! how many times I have watched him!—holding you tight by the apron-sleeve or hat string, or bits of fat fingers, lest you should run away or fall. Then the old Academy pranks, out of which you used to help each other; his little chivalry and elder-brotherly advice; the mischief in his eyes; some of the 'Sunday night talks'; the first novel that you read and dreamed over together; the college stories; the chats over the corn-popper by firelight; the earliest, earnest looking on into life together, its temptations conquered, its lessons learned, its disappointments faced together,—always you two,—would you like to, are you *likely* to forget all this?"

"Roy might as well be not Roy, but a strange angel, if you should. Heaven will be not less heaven, but more, for this pleasant remembering. So many other and greater and happier memories will fill up the time then, that after years these things may—probably will— seem smaller than it seems to us now they can ever be; but they will, I think, be always dear; just as we look back to our baby-selves with a pitying sort of fondness, and, though the little creatures are of small enough use to us now, yet we like to keep good friends with them for old times' sake.

"I have no doubt that you and I shall sit down some summer afternoon in heaven and talk over what we have been saying to-day, and laugh, perhaps, at all the poor little dreams we have been dreaming of what has not entered into the heart of man. You see it is certain to be so much *better* than anything that I can think of; which is the comfort of it. And Roy—"

"Yes; some more about Roy, please."

"Supposing he were to come right into the room now,—and I slipped out,—and you had him all to yourself again—now, dear, don't cry, but wait a minute!" Her caressing hand fell on my hair. "I did not mean to hurt you, but to say that your first talk with him, after you stand face to face, may be like that.

"Remembering this life is going to help us amazingly, I fancy, to appreciate the next," she added, by way of period. "Christ seems to have thought so, when he called to the minds of those happy people what, in that unconscious ministering of lowly faith which may never reap its sheaf in the field where the seed was sown, they had not had the comfort of finding out before,—'I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me.' And to come again to Abraham in the parable, did he not say, 'Son, *remember* that thou in thy lifetime hadst good things and Lazarus evil'?"

"I wonder what it is going to look like," I said, as soon as I could put poor Dives out of my mind.

"Heaven? Eye hath not seen, but I have my fancies. I think I want some mountains, and very many trees."

"Mountains and trees!"

"Yes; mountains as we see them at sunset and sunrise, or when the maples are on fire and there are clouds enough to make great purple shadows chase each other into lakes of light, over the tops and down the sides,—the *ideal* of mountains which we catch in rare glimpses, as we catch the ideal of everything. Trees as they look when the wind cooes through them on a June afternoon; elms or lindens or pines as cool as frost, and

yellow sunshine trickling through on moss. Trees in a forest so thick that it shuts out the world, and you walk like one in a sanctuary. Trees pierced by stars, and trees in a bath of summer moons to which the thrill of 'Love's young dream' shall cling forever: But there is no end to one's fancies. Some water, too, I would like."

"There shall be no more sea."

"Perhaps not; though, as the sea is the great type of separation and of destruction, that may be only figurative. But I'm not particular about the sea, if I can have rivers and little brooks, and fountains of just the right sort; the fountains of this world don't please me generally. I want a little brook to sit and sing to Faith by. O, I forgot! she will be a large girl, probably, won't she?"

"Never too large to like to hear your mother sing, will you Faith?"

"O no," said Faith, who bobbed in and out again like a canary, just then,— "not unless I'm *dreadful* big, with long dresses and a waterfall, you know. I s'pose, maybe, I'd have to have little girls myself to sing to, then. I hope they'll behave better'n Mary Ann does. She's lost her other arm, and all her sawdust is just running out. Besides, Kitty thought she was a mouse, and ran down cellar with her, and she's all shaken up, somehow. She don't look very pretty."

"Flowers, too," her mother went on, after the interruption. "*Not* all amaranth and asphodel, but of variety and colour and beauty un-imagined; glorified lilies of the valley, heavenly tea-rose buds, and spiritual harebells among them. O, how your poor mother used to say,—you know flowers were her poetry,—coming in weak and worn from her garden in the early part of her sickness, hands and lap and basket full: 'Winifred, if I only supposed I *could* have some flowers in heaven I shouldn't be half so afraid to go!' I had not thought as much about these things then as I have now, or I should have known better how to answer her. I should like, if I had my choice, to have day-lilies and carnations fresh under my windows all the time."

"Under your windows?"

"Yes. I hope to have a home of my own,"

"Not a house?"

"Something not unlike it. In the Father's house are many mansions. Sometimes I fancy that those words have a literal meaning which the simple men who heard them may have understood better than we, and that Christ is truly 'preparing' my home for me. He must be there, too, you see,—I mean John."

I believe that gave me some thoughts that I ought not to have, and so I made no reply.

"If we have trees and mountains and flowers and books," she went on, smiling, "I don't see why not have houses as well. Indeed, they seem to me as supposable as anything can be which is guess-work at the best; for what a homeless, desolate sort of sensation it gives one to think of people wandering over the 'sweet fields beyond the flood' without a local habitation and a name. What could be done with the millions who, from the time of Adam, have been gathering there, unless they lived under the conditions of organised society? Organised society involves homes, not unlike the homes of this world."

"What other arrangement could be as pleasant, or could be pleasant at all? Robertson's definition of a church exactly fits. 'More united in each other, because more united in God.' A happy home is the happiest thing in the world. I do not see why it should not be in any world. I do not believe that all the little tendernesses of family ties are thrown by and lost with this life. In fact, Mary, I cannot think that anything which has in it the elements of permanency is to be lost, but sin. Eternity cannot be—it cannot be the great blank ocean which most of us have somehow or other been brought up to feel that it is, which shall swallow up, in a pitiless, glorified way, all the little brooks of our delight. So I expect to have my beautiful home, and my husband, and Faith, as I had them here; with many differences, and great ones, but *mine* just the same. Unless Faith goes into a home of her own,—the little creature! I suppose she can't always be a baby."

"Do you remember what a pretty little wistful way Charles Lamb has of wondering about all this?"

"*"Shall I enjoy friendships there, wanting the smiling indications which point me to them here,—the "sweet assurance of a look"? Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fish, and society,and candle-light and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities, and irony itself,—do these things go out with life?"*"

"Now Aunt Winifred!" I said, sitting up straight, "what am I to do with these beautiful heresies? If Deacon Quirk *should* hear!"

"I do not see where the heresy lies. As I hold fast by the Bible, I cannot be in much danger."

"But you don't glean your conjectures from the Bible."

"I conjecture nothing that the Bible contradicts. I do not believe as truth indisputable, anything that the Bible does not give me. But I reason from analogy about this, as we all do about other matters. Why should we not have pretty things in heaven? If this 'bright and beautiful economy' of sides and rivers, of grass and sunshine, of hills and valleys, is not too good for such a place as this world, will there be any less variety of the bright and beautiful in the next? There is no reason for supposing that the voice of God will speak to us in thunder-claps, or that it will not take to itself the thousand gentle, suggestive tongues of a nature built on the

ruins of this, an unmarred system of beneficence.

"There is a pretty argument in the fact that just such sunrises, such opening of buds, such fragrant dropping of fruit, such bells in the brooks, such dreams at twilight, and such hush of stars, were fit for Adam and Eve, made holy man and woman. How do we know that the abstract idea of a heaven needs imply anything very much unlike Eden? There is some reason as well as poetry in 'Paradise Regained.' A 'new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.'"

"But how far is it safe to trust to this kind of argument?"

"Bishop Butler will answer you better than I. Let me see,—Isaac Taylor says something about that."

She went to the bookcase for his "Physical Theory of Another Life," and finding her place, showed me this passage:—

"If this often repeated argument from analogy is to be termed, as to the conclusions it involves, a conjecture merely, we ought then to abandon altogether every kind of abstract reasoning; nor will it be easy afterwards to make good any principle of natural theology. In truth, the very basis of reasoning is shaken by a scepticism so sweeping as this."

And in another place:—

"None need fear the consequences of such endeavours who have well learned the prime principle of sound philosophy, namely, not to allow the most plausible and pleasing conjectures to unsettle our convictions of truth resting upon positive evidence. If there be any who frown upon all such attempts, they would do well to consider, that although individually, and from the constitution of their minds, they may find it very easy to abstain from every path of excursive meditation, it is not so with others who almost irresistibly are borne forward to the vast field of universal contemplation,—a field from which the human mind is not to be barred, and which is better taken possession of by those who reverently bow to the authority of Christianity, than left open to impiety."

"Very good," I said, laying down the book. "But about those trees and houses, and the rest of your 'pretty things'? Are they to be like these? "

"I don't suppose that the houses will be made of oak and pine and nailed together, for instance. But I hope for heavenly types of nature and of art. *Something that will be to us then what these art now.* That is the amount of it. They may be as 'spiritual' as you please; they will answer all the purpose to us. As we are not spiritual beings yet, however, I am under the necessity of calling them by their earthly names. You remember Plato's old theory, that the ideal of everything exists eternally in the mind of God. If that is so,—and I do not see how it can be otherwise,—then whatever of God is expressed to us in this world by flower, or blade of grass, or human face, why should not that be expressed forever in heaven by something corresponding to flower, or grass, or human face? I do not mean that the heavenly creation will be less real than these, but more so. Their 'spirituality' is of such a sort that our gardens and forests and homes are but shadows of them.

"You don't know how I amuse myself at night thinking this all over before I go to sleep; wondering what one thing will be like, and another thing; planning what I should like; thinking that John has seen it all, and wondering if he is laughing at me because I know so little about it! I tell you, Mary, there's a 'deal o' comfort in't,' as Phœbe says about her cup of tea."

July 5.

Aunt Winifred has been hunting up a Sunday school class for herself and one for me; which is a venture that I never was persuaded into undertaking before. She herself is fast becoming acquainted with the poorer people of the town. I find that she is a thoroughly busy Christian, with a certain "week-day holiness" that is strong and refreshing, like a west wind. Church-going and conversations on heaven, by no means exhaust her vitality. She told me a pretty thing about her class; it happened the first Sabbath that she took it. Her scholars are young girls of from fourteen to eighteen years of age, children of church-members, most of them. She seemed to have taken their hearts by storm. *She* says, "They treated me very prettily, and made me love them at once."

Clo Bentley is in the class; Clo is a pretty, soft-eyed little creature, with a shrinking mouth, and an absorbing passion for music, which she has been too poor to gratify. I suspect that her teacher will make a pet of her. She says that in the course of her lesson, or, in her words,—

"While we were all talking together, somebody pulled my sleeve, and there was Clo in the corner, with her great brown eyes fixed on me. 'See here!' she said in a whisper, 'I can't be good! I would be good if I could *only* just have a piano!' 'Well, Clo, 'I said, 'if you will be a good girl, and go to heaven, I think you will have a piano there, and play just as much as you care to.'

"You ought to have seen the look the child gave me! Delight and fear and incredulous bewilderment

tumbled over each other, as if I had proposed taking her into a forbidden fairy-land.

"Why, Mrs. Forceythe! Why, they won't let anybody have a piano up there! not in *heaven*?"

"I laid down the question-book, and asked what kind of place she supposed that heaven was going to be.

"O," she said, with a dreary sigh, 'I never think about it when I can help it. I suppose we *shall all just stand there!*'

"And you?" I asked of the next, a bright girl with snapping eyes.

"Do you want me to talk good, or tell the truth?' she answered me. Having been given to understand that she was not expected to 'talk good' in my class, she said, with an approving, decided nod: 'Well, then! I don't think it's going to be *anything nice* anyway. No, I don't! I told my last teacher so, and she looked just as shocked, and said I never should go there as long as I felt so. That made me mad, and I told her I didn't see but I should be as well off in one place as another, except for the fire.'

"A silent girl in the corner began at this point to look interested. 'I always supposed,' said she, 'that you just floated round in heaven—you know—all together—something like ju-jube paste!'

"Whereupon I shut the question-book entirely, and took the talking to myself for a while.

"But I *never* thought it was anything like that,' interrupted little Clo, presently, her cheeks flushed with excitement. 'Why, I should like to go, if it is like that! I never supposed people talked, unless it was about converting people, and saying your prayers, and all that.'

"Now, weren't those ideas

Facts.

alluring and comforting for young girls in the blossom of warm human life? They were trying with all their little hearts to 'be good,' too, some of them, and had all of them been to church and Sunday school all their lives. Never, never, if Jesus Christ had been Teacher and Preacher to them, would He have pictured their blessed endless years with Him in such bleak colours. They are not the hues of His Bible."

XI.

July 16.

We took a trip to-day to East Homer for butter. Neither angels nor principalities could convince Phœbe that any butter but "Stephen David's" might, could, would, or should be used in this family. So to Mr. Stephen David's, a journey of four miles, I meekly betake myself at stated periods in the domestic year, burdened with directions about firkins and half-firkins, pounds and half-pounds, salt and no salt, churning and "working-over;" some of which I remember and some of which I forget, and to all of which Phœbe considers me sublimely incapable of attending.

The afternoon was perfect, and we took things leisurely, letting the reins swing from the hook,—an arrangement to which Mr. Tripp's old gray was entirely agreeable,—and, leaning back against the buggy-cushions, wound along among the strong, sweet pine-smells, lazily talking or lazily silent, as the spirit moved, and as only two people who thoroughly understand and like each other can talk or be silent.

We rode home by Deacon Quirk's, and, as we jogged by, then broke upon our view a blooming vision of the Deacon himself, at work in his potato field with his son and heir, who, by the way, has the reputation of being the most awkward fellow in the township.

The amiable church-officer, having caught sight of us, left his work and coming up to the fence "in rustic modesty unscared," guiltless of coat or vest, his calico shirt-sleeves rolled up to his huge brown elbows, and his dusty straw hat flapping in the wind, rapped on the rails with his hoe-handle as a sign for us to stop.

"Are we in a hurry?" I asked, under my breath.

"O no," said Aunt Winifred. "He has somewhat to say unto me, I see by his eyes. I have been expecting it. Let us hear him out. Good afternoon, Deacon Quirk."

"Good afternoon, ma'am. Pleasant day?"

She assented to the statement, novel as it was.

"A very pleasant day," repeated the Deacon, looking for the first time in his life, to my knowledge, a little undecided as to what he should say next. "Remarkable fine day for riding. In a hurry?"

"Well, not especially. Did you want anything of me?"

"You're a church-member, aren't you, ma'am?" asked the Deacon, abruptly.

"I am."

"Orthodox?"

"O yes," with a smile. "You had a reason for asking?"

"Yes, ma'am; I had, as you might say, a reason for asking."

The Deacon laid his hoe on the top of the fence, and his arms across it, and pushed his hat on the back of his head in a becoming and argumentative manner.

"I hope you don't consider that I'm taking liberties if I have a little religious conversation with you, Mrs. Forceythe."

"It is no offence to me if you are," replied Mrs. Forceythe, with a twinkle in her eye; but both twinkle and words glanced off from the Deacon.

"My wife was telling me last night," he began, with an ominous cough, "that her niece, Clotildy Bentley—Moses Bentley's daughter you know, and one of your sentimental girls that reads poetry, and is easy enough led away by vain delusions and false doctrine—was under your charge at Sunday school. Now Clotildy is intimate with my wife,—who is her aunt on her mother's side, and always tries to do her duty by her,—and she told Mrs. Quirk what you'd been a saying to those young minds on the Sabbath."

He stopped, and observed her impressively, as if he expected to see the guilty blushes of arraigned heresy covering her amused attentive face.

"I hope you will pardon me, ma'am, for repeating it, but Clotildy said that you told her she should have a pianna in heaven. A *pianna*, ma'am!"

"I certainly did," she said quietly.

"You did? Well, now, I didn't believe it, nor I wouldn't believe it, till I'd asked you! I thought it warn't more than fair that I should ask you, before repeating it, you know. It's none of my business, Mrs. Forceythe, any more than that I take a general interest in the spiritoal welfare of the youth of our Sabbath school; but I am very much surprised! I am *very* much surprised!"

"I am surprised that you should be, Deacon Quirk. Do you believe that God would take a poor disappointed girl like Clo, who has been all her life here forbidden the enjoyment of a perfectly innocent taste, and keep her in His happy heaven eternal years, without finding means to gratify it? I don't."

"I tell Clotildy I don't see what she wants of a pianna-forte," observed "Clotildy's" uncle, sententiously. "She can go to singin' school, and she's been in the choir ever since I have, which is six years come Christmas. Besides, I don't think it's our place to speckylate on the mysteries of the heavenly spere. My wife told her that she musn't believe any such things as that, which were very irreverent, and contrary to the Scriptures, and Clo went home crying. She said: 'It was so pretty to think about.' It is very easy to impress these delusions of fancy on the young."

"Pray, Deacon Quirk," said Aunt Winifred, leaning earnestly forward in the carriage, "will you tell me what there is 'irreverent' or 'un-scriptural' in the idea that there will be instrumental music in heaven?"

"Well," replied the Deacon after some consideration, "come to think of it, there will be harps, I suppose. Harpers harping with their harps on the sea of glass. But I don't believe there will be any piannas. It's a dreadfully material way to talk about that glorious world, to my thinking."

"If you could show me wherein a harp is less 'material' than a piano, perhaps I should agree with you."

Deacon Quirk looked rather nonplussed for a minute.

"What *do* you suppose people will do in heaven?" she asked again.

"Glorify God," said the Deacon, promptly recovering himself—"glorify God, and sing Worthy the Lamb! We shall be clothed in white robes with palms in our hands, and bow before the Great White Throne. We shall be engaged in such employments as befit sinless creatures in a spiritoal state of existence."

"Now, Deacon Quirk," replied Aunt Winifred, looking him over from head to foot,—old straw hat, calico shirt, blue overalls, and cowhide boots, coarse, work-wom hands, and "narrow forehead braided tight,"—"just imagine yourself, will you? taken out of this life this minute, as you stand here in your potato-field (the Deacon changed his position with evident uneasiness), and put into another life,—not anybody else, but yourself, just as you left this spot,—and do you honestly think that you should be happy to go and put on a white dress and stand still in a choir with a green branch in one hand and a singing-book in the other, and sing and pray and never do anything but sing and pray, this year, next year, and *every* year for ever?"

"We-ell," he replied, surprised into a momentary flash of carnal candour, "I can't say that I shouldn't wonder for a minute, maybe, *how Abinadab would ever get those potatoes hoed without me.*—Abina-dab! go back to your work!"

The graceful Abinadab had sauntered up during the conversation, and was listening, hoe in hand and mouth open. He slunk away when his father spoke, but came up again presently on tiptoe when Aunt Winifred was talking. There was an interested, intelligent look about his square and pitifully embarrassed face which attracted my notice.

"But then," proceeded the Deacon, reinforced by the sudden recollection of his duties as a father and a church-member, "that couldn't be a permanent state of feeling, you know. I expect to be transformed by the renewing of my mind to appreciate the glories of the New Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God.

That's what I expect, ma'rm. Now I heerd that you told Mrs. Bland, or that Mary told her, or that she heerd it someway, that you said you supposed there were trees and flowers and houses and such in heaven. I told my wife I thought your deceased husband was a Congregational minister, and I didn't believe you ever said it; but that's the rumour."

Without deeming it necessary to refer to her "deceased husband," Aunt Winifred replied that "rumour" was quite right.

"Well!" said the Deacon, with severe significance, "I believe in a spiritoal heaven."

I looked him over again,—hat, hoe, shirt, and all; scanned his obstinate old face with its stupid, good eyes and animal mouth. Then I glanced at Aunt Winifred as she leaned forward in the afternoon light; the white finely cut woman, with her serene smile and rapt, saintly *eyes*,—every inch of her, body and soul refined, not only by birth and training, but by the long nearness of her heart to Christ. "Of the earth, earthy. Of the heavens, heavenly." The two faces sharpened themselves into two types. Which, indeed, was the better able to comprehend a "spiritoal heaven"?

"It is distinctly stated in the Bible, by which, I suppose we shall both agree," said Aunt Winifred, gently, "that there shall be a *new earth*, as well as new heavens. It is noticeable, also, that the descriptions of heaven, although a series of metaphors, are yet singularly earthlike and tangible ones. Are flowers and skies and trees less 'spiritual' than white dresses and little palm-branches? In fact, where are you going to get your little branches without trees? What could well be more suggestive of material modes of living, and material industry, than a city marked into streets and alleys, paved solidly with gold, walled in and barred with gates whose jewels are named and counted, and whose very length and breadth are measured with a celestial surveyor's chain?"

"But I think we'd ought to stick to what the Bible says," answered the Deacon, stolidly. "If it says golden cities and doesn't say flowers, it means cities and doesn't mean flowers. I dare say you're a good woman, Mrs. Forceythe, if you do hold such oncommon doctrine, and I don't doubt you mean well enough, but I don't think that we ought to trouble ourselves about these mysteries of a future state. I'm willing to trust them to God!"

The evasion of a fair argument by this self-sufficient spasm of piety was more than I could calmly stand, and I indulged in a subdued explosion.—Auntie says it sounded like Fourth of July crackers touched off under a wet barrel.

"Deacon Quirk! do you mean to imply that Mrs. Forceythe does not trust it to God? The truth is, that the existence of such a world as heaven is a fact from which you shrink. You know you do! She has twenty thoughts about where you have one; yet you set up a claim to superior spirituality!"

"Mary, Mary, you are a little excited, I fear. God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth!"

The relevancy of this last, I confess myself incapable of perceiving, but the good man seemed to be convinced that he had made a point, and we rode off leaving him under that blissful delusion.

"If he *weren't* a good man!" I sighed, "But he is, and I must respect him for it."

"Of course you must; nor is he to blame that he is narrow and rough. I should scarcely have argued as seriously as I did with him, but that, as I fancy him to be a representative of a class, I wanted to try an experiment. Isn't he amusing, though? He is precisely one of Mr. Stopford Brook's men 'who can understand nothing which is original.'"

"Are there, or are there not, more of such men in our church than in others?"

"Not more proportionately to numbers. But I would not have them thinned out. The better we do Christ's work, the more of uneducated, neglected, or debased mind will be drawn to try and serve Him with us. He sought out the lame, the halt, the blind, the stupid, the crotchety, the rough, as well as the equable, the intelligent, the refined. Untrained Christians in any sect will always have their eccentricities and their littlenesses, at which the silken judgment of high places, where the Carpenter's Son would be a strange guest, will sneer. That never troubles me. It only raises the question in my mind whether cultivated Christians generally are sufficiently *cultivators*, scattering their golden gifts on wayside ground."

"Now take Deacon Quirk," I suggested, when we had ridden along a little way under the low, green arches of the elms. "and put him into heaven as you proposed, just as he is, and what *is* he going to do with himself? He can dig potatoes and sell them without cheating, and give generously of their proceeds to foreign missions; but take away his potatoes, and what would become of him? I don't know a human being more incapacitated to live in such a heaven as he believes in."

"Very true, and a good, common-sense argument against such a heaven. I don't profess to surmise what will be found for him to do, beyond this,—that it will be some very palpable work that he can understand. How do we know that he would not be appointed guardian of his poor son here, to whom I suspect he has not been all that father might be in this life, and that he would not have his body as well as his soul to look after, his farm as well as his prayers? to him might be committed the charge of the dews and the rains and the hundred unseen influences that are at work on this very potato-field."

"But when his son has gone in his turn, and we have all gone, and there are no more potato-fields? An Eternity remains."

"You don't know that there wouldn't be any potato-fields; there may be some kind of agricultural employments even then. To whomsoever a talent is given, it will be given him wherewith to use it. Besides, by that time the good Deacon will be immensely changed. I suppose that the simple transition of death, which rids him of sin and of grossness, will not only wonderfully refine him, but will have its effect upon his intellect."

"If a talent is given, use will be found for it? Tell me some more about that."

"I fancy many things about it; but of course can feel sure of only the foundation principle. This life is a great school-house. The wise Teacher trains in us such gifts as, if we graduate honourably, will be of most service in the perfect manhood and womanhood that come after. He sees, as we do not, that a power is sometimes best trained by repression. 'We do not always lose an advantage when we dispense with it,' Goethe says. But the suffocated lives, like little Clo's there, make my heart ache sometimes. I take comfort in thinking how they will bud and blossom up in the air, by and by. There are a great many of them. We tread them underfoot in our careless stepping now and then, and do not see that they have not the elasticity to rise from our touch. 'Heaven may be a place for those who failed on earth,' the Country Parson says."

"Then there will be air enough for all?"

"For all; for those who have had a little bloom in this world, as well. I suppose the artist will paint his pictures, the poet sing his happy songs, the orator and author will not find their talents hidden in the eternal darkness of a grave; the sculptor will use his beautiful gift in the moulding of some heavenly Carrara; as 'well the singer as the player on instruments shall be there.' Christ said a thing that has grown on me with new meanings lately:—'He that *loseth his life for my sake shall find it.*' It, you see,—not another man's life, not a strange compound of powers and pleasures, but his own familiar aspirations. So we shall best 'glorify God,' not less there than here, by doing it in the peculiar way that He himself marked out for us. But—ah, Mary, you see it is only the life 'lost' for His sake that shall be so beautifully found. A great man never goes to heaven because he is great. He must go, as the meanest of his fellow-sinners go, with face towards Calvary, and every golden treasure used for love of Him who showed him how."

"What would the old Pagans—and modern ones, too, for that matter—say to that? Wasn't it Tacitus who announced it as his belief, that immortality was granted as a special gift to a few superior minds? For the people who persisted in making up the rest of the world, poor things! as it could be of little consequence what became of them, they might die as the brute dieth."

"It seems an unbearable thing to me sometimes," she went on, the wreck of a gifted soul. A man who can be, if he chooses, as much better and happier than the rest of us as the ocean reflects more sky than a millpond, must also be, if he chooses, more wicked and more miserable. It takes longer to reach sea shells than river-pebbles. I am compelled to think, also, that intellectual rank must in heaven bear some proportion to goodness. There are last and there are first that shall have changed places. As the tree falleth, there shall it lie, and with that amount of holiness of which a man leaves this life the possessor, he must start in another. I have seen great thinkers, 'foremost men' in science, in theology, in the arts, who, I solemnly believe, will turn aside in heaven,—and will turn humbly and heartily,—to let certain day-labourers and paupers whom I have known go up before them as kings and priests unto God."

"I believe that. But I was going to ask,—for poor creatures like your respected niece, who hasn't a talent, nor even a single absorbing taste, for one thing above another thing,—what shall she do?"

"Whatever she liketh best; something very useful, my dear, don't be afraid, and very pleasant. Something, too, for which this life has fitted you; though you may not understand how that can be, better than did poor Heine on his 'matrazzen-gruft,' reading all the books that treated of his disease. 'But what good this reading is to do me I don't know,' he said, 'except that it will qualify me to give lectures in heaven on the ignorance of doctors on earth about diseases of the spinal marrow.'"

"I don't know how many times I have thought of—I believe it? was the poet Gray, who said that his idea of heaven was to lie on the sofa and read novels. That touches the lazy part of us, though."

"Yes, they will be the active, outgoing, generous elements of our nature that will be brought into use then, rather than the self-centred and dreamy ones. Though I suppose that we shall read in heaven,—being influenced to be better and nobler by good and noble teachers of the pen, not less there than here."

"O think of it! To have books, and music,—and pictures?"

"All that Art, 'the handmaid of the Lord,' can do for us, I have no doubt will be done. Eternity will never become monotonous. Variety without end, charms unnumbered within charms, will be devised by Infinite ingenuity to minister to our delight. Perhaps,—this is just my fancying,—perhaps there will be whole planets turned into galleries of art, over which we may wander at will; or into orchestral halls where the highest possibilities of music will be realised to singer and to hearer. Do you know, I have sometimes had a flitting notion that music would be the language of heaven. It certainly differs in some indescribable manner from the

other arts. We have most of us felt it in our different ways. It always seems to me like the cry of a great sad life dragged to use in this world against its will. Pictures and statues and poems fit themselves to their work more contentedly. Symphony and song struggle in fetters. That sense of conflict is not good for me. It is quite as likely to harm as to help. Then perhaps the mysteries of sidereal systems will be spread out like a child's map before us. Perhaps we shall take journeys to Jupiter and to Saturn and to the glittering haze of nebulas, and to the sight of ruined worlds whose 'extinct light is yet travelling through space.' Occupation for explorers there, you see!"

"You make me say with little Clo, 'O, why, I want to go!' every time I hear you talk. But there is one thing,—you spoke of families living together."

"Yes."

"And you spoke of—your husband. But the Bible——"

"Says there shall be no marrying nor giving in marriage. I know that. Nor will there be such marrying or giving in marriage as there is in a world like this. Christ expressly goes on to state, that we shall be *as* the angels in heaven. How do we know what heavenly unions of heart with heart exist among the angels? It leaves me margin enough to live and be happy with John forever, and it holds many possibilities for the settlement of all perplexing questions brought about by the relations of this world. It is of no use to talk much about them. But it is on that very verse that I found my unshaken belief that they will be smoothed out in some natural and happy way, with which each one shall be content."

"But O, there is a great gulf fixed; and on one side one, and on the other another, and they loved each other."

Her face paled,—it always pales, I notice, at the mention of this mystery,—but her eyes never lost by a shade their steadfast trust.

"Mary, don't question me about *that*. That belongs to the un-utterable things. God will take care of it. I *think* I could leave it to him even if he brought it for me myself to face. I feel sure that he will make it all come out right. Perhaps He will be so dear to us, that we could not love any one who hated him. In some way the void *must* be filled, for he shall wipe away tears. But it seems to me that the only thought in which there can be any *rest*, and in it there *can*, is this: that Christ, who loves us even as his Father loves him, can be happy in spite of the existence of a hell. If it is possible to him, surely he can make it possible to us."

"Two things that he has taught us," she said after a silence, "give me beautiful assurance that none of these dreams with which I help myself can be beyond his intention to fulfil. One is, that eye hath not seen it, nor ear heard it, nor the heart conceived it,—this lavishness of reward which he is keeping for us. Another is, that I shall be *satisfied* when I awake."

"With his likeness?"

"With his likeness. And about that I have other things to say."

But Old Gray stopped at the gate, and Phoebe was watching for her butter, and it was no time to say them then.

XII.

July 22.

Aunt Winifred has connected herself with our church. I think it was rather hard for her, breaking the last tie that bound her to her husband's people; but she had a feeling, that if her work is to be done and her days ended here, she had better take up all such little threads of influence to make herself one with us.

25th.

To-day what should Deacon Quirk do but make a solemn call on Mrs. Forceythe, for the purpose of asking—and this with a hint that he wished he had asked before she became a member of the Homer First Congregational Church—whether there were truth in the rumours, now rife about town, that she was a Swedenborgian!

Aunt Winifred broke out laughing, and laughed merrily. The Deacon frowned.

"I used to fancy that I believed in Swedenborg," she said, as soon as she could sober down a little.

The Deacon pricked up his ears, with visions of excommunications and councils reflected on every feature.

"Until I read his books," she finished.

"Oh!" said the Deacon. He waited for more, but she seemed to consider the conversation at an end.

"So then you—if I understand—are *not* a Swedenborgian, ma'rm?"

"If I were, I certainly should have had no inducement to join myself to your church," she replied, with gentle dignity. "I believe, with all my heart, in the same Bible and the same creed that you believe in, Deacon Quirk."

"And you *live* your creed, which all such genial Christians do not find it necessary to do," I thought, as the Deacon in some perplexity took his departure, and she returned with a smile to her sewing.

I suppose the call came about in this way. We had the sewing-circle here last week, and just before the lamps were lighted, and when people had dropped their work to group and talk in the corners, Meta Tripp came up with one or two other girls to Aunt Winifred, and begged "to hear some of those queer things people said she believed about heaven." Auntie is never obtrusive with her views on this or any other matter, but, being thus urged, she answered a few questions that they put to her, to the extreme scandal of one or two old ladies, and the secret delight of the rest.

"Well," said little Mrs. Bland, squeezing and kissing her youngest, who was at that moment vigorously employed in sticking very long darning-needles into his mother's water-fall, "I hope there'll be a great many babies there. I should be perfectly happy if I always could have babies to play with!"

The look that Aunt Winifred shot over at me was worth seeing. She merely replied, however, that she supposed all our "highest aspirations,"—with an indescribable accent to which Mrs. Bland was safely deaf,—if good ones, would be realised; and added, laughing, that Swedenborg said that the babies in heaven—who outnumber the grown people—will be given into the charge of those women especially fond of them.

"Swedenborg is suggestive, even if you can't accept what seem to the uninitiated to be his natural impossibilities," she said, after we had discussed Deacon Quirk awhile. "He says a pretty thing, too, occasionally. Did I ever read you about the houses?" She had not and I wished to hear, so she found the book on Heaven and Hell and read;—

"As often as I have spoken with the angels mouth to mouth, so often I have been with them in their habitations; their habitations are altogether like the habitations on earth which are called houses, but more beautiful; in them are parlours, rooms, and chambers in great numbers; there are also courts, and round about are gardens, shrubberies, and fields. Palaces of heaven have been seen, which were so magnificent that they could not be described; above, they glittered as if they were of pure gold, and below, as if they were of precious stones; one palace was more splendid than another; within, it was the same, the rooms were ornamented with such decorations as neither words nor sciences are sufficient to describe. On the side which looked to the south there were paradises, where all things in like manner glittered, and in some places the leaves were as of silver, and the fruits as of gold; and the flowers on their beds presented by colours as it were rainbows; at the boundaries again were palaces, in which the view terminated."

Aunt Winifred says that our hymns, taken altogether, contain the worst and the best pictures of heaven that we have in any branch of literature.

"It seems to me incredible," she says, "that the Christian Church should have allowed that beautiful 'Jerusalem' in its hymnology so long, with the ghastly couplet,—

*'Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.'*

The dullest preachers are sure to give it out, and that when there are the greatest number of restless children wondering when it will be time to go home. It is only within ten years that modern hymn-books have altered it, returning in part to the original.

"I do not think we have chosen the best parts of that hymn for our 'service of song.' You never read the whole of it? You don't know how pretty it is! It is a relief from the customary palms and choirs. One's whole heart is glad of the outlet of its sweet refrain,—

'Would God that I were there!'

before one has half read it. You are quite ready to believe that

*'There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.'*

Listen to this:—

'Thy houses are of ivory,!

*Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold;
O God, that I were there!*

*'We that are here in banishment
Continually do moan.*

* * * * *

*'Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain,
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.*

*'But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.'*

And this:—

*'Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.*

*'There cinnamon, there sugar grows,
There nard and balm abound,
What tongue can tell, or heart conceive
The joys that there are found?*

*'Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks, on every side,
The wood of life doth grow.'*

I tell you we may learn something from that grand old Catholic singer. He is far nearer to the Bible than the innovators on his MSS. Do you not notice how like his images are to the inspired ones, and yet how pleasant and natural is the effect of the entire poem? There is nobody like Bonar, though, to sing about heaven. There is one of his, 'We shall meet and rest,'—do you know it?" I shook my head, and knelt down beside her and watched her face,—it was quite unconscious of me, the musing face,—while she repeated dreamily:—

*"Where the faded flower shall freshen,—
Freshen nevermore to fade;*

*Where the shaded sky shall brighten,—
Brighten nevermore to shade;*

*Where the sun-blaze never scorches;
Where the star-beams cease to chill;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
Of the wood, or wave, or hill;. . .*

*Where no shadow shall bewilder;
Where life's vain parade is o'er;
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more;*

*Where the bond is never severed,—
Partings, claspings, sob and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide,—all are done;*

*Where the child has found its mother;
Where the mother finds the child;
Where dear families are gathered.
That were scattered on the wild;. . .*

*Where the hidden wound is healed;
Where the blighted life reblooms;
Where the smitten heart the freshness
Of its buoyant youth resumes;. . .*

*Where we find the joy of loving,
As we never loved before,—
Loving on, unchilled, unhindered,
Loving once, forevermore."*

30th.

Aunt Winifred was weeding her day-lilies this morning, when the gate creaked timidly, and then swung noisily, and in walked Abinadab Quirk, with a bouquet of China pinks in the button-hole of his green-gray linen coat. He had taken evident pains to smarten himself up a little, for his hair was combed into two-horizontal *dabs* over his ears, and the green-gray coat and blue-checked shirt-sleeves were quite clean; but he certainly is the most uncouth specimen of six feet five that it has ever been my privilege to behold. I feel sorry for him, though. I heard Meta Tripp laughing at him in Sunday school the other day,—"Quadrangular Quirk," she called him, a little too loud, and the poor fellow heard her. He half turned, blushing fiercely; then slunk down in his

corner with as pitiable a look as is often seen upon a man's face.

He came up to Auntie awkwardly,—a part of the scene I saw from the window, and the rest she told me,—head hanging, and the tiny bouquet held out.

"Clo sent these to you," he stammered out,—*"my cousin Clo. I was coming 'long, and she thought, you know,—she'd get me, you see, to—to—that is, to—bring them. She sent her—that is—let me see. She sent her respect—ful—respectful—no, her love; that was it. She sent her love 'long with 'em."*

Mrs. Forceythe dropped her weeds, and held out her white, shapely hands, wet with the heavy dew, to take the flowers.

"O, thank you! Clo knows my fancy for pinks. How kind in you to bring them! Won't you sit down a few moments? I was just going to rest a little. Do you like flowers?"

Abinadab eyed the white hands, as his huge fingers just touched them, with a sort of awe; and, sighing, sat down on the very edge of the garden bench beside her. After a singular variety of efforts to take the most uncomfortable position of which he was capable, he succeeded to his satisfaction, and, growing then somewhat more at his ease, answered her question.

"Flowers are sech *gassy* things. They just blow out and that's the end of 'em. I like machine-shops best."

"Ah! well, that is a very useful liking. Do you ever invent machinery yourself?"

"Sometimes," said Abinadab, with a bashful smile. "There's a little improvement of mine for carpet-sweepers up before the patent-office now. Don't know whether they'll run it through. Some of the chaps I saw in Boston told me they thought they would do't in time; it takes an awful sight of time. I'm alwers fussing over something of the kind; alwers did, sence I was a baby; had my little windmills and carts and things; used to sell 'em to the other young uns. Father don't like it. He wants me to stick to the farm. I don't like farming. I feel like a fish out of water.—Mrs. Forceythe, marm!"

He turned on her with an abrupt change of tone, so funny that she could with difficulty retain her gravity.

"I heard you saying a sight of queer things the other day about heaven. Clo, she's been telling me a sight more. Now, *I* never believed in heaven!"

"Why?"

"Because I don't believe," said the poor fellow, with sullen decision, "that a benevolent God ever would ha' made sech a derved awkward chap as I am!"

Aunt Winifred replied by stepping into the house, and bringing out a fine photograph of one of the best of the St. Georges,—a rapt, yet very manly face, in which the saint and the hero are wonderfully blended.

"I suppose," she said, putting it into his hands, "that if you should go to heaven, you would be as much fairer than that picture as that picture is fairer than you are now."

"No! Why, would I, though? Jim-mimy! Why, it would be worth going for, wouldn't it?"

The words were no less reverently spoken than the vague rhapsodies of his father; for the sullenness left his face and his eyes—which are pleasant and not unmanly, when one fairly sees them—sparkled softly, like a child's.

"Make it all up there, maybe?" musing,—*"the girls laughing at you all your life, and all? That would be the bigger heft of the two, then, wouldn't it? for they say there ain't any end to things up there. Why, so it might be fair in Him after all; more'n fair, perhaps. See here, Mrs Forceythe, I'm not a church-member, you know, and father, he's dreadful troubled about me; prays over me like a span of ministers, the old gentleman does, every Sunday night. Now, I don't want to go to the other place any more than the next man, and I've had my times, too, of thinking I'd keep steady and say my prayers reg'lar,—it makes a chap feel on a sight better terms with himself,—but I don't see how *I*'m going to wear white frocks and stand up in a choir,—never could sing no more'n a frog with a cold in his head,—it tires me more now, honest, to think of it, than it does to do a week's mowing. Look at me! Do you s'pose I'm fit for it? Father, he's always talking about the thrones, and the wings, and the praises, and the palms, and having new names in your foreheads (shouldn't object to that, though, by any means), till he drives me into the tool-house, or off on a spree. I tell him if God hain't got a place where chaps like me can do something He's fitted 'em to do in this world, there's no use thinking about it anyhow."*

So Auntie took the honest fellow into her most earnest thought for half an hour, and argued, and suggested, and reproved, and helped him as only she could do; and at the end of it seemed to have worked into his mind some distinct and not unwelcome ideas of what a Christlike life must mean to him, and of the coming heaven which is so much more real to her than any life outside of it. "And then," she told him, "I imagine that your fancy for machinery will be employed in some way. Perhaps you will do a great deal more successful inventing there than you ever will here."

"You don't say so!" said radiant Abinadab.

"God will give you something to do, certainly, and something that you will like."

"I might turn it to some religious purpose, you know!" said Abinadab, looking bright. "Perhaps I could help 'em build a church, or hist some of their pearl gates, or something like!"

Upon that he said that it was time to be at home and see to the oxen, and shambled awkwardly away.

Clo told us this afternoon that he begged the errand and the flowers from her. She says: "'Bin thinks there never was anybody like you, Mrs. Forceythe, and 'Bin isn't the only one, either.'" At which Mrs. Forceythe smiles absently, thinking—I wonder of what.

Monday night.

I saw as funny and as pretty a bit of a drama this afternoon as I have seen for a long time Faith had been rolling out in the hot hay ever since three o'clock, with one of the little Blands, and when the shadows grew long they came in with flushed cheeks and tumbled hair, to rest and cool upon the door-steps. I was sitting in the parlour, sewing energetically on some sun-bonnets for some of Aunt Winifred's people down town,—I found the heat to be more bearable if I kept busy,—and could see, unseen, all the little *tableaux* into which the two children grouped themselves; a new one every instant; in the shadow now,—now in a quiver of golden glow; the wind tossing their hair about, and then-chatter chiming down the hall like bells.

"O what a funny little sunset there's going to be behind the maple-tree," said the blond-haired Bland, in a pause.

"Funny enough," observed Faith, with her superior smile, "but it's going to be a great deal funnier up in heaven, I tell you, Molly Bland."

"Funny in heaven? Why, Faith!" Molly drew herself up with a religious air, and looked the image of her father.

"Yes, to be sure. I'm going to have some little pink blocks made out of it when I go; pink and yellow and green and purple and—O, so many blocks! I'm going to have a little red cloud to sail round in, like that one up over the house, too, I shouldn't wonder."

Molly opened her eyes. "O, I don't believe it!"

"*You* don't know much!" said Miss Faith, superbly. "I shouldn't s'pose you would believe it. P'r'aps I'll have some strawberries too, and some ginger-snaps,—I'm not going to have any old bread and butter up there,—O, and some little gold apples, and a lot of playthings; nicer playthings—why, nicer than they have in the shops in Boston, Molly Bland! God's keeping them up there a purpose."

"Dear me!" said incredulous Molly, "I should just like to know who told you that much. My mother never told it at me. Did your mother tell it at you?"

"O, she told me some of it, and the rest I thought out myself."

"Let's go and play One Old Cat," said Molly, with an un comfortable jump; "I wish I had'nt got to go to heaven!"

"Why, Molly Bland! why, I think heaven's splendid! I've got my papa up there, you know. 'Here's my little girl!' That's what he's going to say. Mamma, she'll be there, too, and we're all going to live in the prettiest house. I have dreadful hurries to go this afternoon sometimes when PhEbe's cross and won't give me sugar. They don't let you in, though, 'nless you're a good girl."

"Who gets it all up?" asked puzzled Molly.

"Jesus Christ will give me all those beautiful fings," said Faith, evidently repeating her mother's words,—the only catechism that she has been taught.

"And what will he do when he sees you?" asked her mother, coming down the stairs and stepping up behind her.

"Take me up in his arms and kiss me."

"And what will Faith say?"

"*Fank—you!*" said the child softly.

In another minute she was absorbed, body and soul, in the mysteries of One Old Cat.

"But I don't think she will feel much like being naughty for half an hour to come," her mother said; "here how pleasantly her words drop! Such a talk quiets her, like a hand laid on her head. Mary, sometimes I think it is His very hand, as much as when He touched those other little children. I wish Faith to feel at home with Him and His home. Little thing! I really do not think that she is conscious of any fear of dying; I do not think it means anything to her but Christ, and her Father, and pink blocks, and a nice time, and never disobeying me, or being cross. Many a time she wakes me up in the morning talking away to herself, and when I turn and look at her, she says: O mamma, won't we go to heaven to-day, you fink? *When* will we go, mamma?"

"If there had been any pink blocks and ginger-snaps for me when I was at her age, I should not have prayed every night to 'die out.' I think the horrors of death that children live through, unguessed and unrelieved, are awful. Faith may thank you all her life that she has escaped them."

"I should feel answerable to God for the child's soul, if I had not prevented that. I always wanted to know

what sort of mother that poor little thing had, who asked, if she were *very* good up in heaven, whether they would'nt let her go down to hell Saturday afternoons, and play a little while!"

"I know. But I think of it,—blocks and ginger-snaps!"

"I treat Faith just as the Bible treats us, by dealing in *pictures* of truth that she can understand. I can make Clo and Abinadab Quirk comprehend that their pianos and machinery may not be made of literal rosewood and steel, but will be some synonyme of the thing, which will answer just such wants of their changed natures as rosewood and steel must answer now. There will be machinery and pianos in the same sense in which there will be pearl gates and harps. Whatever enjoyment any or all of them represent now, something will represent then. But Faith, if I told her that her heavenly ginger-snaps would not be made of molasses and flour, would have a cry, for fear that she was not going to have any ginger-snaps at all; so, until she is older, I give her unqualified ginger-snaps. The principal joy of a child's life consists in eating. Faith begins, as soon as the light wanes, to dream of that gum-drop which she is to have at bedtime. I don't suppose she can outgrow that at once by passing out of her little round body. She must begin where she left off,—nothing but a baby, though it will be as holy and happy a baby as Christ can make it. When she says: 'Mamma, I shall be hungry and want my dinner, up there,' I never hesitate to tell her that she shall have her dinner. She would never, in her secret heart, though she might not have the honesty to say so, expect to be otherwise than miserable in a dinnerless eternity."

"You are not afraid of misleading the child's fancy?"

"Not so long as I can keep the two ideas—that Christ is her best friend, and that heaven is not meant for naughty girls—pre-eminent in her mind. And I sincerely believe that He would give her the very pink blocks which she anticipates, no less than He would give back a poet his lost dreams, or you your brother. He has been a child; perhaps, incidentally to the unsolved mysteries of atonement, for this very reason,—that he may know how to 'prepare their places' for them, whose angels do always behold His Father. Ah, you may be sure that, if of such is the happy kingdom, He will not scorn to stoop and fit it to their little needs. There was that poor little fellow whose guinea-pig died,—do you remember?"

"Only half; what was it?"

"'O mamma,' he sobbed out, behind his handkerchief, 'don't great big elephants have souls?'"

"'No my son.'

"'Nor camels, mamma?'"

"'No.'

"'Nor bears, nor alligators, nor chickens?'"

"'O no, dear.'

"'O mamma, mamma! Don't little CLEAN—*white*—*guinea-pigs* have souls?'"

"I never should have had the heart to say no to that; especially as we have no positive proof to the contrary. Then that scrap of a boy who lost his little red baloon the morning he bought it, and, broken-hearted, wanted to know whether it had gone to heaven. Don't I suppose if he had been taken there himself that very minute, that he would have found a little balloon in waiting for him? How can I help it?"

