what it is that the Church cannot approve of, with regard to the points of agreement, he says:—

1. It is a system of belief, not of mere negation of all that is not logically demonstrated. Its adherents are not ashamed to avow that they hold, as true, propositions which are incapable of mathematical proof. They are at least Theists if no more; certainly not Atheistic.

2. It is in its very nature antagonistic to all Materialism and Materialism. It flatly contradicts the assertions of the miserable philosophy that makes the soul but a function of the brain, and death an eternal sleep. It proclaims that man is responsible for his actions, against those who would persuade us that such deed is but the resultant of a set of forces, no effort first, and then a cause, in an eternal and immutable series of causes and effects, and that sin and holiness are therefore words without meaning. It tells of angels, of an immortal spirit, of a future state of personal and conscious existence.

3. It inculcates the duties of purity, charity and holiness, setting forth as well the loving fatherhood of God as the brotherhood of men, to be continued, with personal recognition, in the future life.

4. It declares that there can be, and is, communion between Spirit and Spirit, and so, by implication, acknowledges the possibility, at least, of intercourse between man and the Supreme Spirit; in other words, of Revelation, Inspiration and Grace.

From the statement of these points of agreement I pass on to those on which I think Spiritualism warns the Church that her trumpet must give no uncertain sound.

1. We habitually remind those whom we touch that they have an immortal soul. We too seldom use the phrase, and tell them that they are really Spirits, and have a body which contains an immortal part, to be prepared for immortality. We make them look on the body as the true being, the soul as a sort of accessory to it; just over against which Socrates could mention his disciples ("Phædo," pp. 115, a. 64). No doubt bodily existence is, in a measure, more of a reality to us in this life than Spiritual being, and thus, if I may venture on the allusion, time cost of ten people, when they hear the words dead Persons, understand bodily presence; they have not grasped the truth that to the spiritual only can the epithet "real" be justly applied even here, before. Minds thus disciplined are easily led away to believe that the soul is only a certain phase of the bodily organism, and is dissolved with its dissolution. Those who have dealt with Sensism than this need no more, minutely speaking, spirit—in the essence of the term, could never suppose that the existence of the material upon the existence of its instrument. We should have taught, more carefully than we have done, not that men are bodies and have souls, but that they are souls and have bodies; which bodies, changed from the glory of the terrestrial to the glory of the celestial, will be theirs to dwell in, when Immortal.

2. Again, we are terribly afraid of warnings word about the intermediate state. We draw a hard and fast line between the seen and the unseen world. In vain does the creed express our belief in the Communion of Saints.

3. Further, there is a wide-spread reluctance even in the Church to accept the supernatural as such. I do not say that this is universal, but it is very general. . . . Others do not like to hear of the work of the Eternal Spirit in His Church, or of things done in God's vineyard, otherwise than earthly wisdom would direct and conjecture. They acknowledge indeed some divine guidance, but shrink from Spiritual illumination, the ministry of angels, or the unseen of the Evil One.

Here perhaps some one will say to me, "You seem half a Spiritualist yourself." Well, I am just as much a Spiritualist as St. Paul was, when he wrote "I knew a man in Christ, whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell, God knoweth,—such an one caught up to the third Heaven. . . . As little as he could be ashamed that "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth."

Canon Wilberforce gives a brief history of the origin and development of Spiritualism, and concludes by offering suggestions as to the attitude of the clergy towards Spiritualism. His suggestions may be summed up as inculcating a careful examination of the facts, a frank adjudication of them, and a conciliatory rather than a hostile attitude, to be exhibited in a frank admission of any good in its teaching or influence which may be claimed for Spiritualism. As might be expected, the laymen who spoke at the congress were less transmelled than the clergymen. Mr. John Fowler, for instance, was not outspoken as if he were an out-and-out Spiritualist; but what he said by him is none the less important. Especially important are his remarks on the subject of immortality, and of spiritual healing gifts:—