"It has a pretty sound. If people would not think it so material and shocking—"

"Let people read Martin Luther's letter to his little boy. There is the testimony of a pillar in good and regular standing! I don't think you need be afraid of my balloon, after that."

I remembered that there was a letter of his on heaven, but, not recalling it distinctly, I hunted for it to-night, and read it over. I shall copy it, the better to retain it in mind:—

"Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I see with pleasure that thou learnest well, and prayed diligently. Do so, my son, and continue. When I come home I will bring thee a pretty fairing.

"I know a pretty, merry garden wherein are many children. They have little golden coats, and they gather beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, cherries, plums, and wheat-plums;—they sing, and jump, and are merry. They have beautiful little horses, too, with gold bits and silver saddles. And I asked the man to whom the garden belongs, whose children they were. And he said: 'They are the children that love to pray and to learn, and are good.' Then said I: 'Dear man, I have a son, too; his name is Johnny Luther. May he not also come into this garden and eat these beautiful apples and pears, and ride these fine horses?' Then the man said: 'If he loves to pray and to learn, and is good, he shall come into this garden, and Lippus and Jost, too; and when they all come together, they shall have fifes and trumpets, lutes and all sorts of music, and they shall dance, and shoot with little cross-bows.'

"And he showed me a fine meadow there in the garden, made for dancing. There hung nothing but golden fifes, trumpets, and fine silver cross-bows. But it was early, and the children had not yet eaten; therefore I could not wait the dance, and I said to the man: 'Ah, dear Sir! I will immediately go and write all this to my little son Johnny, and tell him to pray diligently, and to learn well, and to be good, so that he also may come to this garden. But he has an Aunt Lehne, he must bring her with him. Then the man said: It shall be so; go, and write him so.'

"Therefore, my dear little son Johnny, learn and pray away! and tell Lippus and Jost, too, that they must learn and pray. And then you shall come to the garden together. Herewith I commend thee to Almighty God. And greet Aunt Lehne, and give her a kiss for my sake.

"Thy dear Father,

"MARTINUS LUTHER.

"ANNO,

1530."

XIII.

August 3.

The summer is sliding quietly away,—my desolate summer which I dreaded; with the dreams gone from its wild flowers, the crown from its sunsets, the thrill from its winds and its singing. But I have found out a thing. One can live without dreams and crowns and thrills. I have not lost them. They lie under the ivied cross with Roy for a little while. They will come back to me with him. "Nothing is lost," she teaches me. And until they come back, I see—for she shows me—fields groaning under their white harvest, with labourers very few. Ruth followed the sturdy reapers, gleaned a little. I, perhaps, can do as much. The ways in which I must work seem so small and insignificant, so pitifully trivial sometimes, that I do not even like to write them down here. In fact, they are so small that, six months ago, I did not see them at all. Only to be pleasant to old Phœbe, and charitable to Meta Tripp, and faithful to my *not* very interesting little scholars, and a bit watchful of worn-out Mrs. Bland, and——But dear me, I won't! They *are* so little! But one's self becomes of less importance, which seems to be the point.

It seems very strange to me sometimes, looking back to those desperate winter days, what a change has come over my thoughts of Roy. Not that he is any less—O, never any less to me. But it is almost as if she had raised him from the grave. Why seek ye the living among the dead? Her soft, compassionate eyes shine with the question every hour. And every hour he is helping me,—ah, Roy, we understand one another now. How he must love Aunt Winifred! How pleasant the days will be when we can talk her over, and thank her together!

"To be happy because Roy is happy." I remember how those first words of hers struck me. It does not seem to me impossible, now.

Aunt Winifred and I laugh at each other for talking so much about heaven. I see that the green book is filled with my questions and her answers. The fact is, not that we do not talk as much about mundane affairs as other people, but that this one thing interests us more. If, instead, it had been flounces, or babies, or German philosophy, the green book would have filled itself just as unconsciously with flounces, or babies, or German philosophy. This interest in heaven is of course no sign of especial piety in me, nor could people with young, warm, uncrushed hopes throbbing through their days be expected to feel the same. It is only the old principle of, where the treasure is—the heart.

"How spiritual-minded Mary has grown!" Mrs. Bland observes, regarding me respectfully. I try in vain to laugh her out of the conviction. If Roy had not gone before, I should think no more, probably, about the coming life, than does the minister's wife herself. But now—I cannot help it—that is the reality, this the dream; that the substance, this the shadow.

The other day Aunt Winifred and I had a talk which has been of more value to me than all the rest. Faith was in bed; it was a cold, rainy evening; we were secure from callers; we lighted a few kindlers in the parlour grate; she rolled up the easy-chair, and I took my cricket at her feet.

"Paul at the feet of Gamaliel! This is what I call comfort. Now, Auntie, let us go to heaven awhile."

"Very well. What do you want there now?"

I paused a moment, sobered by a thought that has been growing steadily upon me of late. "Something more, Aunt Winifred. All these other things are beautiful and dear; but I believe I want—God. You have not said much about Him. The Bible says a great deal about Him. You have given me the filling-up of heaven in all its pleasant promise, but—I don't know—there seems to be an outline wanting."

She drew my hand up into hers, smiling. "I have not done my painting by artistic methods, I know; but it was not exactly accidental. Tell me, honestly,—is God more to you or less, a more distinct Being or a more vague one, than He was six months ago? Is He, or is He not, dearer to you now than then?"

I thought about it a minute, and then turned my face up to her.

"Mary, what a light in your eyes! How is it?"

It came over me slowly, but it came with such a passion of gratitude and unworthiness, that I scarcely knew

how to tell her—that He never has been to me, in all my life, what He is now at the end of these six months. He was once an abstract Grandeur which I struggled more in fear than love to please. He has become a living Presence, dear and real.

'No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years;
But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help.'

He was an inexorable Mystery who took Roy from me to lose him in the glare of a more inexorable heaven. He is a Father who knew better than we that we should be parted for a while; but He only means it to be a little while. He is keeping him for me to find in the flush of some summer morning, on which I shall open my eyes no less naturally than I open them on June sunrises now. I always have that fancy of going in the morning.

She understood what I could not tell her, and said, "I thought it would be so."

"You, His interpreter, have done it," I answered her. "His heaven shows what He is,—don't you see?—like a friend's letter. I could no more go back to my old groping relations to Him, than I could make of you the dim and somewhat apocryphal Western Auntie that you were before I saw you."

"Which was precisely why I have dealt with this subject as I have," she said. "You had all your life been directed to an indefinite heaven, where the glory of God was to crowd out all individuality and all human joy from His most individual and human creatures, till the 'Glory of God' had become nothing but a name and a dread to you. So I let those three words slide by, and tried to bring you to them, as Christ brought the Twelve to believe in him, 'for the works' sake.' Yes, my child; clinging human loves, stifled longings, cries for rest, forgotten hopes, shall have their answer. Whatever the bewilderment of beauties folded away for us in heavenly nature and art, they shall strive with each other to make us glad. These things have their pleasant place. But, through eternity, there will be always something beyond and dearer than the dearest of them. God himself will be first,—naturally and of necessity, without strain or struggle,—*first*."

When I sat here last winter with my dead in my house, those words would have roused in me an agony of wild questionings. I should have beaten about them and beaten against them, and cried in my honest heart that they were false. I *knew* that I loved Roy more than I loved such a Being as God seemed to me then to be. Now, they strike me as simply and pleasantly true. The more I love Roy, the more I love Him. He loves us both.

"You see it could not be otherwise," she went on, speaking low. "Where would you be or I, or they who seem to us so much dearer and better than ourselves, if it were not for Jesus Christ? What can heaven be to us, but a song of the love that is the same to us yesterday, to-day, and forever,—that, in the mystery of an intensity which we shall perhaps never understand, could choose death and be glad in the choosing, and, what is more than that, could live *life* for us, for three-and-thirty years? I cannot strain my faith—or rather my common sense—to the rapsodies with which many people fill heaven. But it seems to me like this,—A friend goes away from us, and it may be seas or worlds that he between us, and we love him. He leaves behind him his little keepsakes; a lock of hair to curl about our fingers; a picture that has caught the trick of his eyes or smile; a book, a flower, a letter. What we do with the curling hair, what we say to the picture, what we dream over the flower and the letter, nobody knows but ourselves. People have risked life for such mementoes. Yet who loves the senseless gift more than the giver,—the curl more than the young forehead on which it fell,—the letter more than the hand which traced it? So it seems to me that we shall learn to see in God the centre of all possibilities of joy. The greatest of these lesser delights is but the greater measure of His friendship. They will not mean less of pleasure, but more of Him. They will not 'pale,' as Dr. Bland would say. Human dearness will wax, not wane, in heaven; but human friends will be loved for love of Him."

"I see; that helps me, like a torch in a dark room. But there will be shadows in the corners. Do you suppose that we shall ever *fully* feel it in the body?"

"In the body, probably not. We see through a glass so darkly that the temptation to idolatry is always our greatest. Golden images did not die with Paganism. At times I fancy that, somewhere between this world and another, a revelation will come upon us like a flash, of what *sin* really is,—such a revelation, lighting up the lurid background of our past in such colours, that the consciousness of what Christ has done for us will be for a time as much as heart can bear. After that, the mystery will be, not how to love Him most, but that we ever *could* have loved any creature or thing as much."

"We serve God quite as much by active work as by special prayer here," I said after some thought; "how will it be there?"

"We must be busily at work certainly; but I think there must naturally be more communion with Him then. Now, this phrase 'communion with God' has been worn, and not always well worn. Prayer means to us, in this

life, more often penitent confession than happy interchange of thought with Him. It is associated, too, with aching limbs and sleepy eyes, and nights when the lamp goes out. Obstacles, moral and physical, stand in the way of our knowing exactly what it may mean in the ideal of it. My best conception of it lies in the *friendship* of the man Christ Jesus. I suppose he will bear with him, eternally, the humanity which he took up with him from the Judean hills. I imagine that we shall see him in visible form like ourselves, among us, yet not of us; that he, himself, is 'Gott mit ihnen;' that we shall talk with him as a man talketh with his friend. Perhaps, bowed and hushed at his dear feet, we shall hear from his own lips the story of Nazareth, of Bethany, of Golgotha, of the chilly mountains where he used to pray all night long for us; of the desert places where he hungered; of his cry for help—think, Mary—*His!*—when there was not one in all the world to hear it, and there was silence in heaven, while angels strengthened him and man forsook him. Perhaps his voice—the very voice which has sounded whispering through our troubled life—'Could ye not watch one hour?'—shall unfold its perplexed meanings; shall make its rough places plain; shall show us step by step the merciful way by which he led us to that hour; shall point out to us, joy by joy, the surprises that he has been planning for us, just as the old father in the story planned to surprise his wayward boy come home. And such a 'communion,'—which is not too much, nor yet enough, to dare to expect of a God who was the 'friend' of Abraham, who 'walked with Enoch, who did not call fishermen his servants,—*such* will be that 'presence of God,' that 'adoration,' on which we have looked from afar off with despairing eyes that wept, they were so dazzled, and turned themselves away as from the thing they greatly feared."

I think we neither of us cared to talk for a while after this. Something made me forget even that I was going to see Roy in heaven "Three-and-thirty years. Three-and-thirty years." The words rang themselves over.

"It is on the humanity of Christ," she said after some musing, "that all my other reasons for hoping for such a heaven as I hope for, rest for foundation. He knows exactly what we are, for he has been one of us; exactly what we hope and fear and crave, for he has hoped and feared and craved, not the less humanly, but only more intensely.

"*If it were not so,*'—do you take in the thoughtful tenderness of that? A mother, stilling her frightened child in the dark, might speak just so,—*If it were not so, I would have told you.*' That brooding love makes room for all that we can want. He has sounded every deep of a troubled and tempted life. Who so sure as he to understand how to prepare a place where troubled and tempted lives may grow serene? Further than this; since he stands as our great Type, no less in death and after than before it, he answers for us many of these lesser questions on the event of which so much of our happiness depends.

"Shall we lose our personality in a vague ocean of ether,—you one puff of gas, I another?—He, with his own wounded body, rose and ate, and walked and talked. Is all memory of this life to be swept away?—He, arisen, has forgotten nothing. He waits to meet his disciples at the old, familiar places; as naturally as if he had never been parted from them, he falls in with the current of their thoughts. Has any one troubled us with fears that in the glorified crowds of heaven we may miss a face dearer than all the world to us?—He made himself known to his friends; Mary, and the two at Emmaus, and the bewildered group praying and perplexed in their bolted room Do we weary ourselves with speculations whether human loves can outlive the shock of death?—Mary knew how He loved her, when, turning, she heard him call her by her name. They knew, whose hearts' burned within them while he talked with them by the way, and when he tarried with them, the day being far spent."

"And for the rest?"

"For the rest, about which He was silent, we can trust him, and if, trusting, we please ourselves with fancies, he would be the last to think it blame to us. There is one promise which grows upon me the more I study it, 'He that spared not his own Son, how shall he not also *with him freely give us all things?*' Sometimes I wonder if that does not infold a beautiful *double entendre*, a hint of much that you and I have conjectured,—as one throws down a hint of a surprise to a child. Then there is that pledge to those who seek first His king- dom: '*All these things shall he added unto you.*' 'These things,' were food and clothing, were varieties of material delight, and the words were spoken to men who lived hungry, beggared, and died the death of outcasts. If this passage could be taken literally, it would be very significant in its bearing on the future life; for Christ must keep his promise to the letter, in one world or another. It may be wrenching the verse, not as a verse, but from the grain of the argument, to insist on the literal interpretation,—though I am not sure."

XIV.

I asked the other day, wondering whether all ministers were like Dr. Bland, what Uncle Forceythe used to believe about heaven.

"Very much what I do," she said. These questions were brought home to him, early in life, by the death of a very dear sister; he had thought much about them. I think one of the things that so much attached his people to him was the way he had of weaving their future life in with this, till it grew naturally and pleasantly into their frequent thought. O yes, your uncle supplied me with half of my proof-texts."

Aunt Winifred has not looked quite well of late, I fancy; though it may be only fancy. She has not spoken of it, except one day when I told her that she looked pale. It was the heat, she said.

20 *th.*

Little Clo came over to-night. I believe she thinks Aunt Winifred the best friend she has in the world. Auntie has become much attached to all her scholars, and has a rare power of winning her way into their confidence. They come to her with all their little interests,—everything, from saving their souls to trimming a bonnet. Clo, however, is the favourite, as I predicted.

She looked a bit blue to-night, as girls will look; in fact, her face always has a tinge of sadness about it. Aunt Winifred, understanding at a glance that the child was not in a mood to talk before a third, led her away into the garden, and they were gone a long time. When it grew dark, I saw them coming up the path, Clo's hand locked in her teacher's, and her face, which was wet, upturned like a child's. They strolled to the gate, lingered a little to talk, and then Clo said good night without coming in. Auntie sat for a while after she had gone, thinking her over, I could see.

"Poor thing!" she said at last, half to herself, half to me,— "poor little foolish thing! This is where the dreadful individuality of a human soul irks me. There comes a point beyond which you *cant* help people."

"What has happened to Clo?"

"Nothing, lately. It has been happening for two years. Two miserable years are an eternity at Clo's age. It is the old story,—a summer boarder; a little flirting; a little dreaming; a little pain; then autumn, and the nuts dropping on the leaves, and he was gone,—and knew not what he did,—and the child waked up. There was the future; to bake and sweep, to go to sewing-circles, and sing in the choir, and bear the moonlight nights,—and she loved him. She has lived through two years of it, and she loves him now. Reason will not reach such a passion in a girl like Clo. I did not tell her that she would put it away with other girlish things, and laugh at it herself some happy day, as women have laughed at their young fancies before her; partly because that would be a certain way of repelling her confidence,—she does not believe it, and my believing could not make her; partly because I am not quite sure about it myself. Clo has a good deal of the woman about her, her introspective life is intense. She may cherish this sweet misery as she does her musical tastes, till it has struck deep root. There is nothing in the excellent Mrs. Bentley's household, nor in Homer anywhere, to draw the girl out from herself in time to prevent the dream from becoming a reality."

"Poor little thing! What did you say to her?"

"You ought to have heard what she said to me! I wish I were at liberty to tell you the whole story. What troubles her most is that it is not going to help the matter any to die. 'O Mrs. Forceythe,' she says, in a tone that is enough to give the heart-ache, even to such an old woman as Mrs. Forceythe, 'O Mrs. Forceythe, what is going to become of me up there? He never loved me, you see, and he never, never will, and he will have some beautiful, good wife of his own, and I won't have *any* body! For I can't love anybody else,—I've tried; I tried just as hard as I could to love my cousin 'Bin; he's real good, and—I'm—afraid 'Bin likes me, though I guess he likes his carpet-sweepers better. O, sometimes I think, and think, till it seems as if I could not bear it! I don't see how God can *make* me happy. I wish I could be buried up and go to sleep, and never have any heaven!'"

"And you told her——?"

"That she should have him there. That is, if not himself, some-thing,—somebody who would so much more than fill his place, that she would never have a lonely or unloved minute. Her eyes brightened, and shaded, and pondered, doubting. She 'didn't see how it could ever be.' I told her not to try and see how, but to leave it to Christ. He knew all about this little trouble of hers, and he would make it right. 'Will he?' she questioned, sighing; 'but there are so many of us! There's 'Bin, and a plenty more, and I don't see how it's going to be smoothed out. Everything is in a jumble, Mrs. Forceythe, don't you see? for some people *can't* like and keep liking so many times.' Something came into my mind about the rough places that shall be made plain, and the crooked things straight. I tried to explain to her, and at last I kissed away her tears, and sent her home, if not exactly comforted, a little less miserable, I think, than when she came. Ah, well,—I wonder myself sometimes about these 'crooked things;' but though I wonder, I never doubt."

She finished her sentence somewhat hurriedly, and half started from her chair, raising both hands with a

quick involuntary motion that attracted my notice. The lights came in just then, and, unless I am much mistaken, her face showed paler than usual; but when I asked her if she felt faint, she said, "O no, I believe I am a little tired, and will go to bed."

September 1.

I am glad that the summer is over. This heat has certainly worn on Aunt Winifred, with that kind of wear which slides people into confirmed invalidism. I suppose she would bear it in her saintly way, as she bears everything, but it would be a bitter cup for her. I know she was always pale, but this is a paleness which—

Night.

A dreadful thing has happened! I was in the middle of my sentence, when I heard a commotion in the street, and a child's voice shouting incoherently something about the doctor, and "*mothers killed! O, mother's killed! mother's burnt to death!*" I was at the window in time to see a blond-haired girl running wildly past the house, and to see that it was Molly Bland. At the same moment I saw Aunt Winifred snatching her hat from its nail in the entry. She beckoned to me to follow, and we were half-way over to the parsonage before I had a distinct thought of what I was about.

We came upon a horrible scene. Dr. Bland was trying to do everything alone; there was not a woman in the house to help him, for they had never been able to keep a servant, and none of the neighbours had had time to be there before us. The poor husband was growing faint, I think. Aunt Winifred saw by a look that he could not bear much more, sent him after Molly for the doctor, and took everything meantime into her own charge.

I shall not write down a word of it. It was a sight that, once seen, will never leave me as long as I live. My nerves are thoroughly shaken by it, and it must be put out of thought as far as possible.

It seems that the little boy, the baby, crept into the kitchen by himself, and began to throw the contents of the match-box on the stove, "to make a bonfire," the poor little fellow said. In five minutes his apron was ablaze. His mother was on the spot at his first cry, and smothered the little apron, and saved the child, but her dress was muslin, and everybody was too far off to hear her at first, and by the time her husband came in from the garden it was too late.

She is living yet. Her husband, pacing the room back and forth, and crouching on his knees by the hour, is praying God to let her die before the morning.

Morning.

There is no chance of life, the doctor says. But he has been able to find something that has lessened her sufferings. She lies partially unconscious.

Wednesday night.

Aunt Winifred and I were over at the parsonage to-night, when she roused a little from her stupor and recognised us. She spoke to her husband, and kissed me good-bye, and asked for the children. They were playing softly in the next room; we sent for them, and they came in,—the four unconscious, motherless little things,—with the sunlight in their hair. The bitterness of death came into her marred face at sight of them, and she raised her hands to Auntie—to the only other mother there—with a sudden helpless cry:—"I could bear it, I could bear it, if it weren't for *them*. Without any mother all their lives,—such little things,—and to go away where I can't do a single *thing* for them!"

Aunt Winifred stooped down and spoke low, but decidedly. "You *will* do for them. God knows all about it. He will not send you away from them. You shall be just as much their mother, every day of their lives, as you have been here. Perhaps there is something to do for them which you never could have done here. He sees. He loves them. He loves you."

If I could paint, I might paint the look that struck through and through that woman's dying face; but words cannot touch it. If I were Aunt Winifred, I should bless God on my knees to-night for having shown me how to give such ease to a soul in death.

Thursday morning.

God is merciful. Mrs. Bland died at five o'clock.

10th.

How such a voice from the heavens shocks one out of the repose of calm sorrows and of calm joys. This has come and gone so suddenly that I cannot adjust it to any quiet and trustful thinking yet. The whole parish mourns excitedly; for, though they worked their minister's wife hard, they loved her well. I cannot talk it over with the rest. It jars. Horror should never be dissected. Besides, my heart is too full of those four little children with the sunlight in their hair and the unconsciousness in their eyes.

15th.

Mrs. Quirk came over to-day in great perplexity. She had just come from the minister's. "I don't know what we're a goin' to do with him!" she exclaimed in a gush of impatient, uncomprehending sympathy; you can't let a man take on that way much longer. He'll worry himself sick, and then we shall either lose him or have to pay his bills to Europe! Why, he jest stops in the house, and walks his study up and down, day and night; or else he jest sets and sets and don't notice nobody but the children. Now I've jest ben over makin him some chicken-pie,—he used to set a sight by my chicken-pie,—and he made believe to eat it, 'cause I'd ben at the trouble, I suppose; but how much do you suppose he swallowed? Jest three mouthfuls! Thinks says I, I won't spend my time over chicken-pie for the afflicted agin, and on ironing-day, too! When I knocked at the study-door, he said, 'Come in,' and stopped his walkin' and turned as quick. 'O,' says he, 'good morning. I thought it was Mrs. Forceythe.' I told him no, I wasn't Mrs. Forceythe, but I'd come to comfort him in his sorrer all the same. But that's the only thing I have agin our minister. He won't *be* comforted. Mary Ann Jacobs, who's ben there land of looking after the children and things for him, you know, sence the funeral—she says he's asked three or four times for you, Mrs. Forceythe. There's ben plenty of his people in to see him, but you haven't ben nigh him Mary Ann says."

"I stayed away because I thought the presence of his friends at this time would be an intrusion," Auntie said; "but if he would like to see me, that alters the case. I will go, certainly."

"I don't know," suggested Mrs. Quirk, looking over the tops of her spectacles,— "I s'pose it's proper enough, but you bein' a widow, you know, and his wife—"

Aunt Winifred's eyes shot fire. She stood up and turned upon Mrs. Quirk with a look the like of which I presume that worthy lady had never seen before, and is not likely to see soon again (it gave the beautiful scorn of a Zenobia to her fair, slight face), moved her lips slightly, but said nothing, put on her bonnet, and went straight to Dr. Bland's. The minister, they told her, was in his study. She knocked lightly at the door, and was bidden in a lifeless voice to enter. Shades and blinds were drawn, and the glare of the sun quite shut out. Dr. Bland sat by his study-table, with his face upon his hands. A Bible lay open before him. It had been lately used; the leaves were wet. He raised his head dejectedly, but smiled when he saw who it was. He had been thinking about her, he said, and was glad that she had come.

I do not know all that passed between them, but I gather, from such hints as Auntie in her unconsciousness throws out, that she had things to say which touched some comfortless places in the man's heart. No Greek and Hebrew "original," no polished dogma, no link in his stereotyped logic, not one of his eloquent sermons on the future state, came to his relief.

Those were meant for happy days. They rang cold as steel upon the warm needs of an afflicted man. Brought face to face, and sharply, with the blank heaven of his belief, he stood up from before his dead, and groped about it, and cried out against it in the bitterness of his soul.

"I had no chance to prepare myself to bow to the will of God," he said, his reserved ministerial manner in curious contrast with the caged way in which he was pacing the room,— "I had no chance. I am taken by surprise, as by a thief in the night. I had a great deal to say to her, and there was no time. She could tell me what to do with my poor little children. I wanted to tell her other things. I wanted to tell her—Perhaps we all of us have our regrets when the Lord removes our friends; we may have done or left undone many things; we might have made them happier. My mind does not rest with assurance in its conceptions of the heavenly state. If I never can tell her—" He stopped abruptly, and paced into the darkest shadows of the shadowed room, his face turned away. "You said once some pleasant things about heaven?" he said at last, half appealingly, stopping in front of her, hesitating; like a man and like a minister, hardly ready to come with all the learning of his schools and commentators and sit at the feet of a woman.

She talked with him for a time in her unobtrusive way, deferring, when she honestly could, to his clerical

judgment, and careful not to wound him by any word; but frankly and clearly, as she always talks.

When she rose to go he thanked her quietly.

"This is a somewhat novel train of thought to me," he said; "I hope it may not prove an unscriptural one. I have been reading the book of Revelation to-day with these questions especially in mind. We are never too old to learn. Some passages may be capable of other interpretations than I have formerly given them. No matter what I *wish*, you see, I must be guided by the Word of my God."

Auntie says that she never respected the man so much as she did when, hearing those words, she looked up into his haggard face, convulsed with its human pain and longing.

"I hope you do not think that *I* am not guided by the Word of God," she answered. "I mean to be."

"I know you mean to be," he said cordially. "I do not say that you are not. I may come to see that you are, and that you are right. It will be a peaceful day for me if I can ever quite agree with your methods of reasoning. But I must think these things over. I thank you once more for coming. Your sympathy is grateful to me."

Just as she closed the door he called her back. "See," he said, with a saddened smile. "At least I shall never preach *this* again. It seems to me that life is always undoing for us something that we have just laboriously done." He held up before her a mass of old blue manuscript, and threw it, as he spoke, upon the embers left in his grate. It smoked and blazed up and burned out. It was that sermon on heaven of which there is an abstract in this journal.

20th.

Aunt Winifred hired Mr. Tripp's gray this afternoon, and drove to East Homer on some unexplained errand. She did not invite me to go with her, and Faith, though she teased impressively, was left at home. Her mother was gone till late,—so late that I had begun to be anxious about her, and heard through the dark the first sound of the buggy wheels, with great relief. She looked very tired when I met her at the gate. She had not been able, she said, to accomplish her errand at East Homer, and from there had gone to Worcester by railroad, leaving Old Gray at the East Homer Eagle till her return. She told me nothing more, and I asked no questions.

XV.

Sunday.

Faith has behaved like a witch all day. She knocked down three crickets and six hymn-books in church this morning, and this afternoon horrified the assembled and devout congregation by turning round in the middle of the long prayer, and, in a loud and distinct voice, asking Mrs. Quirk for "'nother those pepp'mints such as you gave me one Sunday a good many years ago, you 'member. After church, her mother tried a few Bible questions to keep her still.

"Faith, who was Christ's father?"

"Jerusalem!" said Faith, promptly.

"Where did his parents take Jesus when they fled from Herod?"

"Oh, to Europe. Of course I knew that! Everybody goes to Europe."

To-night, when her mother had put her to bed, she came down laughing. "Faith does seem to have a hard time with the Lord's Prayer. To-night, being very sleepy and in a hurry to finish, she proceeded with great solemnity :—'Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name; six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work, and—Oh!' I was just thinking how amused her father must be."

Auntie says many such things. I cannot explain how pleasantly they strike me, nor how they help me.

29th.

Dr. Bland gave us a good sermon yesterday. There is an indescribable change in all his sermons. There is a change, too, in the man, and that something more than the haggardness of grief. I not only respect him and am sorry for him, but I feel more ready to be taught by him than ever before. A certain indefinable *humanness* softens his eyes and tones, and seems to be creeping into everything that he says. Yet, on the other hand, his people say that they have never heard him speak such pleasant, helpful things concerning his and their relations to God. I met him the other night, coming away from his wife's grave, and was struck by the expression of his

face. I wondered if he were not slowly finding the "peaceful day," of which he told Aunt Winifred. She, by the way, has taken another of her mysterious trips to Worcester.

30th.

We were wondering to-day where it will be,—I mean heaven.

"It is impossible to do more than wonder," Auntie said, "though we are explicitly told that there will be new heavens *and* a new earth, which seems, if anything can be taken literally in the Bible, to point to this world as the future home of at least some of us."

"Not for all of us, of course?"

"I don't feel sure. I know tha somebody spent his valuable time in estimating that all the people who have lived and died upon the earth would cover it, alive or buried, twice over; but I know that somebody else claims with equal solemnity to have discovered that they could all be buried in the State of Pennsylvania! But it would be of little consequence if we could not all find room here, since there must be other provision for us."

"Why?"

"Certainly there is a 'place' in which we are promised that we shall be 'with Christ,' this world being yet the great theatre of human life and battle-ground of Satan; no place, certainly, in which to confine a happy soul without prospect of release. The Spiritualistic notion of 'circles' of dead friends revolving over us is to me intolerable. I want my husband with me when I need him, but I hope he has a place to be happy in, which is out of this woeful world. The old astronomical idea, stars around a sun, and systems around a centre, and that centre the Throne of God, is not an unreasonable one. Isaac Taylor, among his various conjectures, inclines, I fancy, to suppose that the sun of each system is the heaven of that system. Though the glory of God may be more directly and impressively exhibited in one place than in another, we may live in different planets, and some of us, after its destruction and renovation, on this same dear old, happy and miserable, loved and maltreated earth. I hope I shall be one of them. I should like to come back and build me a beautiful home in Kansas,—I mean in what was Kansas,—among the happy people and the familiar, transfigured spots where John and I worked for God so long together. That—with my dear Lord to see and speak with every day—would be 'Heaven our Home.'"

"There will be no *days* then?"

"There will be succession of time. There may not be alternations of twenty-four hours dark or light, but 'I use with thee an earthly language,' as the wife said in that beautiful little 'Awakening,' of Therrmin's. Do you remember it? Do read it over, if you haven't read it lately. As to our coming back here, there is an echo to Peter's assertion, in the idea of a world under a curse, destroyed and regenerated,—the atonement of Christ reaching, with something more than poetic force, the very sands of the earth which he trod with bleeding, feet to make himself its Saviour. That makes me feel—don't you see?—what a taint there is in sin. If dumb dust is to have such awful cleansing, what must be needed for you and me? How many pleasant talks we have had about these things, Mary! Well, it cannot be long, at the longest, before we know, even as we are known."

I looked at her smiling white face,—it is always very white now,—and something struck slowly through me like a chill.

October 16, midnight.

There is no such thing as sleep at present. Writing is better than thinking.

Aunt Winifred went again to Worcester to-day. She said that she had to buy trimming for Faith's sack. She went alone, as usual, and Faith and I kept each other company through the afternoon,—the on the floor with Mary Ann, I in an easy-chair with Macaulay. As the light began to fall level on the floor, I threw the book aside,—being at the end of a volume,—and, Mary Ann having exhausted her attractions, I surrendered unconditionally to the little maiden. She took me up garret, and down cellar, on the top of the wood-pile, and into the apple-trees; I fathomed the mysteries of Old Man's Castle and Still Palm; I was her grandmother, I was her baby, I was a rabbit, I was a chestnut horse, I was a watch-dog, I was a mild-tempered giant, I was a bear "warranted not to eat little girls," I was a roaring hippopotamus and a canary bird, I was Jeff Davis and I was Moses in the bulrushes, and of what I was, the time faileth me to tell. It comes over me with a curious, mingled sense of the ludicrous and the horrible, that I should have spent the afternoon like a baby and almost as happily, laughing out with the child, past and future forgotten, the tremendous risks of "I spy" absorbing all my present; while what was happening was happening, and what was to come was coming. Not an echo in the air, not a prophecy in the sunshine, not a note of warning in the song of the robins that watched me from the

apple-boughs!

As the long, golden afternoon slid away, we came out by the front gate to watch for the child's mother. I was tired, and, lying back on the grass, gave Faith some pink and purple larkspurs, that she might amuse herself in making a chain of them. The picture that she made sitting there on the short, dying grass—the light which broke all about her and over her at the first, creeping slowly down and away to the west, her little fingers linking the rich, bright flowers tube into tube, the dimple on her cheek and the love in her eyes—has photographed itself into my thinking. How her voice rang out when the wheels sounded at last, and the carriage, somewhat slowly driven, stopped!

"Mamma, mamma! see what I've got for you, mamma!"

Auntie tried to step from the carriage, and called me: "Mary can you help me a little? I am—tired." I went to her, and she leaned heavily on my arm, and we came up the path.

"Such a pretty little chain, all for you, mamma," began Faith, and stopped, struck by her mother's look.

"It has been a long ride, and I am in pain. I believe I will lie right down on the parlour sofa. Mary, would you be kind enough to give Faith her supper and put her to bed?"

Faith's lip grieved. "Cousin Mary is'nt *you*, mamma. I want to be kissed. You have'nt kissed me."

Her mother hesitated for a moment; then kissed her once, twice; put both arms about her neck; and turned her face to the wall without a word.

"Mamma is tired, dear," I said, "come away."

She was lying quite still when I had done what was to be done for the child, and had come back. The room was nearly dark. I sat down on my cricket by her sofa.

"Shall Phœbe light the lamp?"

"Not just yet."

"Can't you drink a cup of tea if I bring it?"

"Not just yet."

"Did you find the sack-trimming?" I ventured, after a pause.

"I believe so,—yes."

She drew a little package from her pocket, held it a moment, then let it roll to the floor forgotten. When I picked it up the soft tissue-paper wrapper was wet and hot with tears.

"Mary?"

"Yes."

"I never thought of the little trimming till the last minute. I had another errand."

I waited.

"I thought at first I would not tell you just yet. But I suppose the time has come; it will be no more easy to put it off. I have been to Worcester all these times to see a doctor."

I bent my head in the dark, and listened for the rest.

"He has his reputation: they said he could help me if anybody could. He thought at first he could. But to-day—Mary, see here.

She walked feebly towards the window, where a faint, gray light struggled in, and opened the bosom of her dress. . . .

There was a silence between us for a long while after that; she went back to the sofa, and I took her hand and bowed my face over it and so we sat. The leaves rustled out of doors. Faith, upstairs, was singing herself to sleep with a droning sound.

"He talked of risking an operation," she said, at length, "but decided to-day that it was quite useless. I suppose I must give up and be sick now; I am feeling the reaction from having kept up so long. He thinks I shall not suffer a very great deal. He thinks he can relieve me, and that it may be soon over."

"There is no chance?"

"No chance."

I took both of her hands, and cried out, I believe, as I did that first night when she spoke to me of Roy,—*"Auntie, Auntie, Auntie!"* and tried to think what I was doing, but only cried out the more.

"Why, Mary!" she said,—*"why, Mary!"* and again, as before she passed her soft hand to and fro across my hair, till by and by I began to think, as I had thought before, that I could bear anything which God who loved us all—who *surely* loved us all—should send. So then, after I had grown still, she began to tell me about it in her quiet voice, and the leaves rustled, and Faith had sung herself to sleep, and I listened wondering. For there was no pain in the quiet voice,—no pain, nor tone of fear. Indeed, it seemed to me that I detected, through its subdued sadness, a secret, suppressed buoyancy of satisfaction, with which something struggled.

"And you?" I asked, turning quickly upon her.

"I should thank God with all my heart, Mary, if it were not for Faith and you. But it *is* for Faith and you. That's all."

When I had locked the front door, and was creeping up here to my room, my foot crushed something, and a faint, wounded perfume came up. It was the little pink and purple chain.

XVI.

October 17.

"The Lord God a' mighty help us! but His ways are past finding out. What with one thing and another thing, that child without a mother, and you with the crape not yet rusty for Mr. Roy'l, it does seem to me as if His manner of treating folks beats all! But I tell you this, Miss Mary, my dear; you jest say your prayers reg'lar and *stick to Him*, and He'll pull you through, sure!" This was what PhEbe said when I told her.

November 8.

To-night, for the first time, Auntie fairly gave up trying to put Faith to bed. She had insisted on it until now, crawling up by the banisters like a wounded thing. This time she tottered and sank upon the second step. She cried out, feebly: "I am afraid I must give it up to Cousin Mary. Faith!"—the child clung with both hands to her,—"Faith, Faith! Mother's little girl!"

It was the last dear care of motherhood yielded; the last link snapped. It seemed to be the very bitterness of parting. I turned away, that they might bear it together, they two alone.

Yet I think that took away the sting.

19th.

The days are slipping away now very quietly, and—to her I am sure, and to me for her sake—very happily. She sutlers less than I had feared, and she lies upon the bed and smiles, and Faith comes in and plays about, and the cheery morning sunshine falls on everything, and when her strong hours come, we have long talks together, hand clasped in hand. Such pleasant talks! We are quite brave to speak of anything, since we know that what is to be is best just so, and since we fear no parting. I tell her that Faith and I will soon learn to shut our eyes and think we see her, and try to make it *almost* the same, for she will never be very far away, will she? And then she shakes her head smiling, for it pleases her, and she kisses me softly. Then we dream of how it will all be, and how we shall love and try to please each other quite as much as now.

"It will be like going round a corner, don't you see?" she says.

You will know that I am there all the while, though hidden, and that if you call me I shall hear." Then we talk of Faith, and of how I shall comfort her; that I shall teach her this, and guard her from that, and how I shall talk with her about heaven and her mother. Sometimes Faith comes up and wants to know what we are saying, and lays poor Mary Ann, sawdust and all, upon the pillow, and wants "her toof-ache kissed away." So Auntie kisses away the dolly's "toof-ache "; and kisses the dolly's little mother, sometimes with a quiver on her lips, but more often with a smile in her eyes, and Faith runs back to play, and her laugh ripples out, and her mother listens—listens—

Sometimes, too, we talk of some of the people for whom she cares; of her husband's friends; of her scholars, or Dr. Bland, or Clo, or poor 'Bin Quirk, or of somebody down town whom she was planning to help this winter. Little Clo comes in as often as she is strong enough to see her, and sends over untold jellies and blanc-manges, which Faith and I have to eat. "But don't let the child know that." Auntie says. But more often we talk of the life which she is so soon to begin; of her husband and Roy; of what she will try to say to Christ; how much dearer He has grown to her since she has lain here in pain at His bidding, and how He helps her, at morning and eventide and in the night-watches. We talk of the trees and the mountains and the lilies in the garden, on which the glory of the light that is not the light of the sun may shine; of the "little brooks" by which she longs to sit and sing to Faith; of the treasures of art which she may fancy to have about her; of the home in which her husband may be making ready for her coming, and wonder what he has there, and if he knows how near the time is now.

But I notice lately that she more often and more quickly wearies of these things; that she comes back, and comes back again to some loving thought—as loving as a child's—of Jesus Christ. He seems to be—as she once said she tried that He should be to Faith—her "*best* friend."

Sometimes, too, we wonder what it means to pass out of the body, and what one will be first conscious of.

"I used to have a very human, and by no means slight, dread of the physical pain of death," she said to-day; "but, for some reason or other, that is slowly leaving me. I imagine that the suffering of any fatal sickness is worse than the immediate process of dissolution. Then there is so much beyond it to occupy one's thoughts. One thing I have thought much about; it is that, whatever may be our first experience after leaving the body, it is not likely to be a *revolutionary* one. It is more in analogy with God's dealings that a quiet process, a gentle accustoming, should open our eyes on the light that would blind if it came in a flash. Perhaps we shall not see Him,—perhaps we could not bear it to see Him at once. It may be that the faces of familiar human friends will be the first to greet us; it may be that the touch of the human hand dearer than any but His own shall lead us, as we are able, behind the veil, till we are a little used to the glory and the wonder, and lead us so to Him. Be that as it may, and be heaven where it may, I am not afraid. With all my guessing and my studying and my dreaming over these things. I am only a child in the dark, 'Nevertheless, I am not afraid of the dark.' God bless Mr. Robertson for saying that! I'm going to bless him when I see him. How pleasant it will be to see him, and some other friends whose faces I never saw in this world. David, for instance, or Paul, or Cowper, or President Lincoln, or Mrs. Browning. The only trouble is that I am nobody to them! However, I fancy that they will let me shake hands with them. No, I am quite willing to trust all these things to God.

'And what if much be still unknown?

Thy Lord shall teach thee that,
When thou shalt stand before His throne,
Or sit as Mary sat.'

I may find them very different from what I have supposed. I know that I shall find them infinitely *more* satisfying than I have supposed. As Schiller said of his philosophy, 'Perhaps I may be ashamed of my raw design at sight of the true original. This may happen; I expect it; but then, if reality bears no resemblance to my dreams, it will be a more majestic, a more delightful surprise.' I believe nothing that God denies. I cannot overrate the beauty of his promise. So it surely can have done no harm for me to take the comfort of my fancying till I am there; and what a comfort it has been to me, God only knows. I could scarcely have borne some things without it."

"You are never afraid that anything proving a little different from what you expect might—"

"Might disappoint me? No; I have settled that in my heart with God. I do not *think* I shall be disappointed. The truth is, he has obviously not *opened* the gates which bar heaven from our sight, but he has as obviously not *shut* them; they stand ajar with the Bible and reason in the way, to keep them from closing; surely we should look in as far as we can, and surely, if we look with reverence, our eyes will be holden, that we may not cheat ourselves with mirages. And, as the little Swedish girl said, the first time she saw the stars: 'O father, if the *wrong side* of heaven is so beautiful, what must the *right side* be?'"

January.

I write little now, for I am living too much. The days are stealing away and lessening one by one, and still Faith plays about the room, though very softly now, and still the cheery sunshine shimmers in, and still we talk with clasping hands, less often and more pleasantly. Morning and noon and evening come and go; the snow drifts down and the rain falls softly; clouds form and break and hurry past the windows; shadows melt and lights are shattered, and little rainbows are prisoned by the icicles that hang from the eaves. I sit and watch them, and watch the sick-lamp flicker in the night, and watch the blue morning crawl over the hills; and the old words are stealing down my thought: *That is the substance, this the shadow; that the reality, this the dream.*

I watch her face upon the pillow; the happy secret on its lips; the smile within its eyes. It is nearly a year now since God sent the face to me. What it has done for me he knows; what the next year and all the years are to be without it, He knows, too. It is slipping away,—slipping. And I—must—lose it.

Perhaps I should not have said what I said to-night; but being weak from watching, and seeing how glad she was to go, seeing how all the peace was for her, all the pain for us, I cried, "O Auntie, Auntie, why can't we go too? Why *can't* Faith and I go with you? But she answered me only, "Mary, He knows." We will be brave again to-morrow. A little more sunshine in the room! A little more of Faith and the dolly!

The Sabbath.

She asked for the child at bedtime to-night, and I laid her down in her night-dress on her mother's arm. She kissed her, and said her prayers, and talked a bit about Mary Ann, and to-morrow, and her snow man. I sat over by the window in the dusk, and watched a little creamy cloud that was folding in the moon. Presently their voices grew low, and at last Faith's stopped altogether. Then I heard in fragments this:—

"Sleepy, dear? But you won't have many more talks with mamma. Keep awake just a minute, Faith, and hear, can you hear? Mamma will never, *never* forget her little girl; she won't go away very far; she will always love you. Will you remember as long as you live? She will always see you, though you can't see her, perhaps. Hush my darling, *don't* cry! God isn't naughty! No, God is good; God is always good. He won't take mamma a great way off. One more kiss? There! now you may go to sleep. One more? Come, Cousin Mary."

June 6.

It is a long time since I have written here. I did not want to open the book till I was sure that I could open it quietly, and could speak as she would like to have me speak, of what remains to be written. But a very few words will tell it all. It happened so naturally and so happily, she was so glad when the time came, and she made me so glad for her sake, that I cannot grieve. I say it from my honest heart, I cannot grieve. In the place out of which she has gone, she has left me peace. I think of something that Miss Procter said about the opening of that golden gate,

"round which the kneeling spirits wait.

The halo seemed to linger round those kneeling closest to the door:

The joy that lightened from that place shines still upon the watcher's face."

I think more often of some things that she herself said in the very last of those pleasant talks, when, turning a leaf in her little Bible, she pointed out to me the words :—"It is expedient for you that I go away; for, if I go not away, the Comforter will not come." It was one spring-like night,—the twenty-ninth of March. She had been in less pain, and had chatted and laughed more with us than for many a day. She begged that Faith might stay till dark, and might bring her Noah's ark and play down upon the foot of the bed where she could see her. I sat in the rocking-chair with my face to the window. We did not light the lamps. The night came on slowly. Showery clouds flitted by, but there was a blaze of golden colour behind them. It broke through and scattered them; it burned them and melted them; it shot great pink and purple jets up to the zenith; it fell and lay in amber mist upon the hills. A soft wind swept by, and darted now and then into the glow, and shifted it about, colour away from colour, and back again.

"See, Faith!" she said softly; "put down the little camel a minute, and look!" and added after, but neither to the child nor to me, it seemed: "At eventide there shall be light." Phœbe knocked presently, and I went out to see what she wanted, and planned a little for Auntie's breakfast, and came back.

Faith, with her little ark, was still playing quietly upon the bed. I sat down again in my rocking-chair with my face to the window. Now and then the child's voice broke the silence, asking, where should she put the elephant, and was there room there for the yellow bird? and now and then her mother answered her, and so presently the skies had faded, and so the night came on.

I was thinking it was Faith's bedtime, and that I had better light the lamp, when a few distinct, hurried words from the bed attracted my attention.

"Faith, I think you had better kiss mamma now, and get down."

There was a change in the voice. I was there in a moment, and lifted the child from the pillow, where she had crept. But she said,

"Wait a minute, Mary; wait a minute,"—for Faith clung to her, with one hand upon her cheek, softly patting it. I went over and stood by the window. It was her mother herself who gently put the little fingers away at last.

"Mother's own little girl! Good night, my darling, my darling."

So I took the child away to Phoebe, and came back and shut the door.

"I thought you might have some message for Roy," she said.

"Now?"

"Now, I think."

We had often talked of this, and she had promised to remember it, whatever it might be. So I told her—But I will not write what I told her.

I saw that she was playing weakly with her wedding-ring, which hung very loosely below its little worn guard.

"Take the little guard," she said, "and keep it for Faith; but bury the other with me: he put it on; nobody else must take it——"

The sentence dropped, unfinished. I crept up on the bed beside her, for she seemed to wish it. I asked if I should light the lamp, but she shook her head. The room seemed light, she said, quite quite light. She wondered then if Faith were asleep, and if she would waken early in the morning. After that I kissed her, and then we said nothing more, only presently she asked me to hold her hand.

It was quite dark when she turned her face at last towards the window.

"John!" she said,— "why, John!"

* * * * *

They came in, with heads uncovered and voices hushed, to see her, in the days while she was lying down stairs among the flowers.

Once when I thought that she was alone, I went in,—it was at twilight,—and turned, startled by a figure that was crouched sobbing on the floor.

"O, I want to go too, *I want* to go too!" it cried.

"She's ben there all day long," said Phœbe, wiping her eyes, "and she won't go home for a mouthful of victuals, poor creetur! but she jest sets there and cries and cries, an' there's no stoppin' of her."

It was little Clo.

At another time, I was there with fresh flowers, when the door opened, creaking a little, and 'Bin Quirk came in on tiptoe, trying in vain to still the noise of his new boots. His eyes were red and wet, and he held out to me timidly a single white carnation.

"Could you put it somewhere, where it would'nt do any harm? I walked away over to Worcester and back to get it. If you could jest hide it under the others out of sight, seems to me it would do me a sight of good to feel it was there, you know."

I motioned him to lay it himself between her fingers.

"O, I dars n't. I'm not fit, *I'm* not. She'd rether have you."

But I told him I knew she would be as pleased that he should give it to her himself as she was when he gave her the China pinks on that distant summer day. So the great awkward fellow bent down, as simply as a child, as tenderly as a woman, and left the flower in its place.

"*She* liked 'em," he faltered; maybe, if what she used to say is all so, she'll like 'em now. She liked 'em better than she did machines. I've just got my carpet-sweeper through; I was thinking how pleased she'd be; I wanted to tell her. If I should go to the good place,—if ever I do go, it will be just her doin's—I'll tell her then, maybe I—" He forgot that anybody was there, and, sobbing, hid his face in his great hands.

So we are waiting for the morning when the gates shall open,—Faith and I. I, from my stiller watches, am not saddened by the music of her life. I feel sure that her mother wishes it to be a cheery life. I feel sure that she is showing me, who will have no motherhood by which to show myself, how to help her little girl.

And Roy,—all, well, and Roy,—he knows. Our hour is not yet come. If the Master will that we should be about His Father's business, what is that to us?

Christ V. Spiritualism.

A Word to Believers in the Lord Jesus.

As the terrible and seductive doctrines of Spiritualism have at length been proclaimed in our midst, in a way too plain to be mistaken, I have felt impelled to offer the following remarks, in order, with the Divine blessing, to render some slight help to any of my fellow Christians who may have been troubled, or it may be even shaken, by the specious arguments which have been so sedulously used in its favour.

I am the more led to this by the fact of my having found, in my intercourse with those around me, that this is by no means an unlikely result, or one which might be expected to occur in very exceptional cases only. To my grief and amazement I have found many, both old and young, who, while professing to be Christians, not only have thought it no great evil, or dishonour to the Lord's name, to have attended the lectures lately delivered by Mr James Smith in this city upon the subject of Spiritualism, but who, after having done so, yet fail to perceive the true tendency of these lectures as aiming a fatal blow to the very ground-work upon which their profession of Christianity is based: a blow so thorough that to suppose the possible identity of Christianity and Spiritualism is as absurd as to suppose the identity of good and evil, of light and darkness, or of life and death.

This utter incongruity between the two has, however, been denied by Mr. Smith, who would have us to

understand that inasmuch as Christianity and Spiritualism alike profess to lead up to the one true God as the object of worship and obedience, that therefore they are compatible in their spirit and essence; and that Christianity needs only to be stripped of the incrustations with which human tradition has surrounded it in order to be found in perfect harmony with the teaching? of Spiritualism.

That I am correct in the above statement is plain from the fact that in Mr. Smith's first letter in reply to Dr. Copland he speaks of the pith of Christianity as found in the 37th and three following verses of Matthew 22nd, and in Christ's Sermon on the Mount; and that this, as a Divine rule for human conduct, is precisely similar to that which is constantly enforced by his "teachers" from the spirit world, who, he tells us in another letter, are "Incessantly inculcating boundless love of our heavenly Father, boundless admiration of His wisdom, boundless trust in His providence, and implicit obedience to His law." And in the same letter Mr Smith says, apparently presuming upon the acquiescence, not only of Dr Copland, but also of Christians generally to its truth, that these two Commandments, viz., of love to God and love to my neighbour, are "The very pillars which support the whole edifice of the Christian religion." It is this great and fundamental error which I desire to expose to view; for I venture to say that upon this—viz., the understanding of what the foundation of Christianity really is—the whole question at issue will be found to rest. I assert, then, and would establish my assertion from Scripture—first, that the basis of Christianity consists in belief in the person of Jesus as the Christ, *i.e.*, the sent one, of God; and, second, its superstructure consists in submission to Christ's words, and in following him. This superstructure cannot exist except upon the proper foundation. Thus I read, in proof of the first statement, "In *him* was life." "As many as received *him*, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on *his name*." He that believeth on *the Son* hath everlasting life : and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life." Ye will not come unto *me* that ye might have life." "This is the work of God, that ye believe on *him* whom He hath sent." "If ye believe not that *I am he*, ye shall die in your sins "*I am the bread of life*." "I am the living bread which came down from heaven." "*I am* the resurrection and the life." Because *I* live, ye shall live also." "As the Father hath life in himself, so hath He given to the Son to have life in *himself*." "He that honoureth not the Son, honoureth not the Father which hath sent him." And I also read, in proof of my second statement :—"If any man will come after me let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow *me*." "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed." If ye love me, keep my commandments." He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me." "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you."

From these and numerous other passages which I doubt not will suggest themselves to the reader, I take my stand, and claim to be recognised as a Christian, not because I believe that all the law and the prophets hang upon the two commandments respecting love to God and love to my neighbour—although this be perfectly true—but *because I believe in Jems as him whom "God sent into the world to save sinners."* Believing in him—in Jesus Christ—I am assured from his own mouth that I "have everlasting life"—that I have "passed from death unto life." I am assured that I am as much one with him as he is "one with the Father"; and I am taught to wait for the fulfilment of his promise "that he will come again and receive me unto himself." While, then, it is God the Father who is now my Father, whom I worship, whom I love, whom I adore, it is Christ the Son on whom I believe, on whom I rest, and for whom I wait, for he is MY LIFE. This is my claim to being a Christian—a CHRIST'S-MAN. Say, dear reader, is this yours?

I would now proceed further, and press upon my readers the following, viz., that belief in Jesus as the Christ of God necessitates the acknowledgment that the Scriptures of the Old Testament are what they profess to be—the authoritative Word of God. I must acknowledge the authority of these, because of the declarations concerning Jesus Christ made by those who wrote his life, and to whom we are indebted for all that we know concerning him. The words "That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets" are too well known as occurring in connection with so many of the incidents mentioned in his life to require more than an allusion to them. But what do they prove, if not this, that the writers of Christ's life wish to show that Christ himself was the one to whom these old scriptures refer? And on this Christ's words are explicit. He says, in his sermon on the Mount, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law and the prophets; I am not come to destroy, *but to fulfil*. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law *till all be fulfilled*." And, again, "Search the Scriptures * * for they are they that testify of me."

Yet further; Christ is constantly quoting from Scripture, and doing so in every case as giving his divine sanction to its authority. Thus he resists Satan, not with words as from himself, but with words which he could preface with the decisive declaration "It is written." Thus also he teaches the objectors to his eating with sinners, in the words, "Go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice"; quoting from Hosea. Thus he instructs the multitude concerning John, "This is he of whom it is written, Behold I send my messenger before thy face, to prepare thy way before thee." Here he quotes from Malachi. Thus, too, he admonishes the Pharisees who had made the commandments of God of none effect by their tradition, by quoting from Exodus and Deuteronomy the well-known commands, "Honor thy father and thy mother; and he

that curseth father or mother, let him die the death." And so, also, to the same individuals, who were tempting him by a question respecting the putting away a wife, he replied in the words "Have ye not read, that he which made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh"; here quoting from the 1st and 2nd chapters of Genesis. I fear to multiply instances; let it suffice to say that in the recorded sayings of Jesus we find direct quotations from nearly every one of the Old Testament books.

I would now ask any candid reader, does not all this show that Christ acknowledged, and that he inculcated the acknowledgment upon others, that the Old Testament Scriptures were indeed authoritative, and that in all their teachings? Their histories he refers to again and again, and confirms them by so doing; their doctrines he expounds and enforces; their prophetic teachings he declares culminate in himself, for so he taught his disciples, saying, "O fools and slow of heart, to believe all that the prophets have spoken! And, beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself." "These are the words which I spake unto you while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms, concerning me." "And he said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer and to rise from the dead the third day, and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations." Let me ask, was he wrong? If so, then was he the greatest impostor that ever breathed, the New Testament the most dire deception that has ever been foisted upon mankind, and Christianity the most monstrous absurdity and contradiction. The subterfuge that Christ spoke many things that were not strictly true *unwittingly*, will not avail; for this as much precludes his right to say concerning himself "I am the truth," as if he were from first to last a liar and a deceiver. The whole of his life is either intensely true or intensely false; if the first, then *everything must* be believed; if the second, then *nothing can* be believed,—and there is no middle ground possible.

But now a step further. I would assert that belief in Jesus, as the Christ of God, necessitates the rejection, as a foundation for faith, of all other communications whatever, whether they be the writings of men, or the professed communications of angels or spirits : as, indeed' Pauls says in his solemn word to the Galatians, "Though we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed."

I read in Scripture thus : "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, who was in the bosom of the Father, *he hath declared him.*" He, then, the declarer of the Father, involved in the Old Testament and evolved in the New, must be my study and the object of my faith; for that same revealer of the Father and declarer of the truth tells me, that "This is life eternal that they may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." Eternal life, therefore, according to Jesus, does not consist in my knowledge of God's works in creation, but in my knowledge of God himself; and he further tells me that "No man knoweth the Father but the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal him." God's works in nature, wondrous though they are, and all the stupendous laws which govern them, these were not the subjects which Jesus dwelt upon when on earth, although none could have taught concerning them as he could, seeing that "without him was not anything made that was made." But of these he spake not. He came as "the Word" to unfold the Father's mind, and as the "servant" to carry out the Father's counsels. In him, then, we see the Father and in him alone; and as the Scriptures alone reveal him, and as he alone reveals the Father, and as it is in the knowledge of the Father that I have life, therefore it is that on these Scriptures I can repose my faith as the authoritative revelation of God, and *upon nothing else.* And to guard me against the very delusion into which Mr Smith has fallen, I read in Deuteronomy as follows: "There shall not be found among you . . . a consulter with familiar spirits . . . or a necromancer, for all that do these these things are an abomination unto the Lord The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet . . . and he shall speak all that I shall command him. And it shall come to pass that whosoever will not hearken unto the words which he shall speak in my name, I will require it of him." This One has come and has spoken. Our answer to Mr. Smith, then, is, that as Christians we must reject, as a foundation for faith, not only what Mr. Smith may say as of himself, but also what he may say as under the influence of what the Bible calls, however Mr. Smith may designate it, "a familiar spirit." Like Mr. Smith with his inspiring spirit, so ought we to do with the Word of God, the Bible. Mr. Smith throws the responsibility of all his astounding assertions off himself and on to his "familiar"; and so, as Christians, we cast all the responsibility of our rejection of his statements and our condemnation of his whole theory upon the distinct and blessed declaration of Christ Jesus our Lord, "I am the *Way*, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

It was the writer's wish that the above, in a much condensed form, should have appeared amongst the correspondence in the 'Daily Times' some days prior to Mr. Smith's leaving Dunedin for Australia. It was sent in to that journal, but was not considered suitable.

Only one aspect of this subject—though there are many others—has been touched upon; the object in view being to point out to the simplest believer in the Lord Jesus that in his childlike faith in *Him* he has a perfect

"shield," wherewith he shall "be able to quench all the fiery darts of the Wicked One."

Dunedin, May 18, 1872.

Mills, Dick and Co., Printers, Stafford street, Dunedin.

Awake! Arise!

"Awake up, my glory; awake, psaltery and harp: I myself will awake early."

—*Psa. lvii, 8.*

"Awake! Awake! put on strength O arm of the Lord."

—*Isa. li, 9.*

"Awake! Awake! put on thy strength O Zion : put on thy beautiful garments O Jerusalem.

"—*Isa. lii, 1.*

"Arise! and be doing, and the Lord be with thee."

—*1 Chr. xxii, 16.*

"Arise! Shine! for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

"—*Isa. lx, 1.*

One morning, e'er the sun had cast his rays
Upon the earth, which waken nature to
Its life and brilliancy: I strayed around :
While musing calm on things unseen—The sweet,
Yet thrilling accents, of a sacred Harp
Burst on my ear.—Spellbound, entranced, I stood,
Enraptured with the sacred melody,
Rolling in tones sublimely rich and sweet.
Then, with unconscious step, I moved toward
The spot, from whence the heavenly music came;
At every step, more clear, and more distinct,
The rich, angelic tones became; and rapt
Me more in ecstasy of joy : of joy
As if already I had reached the gate
Of Heaven. This is the song the Harper sang :

"Come brethren, Awake! Arise! and put
The Gospel armour on. Why slumber thus,
While He, who died to save your souls from death,
And raise them to a life, so pure and high,
Is ever striving for your common good;
Nor ever ceases to improve your happiness?
Awake! throw off this dormant mien, Arise!
And own the Lord your God, is God—that He
Is worthy of your risen life—the best
Obedience of your consecrated *all*.

Oh! why inactive loiter? When the cause
By Him committed to your care,—that ye
Should propagate, and tend with vigilance
Its vital growth, until it spread from land
To land, imparting life to every soul—
Lies languishing beneath your careless sight—
Attacked by fierce and scoffing enemies;

Who labor hard to quench its radiant light,
And banish from the mind of man, its soul-
Reviving, life-imparting influence.

Why is your love so cold? Are ye not bound
To one another by the ties of love—
Of Love Divine—not merely nature's love;
But love received direct from Him who bought
You with His precious blood? that by this love
Ye might be known from those who are not His?
Ah! why do party names create a strife
Amid the family of God? Is not your faith
The same?—the rule of life, by which ye act,
The Bible—God's own holy, precious book?

O then, together, join your force, as that
Of one great legion, resolute and strong,
Determined for the victory, through him
Who loved you, and *for you died* upon
The Cross. Let party names no longer mar
Your peace: For who is Calvin? Arminius?
Who Luther? Knox? but men ye follow in
Details? But they are not your head. In Christ
Ye live. *He* is your head, your heart, your name;
He is the head of all—unite in Him!

Unite! unite! cries God above, and man
Beneath. Unite, ye soldiers of the Lamb!
Unite, ye ransomed from the curse of sin!
And spread the news by which ye ransomed were:
Nor spread that news alone; but spread that flame
Which ought to burn in every ransomed heart,
And lustrate the sphere in which it dwells.
Thus publish round the truth, that ye are born
Of God, and lighted by that heavenly flame,
Which floods can never quench, but burneth still.

He gave you not the light to flicker in
Retirement, or be hid behind a veil :
Ah! no, for men use not a candle so;
They set it high, that all around may see;
And that the particles, which flow from it
And fill the room, with cheering beams of light,
Should be reflected back, from lace to face,
That each bright vital spark may be returned
From eye to eye. So is the light of God
Within you placed, to be reflected thus.

Brethren, behold! how firm your foes unite;
With bold, unwearing arm they wage the war,
Against the Lord and His anointed One!
Would ye but take a leaf from out their book,
How active, dilligent, sincere ye'd be
In all pertaining to the service of
The One ye love. How ye would contemplate,
And live, and act. How studious ye'd be
To prove your master's cause is faithful, true,
And just, the life-preserver of the soul!

Why, should the servants of the evil one
Be heard to say of you 'They are at war
Amongst themselves—divided;—each against
His neighbour aims his heavy blows; and all
Unite in wageing one great civil war'?
Why should ye waste your precious moments thus?
Why should ye have to stand, and, blushingly,
Before your enemies confess, that it
Is even so? Why should ye blunt in civil strife,
The power and greatness of your two-edged sword?
Why should the sword which God hath given, to foil
Your adversary's fierce attacks, be used
To pierce your *brother's* side, and scatter broad
The foul effects of discord, through the homes
And hearts of those who live beneath the sweet,
And peaceful banner Love. Oh whither now
Has charity a home? O! has she flown?
Has she forsaken you? or, did ye drive
Her from her resting place, that she is gone,
And ye are left without this lovely grace?

Why do ye hear the enemy exult
And cry—'Their end has come; their day is past'
And by your slumbers, ye almost repeat
Their words, and own them true? should this be so?
Is this a time to sleep in comforting
Repose? while all around is energy
And life—your adversary slumbers not—
Your Captain slumbers not—life's span grows short—
Your Captain calls! 'To arms! my saints, to arms!
Come forth, and put the enemy to flight!'

Does not the interest of each ransomed soul
Centre in Christ? 'Twas by His precious blood
That ye were made the sons of God; 'twas it,
Redeemed you from the curse of sin and death;
By it, ye have inherited new life—
Eternal life—a life which cannot fail;

Though worlds decay, and disappear, ye live :
Though time shall change into eternity,
It changeth not—ye live by faith in Him,
He is your life—your life is hid in Him!
Thus, ye are one, the life ye share is one,
Ye each received it from the same great source;
Ye all received it from His flowing wounds.
Ye all were once immersed in guilt and sin;
All, travelling in distractions fatal path:
Ye all enjoyed earth pleasures for a time,
Ye served the prince of darkness well, awhile;
Were all enlisted, as his servants are,
And followed his temptations greedily;
And all, for what? for vanity, for naught
Of good, for evil, misery, and woe!
In blessings, pains, and griefs, ye all are one :
Temptations, pleasures, joys, and prospects, one;
All pleasures here, all hopes of joy to come,
Proceed from Christ, and all unite in Him.

If then, ye own Jehovah, King and Lord;
Shall ye not serve Him faithfully? since He
Hath loved you, and brought you happiness;
Hath made you members of His family :
Redeemed you from the low estate in which
Ye lay, all feeble, helpless, hopeless, lost;
And made you kings, and priests; His holy ones.
Oh! can ye loiter still, and faithless prove,
While o'er you beams that Sun of righteousness,
Each ray conveying boundless stores of love?
O come, and gaze awhile upon this store,
So inexhaustable, so open, free;
'Tis great, behold, it rises far above
The starry sky! it diveth deeper than
The sea. No mind can follow it in height,
Or depth! Where shall its breadth be limited?
The fond imagination cannot tell;
That love divine, exceeds the universe
In breadth! all thoughts of greatness disappear,
Before the love, which dwells in Jesus' breast!
Behold Him on His throne, in majesty!
Ador'd, and worshipp'd by the Hosts of Heaven—
Cherub, Seraph, Angel, and Archangel
Bow, and to Him, their highest homage pay.
And there, He shares the Father's glory too—
Rich, in the treasures of eternal joy—
Yet, for your sakes, He left it all, and came
On wings of love—O yes, 'twas love that bore
Him to this earth—to ransom dying man,
By dying on the agonizing cross!
Yea, though He was so rich beyond all thought—
Rich, in the centre of the Father's love;
Rich, in the worship of the Heavenly Host!

When there, before His feet, adoring came,
The highest beings of celestial birth;
There, Seraph, Cherubim, and Angel bowed,
And paid eternal honour to His name,
And sang His praise, on harps of sacred tone!
Him, rich in holiness, in purity,
And joy; Omnipotent, immutable,
Obeyed, and served, by all, in Heaven and earth!
He did not love His riches more than you:
But for your sakes rejected them : He cast
Them all aside, that He might gain
A treasure, which He prized above the high
And Heavenly Glory, He possessed :
And, throwing off His Kingly Majesty,
Became a man, poor, humble, and unknown
To dignities of earth; that He might save
A rebel, lost, and ruined race: that He might save
The man, who was His acting enemy!
For such, He left the sweet communion of
His Heavenly home—the fellowship, He there
Enjoyed, of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The love, joy, happiness, the purity
Of those who dwelt above, around His throne.
For such, He left His Glory—far beyond
The reach of mortal thought—Divinely great:
For such, with bosom swelling high, inflamed
With richest, deepest, boundless, fervent, love:
He took to Him a body, subject to
All weaknesses, and frailties of mankind,
That He might suffer, on this pigmy ball.

Though poverty, and misery, and grief,
And trial, all, before Him stood in full
Array, He staggered, hesitated not!
His inmost soul o'erflowed with love intense;
He thought not of His pain, His agony,
And bloody sweat. Nor pain, nor suffering,
Nor thought of death itself,—with all the dread,
And awful terrors of Golgotha's Cross—
Could quench that vital, deathless flame of love!

He came to conquer, and to triumph: yea,
To triumph *over death*—the terror of
Mankind. Nor was it for Himself, that He,
The conqueror, appeared; Nor for Himself
Did He engage in war with death; but, to
The end, that He, might conquer him for man!
On this, His heart was fixed : 'twas this, that brought
Him from His home; for this, He lived—for this,
He died—for this, He rose again, triumphant from
The grave, and captive, led captivity!

Pause, O my Brethren, and once again,
Review what great things, Christ hath done for you;
When ye were lost, and ruined, doomed, and dead,
He found, restored you, justified, gave life:
When ye were bound by heavy debts and bills,
Unpaid; Yea, bankrupts, undischarged; He saw
Your case, and in compassion most sincere—
Compassion, none but He could ever show—
Paid all your debts, and purchased your discharge,
Your full acquittal at the bar of God!
He set you free, from death—He conquered him—
He gave you titles to His heritage;
He raised you from the lowest depths of guilt;
He washed you in His blood, and made you clean;
For death, He gave you immortality;
From sinking, miry clay He lifted you;
And, by His mighty power established you
Upon a solid rock; and made secure
And strait, the path laid out for you to tread.
Your conscience purged from ever present guilt;
Unstop'd your closed ears : removed the mist—
The blindness—from your eyes, that ye might see
The mysteries of grace—that grace which now
Ye see in Christ revealed; which still, to those
Who know not Him, remains a mystery
Untold; but ye who know its power, can see
It all distinct and clear, by God revealed!

Oh! wondrous grace, reaching e'en to the sons—
The lowest sons—of Adam's ruined race,
None, none, are lower than He condescends
To raise; the very wretch who hates himself,
Because degraded lower than the brute
By vice, debauch, and vilest wickedness,
Is not beyond the reach of Jesus' grace.
He loves the vilest one, but hates his sin;
His love e'en flowed to them who murdered Him;
Hark to His prayer, 'Forgive them, Father, for
They know not what they do, lay not this sin
On them.' E'en Saul;—the unfeeling, cruel Saul,—
The fierce, and bitter persecutor of
The Church of God, had grace bestowed, which turned
Him from his evil way, to God in Christ;
From darkness gross, obscure, to light of God.

Oh! these are riches: pity, grace, and love,
Compassion, meekness, holiness—abound
And flow, in rivers fathomless, immense;
Amazing in their vast extent. For while
We contemplate the mystery, we lose
Ourselves in adoration, praise, and joy;

Entranced, transported, with the sacred view.
And all is yours, ye own it *all* in Christ,
Ye share His riches, ye are one with Him;
Yon home above is yours; yon mansion fair;
The glory, joy, the peace, felicity;
Yon crown, yon palm, that harp of gold;
Yon robe of whiteness, purer than the snow;
Yon smile, which beams from God the Father's face
Is yours : those words of welcome too from Christ
Are yours; yea, you—(with deepest reverence)—
May also claim the mighty God your own;
He is your Father, therefore He is yours.

And do ye then possess these treasures vast,
And cherish still the vanities of earth?
Do vain amusements ravish still your hearts?
Does filthy lucre still enslave your minds?
Can love of carnal things bedim your eyes,
And draw them from the great realities
Of spiritual life, to transient, passing things?
Awake to life! cast off that heavy weight
Which binds you to the present time; arise,
To know and cherish things divine!

Are ye the children of the Mighty King,
No longer slaves to satan and to sin?
Then leave, forsake the servile things of time;
And rise to things eternal; things of God.
Be holy here, as ye shall be above;
For holy ye must be, if ye would serve
Your Lord aright, or live in tranquil peace.
But is temptation strong, and flesh still weak?
Behold the throne of grace, the source of strength;
Be frequent there—'tis there alone the power
Ye need will be supplied; and there 'tis free,
More to be had than ye require, is there :
But still, in spirit, what ye want, forget
Not for to ask: when ye are weary, faint,
And weak; when sore temptation would obstruct
Your path, your Father then will hear, and send
The aid for which you cry. And there alone
It can be had; 'tis there He will dispense
The rich abundance of His boundless store.
Go there in faith, believe His word, rely
Upon His promises, in Christ: doubt not,
Nor fear, He never cast one off before;
Nor will He now, reject your earnest suit;
But He will give more willingly, than you
Will ask. 'Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;'
Prayer strengthens for the fight, it draws you close
To Him, in whose communion ye delight;

It teaches you your darkneses, and leads
You to the rock of your defence,—declares
The way of holiness—makes plain your path,
And gives transporting glimpses of that home
Which ye e'er long shall occupy, and call
Your own; It brightens every grace—each view
Of future things, which lie in store for you.

Now cast your eyes around—behold how sin
Still binds so many millions of your race.
They know not of a Saviour's love, and some,
Whose ears have harkened to the Gospel sound,
Still revel in the soul-destroying lust.
Are ye ambassadors of God? are ye
Commissioned from on high, to tell
The tidings of great joy to dying men—
The news of ransom found, of pardon bought,
And offered freely to the perishing?
Then, can you rest at ease, while all
Around, ye see the sad effects of sin?
Are ye the watchmen on Mount Zion's walls?
Then blow a certain sound, for if ye sound
Uncertainly, how shall they know, or how
Prepare to battle for the right? shall ye
Be guiltless, if they perish 'neath
The curse of God? blow loud your trump, blow true,
Speak bold and firm, the message ye've received.
Uprear your standard. Christ, and Christ alone
Be all your theme; let nothing else, usurp
His place—let nothing rob Him of His due—
Unfurl your glorious banner to their view;
Display in triumph, all its loveliness:
Yea, glory in it—'tis your pledge of love—
The pledge of God's unfailing care, concern,
And interest, in the state of all below.
By it, He pledges to defend all those
Who put their trust in His redeeming power,
To guide them through the maze of present life,
To immortality, to Heaven, and Home!
Then, quit yourselves as Gospel soldiers; be
Arrayed with all the weapons God hath given,
That ye may conquer satan's hosts : be clad
With breastplate, shield, and helmet, girt with truth
Around, and for the firmness of your step,
Let Gospel principles defend your feet:
With skill, apply the sword which He hath given;
With much acquaintance, use the word of God.
Thus own, and serve your Lord, in faith and truth :
Success shall then attend the cause of Christ,
And ye shall prosper in your pilgrim way,
And triumph over all your foes!"

The Harper ceased : but sweetly rolled the sounds
Of melody, re-vibrating through hill,
And dale; and every rock, and tree, and shrub,
Re-echoed to the swelling, sacred, notes;
Till all had ceased, and nature all again
Was calm, and still; and I was left alone
To muse, in still reflection, o'er what I
Had heard, related by an unseen power.

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Two familiar Dialogues
On Two Questions:—
1.—*Are Miracles Physically Possible?*
2.—*Are Miracles Morally Possible?*
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Miracles.

decorative feature

I.—ARE MIRACLES PHYSICALLY POSSIBLE?

IF our outer life has its ups and downs, so much more is this the case with our inner life. Our friend All man was no exception to the rule. Heretofore he had been pumping Browne about miracles and giving up gradually, now one prejudice, now another, as his sound common sense, assisted by Browne's conversations, came to perceive how hollow and reasonless they were. But a few days back he had seen a placard on the walls announcing that a lecture would be delivered that evening at a certain mechanics' institute by George Rookson on miracles; and as the subject jumped with a strong current of his thoughts, he went to hear what the lecturer had to say about it. The lecture was temperate in tone; clear, and occasionally even eloquent; but its whole object was to prove that miracles were an impossibility, and the offspring of superstition. All man listened with both his ears; and the result was that he came home in a miserable state of mind, such as he had never known before, since first he came to the age of reason. For the lecturer had not spared Christianity; and the plentiful shafts of his sarcasm were most mercilessly aimed at the miracles of the Bible than even at what we may call ecclesiastical miracles. He had measured his audience beforehand, and knew he would have to deal with Protestants. The result on All man's mind was that cruel doubts would make themselves felt about the truth of the Bible and of the Christian religion. He was quite upset—miserable. The foundation of his faith had been for the moment undermined; and he found himself, of a sudden, closed round in more than Egyptian darkness.

He could not shake off his depression the next day; and in the evening, when the Rev. Amminadab Gronout had called in as usual, to tea and muffins, it could not escape the suspicious observation of Mrs A. At length, just as the classic 'pine-apple rum' and hot water had been ordered, that amiable companion of his life turned round sharply upon him, exclaiming, 'Whatever has come over you, Solomon, my dear? You sit there saying nothing, and looking like the wicked who flee when no man pursueth. Whatever is it, Soly? Is it the glorious conviction at last that you are a miserable sinner—that all your righteousness is as filthy rags? Is it an awakening? Tell me, dearest?' 'Not exactly said Allman, provoked to forget his ordinary prudence in this very godly company; and adding, with a fierceness which approached a grin, 'I'm doubting whether Christianity is not all humbug; *that's all.*' 'The Lord in His mercy save us,' exclaimed the dame, now thoroughly alarmed. 'O Solomon, how has this come about? Who has been leading you astray into darkness and the shadow of death? Dearee me, its awful. Open up your poor heart to this excellent man of God; do, Allman.' Whether it was that the real sympathy of his wife moved him, or the thought passed across him that perhaps the pious Amminadab

might be of some little help, is uncertain; but at all events, he came out with it like a man. 'Well, the truth is, I heard a man lecture last night on miracles, and he proved that miracles were absurd—a simple impossibility; and I don't see my way out of it. What would you have me do, sir?' The Rev. Amminadab Gronout, thus appealed to, paused in the act of stirring his Will-composed night-cap, and replied, in an oracular sort of whine: 'Poor sinner, I perceive that thou art in the slough of despond and in the pitfalls of unbelief; trust in Christ.' 'But that's just what I can't do,' retorts Allman; for if His miracles are a sham, how can I believe Him to be what He says He is?' The reverend gentleman's face became more majestic and merciless, as he re-marked: 'Even so do the carnal-minded deem who have not been called of God as was Abraham. The unregenerate man savoureth not of heavenly things. Go, unfortunate sinner; go in all thy blindness; go to Christ.' 'Cant and humbug!' muttered the enraged Allman, as, amidst a volcano of regenerate groans in duet, he flung himself out of the room, and slammed the door after him.

It must be confessed that our good friend was not in the most amiable frame of mind; nor did his sleeping over it make him much better. He was annoyed with himself; annoyed with those two simpletons at home; annoyed with everything around him. He couldn't stand it. It was no use trying to throw it off by plunging into business, for his thoughts would go back to the lecture; so, in a fit of despair, he locked up his cash-box, and hurried off to Browne, who happened to be in his sanctum reading. In rushed Allman with his hat on, threw himself into a chair, fixed his elbows on the table, and his head on his fists, and stared at Browne in moody silence.

Browne. Hallo, Allman! What's the matter? You look like an owl in an ivy-bush.

Allman. Don't plague me, Browne. I can't stand it to-day. I'm half-mad; and I've come to you to see if you can help me. I've tried Amminadab; and all I got for my pains was to find him out to be the consummate fool I always took him for. Hang him, he's enough to make a man an infidel, without anything else; and I don't want helping in that direction just at present; *that's* certain.

Browne. My dear friend, forgive me. I see there's something really the matter; if there's anything I can do—you know me, Allman, before now. What is it? Is anything wrong with the business?

Allman. Hang the business!

Browne. Allman, Allman, this will never do. Rouse your-self, and don't give way to ill-temper.

Allman. Don't mind me old fellow. I didn't mean it. But I'm everlastingly upset, and there's the long and short of it. I've been to hear a lecture against miracles, and I don't know whether I'm standing on my head or my heels. The Bible's gone; Christianity's gone; hope's gone. I don't know whether I'm not, after all, a highly-educated tadpole, and destined to go an eternal smash when I have said my last good-bye to the old gal and the kids, melting away like sugar into less than nothing; and that high-pressure Bedlamite, Gronout, shunts his chin athwart his stiff choker at me, and grunts out with the tone of a Pope—*Go to Christ.*

Browne. Oh, that's all, is it? Well, I shouldn't have gone to Amminadab, if I had been you.

Allman. Now just listen to the man. Here's a poor fellow become an infidel at one sitting, and he says. Is that all? Cool, very: And I shouldn't have gone to Amminadab! Of course not; only I was half cracked at the time.

Browne. Well, I *am* cool, old boy; because, with God's help, I don't think the infidel fit will last long with you. You are too earnest, and God is too good. But now, tell me, what were the arguments which seem to have had such a strong effect upon you? One at a time, you know; that's the proper way of doing business.

Allman. I declare I begin to breathe again. You're so calm and confident; just like those knowing doctors with nervous patients—'*Now don't excite yourself; there's nothing very serious the matter; let me feel your pulse, please; now the tongue. That'll do.*' Isn't that it, eh, Browne? Yes, it does decidedly give a fellow pluck. So now for the first dose. He began by saying that it wasn't at all certain whether there was a God or no; and, if there was one, we knew nothing about Him, and we couldn't know anything about Him; so we might just as well leave Him out of the question. That's how he began; and I think that was about enough for one gulp.

Browne. I am free to own that the lecturer has simplified his work considerably; for if God is left out of the question, there is no doubt that miracles are done for. You can't have a miracle if there is nobody to work one. But how your sound common sense, Allman, could lend an ear to such preposterous and groundless assertions puzzles me. What! Is the universal voice of mankind from the very beginning of no account? Is this fair world, in all its strength and beauty and order, a mere thing of chance? Are those stern judgments of conscience, that instinctive sense of right and wrong, those universal hopes and fears of the future, the mere phantoms of the individual imagination—the product, perchance, of a higher and developed electricity?

Allman. You are right there, Browne, sure enough. If there's no God, I don't for the life of me see how there can be anything else? If you are to have a watch, you must have your watchmaker. But I am more bothered about the other point. God is a pure spirit; and we cannot see, hear, feel, or know Him by any of the senses. He doesn't seem to interfere with our daily goings-on; at least, if He docs, He is as still as a mouse about it.

Browne. Did you ever see, or hear, or feel Sir Christopher Wren, who planned St. Paul's, London? Did you

ever know by any of your senses Sir Joshua Reynolds, who painted so many beautiful portraits?

Allman. No; of course not. But then I can form a tolerably good idea of them from their buildings and pictures.

Browne. And cannot you do the same with our good God? I will say nothing of the supernatural order, because you would not quite understand me yet; and, besides, it would be out of place : but look around you upon the wonders of creation in the heavens above and earth beneath : the various, and all but numberless orders of birds, beasts, fish, reptiles, insects; the plants, shrubs, trees; mountains, lakes, seas, rivers, fountains; do you not see power, beauty, order, skill? Look then within; you will find justice, wisdom, will, freedom, a moral law, a ruling conscience in your own soul. These tell me much *indeed* of Him Who made them. He is neither unknowable nor unknown to me. Surely, though we cannot comprehend all His excellence—for the limited cannot grasp the unlimited—yet we may confidently say to doubters and know-nothings, in the words of the motto in St. Paul's: 'If you want a monument, if you seek a revelation, look round about you'—and within you. You will find an image and likeness of the great Creator—imperfect though it be—in the mirror of His creation.

Allman. Just what I had in my head; only you have brought it out; as the schoolboy said to his master, who was jogging his memory at both ends by hints from book and cane. Of course, I can and do know a great deal about God in this way; for nobody can put into another what he hasn't got himself. So that all that is good, and beautiful, and strong, and wise, and perfect in created things must be at least equally in God. Yes, it's plain. That unknown and unknowable business is a simple bit of humbug, made to take in flats.

Browne. But, remember, you were taken in for the moment yourself, Allman; so don't be too hard on flats. However, I think we may leave that point now, and charitably suppose that there is a God, and that we may know something about Him; just for the sake of argument, you know.

Allman. Now, don't be sarcastic; as the young dandy said to the chimpanzee.

Browne. Well, what was the lecturer's next proof that miracles were an impossibility?

Allman. Why, he said, so far as I could understand him, that the movements of Nature were not like those of a watch or of any other dead machine, which were given from without; for they proceed from her own inner life. Hence they are her own property so to speak : and as her life or action is not free, she cannot change, and her laws are in consequence unalterable. What do you say to that?

Browne. In the first place I deny that the movement of the watch is from without except! in its commencement, for during the twenty-four hours its movement is its own. Furthermore, I maintain that as in the machine the original movement comes from without, so is it in the things of Nature. There is a difference, I own, between them; but not here. But let us bring it down to common sense.

Allman. That's just the thing I want. I like things plain. None of your algebra for me, with its $a \times b = c$. What can you get by adding two letters together? I can understand seven shillings added to nine; you can do that, and it's in the way of business.

Browne. Well, then, I say Nature was either created, made by God, or it was not.

Allman. I suppose those chaps would say it was not.

Browne. Then Nature is God Himself,

Allman. Why so?

Browne. Because then it would be self-existent, and that is the great characteristic of God.

Allman. I don't see that plainly. Suppose the world was from everlasting?

Browne. That would make no difference.

Allman. No difference! But then it would be as old as God, equal to Him.

Browne. We know that it is not so; but just for argument's sake let us suppose it. The world would then certainly be as old as God, if we may use such a term, but not equal. God would always be *first*.

Allman. I can't take that in at all; for how could one be first if they were both always running together?

Browne. God would not be first in order of time; but He would still be first in two ways at least. He would be first in order of nature. I will show you what I mean by an illustration. Suppose that at the very moment Eve was created she had miraculously given birth to a son. In that case there would have been no first in order of time; but Eve would have been first in order of nature.

Allman. Why?

Browne. Because the son would have essentially depended on Eve for his life; whereas Eve, on the other hand, would not have had the slightest dependence on her son.

Allman. I see; that makes it very plain. What a head you have! as the frog said to the tadpole. But now for the second difference.

Browne. Well, God would be first in His life; for His life would be real eternity, unchanging—the entire possession of full being; whereas the creature's duration would be successive, like numbers are; and would still be measured, as now, by time; only it would be time a little changed from what it is now.

Allman. I think I see now that the eternity of the world would make no difference; so now let us suppose that Nature is God : for the lecturer said something like that. I think it was this, that Nature may be God gradually developing Himself. What say you to that?

Browne. Why, I say it is a most audacious piece of nonsense; for if God could develop Himself, He wouldn't be God. Either before this development He needed development or not. If He needed it, He couldn't be God, for God is perfect. If He didn't need it, it was folly, and God is Wisdom. In neither case could He be God, because God is unchangeable.

Allman. But let us send that development about its business. Couldn't Nature be God as she is? I am only putting it to you, Browne, to get clearer ideas about it, for I begin to see how that lecturer humbugged me.

Browne. What a worse than brutish absurdity! Just hold out your hand, my dear fellow.

(Allman did as he was bid, and Browne dipped a pencil into a glass of water that was by his side, and let fall a drop into his friends hand.)

Allman. What on earth are you about? Are you a Baptist, that you want to douse me again?

Browne. You see that drop of water on your hand? If you add to it billions upon billions of drops, will you ever make it oil or stone?

Allman. Browne, it's my decided opinion that you're docketed for Bedlam. They say your Cathedral in London is quite convenient to it. Of *course* the number of drops couldn't change the nature of the water, any more than if you muster a large army of soldiers, like it was in the late wars, the men would change into monkeys. I say, old fellow, you're trifling with one's common sense.

Browne. Yet that is precisely what you have just wished me in all seriousness to suppose. For what is Nature? Is it not the collection of all the things you perceive by your senses? And do not all these things begin and end?

Allman. No; the stars, sun, and moon don't.

Browne. I beg your pardon. According to the most approved modern theory, these heavenly bodies are formed out of nebular matter, and the work is now going on. But if they can begin, it is plain they can end.

Allman. Bother! I suppose I must give up the stars, then. Well, go on.

Browne. Do not all things change? Do not all things go on from rude beginnings to perfection? Do not they then decay? Is there not constant succession? So, then, out of a multitude of finites you make an infinite; out of a multitude of changeables you make an unchangeable; out of a multitude of imperfect things you make one infinitely perfect; out of a multitude of things of time you make an eternal. And how do you do it, forsooth? By gluing them all together! So you add to the absurdity by constituting out of an innumerable host the most perfect individual unity. Not only so; but you jumble together brute matter, vegetable, animal, and human life; and you transform this precious conglomerate into Him who must be pure spirit, infinitely simple, infinitely wise. I wonder who are the fittest inmates of Bedlam, they or I.

Allman. Hip, hip, hip, hoorah!—once more, hoorah! By jingo, Browne, you ought to have been in Parliament. Well, seriously, I must say you've settled that part of the business thoroughly. Their God is like Nebuchadnezzar's image, made up of gold, silver, iron, and miry clay. He's a regular hotch-potch.

Browne. Well, what else did this lecturer say?

Allman. Oh, let me see. Yes, I have it; he said that if there was a God, He didn't trouble Himself about Nature; He may have made it, if you like; but having done that, He left it to shift for itself. But that seems to me to be pitching it a little too strong. Besides, he never attempted to prove his assertion.

Browne. Prove it! I should just think not. Why, it is opposed to the plainest teaching of common sense! If Nature required a God to form it, it requires a God to preserve it; for the preservation of a thing is its continued creation. Let us imagine that a watch could speak; and after the watchmaker had put it together, it should say, 'Thank you very much for what you have done; now you may go about your business, for I have no further need of you. I can regulate myself, wind myself up, set myself by the Exchange, repair myself'—what would you think of master watch?

Allman. Wo, you old English Plato; I have you now. You said a little while ago that the watch could go on by itself for the twenty-four hours. That tells against you rather than for you, it seems to me.

Browne. I am not beaten yet friend. For the watchmaker doesn't create, he only puts together; and he does not give motion to the wheels; he only uses the powers of motion which God has given to matter for his purpose. So necessary is God's presence and action to create being and motion of whatever kind, that, as a priest told me, you can prove by reason that if He were to absent Himself, so to say, the whole thing would collapse. We require, he told me, God's present aid even to lift our arm, or draw a breath, or think a thought. You know the old saying, that a comparison is always lame in one of its limbs.

Allman. My dear Browne, what a fearful idea that doctrine of yours gives one of God's presence! I seem to understand better now what you once said to me, that good Catholics should always be living in another world.

Browne. Yes, there is something quite overpowering in the Presence of God, when you pause to realise it.

For He is, first of all present in us by the ceaseless workings and co-operation of His omnipotence and most loving providence. Then he is present by His infinite wisdom everywhere in this creation :'*Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in His sight; but all things are naked, and opened unto the eyes of Him with Whom we have to do*' (Heb. iv. 13). Lastly, He is omnipresent by the necessity of His own essential Being; for there is no place where God is not. You see, by the mere contrast, how impossible it is even to imagine God deserting His creation for one single instant. The inevitable result would be a universal annihilation.

Allman. I see what you mean. It is most true, and that helps me to anticipate your answer to my next point. This lecturer said that the laws of Nature were immutable; that God Himself, supposing Him to exist, could not change them. What say you to that?

Browne. Well, we will see. First tell me what you mean by law.

Allman. I'm shut up; as the donkey said when they popped him into the pound. *You* say what it is.

Browne. By a law, then, I understand a settled order, imposed by one that has authority for the general good.

Allman. Very well; I don't see anything to object to in that. But what can you make out of it?

Browne. Why, I think it is plain, from the very idea of law, if I have explained it rightly, that a law supposes a lawgiver—some one, that is, who has authority to impose his rule on others.

Allman. That's as true as Gospel. But what of that?

Browne. Well, if this lawgiver has power to make the order, I think it is pretty plain that he has power to unmake it.

Allman. Certainly, that is as plain as A B C. And I don't know what they'd do when Parliament sits if it wasn't; for most of their time is taken up with repealing laws they made the last session, or else in dressing them up in a new set of clothes.

Browne. If, then, there are laws of Nature, there must have been a lawgiver, who can be no other than God. If therefore God has, in His infinite Wisdom, constituted a definite order in His creation, it follows that He has the absolute power of changing that order, or suspending it, on occasion, according to His good pleasure. Hence it follows that He can work a miracle; so it isn't impossible after all.

Allman. I own that is just what I thought. But the lecturer quoted some big-wig or other, whom he seemed to make a great fuss about, as saying that the phrase, '*a law of Nature,*' is, strictly speaking, an incorrect expression; so that, according to him, your argument, which—to do him justice,—he brought forward, breaks down; because it is built up on a simple metaphor.

Browne. Be it so. But it is a metaphor common to every civilised language, as I am told. How is that, if there is no truth at the bottom of it? Is, then, a universal thought a lie? But—to pass this by—what is this so-called law of Nature, if it is not really a law? I will answer my own question. It is a settled order in everything that our senses perceive. Thus turnip-seed always results in turnips, dogs produce dogs; leaves always fall in winter, and fresh leaves appear again in spring. After June the days begin to get shorter, and after December they begin to get longer. Now where did that order come from?

Allman. I suppose they would say from the things them-selves.

Browne. Is not that the height of absurdity? Has a geranium the thought or power to pass on its own particular nature to its offspring? What is to prevent the seed of the geranium develop-ing into an apple-tree? Surely, if there is order, there must be a mind to conceive, and a power to preserve that order; and that mind and power must be outside the things that are ordered or arranged; since the order for stalls their existence. Nothing can order itself before it exists.

Allman. But some of them say it may happen by a sort of fate or chance.

Browne. Chance, indeed! Put billions on billions of the letter A in a bag, as many of the letter B, and so on, to the end of the alphabet—shake them together and empty them out, alternately, to the day of judgment, if you like—would chance ever compose one play of Shakespeare, or fate either, for the matter of that? And if chance did it once, could it do it a hundred times, or even twice? What fools men become, when they would be wiser than God!

Allman. True for you there! But I say, Browne, that lecturer made a remark on this point which I couldn't see the way to answer. He said that the fact was enough for us; we couldn't get further. Our senses teach us that an acorn always becomes an oak, and that frost freezes water. That's certain; but as for the why and the wherefore, we could know nothing; and it is folly to bother ourselves about it.

Browne. A very modest invitation to reduce ourselves to a level with brute beasts, and to make good our title of being nothing better than sublimated apes. I will say nothing of the wondrous consistency that makes the senses infallible, at the expense of consciousness and the understanding. But here is the beauty of it. If we know, can know, nothing but the facts, physical science is all moonshine. For how many facts have we observed ourselves? How often, for instance, have you seen turnip-seed become turnips—you yourself, I mean, Allman? And if you had seen it a million times—whereas I doubt whether you have seen it twice—how are you

to tell that the million-and-oneth time it may not grow up into hemlock? What is there reasonably to assure us that the bread of to-day may not be strychnine to-morrow? Mere facts live in the past and present only; of themselves they are no prophets.

Allman. I see that clearly. Of mere facts you can never make a rule; so there could be no real knowledge, not even of the things necessary for life. Well, we have come to a pretty pass, if that's it. I go to the baker's for a loaf of bread—a quartern. He gives it to me over the counter. Says I, 'Are you sure it's bread?' 'Rather, says he. 'Why?' says I. 'Because I made it myself out of the flour,' says he. 'Flour, thinks I to myself; 'how does he know? It may be arsenic; there's no telling.' Well, that would be a pleasant state of things. It would all be as dangerous as mushrooms and horse-radish.

Browne. You see, Allman, everybody must be everything in our times. If these respectable gentlemen would keep to their skeletons, and leave philosophy and theology to those whose business it is, the world would be happier, and they would be more useful to their fellows. But such modesty is only to be found in company with true wisdom.

Allman. You're right, old fellow. Now, then, for the lecturer's other arguments.

Browne. Not to-day, Allman. We have worked both our heads at this as much as is good for us.

Allman. So be it, then. Well, I must say you have taken a weight off my mind, Browne. I feel quite a different sort of bird from what I was when I came here just now. I tell you what it seems to me; men are very foolish to put themselves in the way of all this blather um skite, unless they have thought much on such things. It's like those foolish fellows who put their heads into the lion's mouth for show, and take their chance of his keeping his jaws stretched. I think it's better to let well alone, and not be over-curious about new-fangled notions, unless they happen to be in our own line of business. Good-bye, old fellow. Thanks to you, I go home a happy man.