As an organization the Church is based upon a certain number of central truths, amongst which we find a declaration of the immortality of the human soul. This is the point essential first in the Christian system of faith. If man be not immortal, the Church spiritually is useless, and a fraud; but if man be immortal, and if the nature of that immortality be influenced by the acts we do here, it is most important that the Church should set forth the true purpose of life. The weakest point, in a scientific and philosophical sense, which the Church has in the affirmation of the immortality of man. He cannot alone be appealed to to prove this great fact; but man dies, disappears, and are lost sight of to us, and the unbeliever challenges the believer to demonstrate by natural facts a natural and theological truth—that the soul lives when the body dies. The authority of the New Testament is annulled, and the influence of the Church, by a proving number, is unrecognized. Sadducees and Athenians never had so large a following in this country before. The most intelligent amongst professional men have long ago ceased to believe the doctrine of immortality, and a large number of intelligent working men laugh at the immortality of the stories which are narrated and the doctrines taught from the pulpit. . . . Every man must observe the present indifferent state of the intelligent public to the tenets and doctrines of the Church. Those who have had opportunities of observing the intellectual state of the country say that infidelity is on the march. Now, what does the Church propose to do in this matter? Of its actual power it is adjudged by the fact of this discussion. Until the fact of spiritual existence have been demonstrated, like Peter, who denied his Master, we must evidence, and, like Thomas, we want to put our fingers into the prints of the nails. Spiritualism was raised to establish the Christian Church and the disciples, demonstration is much needed to-day, to establish its claims in the minds of the present generation. The Church must be maintained. It will fail to please the interior knowing power of the [illegible] people, and convenient [illegible] for the minds of [illegible] modern Spiritualism has appeared. [illegible] necessity of the times. It [illegible] Spiritualism, and [illegible] which more abundantly and [illegible] spiritual growth and [illegible] the people [illegible] of Brother [illegible] the founders of the Church exercised displayed the supremacy of the spiritual over the temporal world. The blind were made to see, the sick were made whole, and the dumb did speak. The volume of heaven's wonders was revealed to us by the inspired speaker. Those spiritual gifts, so extraordinary and marvellous, were promised to be continued to the Church, Christ said to His disciples, "Greater works shall ye do, because I go to My Father." There is nothing inconsistent in the claims of modern Spiritualism and Christianity. One is the promise and the development of the other. That which was phenomenally possible in primitive Christianity must be so now that and as possible now. Nowhere are these gifts declared to be withdrawn from the Church. If the Church had them in the beginning, they are retained till now. The Church did not begin them in the beginning, and the Church cannot take them away. Healing the sick, and the marvellous works which were done of old, were done in harmony with the Divine plan, and if men would only subject themselves to the same conditions the miraculous life of the primitive Church could be resumed by us. These extraordinary phenomena to which the Spiritualist lays claim are of the same nature and character as those which are witnessed in the early Church, and they are calculated to meet the growing scepticism of the age by a complete defeat. The Church should not stand aloof and denounce Spiritualism as a fraud. It will prove the Church's best friend.

This collection of the Church Congress addresses on Spiritualism is introduced to the notice of the public by a preface from the pen of M.A. (Oxon), who also appends a few notes. The object in view in appending the notes is to correct some misapprehensions which seem to him to have influenced some of the speakers, to press home the supreme importance of the religious aspect of Spiritualism which the clergy are beginning to recognise, and to emphasise his belief, which coincides in this respect with Mr. Fowler's, that Spiritualism is in no sense antagonistic to the teachings of Christ.