Browne. No, Allman. Let me change that phrase of yours. 'Thanks to God.' God bless you!
decorative feature

II.—ARE MIRACLES MORALLY POSSIBLE?

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BROWNE was stretched out on the sofa in his little back parlour, taking forty winks after his early dinner, and the Careful Mrs Browne had given strict orders to the children to be as quiet as mice, and not wake up dear papa, when in rushed our impetuous friend Allman, before—luckily for him—the good lady had espied him. For Mrs Browne, like a good wife as she was, would not permit any one, no matter who it was, to interfere with her husband's little nap, which she considered absolutely necessary for him to enable him to go through the labours of the day. Allman was *then* most decidedly contraband, however welcome at other times; and it was fortunate for him that, owing to a chance visit of hers to the kitchen, he was able to smuggle himself through. 'Halloo!' said Browne, rising abruptly from the sofa, and rubbing his eyes as though they were unwilling to open properly except under compulsion; 'halloo! who'd have thought of seeing you here at this time of day? I thought it was your dinner hour.'

Allman. So it is, as a rule, Browne, my boy But the old lady is going out shopping this afternoon, and put the dinner half an hour earlier; so I ran down here as soon as I had swallowed my victuals, because—to tell you the honest truth—I couldn't contain myself *to* myself. But I'm sorry I've waked you up from your snooze.

Browne. Never mind me, my dear fellow. But what has put you into such spirits?

Allman. Well, when I left you, my heart was as gay as a lark; and so home I trudged, and found the old woman and Gronout cheek by jowl. I couldn't keep it in, and—what's more—I didn't want to: so they both noticed what a change had come over me, and asked me all about it. Well, I told them the whole story. How you had settled my doubts for me; and how I believed in Christianity as firmly as ever, and how I owed it all to you. Well, what do you think? Up jumps wifey, goes out on the sly, buys a tea-cake, which she knows I have a weakness for, butters it herself, and gives me the heartiest kiss I've had from her for these ten years and more. All before Amminadab too. She's a hearty old woman is that, after all. And Amminadab—why, I declare to you he looked quite rampageous, muttered out something about a brand plucked out of the burning, and added—but how you will laugh!—that, after all, he thought it was better even to be a Papist than an infidel. He's not a bad fellow at bottom you know, Browne, only he is such an everlasting donkey. But he can't help that; he was predestined to it, as he would say. If he had only stuck to the shop, and helped his old governor to sell cabbages and onions, and such-like, he'd have been a pretty tidy sort of a chap; but the white choker was too strong a bait for him. And then it was his misfortune that, from his boyhood, bad English would run away with him at a gallop; and his foolish old mother must have it that he was destined, one day, to set the Thames on fire; so he took to black clothes, set up as a serious character, spouts away by the yard on Sundays and has settled down as a harmless fool. But what a caricature of Christianity all that sort of thing is! I really don't wonder at the young

fellows turning infidels, when the only religion they come across is such Punch-and-Judy sort of work as that. I beg Punch's pardon for the comparison. How any Englishman can be found to stomach it passes my power of comprehension. Yet they sit it out, Sunday after Sunday, as if they were listening to an inspired Evangelist.

Browne. There I quite agree with you. But still, Allman, you mustn't be too hard upon these poor people. Our God is infinitely good and merciful; and in the midst of all this repulsive cant there are not a few dear souls who know no better, and who feed on the many scraps of truth which were originally pilfered from the Catholic creed, and often put us Catholics to shame. Wherever there is a sincere love for Jesus Christ, God will provide. But now for the rest of the lecturer's objections to miracles, for I know you have come to have it all out.

Allman. You have hit it to a T. So then he went on to say that, even supposing the laws of Nature were not of themselves unchangeable, it would be morally impossible for God to change them.

Browne. And why, pray?

Allman. Because, he said, if He were to change them, the fact would show that He was changeable Himself.

Browne. I am afraid my answer to your lecturer will not be an easy one, for you see, the subject itself is difficult of its own nature; but I will do my best.

Allman. All right, old boy. My brains want stirring up a bit; and if I don't understand, I'll tell you so.

Browne. Good. Well, now, I must go thoroughly into the matter, or it's no use. And, as the lecturer's assertion is very vague, I will suppose all the answers I can think of.

Allman. Fire away; as the hare said with a wink to the Cockney sportsman.

Browne. First of all, then, he may mean that God would change, because He would be doing a fresh thing. For instance, if I am sitting down, and I then begin to walk, there's a certain change in me. So, it may be argued, if God does this and then does that, He changes too. But I do not think he could mean that, because such an argument would make God perfectly idle throughout His whole eternity. If He ever created, if He continues ceaselessly to preserve things, He would be changing with each fresh act.

Allman. No; I'm sure he didn't mean that. However, as you have mentioned it, I should be glad to know how it is He is not changed. Could you just give it me simply in a few words?

Browne. He changes not, though ever active, because of His infinite perfection. God's life is one pure act, which is equivalent to infinite acts: and He is never merely *capable* of doing, or willing, or thinking. He does, wills, thinks, all at once and for ever. Therefore He is unchanging. I speak, of course, of the act in His own Being, not of the relation of the object to His will or thought.

Allman. My eye! That beats me to fits. Can't you make it just a bit plainer? Some example, you know?

Browne. Well, I will try. But you must remember that comparisons in such matters are at the best miserably wanting. Take the focus of a magic-lantern, when the light is inside. We will put in different slides. The light has not changed; the focus has not changed; but the figures on the sheet change. '*God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all*' (1 St John i. 5).

Allman. Bravo! bravo! I see it. The things which God wills change and come and go; but He sticks fast, like the focus. That'll do famously; and how jollily that text conies in!

Browne. So far, so good. Now then, if he did not mean that, he might have meant that if God worked a miracle, that necessarily supposes that He first made a law in Nature, and then afterwards changed His mind. But if this were so, God's will would be changeable.

Allman. There you've hit it—at least, partly. For he said more than that. But tell me your answer to this, first.

Browne. Oh, it is easy enough. All the laws of Nature, their constant operation, their occasional suspension, were all together included from everlasting in the one infinite and infinitely simple decree of God's perfect will.

Allman. I say, ain't you going it just? Why, this is harder than ever. Put it, please, in another way for me.

Browne. Well, you see, when God from the beginning decreed in his will to create, He decreed everything at once,—the different kind of things, their exact number, the peculiarities of each individual,—the laws that were to govern them, and each miracle, or suspension of a given law. So from all eternity He decreed the miracles, each and all, that were to take place, as well as the laws of which they were the exception.

Allman. But how could He do that? I am at sea again. Do try and help me with another example.

Browne. Very good; I will try my best. Suppose you were to take your family down to Southport in the summer. You take a season ticket and determine to run down every evening except Tuesday, we will say, because you want to make up your books on that day. Do you not see that by one and the same decree of your will you have determined upon a certain law of action, and also upon an occasional exception to that law?

Allman. Yes; I see that plainly.

Browne. Well, then, if you can do it in a certain particular case, and yet not change your mind, could not God, the infinitely wise, infinitely powerful, living in His own eternity, do it in the whole course of His designs, without changing His mind?

Allman. Clear as a summer lake, old fellow. It's prime. I say, how delightful it is to think about such things,

when the light comes in upon them! It lifts one up so; and yet, hang me, if it doesn't knock you down at the same time. It makes one feel oneself so small in midst of this *Everywhere Always*.

Browne. Did your lecturer give you any other reason for supposing that God's will must be changeable, if He works miracles?

Allman. I don't remember at this moment that he did. The fact is, I have forgotten a great deal of what he said now, because the new thought you have put before me have driven them out of my head.

Browne. Then I will take up the cudgels on the infidel side, and give you another difficulty myself. You will admit with me that the moral laws are immutable, and God cannot change them. He never could will any of His creatures to tell a lie, or to commit adultery, or to dishonour their parents, or to blaspheme His own most holy Name. If therefore God cannot, on any occasion or under any circumstances, violate His own moral laws, because to do so would argue not only a change, but moral imperfection in His will, so neither can He, on any occasion or under any circumstances, violate His own physical laws.

Allman. By Jove, it is just what the lecturer said. You have brought it all back again. But I tell you what, I was not at all sure that God couldn't violate His moral laws, or change them; because He did change the observance of the Sabbath to the Sunday, or, at all events, He sanctioned its being done; and that's in the ten commandments, you know.

Browne. Quite true. But that commandment forms no part of the moral law, properly so called; it is what is called a positive law.

Allman. I tell you what, I'm *positive* I haven't a ghost of a notion what you mean by your positive law.

Browne. Oh, that's simple enough.

Allman. I daresay it may be to you, but it isn't simple to me. Just explain a bit, my boy.

Browne. All right. Well, the moral law is that rule of action which of its own nature is essentially right, and cannot be conceived as otherwise than right; like, for instance, the duty of not dishonouring God in our talk, or the duty of being just in our dealings. Nothing could ever justify us in blaspheming or cheating, even though they were not forbidden and punished by the magistrate. But a positive law—I mean one that is merely such—orders or forbids things which are not of themselves right or wrong, but only become so after the law has been made. For instance, there would have been no harm in Eve eating the apple if God had not forbidden it. And there would be nothing morally good in acquainting the registrar with a death in a family, if the law did not require it; whereas now it is an act of obedience to constituted authority.

Allman. I see. Of itself the action is neither good nor bad; but the law comes, and makes it the one or the other. But now I have got into a worse mess. For if God cannot change the moral law, there's something He can't do; so that after all He is not omnipotent. What do you say to that?

Browne. Why, that there are somethings which God cannot do; because if He could do them He could destroy Himself, which is absurd. He cannot lie because he is truth itself. He cannot do evil, because He is goodness itself. He cannot change the moral law, because the moral law is His own justice and sanctity; and if He could, He would not be God.

Allman. That makes it as plain as the sun at noonday. It puts me in mind of two lines in Shakespeare, when Lady Macbeth is persuading her husband to murder the old gentleman in bed:

*'Prithee, peace: I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.'*

But now I don't see how God can change His physical laws any more than the moral. I suppose they were the best laws under the circumstances, and how can He better the best? But if He can't do that, then there is no good reason for changing.

Browne. You have made two assumptions which I should deny. First of all, you suppose that God was obliged to choose the *best* order in His creation. That you could never prove. Our reason teaches us that the order He establishes must be good, but not necessarily the best. Next, you suppose that God changes the established law when He works miracles; whereas if He did they would cease to be miracles. What He does is to suspend the operation of the law.

Allman. I'm off the rails again, and unless you help me, there will be a smash-up.

Browne. Well, look here. When Nabuchodonosor ordered the three youths to be cast into the fiery furnace, do you suppose that the fire had lost its power of burning things up?

Allman. No, I know it didn't, because it killed the officers who put the three Hebrew lads into the flames.

Browne. Do you not see, then, that the natural law by which fire burns was not changed; God only prevented it from using its power against His servants. If He had changed the law, the others would not have suffered; and as it would soon be known that fire had become harmless, there would be no further miracle. The law therefore was suspended in the particular case of those three youths.

Allman. I understand it now plain enough. But God cannot suspend the moral law, can He?

Browne. Certainly not.

Allman. Well, then, the lecturer's argument has something to say for itself, it seems to me.

Browne. Not a rap, my friend. Don't you remember my pointing out to you that if God were, in any given instance, to suspend the moral law as such, He would be destroying Himself, and making wrong right? That would never do. But surely your common sense will tell you that if, on a certain occasion, fire ceases to burn, or iron swims, or a wooden stick becomes a serpent, or a dead man comes to life again, it can make no change in our idea of God's perfection. There is nothing to shock us in that. It is not essential to the universal order that fire should burn—I mean, if God had arranged it otherwise, it would have made no difference in our idea of Him. It is like a positive law; and there is therefore no reason why He should not give a dispensation in a particular instance, if it be His good pleasure.

Allman. That's very clear too. If God were to tell me to curse and swear, I should have a right to say He cannot be God. But if He told me to eat a book for my dinner, as He told St. John, I should be surprised at first, but of course I should do it, and I should only say it was very good of Him if I found I got fat on such food. I am sure I wish He would do something of that sort, for I begin to suspect a great number of our modern books are of no use as they are.

Browne. Come, that does my heart good. I didn't expect as much from you yet. Go on and prosper.

Allman. There you are, at me again! Never mind, I've broad shoulders. But I haven't done with you yet, for that lecturer brought another thumper against miracles which had almost slipped my mind.

Browne. Well, what is this next terrible giant of yours?

Allman. At me again! However, you've a right to be bumptious, for I must say you knock 'em down like nine-pins, as soon as I set 'em up. And yet they seemed to me regular ungetoverables at the time. I say, how easy it is to bamboozle a man, if you only listen to one side of a question!

Browne. True for you there, as you would say. But now for your difficulty.

Allman. Why, Mr Rookson said, that if we allow the possibility of miracles, we must be prepared to own that God was not thoroughly up to His work at the beginning, and learned better by experience.

Browne. Oh, that's it, is it? First attack the infinite perfection and immutability of His will; then, if that will not do, attack the perfection and immutability of His intellect! And how did he attempt to make good this assertion, I should like to know?

Allman. Well, he said that if miracles were required to patch up God's government of Nature, His original scheme must have been faulty, and Nature could not have been created good at the first.

Browne. But I deny most indignantly the blasphemous idea that miracles were required to patch up faults in Nature.

Allman. Of course. But the lecturer said it must be so; for either there was some physical disorder that wanted mending, or there wasn't. If there was, then the miracles are mere patchwork, as he said; if there was not, then why is it that God didn't let well alone? There's no reasonable room for a miracle. There, I've put it well this time, I amagine.

Browne. Oh; the wiseacre! Don't you see that this supposes there is nothing real but matter, and what meets the senses?

Allman. No; I don't.

Browne. Why, my dear fellow, it supposes that God has nothing higher or nobler to look after in the world than to see that fire burns, corn feeds, the sun warms, and all that sort of thing.

Allman. I don't see it. Do, for Heaven's sake, explain what you mean. You're like a Chinese puzzle.

Browne. You must have patience then, and I will try to be as short as I can.

Allman. Never mind its being short, if it only settles the matter; as the poor fellow said to Jack Ketch, who was in a quandary about the rope.

Browne. You see, then, that there are two different orders over which God's good Providence extends?

Allman. Oh, bother the orders! You were at them once before, and I couldn't, for the life of me, make out where I was, like a plum in a Christmas pudding at school. I know what an order for the play is, and I know what an order of the mayor means, and I am quite alive to receiving an order in the shop; but when you talk to me of spiritual *order*, my head gets into *disorder*. My ideas are all in a maze. So just try and be more simple.

Browne. Well, you see, God rules over souls as well as bodies. Now, His rule over bodies, living bodies, including our own, or inanimate matter, is called the physical order, whereas His rule over our souls constitutes the moral order. So there are two orders. You won't object my using the words now that I have explained them, will you?

Allman. No. I understand what you mean now. Go on; I'm all attention.

Browne. I suppose you, at all events, will not deny that the moral order is of immeasurably greater importance than the physical order, just as the soul is of so much more value than the body?

Allman. Of course; there's no denying that, if a man believes in the existence of a soul.

Browne. Very well; then it follows that the physical order should be subservient to the moral. This whole

visible world was created for man's sake, and he is its appointed master. It was appointed to act upon him, as he was to act upon it, in order that by its help he might serve and love God, and, by so doing, save his soul. Now if God knew, as He did, that by a temporary suspension of the physical order He could so influence the free-will of man, in any given cases, as to ensure the preservation of the moral order, that suspension would depend on most reasonable motives, and would not be a patching-up business, To put it plainer: If God knew that a miracle, by its simple power of startling the mind by reason of its strangeness, would have the effect of bringing back one soul to Him, and of thus saving it from eternal ruin, do you not think there would be cause enough for it, without accusing the Supreme Wisdom of ignorance or incapacity?

Allman. Most true, indeed. But couldn't God have done it some other way? It seems, at first sight, as if it would have been better to keep the two orders distinct and independent.

Browne. Of course, my dear friend, God could have done it some other way, if He had so pleased; but I quite disagree with you as to the advantage of keeping the two orders independent. I see two very startling reasons for His thus bringing them together. The first is, that He thus impresses upon us the true value of Nature as the original, universal, never-ceasing revelation of Himself, and not, as these infidels make it, the mere plaything of their pride and sensual caprice. A miracle serves wondrously to this, for it is an extraordinary homage paid by Nature to its Lord and Master. The second reason, which has even more effect on me, is that this union of orders is a sort of expression of the inexpressible oneness of God. In that consists the beauty of the universal order. I will make my meaning clearer by an illustration. Some astronomers have maintained that comets are the planets of the central system, of which our solar system, and millions of others gathering round their several suns, are parts. I have no reason to know that this theory has been accepted; but it will serve my purpose all the same; so we will suppose, for the moment, it is true. Now, in earlier times, the regular movements of these comets were unknown, and their unexpected coming was a cause of terror and alarm. They are not accounted for, on this theory, in our system, but they belong to another higher central order. So is it with a miracle. It comes darting along the physical order with its vivid train of light, and startles us into sober recollection; but it is all along the well-ordered satellite of a higher and regulating order, which, proceeding from the one God, is the centre and unity of His Providence.

Allman. Browne, Browne, you are right and I was wrong. I like that idea of the comet immensely; it gives me such a clear, just, startling idea of a miracle. The moral order shoots it out; and there it goes blazing away into the physical; and all the people gape up at it and say, 'God help us and save us, what's coming now?' and they get frightened or astonished, and begin to think about the next world. What a nuisance it is that people will look at things outside them with only one eye, and that a squinter! Fancy that lecturer telling us that there was a grand cove—Hume, I think, was his name—who said he wouldn't believe in a miracle if he saw one with his own eyes, for he would rather discredit the evidence of his own eyes than credit anything so incredible.

Browne. Oh, I know. And they are blind to their own gross inconsistencies all along, these materialists; not perceiving how completely they are cutting away the ground from under their own feet.

Allman. Eh, what's that? I'm at sea again. 'A boat, a boat, unto the ferry,' as the poet says.

Browne. Why, don't you see that their only knowledge of the laws of Nature depends entirely on the trustworthiness of their senses; so that if they are reasonable in distrusting their evidence in the case of a miraculous suspension of those laws, they have no possible right to know that there are any laws to suspend. *That a thing happens a thousand times instead of once doesn't make the eyesight better.*

Allman. That's a *settler*, as Robinson Crusoe said to his man Friday. So they're not such grand philosophers after all, these gents. I shouldn't like to buy them at their own valuation, and sell them at market price. I'm afraid it would be rather a losing transaction. I say Browne, their cotton has passed through a strong bath, more than a hundred per cent, of damp, eh? The market's rather overstocked though, just at present, with damaged goods.

Browne. Yes; they come from their galvanic batteries and museum of bones and collection of fossils, without knowing the alphabet of philosophy or theology, and star it about in lecture-rooms and mechanics institutes, as if they were heaven-sent evangelists. And the worst of it is that people, who know no better, swallow down all their sophisms and shallow infidelity, without venturing to use their common sense; and the more inconsequent it is, the better they are pleased, if only it is dressed up in well-turned phrases and happy illustrations, with a deal of dogmatism and self-assurance. There is one *consolation*; *a lie cannot last for ever.* But in the mean time, *what ruin to souls!*

decorative feature

The Christian Doctrine Of PROVIDENCE AND PRAYER,
And
The Reign of Law.
Three Lectures,
By the Rev. William Salmond,

PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY,
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, OTAGO.

"Do not err, my beloved brethren. Every good gift and every perfect "gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom "is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."—JAMES i., 16, 17.

Dunedin: Keith and Wilkie, Princes Street. 1876.

THESE Lectures were originally delivered to the Writer's congregation, and published at their request. The author has had abundant cause for believing that they were useful to many : and, at the request of others, a new publishes them, trusting they may build up some in their most holy Faith.

Dunedin, 21th June, 1876.

ANALYSIS OF THE CONTENTS.

- —The paralyzing effect of a religious doubt or difficulty—statement of the difficulty with which we purpose to deal. The Bible doctrine of Providence stated. The Bible doctrine of Prayer stated—the influence of prayer not wholly subjective—prayer not to be limited to spiritual things. The doctrine of the Government of the World by general laws stated—its truth conceded—the impossibility of life and action in a world otherwise constituted—the impossibility of supposing the Creator otherwise governing the world.
- —The question re-opened—how modern science has magnified its proportions. The difficulty reduced to the point 'believing of prayer necessitates the supposition of miracles.' The kind of answer which is required. Our ignorance of the nature of matter of force—of cause—and the proper inference from our ignorance. The sense in which the laws of nature are not unbending but pliable—nature not inexorable but most variable—and the proper inference. A miracle does not carry with it the idea of disturbance or violation of the order of nature. The point of resemblance and distinction between a miracle and an answer to prayer. Illustration from one of Christ's miracles.
- —Nothing more required than to show a possible way in which God may hear prayer. Other theories—that of a force breathed forth from the spirit of the suppliant—that of pre-established harmony. Preference for that of a force entering at a point to us invisible—analogy from Bible doctrine of illumination—of regeneration—and from general mode of expressing the Divine interpositions. This theory explains why we may not pray for things unnatural—why we may not expect any results without using means—why all providences and answers to prayer wear a common aspect. The difficulties of the sceptical position. Summary. The momentousness of the issue involved in this controversy.

I.

YOUR attention has often been turned to the fact that the Gospel can obtain no proper hold of us so long as any sinful passion is nourished in the heart or life. A secret sin acts upon the wholesome word of God like some vicious disease which neutralizes all the effects of air and food, and even converts into poison what in itself and for a sound body is nourishment. This is indeed the reason why so many are ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. But attention has not been so frequently directed to the kindred fact that an idea or opinion may in such a manner haunt the mind that the Truth can obtain no proper access to it, and the Gospel in no effectual manner leaven the heart. A sceptical or semi-sceptical thought may act as viciously as a secret sin; aye, even an invincible doubt or an unresolved difficulty may be—for many a mind actually is—like an impenetrable cloud between its gaze and the face of Christ. It is found, to take an example, that the thought of the vastness of the physical universe and of this earth as being only like a vanishing point in space—the thought that the world, with all that it contains, might be annihilated, and no more missed out of the universe than a speck of dust floating in the sunbeam—can in such a manner haunt the mind and bewilder the imagination, as to make it impossible to believe in the Incarnation of God, or in the earth's having been the scene of a stupendous, divine, redemptive interposition. I am fully persuaded that this difficulty is only a hallucination of the imagination. It disappears like morning mist when we realise that Mind is greater than Matter: that Spirit is everything and physical bulk nothing: that Spirit is substance and Matter but shadow. Yet it is a striking example of the way in which a thought can bar the way of access, and hinder the Gospel becoming ruler of the heart. Now, perhaps there never was a time when a larger number of minds were conscious of the burden and nightmare of such thoughts, which somehow will not amalgamate with the Gospel, which torment them with a misgiving, which hinder all solid rest in belief, and all really saving influence of

divine truth on the soul. With one of these it is my purpose to deal—with one which has been very much before the mind of the public, and very much discussed—with one which is hindering very many from entertaining any practical belief in God as a Heavenly Father, and causing them to feel like liars when they bow their knees to pray—with one which, when once in full possession of the mind, will as effectually prevent any man from ever being a Christian as the cup of the drunkard would—I refer to the supposed irreconcilable antagonism between the fact of the Government of the Universe by Fixed Laws and the Christian Doctrine of Providence and Prayer. I am well persuaded that no real difficulty exists. I accept the Christian doctrine with perfect rest and conviction of mind, and shall be only too happy to bring cure to any mind which may be growing sick with the poison of a horrid doubt, and to build you up in your most holy faith in the living God, the Father of our spirits, who worketh all things after the counsel of His will, and heareth prayer.

It will be necessary to commence by stating the Doctrine of Scripture on the subject of Providence and Prayer. I must refer to both. The ideas of Providence and Prayer cannot be separated: they are only different sides of the great Christian idea of an immediate personal, universal interference of God in the life-experience of men.

It will not be denied by any man that the Scriptures teach the doctrine of Providence. He may count it a delusion or superstition, but he will not deny that Christ taught it. There are few ideas more thoroughly pervading and impregnating the whole body of Scripture. We are taught that God rules in the world as a father in his family, with at once a general care and a particular interest in each. 'In the application of law in Nature, the terms great and small are unknown;' so also in Divine Providence: God attends equally to what we call great and to what we call small—to the great king whose volition vibrates through an empire, and to a little child—the flight of a comet and the falling of a sparrow—the countless hosts of heaven and the hairs of our heads. The immediate will of God extends to everything. He appointed the day of my birth, and He has appointed the day of my death. He has appointed and arranged all the circumstances of my life. Not a blessing has ever descended on my head but He sent it, not a sorrow ever befallen me but He commissioned it. Not a friend was ever raised up to help me but God had sent him : not a foe ever cursed me but God had bidden him : not a dark and cloudy day has ever dawned upon me but 'twas His holy will The sword, the famine, and the pestilence have never awaked to smite a nation but God summoned them; nor did they ever stay their ravages till His voice said, 'Hitherto!—but no further!' The stormy wind fulfils God's word, and goes forth, as if it were an intelligent angel, to execute God's message to the very letter. God keeps in His hands the treasures of the light and heat, the rain and dew, the snow and ice, and distributes them as He will: so that we rejoice in His sunshine or hide ourselves before His might when He sendeth forth His ice like morsels : we reap God's bounty or pine under his withholding. God's hand is so actively present that it is He alone who gives a man power to get wealth, He who blows upon accumulated treasure, and it vanisheth like a vapour. He is so near, so vitally present, that any hour He can make a straight path for a man's feet through all entanglements, or scatter blindness upon a man's eyes, and be staggers to ruin like a drunken man. But enough! The Scriptures never teach that our lives and destinies are the sport of laws once, it may be, launched by the Creator, but now beyond His control. We are taught that a most wise, righteous, strong, merciful Will rules all things, great and small, determines whatsoever comes to pass, and that every single effect may be regarded as a separate volition of God. Be the doctrine true or false, who will question that Christ so thought and so taught? If Science will permit us no longer to believe this, what orphans Science will make us!

And what, now, is the Scripture teaching in regard to Prayer? We are taught that our Prayer becomes an actual power that brings results to pass, which shapes and determines what transpires otherwise than it would have been without it. You have seen a lecturer on chesmisty pour water into a vessel, then add to it some ingredient which instantly coloured it, then another which changed the colour, then another which resolved the elements into isolation, then another which produced a new composition and a new colour. For every element introduced there was a new effect; withdraw any one element, and there is a different result. Now, we are taught that prayer introduced into a man's life is an element producing an effect and a change in it—that the element of prayer withdrawn, all that transpires in his inward and outward life would be different. We are taught that if we bow down before the face of Him who seeth in secret, and, telling Him all about ourselves, pouring out before Him the story of our sins, miseries, perplexities, and temptations, implore Him to help and bless us, He will hear, and so act within us by His Holy Spirit, and so interfere in the world of men and things around us, as to send us the wisdom, strength, guidance, and comfort which we require: and that He will thus do because of our asking what He would not have done without our asking.

It can scarcely be questioned that this is what the Scriptures teach : but attempts are frequently made to explain away great part of the fulness and the fearless sweep of the Christian doctrine. For example, it has sometimes been said that the effect of prayer is wholly subjective, that the exercise of prayer reacts upon the mind of the suppliant with an elevating, soothing, bracing influence, that herein alone lies all its use and virtue, and that this is the answer to prayer that it answers itself. Undoubtedly the very act of prayer has in it a

blessing, and it has, of all things, the most salutary reactionary influence upon our moral nature; at the same time it is manifest that it does so only so long as we earnestly believe in its prevailing power with God—that its subjective virtue is nourished by a persuasion of its objective validity. The moment a man entertains the idea that prayer is only self-discipline, his heart becomes the grave of prayer, his lips will refuse to frame one true petition. The doctrine that prayer has only subjective force is suicidal, and strikes a death-blow at the very roots of prayer. Again, it has sometimes been said that the power of prayer must be limited to spiritual things, but wholly kept out of things physical—that it is right to pray for pardon, peace, wisdom, and purity, and we may cherish the persuasion that in answer to our prayers, God will interfere in the world of our minds to create these things, but that it is absurd to pray for health, or fair weather or rain, and superstitious to imagine that, in answer to our prayer, God will interfere in the physical world to do or create what we supplicate. But certainly no such distinction can be maintained, and every argument which is supposed to banish the power of prayer from physical things is equally powerful to banish it from the realm of mind. The Scriptures know of no such distinction, and teach us to regard prayer as a power with God equally in the world of mind and matter. There is only one distinction to be drawn. When we pray that God would pour out upon us His Holy Spirit, we know that we are praying for what He has unreservedly promised, and for what is at all times good, and never can be ill: whereas, when we pray that God would send us health or rain at a specified time, our prayer does not rest upon any such absolute promise, and we do not know whether the bestowal of what we ask would really be a blessing—we have no certainty that we are not entreating what would be a curse: and therefore prayer in regard to physical things must always be qualified. But, with this solitary distinction arising from the very nature of the case, Scripture teaches us to believe that the worlds of mind and matter lie equally open to God, and are equally under His immediate control, and to expect results alike in each in answer to prayer. Prayer may heal the sick body as well as the sick soul—may bring rain to the parched ground and quickening grace to dead souls—may cause the locusts to depart and the moral wilderness to blossom—may overthrow the chariots of Pharaoh and speed the message of mercy to men's hearts.

Having now stated the doctrine of Scripture concerning Providence and Prayer, we must now proceed to state, with equal prominence and emphasis, the doctrine of Science concerning the Government of the Creation by General Laws—the doctrine which, to so many minds, stands in irreconcilable antagonism to Scripture teaching, and is felt to make it an intellectual impossibility any longer to accept Christ's voice.

Let me here say, before proceeding, that while with full assent I believe Christ's teaching concerning Providence and Prayer, I do none the less fully accept the fact that the world is governed by General Laws, and acknowledge that the doctrine of Science is established beyond all doubt. I should despair if I had in any way to throw doubt or discredit on the doctrine of General Laws in order to defend my Christian belief. I believe that what Christ says is true. I believe that what Science has established is true. My task will be to show that there is no necessary contradiction between the two beliefs.

Let me now proceed to state the fact or doctrine which modern Science has lifted up into such clear light and huge proportions: and this we shall do in a popular way, without aiming at scientific precision of statement. Experience teaches even a child that nature is uniform and regular, that the properties of matter are not one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow, but so fixed and invariable that we can infallibly calculate upon their action. Fire always burns. Cork always floats. Heavy bodies always fall to the ground. Water always rises to the level of its source. A man need not put his hand in the fire and expect Providence to prevent his being burnt: he will be burnt although a thousand saints were praying that he might not be. Submerge a man under water for a couple of minutes, and he will be drowned; no prayer will prevent it any more than shouting at the moon will stop an eclipse.

This is unquestionably true. Nature acts uniformly, not capriciously and at haphazard. Not only are the properties of matter invariable, but the more carefully we look, the further we penetrate, the more clearly we perceive that nature acts according to definite laws, that there is an invariable order of sequences in nature, that certain things always happen together or in immediate succession, that one thing given, something else is at hand, or will follow, and cannot be prevented. Given a certain intensity of cold, water always becomes ice: given a certain amount of heat, water becomes vapour. Given a certain mineral, say a poison like arsenic, in the human body, and life is destroyed—no power can prevent it. Given a certain state of the atmosphere, and fever or cholera appears immediately: restore the atmosphere, the pestilence disappears as darkness flies when the sun rises. Given certain conditions of air and light, and dew falls—otherwise, never, although hecatombs were offered. All this is unquestionably true. Thus men begin to learn that the kingdom of nature is surrendered to them, and that they can predict. So steady, so uniform, so invariable is nature, that we can predict—in certain departments with infallible accuracy—what will come to pass. To untutored minds and more ignorant ages, nothing seemed so arbitrary and so manifest an interference of the Deity as a comet or eclipse; but now we can calculate on the very hour when a comet will return, when an eclipse will commence and depart. An astronomer will tell you to a second when such events will occur next century, with as much certainty as if he were inspired

by God. But law reigns just as triumphantly in all other departments, although we cannot predict in departments where the results of so many laws are all inextricably interwoven, where so many subtle forces are all linked together. Yet no one doubts that law is everywhere. The gyrations of a feather tossed about in the air are ruled by laws as surely as the movement of a planet. The uncertainty of human life has almost become a proverb. Our breath is in our nostrils. No man knoweth the day of his death. Yet observation and experience show that there is no caprice ruling the length of our days. Take any thousand men of a given age, and you can tell to within a fraction of certainty just how many will be alive, say 25 years hence. Nothing seems so arbitrary as the blowing of the wind; yet no one doubts that there is a law of storms, that laws as fixed govern the wild career of the wind as govern the nutrition of the human body. Let this be enough. We live in an ordered world, in a world governed by invariable laws, which sweep on in their path, and for no entreaty will turn to the right hand or to the left. It is this remorseless sweep of law which frightens us—the cruel, inexorable way in which Nature rushes on, making no account of moral distinctions, crushing alike the good and the bad, and seeming to make a plaything of man's well-being and destiny.

That we are now confronted with a formidable difficulty must be apparent to every one. It lies upon the very surface—happily just upon the surface. The difficulty has existed ever since the uniformity of Nature was observed: Science has only made it more prominent. It is very long since men asked, where is there room for an immediate Providence in this iron-bound world? And what can prayer do? Only now men are saying so more loudly as Science has found law a little further back. Reserving the task of explanation and reconciliation to the next lecture, let me add some not unnecessary remarks on the fact of the Government of the World by Law.

It might seem to you that it would have been a great advantage to religion if things had been otherwise arranged—that if Nature had been less uniform and invariable it would have made belief in Providence and Prayer much easier to us—that if we had been left in habitual uncertainties we should have been taught to trust and pray—but that this world seems just so arranged as to make religion difficult, to hide God, and shut him out of our hearts and lives. But such reflections are not well founded.

It is manifest that if the laws of nature were not uniform, if the course of nature were not fixed and invariable, life and action would be impossible. If fire burned to-day and cooled to-morrow : if to-day it fused iron, and to-morrow hardened it: if to-day wood floated in water and to-morrow sank, and all the laws of specific gravity were for ever shifting: if to-day a substance were nutritious and to-morrow poisonous: we should be like men paralyzed. We live with energy, we plan with deliberation, we put down our foot with firmness, because we walk among certainties, in an ordered world, where all things are uniform. Who would build a house if to-day stones flew upwards and to-morrow fell downwards? Who would sink a well if to-day water rose to its level and to-morrow became inert as sand? Who would plough or sow if the rotation of the seasons were not fixed? Surely, a world so arranged that we could not live, and could not act, would scarcely reveal God or help us to be devout.

But further: we cannot even imagine an intelligent Creator governing the world in any other way than by a system of fixed and invariable laws—laws so perfect that they need no make-shift expedients to supplement them. It is the mark of a child to be wayward and capricious. The undeveloped reason has no principles, no calculation, and no foresight. Can you imagine the Creator acting like a capricious child in the government of the world? You regard method, uniformity of regulated action, as the characteristic of rational manhood. If a man live waywardly, not uniformly subjecting his conduct to a law: if he adopt one maxim or principle as guide of his way to-day, forget it to-morrow, and take a quite different one the third day, you regard him as so far an irrational person—he has on him the mark of folly. Shall we expect the Creator so to govern the world? Were the world not governed by laws, we might almost be excused for being atheists. It is because the Creation is so orderly, so symmetrical, so full of law, that we feel it to be full of Mind : that looking into the realm of nature with the eye of reason, we feel ourselves met by the gaze of a Spirit. The perception of order is the perception of Mind. The perception of law is the perception of a deliberating Intelligence. The world reflects the face of the Creator-Father, with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning.

II.

THAT the properties of matter are invariable, that the course of nature is uniform, that a system of fixed laws girds the whole creation, and that they will yield to no entreaty of ours, but sweep on with deaf ears,—must be conceded by us, not only as to a proved theory, but as simple matter of fact and every day experience. The question then immediately forces itself upon us, How can every effect be regarded as expression of an immediate volition of the Creator? How can there be a universal personal interference of God at every point and in every occurrence? What possible use can there be in Prayer? In ages past, when the universal reign of law was unknown, as we now know it, the difficulty was lightly felt—it was easier to believe

in Divine interpositions. But now when one and another and another supposed interference of God has been resolved into the natural, God seems to be receding further and further from our grasp. The Greek believed that the Sun was a god who drove his chariot across the sky: the suggestion, that it was a luminous body, was denounced as savouring of impiety : it seemed to banish God out of the heavens and substitute a lump of dead matter. Was it not a much more religious theory to believe that the Sun was a god driving a fiery chariot? Our fathers saw an immediate interference of God in an eclipse: but astronomy explained how it happened, predicted it, and the prediction came true, and seemed in doing so to destroy a prop and stay of religion, and to remove God a stage further off. When a pestilence scourged the land, its awful mysterious power was readily understood as marking God's displeasure : but when Science began to show that it was connected with certain circumstances over which man himself has control, and that it was the punishment of dirt rather than of sin, it seemed as if the mind was now emancipated from all religious interpretation of it, any more than of the most common occurrence. Thus, seeing how the light of knowledge has been making God flee before it, and retire deeper and deeper into the unknown, the heart of man has begun to tremble lest it should lose God and religion altogether, lest all religion should come to be regarded as a kind of superstition, lest it should no longer be able to believe in any providence of a Heavenly Father, or in having any profit in praying to him. In what sense was it the will of God that a ship should founder, when it would not have foundered if we had built it properly? What use is there in praying to God to remove the cholera, when we can remove it ourselves by flushing the drains? Has not the time come for dispensing with God, Providence, and Prayer? Is it not time to build temples to Science instead of to an invisible Power who hides himself more and ever more? Surely the hour has struck to be done with an idle superstition: to put self-help for trust, and skill and science for prayer. The issue raised is a very serious one. Certainly it is time for every man, who has a conviction left, to utter it, and give a reason for the hope which is in him with meekness and fear.

That there is a difficulty is apparent, but it is necessary to discern precisely where the difficulty lies and what it is. If a workman proceed to rectify any piece of machinery, having only a vague idea that there is something wrong, but he knows not what or where, he is not likely speedily or efficiently to execute his task. He must first be able to put his finger on the exact spot where the defect lies. So we must not proceed to work, groping in a region which seems all darkened and perplexed : we must trace back the difficulty to its central point, and also reduce it to its narrowest dimensions. It is then supposed that the Christian Doctrine of Providence and Prayer, and the fact of the Government of the world by Law, are antagonistic and contradictory—that both cannot be true, and that if you will maintain the one you must surrender the other. *A world governed by law is supposed to leave no room for the immediate interpositions of a living will.* It is supposed that God does not hear prayer, does not *will* to hear prayer, or that God *cannot* hear prayer, having put an obstacle in his own way: but these two ways of putting it really come to the same thing. We may state the matter thus: 'Seeing it is the manifest will of God to govern the world by fixed laws, it is therefore his manifest will not to hear prayer. The world is an intricate, clever machine, like a watch. God winds it up and sets it a-going. He never interferes, but lets it run its mechanical course.' On this statement I shall meanwhile offer only one remark: Seeing a man can construct a machine, say a steam engine, and set it in motion, and yet is never as it were quite outside of it, but with his brain and hand guides it, regulates it, and interferes in it, in perfect harmony with its laws and by means of them making it execute his behests at every moment—seeing that this is true of a man and his work, it seems a strange thing that the Infinite Mind should not guide and regulate the machine of creation, causing it to do His will, all in sweetest harmony with its laws and by means of them. Do God's works fetter God more than man's works fetter man? Shall we invert Christ's word and read—'Things which are possible with man are impossible to God.' But this just by the way. We may state the difficulty thus: 'God cannot hear prayer. The mechanism of fixed law is such that God who made it finds it an insuperable obstruction in the way of answering prayer. The hearing of prayer necessitates the supposition of a ceaseless working of miracles—ceaseless interruptions, suspensions, violations, and contradictions of the order of nature : but we know that no such thing does occur. If God heard prayer, He would ever and anon throw nature off its balance: therefore God does not—cannot hear prayer.' Thus Tyndall says :—'We have ceased to propitiate the powers of nature—ceased even to pray for things in *manifest contradiction* to natural laws.' And again : 'We sometimes pray *for a miracle* when we do not intend it' This then is perhaps the most precise way in which the difficulty can be stated—*the hearing of prayer supposes a miracle—countless miracles*, whereas we know that they are not wrought, and nature's course never violated. *If then we could show that the hearing of prayer does not require the supposition of a miracle, or that prayer may be heard and nature's courses suffer no violation and no suspension, we should sufficiently answer the difficulty which surrounds the doctrine of Providence and Prayer arising from the government of the world by Law.* I believe that this can be done. But we must proceed leisurely, and shall start at a point further back. A leisurely course will be the most satisfactory in the end.

1. It will be admitted that our assertions ought always to be cautious just in proportion to the density of our

ignorance in the departments in which they are made : we call by no polite name the man who affirms dogmatically where his ignorance is so great that an important element which might qualify or change his assertion may be unknown to him. What then is the measure of the rashness of the assertions made by the opponents of the doctrine of Providence and Prayer? It may be that God has purposed not to hear prayer, or finds His own arrangements such that to hear prayer were to act in contradiction to Himself: but to affirm that it is so, must be so, and cannot be otherwise, is surely reckless in the highest degree : it is to affirm in a region of deepest darkness where a veil of impenetrable obscurity hangs around us at every step. It may ultimately aid us to ponder this fact.

You would imagine, to hear some men speaking about what God does do, does not do, and cannot do, that they had climbed up into a region where there is a light shining like the sun at noon. Would you credit it that they are walking among inscrutable mysteries, themselves being witness? They speak much about matter, properties of matter, and laws of matter, and have got into a way of speaking as if matter were the grand essence and substance which confronted God like some granite wall. Not one of them knows what matter is—a profound mystery meets them at the very threshold. You take a stone in your hand. What is it? It is something hard, cold, coloured, and so on. But what is hardness? To a hand a thousand times stronger it would be soft. What is coldness? It is all relative to your own senses. What is colour? It is a perception of your own eye—in it, not in the object. And what is that *something* which is hard, cold, coloured? Who can tell? Matter seems to melt away before the gaze of the mind. It melts away, too, in the laboratory of science. "Under the analysis of the Physiologist, the Chemist, and the Electrician, matter dissolves and disappears, surviving only as the phenomena of Force." (Argyle's Reign of Law, p. 116.) "Heat and Light are only modes of motion," says Tyndall. It seems to be one of the admitted conclusions of science that Matter is resolvable into Force—that we are confronted, not by a material universe, but a magazine of wondrous Forces. But what have we learned? We are only plunging deeper into the inscrutable. We speak of the force of gravitation, the force of electricity, the force of magnetism. But what is Force? Who can answer? Not one. 'Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?' Who has been behind nature? What if all matter be only force? What if all the forces be but modes of one Force? What if that once Force be only the living Will of Him whose name is I AM, streaming its energy through the universe? Who dares deny that that is possible? Who, then, dares pronounce dogmatically on the relation in which God stands to things which come to pass? Again: Science is never weary speaking about the causes of things, is ever assigning the causes of phenomena, and is supposed to explain things when it assigns causes for them. Are you aware that men of science admit that they do not know the real and true cause of anything? We know only a certain invariable order of sequences. We know the fact that Hydrogen and Oxygen in certain quantities of each produce or become Water: but why or how no man knows. We know the fact that seeds sown in the ground germinate : but why or how no man knows. The true productive and efficient causes always elude our grasp. And if we know not the real cause of anything, shall we make bold to affirm that the immediate volition of God causes nothing? never operates? It remains at least possible that the volition of the Creator is immediate cause of everything? I affirm, then, that seeing we know not what matter is, know not what force is, know not what the true cause of anything is, and seeing that the relation in which the Infinite Mind stands to the Creation must needs be above our comprehension, it must be pronounced rash and reckless to affirm that God does not or cannot hear prayer. In this boundless region of the Unknown there seems to be room enough left for everything which religion asserts—space enough for every truth which Christ has taught. If even Science allows that it is everywhere brought face to face with a Mystery—may not that veiled mystery *be* God? What if the veil which shrouds matter, force, and cause be the evil which He wears upon His face, of whom it is written—"Thou art a God who hidest thyself,"—"who coverest thyself with light as with a garment?"

2. There is now a second point to which we shall do well to direct our attention. The doctrine of the government of the world by General Laws is admitted to be true : at the same time that doctrine is often misapprehended, misstated, and exaggerated, and just in these misapprehensions, misstatements, and exaggerations is found to lie no small part of our whole difficulty. It is amazing how the atmosphere clears when they are removed. We speak of the order of nature as fixed, rigid, inexorable, invariable; and in a certain sense it is undoubtedly so. But in what sense? There is also a sense in which the order of nature is *not* fixed, *not* rigid, *not* inexorable, and *not* invariable. Nature is full of Law : but at the same time the word 'Law' carries with it a misleading association, for the laws of nature are not hard and unbending, but of all things the most yielding and pliable. Nature is not built of blocks of granite and not forged of adamant; nature were just as fitly compared to softened wax or to the yielding waves of the sea.

Let us look into the kingdom of nature. Nature is just a great storehouse of materials with definite properties, or a great magazine of forces and power of definite quality—materials and forces which are being constantly arranged in ceaseless varieties, which are capable of being assorted, adjusted, and manipulated in ever-varying manner to produce new results. When you go into a great manufactory you find large stores of

materials with definite properties, wood, coal, iron, lead, and so on : and when anything has to be done, any effect produced, they are brought out, adjusted, fitted into each other, combined and arranged by a presiding mind, and made all co-operant to an end: and the materials are thus pliable just because their properties are so fixed—the more pliable, the more definite, and the better known their properties are. What else do we see in nature? The Creation lies waiting for the Mind and Hand of God and Man to move it and mould it. Our houses, our temples and palaces, our railways, our bridges, our ships—all show to what an amazing extent nature is soft and plastic—to what an incredible extent a few primitive properties and forces are capable of adjustment and combination; to produce new results. It has been shown how nature constructs the little barnacles which crust the rocks at low tide, which are at once so fragile and so strong, which a blow can destroy, and which can yet resist the momentum of hugest billows, on the same principle which Stephenson employed in constructing the Menai bridge, so as to combine the maximum of strength and the minimum of weight.

Argyll's Reign of Law, p. 99.

Might not ten thousand similar examples be produced? When Professor Tyndall creates a bit of blue sky in a lecture-room, he does it just as nature does. When Armstrong makes his huge gun and thunders forth its volley, he has gone to work in the laboratory and workshop of nature, much as when Nature herself prepares and launches forth a thunder-bolt. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," said the Son of Man. Is not nature alike plastic under the hand of the Creator, and of Man whom the Creator made in His own image? There is manifestly a sense in which nature is not hard, but malleable—not rigid, but most pliable—not invariable, but ever new and ever changing—not inexorable, but most yielding, most willing, most serviceable, responding to every touch as the waters of the sea to the blowing of the wind: and yet nothing has been so much overlooked, no fact more obscured by many of the prevalent modes of speech. Is it, after all, so very hard to believe or understand that the world may be full of Law and yet full of Mind and Will?—all established and fixed, and yet all responding, like a living, thing, to the voice of the Eternal Spirit, who so knows it in its innermost essence?