THE ANNALS OF A BABY*

"The Annals of a Baby," by Sarah Bridges Stebbins, when first published anonymously, was received by the public with a good deal of favor. It formed then, and may be considered as forming still, one of the "Baby" series, which originated a few years ago in the publication of "Helen's Babies." A general similarity of character attaches to all the works belonging to the series. In each the central figures are children, sometimes very young children indeed, around whom other personages are grouped in order to supply the materials of a story. The idea, as first developed in "Helen's Babies," was highly original, and admirably carried out. It was really a masterpiece in its way, so realistic was it, and so laughter-moving. None of its successors have come up to it in that respect. In the "Annals of a Baby," pathos is the chief feature, though occasionally we get flashes of quiet humor. The author has a very deep knowledge of human life, and depicts its sorrows and cares with a vigor of imagination and with a pathos that must produce an impression on even the most careless mind; at the same time giving us beautiful examples of patient endurance, and that all-embracing charity that can sympathise with the outcast, and extend its care for poor struggling humanity in all conditions. Touching is the picture of the Crippled Sister, ever toiling with her hands, while she patiently teaches the ways of truth and right to the rough ignorant children whom she has gathered in from the poor places of the neighborhood, and gratifying is the result of her teaching in winning their love and gratitude, so that they deny themselves much to procure her a Christmas present, in the form of a bouquet of flowers. The description too of the Baby's Party, when all the babies of the neighboring poor are invited, together with their mothers, and are fed and clothed; and the story of the Baby's Nurse, who, more stand against than strong, yet an outcast on the verge of suicide, is reclaimed by the baby's look and its mother's Christian charity; these and other pictures cannot but evoke a spirit of sympathy—temporary, it may be, yet undoubtedly salutary. They are admirably woven together to form an harmonious whole. Romance is supplied by the young scholar and their lovers, comedy by the fat nurse, and so on, in a most natural manner. All the characters are drawn to the life, and become, as it were, familiar friends. Perhaps they are rather too good, too Utopian, for this very day world; their tone a little too sentimental; and the moral to be drawn from their actions a little too obvious, but still they are consistent. As a sample of the book let us select a passage from the chapter, entitled the Sunset of Life. In this chapter we are introduced to an aged couple, the parents of one of the personages having a part to play in the story. They are sitting together at the door of their cottage in the glowing sunset of a mellow autumn day, and the scene reminds the old man that with them too it is the time of sunset. With such reflection come thoughts of the past tinged with mingled feelings, but with a prevailing tone of calmness on the old man's part. The wife suggests that surely it has been a great blessing that they had been spared to each other, and that, above all, there were the children. "The children!" replied the old man, a little bitterly, "were there ever children born into this world that were not a disappointment in some way or other to their parents?" "Oh, not at all, not at all!" murmured the aged partner, "think of our Mary and her crippled sister." "Aye, aye," said the aged father, "they are good enough—true and tender; but then the Boys they have had!—all sorrow, and pain and labor. It has been an ever-piercing thorn in my side that our girls could not have been sheltered from every hardship and every grief, that they should not have had happy homes and little ones of their own like that baby who was here to-day! And it might have been—it might all have been, if it had not been for the wickedness of that boy!" The allusion to the misconduct of their first child touches the mother's heart. She pleads with all a mother's tenderness for the black sheep of the family, and she prevails:—

"Jesse, she murmured, "it was poor excusing thing, but I very rarely took it out of Jesse's hand or look to it; mostly I took forward, and set them, radiant and beautiful, in that other world where I am going to meet them. Ah! Father, you will never be hard upon our Johnny there, for all things will be made known to you then; and Jesse will be just your other self.

"Well, wife," answered the old man sadly, "I believe it may be so, for, after all, John really loves us, and by the love that was in him he may have been made meet for heaven, and by him he shall be forgiven."

The purple and gold of the setting sun flushed out more gloriously than ever; the white pinnacles and shining domes of the ethereal Temple grew more and more luminous, and the tender blue above seemed to drop down its inexpressible light like very deep of heaven; the yellow autumn leaves floated awhile on the still breeze before they rested on the damp mould, and a silence eloquent than words fell upon the Aged Father and Mother, as with clasped hands they still looked out towards the glowing West.

Then the aged woman said to her out of her reverie of remembrance, "Dear Father! you always think of the children as grown up; but they always come back to me, when I am alone, as little children still. Often and often I sit by the nursery fire in our old home, and they come in with their pattering feet and group themselves about me in the twilight. Johnny with his curly head upon my knee; Jessie, always grave and steady, on his cricket in a corner of the hearth; our dear Mary, with the flames lighting up her golden hair and angel face; our poor, afflicted one, bright and restless there, dancing round me as her tiny feet; and the baby-look, Father! the baby that never grew up, lying close upon my happy breast! See! I have only to close my eyes, and they are all there. I forget Johnnie's sin, and Jessie's forsaken grave; I forget our Mary's toiling, lonely life, and the pains of her Crippled Sister; I forget the tears I shed for my baby; for I only behold the faces of their children—the innocent, sweet faces, untouched by the world and unspoiled by time; they come to and set to me all day long; I hear their young voices; I feel their clinging arms! They have been men and women, sinners and sufferers, but they are my little children always still."

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

A CRUISE IN A QUEENSLAND SLAVER.

By a Medical Student.

(Continued From Last Week.)