The fact to which I am now calling your attention may be brought out again from yet another point of view. Looking again into the kingdom of nature, we see an almost boundless variety in the effects produced : no two things, however similar, are absolutely alike: and there is thus made upon us the impression of the working of a hand which moves with consummate ease and skill among most subtle and obedient elements. When we look more narrowly, it almost seems to us as if nothing were ever done twice, or ever done twice the same way, as if there were a ceaseless separation and new arrangements of properties and forces, and as if every effect was the result of an endless number of antecedents, the result of ten thousand concurrent causes inextricably inter-linked. Let us take a very familiar example of the way in which a result is brought to pass. A man goes out on a cold, raw, winter's night: he catches cold: the cold becomes pleurisy or fever, and he dies. We familiarly say, His going out that given night was the cause of his death. But how many links lie between the cause and the effect? The temperature of the atmosphere from which he went out—the state of the body he was in—the food of which he partook—the medicine which he took or wanted—and innumerable other points, all lie between: and each one is as well entitled to be called cause as the actual going out or the actual disease, for probably had some one little link been a-wanting, he would not then have died. But speaking as we commonly do, that is, fixing our attention on the more prominent links in the chain, we have here an effect,—a man's death, caused by the concurrence of three things, a certain temperature of the atmosphere, a certain state of his body, and his going out. But if we ask, How came the atmosphere to be in that state? we are led on, and on, and on from link to link till we discover that it was the result of ten thousand causes acting through all past time and through the whole physical universe. Or, if we ask, How came he to be in that state of body? we are led in search of an answer, through all his past life and habits, through all the life and habits of his father and mother before him, on and on through all the circumstances and positions in which he has been placed—once again we are led through all past time and the whole physical universe for an explanation. Or, if we ask, How came he to go out that night? you will find on enquiry that that action was linked with all his past life and actions, with all the ramifications of his connections with other people, so that the likelihood is that had some utterly trivial thing been different some previous day, he would not have gone out, and—would not have died. Thus, the effect, the man's death, is organically connected with a myriad antecedent things, is the result, not of one cause, but of a myriad antecedents, each one of which is equally cause, for if any one thing had been different in the whole chain, ten thousand years back or ten thousand miles away, the result would have been different. Now, when we permit our minds to rest upon such an example of the way in which results are really brought to pass, a very different impression is produced upon the imagination than by ringing the changes upon expressions like 'The immutability of nature' and 'the inexorable course of law:' for we see at once that the system of nature is most wondrously plastic. Such an example not only shows how extremely limited must ever be man's control over what we call the events of Providence, and how helpless we are: not only enables us vividly to realise what possible room there is for an interference, which would elude our vision, in a chain of cause and effect reaching through all space and time : but it most vividly shows us that nature is tender, subtle, yielding,

variable to an incredible extent—that a touch or whisper or breath will produce differences of results sometimes of the greatest magnitude and importance. Nature hard and unbending as if built of blocks of granite! No! No comparison could convey an impression more at variance with facts. The volition of a child may influence the destiny of empires. Every time you plant your foot upon the ground it sends an echo through the universe. The falling of a leaf may exert an influence which propagates itself for ever in widening circles, as when a pebble is dropt into a lake. Nature is hard, rigid, and invariable only so far as the properties of things are fixed and the action of force uniform : but in all other respects elastic, as if it were a living spirit obedient to a living spirit. How pliable must all nature be in the hands of the great creative spirit! We shall wonder no more when we read in our Bibles how God produces results in nature and providence by His word, by His breath, by His look, by His touch. The *voice* of the Lord breaketh the cedars. By the *breathing* of the Lord frost is given. He *looketh* on the earth and it trembleth. He *toucheth* the hills and they smoke. Ye looked for much, and lo! it came to little : and when ye brought it home, I did *blow* upon it. He shall *blow* upon them, and they shall wither

3. I have now spoken concerning the density of human ignorance, showing how we do not know what matter is, or what force is, or what the true cause of anything is, how we live and move and have our being is an inscrutable mystery: and I have shown how misleading many of our current expressions are in regard to nature, diverting our attention from the fact that nature is most yielding and plastic, and the laws of nature most pliable and serviceable to mind and will. Admitting that we have not yet fully resolved the difficulty with which we are confronted, yet we feel as if it were already less formidable, and were indeed slowly dissolving. We do not feel that Christ's voice makes so very extravagant a demand upon our reason after all, and are less afraid to advance to closer quarters.

We have already said that the difficulty about Providence and Prayer when reduced to a precise statement is just this—that if God hears prayer He must be perpetually working miracles; but inasmuch as God does not work miracles, we may rest certain that He does not hear prayer. If we ask, How do you know for certain that there is no other way of hearing prayer but by working miracles? we commonly get no answer but one which seems to beg the question. If we ask, How do you know that God never works miracles still? we are probably met by a stare of bewilderment which means How can any man imagine such a thing? If we press home our assurance that even if obliged to suppose that God still works miracles we should in no way be appalled, we shall probably be told that the working of miracles supposes violations, disturbances, and contradictions of the order of nature, and that as none such occur, no miracles are ever wrought. Into such confusion has the idea of a miracle fallen!

Certainly a miracle has frequently been defined as an inversion or suspension of the laws of nature, and such a definition has naturally enough suggested the idea that if miracles are wrought there must be up-heavings in nature and commotions in human affairs. It is hard to understand how such ideas can ever have existed alongside of the Scripture narratives of Christ's miracles Christ's action in working miracles was soft and gentle as nature's action in her sweetest course. When Christ healed the leper, was the leper conscious of any unnatural convulsion of his frame? Probably never less. When Christ stilled the storm did nature quake as if her balance were overthrown? When Christ raised Lazarus from the grave, did the sun stagger on its course? Christ so linked on his supernatural power to nature's course, that even in his most stupendous acts, his power was soft and noiseless like the falling of the dew. Supposing then that God still wrought miracles when he heard our prayer, what disturbance would follow? He might work ten thousand miracles, and you would not know it: He might introduce a force direct from His will into the course of nature, and not a leaf quiver.

We have no wish, however, absolutely to identify a miracle and an answer to prayer, and we assent, although not without qualification, to the statement sometimes made that God hears our prayer but does not work miracles. We call an event miraculous when we see and note the point at which the supernatural force enters. Thus the stilling of the storm was not in itself miraculous, for storms frequently abate suddenly: but we call it a miracle because we here see a common event linked with a supernatural cause—a spiritual force emanating from a will. Conversely, we call an event miraculous which simply transcends all known phenomena : for example, the darkening of the sun at noon, without an eclipse, although we do not see the point at which the supernatural force entered. Or again—we have the highest class of miracles when we see a supernatural event immediately linked with supernatural power: as when Christ cried, 'Lazarus, come forth!' and he that was dead came forth. Popular attention is too exclusively fixed on the idea of a miracle as a wonderful event, whereas the essence of the miracle lies in the cause—and a quite common event may be as truly miraculous as the most tremendous prodigy. A miracle is an effect, whether common or uncommon, whether sometimes happening in ordinary course or never so happening, wrought by a force, beyond all known forces which are under man's control, and entering nature from above and from without—a force issuing from Mind and Will. We do not, therefore, hesitate to say that answers to prayers may be classed among miracles: for we suppose that, when God hears prayer, He sends a force straight from His living will which enters the realm of nature to produce a new result, exactly as Christ did when he raised up Peter's wife's mother, or stilled the storm: and we

know, not only that this can be done without violations of the order of nature, but also in such a way that we shall never know it.

It will make our meaning clearer to take an example or suppose a case. Let us take the case of the son of the nobleman of Capernaum. He is lying ill of fever: life is ebbing away: his pulse beats slowly and fitfully. The physician is standing over him. He fears 'the patient is dying. He may recover—he may die. An hour or two will decide. Meanwhile, at a distant place, the word was gone from the lips of Christ, 'Thy son liveth!' He has launched a force from His will which rushes straight to the seat of life in the young man's body. The physician knows nothing of all that: it is as much unknown to him as what God is doing in heaven is unknown to us. He is standing watching as life trembles in the balance. He perceives some more hopeful symptoms. There is a quickening of the pulse. He opens his eyes. The fever abates. The crisis is past. It is striking, but he has seen such a thing happen before in a young healthful frame; and he takes his leave, uttering some words of congratulation to the family. To the physician, it has all happened in the course of nature he had a similar case last week in the adjoining street: but to the father it is a miracle. The father had seen the point at which the Divine will launched a force into the course of nature: the physician had not seen it. *We are now, relatively to what transpires in Providence, exactly in the position of that physician.* How do we know to what extent what transpires may have a miraculous background, that is, be a result of the immediate will of God veiled by the very way in which it links itself to nature's course? Is that possible? Is it hard of belief? I find it, of all things, the easiest to believe it.

III.

In the previous lecture we have shown that there is a *possible* way in which God may interpose in the course of nature in order to produce results corresponding to our petitions, or may move the forces of nature to definite foreseen issues, all without violations or disturbances; and so have shown that the doctrine of providence and Prayer is not incredible, and have taken the edge from the argument against it from the invariability of nature. Nothing more can reasonably be demanded from us than just to indicate a possible and conceivable mode of answering prayer. It is not required to show how God actually answers prayer, but only how He may answer it: and probably the actual mode can never be known by us, but only surmised. If one were to assert that a certain action must have been done by a certain man called A, it would not be necessary, in order to neutralize the assertion, that I should declare who did it: it would be enough to show that it might equally well have been done by B, or C, or D. Or, if one were to assert that a certain thing could only happen under one set of circumstances, it would not be necessary to show it happening under other conditions, it would be enough to show that it might equally well happen under a different set of circumstances. So, I am not required to do—what never can be done—to show the actual mode in which God interposes in providence and hears prayer: enough to show a possible way in which He may do so, without infringement of the fixed order of Creation. I have shown you one such way, but there are other possible ways to which we may refer.

It is possible that in the act of fervent prayer a veritable force, as real as the force of magnetism, goes forth from the spirit of the suppliant, which links itself to the course of nature, and enters as a factor in among the forces which bring results to pass. We do not know what fiery energy may pass from God into the soul when it touches Him in true prayer. We do not know what wondrous forces are hidden in the spirit of man—energies which prayer may unlock. We do not know by what wondrous links the world of spirits may be interlocked: nor do we know to what extent mind may be connected with matter and nature, and exercise power over it. Some branches of Science seem to be feeling their way to some great facts and truths in this direction. Why did Christ demand Faith in the soul before ever He could send His healing virtue through the body? Had the divine power to stream through the soul and pass from it to the material frame? It cannot be deemed absurd or incredible that communion with God may unlock a hidden power, or that in fervent prayer a real energy passes out from the suppliant's spirit. This is at least a possible explanation. Real prayer *does* go out of a man like subtle fire.

Or again : it is a possible supposition that the course of nature has been pre-arranged so as to run parallel with the moral and spiritual world: that what transpires in nature has been fore-ordained, so as to dovetail into what transpires in the world of mind: that the providences which meet a man from without have been arranged from the beginning so as to run parallel with his behaviour and his moral history : and that the events which are answers to prayer have been hidden in the womb of eternity, to reveal themselves in time, when behold! we are praying for them! We are taught that the physical creation is moving on to a grand crisis, which will culminate at the same time with a grand crisis in the moral world and the history of the kingdom of God. (Matthew, xxiv. 29-30. 2 Peter, iii. 7-14. Book of Revelation—*passim*.—May it not be so through all the previous stages and events, both great and small? It is possible that the flood happened in nature's course, pre-arranged to transpire at a certain moral condition of the world. It is possible that the pestilential wind which slew the army of

Sennacherib happened in nature's course, prearranged to transpire when Hezekiah prayed. It is possible that the storm which shattered the Spanish Armada happened in nature's course, fore-ordained to issue forth as a providential rescue of the world from the moral and intellectual thralldom of the Papacy. The wonderful parallel between the course of nature and the moral history of the world has often forced itself upon the observation of historians : and if so, it is no superstition at once to recognize the divine and the natural in what transpires,—no superstition at once to view a pestilence as a divine judgment, and as caused by certain physical antecedents. We have here, then, another theory : one certainly, which cannot be proved, but which also cannot be disproved, and must be allowed to be at once possible and conceivable.

To such suppositions, however, or to any others which I have seen, I prefer the one which I have previously indicated—namely, that the Creator sends out, from His living Will, *a force which enters, at a point invisible to us, the chain of cause and effect, so as to produce results which are at once providential and natural, which are answers to prayer and yet meet us as only the outcome of the order of nature.* We have seen how vividly the recorded miracles of Christ enable us to represent such a mode of action on the part of the Creator, for we see a force issuing from Christ's living Will and entering into nature to produce new effects, but without violations or disturbances. But this supposition finds points of support and analogy in the whole Scriptural representation of the mode of God's interference in the life-experience of the individual and the moral history of the race.

We are taught to believe in a divine Inspiration and supernatural enlightenment of the human mind, reaching its ideal point in the Light kindled in the minds of Prophets and Apostles. Yet inspired men thought, reasoned, felt, and spake after the manner of man, and each one after his own way : it was as if their intuitions of moral and religious truth sprang up from within rather than came down from above. They could never draw any sharp line of demarcation between what their own labouring minds produced and what the Holy Ghost conveyed, any more than one of the five thousand fed by Christ in the wilderness could separate between the original bread and the supernatural addition in the portion which he ate. We believe that that there is still a direct immediate teaching of the Holy Ghost, an illumination from above, a suggestion of thought and a purifying of the vision by God: but certainly no one can ever with mathematical precision separate what is God's from what he owes to his own reading and thinking, or the teaching of man. In the work of illumination God seems to enter the mind at a point which is to us invisible, and to link on His activity to the laws and faculties of reason, to produce a new result, without violation or disturbance.

We are taught to believe in a supernatural moral renewal of the human soul: that the Holy Ghost breathes out a moral force, which, entering into our minds, thrills them with a new consciousness, becomes wisdom, peace, love, health, purity, which makes us love what we despised, and makes easy what was difficult. But we know that the action of the Holy Ghost links itself so sweetly with all our actions—so coalesces with our own thinking, reading, praying, and striving—that no one can ever with certainty indicate the point or the moment at which the divine beam mingled its rays with the light of reason, or the divine force united itself to our moral powers. Certainly, the laws of our minds are never violated by the Spirit of God, but, on the contrary, confirmed. He works a miracle in us, and yet in most noiseless manner, and entering us we know not how.

We find, further, that the Scripture language, in re-presenting the divine action and interference, is so framed as ever to convey the idea of an interposition, in a way unknown and at a point invisible, in the course of nature, in the world of human volition, and in the heart and life of man. Thus: "Evil shall come upon thee and thou shalt not know whence it riseth,"—it shall enter at a point beyond your vision. "I destroyed his fruit from above and his roots from beneath." "His roots shall be dried up beneath." Above and beneath : at a point higher than you can see, at a point deeper than you can reach to, my curse shall enter: and ye shall see its effect. "I will be unto Ephraim as a moth,"—the divine action wondrously hidden in the very folds of a nation's life, eating away its glory and giving no sign. "I will be as the dew unto Israel,"—silently dropping blessing, distilling it, as out of the atmosphere, in a way no man can trace. "I will come on thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I will come,"—with silent step, as in the dead of night, entering into our life experience, at a point unknown and unsuspected. Do not such words indicate that the mode of the providential action of God is to send out a force from His will, which enters the order of nature and the world, at a point invisible, so as to produce foreseen results? I feel as if this thought enabled me to thread my way through all the perplexities of our subject.

We can now better understand why we do not, and may not, pray to God for things unnatural and preternatural. I am not anxious to affirm that we may not pray to God to work miracles on our behalf; for indeed we do pray for miracles, if we mean thereby results to be effected by an immediate interposition of the divine power; we pray for a miracle, more stupendous than any physical miracle, when we pray for the renewal of a human soul, we pray for a grander putting forth of the arm of God when we pray for the Holy Spirit than when we pray for rain and dew. At the same time, we do not pray for the unnatural or preternatural—for visible and tangible divine inter-positions—for the production of any effects which are out of harmony with nature's course, or would startle by their very aspect. We pray that a sick man may be cured, but we do not pray that

God would raise a man from the dead; we pray for a bountiful harvest, but not that God would convert stones into bread; we pray for the former and latter rain, but not that God would roll back the current of a river. Why not? Partly because we know that such wonderful signs are reserved for special times and uses, for great turning-points in the history of the kingdom of God and to accredit special messages, and that if they were common they would not only lose all special use, but be in all respects hurtful to the world. Partly, because the express promises given us in the Scriptures must be the standard of all our petitions: every prayer must resolve itself into this—'let it be unto me according to the word on which Thou hast caused me to hope'; and we have nowhere a promise that anything preternatural will ever be wrought for us. But further because it is not necessary that God should at any moment either violate or transcend the order of nature in order to answer any legitimate prayer or send any providential mercy; for God honours His own laws, and links His action with nature's onward course.

We can now better understand why we do not expect God providentially to interfere for our help, and answer our petitions, without the use of means on our part. It is written, We are fellow-workers with God. And again: We are made partakers of the divine nature. And again : God made man in His own image. Man is appointed to become Lord and King of the realm of nature (Psalm viii.). He is to grasp and master it by knowledge, by penetrating to its secrets to yoke it to his will, by comprehending its proper-ties to mould it by his hand, by bowing under its laws to command it to perform his behests. His rational will is to make him King of Nature: the reflection of the divine sovereignty. God himself will not violate nature: He treats his own arrangements with awe and reverence. Are not the laws of nature as much the expression of the Divine Will as the Decalogue? What shall we then think of ourselves if we expect results without using the means, or count on results while treating God's manifest will with scorn? Shall we not work *with* God and *as* God works? When a man wantonly ignores the constitution of nature, and trusts that God will interfere to avert the consequences of his misconduct, he becomes presumptuous: God may interfere, doubtless does interfere, many times, wholly or partially to avert the consequences of our folly, sending from some quarter a current of influence which neutralizes them : but the probability is always that we shall be left to reap the fruit of our ways. If a man wantonly casts himself down from the pinnacle of the temple and trusts that God will give His angels charge over him to prevent his receiving serious injury, he is guilty of tempting the Lord,—he puts a severe and unnatural strain upon God's power, kindness, and wisdom: God may thus interpose, and doubtless has saved us all from the bitter consequences of many a suicidal action, saved the whole race from many a self-destruction : but we are not to tempt the Lord our God, but solemnly reverence His appointed laws in all things as He Himself does. We cannot rob ourselves of the belief that there is One ever near us who can supplement our weakness, pity our ignorance, rectify our errors, guide our perplexities, succour us in our extremities, extricate our feet from all the meshes in which they may be caught, who can never want means to effect any result, "whose arm is never shortened that it cannot save," and who is very gentle and pitiful, suffering incredible drains upon His resources from our ceaseless perversities. But the thought that even He will effect no result excepting in sweetest harmony with law and order, and will never violate the course of nature, and has appointed rational man to be a fellow-worker with Him, leaves no room for presumption and superstition, and points to us to expect results only in a legitimate way.

Again: We can now understand why it is that providential interpositions and answers to prayer always meet us wearing a quite natural aspect: how nothing ever transpires in providence or as answer to prayer which might not have happened in the course of nature, and which will not look as if it had so happened. Some men seem to be hindered believing in a Divine Providence, and the hearing of prayer, by a secret demand of their minds, that they should be able to see the point at which the Divine Will enters the chain of cause and effect, or should hear the Divine command given, or should be confronted by some event conspicuously transcending nature. They would believe in Providence if—at least occasionally—an angel were sent to a widow's home carrying food and raiment for her children : but they cannot believe in it, when the only angel who ever appears is in the shape of a sister of mercy, a Bible woman, or a kind neighbour: they find it very hard to credit it that God touched the springs of the human heart and will, and sent the timely help along the channel of the world's common life. They would believe that God hears prayer if—at least occasionally—an angel appeared and said, 'Thy prayer is heard!' But when the answer comes in the pages of a book, or in the voice of a man, or in the salutation of a stranger, or in an accidental meeting on the street, or in a thought or emotion welling up within us of itself, they find it hard to credit it that God had anything to do with it—or interfered at some point beyond our range of vision. We shall have no difficulty here henceforth. If God's method in answering prayer is as we have indicated, there may be ten thousand providential interpositions and answers to prayer which we shall have no means of distinguishing from the course of nature. In this very arrangement lies no insignificant part of our moral discipline. God is never far from every one of us, but never intrudes Himself forcibly upon our observations : we may ignore Him if our hearts incline. God gives us all things richly to enjoy, but gives with a veiled hand: if we will, we are permitted to deny that ever He gives us anything. His active will is ceaselessly

interposing and arranging for our good, but in such a manner that he does not permit us to see Him working: it is left us to shut Him from our hearts, if they have no room for Him. He is ever hearing prayer, but so that we are left at liberty to say : 'It was all only the course of things.' It was left free to the Pharisees to say, "He casteth out devils—by Beelzebub.' It was left possible to Judas Iscariot to say in his heart, that night Christ stilled the storm, 'It was about to abate of itself. The wind would have lulled anyway, as we have seen it do before.' In our interpretation of the Creation, and Providence, and Grace, there is of set purpose, space left to show what manner of men we are, to declare the contents of our hearts. There is always room for a double interpretation, that the heart may throw its weight into the scale : for we are under discipline that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.

We have been endeavoring to grapple with a formidable difficulty—for a difficulty we have owned it to be. Need it astonish us to have met with one here? Supposing some elements of difficulty to remain yet unresolved, shall we be astonished? We have only found obscurity where we might beforehand have expected it: for how should we be able to see through the relationship in which the Infinite Mind stands to His creation and the free volitions of His creatures? Supposing we were to admit some outstanding obscurities, shall we therefore turn for mental relief to the affirmation that prayer is futile and trust in Providence a superstition? Are there no difficulties there? I find many. It is very hard to believe that the Creator has put His own works out of His universal control, has left man as a helpless orphan to be the sport of blind remorseless laws,—that there is a Creator at all, and that Creator not as a father in His house. It is very hard to understand how there is a deeply-implanted instinct of prayer in the human soul—how whenever the human soul is powerfully thrilled by any emotion, it almost irresistibly breathes out prayer—and yet there is no response to it in Him who made us. It is very hard to understand how the holiest, sublimest action of the human mind, and that which more than all others has blessed, elevated, purified, and comforted tens of thousands of the best of the race, should be the wildest of superstitions and most delirious extravagance. It is very hard to understand how the innumerable multitudes of the race who can testify that the Lord has heard the voice of their supplication, and set their feet in a large place when they cried to Him, have all been the victims of an insane folly. You have no refuge from difficulties in unbelief: and that possibly all things are not yet quite clear, is no reason why you should cease to pray, or to acknowledge God in all your ways.

To sum up the matter. We believe that the whole physical creation, and the whole hidden world of mind, are in such a manner filled with the Eternal Spirit that His hand can at any moment touch their most hidden springs, and sweep all their chords as the hand of a musician sweeps the chords of a harp. We believe that it has pleased Him so to condescend to us, that our humble fervent prayer prevails with Him to accomplish both in nature and in the soul what else had not transpired, and that when the hidden secrets of the world's tragic course are revealed, it will be found that prayer has accomplished ten thousand wonders, and been the mightiest factor in determining what has transpired. We are not alarmed nor caused to stagger by the vastness and sublimity of the belief: and are sure that it is capable of progressive verification in the life experience of every man who will put it to the test, and not weary in supplication. We are not daunted by anything which Science advances: but feel that many of its discoveries seem rather to help us to a sublimer grasp of our old faith, and we anticipate the hour in which Science, by slow and painful labour, will arise to confess that the intuitions of Hebrew seers have anticipated its conclusions.

I have now said the best which it lies in my power to say in vindication of the Christian doctrine of Providence and Prayer. I sincerely hope I may have said what may help to clear up some difficulties or chase away the murky night of gathering doubt, or confirm your belief and make it strong against assaults. The subject is most vital, central, and crucial. There are many doctrinal subjects on which a man may long suspend his judgment and yet lead a pious life, many on which we can well afford to tolerate different conclusions and yet feel ourselves brethren of a common Faith. But nothing is more certain than that the question whether God hears prayer does not belong to the same category. It is manifest that piety cannot tolerate disbelief in a Heavenly Father and the power of Prayer, cannot even exist alongside of doubt and misgiving; and that if what certain men of science are saying be true, religion has received a death-blow, Christ's name must now begin to pale, and his fame be lost among the ever-deepening shadows of the past, and Christianity begin to succumb to doom, and slowly rot away as a time-worn superstition. Piety demands a most firm and profound affirmation to the sentence, 'God is the hearer of prayer.' The entrance of a doubt will strangle it and poison it in its very roots. The disbeliever will find himself, before many days have come and gone, not many steps removed from sheer blank Atheism. There are those who plainly enough see the momentousness of the issue involved in this controversy, whose souls shiver with terror as they feel their souls drifting away from the very centre, with no prospect but that of henceforth wandering over an abyss of doubts into an ever denser darkness. To have cried in the hearing of such, "We believe still with all our heart and mind, and find the old truth no way incredible," may not be without its reward.

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Degree and Prize List.

List of Degrees

CONFERRED IN THE SEVERAL FACULTIES, AND OF PRIZES AND CERTIFICATES OF HONOUR AWARDED IN THE SEVERAL CLASSES OF THE UNIVERSITY, DURING SESSION 1874-75.

Doctors of Divinity.

- Rev. Edward Plumptre, M.A., Professor of Divinity in King's College, London.
- Rev. Samuel Newth, M.A., Principal of New College, London.
- Rev. Robert Paisley, Minister of St. Ninians, Stirling.
- Rev. Hugh M' Diarmid, M.A., Minister of Callander.
- Rev. J. Mitchell Harvey, M.A., Minister of Rose St. U.P. Church, Edinburgh.
- Rev. W. Kennedy Moore, M.A., Minister of St. George's English Presbyterian Church, Liverpool.

Bachelors of Divinity.

- Dugald M'Kichan, M.A., Scotland.
- Hugh G. Watt, M.A., Scotland.
- John F. MacPherson, M.A., Scotland.
- Alex. Martin, M.A., Scotland.
- John M'Lay, M.A., Scotland.
- John Clark, M.A., Scotland.

Doctors of Laws.

- Edmund Law Lushington, M.A., Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow.
- Thomas Hill Green, M.A., Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford.
- William Jack, M.A., Glasgow, formerly Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and Professor of Natural Philosophy in Owen's College, Manchester.

Bachelor of Laws.

- Miller, William Galbraith, M.A., Scotland.

Bachelors of Law.

- Annan, Archibald J., Scotland.
- Fyfe, Henry B., Scotland.
- Stout, Thoraas, M.A., Scotland.
- Young, Thomas Charles, M.A., Scotland.

Doctor of Medicine, and Master in Surgery.

- William L. Lyall, Scotland.

Doctors of Medicine.

- Hunter, William, M.B., Scotland.
- M' Cosh, Robert N., M.A., M.B., Scotland.

- Maddever, John C., M.B., Scotland.
- Foulis, David, M.B., Scotland.
- Lynn, Thomas, M.B., Scotland.
- Lyon, Walter, M.A., M.B., Scotland.
- Miller, Hugh, M.B., Scotland.
- Rankin, Malcolm A., M.B., Scotland.
- Rodger, Robert, M B., Scotland.
- Stewart, Robert, M.B., Scotland.
- Young, David, M.B., Scotland.

Bachelors of Medicine and Masters in Surgery.

- Black, Malcolm, Scotland.
- Buchanan, John M., Scotland.
- Chapman, Frederick R., India.
- Cowie, David, N. America.
- Crawford, William, Scotland.
- Crichton, Alexander, Scotland.
- Denholm, Andrew, Scotland.
- Dunlop, Walter M., Scotland.
- Graham, John T., Scotland.
- Livingstone, Wm. Oswell, Africa.
- Muir, William, Scotland.
- Reid, Alex. William, M.A., Ceylon.
- Reid, John D., M.A., Scotland.
- Rodger, William, Scotland.
- Adam, John M., Scotland.
- Allan, Robert, Scotland.
- Anderson, William, Scotland.
- Bryson, James, Scotland.
- Campbell, Archibald, Scotland.
- Cunningham, Andrew, Scotland.
- Lewis, John R., Scotland.
- Macaulay, Donald, Scotland.
- M 'Calman, Dove, Scotland.
- M 'Lochlan, Andrew, Scotland.
- Held, John, Scotland.
- Ren wick, Thomas, Scotland.
- Sewell, William R., Scotland.
- Stenhouse, William M., Scotland.
- Thomson, Thomas, Scotland.
- Watson, Thomas, Scotland.
- Wylie, John, Scotland.

Bachelors of Medicine.

- Bankier, George H. S. J., England.
- Bond, William J., Ireland.
- M 'Naughtan, John, Scotland.

Master in Surgery.

- Wilson, John S., M.D., Scotland.

The following Gentlemen were named as entitled to High Commendation and Commendation on account of distinguished merit at the various examinations for the degrees of M.B. and C.M.:—

I.—HIGH COMMENDATION.

- Bryson, James.

II.—COMMENDATION.

- Allan, Robert.
- Denholm, Andrew.
- M 'Calman, Dove.
- M 'Lachlan, Andrew.
- M'Naughtan, John.
- Reid, Alex. Wm., M.A.
- Watson, Thomas.

Masters of Arts. Honours.

With Fir.it Class Honours in Classics, and Second Class Honours in Mental Philosophy.

- Edward D. Edwards, Wales.
- Henry Jones, Wales.
- John Wilson Reid, Scotland.

With First Class Honours in Mental Philosophy, and Second Class Honours in Classics.

- Colin Campbell, Scotland.
- Benjamin F. C. Costelloe, Ireland.

With First Class Honours in Classics.

- William Yuill King.

With First Class Honours in Mental Philosophy.

- William Patrick, Scotland.
- James Thomson, Scotland.

With Second Class Honours in Classics.

- Hugh Hart Carrie, Scotland.
- John Patrick, Scotland.

With Second Class Honours in Mental Philosophy.

- James MacKay.

Ordinary Degree.

- Reid, John, England,
- Burton, John T., Scotland.
- Calder, Robert, Scotland.
- Oarswell, James, Scotland.
- Coats, Walter W., Scotland.
- Dickie, William, Scotland.
- Glen, Ninian, Scotland.
- Henderson, Henry F., Scotland.
- Hendrie, George S., Scotland.
- Hogarth, Andrew A., Scotland.
- Hutchison, James, Scotland.
- M 'Dougall, Duncan, Scotland.
- M 'Gonigle, William A., Ireland.
- M 'Kay, Neil, Scotland.
- Sutherland, John, Scotland.
- Maxwell, William, Scotland.
- Milligan, James, Scotland.
- Montgomery, Robert, Scotland.
- Morrison, Alex. F., Scotland.
- Muirhead, Islay B., Scotland.
- Murray, George, Nova Scotia.
- Parkin, George, England.
- Peterkin, Alfred, Scotland.
- Pirie, Robert H., Scotland.
- Pollock, John I. W., Scotland.
- Smith, James, Scotland.

- Stuart, William, Scotland.
- Underwood, Alfred, England.

Certificate of Proficiency in Engineering Science.

- Fairweather, James G., C.E., Scotland.
- Fleming, John, C.E., Scotland.
- List, John, C.E., Scotland.
- Meldrum, James, C.E., Scotland.
- Nisbet, Thomas, C.E.

Departmental Certificates.

I.—For Degree of B.D.

IN DIVINITY AND CHURCH HISTORY.

- Buchanan Blake, M.A.
- James Mackintosh, M.A.

II.—For Degree of M.A.

1. IN CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

- Allan, George F.
- Anderson, John.
- Arthur, James.
- Bannerman, David.
- Brownlie, William.
- Campbell, James.
- Campbell, David.
- Carroll, John S.
- Davidson, William A.
- Douglas, John B.
- Dunlop, Robert S.
- Duncan, John M.
- Edgar, John.
- Fairbairn, William D.
- Fairlie, John K.
- Ferguson, James T.
- Forrest, David W.
- Fulton, William.
- Glen, James.
- Gray, Andrew.
- Gray, Walter W.
- Gregory, Thomas.
- Harris, Henry.
- Kirkland, James.
- M'Donald, William J. P.
- M'Geoch, James.
- M'Kinlay, Alexander.
- MacLehose, James J.
- M'Lellan, Basil S.
- M'Moneagle, Hugh S.
- M'Phee, Angus.
- Mair, Robert L.

- Malloch, James M 'G.
- Main, James.
- Millar, Alexander.
- Millar, James G.
- Miller, David.
- Mitchell, Alexander.
- Morrison, Alexander F.
- Morrison, William.
- Newlands, Thomas S.
- Paterson, Robert.
- Paterson, Charles A.
- Pattie, Robert B.
- Reid, John.
- Scott, William D.
- Shearer, Robert B.
- Shedden, Hugh.
- Stevenson, John.
- Stevenson, William.
- Stewart, Charles W.
- Stuart, John.
- Suddard, Francis E.
- Taylor, William M.
- Watson, William.
- Young, John M.

2. IN MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

- Adamson, William F.
- Aitken, Alexander.
- Alexander, J. B.
- Allan, William.
- Anderson, Matthew.
- Anderson, John W.
- Andrew, Robert.
- Auld, William.
- Brownlie, William.
- Coltart, George L.
- Conn, Joseph.
- Connell, Donald.
- Daly, John F.
- Dewar, Archibald E.
- Dobbie, James G.
- Dunbar, James.
- Drever, John.
- Ferguson, James S.
- Gow, William.
- Jamieson, John.
- Johnston, Robert.
- Laird, Peter H.
- M 'Donald, Lachlan A.
- M 'Lachlan, Neil D.
- M 'Phee, Angus.
- Main, James S.
- Mitchell, James D.
- Pattie, Robert B.
- Rankin, William M.
- Russell, James S.
- Scott, William D.

- Smith, William.
- Speirs, Ebenerer B.
- Taylor, Thomas.
- Thomson, Andrew.
- Thomson, John C.
- Watson, William.
- Watt, John C.
- Watson, James B. S.
- Wilson, David.
- Wotherspoon, Gavin S.
- Yellowlees, John.

3. IN MATHEMATICS AND NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

- Armstrong, Wm. A. A.
- Biggam, John.
- Biggar, John W.
- Brown, John B.
- Burns, Islay F.
- Conn, Joseph.
- Dickson, William G.
- Drysdale, Henry.
- Evans, George.
- Fairweather, James G.
- Gillies, William.
- Gregory, Thomas.
- Gow, William.
- Howatson, John.
- Hughes, John.
- Hunter, George.
- Leek, David C.
- Mackinlay, James.
- Mitchell, John P.
- Muirhead, Lewis A.
- Napier, James.
- Paterson, Robert.
- Pinkerton, John L.
- Rankine, Thomas T.
- Smith, William.
- Taylor, John.
- Thomson, John C.
- Walker, William T.
- Wilson, John R.

III.—For Degree of B.L.

1.—IN CIVIL LAW.

- Stewart, James.

2.—IN SCOTS LAW.

- Alexander, Daniel M.
- Brown, J., T. T.
- Burnet, George, M.A.
- Campbell, J. Edward.
- Clark, Charles K.
- Fergusson, William.

- Foulis, Stuart.
- Graham, James.
- Middlemas, William.
- Ness, James.
- Wilson, Adam J.

3.—IN CONVEYANCING.

- Archibald, John.
- Clark, Charles K.
- Fergusson, David.
- Fauils, Stuart.
- Hutcheson, Hugh.

4.—IN MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE.

- M'Lean, Patrick S.

5.—IN LATIN AND GREEK.

- Baird, Allan F.

6.—IN LOGIC.

- Boyd, Robert.
- Smith, William K.

7.—IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

- Fergusson, William.
- Hutcheson, Hugh.

University Prizes.

- IN THEOLOGY, the Cleland Gold Medal, for the best Essay on the "Idea of Righteousness in the Old and New Testaments."
David Hunter, M.A., Newton-on-Ayr.
- IN MENTAL PHILOSOPHY, the University Silver Medal, for the best Essay on "The Positive Philosophy."
Ebenezer B. Speirs, Millport.
- The Ewing Gold Medal for the best Essay on "The History of Assyria."
John P. Mitchell, B.Sc., Glasgow.
- A Coulter Prize of Five Pounds, for the best Lecture on Mark III. 22-30.
Hugh George Watt, B.D., Shotts Manse.
- The Rae Wilson Gold Medal, for the best "Comparative View of the Doctrine of Sin as presented in the Synoptic Gospels, the Pauline Epistles, and the Fourth Gospel."
David Hunter, M.A., Newton-on-Ayr.
- The Henderson Prize of Twenty Guineas, for the best Essay on "The Adaptation of the Sabbath to Man's Intellectual and Moral Nature."
Islay Ferrier Burns, Glasgow.
- The Rector's Prize of Twenty-Five Guineas, for the best Essay on "The Relations between Germany and the Papacy."
John Patrick, M.A., Lochwinnoch.
- The Find Later Prize of Forty Pounds, for excelling at the Examinations for the Degree of B.D., in Hebrew and Biblical Criticism.
Hugh George Watt, B.D., Shotts Manse.
- The Findlater Prize of Forty Pounds, for excelling at the Examinations for the Degree of B.D., in Divinity and Ecclesiastical History.
John F. MacPherson, B.D., Glasgow College.

Class Prizes.

Faculty of Theology.

Divinity Class.

Senior Division.

I. For General Eminence.

- Hugh George Watt, B.D., Shotts, Lanarkshire.
- James Thomson, M.A., Cumnock, Ayrshire.
- David Hunter, M.A., Newton-on-Ayr.
- James Mackintosh, M.A., Forfarshire.
- John Forbes Macpherson, B.D., College.

II. For Written Examinations.

- James Thomson, M.A.
- Hugh George Watt, B.D.
- David Hunter, M.A.
- John Forbes Macpherson, B.D.
- Alexander Martin, B.D., Neilston, Renfrewshire.

Henderson Prizes of £30 and £20, given by John Henderson, Esq., of Carrickarden, for Composition and Delivery of Sermons.

- David Hunter, M.A.
- Hugh George Watt, B.D.

Dowanhill Prizes of £21 and £10, 10s., for Elocution.

- William Hutchison, Lesmahagow, Lanarkshire.
- Alexander Martin, B.D.

JUNIOR DIVISION.

I. For General Eminence.

- Colin Campbell, M.A., Campbeltown, Argyllshire.
- Alexander Falconer Fraser, M.A., Glasgow.
- Norman M. Macfie, M.A., Portnahaven, Islay.

II. For Written Examinations.

- Colin Campbell, M.A.
- Alexander Falconer Fraser, M.A.
- Alfred Underwood, M.A., Castle Donnington, Derby.

Hebrew Classes.

Senior Class.

- Hugh G. Watt, B.D., Shotts Manse.
- Alexander Martin, B.D., Neilston.

Middle Class.

Prizes determined by the Votes of the Class.

- David Hunter, M. A., Newton-on-Ayr.
- John L. Hunter, Dollar.
- John Ferguson, M.A., Glasgow.

For Excelling at Written Examinations.

- David Hunter, M. A.

- John L. Hunter.
Prize for Summer Reading in Hebrew.
- John L. Hunter.

Junior Class.

Prizes determined by the Votes of the Class.

- William Stuart, M. A., Glasgow.
- William Logan, Glasgow.
- William Armstrong, Woolwich, Kent.
- John V. M 'Nair, 15 Newhall Terrace, Glasgow.
- James Kidd, Glasgow.

For Excelling at Written Examinations.

- William Stuart, M. A.

The following Students also were distinguished in these Examinations:—

- William Armstrong.
- William Logan
- John V. M 'Nair.
- James Kidd.
- Colin Campbell, M.A.
- James G. Mitchell.
- James Lambie.

Ecclesiastical History Class.

SENIOR DIVISION.

Prizes awarded by the Votes of the Class.

- James Mackintosh, M. A., Renfrew Street, Glasgow.
- James Thomson, M. A., Cumnock, Ayrshire.
- John Clark, B. D., Richmond Street, Glasgow.

Prize for Written Examinations.

- James Thomson, M.A.

JUNIOR DIVISION.

Prizes awarded by the Votes of the Class.

- Colin Campbell, M.A., Campbeltown, Argyll.
- Alexander F. Fraser, M.A., West Gordon Street, Glasgow.
- Norman M. Mactie, M.A., The Manse, Portnahaven, Islay.
- John Burleigh, Bothwell.

Prize for Written Examinations.

- Colin Campbell, M.A.

Biblical Criticism Class.

I. For General Eminence.

Senior Division.

- Hugh George Watt, B.D., Shotts Manse, Lanarkshire.
- John Forbes Macpherson, B.D., College, Glasgow.
- Alexander Martin, B.D., Holehouse, Neilston.

Junior Division.

- David Hunter, M.A., Newton-on-Ayr.
- James Thomson, M.A., Cumnock, Ayrshire.

II. For Essays and Written Examinations.

- Hugh George Watt, B.D.
- John Forbes Macpherson, B.D.
- David Hunter, M.A.

Faculty of Law.

Scotch Law Class.

Honour List.

I. For Eminence in the Examinations during the Session:—

First Class Honours.

- The designates the Prizemen.
William Fergusson.
- George Milne.
- Henry Aitken.
- Alex. C. Paterson, M.A.
- Daniel M. Alexander.
- James Cunningham.
- James Tweeddale.
- Adam J. Wilson.
- James Graham.

Second Class Honours.

- Geo. Burnet, M.A.
- T. D. M 'Murrich..
- Alex. Wilson.
- Jas. Ness, M.A.
- George Parker.
- Dugald A. MacTavish.
- Thomas M 'Lelland.
- Wm. Forrester.
- William M 'Ivor.
- Andrew M. Morton.

II. The Prizes given by the Faculty of Procurators of Glasgow for Eminence in a Special Written Examination in the Subjects of the Course were awarded as follows:—

- William Fergusson.
- Daniel M. Alexander.
- James Tweeddale.
- George Milne.

The following Students were distinguished in this examination:—

- James Cunningham.
- James Graham.
- Alex. C. Paterson, M.A.
- James Ness, M.A.

Conveyancing Class.

Honour List.

I. For Eminence in the ordinary Class Examinations during the Session:—

- The designates the Prizemen
- James Quick.
- W. D. Baird.
- David Ferguson.
- John Riddet.
- W. T. Hay.
- John Muir.
- Stuart Foulis.
- Alex. Thomson., John Archibald. Equal.
- Wm. Andrew., C. A. Ronald., Patrick Martin., John Wilson.
- Hugh J. M 'Credie., W. B. Thomson., James A. Young.

II. The Prizes given by the Faculty of Procurators in Glasgow for Eminence in a Written Examination on the Completion of Titles in Feudal Conveyancing, were awarded as follows:—

- David Ferguson.
- John Muir.
- James Quick.
- C.A. Ronald
- W. T. Hay.

The following Students distinguished themselves in this Examination:—

- William D. Baird.
- Alexander Thomson.
- Hugh Hutcheson., John Riddet.
- Stuart Foulis., Patrick Martin.
- George M 'Nee., John Paton.
- Robert Buchan., James Frame., Andrew Lyon., Andrew Todd.

Faculty of Medicine.

Medals and Certificates of Merit.

Anatomy Classes.

Senior Division.

(1.) Lectures and Demonstrations.

Medal and Certificates decided by Written Exercises; the names in the Order of Merit; those bracketed together being equal.

Medallist—John Carlyle Johnstone.

First Class Certificates.

- George Russell.
- Arthur H. Waddell.

Second Class Certificates.

- John Hutchinson.
- John B. Knobel.
- Donald Macphail.
- Richard Frank Rand.
- John M 'Cracken.
- John Moyes.
- James Thomson.

(2.) Practical Anatomy.

Medal and Certificates decided by Work in the Rooms.

Medallist—John Carlyle Johnstone.

First Class Certificates.

- Johann B. Knobel.
- John M 'Cracken.
- James Thomson.

Second Class Certificates.

- Alexander M 'Intyre.
- Richard Frank Rand.
- John Moyes.
- John Baird.
- John Sinclair.
- Arthur H. Waddell.
- Hugh M 'Caw.
- John Mackay.
- John Glaister.
- Archibald Mackay
- Andrew Mungall.
- William A. Orr.
- Robert Ross.
- John C. Shand.

Junior Division.

(1.) Lectures.

Medal and Certificates decided by Written Exercises and Oral Examinations; the names in the order of merit; those bracketed together being equal.

- *Medallis*—Thomas Dobie.

First Class Certificates.

- Angus Campbell.
- David Wood Inglis, M.A.
- Alex. Stewart (*primus*).
- Alexander Fraser.
- Duncan Ferguson.
- John Harrison.
- Laurence A. Waddell.
- Islay Burns Muirhead.
- William Johnstone Calder.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

- James Dunlop.
- Alexander Hogg.
- William Partington.
- Alfred Peterkin.
- John Walker.
- Thomas Hunt.
- Charles Pinkerton.
- Peter Cunningham.
- George H. J. Dinsmore.
- Frank Dixon.

(2.) Practical Anatomy.

Medal and Certificates decided by Work in the Rooms. *Medallist*—Alexander Stewart (*primus*).

First Class Certificates.

- Thomas Dobie.
- David Cairns.
- John Harrison.
- David Wood Inglis, M.A.
- William Johnstone Calder.
- Alexander Fraser.
- Laurence A. Waddell.
- George H. J. Dinsmore.
- Andrew Hogarth.
- William Partington.

Practice of Medicine.

First Class Certificates of Merit.

- George S. Middleton, M.A.,
Aberdeen (the Cullen Medal).
- Archibald Brown, Greenock.
- Neil Fullarton, Lamlash, Arran.

Second Class Certificates of Merit.

- John M. Adam, Glasgow.
- Robert Allan, Glasgow.
- Duncan M. Brunton, M.A., Paisley.
- James Bryson, Glasgow.
- Wm. A. Caskie, M.A., Largs.
- James Dougal, Strathaven.
- Robert Ferguson, Renfrewshire.
- James Gowans, Brechin.
- Charles D. Hunter, Glasgow.
- Dove M 'Caiman, Bonaw, Argyll-shire.
- Wm. R. Sewell, Dumfries-shire.
- Wm. W. Stainthorpe, Hexham, Northumberland.
- Wm. M. Stenhouse, Glasgow.
- Frank Shearer, Larkhall, Lanarkshire.
- Edward J. Wallace, Naples.
- John Wylie, Ayrshire.

Midwifery Class.

FIRST CLASS (in order of merit).

- John Fergus (Medal).
- John Beckett.
- James Bryson.

Second Class (arranged alphabetically).

- John M. Adam.
- Robert Allan.
- James Anderson.
- William J. Bond.
- Archibald Brown.

- Andw. Cunningham.
- Robert Ferguson.
- Wm. F. Fullarton.
- Thomas B. Howie.
- Dove M 'Calman.
- Andw. M 'Lachlan
- John M 'Naughtan.
- James Moir.
- Wm. L. Rankin.
- Thomas Reid.
- James S. Robertson.
- David H. Smith.
- Wm. M. Stenhouse.
- Charles Stirling.
- Edward J. Wallace.
- Thomas Watson.

Materia Medica—1874-75.

The Cullen Medal.

Duncan M. Brunton, M.A., Paisley.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES (in order of merit).

- G. S. Middleton, M.A., Aberdeen.
- John Service, Kilwinning.
- James Kirkland, Beith.

Second Class Certificates (alphabetically).

- John Borland, Renfrewshire.
 - James Dougal, Lanarkshire.
 - Peter Fraser, Argyllshire.
 - James Gowans, Lanarkshire.
 - John R. Granger, Ayrshire.
 - John Gunn, Dundee.
 - Leigh Hunt, Perthshire.
 - Charles D. Hunter, Glasgow.
 - William Moore, Ayrshire.
 - Robert Rees, Shropshire.
 - Peter Scott, Greenock.
 - Frank Shearer, Lanarkshire.
 - Wm. W. Stainthorpe, Hexham.
 - Edward J. Wallace, Glasgow.
- Prize for the best Observations on the Action of Remedies.
- William W. Stainthorpe.

Pharmacy.

Summer Session—1874.

John Beckett, Glasgow.

Clinical Surgery.

Medal—Donald M 'Phail.

Certificates of Merit (arranged alphabetically).

First Class.

- Gavin Dalzell.
- John Glaister.
- J. Carlyle Johnstone.
- John Knobel.
- James M 'Conachie.
- John Moyes.
- David Newman.
- George Russell.
- John Sinclair.
- A. Turnbull Smith.
- Arthur C. Waddell.

Second Class.

- Wm. H. Anderson.
- John Baird.
- William Hewetson.
- John Hutchison.
- John F. Lindsay.
- Alexander Martin.
- Hugh M 'Caw.
- Alexander M 'Intyre.
- Malcolm M 'Munich.
- Robert Pinkerton.
- William J. Shaw.
- Frank Shearer.

Clinical Medicine.

THE CULLEN MEDAL.

Charles D. Hunter, Glasgow.

HONORARY CERTIFICATES.

- John M 'Donald,
- William R. Sewell.
- James Dougal.
- Richard Macpherson.
- William W. Stainthorpe.

For the best Report of Dr. M 'Call Anderson's Clinical Lectures. A Prize of £3 each to

- John M. Davidson.
- Peter R. Fraser.

HIGHLY COMMENDED.

- William Black.
- William R. Sewell.
- William W. Stainthorpe.

For the best Report of Dr. Gairdner's Clinical Lectures. Prize of Books to

- George S. Middleton, M.A.

Faculty of Arts

Prize Lists.

Engineering Classes.

Ordinary Class Prizes for Written Examinations.

- Archibald Barr.
- John C. Jefferson.
- James Meldrum.
- John Fleming.

Ordinary Class Prizes; Voted by the Class.

- Archibald Barr)
- John Fleming
- Daniel Peebles.
- James Meldrum.

Class Prizes in the Course of Office and Field Work.

- Daniel Peebles.
- Alexander M 'Lay.

Walker Prizes for Written Examinations.

- Archibald Barr.
- John C. Jefferson.

Walker Prizes; Voted by the Class.

- Archibald Barr.
- John Fleming.

The George Harvey Prize.

- Archibald Barr.

Mathematics.

Senior Class.

I. Voted by the Class.

- Robert Moodie, Glasgow.
- John Stuart, Dumbarton.
- Thos. T. Rankin, Coatbridge.
- Joseph Conn, Kilwinnig.
- T. Gray, Partick

II. Written Examination.

Second Year Student—Robert Moodie, Glasgow.

First Year Students.

- John Stuart, Dumbarton.
- Thomas Gray, Partick.
- William Muir, Belfast.
- Joseph Conn, Kilwinning.

Next in order of merit.

- Robert Kemp, Glasgow.
- George Evans, Caermarthen.
- Thos. T. Rankin, Coatbridge.

JUNIOR CLASS—UPPER DIVISION.

I. Voted by the Class.

- Basil M 'Lellan, 286 London Road, Glasgow.
- John M. Dodds, Glasgow.
- John W. Anderson, 25 Oakshaw Street, Paisley.
- James Arthur, Shields, New Monkland.

II. Written Examinations.

- John M. Dodds.
- John M. Young, Clackmannan.
- James Arthur.
- Basil M 'Lellan.
- John Scobie, 21 Derby Terrace, Glasgow.
- Charles A. Paterson, 6 Windsor Place, Glasgow.
- John W. Anderson.

Next in order of merit at the Written Examinations.

- William A. A. Armstrong, Woolwich.
- John Downie, Arran.
- William Gillies, Segganbank, Irvine.
- Thomas Ingram, Banff.
- Wallace M. Lindsay, Glasgow.
- James Wilson, Glasgow.
- James Kidd Glasgow.
- Alexander Maclay, Airdrie.
- Hugh Brown, Glasgow
- Lewis A. Muirhead Glasgow

JUNIOR CLASS—LOWER DIVISION.

Section Meeting at 9 A.M.

I. Voted by the Class.

- James Erskine, Paisley.
- James Milligan, Glasgow.
- James M 'Murchy, Paisley.
- Robert Johnston, Campbel-town.

Section Meeting at 12 Noon.

- John S. Carrol, 26 Summer Street, Glasgow.
- William L. Macindoe, 2 Royal Circus, Glasgow.
- Robert Hannington, 4 Oxford Street, Glasgow.
- David W. Forrest, 13 Ronald Street, Glasgow.

Section Meeting at 1 P.M.

- Peter Donaldson, Muthill.
- Alexander R. Anderson, Stanley Place, Paisley.
- Charles Wilson, Bank Street, Irvine.
- Alexander C. M 'Connan, Auldgirth, Dumfries-shire

II. Written Examinations of the whole three Sections.

- W. L. Macindoe.
- Robert Johnston.
- Peter Donaldson.
- James Milligan.
- John S. Carrol.
- Alexander R. Anderson.
- James M 'Murchy.
- John V. Macnair. Glasgow.
- Charles Wilson,
- David W. Forrest.
- Geo. M. Conner,
- N.S. Wales., John Thomson, Glasgow.

Next in order of Merit.

- Robert Hay.
- Wm. Sinclair.
- James Spiers.
- Joseph M 'G. Robertson.
- James C. Herbertson.
- Alex. C. M 'Connan.
- Robert Hannington.
- George Dickson.

- James Erskine.
- John Anderson.
- John Farquhar.
- William Morrison.
- Herbert Mackenzie.
- Thomas Cross.

Summer Reading.

- Senior Class of Last Session.
- John C. Watt, Shotts Manse.
- Junior Class of last Session—Upper Division.
- John Stuart, Dumbarton.
- Lower Division.
- Charles A. Paterson, Glasgow.

Natural Philosophy.

I. For General Eminence, Voted by the Class.

Students of the First Year.

- Thomas Gregory, Anstruther.
- Andrew Gray, Partick.
- John C. Watt, Shotts Manse.
- James S. Russell, Stornoway.
- James Thomson, University, Glasgow.
- Thomas Gray, Partick.
- John C. Jefferson, Leeds.
- John Taylor, Bathgate, Linlithgowshire.
- Joseph Conn, Kilwinning.
- Robert B. Pattie, Glasgow.
- Robert H. Pirie, Glasgow.

Students of the Second Year.

- Donald Mackenzie, Strontian.
- William Gow, Dairy.

II. Higher Mathematical Department of the Natural Philosophy Class.

Thomas Gregory, Anstruther.

III. Prizes for Work done in the Physical Laboratory.

- James Goudie, Glasgow.
- Thomas Gray, Partick.
- William Miller, Greenock.
- Thomas Gregory, Anstruther.
- David Playfair, Glasgow.
- James Thomson, University,

IV. For Notes of Lectures during the Session.

- James Dennistoun Mitchell.
- John C. Watt, Shotts Manse.

Moral Philosophy.

I. Prizes awarded by the Votes of the Students for General Eminence in the Essays and Examinations of the Session.

THE BUCHANAN MEDAL.

- John H. Muirhead.

SENIOR DIVISION.

- James Kidd, Glasgow.
- William Smith, Glasgow.

- William Brownlie, Glasgow.
- Alexander Morton, Glasgow.
- John M. M'Donald, Strachur Manse, Argyllshire.
- John Yellowlees, Stirling.
- James K. Scott, Birkenhead.

Junior Division.

- James Lambie, Lochwinnoch.
- David Wilson, Glasgow.
- Robert B. Pattie, Glasgow.
- James Duff, Helensburgh.
- William M. Rankin, Stra' ven.
- John Drever, Jamestown.
- James Ferguson, Glasgow.

II. Prizes for Excellence in Written Examinations on the Lectures delivered during the Session.

- John H. Muirhead, Glasgow.
- James Lambie, Lochwinnoch.
- John R. Wilson, Glasgow.

III. Vacation Exercises.

A. Open to Students of Session 1873-74.

An Examination on Kant's Critiques of Pure and Practical Reason. Ebenezer B. Speirs, Millport.

B. Open to Students of Session 1874-75.

- An Examination on Ferrier's Lectures on Greek Philosophy. John H. Muirhead, Glasgow.
- An Examination on Plato's Republic. John H. Muirhead, Glasgow.

Political Economy Class.

For Excellence in Essays and Written Examinations in the Lectures.

- James Mackintosh, M.A., Forfar.
- William Patrick, M.A., Glasgow.
- James Morrison, Glasgow.?

Logic and Rhetoric.

I. For Eminence in the Work of the Class during the Session, as shown in Oral and Written Examinations, Exercises, and Essays.

Senior Division.

- David W. Forrest, Glasgow (*Buchanan Gold Medal*).
- John Sloan, Dalmellington, Ayrshire.
- Alexander Marquis, Gourock.
- D. M. Donald, Helensburgh.
- William Fulton, Glasgow.
- Alexander Mitchell, Ross-shire.
- John Williamson, Sanquhar.
- Jas. F. Roxburgh, Glasgow.
- Charles W. Stewart, Fort-William.
- Archibald Craig, Barrhead.
- James Wilson, Sanquhar.
- John S. Carrol, Glasgow.
- Robert Kemp, Glasgow.

Junior Division.

- Thos. B. Kilpatrick, Glasgow.
- James J. MacLehose, Glasgow.
- John M. Young, Dollar.
- Robert Mackintosh, Glasgow.

- J. Arthur, Shields, Airdrie.
 - J. M 'G. Robertson, Glasgow.
 - Chas. A. Paterson, Glasgow.
 - William Aiton, Largs.
- II.—Work prepared during the Summer Vacation.
 A.—*Students of 1874-75.*
 Preparatory Reading in Reid and Whately:—

Seniors.

- David W. Forrest.
- John Sloan.
- Robert Stevenson.
- William Niven.
- Alexander Mitchell.
- John S. Carrol.
- Duncan M 'Donald.
- William Fulton.
- Thomas S. Millar.
- Daniel Neilson.

Juniors.

- James J. MacLehose.
 - Thomas B. Kilpatrick.
- B.—Students of 1873-74.*
 I.—Essays.
 (1.) The Philosophy of Hume.
 George Hunter, Glasgow.
 (2.) Reasoning—Deductive and Inductive.
 David Wilson, Glasgow.
 II.—Reading.
 (1.) The Works of Descartes.
 W. M. Rankin, Strathaven.
 James T. Main, Port-Glasgow.
 (2.) Thomson's Outline of the Laws of Thought.
 John Drever, Jamestown.
 (3.) The Theætetus of Plato.
 Robert Ure, Kilbride.

Advanced Logic Class.

Higher Metaphysics.

- Essay—Kant's Categories and Ideas of the Reason.
- Ebenezer B. Speirs, Millport.
 - Robert Ure, Kilbride.
 - James Dennistoun Mitchell, Glasgow.

English Literature.

I.—Class Prizes.

Buchanan Medal.

M. W. M 'Callum, Dowanhill.

A.—SENIOR DIVISION.

- Richard Simpson, Glasgow.
- Robert MacLehose, Dowanliill.
- John Fairly Daly, Lenzie.
- William Gillies, Irvine.
- Alex. Sinclair Nicol, Greenock.
- James Frew Wallace, Kingston, Kilsyth.
- James Carswell, Hillhead.

B.—JUNIOR DIVISION.

- Walter W. Coats, Glasgow.
- John Herkless, Glasgow.
- W. D. Scott, Partick.
- David Wilson, Glasgow.
- John Kyle, Glasgow.

II.—Essays.

A.—Prose Essay on the Decline of the Drama.

- M. W. M 'Callum.
- Robert MacLehose.

B.—Verses on "Sedan."

M. W. M 'Callum.

III.—Voluntary Written Examinations.

A.—For Prize of English Text Society.

- M. W. M 'Callum.
- D. F. Smith, Glasgow.

B.—Examination on Later and Dramatic Literature.

- M. W. M 'Callum.
- Richard Simpson, Glasgow.
- Walter W. Coats.

Greek.

Senior.—Public Class.

THE JEFFREY MEDAL.

James Wilson, Glasgow.

- Wallace Martin Lindsay, Glasgow.
 - Alexander Buchanan, Glasgow
 - Henry Harries, Milford Haven.
 - William Kean, Rothesay.
 - James Kippen Duff, Aberfeldy.
 - Hugh Moncrieff, Edinburgh.
 - John Dodds, Glasgow,
 - Arthur Gray, Glasgow., John Edgar, Dumfries.
- Exercises in Greek Prose and Verse Composition.
Wallace M. Lindsay.

Junior—public Class.

Provectiones.

- John Orr, Stewarton, Ayrshire.
- Matthew P. Fraser, Paisley.
- James Denney, Greenock.
- John W. Marshall, Kilmarnock

- John S. W. Smith, Glasgow.
- 6. Alexander Stewart, Mary hill.
- R.J. Drummond, St. John'sWd.
- W. M 'Callum Clow, Glasgow
- 9. Peter Donaldson, Muthill.
- John Stevenson, Kilwinning.
- William Wilson, Bothwell.
- Donald M 'Millan, Skipness.?

TYRONES.

- George A. Gibson, Greenlaw, Berwickshire.
- W. G. M 'Conchie, Kircudbright.
- John H. Fullarton, Brodick.
- James B. Logan, Glasgow.
- James Murray, Kilmarnock.
- James M 'Meechy, Paisley.
- Rudolf Smith, Pollokshields.
- David S. Adam, Langside.
- Archibald Kirkland, Irvine.
- James E. Houston, Govan.

Private Class—session.

Voluntary Examination on Subjects read in the Class.

- Thomas Gregory, Anstruther.
- Exercises in Greek Iambics.
- Wallace M. Lindsay.

VACATION EXERCISES.

Provectiones of Last Session.

Translation into Greek Prose from Smith's History of Greece.

- Alexander Buchanan.
- Examination on Subjects prepared during the Summer.
- Alexander Buchanan.

TYRONES OF LAST SESSION.

Portion of Musgrave Wilkins' Greek Exercises.

- Matthew P. Fraser.
- Examinations on Subjects prepared during the Summer.
- Matthew P. Fraser.

THE BLACKSTONE MEDAL.

- Archibald Craig, Barrhead.

Humanity.

Prizes for General Eminence during the Session, awarded by the Votes of the Students.

Public Class—senior, 9 A.M.

The Cowan Gold Medal.

- Wallace M. Lindsay, Glasgow (Edinburgh Academy).

Ordinary Prizes.

- John Edgar, Dumfries (Dumfries Academy).
- Hugh Moncrieff, Edinburgh (Edinburgh Academy).
- William Macindoe, Glasgow (Glasgow Academy).
- James K. Duff, Aberfeldy (Mr. Gow's School).
- Hugh Miller, Hamilton (Gilbertfield School).
- John M. Dodds, Glasgow (Windermere College).
- William Kean, Rothesay (Rothesay Parish School).
- Arthur Gray, Glasgow (Glasgow Academy).
- John Reid, Newton-on-Ayr (Newton F. C. School).
- Donald Macmillan, Skipness (Inellan Parish School).

Junior Class.

- James Denney, Greenock (Highlanders' Academy).
- John M. Marshall, Kilmarnock (Kilmarnock Academy and Glasgow High School).
- William Wilson, Bothwell (F. C. School, Uddingston).
- Peter Donaldson, Muthill (Muthill P. S.)
- John Mair, Glasgow (Glasgow High School).
- John S. W. Smith, Glasgow (Glasgow Academy).
- James M 'Murchy, Paisley (Paisley Grammar School).
- George A. Gibson, Greenlaw (Greenlaw F. C. School).
- Arthur Scott, Glasgow (Glasgow Academy).
- Robert Armstrong, Thornhill (Morton P. S.).
- Andrew Rutherford, Glasgow (Park School).
- James Gibson, Greenlaw (Greenlaw F. C. School).
- Francis W. Clark, Glasgow (Park School).
- James Murray, Kilmarnock (Kilmarnock Academy).
- John S. Paterson, Glasgow (Glasgow High School).

Senior And Private Class, 1 P.M.

Prizes on the Foundation of the late Professor Muirhead, for Written Examinations in the Lectures delivered, and Books read, at 1 p.m. during the Session—viz., the Miles Gloriosus and Trinummus of Plautus, Catullus, and Virgil, Æneid xi.

- Wallace M. Lindsay, Glasgow.
- James Wilson, Glasgow (E. C. Normal School).
- Hugh Moncrieff, Glasgow.

Senior Class, 9 A.M.

For Written Examinations in the whole of the Work read in the Class during the Session.

- Wallace M. Lindsay.
- Hugh Miller.
- Hugh Moncrieff.

For Latin Prose Composition.

- Wallace M. Lindsay.
- James Wilson.

VACATION EXERCISES.

For a Written Examination in Books prepared during the Summer

- William Kean.
- John Edgar.
- Arthur Gray.

For Translation of a prescribed passage into Latin Prose.

- William Kean.

BLACKSTONE EXAMINATION.

The Cowan Gold Medal.
James Wilson.

Rapport

Du Jury Chargé? De Décerner Le Prix

Institué
par le docteur Guinard.

Bruxelles, le

3 février 1873.

Monsieur le Ministre,

Nous avons l'honneur de vous adresser le rapport concernant les travaux et la décision du jury nommé pour décerner le prix Guinard.

Le docteur Jean-Baptiste Guinard, décédé à Saint-Nicolas le 28 mai 1867, a, par son testament daté du 6 juin 1866, institué pour son héritier universel la ville de Gand "à la charge bien formelle de donner, à perpétuité, tous les cinq ans, une somme de 10,000 francs à celui qui aura fait le meilleur ouvrage ou la meilleure invention pour améliorer la position matérielle ou intellectuelle de la classe ouvrière en général, sans distinction."

Par arrêté royal du 28 mai 1868, la ville de Gand fut autorisée à accepter le legs, à condition de remettre tous les cinq ans au gouvernement une somme de 10,000 francs, pour être donnée en prix conformément aux intentions du testateur.

Un arrêté royal du 27 février 1872 conféra la mission de décerner le prix à un jury de cinq membres choisis par le Roi, sur une liste double de candidats proposés par les classes des sciences et des lettres de l'Académie royale de Belgique, et un arrêté royal du 29 avril de la même année désigna comme membres du jury : MM. Maus, Donny, De Decker, de Laveleye et Thonissen.

Le jury se réunit la première fois le 17 juin 1872. Après avoir été installé par M. le secrétaire perpétuel de l'Académie, il choisit comme président M. De Decker et comme secrétaire M. Maus, puis il s'occupa immédiatement de la tâche qu'il avait à remplir. Cette tâche était très-difficile et très-délicate, par suite du caractère très-général et assez vague des termes du testament qui instituait le prix. Il lui a fallu examiner, juger et comparer la valeur d'un grand nombre de livres et de plusieurs inventions.

Il ne nous appartient pas de consigner ici une appréciation critique des inventions et des ouvrages non couronnés; mais nous pouvons dire que quelques-uns de ces livres, parmi lesquels nous citerons les excellents travaux de M. J. Dauby, avaient attiré notre attention, et la majorité du jury semblait même incliner à partager le prix; mais une interprétation officielle ayant déclaré qu'une semblable décision serait contraire à l'intention du testateur, et les inventions techniques ayant dû être écartées pour divers motifs, le jury a considéré l'écrit qui exposait les avantages et les résultats de l'épargne en général, et surtout de l'épargne dans l'école, comme répondant le mieux aux intentions philanthropiques du docteur Guinard. Cet ouvrage, intitulé : *Conférence sur l'Épargne*, ne compte qu'un petit nombre de pages; mais l'idée qu'il développe est si juste, si féconde pour l'avenir, et là où elle a été appliquée, notamment à Gand, elle a donné des résultats si remarquables qu'il a paru réunir toutes les conditions voulues pour mériter les suffrages du jury. Ce que le généreux fondateur de ce beau prix avait en vue, en effet, ce n'était pas seulement de couronner un traité scientifique, une Œuvre volumineuse ou un mémoire académique, qui ne sont trop souvent accessibles qu'aux classes supérieures, c'était aussi et surtout de récompenser une Œuvre destinée à répandre une idée qui, généralement appliquée, pût améliorer réellement le sort de la classe ouvrière. Or, c'est précisément le résultat que doit avoir l'épargne, si on parvient à la généraliser.

Il est inutile d'insister ici sur les avantages de l'épargne : ils sont reconnus par tout le monde; nul ne les conteste. Seulement, les circonstances actuelles donnent à l'épargne faite par les ouvriers une importance nouvelle, et on doit désirer plus que jamais de la voir se répandre. Un grand effort se fait en ce moment, tant de la part des ouvriers que de la part des maîtres, pour arriver à améliorer la condition des classes laborieuses. On a cru y parvenir par l'augmentation des salaires. L'expansion inouïe de toutes les industries a amené une hausse extraordinaire du prix de la main-d'Œuvre. Malheureusement, dans la plupart des pays, cet accroissement de ressources a été souvent plus funeste qu'utile à l'ouvrier. Au lieu de faire des économies pour se créer un capital, il travaille moins, passe plus de temps dans les cabarets et consomme plus de boissons alcooliques. Récemment

encore, le principal organe de la publicité en Angleterre poussait un cri d'alarme, en voyant l'accroissement effrayant du produit de l'accise sur les eaux-de-vie. En Belgique, on constate le même fait. Beaucoup d'ouvriers ne travaillent plus que quatre ou cinq jours par semaine; ils ignorent qu'au moyen de l'épargne ils pourraient, en peu d'années, devenir propriétaires d'une maison ou d'un petit capital.

Quand on étudie de près ce qu'on appelle la question sociale, c'est-à-dire les rapports entre les capitalistes et les ouvriers, on est bientôt convaincu que l'un des meilleurs moyens de faire cesser toute mésintelligence est d'arriver à réunir dans les mêmes mains le capital et le travail trop souvent séparés et parfois même engagés dans une lutte déplorable.

Il faudrait, pour établir définitivement l'harmonie sociale, que le travailleur devînt propriétaire. En effet, que l'ouvrier des champs ou de l'atelier parvienne à posséder une maison, quelques ares de terre, quelques obligations ou un livret de la caisse d'épargne et aussitôt il est converti aux idées d'ordre; il devient l'ennemi de tout bouleversement qui lui enlèverait des économies péniblement acquises. Mais comment transformer le travailleur en capitaliste? Il n'y a qu'un moyen, c'est de porter l'ouvrier à l'épargne. Le capital créé par l'ouvrier lui-même est le seul qui sera conservé.

C'est en vain que l'on ferait des avances à l'ouvrier ou qu'on lui donnerait les instruments de travail, comme certains réformateurs le proposent; ces cadeaux, comme les héritages échus à des dépensiers, ne tarderaient pas à être dissipés. Il faut avant tout communiquer aux ouvriers l'esprit d'ordre, de prévoyance et de bonne administration, qui seul peut conserver et accroître le capital acquis, prêté ou donné.

Les sociétés coopératives qui ont réussi sont celles qui ont elles-mêmes formé leur capital au moyen d'un prélèvement héroïque sur le salaire quotidien; celles à qui le gouvernement de 1848 avait fait des avances n'ont pas tardé à succomber.

On le voit, porter l'ouvrier à l'épargne est une nécessité de la société moderne, et nulle part elle n'est plus urgente qu'en Belgique, car nulle part l'habitude de l'épargne n'est moins répandue parmi les classes ouvrières de l'industrie, comme les résultats suivants le démontrent:

Sur 1,000 habitants les caisses d'épargne comptent:

200 déposants dans l'état de Massachusetts (Amérique);

La caisse générale d'épargne et de retraite de l'état ne comptait en Belgique que 44,182 livrets au 31 décembre 1870, et un an plus tard 46,473 livrets pour une population dépassant 5 millions d'habitants. Le problème qui se pose est donc celui-ci :

Comment répandre l'habitude de l'épargne? L'écrit que nous couronnons montre admirablement—et c'est là son grand mérite—que c'est surtout par l'école qu'on y parviendra. Il est difficile d'amener les ouvriers adultes à l'épargne; les chefs d'industrie font de vains efforts pour y parvenir. L'ouvrier qui ignore la puissance libératrice de l'épargne répond : A quoi bon? Cela ne changera pas mon sort; mieux vaut s'amuser aujourd'hui, qui sait ce qui arrivera demain? A chaque jour sa peine. "Ce n'est pas seulement une question de plus ou moins d'intelligence, dit très-bien notre auteur; il y a chez les ouvriers des habitudes invétérées de dépense : pour les hommes, c'est le cabaret; pour les femmes, c'est la toilette. Vainement leur dit-on qu'une maladie, qu'une crise industrielle peut les priver d'ouvrage et les plonger dans la misère, ils ne connaissent que la jouissance du moment, et ne veulent pas songer au lendemain. La perspective de la misère ne les effraye pas. Combien en avons-nous entendus dire : Si nous n'avons pas de travail, nous demanderons des secours au bureau de bienfaisance!"

S'il est difficile d'inculquer l'esprit d'économie aux adultes, il ne reste qu'un moyen de le répandre, c'est de s'adresser aux enfants qui fréquentent l'école primaire. L'instituteur a ici une double mission à remplir, il doit d'abord montrer à l'enfant qu'épargner est une vertu, et que c'est l'unique moyen d'améliorer son sort; il doit ensuite s'efforcer de faire prendre à l'enfant l'habitude de l'épargne. On connaît la puissance de l'habitude; elle devient une seconde nature, a-t-on dit, et rien n'est plus vrai. Celui qui, dans son jeune âge, a fait des économies sera probablement plus tard économe, laborieux et rangé. C'est parce que nos familles d'ouvriers ne savent pas ce que c'est qu'épargner, c'est parce que les enfants ne voient jamais cet exemple sous leurs yeux, que le progrès est si lent sous ce rapport. A Gand, où les deux tiers des enfants des écoles communales ont déjà des livrets, on leur explique le mécanisme et les avantages de la Caisse d'épargne. Chaque remboursement demandé à l'école est l'occasion d'une leçon pratique. D'ordinaire ces remboursements servent à acheter des vêtements aux enfants mêmes qui épargnent ou à leurs frères et sœurs. A ce propos, on explique qu'il vaut mieux consacrer l'argent dont on dispose à se bien vêtir qu'à s'acheter des friandises. Souvent la leçon prend un caractère moral plus élevé; c'est quand le livret sert à secourir la famille dans un moment de crise et de gêne momentanée. Alors les parents bénissent l'excellente habitude que l'on a fait contracter à leurs enfants.

Mais, a-t-on dit, c'est dessécher le cœur des enfants, étouffer tout instinct généreux, enseigner l'avarice.—Ces objections sont réfutées par les faits.—Épargner, c'est vaincre un appétit et résister à un besoin de jouissance immédiate, en vue d'un avantage éloigné que l'esprit seul perçoit. C'est donc un triomphe sur la passion, sur l'égoïsme; or, celui qui est habitué à vaincre ses passions et ses sens, qui vit par l'esprit, est plus

disposé à faire un sacrifice pour les autres que celui qui ne cherche que la satisfaction immédiate de ses fantaisies. L'homme sensuel est toujours égoïste; en effet, il se rapproche de la brute, dont l'égoïsme est inconscient, féroce et sans bornes.

Si épargner est une bonne habitude, enseignez-la donc aux enfants.

On objecte encore qu'introduire l'épargne dans l'école ne servira à rien, car les enfants en seront à peine sortis, qu'ils retourneront à cette imprévoyance ordinaire dont ils voient les exemples autour d'eux. Sans doute, beaucoup agiront ainsi, surtout au début; mais un certain nombre persévérera et continuera à épargner. Pour le nier, il faut soutenir que l'éducation et l'habitude n'exercent aucune influence, et qui oserait le prétendre? N'est-ce point le cas de se rappeler la belle parabole du semeur de l'évangile? Une partie de la semence tombe sur le roc dur, et elle se dessèche; une autre partie dans les épines, et elle est étouffée; mais il en tombe une petite quantité dans la terre fertile; celle-ci lève et donne une abondante moisson. Parce que le succès n'est pas complet au début, faut-il donc ne rien faire et se croiser les bras en désespérant de l'avenir; ce n'est certes pas la leçon que nous donne l'Écriture.

Les résultats obtenus à Gand prouvent que l'Œuvre de l'épargne dans l'école n'est pas une utopie, mais une idée juste et féconde qui est appelée à un succès durable.

L'épargne a été introduite à Gand dans deux écoles communales vers la fin du mois d'octobre 1866, dans une troisième en 1867 et dans une quatrième en 1868, non par voie d'autorité, mais par voie de recommandation. L'auteur de l'écrit à qui nous croyons devoir accorder le prix est allé d'école en école, de classe en classe et souvent d'élève à élève, expliquer les avantages économiques et surtout les bienfaits moraux de l'épargne.

Afin d'initier les instituteurs et les institutrices au fonctionnement de la Caisse d'épargne, l'auteur a organisé des conférences pour le personnel enseignant, et l'un des instituteurs qui, d'après ses conseils, avait fait une étude spéciale de la loi de 1865, a donné plusieurs conférences sur cette matière.

L'une des principales difficultés qu'on a rencontrées au début était la résistance des parents. Les uns croyaient que le gouvernement voulait les dépouiller, les autres se défiaient des instituteurs; cette résistance a été vaincue peu à peu, grâce aux efforts incessants de notre auteur, grâce aux efforts du personnel enseignant et au concours de quelques personnes notables.

Voici comment l'épargne fonctionne à Gand :

L'instituteur de chaque classe tient un registre composé d'autant de feuillets qu'il y a d'élèves. Chaque feuillet est divisé en plusieurs colonnes destinées à contenir, pendant toute une année, l'inscription et la date du dépôt et du montant de la somme épargnée par l'élève. Les élèves des classes préparatoires et inférieures reçoivent, en retour des épargnes qu'ils apportent à l'école, un feuillet identique à celui de l'instituteur et sur lequel ce dernier inscrit le montant de la somme versée. Les élèves des classes supérieures et moyennes sont tenus de remplir eux-mêmes leur feuillet.

L'instituteur en chef possède également un registre contenant les noms de tous les élèves de l'école. Il reçoit hebdomadairement, le lundi, par exemple, tout l'argent épargné et en inscrit le montant dans son cahier.

Dès que les épargnes d'un enfant ont atteint 1 franc, l'instituteur en chef le dépose à la banque contre échange d'un livret. Ce livret, remis à l'enfant afin qu'il le montre à ses parents, est apporté à l'école pour y être conservé par l'instituteur en chef. Lorsque les épargnes se sont élevées de nouveau à 1 franc, il est procédé de la même manière à un nouveau versement, qui est inscrit, comme le premier, dans le livret de l'élève, et ainsi de suite.

Les livrets ne sont rendus qu'aux parents des élèves et ils sont tenus de venir les prendre eux-mêmes chez l'instituteur en chef. Si, pour des motifs plausibles, les parents se trouvent dans l'impossibilité de se rendre à l'école, l'instituteur en chef ne délivre le livret que contre un reçu de ceux-ci. Cette mesure offre une garantie sérieuse, en ce sens qu'elle empêche les enfants de retirer leurs épargnes à l'insu des parents.

Quelques chiffres donneront une idée précise des résultats obtenus à Gand par la courageuse initiative de notre auteur et par son zèle infatigable.

Au 30 juin 1872, les écoles de Gand avaient distribué 12,420 livrets et les économies, inscrites sur ces livrets, s'élevaient à la somme de 430,227 francs, qui correspond, en moyenne, à 34 fr. 64 c. par livret.

Les nombres du tableau ci-joint et les tracés qu'ils représentent indiquent de la manière la plus simple la progression de l'épargne dans les écoles de Gand; ils ont été recueillis par un membre du jury, M. Donny.

Diverses publications dues à notre auteur ont engagé d'autres localités à introduire également l'épargne dans l'école.

Voici deux chiffres qui montrent l'influence vraiment remarquable exercée par l'épargne dans l'école. Au 31 décembre 1869, on comptait à Gand 11,334 livrets, tandis qu'Anvers, avec une population presque aussi nombreuse, n'en possédait que 564.

Le succès le plus soutenu est donc venu couronner l'une des meilleures œuvres que l'on puisse concevoir. Ce fait, trop peu connu, mérite de fixer l'attention de tout homme qui désire l'amélioration des classes

inférieures. Le prix Guinard, en faisant mieux connaître cette Œuvre, contribuera certainement à atteindre le but que son fondateur avait en vue. C'est une heureuse coïncidence que ce prix soit attribué à la ville même où l'idée de le créer est née.

On objectera peut-être que le succès est momentané et exceptionnel, qu'il est dû tout entier aux efforts du philanthrope qui a usé de sa légitime influence sur les instituteurs pour leur inspirer un dévouement rare, sur lequel on ne pourra compter ailleurs. Que cette influence toute personnelle cesse d'agir, et l'influence disparaîtra bientôt! Certes, on ne peut nier que le succès de l'Œuvre est dû en grande partie à l'auteur de l'écrit auquel nous avons décerné le prix; mais si l'idée sur laquelle elle repose est juste, elle se perpétuera et se généralisera, parce qu'il se trouvera ailleurs des hommes dévoués à la classe laborieuse qui comprendront la nécessité de répandre le goût de l'épargne. Déjà dans d'autres villes, l'Œuvre de Gand a été imitée et une société se forme en ce moment même à Bruxelles pour en favoriser l'extension dans la capitale. Il en est ainsi pour toutes les Œuvres philanthropiques. Sans doute, c'est à M. Schulze-Delitsch que l'Allemagne doit ses banques populaires, mais le principe qui leur a servi de base étant juste, il s'en fonde partout et leur nombre s'accroît sans cesse.

A l'appui de sa décision, le jury peut invoquer le témoignage de l'autorité la plus compétente en cette matière, M. Léon Cans, directeur général de la Caisse d'épargne de l'état, dont l'un des derniers rapports officiels contient un passage qui concerne l'épargne dans l'école et l'écrit destiné à en démontrer les avantages

"Déjà l'année dernière, dit-il, j'ai rendu compte des excellentes mesures adoptées par l'administration communale et la commission des écoles de la ville de Gand : faire connaître aux élèves des écoles primaires et des écoles d'adultes l'existence et l'utilité de la Caisse d'épargne, mettre à leur portée les moyens d'y effectuer leurs dépôts, telle était la combinaison simple et facile, à la réalisation de laquelle les instituteurs et les institutrices de la ville de Gand se sont prêtés avec un zèle des plus louables. Dès les premiers jours, le résultat dépassa leur propre attente; non-seulement le sentiment de l'économie se développait et se propageait parmi les enfants, mais il était permis d'espérer qu'il s'étendrait à leur famille. Cet espoir commence à se réaliser.

"Dans une publication inspirée par les idées les plus généreuses et par une grande élévation de sentiments, un membre du conseil communal et de la commission des écoles a exposé en quelques pages les raisons qui démontrent la nécessité de l'adoption du système préconisé, puis il cite les faits réalisés qui ne permettent pas de douter du succès.

"Publié en français et en flamand, sous forme de brochure, cet opuscule a été adressé, par les soins de M. le ministre de l'intérieur, à tous les instituteurs et institutrices, et par la Caisse d'épargne, à MM. les bourgmestres de la plupart des communes du royaume.

"Le conseil, j'en ai la conviction, voudra bien se joindre à moi pour donner un témoignage de gratitude à l'auteur anonyme de cette brochure et pour le remercier de ses efforts en faveur de la propagation de l'épargne. C'est véritablement à lui que revient l'honneur d'une innovation qui est de nature à transformer nos populations ouvrières. Cette innovation ne devait, du reste, pas tarder à trouver un grand nombre d'adhérents parmi les administrations communales, ainsi que parmi les instituteurs et les inspecteurs de l'enseignement primaire. Plusieurs villes, notamment Bruxelles, et quelques communes rurales ont mis le système en pratique avant la fin de l'année, et déjà l'on peut constater un accroissement considérable du nombre des livrets et des petits versements. Mais le compte à rendre des résultats de ce mouvement, qui n'est qu'à son début, appartient à l'année courante. Je le consigne ici comme un appel aux administrations communales et aux instituteurs qui hésiteraient encore à introduire la caisse d'épargne dans leurs écoles.

"L'administration de la Caisse générale d'épargne sera heureuse de pouvoir rendre hommage au zèle et, au dévouement dont ils feront preuve pour assurer l'organisation de l'épargne dans ces institutions, et elle se montrera toujours disposée à publier les résultats annuels de leur gestion.

"D'autres moyens ont d'ailleurs été mis en Œuvre pour faire naître et encourager la pratique de l'épargne parmi les élèves des écoles.

"A Gand, les membres du conseil communal, des fabricants et d'autres personnes ont donné leur concours pécuniaire, et des sociétés flamandes ont affecté à l'encouragement de l'épargne le produit de représentations théâtrales.

"Le conseil communal de Bruges a résolu d'inscrire au budget, à titre de subside, une somme de 1,000 fr. pour aider à l'introduction de la caisse d'épargne dans les écoles.

"Le comité pour l'encouragement de l'instruction des enfants pauvres dans les écoles communales de Courtrai a décidé d'attribuer aux bonnes notes que les élèves pourront obtenir une valeur en espèces pour former ou accroître leur petit capital d'épargne.

"M. le bourgmestre de Stavelot, président de la succursale de la caisse érigée dans cette ville par son initiative, a souscrit pour une somme de 300 francs par an, et une autre personne de la même ville pour 100 francs, afin d'encourager ou de récompenser l'habitude de l'épargne parmi les élèves des écoles par un versement sur leur livret."

A ce témoignage très-significatif que nous sommes heureux de pouvoir invoquer à l'appui de notre

décision, nous pourrions joindre celui de plusieurs hommes d'état et de directeurs d'écoles normales qui ont fait également l'accueil le plus favorable à l'épargne, et M. le ministre de l'intérieur a bien voulu, le 29 mai 1872, en demander 8,000 exemplaires, moitié en flamand, moitié en français, pour les distribuer dans toutes les écoles du royaume; plus tard, il en a réclamé encore 1,900 exemplaires pour les écoles normales.

En résumé, faire en sorte que l'ouvrier arrive à la possession du capital par l'épargne, et pour atteindre ce but la recommander et l'introduire dans l'école primaire, telle est l'idée qu'a exposée notre auteur, en s'appuyant sur le remarquable succès obtenu dans les écoles communales de Gand pendant la dernière période quinquennale, et cette idée a paru si importante, si juste et surtout si conforme au but du prix Guinard, que le jury, à l'unanimité

M. Thonissen avait envoyé sa démission avant la décision du jury.

, moins une abstention, a décerné le prix à l'écrit intitulé : "Conférence sur l'épargne", qui est dû à la plume de M. Laurent, professeur à l'université de Gand.

Veillez agréer, M. le ministre, l'expression de notre profond respect.

Les rapporteurs,

HENRI MAUS, EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

Conférence

Sur L'épargne

Faite Devant Des Élèves Normalistes.

I

Pourquoi viens-je vous parler de l'épargne, à vous qui êtes appelés à devenir instituteurs et institutrices? C'est que votre future mission est de présider non-seulement à l'instruction, mais aussi à l'éducation de la classe la plus nombreuse et la plus pauvre. Il faut nous arrêter un instant à cette mission; il n'y en a pas de plus grande, de plus belle. Vous êtes les artisans de la civilisation et du progrès. Car qu'est-ce que la civilisation? qu'est-ce que le progrès? On dit qu'une nation est civilisée quand elle cultive les facultés intellectuelles et morales dont Dieu a doué toutes ses créatures. Et le progrès consiste dans ce même développement : l'instruction doit se répandre dans toutes les classes de la société et se perfectionner de jour en jour, et l'éducation doit toujours accompagner l'instruction; il est presque inutile que je vous dise que par éducation j'entends la culture morale. Un pays où chaque homme serait instruit, où chaque homme aurait le sentiment de ses devoirs, serait un pays civilisé par excellence. Par cela même les hommes y jouiraient de tout le bonheur qu'ils peuvent avoir sur cette terre; car le bonheur véritable consiste à développer ses facultés, ou pour me servir de la belle parole de l'évangile, à devenir parfaits comme notre Père dans les cieux.

Vous me direz, mes amis, que j'ai oublié un élément de la civilisation et du progrès, le développement de la richesse, ce que l'on appelle le progrès matériel. Ce n'est pas un oubli. La richesse joue un grand rôle dans les progrès de la civilisation, toutefois il y faut voir, non un but, mais un moyen, un instrument. Les pays les plus riches sont aussi les pays les plus civilisés, et les plus pauvres sont les plus incultes. C'est qu'il faut une certaine richesse pour créer et multiplier les établissements d'instruction publique et toutes les institutions qui s'y rattachent, telles que les bibliothèques et les musées de tout genre. Or, les écoles sont les ateliers dans lesquels les facultés humaines sont développées; sans les écoles, il y a ni instruction ni éducation. Voilà pourquoi le progrès intellectuel et moral ne peut être séparé du progrès matériel. Mais gardez-vous de les mettre sur la même ligne : ce serait confondre le but avec le moyen. L'homme n'a pas pour mission de s'enrichir, il a pour mission de développer sa raison et sa conscience. L'instruction et la moralité, voilà le but que nous devons poursuivre de tous nos efforts; mais ces efforts ne deviennent possibles que lorsque la société a une certaine richesse, et la société n'est riche que lorsque les individus possèdent. Ainsi le progrès matériel est l'instrument, tandis que le progrès intellectuel et moral est le but. Réfléchissez un instant au terme de notre existence, et vous comprendrez ma pensée. Quand nous quittons ce monde, est-ce que nous emportons avec nous nos maisons, nos terres et notre argent? Non, nous emportons nos bonnes et nos mauvaises qualités, et celles-ci dépendent de l'instruction et de l'éducation que nous avons reçues. Quel est l'homme heureux à la fin de sa vie? Ce n'est pas le plus riche; c'est celui qui a fait le plus d'efforts pour développer ses facultés intellectuelles et morales.

Maintenant vous comprendrez, mes amis, ce qu'il y a de grand et de beau dans votre mission, et pourquoi je

viens vous parler de l'épargne. Qui dirige l'instruction et l'éducation de l'enfance? L'instituteur. C'est donc vous qui jetez les premiers fondements de la civilisation, c'est vous qui #tes les artisans du progrès. Ce n'est pas assez dire. L'immense majorité des hommes ne reçoivent d'autre enseignement que celui que l'on appelle primaire. Vous #tes donc les seuls maîtres de ces classes qui sont tout ensemble les plus nombreuses et les plus pauvres. Il en résulte que l'avenir de la société est dans vos mains. Pendant longtemps les classes ouvrières étaient pour ainsi dire en dehors de la société. Dans l'antiquité, certaines catégories d'ouvriers, ceux surtout qui cultivaient la terre, étaient esclaves; dans les longs siècles du moyen âge, les esclaves sont devenus des serfs et les serfs ont fini par #tre affranchis. Enfin la révolution de 89 a déclaré tous les hommes égaux, et les a tous appelés à la liberté politique. Depuis lors, il se fait un immense mouvement dans la société. Nos constitutions proclament la souveraineté du peuple; le peuple veut #tre souverain en réalité. C'est une révolution radicale qui se prépare. Cette révolution peut #tre funeste, elle peut #tre bienfaisante. Elle sera funeste si la classe ouvrière reste ignorante et inculte, comme elle l'est malheureusement encore presque partout; car, dans leur ignorance et leur aveuglement, les ouvriers s'imaginent que le seul moyen d'améliorer leur condition, c'est de bouleverser l'ordre social, de détruire la propriété individuelle; de là les r#ves du socialisme et du communisme; s'ils pouvaient jamais se réaliser, la société périrait; car elle ne vit que par l'action des forces individuelles. Il ne faut donc pas tuer l'individualité humaine; il faut la développer, de manière que chaque homme trouve dans la société la place que ses facultés lui assignent. Si la révolution qui se prépare se fait en ce sens, elle sera bienfaisante; car elle assurera à chaque homme une position honorable, elle permettra à chacun de développer ses facultés intellectuelles et morales, elle nous donnera donc le seul bonheur auquel nous puissions aspirer. C'est dire que l'instruction et l'éducation doivent présider à la révolution sociale, c'est dire que vous, mes amis, vous en #tes les artisans. L'instruction que vous donnerez à l'ouvrier lui apprendra que bouleverser la société est un mauvais moyen d'améliorer sa condition, puisqu'il serait la première victime d'un bouleversement qui anéantirait toute industrie et par conséquent tout travail. L'éducation que vous donnerez à l'ouvrier lui apprendra que s'il a des droits il a aussi des devoirs, et qu'il trouvera son bonheur à remplir ces devoirs.

Cela ne suffit pas, dit-on; il faut aussi que la condition matérielle de l'ouvrier s'améliore, sinon il n'aura pas m#me les moyens de cultiver sa raison et son âme. Je suis d'accord; aussi je n'entends pas condamner les efforts que font les ouvriers pour rendre leur condition meilleure. Que dis-je? je leur offre un moyen sûr d'acquérir cette aisance qui est nécessaire à l'homme pour qu'il puisse travailler à son développement intellectuel et moral. Mais, au lieu de demander avec les socialistes que la propriété soit abolie, je dis aux ouvriers : "Il dépend de vous de devenir proprié taires. Ne cherchez pas votre bonheur dans la destruction de l'ordre social, parce que vous seriez les premiers à périr dans la ruine générale. Votre bonheur dépend de vous. Apprenez à modérer vos désirs et à régler vos passions. Apprenez à épargner, car épargner n'est pas autre chose. L'épargne ainsi comprise est un moyen infaillible d'améliorer votre condition matérielle, intellectuelle et morale."

Vous voyez, mes amis, quelle grande mission vous avez dans la révolution qui se prépare. Vous n'#tes pas seulement les artisans du progrès intellectuel et moral; vous #tes encore appelés à transformer les classes ouvrières, en apprenant à l'enfant de l'ouvrier que son sort dépend de lui, qu'il peut conquérir cet instrument de développement intellectuel et moral qu'il envie tant, l'aisance, la richesse m#me, en pratiquant l'épargne que vous lui enseignez dès l'école gardienne, et que vous continuez à lui pr#cher à l'école communale et à l'école d'adultes. Vous avez participé à l'épargne, comme élèves de nos écoles, depuis votre tendre enfance. Vous voilà adolescents, bientôt vous serez instituteurs et institutrices. C'est le moment de vous dire pourquoi nous avons introduit l'épargne à l'école, et de vous convier à nous pr#ter votre concours le plus actif dans cette grande oeuvre.

II

Quand je demande aux enfants de nos écoles ce que c'est qu'épargner et pourquoi ils épargnent, ils sont très-embarrassés pour répondre. Les uns disent : C'est mettre de l'argent de côté au lieu de le dépenser. Les autres ajoutent : C'est afin d'avoir une pomme pour la soif. Il y a du vrai dans ces réponses, mais ce n'est pas toute la vérité. L'avare aussi met son argent de côté au lieu de le dépenser; ce- pendant on ne dira pas de lui qu'il est économe. Il y a donc une économie qui est une vertu, et il y a une épargne qui est un vice. Ce ne sont pas les enfants seuls qui confondent l'avarice et l'épargne. Des hommes bien intentionnés nous ont reproché d'enseigner l'avarice aux enfants, ou du moins de les transformer en spéculateurs, en leur enlevant la générosité de sentiments qui, dit-on, les distingue. Il s'agit ici du point capital de notre Œuvre, il faut nous y arr#ter.

Il suffit d'un peu de réflexion, mes amis, pour ne pas confondre l'avarice et l'économie. Pourquoi l'avare entasse-t-il son argent, au point de se priver du nécessaire? Il entasse pour entasser; pour lui la richesse est le but de toute sa vie, et il ne songe pas m#me à jouir de ses trésors. L'avarice est une mauvaise passion, une maladie de lame, presque une folie. Est-ce que pour nous qui pr#chons l'épargne, la richesse est aussi un but? J'ai commencé par vous dire que la richesse n'est jamais qu'un moyen, un instrument de développement

intellectuel et moral. Celui qui épargne entend faire usage du capital qu'il forme par ses économies; et il compte en faire un bon usage, puisqu'il sait que le but de la vie n'est pas d'être riche ni de jouir de ses richesses, mais que le but est de nous perfectionner sans cesse. Il est donc absurde de nous faire le reproche d'enseigner l'avarice aux enfants. Il y a même quelque chose d'odieux dans ce reproche; car c'est nous accuser de pr#cher le vice, de pr#cher une maladie de l'âme, de pr#cher la folie.

Personne ne niera que l'économie soit une vertu. Elle ne consiste pas à ne faire aucune dépense, elle consiste à ne pas faire de dépense inutile. Il y a des dépenses nécessaires; nous devons dépenser pour vivre, et l'homme ne vit pas seulement de pain; son intelligence et son âme ont aussi des besoins qu'il faut satisfaire. Est-ce que la première nécessité d'un être doué d'intelligence n'est pas de s'instruire pour développer sa raison et pour éclairer sa conscience? Est-ce que le premier de nos devoirs n'est pas de faire le bien? Voilà des dépenses légitimes, parce qu'elles ont pour effet de nous faire atteindre le but de notre vie, qui est le perfectionnement intellectuel et moral.

L'épargne, mes amis, n'a pas d'autre objet. Quand les enfants disent que l'on épargne afin d'avoir une pomme pour la soif, ils ont raison; seulement il faut entendre le proverbe dans sa plus large acception. L'épargne accumulée jour par jour forme un capital; les capitaux sont ce que nous appelons richesse; ils sont donc un instrument de développement intellectuel et moral : voilà la légitimité de l'épargne. Je vais vous donner un exemple, mes amis, en le prenant dans votre sphère d'idées et de sentiments. Plusieurs d'entre vous ont déjà épargné dans nos écoles communales pour s'acheter un Dictionnaire, ou pour s'abonner aux Œuvres de Conscience. J'ai applaudi à cette économie, et je voudrais la voir généralisée dans nos écoles normales. Tous, vous avez besoin de livres, car les bons livres sont la nourriture de l'intelligence et de l'âme, ils développent la raison et ils vous inspirent de bons sentiments, qui sont le mobile des bonnes actions. A vous surtout, futurs instituteurs et institutrices, il faut une bibliothèque de livres choisis; car vous devez avoir beaucoup de connaissances pour bien remplir vos fonctions : c'est un mauvais maître que celui qui n'en sait pas cent fois plus qu'il n'en enseigne. Donc économisez pour vous former une petite bibliothèque. Ce sera encore une pomme pour la soif, mais pour la soif de la science. Il y en a peut-être parmi vous qui sont absolument dépourvus de moyens; ils diront qu'ils ne peuvent pas économiser sans imposer une nouvelle charge à leurs parents. C'est la réponse que j'ai reçue plus d'une fois quand je conseillais aux normalistes d'épargner. Je veux croire que l'excuse est sincère. Eh bien, ce sera une occasion pour ceux d'entre vous qui en ont les moyens, d'épargner pour leurs frères ou leurs sœurs qui sont dans le besoin. Vous me comprenez. Vous prendrez sur vos économies, vous vous cotiserez, pour faire cadeau d'un Dictionnaire ou d'un bon livre à un compagnon d'études; quelle plus belle marque d'affection pouvez-vous donner à vos frères et sœurs? La religion et la morale vous disent que vous devez aimer votre prochain, et aimer n'est-ce pas faire du bien à ceux que l'on aime?

Ce que je viens de vous dire, mes amis, répond à un autre reproche que l'on nous adresse. Il est impossible de nier que l'économie soit une vertu, mais on prétend qu'il ne faut pas la pr#cher aux enfants, parce que c'est leur enseigner l'égoïsme et vicier leur nature généreuse. Que d'illusions et que d'erreurs il y a dans cette accusation! On croit que les enfants sont généreux, tandis qu'ils sont personnels, disons le mot, égoïstes. Voyez cet enfant : ses parents, quoique fort pauvres, lui donnent deux centimes le dimanche pour ses menus plaisirs; il court s'acheter une friandise quelconque : songe-t-il à en faire part à ses parents? songe-t-il à en faire part à ses camarades? Il se hâte de manger sa pomme, et ne pense pas même que ses parents se sont refusé une pomme pour que lui en ait une. Ce que l'on appelle les menus plaisirs sont un apprentissage d'égoïsme. Dire à l'enfant qu'il doit épargner ces quelques centimes, ce n'est donc pas lui donner une leçon d'égoïsme, c'est au contraire lui apprendre à se priver d'une fantaisie; et s'imposer une privation, n'est-ce pas le commencement du sacrifice, de l'abnégation, du dévouement? Ceci n'est pas de la théorie. L'enfant ne tarde pas à savoir à quoi servent les économies qu'il fait en se privant d'une friandise désirée; il demande le remboursement de son livret, pourquoi? Le plus souvent pour subvenir aux dépenses de sa famille, parfois pour enterrer son père et pour donner du pain à sa mère veuve : sont-celà des leçons d'égoïsme?

Je vais vous raconter, à ce sujet, une histoire dont j'ai été témoin. En allant visiter une école, je vois à la porte une jeune fille qui sanglotait. C'était une élève de nos écoles d'adultes. Je lui demande la cause de son chagrin; elle me répond qu'elle vient de perdre son père mort subitement, et qu'elle va chercher son livret. Nous avions remarqué que, depuis quelque temps, elle épargnait des sommes assez considérables, et nous avions même conçu quelques soupçons. Elle nous raconta qu'elle devait se marier; c'étaient les économies de son fiancé et les siennes qu'elle apportait le dimanche à l'école. Le petit capital qu'elle avait amassé devait servir à son établissement. Elle en demandait le remboursement pour payer l'enterrement de son père et pour donner du pain à sa mère, à son aïeule, à un frère idiot, à ses sœurs plus jeunes qu'elle. Quel sacrifice! Et elle ne songeait pas même que c'en fût un! Elle ne pensait qu'à son père, elle ne parlait que de lui. Pour le moment, elle renonça à se marier parce qu'elle devait travailler pour sa famille. Voilà les fruits de l'épargne : est-ce une leçon d'égoïsme?

III

Je reviens à l'épargne que l'on pratique dans les écoles de Gand dès la plus tendre enfance; nous avons des livrets dans nos écoles gardiennes. Au 1^{er} juillet 1871, il y avait dans ces écoles 2,659 enfants et 980 livrets; pendant le premier semestre de l'année, on a pris 401 livrets nouveaux. On nous fait un crime de ce que nous considérons comme un progrès. Priver des enfants de trois à six ans du plaisir de manger quelques friandises, c'est de l'inhumanité, dit-on, et cette cruauté est parfaitement inutile. Est-ce que l'on peut faire comprendre à des enfants de cet âge ce que c'est que la vertu de l'économie? A quoi peut servir l'épargne quand les enfants ne savent pas ce qu'ils font?

Je vais répondre à cette nouvelle accusation, mes amis; elle me fournira l'occasion de vous donner des conseils que vous serez bientôt dans le cas de pratiquer. Pourquoi y a-t-il des écoles gardiennes? Elles ne servent pas uniquement à garder les enfants; ce sont des écoles, donc des établissements d'instruction et d'éducation. Y aurait-il par hasard un âge fixe auquel on commence à élever les enfants? L'éducation commence avec la vie et ne finit qu'avec elle. Sans doute elle se proportionne et elle varie avec les forces de l'intelligence. Dans le bas âge, c'est une discipline; on inculque les vertus par l'habitude. Pourquoi n'habituerait-on pas les enfants à l'économie, comme on les habitue à l'obéissance? Faut-il attendre que la raison de l'enfant soit développée pour procéder à son éducation? La question implique une absurdité : ce serait attendre pour développer les facultés de l'enfant que ces facultés soient développées! L'éducation est une Œuvre progressive : à chaque âge on dit et on apprend à l'enfant ce qu'il est en état de comprendre et de faire.

Comment enseignons-nous l'épargne dans nos écoles gardiennes et dans les classes inférieures de nos écoles communales? Nous disons aux enfants que c'est mal faire de dépenser son argent à acheter des friandises, qui sont le plus souvent mauvaises et qui par conséquent les rendent malades. Est-ce à dire que nous voulions priver les pauvres petits du plaisir de manger de bons fruits? Dieu nous en garde! Nous conseillons aux mères d'acheter elles-mêmes des fruits, ou les friandises que leur fortune leur permet de donner aux enfants, et de les manger à table, en famille. De cette manière, la dépense, au lieu d'être nuisible, deviendra profitable, et on développera en même temps l'esprit de famille au lieu de nourrir l'égoïsme.

A mesure que l'intelligence de l'enfant se développe, on lui explique les avantages de l'économie. Il comprendra bien vite les bienfaits économiques de l'épargne. Chaque remboursement demandé à l'école sera l'occasion d'une leçon pratique. Pendant le premier semestre de 1871, une somme de près de vingt-sept mille francs

Francs 26,936-12.

a été remboursée dans toutes les écoles de Gand, y compris les écoles payantes et les écoles d'adultes. Ces remboursements sont tous une application du dicton populaire : une pomme pour la soif. D'ordinaire ils servent à acheter des habillements aux enfants mêmes qui épargnent ou à leurs frères et sœurs : ne vaut-il pas mieux être bien vêtu que de manger de mauvaises friandises le dimanche? Voilà une leçon à la portée de tout enfant. La leçon prend souvent un caractère plus moral. Une maladie empêche le père de travailler; la famille manquerait de pain, sans les livrets des enfants. Les parents sont heureux de trouver cette pomme pour la soif. Voici un des mille faits qui se passent tous les jours dans nos écoles. Il y a encore des parents qui, dans leur aveugle ignorance, s'opposent à l'épargne. Une jeune ouvrière économisa à l'insu de sa mère ce que celle-ci lui donnait le dimanche sur son salaire. L'ouvrage vint à manquer, comme cela arrive si souvent dans nos villes manufacturières. La mère se lamente et dit qu'il faudra aller mendier. Non, dit la fille; j'ai cinquante francs à la Caisse d'épargne. Cela nous suffira pour vivre plusieurs semaines, en réduisant la dépense au strict nécessaire; d'ici là nous trouverons du travail. La mère pleura de joie en venant toucher ce trésor, et elle bénit ceux qui avaient introduit l'épargne à l'école.

IV

Quand l'enfant reste à l'école jusqu'à quatorze ans, on peut lui faire comprendre les bienfaits moraux de l'épargne. Ceci est, à mon avis, le point essentiel, c'est aussi le plus difficile. J'appelle toute votre attention, mes amis, sur ce que je vais vous dire. L'homme a des besoins qu'il doit satisfaire; il y a donc des dépenses nécessaires, légitimes. Mais l'homme a aussi des besoins qu'il se crée lui-même, et que pour cette raison on appelle factices, en les opposant aux besoins naturels. Les besoins que la nature nous donne sont limités. Il ne faut qu'une certaine quantité d'aliments pour vivre; si nous la dépassons, nous détruisons la vie au lieu de l'entretenir, car une alimentation excessive engendre des maladies et donne la mort. Il en est de même des autres besoins naturels; il ne vous faut qu'un habit pour vous couvrir, vous n'en mettez pas deux; vous ne pouvez pas habiter deux maisons à la fois. Quant aux besoins de l'intelligence, on les satisfait bien facilement; l'instruction est donnée gratuitement aux pauvres, et les bibliothèques publiques, les bibliothèques populaires,

les musées fournissent des moyens gratuits de continuer l'éducation intellectuelle commencée dans nos écoles.

Les besoins factices, au contraire, n'ont pas d'autre limite que les désirs de l'homme, et ces désirs sont infinis. Vous n'avez qu'à jeter les yeux autour de vous pour vous en convaincre. Ou mieux encore, descendez dans votre conscience, scrutez vos goûts, vos habitudes et vous trouverez en vous-mêmes le germe de ces besoins immodérés que l'homme s'ingénie à multiplier sans cesse. Je prends comme exemples des besoins factices qui se sont déjà développés chez vous : la plupart des élèves instituteurs fument, et je ne me trompe guère en affirmant que presque toutes les élèves institutrices ont le goût de la toilette. Est-ce que fumer est un besoin naturel? Je ne fume pas, ce qui ne m'a pas empêché d'arriver à la vieillesse. Voilà donc une dépense inutile; je dis plus, d'ordinaire elle est nuisible : l'usage immodéré du tabac engendre des maladies, il donne la mort. J'ai vu mourir, à la fleur de l'âge, un ami, un beau-frère, époux, père, donnant les plus belles espérances; c'est le cigare qui a précipité sa mort. Vous me direz que c'est là l'abus! Oui, mais l'abus est inévitable, car le désir que l'on satisfait finit par devenir une passion, et la passion ne s'arrête devant rien, pas même devant la crainte de la maladie et de la mort. Cet ami dont je vous parle était un homme très-intelligent, il sentait qu'il se faisait du mal en fumant; nous lui disions qu'il se tuait, et cependant il continuait à fumer.

Il est presque inutile que je parle du goût désordonné de la toilette. Dès que dans vos habits vous dépassez la simplicité qui n'exclut pas le bon goût, vous faites une dépense inutile. Si cette dépense ne nuit pas au corps, et souvent elle lui nuit, par contre elle vicie l'âme et parfois elle lui devient mortelle. La jeune fille qui ne songe qu'à sa parure devient futile; elle oublie que sa mission sur cette terre est d'orner son esprit et son cœur, et non pas de parer son corps. Le goût du luxe lui fait désirer des habillements qui sont au-dessus de sa condition et de sa fortune. Comment se les procurera-t-elle? Je m'arrête... Combien de jeunes filles se sont perdues par amour de la toilette!

Maintenant vous comprendrez l'influence morale de l'épargne. Épargner, c'est retrancher toutes les dépenses inutiles, toutes les dépenses qui dépassent nos besoins réels, toutes les dépenses qui ne sont pas en harmonie avec notre condition sociale. Pour épargner, il faut donc modérer ses désirs : toute économie que nous faisons est une victoire remportée sur quelque mauvaise passion. En ce sens, l'épargne est le principe de la vertu. Voyez ce petit enfant de nos écoles gardiennes qui le lundi apporte à sa maîtresse les deux centimes qu'on lui a donnés le dimanche; pour ne pas acheter un fruit avec sa pièce de monnaie, il a dû vaincre un désir, il est sorti vainqueur de cette lutte : c'est la voie du perfectionnement moral. Les désirs grandissent avec l'âge; celui qui, tout enfant, a appris à les modérer, à les réprimer, saura aussi plus tard vaincre des passions plus fortes. Voilà comment l'épargne devient l'apprentissage et la pratique du devoir. Et n'est-ce pas là notre destinée? Dieu ne nous appelle-t-il pas à lutter sans cesse contre nos mauvais penchants? et la victoire dans cette lutte incessante n'est-elle pas le couronnement de notre vie? Que si, au contraire, l'enfant s'habitue à satisfaire tous ses désirs, il fait pour ainsi dire, dès son berceau, l'apprentissage du mal; car il fera adolescent ce qu'il faisait dans son enfance. Vainement la raison et la conscience lui diront-elles qu'il doit combattre les passions qui prennent tous les jours plus d'empire sur son âme; il n'a pas la force de lutter, parce qu'il a pris l'habitude de contenter toutes ses fantaisies. De même que l'homme qui n'a pas développé son intelligence et son corps par le travail reste faible et ignorant, celui qui n'a jamais lutté contre ses passions n'a plus la force de les combattre; il est vaincu d'avance, il succombe sans avoir fait d'effort pour résister au mal, il va de chute en chute, et il aboutit à la mort de l'âme.

J'entends l'objection que vous me faites, mes amis. Enlever à l'homme ses désirs, direz-vous, tuer ses passions, c'est le priver de tout bonheur. Que de fois de bonnes mères et des hommes généreux nous ont reproché de rendre les enfants malheureux en leur refusant le seul plaisir qui soit de leur âge, celui de manger quelque friandise! Eh bien, c'est précisément parce que je tiens à ce que vous soyez heureux, et que vous donniez aux enfants qui vous seront confiés tout le bonheur dont ils peuvent jouir, que j'insiste tant sur l'idée de sacrifice qui est au fond identique avec l'idée de l'épargne. Oui, c'est un sacrifice que je demande, je veux que vous renonciez à ce que vous appelez des plaisirs; mais je prétends que ma morale sévère vous rendra bien plus heureux que vous ne le seriez en contentant vos goûts et vos fantaisies. Voilà une petite fille qui aime les rubans, elle serait malheureuse si elle ne pouvait pas se procurer ces chiffons; au lieu d'épargner l'argent de ses menus plaisirs du dimanche, elle le consacre à acheter ces futilités. La voilà contente et heureuse. Oui, mais il y a un revers à la médaille. L'enfant devient jeune fille, elle voit des dames richement parées, elle envie leur parure, elle la désire de toutes les forces de son âme; mais elle ne peut plus se donner ce bonheur, elle n'en a pas les moyens. La voilà profondément malheureuse, et plus malheureuse encore si elle succombe aux tentations qui viennent l'assaillir avec une force irrésistible, parce qu'elle n'a pas appris à leur résister. Voyez, au contraire, cette autre enfant qui, dès l'école gardienne, a appris à modérer ses désirs et à les vaincre. Quand l'âge dangereux de la jeunesse arrive, elle a aussi des désirs, mais elle les réprime avec facilité, habituée qu'elle est à lutter. Elle ne se plaint pas de son sort, elle est contente et heureuse dans la condition où Dieu l'a fait naître. Laquelle de ces deux jeunes filles jouit du véritable bonheur?

Ne me dites pas : Les riches sont donc bienheureux, puisqu'ils peuvent, eux, satisfaire tous leurs désirs.

Non, ils ne le peuvent pas; et, si on ne leur apprend pas à les modérer, ils sont tout aussi malheureux que l'enfant de l'ouvrier qui envie leur prétendu bonheur. C'est que les désirs de l'homme sont infinis, tandis que les moyens de les satisfaire sont nécessairement limités. Vous aurez à élever un jour des enfants gâtés, c'est-à-dire des enfants dont les parents satisfont les moindres désirs. Eh bien, vous vous convaincrez qu'il n'y a pas d'enfants plus malheureux. Ils ne s'amuse plus de rien, parce qu'ils sont blasés sur tout; ils voudraient l'impossible : ils demandent qu'on leur donne la lune et les étoiles, et comme on ne peut pas les leur procurer, ils se fâchent, ils crient, ils trépignent de colère. Ces enfants gâtés sont l'image des hommes qui croient qu'ils trouveront le bonheur en satisfaisant tous leurs désirs : s'ils allaient à la recherche du malheur, ils ne pourraient pas s'y prendre mieux. Et cependant il y en a tant qui pensent ainsi! on peut dire sans exagération que la classe ouvrière est infectée de ce funeste préjugé : pour elle, les riches, qu'elle envie, sont les heureux de ce monde. Non, mes amis, la richesse n'est qu'un moyen, elle peut nous procurer le bonheur, elle peut aussi nous donner le malheur. Pour moi, j'ai toujours rendu grâce à Dieu de m'avoir fait naître pauvre. La pauvreté est une excitation au travail, et le travail est le lot de l'homme, car c'est par le travail qu'il développe ses facultés, et c'est là notre mission. C'est-à-dire que Dieu nous a imposé la loi de devenir de jour en jour plus parfaits; ceux qui obéissent à la voix de Dieu sont heureux, ceux qui ne l'écoutent pas sont malheureux.

L'ouvrier ne peut-il pas remplir sa mission ici-bas, tout en restant ouvrier, tout en étant pauvre? Les écoles lui fournissent le moyen de s'instruire; il y en a pour tous les âges. Voilà déjà un élément de bonheur dont les ouvriers incultes ne peuvent se faire une idée : ce sont les plaisirs intellectuels, jouissances pures qui ne laissent jamais de regrets. Les affections du cœur ne leur manquent pas davantage : qui les empêche de s'aimer? et y a-t-il un plus grand bonheur que celui d'aimer et d'être aimé? Qu'est-ce que l'ouvrier a donc à envier au riche? Rien. Il ne lui manque qu'une chose, c'est de savoir se contenter de la position sociale où Dieu l'a placé. C'est encore parce qu'il est inculte qu'il ne s'en contente pas. S'il réfléchissait un instant, ne se dirait-il pas que Dieu ne veut pas que tous les hommes soient riches, de même qu'il ne veut pas que tous les hommes aient les mêmes facultés intellectuelles et morales? Dieu nous donne la vie. Dieu nous doue des facultés de l'intelligence et de l'âme. Dieu nous fait naître à telle époque, dans tel pays, au sein de telle famille. C'est sa Providence qui dirige nos destinées; bénissons sa main au lieu de nous révolter contre lui, et n'est-ce pas se révolter contre Dieu que de maudire notre destinée parce que nous naissons pauvres?

V

Je ne ferme pas les oreilles aux justes plaintes des ouvriers. "On nous offre l'instruction, disent-ils, et dès l'âge de dix ans on nous enferme dans un atelier ou dans une fabrique, où nous travaillons du matin au soir, sans avoir un instant de loisir pour nous livrer aux plaisirs de l'intelligence. On nous parle du bonheur de la famille, il n'y a pas de famille pour nous. Enfants, nous voyons à peine notre père et notre mère, ceux-ci étant occupés à un travail sans relâche. Adultes et mariés, nous ne voyons pas notre femme, notre mari, pas plus que nos enfants. Alors même que nous avons quelques heures de loisir, nous ne les passons pas en famille; y a-t-il une famille sans un foyer domestique? et qu'est-ce que notre habitation? Un bouge infect où nous n'entrons que malgré nous, et que nous avons hâte de quitter." Il y a bien du vrai dans ces plaintes amères, mais il est vrai aussi que l'ouvrier peut, en grande partie, remédier au mal dont il se plaint. L'épargne peut et doit devenir l'instrument de sa régénération matérielle, intellectuelle et morale.

Quand nous avons prôné l'épargne dans nos écoles d'adultes, les ouvriers ne nous comprenaient pas. Nous leur disions que l'épargne est un devoir; ils ne savaient pas ce que cela voulait dire, un devoir. Quand avec beaucoup de peine nous leur expliquions que l'homme a des devoirs à remplir et que l'épargne est un de ces devoirs, ils nous objectaient que l'ouvrier n'a pas les moyens d'épargner, que ce qu'il peut économiser est en tout cas si peu de chose, qu'il ne valait pas la peine de commencer. Ce n'est qu'à force d'insistance que nous sommes parvenus à introduire l'épargne parmi les adultes. Aujourd'hui encore, ce n'est que la minorité des ouvriers fréquentant nos écoles qui ont des livrets; au 1^{er} juillet 1871, il y avait 514 livrets sur 1,242 élèves. Je suis heureux d'ajouter que la proportion est plus favorable pour les ouvrières : sur 1,415 élèves il y avait, au 1^{er} juillet, 926 livrets. Dans nos écoles communales, le nombre des épargnants est bien plus considérable, mais c'est dans une proportion inverse pour les filles et les garçons : sur 3,741 garçons il y avait, au 1^{er} juillet 1871, 3,000 livrets, et sur 3,234 filles, 2,533 livrets.

Ces chiffres prouvent que nous avons eu raison d'introduire l'épargne dans nos écoles communales. Il est bien plus facile de donner de bonnes habitudes aux enfants que de déraciner de mauvaises passions chez les adultes. Et il est aussi bien plus facile de faire comprendre la nécessité de l'épargne à ceux qui ont joui des bienfaits de l'instruction qu'à ceux dont l'esprit est resté inculte.

VI

A vous, il est inutile de dire que l'homme a des devoirs à remplir, sur cette terre, envers lui-même et envers ses semblables. Et vous comprendrez très-facilement que l'épargne est un de ces devoirs. Dieu nous a donné comme loi de nous perfectionner : tel est notre premier devoir; de là découlent tous les devoirs que la religion et la morale nous imposent. Il faut avant tout que l'homme vive. Comment se procure-t-il les moyens de subsistance? Par le travail, en prenant le mot dans sa plus large acception, le travail intel-lectuel et le travail matériel. Le travail ne suffit pas; la maladie peut nous empêcher de travailler, ainsi que la vieillesse; même dans la force de l'âge, le travail peut manquer à l'ouvrier. De quoi vivra-t-il alors? S'il n'a pas épargné une pomme pour la soif, il devra mendier. Dieu nous a-t-il créés pour mendier? et si tout le monde mendiait, qui donnerait aux mendiants? Non, le travail procure aussi les moyens d'exister, alors que nous ne pouvons pas travailler: c'est l'économie sur ce que nous gagnons en travaillant. Dépenser moins que l'on ne gagne, voilà un moyen assuré de nous garantir de la misère et de nous procurer l'aisance, la richesse même; car c'est ainsi que se sont formés les capitaux, et qu'ils se forment encore sous nos yeux. Le travail étant un devoir, l'épargne est aussi un devoir. Si l'ouvrier le remplit, il en sera récompensé par l'aisance qui régnera dans sa famille.

Il se plaint de n'avoir pas d'intérieur, pas de foyer domestique. Nous lui donnons un moyen de s'en créer un, c'est l'épargne. Je connais un ouvrier qui fréquentait l'école d'adultes avec son fils. Il avait un livret de plus de 1,200 francs; au moment où je vous parle, il a certainement 1,400 ou 1,500 francs. C'est un capital qui lui permet de devenir propriétaire d'une maison. Ce qu'un ouvrier fait, pourquoi tous ne le pourraient-ils pas? Les ouvriers n'ont aucune idée de la puissance de l'épargne. Au 1^{er} juillet 1871, les écoles communales de Gand avaient déposé à la Caisse d'épargne une somme de fr. 279,857-63. Et cette somme est loin de représenter ce qui a été économisé depuis que l'épargne est introduite à l'école, car il se fait beaucoup de remboursements : je vous ai déjà dit que, dans le premier semestre de cette année, on avait remboursé fr. 26,936-12. Et le mouvement de l'épargne va tous les jours croissant. Quand tous les élèves de nos écoles épargneront depuis l'école gardienne, nous arriverons à des millions.

Je ne veux pas donner aux ouvriers des espérances chimériques en leur promettant des châteaux en Espagne. La voie de la richesse leur est ouverte; il y a des fabricants qui ont commencé par être ouvriers, mais tous les ouvriers ne peuvent pas devenir fabricants. Presque tous sont destinés à rester ouvriers. C'est comme ouvriers qu'ils doivent chercher à améliorer leur condition. L'épargne leur en donne le moyen. Je viens de dire que l'ouvrier qui épargne peut devenir propriétaire de la maison qu'il habite. Voilà déjà un immense bienfait. Il aura donc un intérieur à lui, il aura une famille. Aujourd'hui, il n'est que trop vrai que l'ouvrier fuit le domicile conjugal pour se livrer aux funestes plaisirs du cabaret. Ce n'est pas la faute de sa position sociale, c'est lui le coupable. S'il épargnait l'argent qu'il dépense au cabaret, il pourrait se créer un foyer domestique où il trouverait le contentement et le bonheur. La faute en est aussi à la femme de l'ouvrier. Quand elle est inculte et dépensière, le désordre règne dans la famille et, à sa suite, la gêne, la malpropreté et la misère. Je vois avec bonheur s'augmenter, dans nos écoles, le nombre des ouvrières qui font des épargnes. Quand la femme de l'ouvrier sera économe et que l'ouvrier le sera également, leur condition sera transformée.

Vous apprendrez un jour, mes amis, peut-être savez-vous par l'expérience de votre famille, que la plaie des ménages ouvriers, c'est l'achat à crédit, *op den plak*, comme on dit chez nous. Celui qui achète à crédit achète cher, et de mauvaises marchandises; il paye donc un intérêt usuraire des avances qu'on lui fait. C'est dire qu'il sera endetté toute sa vie, et par conséquent toujours misérable et malheureux. L'épargne permettra à l'ouvrier d'acheter au comptant, de faire ses provisions, comme font les bourgeois. Avec l'aisance, le contentement et le bonheur régneront dans les familles, où règne maintenant la discorde, la misère et le malheur.

La famille! C'est là que l'ouvrier doit chercher son bonheur, ce n'est pas au cabaret. Le désordre et la dissipation font de la famille un enfer; l'ordre et l'économie en font un ciel. Que l'ouvrier ne dise pas que le long travail auquel il est soumis ne lui laisse pas le loisir nécessaire pour vivre de la vie de famille. Sans doute, son travail est rude; mais ne voit-il pas que son patron est aussi à la fabrique, au comptoir, pendant toute la journée? L'homme d'études est également éloigné des siens. La femme préside au ménage; les enfants sont à l'école; on se voit à midi et le soir. Qu'est-ce qui empêche l'ouvrier d'en faire autant? Qu'il quitte le cabaret et il aura les loisirs qu'il se plaint de ne pas avoir. Au sortir de l'atelier, il sera heureux de voir ses enfants; il s'informerait de ce qu'ils font à l'école; il prendra part à leurs jeux. Il y a des jours de repos, il les passera tout entiers au sein de sa famille, au lieu de les passer dans la débauche. Ne sont-ce pas là toutes les conditions du bonheur?

VII

Je crois que personne ne contestera les bienfaits de l'épargne. On a prétendu longtemps que pour l'ouvrier elle est impossible. Oui, pour l'ouvrier adulte et inculte, l'épargne est impossible, mais l'impossibilité gît dans ses mauvaises habitudes; disons-le, dans ses vices. Bien des patrons ont essayé d'introduire l'épargne parmi leurs ouvriers, ils ont échoué. De là les plaintes que l'on entend partout contre les travailleurs : ils sont incorrigibles, dit-on, ils sont ingrats; ils ne comprennent pas même le bien qu'on veut leur faire; il n'y a qu'à les

abandonner à leur destinée. L'expérience qui se fait dans nos écoles est une réponse à ces plaintes. Que les fabricants me permettent de le leur dire : ils s'y sont mal pris. L'épargne n'existe, elle n'est bienfaisante que lorsque l'ouvrier la fait par sentiment du devoir. Or, pour que l'homme ait la conscience de son devoir, il faut que son intelligence ait reçu un certain développement : une con-science non éclairée est muette. L'ouvrier inculte ne comprend pas qu'il ait des devoirs à remplir; comment donc épargnerait-il par devoir? Si le malheureux est ingrat, aveugle, c'est à son ignorance qu'il faut s'en prendre. Il faut donc commencer par lui donner l'instruction et l'éducation. Voilà pourquoi on a introduit l'épargne dans les écoles de Gand. Le succès a été complet. Au 1^{er} juillet 1871, il y avait dans nos écoles 13,330 élèves, y compris 2,659 enfants fréquentant les écoles gardiennes; et le nombre des livrets s'élevait à 8,408. Le mouvement de l'épargne va toujours croissant. Pendant le premier semestre de l'année 1871, le nombre des nouveaux livrets a été de 1,262. Il y a encore 4,922 élèves qui n'ont pas de livret; mais il faut en déduire un millier d'enfants trop jeunes pour qu'ils puissent apporter un centime à l'école. Et il faut tenir compte de la résistance que l'on trouve toujours chez les ouvriers adultes; 728 sur 1,242 n'ont pas de livret; tandis que dans les écoles communales il n'y a que 741 garçons sur 3,787 élèves qui n'en ont pas. A l'école n° I (celle de Me Bogaerts), il n'y a que 21 élèves sur 376 qui n'ont pas de livret. Si tous n'épargnent point, c'est qu'il y a des parents récalcitrants; dans l'origine, il y en avait beaucoup, le nombre diminue; bientôt il n'y en aura plus, quand la jeune génération, élevée dans les idées d'épargne, aura grandi.

Je puis donc assurer, avec pleine confiance, qu'un jour tout enfant de nos écoles aura un livret à la Caisse d'épargne. Et ce qui se fait à Gand peut et doit se faire ailleurs. Déjà l'épargne est introduite à l'école, dans presque toutes nos grandes villes; elle se répand dans les campagnes. C'est le premier pas fait dans la révolution qui est appelée à transformer les classes ouvrières. Il y a encore beaucoup à faire, il y a encore bien des obstacles à surmonter; je vais vous les signaler, car c'est avec votre aide, mes amis, que nous les vaincrons.

VIII

Je viens de vous parler de parents qui résistent à nos conseils. Vous trouverez cette résistance partout dans les commencements. La défiance y est pour beaucoup; cela se comprend : les malheureux qui ont confié leurs économies à des notaires, à des banquiers ont été si souvent trompés! Il faut donc leur expliquer que la Caisse d'épargne n'est pas une banque établie et gérée dans l'intérêt du banquier, que c'est une institution de bienfaisance, organisée par l'état et placée sous sa garantie. Il faut leur dire que la Caisse d'épargne, ne se livrant à aucune spéculation, ne peut pas éprouver de pertes. Voilà pourquoi elle ne donne qu'un intérêt relativement modique, 3 p. c.; mais cet intérêt est assuré, et il s'augmente par le partage des bénéfices qui se fait tous les cinq ans entre ceux qui ont conservé leur livret; il en résulte que l'intérêt touché par les déposants sera approximativement de 4 p. c.

Cet intérêt de 4 p. c. ne satisfait pas encore les déposants. Il en est qui retirent leurs économies dès qu'elles s'élèvent à une somme qui leur permet d'acheter un lot avec primes. On achète pour 100 francs, je suppose, un lot de Gand, qui rapporte un intérêt de 3 p. c., et l'on a la chance de gager une des primes qui chaque année sont tirées au sort. C'est une véritable loterie que, pour ma part, j'ai toujours désapprouvée; toute loterie est une duperie, c'est un jeu de hasard que nos lois prohibent, parce que ce jeu tourne toujours au profit de celui qui tient le jeu, et au préjudice de ceux qui jouent. Il est vrai que le lot à prime donne un intérêt de 3 p. c.; mais au lieu d'acheter un lot à prime pour 100 francs, l'on peut acheter un coupon de rente sur l'état qui donne un intérêt de 4 ou de 4 ½ p. c. On sacrifie donc un intérêt assuré de 1 ou 1 ½ p. c., pour une chance qui est une chimère pour l'immense majorité de ceux qui ont des lots. Voici l'inconvénient de ce jeu : c'est qu'il nourrit l'espérance d'une fortune subite due au hasard. Or, il faut inspirer à l'ouvrier, non pas le désir de faire fortune par un coup de hasard; il faut lui dire, au contraire, qu'il ne doit pas désirer de devenir riche dans un instant, mais qu'il doit chercher à améliorer sa condition par des moyens sûrs, c'est-à-dire en plaçant ses économies à la Caisse d'épargne ou en rentes sur l'état. L'administration de la Caisse d'épargne se charge elle-même d'acheter des rentes sur l'état au profit des déposants qui le demandent.

Le sujet que je viens de toucher, mes amis, est d'une haute gravité; il faut le méditer, et recommander à toute occasion et à vos élèves et à leurs parents le travail et l'économie qui donnent un revenu assuré; il faut les détourner de toute espèce de jeu de hasard; les espérances que fait naître un gain dû à un coup du sort sont malsaines. Ce n'est pas là, du reste, le plus grand obstacle à l'épargne, car l'achat des lots suppose que l'ouvrier a déjà économisé un petit capital. A l'école même, vous rencontrerez une résistance souvent obstinée, quand c'est une école dite payante qui reçoit les enfants de la bourgeoisie. Sur 1,029 élèves de nos écoles payantes, il n'y a que 455 livrets; donc 574 élèves n'en ont pas. Il y a des parents qui placent eux-mêmes les économies de leurs enfants : à cela il n'y a rien à dire. Il y a des familles où les enfants ne reçoivent pas ce qu'on appelle des menus plaisirs. A cela encore il n'y a rien à dire. Mais il y a des raisons moins bonnes qui empêchent les familles bourgeoises de participer à l'épargne : disons le mot, ce sont des préjugés de vanité. On ne veut pas être

confondu avec les enfants de nos écoles gratuites; ou bien on n'aime pas à apporter quelques centimes chaque semaine, alors que d'autres enfants apportent des sommes plus considérables; ou bien encore on préfère acheter des friandises. La vanité est un défaut, et un grand défaut, on pourrait dire qu'elle est, comme l'oisiveté, la mère des vices. Les parents devraient comprendre cela, et combattre ce défaut chez leurs enfants au lieu de le nourrir. La gourmandise et la friandise sont d'autres défauts, dont il faut également les corriger. Que si les parents ne le font pas, c'est à vous, mes amis, de le faire. Vous êtes appelés à élever les enfants et non à flatter leurs défauts. Prêchez-leur donc l'économie et les bienfaits moraux dont elle est la source. Et ne vous découragez jamais, revenez sans cesse à la charge et vous finirez par l'emporter.

J'arrive au plus grand de tous les obstacles. L'enfant quitte l'école; continuera-t-il à épargner? Ceux qui sont hostiles à l'épargne prétendent que non, et disent que l'épargne à l'école est un mouvement factice et partant illusoire. On a posé aux instituteurs et aux institutrices en chef de Gand la question suivante : "Combien d'élèves y a-t-il qui, ayant quitté l'école, continuent à épargner?" La réponse a été, pour toutes nos écoles, que 668 élèves continuaient à épargner. Quelques chefs d'école ont répondu qu'aucun élève ne continuait à épargner; ils entendent sans doute dire qu'aucun élève ne continue à épargner l'école, car ils ne peuvent pas savoir si, après avoir quitté l'école, ils continuent à épargner ou non. Toujours est-il constant que l'épargne continue, alors même que les élèves ont quitté l'école, et il est tout aussi certain qu'un grand nombre d'enfants demandent le remboursement de leurs livrets au sortir de l'école. Pour mieux dire, ce sont les parents qui retirent l'argent déposé par leurs enfants. Cela prouve que l'obstacle que je vous signale est en grande partie temporaire et qu'il ne faut pas trop s'en inquiéter. L'épargne ne peut pas pénétrer dans les mœurs subitement. Il faut que les générations élevées dans l'épargne grandissent. C'est une révolution lente, mais sûre que nous préparons; de même que les arbres séculaires, cette révolution doit avoir le temps de jeter ses racines. Dès maintenant, mes amis, il faut travailler en vue de l'avenir.

VIII

Ce qui retarde le plus, à mon avis, le mouvement de l'épargne, c'est que les enfants quittent l'école à un âge où ils ne comprennent pas encore qu'épargner est un devoir. Qu'est-ce qu'un enfant de dix ans comprend en fait de devoirs, et surtout d'un devoir aussi pénible que l'épargne? Il oublie les leçons d'économie qu'il a reçues, de même qu'il oublie tout ce qu'on lui a appris. Si l'on parvenait à retenir les enfants à l'école jusqu'à l'âge de 14 ans, notre but serait atteint, notre cause gagnée. A 14 ans, en effet, l'enfant aura acquis le goût de l'instruction, il ne manquera pas de fréquenter une école d'adultes, et là on le maintiendra dans les bonnes habitudes qu'il aura contractées à l'école primaire. Pour le moment, vous ne pouvez faire qu'une chose, prêcher l'épargne à toute occasion et sous toutes les formes. Il faut sans cesse demander aux enfants ce que c'est qu'épargner et pourquoi ils épargnent. Ces petits sont si légers et l'épargne est chose si sérieuse, que l'on doit en parler souvent si l'on veut faire impression sur leur esprit. Un excellent moyen, c'est de prendre l'épargne comme sujet de devoir, soit de style, soit de calcul. Et ne vous contentez pas d'un seul devoir, donnez-en beaucoup, jusqu'à ce que l'épargne devienne une idée habituelle, et qu'elle entre pour ainsi dire dans le sang de vos élèves.

J'ai toujours conseillé aux instituteurs et aux institutrices de prendre eux-mêmes un livret à la Caisse d'épargne. On prêcher mal quand on ne prêche pas d'exemple. Puisque vous dites à vos élèves que l'épargne est une vertu, vous êtes tenus de pratiquer cette vertu, sinon vos paroles ne produiront aucun effet. Cela est surtout nécessaire quand il s'agit d'introduire l'épargne à l'école; vous aurez à vaincre la défiance des parents; cette défiance tombera quand ils verront que vous-mêmes vous confiez vos économies à la Caisse d'épargne. Pour la même raison, je voudrais que tout élève normaliste, sans exception, eût un livret. Je vois avec peine qu'il y en a parmi vous qui, à l'école communale, faisaient des épargnes et qui maintenant n'en font plus. Les excuses ne manquent pas : je n'en admet aucune, car je ne demande qu'une chose, une économie de quelques centimes, ce qui est possible à tout le monde.

La plupart des élèves qui quittent l'école cessent, dit-on, d'épargner. J'en ai dit la première cause : la sortie de l'école à un âge trop peu avancé. La faute cependant en est aussi aux instituteurs. Il y en a qui ne sont pas bien convaincus des bienfaits de l'épargne, disons mieux, de la nécessité d'enseigner l'économie aux enfants comme on leur enseigne toutes les vertus. C'est pour cette raison que je me suis décidé à vous faire cette conférence. Quand l'instituteur est à la hauteur de sa sainte mission, il conserve de l'influence sur les élèves qui quittent l'école; ils continueront à suivre ses conseils. Il y a un moyen bien facile de gagner cette influence : aimez les enfants, ils vous aimeront et leurs parents vous aimeront aussi. Demandez à ceux qui quittent, l'école de vous apporter leurs économies le dimanche; si vous avez su gagner leur affection, ils le feront. Suivez-les avec sollicitude dans leur carrière de travail, recommandez-leur sans cesse de fréquenter une école d'adultes; parlez aux parents, insistez, et vous finirez par vaincre tous les obstacles : il n'y en a aucun qui ne cède à l'affection.

Dans les écoles d'adultes, vous rencontrerez d'autres obstacles. Jusqu'ici elles sont fréquentées par des

ouvriers et des ouvrières dont la plupart n'ont jamais été à l'école, ou qui, ayant quitté l'école trop jeunes, ont oublié le peu qu'ils y avaient appris. Ils sont, comme on dit, incultes. Vous leur parlez de devoir, ils ne savent pas ce que c'est. Vous faites appel au sentiment de leur dignité, ce sentiment, ils ne l'ont pas. Vous vous adressez à leur conscience, elle est muette. Il ne faut cependant pas perdre courage. Patientez : ce qui manque aux ouvriers illettrés, c'est que, leur intelligence n'étant pas cultivée, leur conscience n'est pas éclairée. A mesure que l'intelligence se développe, la conscience s'éveille. En même temps vous gagnerez la confiance de vos élèves; à force de les aimer, vous vous les attacherez et vous obtiendrez d'eux ce que vous voudrez. Ils vous feront mille objections, répondez-y avec douceur. L'un vous dira qu'il ne peut pas épargner; enquérez-vous de ses habitudes, et vous trouverez qu'il a des besoins factices pour lesquels il sait très-bien économiser. Combien y en a-t-il qui n'épargnent pas à l'école et qui dépensent dix, vingt francs et plus au carnaval! D'autres vous diront qu'il ne vaut pas la peine d'économiser : faites-leur faire de petits calculs sur la capitalisation des intérêts, ils seront étonnés du résultat. Il y en a qui répondent qu'ils n'en ont pas le goût : prouvez-leur que l'économie est un devoir, et que l'on est tenu de remplir ses devoirs, que l'on y ait goût ou non.

Le grand obstacle que vous rencontrerez chez les adultes, ce sont leurs habitudes de dépense et de dissipation. C'est comme une maladie contagieuse qui infecte les enfants au moment où ils quittent l'école. C'est l'époque la plus dangereuse de la vie de l'ouvrier. Je ne connais qu'un remède au mal, ce sont les sociétés ouvrières. Les ouvriers y trouvent des distractions, des amusements, en même temps que l'instruction et la moralisation. Vous, mes amis, vous pouvez exercer une grande influence au sein de ces sociétés. Fréquentez-les, donnez-y des conférences, qui ne doivent être que des causeries sur ce qui intéresse l'ouvrier, et surtout sur ses devoirs. Prêchez aux femmes les vertus domestiques et le bonheur qu'elles trouvent à les pratiquer. Prêchez aux hommes, contre les excitations funestes de ceux qui veulent bouleverser la société; prouvez-leur qu'ils peuvent être heureux dans leur condition d'ouvrier.

Je demande beaucoup de vous, mes amis. J'ai commencé par vous dire que vous êtes les artisans de la civilisation. Pénétrez-vous bien de la grandeur de votre mission, et remplissez-la avec zèle et dévouement. Vous trouverez votre bonheur dans cette vie de sacrifice, car le bonheur consiste à aimer. Et qui donc est plus heureux que vous sous ce rapport? Chaque année amène sur les bancs de l'école une génération nouvelle, donc des enfants à aimer, et qui vous rendront l'affection que vous leur témoignez. Ne vous plaignez pas de votre humble condition, car en vérité vous êtes les privilégiés de ce monde : vous aimez et vous êtes aimés jusqu'au dernier jour de votre vie. N'enviez pas les richesses; qui donc est plus riche que vous? Vous possédez des trésors d'affection, et ces trésors sont inépuisables.

Heureux ceux d'entre vous qui comprennent la sainteté de leur vocation!

Annexes.

I.—Caisse D'épargne.

Extrait des lois et des règlements

1. La Caisse d'épargne est placée sous la garantie de l'Etat (art. 1er de la loi du 16 mars 1865).

La garantie de l'Etat est un point capital; elle offre une entière sécurité aux déposants. Pourquoi l'Etat a-t-il donné sa garantie à la Caisse d'épargne? L'Etat a voulu mettre les déposants à l'abri de toute perte, afin d'encourager les classes laborieuses à économiser, et à placer leurs économies à la caisse. L'Etat, c'est la société tout entière; c'est donc la société qui par la témoigne sa sollicitude aux classes ouvrières. Voilà un grand service que les classes supérieures rendent aux classes laborieuses. Il n'est donc pas vrai, comme on le prétend, que la société soit indifférente à la destinée des ouvriers. Elle leur vient en aide, à condition qu'ils s'aident eux-mêmes. Il dépend d'eux d'améliorer leur condition en économisant, et l'Etat leur garantit ces économies. L'Etat assure donc les ouvriers contre la misère, pourvu que de leur côté ils fassent un effort pour épargner. Ainsi le proverbe dit vrai, en disant : *aide-toi, le ciel t'aidera*.

2. On peut déposer à la Caisse les sommes les plus modiques, à parti d'un franc (art. 20 de la loi du 16 mars 1865).

C'est un des grands avantages de la Caisse d'épargne, de procurer un placement pour de petites sommes. Autrefois ceux qui épargnaient, gardaient leurs économies à la maison, en les cachant dans leur lit, ou en les enfouissant sous terre. Cela les exposait à perdre tout ce qu'ils avaient épargné, puisqu'ils pouvaient être volés. Puis l'argent économisé ne produisait aucun intérêt. A la Caisse d'épargne, on peut déposer les plus petites sommes, même un franc. Les déposants ne risquent plus d'être volés, et ils reçoivent l'intérêt de leur argent.

3. La Caisse paye aux déposants un intérêt de 3 p c. par an. (Art. 10 de la loi du 16 mars 1865, et arrêté du conseil général du 12 août 1865.)

L'intérêt est peu élevé. Mais il faut remarquer d'abord que les déposants peuvent demander le remboursement quand ils veulent; la Caisse doit donc constamment conserver disponibles une partie de ses fonds qui ne produit pas d'intérêt. Puis la Caisse d'épargne ne fait pas de spéculations, elle ne peut donc pas réaliser de grands bénéfices; par suite, elle ne peut pas payer de gros intérêts. Pourquoi la Caisse ne spéculait-elle pas? Si celui qui spéculait peut faire de grands bénéfices, il peut aussi faire de grandes pertes. Cela se voit tous les jours. Or, la Caisse d'épargne ne doit pas perdre. On demandera qui profite des bénéfices, s'ils dépassent 3 p. c.? La loi de 1865 répond à notre question. Les bénéfices forment un fonds de réserve. Ce fonds est destiné d'abord à faire face aux pertes éventuelles de la caisse. Puis, tous les cinq ans, une portion du fonds de réserve peut-être répartie entre les déposants. Ceux qui ont un livret depuis un an au moins prennent part à cette répartition : elle se fait en proportion des intérêts bonifiés à chaque déposant pendant les cinq années (art. 31 et 32 de la loi). Cela peut faire monter l'intérêt de 3 à 4 p. c., ce qui est un très-bon placement

Un arrêté royal du 15 juin 1871 autorise, à titre de supplément d'intérêt la répartition du fonds de réserve de la Caisse d'épargne, entre les livrets existants au 31 décembre 1870. depuis un an au moins, cette répartition porte à 3.90 p. c. le taux des intérêts bonifiés pendant la première) triode quinquennale.

Une fois que les dépôts dépassent cent francs, les déposants ont encore un autre moyen d'augmenter leur revenu. Aux termes de l'article 25 de la loi, "les sommes versées sont, à la demande des déposants, converties en fonds publics belges." C'est-à-dire que celui qui a plus de cent francs à la Caisse d'épargne peut demander qu'avec cette somme l'on achète une rente sur l'Etat, au capital de 100 francs, ce qui lui donnera un intérêt de 4 à 4 ½ p. c. L'administration de la Caisse se charge d'acheter les fonds pour les déposants; de plus, s'ils le désirent, elle garde les extraits d'inscription au grand livre, elle touche les intérêts à leur profit, et en porte le montant à leur compte. Mais dès que les déposants ont échangé leurs dépôts contre des fonds publics, ils ne sont plus créanciers de la Caisse, ils deviennent créanciers de l'Etat, ils sont rentiers, et subissent les chances de tout rentier. Si le cours de la rente monte, ils gagnent en la vendant; si le cours baisse, ils perdent. L'Etat ne leur doit plus aucune garantie.

4. La loi ne limite pas le montant des sommes que l'on peut déposer à la Caisse (voir §11); mais quand les dépôts excèdent 3,000 francs, l'administration peut réduire le livret à ce chiffre, en convertissant l'excédant en fonds publics belges. Par exemple, vous avez 3,500 francs à la Caisse d'épargne : l'administration vous préviendra qu'elle placera les 500 francs qui excèdent le chiffre de 3,000, en rentes sur l'état, à moins que vous ne préfériez les retirer pour en faire un autre usage. Pourquoi la loi permet-elle de réduire les dépôts qui dépassent 3,000 francs? C'est que la Caisse a été établie pour les classes ouvrières et non pour les riches. Or, pour l'ouvrier, 3,000 francs sont déjà une grosse somme. Avec ce capital, il peut, acheter une maison, il défait propriétaire; il n'est plus pauvre, il appartient à la classe des rentiers; dès lors il n'y a plus de raison pour que l'Etat garantisse ses économies. Cependant la loi veille encore à l'intérêt des déposants, en convertissant leurs épargnes en fonds publics. C'est, après tout, le placement le plus sûr tout ensemble et le plus productif. Il y a des déposants qui retirent leurs économies de la Caisse pour acheter des lots communaux avec primes. Ces lots ne donnent que 3 p. c., avec la chance, il est vrai, d'une prime. Mais cette chance tourne contre la plupart des déposants, puisqu'il n'y a que très-peu déprimés pour une masse de lots. Dans un emprunt de 7 millions, il y a 70,000 lots; 2,640 auront une prime plus ou moins grande; 67,360 n'en auront pas; donc, en prenant un lot, l'ouvrier a 67,360 chances contre lui, et seulement 2,640 pour lui. C'est jouer un jeu auquel d'avance on est presque sûr de perdre. L'ouvrier ne doit jamais jouer ses économies à un jeu quelconque. Il y perd l'argent qu'il a épargné centime par centime. De plus le jeu démoralise : on cherche la fortune dans un coup de hasard, au lieu de se procurer l'aisance par le travail. Le travail et l'épargne, voilà ce qu'il y a de plus sûr pour l'ouvrier et de plus moralisant.

5. Aux termes de la loi du 16 mars 1865 (art. 3), les versements sont reçus, non-seulement dans les bureaux de la Caisse d'épargne à Bruxelles, mais aussi dans toutes les agences de la Banque Nationale et dans les succursales de la Caisse établies en province. Depuis le 1er janvier 1870, tous les percepteurs des postes sont appelés à concourir aux opérations de la Caisse d'épargne.

Les bureaux sont ouverts : tous les jours, même les dimanches, à la Caisse centrale à Bruxelles et dans les bureaux de poste.

Les jours ouvrables seulement chez les agents de la Banque Nationale et, dans les succursales, aux jours et heures indiqués par leurs règlements.

Il est défendu à tous les agents et employés chargés du service de la Caisse d'épargne, de donner des renseignements, aux personnes étrangères à l'administration, sur les opérations des déposants.

Le premier versement donne lieu à une inscription sur le registre matricule.

Le déposant doit déclarer s'il verse pour son compte ou au nom d'un tiers. On inscrit sur le registre les nom et prénoms, le lieu et la date de la naissance, l'âge, la profession et la demeure de la personne pour compte de qui le dépôt est effectué. Le déposant est invité à apposer sa signature sur le registre; s'il ne sait pas signer on

en fait mention.

Le registre matricule n'a pas d'autre destination que de fournir les éléments les plus nécessaires pour s'assurer de l'identité de la personne qui se présente pour retirer des fonds déposés.

Un livret est remis gratuitement à chaque déposant, lors du premier versement.

Pour les versements ultérieurs, il suffit de présenter le livret; il n'est pas nécessaire que celui qui le présente en soit le titulaire; on ne demande pas qu'il produise une autorisation ni une procuration. La loi cherche à faciliter les dépôts, en rendant les formalités aussi simples que possible.

Le livret est nominatif et sert de titre au déposant.

En cas de perte de son livret, le titulaire peut en obtenir un nouveau, qu'on appelle un *duplicata*, c'est-à-dire un *double*, en adressant une demande, par écrit, au conseil d'administration. Pour faciliter ces demandes, on a imprimé des formules que le déposant remplit; il signe sa demande, et la signature est légalisée par le bourgmestre. Ce duplicata doit être payé.

6. Les versements faits à la Caisse d'épargne produisent intérêt à partir du 1er ou du 16 du mois qui suit immédiatement le dépôt, ainsi au plus tard à la fin de la quinzaine (loi de 1865, art. 20).

Pourquoi l'intérêt ne court-il pas immédiatement après le versement? Il faut souvent plusieurs jours pour trouver l'occasion de faire fructifier l'argent déposé. Car, pour pouvoir payer des intérêts, il faut que la Caisse d'épargne emploie les sommes qui lui sont confiées. Cet emploi consiste principalement en escompte d'effets souscrits par des propriétaires, des entrepreneurs de travaux publics, des industriels; de sorte que l'épargne des ouvriers rentrant dans la circulation, vient aider au développement du travail national.

Il faut un certain temps pour faire ces placements. Ainsi il se passe plusieurs jours pendant lesquels les sommes déposées ne rapportent rien à la Caisse, et par suite la Caisse ne paye l'intérêt qu'à partir de la fin de la quinzaine.

Régulièrement, l'inscription de la somme versée doit se faire tout de suite, au moment même du versement. Mais, quand il y a beaucoup de déposants, cela devient matériellement impossible. La Caisse a le droit de retenir les livrets pendant une semaine. Il arrive qu'elle les retient plus longtemps, quand il y a une affluence extraordinaire de déposants, et par suite de nombreuses écritures à passer. (Il y a des écoles qui présentent des bordereaux de versements de plus de 600 livrets.) Les déposants s'inquiètent parfois de ces retards, mais à tort. Ils ne leur portent aucun préjudice. Les versements doivent être inscrits à la date du jour où une somme a été déposée. Si l'on retient les livrets pendant plus d'une semaine, c'est uniquement à cause des écritures.

7. Après l'expiration de la quinzaine pendant laquelle le versement a été effectué, les déposants peuvent, demander le remboursement total ou partiel des sommes qu'ils ont déposées à la Caisse. C'est un des grands avantages de la Caisse d'épargne. Les ouvriers économisent, comme on dit, afin d'avoir une pomme pour la soif. Il importe donc qu'ils puissent réclamer immédiatement leurs économies. Il y a des ouvriers qui n'aiment point de placer leur argent à la Caisse d'épargne, parce qu'ils préfèrent de l'avoir sous la main, en cas de besoin. Ils ne réfléchissent pas que la Caisse d'épargne leur offre la même commodité, et que de plus ils profitent de l'intérêt des sommes déposées, tandis que l'argent qu'ils gardent chez eux ne produit rien.

La loi de 1865 (art. 22) porte que les déposants peuvent réclamer le remboursement tout de suite, si la somme réclamée n'excède pas 100 fr. Toutefois pour les dépôts faits aux bureaux de poste et dans la plupart des succursales, la somme à rembourser, sans demande préalable, est limitée à 20 fr., et il faut un délai de huit jour's pour retirer 100 fr.

Pour toute somme supérieure, le déposant doit prévenir d'avance le Directeur général de la Caisse d'épargne, savoir :

Quinze jours pour plus de 100 francs et moins de 500 francs;

Un mois pour 500 francs et moins de 1,000 francs;

Deux mois pour 1,000 francs et moins de 3,000 francs;

Six mois pour 3,000 francs et plus.

Ces délais peuvent être abrégés par le Conseil d'administration, à la demande des déposants qui trouveront des formules imprimés dans tous les bureaux chargés du service de la Caisse d'épargne.

En permettant aux déposants de demander tout de suite le remboursement d'une somme de 100 francs et même de 20 francs, il est suffisamment pourvu aux nécessités de l'ouvrier, qui peut d'ailleurs obtenir un nouveau remboursement chaque semaine.

Les remboursements sont opérés contre quittance, sur la présentation du livret. Quand le déposant ne sait ou ne peut signer, la quittance est remplacée par un certificat signé de deux témoins. S'il ne se présente pas lui-même pour obtenir son remboursement, il doit donner une procuration authentique ou sous seing privé. Cette procuration peut se faire par-devant le bourgmestre, quand le déposant ne sait ou ne peut pas signer. Des formules imprimées de procuration sous seing privé ou par-devant le bourgmestre, se trouvent à la disposition des déposants, dans tous les bureaux chargés du service de la Caisse d'épargne.

Si le titulaire du livret est mineur, le remboursement est demandé par le père, ou par le survivant des père et

mère, ou par le tuteur. La quittance est souscrite par ces mêmes personnes.

Les sommes déposées cessent de produire des intérêts à partir du 1er ou du 16 de chaque mois qui précède l'époque de leur remboursement.

Le retrait de toute somme qui n'excède point 20 francs dans les bureaux de poste ou 100 francs à la caisse et dans les agences de la Banque, pouvant être opéré sans avis préalable, lorsqu'un semblable retrait absorbe la totalité du dépôt, les intérêts qui peuvent encore rester dus sont payés dans la quinzaine.

Pour les dépôts qui s'élèvent à plus de 20 francs, dans les bureaux de poste, ou à plus de 100 francs, à la caisse centrale ou dans les agences de la Banque, un remboursement total comprend le capital et les intérêts.

Mais dans l'un comme dans l'autre cas, le livret est éteint, lors même que le titulaire refuserait de toucher les intérêts qui lui sont dus.

Faute par le déposant de s'être présenté au jour indiqué, ou au plus tard le quinzième ou le dernier jour du mois qui suit la date fixée pour le remboursement, sa demande est considérée comme non avenue. S'il persiste à vouloir retirer son dépôt en tout ou en partie, il doit renouveler sa demande.

Les intérêts se calculant par quinzaine, le montant de la somme à payer pour un remboursement total s'accroît d'une quinzaine à la quinzaine suivante : les bordereaux de préparation doivent donc être modifiés lorsque le remboursement n'est pas effectué à l'échéance.

8. Les intérêts des sommes déposées à la Caisse d'épargne sont calculés après le 31 décembre de chaque année; ils sont ajoutés au capital, et produisent de nouveaux intérêts à partir du 1er janvier.

La capitalisation des intérêts est un immense avantage pour les déposants. En calculant l'intérêt à 3 p. c., les sommes déposées à la Caisse sont doublées après 24 ans; et à 4 p. c., elles sont doublées après 18 ans. En économisant un franc par mois, l'ouvrier aura au bout de 8 ans un capital de plus de 100 francs, en calculant l'intérêt à 3 p. c. La capitalisation des intérêts fait que l'argent ne dort jamais; les déposants s'enrichissent sans cesse, et ne perdent pas un jour d'intérêt.

Dans les comptes tenus par la Caisse d'épargne, à chaque versement on ajoute par anticipation l'intérêt à partir de la fin de la quinzaine jusqu'à la fin de l'année. L'intérêt *anticipé* est porté comme si la somme versée devait rester intacte jusqu'à la fin de l'année. Toutes les fois qu'un remboursement est effectué dans le cours de l'année, ce remboursement donne lieu à un intérêt dit *rétrograde*, qui constitue le déposant débiteur du montant de l'intérêt sur la somme payée depuis le commencement de la quinzaine, pendant laquelle ce paiement a lieu, jusqu'à la fin de l'année.

On appelle cet intérêt rétrograde parce qu'il réagit sur l'intérêt anticipé, en ce sens qu'il en doit être déduit.

Il faut remarquer que les quinzaines se calculent du 1er au 15 ou du 16 à la fin du mois. Un versement effectué, par exemple, le 5 et retiré le 30 du même mois, est remboursé sans intérêts quoiqu'il ait été en dépôt à la caisse pendant 25 jours; parce que l'intérêt n'a commencé à courir que le 16 et que la somme retirée a cessé d'être productive d'intérêt ce même jour.

L'intérêt ne se calcule pas sur les fractions de franc (loi de 1865, art. 20;). Supposons un capital de fr. 100.75; on néglige les 75 centimes et on ne calcule l'intérêt que sur 100 francs. De même on ne porte pas en compte les fractions de centime. Supposons qu'un dépôt donne un intérêt de 2.87 50/100; on néglige la fraction de 50/100 de centime et on ne porte en compte que 2.87. On a dû négliger les fractions pour ne pas compliquer les calculs.

Il est bon que les déposants vérifient le calcul des intérêts. Quand il n'y a pas de remboursement, la chose est très-simple; on calcule l'intérêt à 3 p. c. pour chaque somme versée, à partir du 1er ou du 16 du mois qui suit le dépôt.

Quand il y a des remboursements, le calcul est plus compliqué sans être bien difficile.

De même que les comptes tenus par la Caisse d'épargne au bureau central à Bruxelles, les livrets doivent toujours indiquer la situation exacte de l'avoir des déposants. On obtient ce résultat en faisant, après chaque inscription, une addition si c'est un versement, ou une soustraction si c'est un remboursement.

Lorsque l'on veut arrêter un compte, on fait l'addition, d'une part, des intérêts anticipés et, d'autre part, des intérêts rétrogrades dont le montant doit être déduit de la somme des intérêts anticipés; le solde est ajouté à celui des capitaux renseigné par le compte et par le livret, pour établir l'avoir total du déposant, soit à la fin, soit dans le cours de l'année quand un remboursement total est demandé.

9. Les dépôts se font parfois pour des tiers, à titre de don, de legs, de prix ou de récompense. Celui qui fait un dépôt pour un tiers peut ajouter certaines conditions à sa libéralité. Quand le don est fait à un mineur, le donateur peut stipuler que les sommes versées ne lui seront remises qu'à sa majorité, ou à une époque plus éloignée, ou lors de son mariage. Quand le don est fait à un majeur, l'on peut ajouter que les sommes versées ne lui seront remises qu'après un temps déterminé. Ces conditions ont pour but de prévenir les abus que les donataires pourraient faire des livrets qu'on leur donne. Ils doivent servir à leur inspirer le goût de l'épargne; il faut donc empêcher que les sommes versées ne soient dépensées aussitôt que reçues.

10. Le déposant qui change de résidence peut demander, par transfert, un nouveau livret qui lui permettra

de continuer ses versements ou de retirer ses fonds dans la localité qu'il se propose d'habiter.

11. Afin d'assurer la marche régulière du service de la Caisse d'épargne par les bureaux de poste, MM. les ministres des finances et des travaux publics ont arrêté de commun accord quelques dispositions qui modifient les instructions concernant la comptabilité de la Caisse d'épargne. L'attention des déposants doit être particulièrement appelée sur les dispositions suivantes:

- Le *maximum* des dépôts à recevoir par les bureaux de poste est limité à cinq mille francs par déposant, à moins d'une autorisation spéciale de l'administration de la Caisse d'épargne.
- Quand la somme versée dépasse vingt francs, le déposant Il faut qu'il donne très-exactement son adresse. reçoit de l'administration de la Caisse d'épargne un avis portant qu'elle est inscrite au crédit du compte qui lui est ouvert. Dans le cas où cet avis ne lui serait pas parvenu au plus tard le huitième jour après le versement, il doit le réclamer et réitérer sa demande, de cinq en cinq jours, jusqu'à ce qu'il l'ai reçu.
Cette réclamation doit être adressée au *Directeur général de la Caisse générale d'épargne et de retraite à Bruxelles*, soit directement par lettre, soit par l'intermédiaire du percepteur des postes ou du bourg-mestre de la commune où le déposant a sa résidence. Les lettres adressées au directeur général de la Caisse ne doivent pas être affranchies.
- Dans les trois premiers mois de chaque année, tous les livrets doivent être envoyés à l'administration centrale de la Caisse d'épargne, pour y faire inscrire le montant des intérêts acquis au 31 décembre précédent. A cette fin, les déposants en font la remise au bureau de poste où le livret a été délivré, contre un récépissé constatant le montant du solde du dépôt.
Le livret est restitué dans le plus bref délai.

II.—L'épargne a L'école.

L'épargne a été introduite dans les écoles communales de Gand au mois d'octobre 1866. La plupart des villes de Belgique et beaucoup de communes rurales ont imité cet exemple. Bientôt il n'y aura plus d'école sans épargne. L'instruction doit être en même temps une éducation; et peut-il y avoir un meilleur instrument de développement moral pour les classes ouvrières que l'esprit d'ordre, de prévoyance et d'économie? C'est en même temps le moyen d'améliorer leur condition matérielle, et c'est le seul. Il faut que l'ouvrier s'aide lui-même.

La brochure publiée sous le titre : *l'épargne dans les écoles communales de Gand*, expose comment l'épargne y a été introduite et comment elle s'y est répandue. Ici nous nous bornons à donner quelques indications sur la marche suivie par les instituteurs.

Les élèves peuvent apporter leurs épargnes tous les jours, le matin et l'après-dîner. L'instituteur les recueille au commencement de la classe et reçoit toute somme, quelque modique qu'elle soit, même un centime. Il inscrit par ordre de date sur un cahier, dont chaque page forme un compte et présente 12 colonnes, pour les 12 mois de l'année, et 31 lignes pour les jours de chaque mois. L'administration de la Caisse d'épargne a fait imprimer de ces cahiers et les donne *gratis*.

Chaque élève reçoit un feuillet détaché, duplicata de son compte, sur lequel lui ou le maître inscrit les versements. C'est une garantie pour les parents; ils peuvent contrôler facilement les dépôts faits par leurs enfants, et constater si ceux-ci ont versé moins ou plus que ce qu'ils reçoivent. C'est aussi une garantie pour l'instituteur.

Pour éviter que ces feuillets ne se perdent, on les plie en deux, on y met une couverture, sur laquelle on inscrit le nom de l'élève. Cela ressemble alors à un petit cahier.

Lorsque les versements ont atteint le chiffre d'un franc, le dépôt en est fait pour compte de l'élève, et il est inscrit sur un livret à son nom.

Partout où des agences de la Banque Nationale sont établies, les versements sont opérés dans ces agences pour la ville et les communes avoisinantes.

Pour les localités qui sont à une trop grande distance des agences ou de la caisse centrale à Bruxelles, les versements se font chez les percepteurs des postes ou dans les succursales de la Caisse d'épargne.

Les instructions recommandent de faire apposer la signature du déposant sur le registre matricule. Cette mesure de précaution permet de constater l'identité de la personne qui se présente pour obtenir un remboursement dont elle offre de donner quittance.

Pour le mineur, la quittance devant être souscrite par la personne chargée de l'administration de ses biens ou de sa tutelle, il est superflu de faire signer les enfants sur le registre matricule.

Les versements faits au nom des élèves des écoles doivent être accompagnés de bordereaux dressés par l'instituteur ou l'institutrice. Ces bordereaux, dont le modèle est différent pour les premiers versements et pour

les versements subséquents, sont remis gratuitement par la Caisse d'épargne aux directeurs des écoles, et de même que les cahiers dont il est parlé plus haut, ces imprimés leur sont adressés, soit par le bourgmestre de la commune, soit par l'agent chez lequel ils font leurs versements.

Les livrets des déposants doivent être joints aux bordereaux.

Chaque versement à la Caisse d'épargne devant être d'un franc, au moins, l'instituteur aura constamment entre les mains les centimes déposés par ses élèves jusqu'à ce que leur somme fasse un franc pour chacun : ce sera environ cinquante centimes en moyenne. S'il a deux cents élèves déposants, il pourrait donc avoir à conserver une somme de cent francs qui resterait continuellement improductive, ce qui ne serait pas sans inconvénients. Il y a un moyen très-simple d'y obvier. L'instituteur peut se faire délivrer un livret créé au nom de l'école. Toutes les sommes reçues de ses élèves sont versées *in globo* sur ce livret. Dès que le compte ouvert à l'un des élèves atteint la limite d'un franc, le livret de l'école et celui de l'élève sont présentés au bureau où s'opèrent les versements, avec une note demandant le transfert, de l'un à l'autre livret, de la somme indiquée. Les intérêts acquis sur le livret de l'école pourront être appliqués à couvrir les pertes qui résultent parfois du maniement de menues monnaies.

Il est nécessaire que l'instituteur conserve les minutes des bordereaux.

A New Monetary System: The Only Means Of Securing The Respective Rights Of Labor And Property, And Of Protecting The Public From Financial Revulsions

By Edward Kellogg

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Biographical Sketch of the Author.

As an introduction to the fifth edition of my father's work, and in compliance with repeated requests, I shall offer a sketch—though it must be an imperfect one—of his life; chiefly for the sake of telling why and how this book was written.

Edward Kellogg was born at Norwalk, Conn., on the 18th day of October, 1790. He was the son of a substantial farmer, enjoying the comforts of life; each child of the numerous family, however, was expected to do its part toward the common support; and he was early set at work, bringing the cows from the pasture, riding the horse while his older brother ploughed, and doing, when he was ten years old, half a man's work hoeing corn. The hired men who harvested for his father, observing the lad's deep set, deep blue eyes, said to each other in their homely phrase that he would make a smart man. Soon after he was of age, he began to buy goods in New York and sell them to country storekeepers in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, learning a great deal about men and things in the journeys he made for this purpose. In 1817 he married Esther F. Warner, daughter of Lyman Warner, of Northfield, in his native State. Two or three years later he was established in New York as a wholesale dry goods merchant; soon as senior partner of the firm of Kellogg & Baldwin, and later as chief of the firm of Edward Kellogg & Co. of Pearl street.

When he was about thirty years old his mind was deeply wrought upon by questions of theology and morals, and reading the Bible only, he abandoned the so-called orthodox tenets; when matters of business were not immediately before him, he studied ardently in his own thoughts the relations of man to his Creator and to his fellow-man; on his way from one engagement to another, he usually pondered the meaning of some text of Scripture. He read very few books, but he talked much with other men, and always weighed new thoughts that were thrown out. Singularly fearless and free in mind, he was continually investigating opinions to ascertain whether they were true; and whenever he had learned anything he was quick to communicate it to others. But he chiefly sought to draw out their minds and induce them to think for themselves. To this end he used to talk much with young persons; and, in the intervals of business, with the young men who were employed in his counting-house. His thirst for knowledge was so great that he seriously contemplated giving up Business and

devoting himself to study. At the same time he was eminently practical. No facilities then existed for ascertaining quickly the commercial standing of men, and the firm often sold on credit to persons living in remote parts of the South and West. When a new customer appeared the clerks would call Mr. Kellogg to talk with him a few minutes, and then he would say whether to sell or not. One of these young men, who learned business under him and is now the president of a national bank in the city of New York, says of him: "He was the best judge of men that I ever knew; his judgment of them was almost infallible." A man of stainless character and reputation, he conducted a large business with honor and success. His advice was frequently sought by younger men; and he was called upon to fill various offices of trust. During those years he did not speak of business matters at home, but he talked much with friends and neighbors about theological doctrines, principles of morality, about political questions and the management of the banks. As a child I used to sit down near him to listen, being greatly attracted by his animated and earnest discourse.

In, 1837, the financial panic occurring, he was unable to make collections from his debtors, and, though having assets largely in excess of his liabilities, was obliged to suspend payment, and saw his affairs thrown into what seemed to be almost inextricable confusion. But, gifted with indomitable energy and courage, he met misfortune for himself unflinchingly; maintaining His integrity and reputation, saying afterward, "If I lost everything I had, I was determined not to lose myself." When an old acquaintance, who died a few years ago leaving a princely fortune, came one evening, with his wife to drink tea and said, in lugubrious tones, "Mr. Kellogg what *are* we coming to?" my father instantly replied in his pleasant way, "It is plain what you and I are coming to, Mr. P.: we are coming to our tow trousers again;" whereupon the questioner laughed heartily for the first time since the panic, and they spent a cheerful evening.

Yet, while he thought carefully and anxiously of his obligations and attended faithfully to all that was to be done, his mind turned with earnest and eager inquiry to the cause of the great calamity in which he saw so many involved. He perceived that it was the result of the existing monetary system, and he began to study out the origin of the evils. He soon became convinced that the money of a country, being a public medium of exchange, ought not to be put under the control of private corporations, but ought to be instituted by the government for the benefit of the whole people, and so managed that usury could not be exacted, and that losses in exchange in sending money from one part of the country to another should not be incurred. His soul was moved with indignation at the extortions of usurers, which came continually under his notice; and he caused a friend to write a pamphlet setting forth some facts that he furnished. This was printed in 1841 by Harper & Brothers, and was called "Usury and its Effects: A National Bank a Remedy. By Whitehook." His idea then was that a national bank should be created with a capital of fifty millions, with branches in every State, limited in dividends to five or six per cent., and compelled when its surplus profits exceeded five per cent, on the capital to reduce the rate of interest on its loans. He had not yet ascertained the real nature of money nor devised the true remedy.

He still worked in his mind at the problem, for he knew he had not solved it. He saw that money ought not to be made of gold and silver, which cannot be had in sufficient quantities to meet any great financial crisis, and which nobody wants when confidence exists; that it must be a legal representative of value, and thought it ought to be founded on real estate, or on the public credit resting on the national resources; he saw how to issue it in exchange for mortgages of productive real property—there was no great public debt—but how to redeem it? He tried it in every way he could imagine; he knew there must be some right way of doing it, but what was it? it was of no use to point out the evil unless he could show a remedy for it. He thought upon it by night and by day, and at last, after looking for it three years, one night in the spring of 1843, as he lay in his bed revolving once more his problem, it dawned upon him like an inspiration, "REDEEM IT WITH A BOND BEARING INTEREST." He turned it to and fro for a moment and exclaimed, in the very words of the old philosopher, "*I have found it!*"

Deeply impressed with the value of his discovery, he began at once to write out his ideas. He had had only a common school education, and, as he used to say, "very little of that." He thought himself "the furthest man in the world from writing a book." He disliked to write letters, and made his clerks write for him if possible. But now, morning and evening in the midst of his family, and in moments snatched from business at his counting-house, he set down upon paper the new and stirring thoughts with which his mind overflowed. He had ever been apt to teach, adapting himself carefully to the minds of others, and taking the greatest pains to make facts and ideas intelligible to them; and he wrote simply and vividly. But thinking some revision was desirable, and not having the time nor the practice to do it easily himself, he caused one of the young men in his employment to copy and amend for him. One evening—I was then seventeen years old and was always hovering about him—he showed me some leaves of the manuscript. In my secret heart I thought the amendments were not well made; but I only said to my beloved father, "I think I could do that." A little surprised, he rejoined, "Do you? well, you may try." The next morning he left some pages with me; at night I had a copy ready for him, which he altogether approved; and from that day I became his "scribe," and presently

his devout disciple. He was intensely moved by the wrongs that he saw everywhere weighing on the workers of the world through this gigantic, hidden power of money; he knew he had devised the means to overthrow this power, so he worked on at a white heat. Now his relatives and friends began to remonstrate with him. One man of mark, a lifelong friend whom he greatly valued, said to him: "Mr. Kellogg, this is the most difficult part of political economy; no one has ever understood it. It has puzzled the wisest heads from the beginning until now, and you cannot solve it: you will only succeed in bewildering yourself. Besides, your own affairs are in a very perplexing condition and require all your attention; and it is *against your interest* to do anything about it." To which he replied: "I have an interest in the human family, and I have discovered something that is for their benefit. I shall write it; I should if I knew that I could make a million of dollars if I did not; and that if I did, I should live on a crust of bread and die in a garret." So the writing went on.

About the last of July, 1843, enough had been written to cover, as he thought, the important points. He cast about to see whom he could interest in it, and how he should get it printed. Having a high opinion of Mr. Horace Greeley's character and benevolent aims, he invited him to come and hear it read. Mr. Greeley, ever prompt to consider any proposition for bettering the condition of mankind, accordingly came twice to Brooklyn—whither the author had removed in 1838—and my father assigned to me the pleasant task of reading the manuscript to him. The good man heard it through, and said it ought to be published: he seized upon it and carried it away with him, giving it, with my father's consent, to Burgess & Stringer, 222 Broadway, to be published. It was printed at the author's cost, in newspaper form, of which, so far as I know, only the one copy now in my possession is extant. It was entitled, "Usury: the Evil and the Remedy;" and contained the following paragraphs, this being the original of what? is now attributed to many different persons and called the interchangeable bonds and money proposition. I quote as follows:

"For the purpose I have before mentioned [to supply the people with a good and sound currency], the United States should establish an institution, which I shall here call a Safety Fund. I give it this name because I think it will be the means of securing to the producers a fair remuneration for their productions. It will save us from the power of any foreign nation over our Internal Improvements, or anything else of great importance. It will enable the nation—as far as man can have such control—to decide its own destiny. Therefore it will be a NATIONAL SAFETY FUND.

"In order to explain the nature of this Safety Fund. I will here write out, in full, two bills, one for a circulating medium, the other for a Treasury Note. By reading these the system may be almost entirely understood. Should such an institution be established, the bills might be more brief, as the laws on the subject would be known, and it would be unnecessary to have as much expressed as in the following:

(Circulating Medium, or Safety Fund Note.)

"The United States promise to pay to A. B., or bearer, at their Safety Fund, in the City of—, One Hundred Dollars, in a Treasury Note, bearing interest at the rate of two per cent, per annum, payable half-yearly in gold or silver coin; and until such payment is made this note shall be a legal tender for debts, the same as gold and silver coins are now a tender."

(Treasury Note.)

"One year from the first day of May next, or any time thereafter, the UNITED STATES promise to pay to A. B., or bearer, in the City of—, One Hundred Dollars, in Safety Fund Notes; and until such payment is made, to pay interest thereon half-yearly on the first days of May and November, at the rate of two per cent, per annum in gold or silver."

"It will be perceived that the note intended as a circulating medium is made a tender for all debts, that it is issued by Government, and payable in Treasury Notes. The Treasury Notes are to bear interest; hence there can be no money in circulation but what the holder can at any time put on interest where the loan would be entirely safe, and the interest payable half-yearly in specie; so that money can, at all times, be loaned for a certain income secured by the nation. One year after the first of May ensuing, the holder can convert the loan again into the legal currency of the country, so there never can be a surplus of money which may not be made productive."

The newspaper contains no date of publication, but the leading article of the New York *Tribune* of August 17, 1843, evidently from the pen of Mr. Greeley, had the heading, "Usury: the Evil and the Remedy," and began, "Such is the title of a powerful essay which has recently been published in this city, in a cheap newspaper form designed for general circulation. The intent of the author is evidently to probe the evil to the bottom, and not to rest in mere grumbling at it, but devise and suggest adequate means for its removal." The main features of the plan are clearly and forcibly stated in this article, with a recommendation to all who think excessive interest an evil to procure and read the paper.

My father then did his utmost to circulate the essay. He sent it to many editors, the paper itself containing a request that they would copy parts of it for the good of the public. On the 28th of October of the same year, a synopsis of it in four columns was printed in the *Tribune*; and, in December of the same year, it was issued, at his cast, as a supplement to the *New York Commercial Advertiser*. Then he had it put in pamphlet form, with some additions, and stereotyped. It was called "Currency: the Evil and the Remedy," by Godek Gardwell, these words containing the letters of his name.

About this time or a little later, he gave up business as a merchant, and, retaining an office in New York, spent his time in the care and improvement of his property. He continued to think and to write on the money question. Sometimes he wrote at length, but oftener a few pages only on any point that was in his mind. When a "good idea" occurred to him he set it down. Sometimes the same in slightly varied form appeared often, especially in regard to the representative value of money. The subject was so important, the need of clear ideas and simple illustrations to combat the old errors so evident, it was all so urgent that he could not say it too emphatically or too much. Then the subject ramified in such a way; it was so vast, touching upon most of the material interests of men; it lay at the foundation of public justice and good morals: the new system was capable of effecting a beneficent revolution, and would, too, by and by. All these things and more were seeking expression. His mind worked so deeply that he often went along the street, noticing nobody, seeing only the idea that he was pursuing and endeavoring to seize.

Some time after the essay was published, when he had a mass of papers thus written, various in subject and length, he told me he wanted me to "arrange them in some order," copy, and get the whole ready for the printer. Though dismayed at being called upon to set in order the subject-matter, it did not occur to me to say I could not do it; I must at least try, if my father expected it. After a time I thought I saw the proper sequence of the argument, and sorted and arranged the papers in chapters and sections accordingly. Perhaps a less formal mode might have been better; but the author himself found no fault with it: he, with his originating mind, "would rather write ten than arrange one;" and he was occupied in searching out ideas and principles. Almost every day there was something new; a page or two came home on the back of a letter or on a sheet of paper doubled up in his pocket, and must be assigned to the proper place; sometimes a section rewritten because the new was better, or to introduce fitly a fresh idea or illustration; then a large part of the chapter on the banking system was written. I used to go over it all again and again by myself during the days while he was away at his office, occasionally suggesting the writing of something on this or that point to fill out the course of thought; and in the evenings and on Sundays he read it over, or we read it over together; sometimes spending hours on a single paragraph, to make it clear and simple. Unwearying thought and care were bestowed on the whole; but the chapter on the nature of money received specially vigilant and repeated revision. For recreation we used to talk together, often into the midnight hours, of the blessings that would flow to mankind from this grand new truth; and we said, that some day the nature of money would be so well understood, and the system so much a matter of course, that people would wonder it had ever been needful to write such a book, or take such pains to argue the question. When it was nearly finished he invited a friend to hear it read, who suggested further omissions and condensations. Then my father went over it several times more, always making some emendations, and five years from the time he began to write it, it was copied out for the printer; containing then in substance all and in length about one-third of the original matter.

The book was published in the winter of 1848-'49, under the title of "Labor and other Capital: the rights of each secured and the wrongs of both eradicated; or, an exposition of the cause why few are wealthy and many poor, and the delineation of a system which, without infringing the rights of property, will give to labor its just reward. By Edward Kellogg." It was stereotyped and printed at his expense, and he had it for sale at his office, then at 47 Stone street.

He hoped he had now written something that would awaken the public attention and direct it to this momentous question; but his book failed to attract much notice, and his plan was called visionary, impracticable, Utopian. Here and there a man read it who perceived its power. One old friend of his, president of a bank in Maryland, said, "Mr. Kellogg, I have read your book, and it is all true, every word of it; but nobody will buy it, nobody will read it, and it will lie on the shelf: but if you will write one on the other side of the question, it will go like hot cakes." A year or two after it was printed, a gentleman, to whom he had lent a copy, said to him, "Mr. Kellogg, your book is true; it is in advance of the time, and the people of this generation do not appreciate it; but future generations will raise monuments to your memory." An editor, too, said to him, "Do you know that this book of yours is the most radical one that ever was written?" Yes, he knew it; nothing was new to him in regard to the deep-reaching nature of his work. He remarked, "This will break down every despotism. As soon as the system is adopted in this country and its results are seen, the people of other countries will compel their governments to establish it; these principles are of universal application, and will be ultimately adopted by all nations; then 'a nation shall be born in a day.'" This last was a favorite expression with him; he often quoted texts of Scripture in connection with his plan. He said, too, "They cannot bring me any

question relating to this subject that I cannot answer, when I have had a little time to consider it."

At various times he had written papers expressly for certain public men, setting forth the advantages of his project, hoping to gain the ear of some one who might speak of it effectively to the people. He wrote to Henry Clay, and paid him a visit, making a great effort to interest him; but nobody cared for this newly-discovered truth. He spoke often of the oppression of the laboring classes of England, and wrote an article showing how to remedy it, which he sent to the London *Economist*, but it was not printed. When the book was first published he sent it to Proudhon, and the prominent members of the French Assembly, as well as to other statesmen in foreign countries; ever hoping somebody might perceive its worth, who would endeavor to put it in practice for the good of the people. He placed it in the hands of editors, members of Congress, and Cabinet officers at home. He used to say, "Some men tell me this is a very good theory, but it would not work in practice; but a theory is of no value unless it can be put in practice; the practicability of a theory and the good results flowing from it are what make any theory valuable." It burdened his soul that he could not make men understand, nor even fairly look at a subject laden with the liberty and well-being of mankind. The few instances I have noted are almost the only ones I can recall of a cordial recognition of his work.

He continued to write occasionally when some fresh thought or striking illustration occurred to him; and he spoke of making a new book; thinking again that perhaps he could produce something different in expression and illustration, yet the same in principle, which would reach the public ear. But when he considered that the people were not yet alive to the importance of a better monetary system, and that a great deal of thought and labor had been given to the book, he resolved to take it as a basis, and make it more valuable and interesting by incorporating the new matter with it. Re-marking to him once in reference to a passage, "Father, that is so simple it does not seem as if there were any need of saying it," he replied, "It is perfectly simple; but people do not know it." And, "What astonishes me is that no one has ever found this out before. I cannot see how the world has gone on so long without any one understanding the real nature of money." "I do not need to hear the history of the monetary laws of nations. If I take the present condition of the people, I can tell pretty nearly what sort of money they have had." "Political economists fill their books with accounts of things as they are, but they do not show us any means by which the old evils they depict can be done away." Sometimes he used to call money, because of its present elusive, deceitful, and hidden power, a money-devil, and say that it ought to be chained, so that it could not devour the substance of the producers.

He was the most companionable of men : and though his conversation naturally turned to matters of government, law, or religion, he liked lighter topics too; was quick at repartee, could tell a good story, was fond of games, and ever loved a joke. He had a great respect for the common mind; he loved little children and tenderly drew out their thoughts: he had a lively sympathy for the pleasures and occupations of others, and everybody could do his best in that cheerful and inspiring presence. He was withal a man of an un-usually beautiful and dignified aspect; of a manly form, above the middle height, having finely cut features, a pure red and white complexion, dark blue eyes, a firm mouth, and soft gray hair lying in abundance on a noble head. His countenance was expressive of power, refinement and benevolence. When he was conversing on some of his favorite topics, and especially when speaking of the excellent results to flow from just laws, his face sometimes assumed the innocent and joyful expression of a child. The moral effect of his system was always uppermost with him. While he foresaw, perhaps as few others can, the physical benefits to follow upon its establishment, the prospect of peace and good-will among men was the one which most delighted him. "The millennium can never come," he would say, "until this system goes into operation; but then it can come!" The foundation of contracts being laid in justice, order and beauty in the state and in society could arise.

As I listened day by day to his conversation, I often thought of making a written memorandum of it, but did not. In arguing a question he frequently began at a distance so remote that one did not see the connection; and as he approached the point, he brought, by means of the train of thought, an unexpectedly great force to bear, carrying conviction to the mind of his hearer. He talked of righteousness, and of justice and mercy, drawing much from the Bible: how often he quoted, "Justice and mercy have met together;" adding, "There is no justice without mercy; it is just to be merciful." He said he had thought a very great deal more about religion than he ever had about the currency, and that he could not have written the book if his mind had not been free on religious subjects. He spoke of writing a book on faith, but he never began it. He said, too, that he could write a code of laws; but he always added, "When my system goes into operation the laws will be very simple; they will be few and easily understood; there will be much less litigation." He remarked that if the laws were just it would not make much difference which political party administered them. He conceived that party strife would be diminished; that legislative bodies would come together less frequently, and he inclined to favor direct taxation for government expenses. He said it was supposed that a country might be so wide, and a nation so numerous as to fall apart because of the bulk, but if the laws were just, and a true system of money were instituted, the country might enlarge and the people multiply without disadvantage.

It was during the later years of his life, while his mind was occupied with these subjects, that a committee

of gentlemen invited him to take the presidency of a bank, urging that if he would consent, such confidence was felt in his management that the stock would be taken immediately; and the United States Government appointed him to appraise the value of some lands; but he declined these offices, as he had previously declined a minor political one. I mention these otherwise trivial incidents to show his reputation as a practical man.

In the summer of 1857 it became evident that his hitherto vigorous health was declining, and a few months later the presence of a painful and fatal disease was disclosed. During the financial pressure of the autumn he felt intensely for the general suffering, which, in his then weak condition, seemed almost beyond his endurance; and said, "It is not the trouble in my own affairs, but it is the *cause* of these calamities that wears me out." He wrote an article for the *New York Tribune* copied in the appendix of this book. The announcement of his approaching departure he received with the equanimity that distinguished him; saying, "It is usually our duty to prepare for life, but circumstances change; there is a debt of nature that we all must pay, and I have considered our duty in relation to it for many years; and it does not alarm me at all—not a bit. I shall still be in the presence of the same Being before whom I have lived; there will be no change in that."

He continued to go to his office as his strength permitted, and to attend to his affairs. At home he caused me to read his book through to him, after the lapse of seven or eight years listening to it with marked satisfaction, and saying that it was much better than he had thought it. When we came to the passage where it is said that those who neither lend nor borrow money, and have not the mental grasp to understand how the rate of interest affects the reward of their labor, shall yet benefit by the institution of the new system, he was visibly affected, and said, "If I did not know who wrote that book I should say, that sounds like Christian legislation!" He changed the title for the present one, made some amendments, dictated a few paragraphs, and from time to time spoke to me of some points which he desired to have enforced; especially that the rate of interest ought not to exceed the expense of instituting and circulating the money; but he added that at one per cent, it could not be made oppressive to the producers. He had previously said that no doubt an attempt would be made to lower the rate of interest gradually; but, in his judgment, it would be much better to bring it at once to the just standard; then every thing would adjust itself to that, and there would not be a series of readjustments consequent upon lower and lower rates. He said, "If there should be a war in this country, my system would be much more likely to go into operation; for the government would be compelled to issue a large amount of paper money to carry it on."

Those who proposed and carried the legal tender act can tell what strength they derived from the facts and arguments of the *New Monetary System*, which was freely circulated among members of Congress and others at Washington.

In those days of physical weakness and suffering, when greatly oppressed by the general lack of appreciation for this truth, it soothed him to have me talk to him with faith and hope of the coming day of recognition for it. I promised him that I would print a new edition of his work, and make additions to it from his manuscripts. He gave me all his manuscripts, though long ago I had often said to him that those were my perquisite, valuing them highly, and he had assented, remarking, "There are some good ideas in those old papers that you have not got out yet." But now he gave them to me definitely, and the copyright, and all the remaining copies of the essay and the book—and I received them as one who takes a sacred trust for the people. He said, "Mary, I love my friends, I love my family; I take a great interest in their welfare; but I care more for that book than for any thing else, it is of such vast importance to the world."

Soon after this he could no more go out, nor go to his writing room, and for three weeks his family watched beside his dying-bed. He bore intense suffering with resolution and uncomplaining fortitude. Once as he lay apparently asleep I heard him say, "That is shortly expressed," and asking what he said, he replied, smiling, "I was dreaming—about usury, I guess." Again when I heard some word, he said again, "I was dreaming—pleasant dreams—all my thoughts are pleasant." To an old and valued orthodox friend, who, knowing he did not hold the usually received religious opinions, asked him how he should appear before a just God, he replied, in tones of solemn sweetness and serenity, "In regard to that I feel a perfect peace. You may think strange of it, Judge, but I do." Each day until the very close he gave directions respecting his affairs; in the extremity of death he did not neglect to greet a friend; and in perfect possession of his faculties up to the instant of his departure, on the 29th day of April, 1858, this great soul went hence.

We who sat beside him day and night, and saw his grand composure, could but think of the old philosophers, to whom, in mind, he always seemed to me akin. My spirit went up with him to the company of the saints and reformers of every age. We laid the wasted body in a grave on Chestnut Hill in the Greenwood Cemetery; but not until a cast of his head had been taken, that the sculptor might reproduce in marble his lineaments, for those who shall some day desire to see his face.

I have now told, according to my ability, who and what he was who wrote this book, and how he was moved thereto; trusting that it may comfort and encourage those who are to endure the stress of the coming struggle; that they may know more intimately their pure and benign leader, to whom was denied this conflict

which he so ardently sought; that he was not a closet thinker, as some have called him, but up to the close of a long life actively engaged in affairs; mingling freely with men and partaking of the ordinary cares and joys; though having endured toil and hardship, not a disappointed, but, in the main, a successful man; known to most of his business acquaintances in no capacity but as one of themselves, yet, with his deep nature, having, as he himself said, "an inspiration of the truth" on this all-important subject. In closing I must add, that a few days before his death I said something to him, I do not remember what, about Writing some recollections of his life, and he answered me, "I don't think much of these biographies. Every child thinks its own father and mother the best in the world. My book will show what my character was."

M. K. P.
ELIZABETH, N. J.,

December, 1874.

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