In the afternoon a man-of-war steamer slowly steamed up the harbor and anchored a short distance from us. She was the Espiegle, a sister ship of the Miranda and of the Doterel, the man-of-war lately blown up near Capetown. Her second Lieutenant made us an official visit, resplendent in a magnificent uniform, with sword and epaulettes and everything, and was officially received on the poop of our unadorned Government vessel, in a seedy wideawake and a cast-off suit of serge. The mate, our only officer on board, when he saw the boat coming, got suddenly very busy painting the outwater. The for'ard paid two visits to the man-of-war, the second in the dark. Our appearance, though considerable attention was given to it, looked "'in most confoun, shabby when compared with that of the Espiegle. Joe and Frank had on guernseys that soap would never clean, and trousers of strange pattern and curious shape, but they were as easy, for who would not envy the gaudy smoking caps they jaunntly sported on the side of their heads? We enjoyed a pleasant hour or two. I swaggered about in as nautical a manner, consistent with not overdoing it, as possible, and raked together my vocabulary of seafaring terms. Unknown to myself I must have come to grief, for several told me candidly that I was no sailor, and asked me if I would be taking another voyage. I asked them as candidly did they think in, a month good enough for all the work I did, whereat they laughed. The night was very dark as we rowed across the second time. We were within a hundred yards or so, when a voice came peeling over the waters, "Boat ahoy." In a case like this a native would have answered what name, meaning what's up now. Bill, however, sung out reassuringly, "It's all right," and in the same notes said "row on." We went a little further, when again "Boat ahoy" startled us. It was getting annoying, so we took no notice this time, and kept steadily on. A few yards further and "Boat ahoy" was a third time pitched at us with stentorian lungs. In concert we stood up and roared in reply, "Friends." This satisfied them; we were not again disturbed, and were kindly allowed on board. Never having been on a man-of-war before, I was chiefly struck with the extraordinary discipline. I suppose such a thing as a captain giving an order quickly to a sailor and being told to "keep cool and not be all hits out," or giving an order and repeating it and being told to "stop his jaw, or he might get a belt on the lug," would not be allowed in the navy, and yet this often happens on our vessel.

On the 25th, we left Stradwick and ran before a nice breeze to Mai, or Three Hills, so called from the most prominent feature, passing islands on all sides of us. The May Queen and the Lubina, the latter a Fiji vessel, were at another bank. We tried to get so close to them as possible, but our captain hauled his ship frightfully, making sails fast and loosing them again, finally heaving in with no square sails on, and then dropping anchor a long way from where he had first intended. He has no good a fear of a windward shore as most captains have of a lee one, and makes the ship the laughing stock of all good handlers. Our boat's crew at Mai is reduced as low as it well can be, only Dick and Harry left, Billy and Tommy having been landed at their home, and Charley Sandwich bolting in Havannah Harbor, because he could "endure the bullying of the mate no longer." My chance of getting into the boat is brightening.

Then I am down with an attack of fever, and on the 30th have to stay in bed all day, lying hardly able to raise my head, and feeling utterly dejected. This was doubly unfortunate. From morning to-night there was something unusual going on on deck. For hours it seemed the windlass was going. Every now and again I could hear the chain rush through the hawse pipe with terrific speed. I could hear the captain shouting and the mate screeching. I could hear the boys running and getting along the deck as if dragging something. I heard some one say "Thank Heaven that the windlass didn't go," and immediately after the captain in an agonizing voice said, "My God, my God, where have I got to?" I never stirred from my bunk; I was too weak. Since I learned that we had a narrow escape from running on the rocks, and we were only saved by the exertion of every man on board. We kedged the schooner out of danger.

From Mai we moved across to Ajé, having one or two boys yet to land there, and for convenience we anchored between a small island and the main land. The last night or two, as soon as I close my eyes, I see in rapid succession, and with the most extraordinary minuteness, rivers and lakes, hills and plains, in a series of landscapes of surpassing beauty. At will, I can see a stage and compel to pass down it all the most celebrated men and women I have heard of in history; and as they pass down I can light up their faces with any color I choose, with any shade or tint. I have formed in my imagination transformation scenes that no eye will ever behold, scenery that could be seen only in Paradise. If I open my eyes the pictures vanish, but I derive very great pleasure from keeping them shut, and look forward to my bedtime for the enjoyment I then have. On board they tell me I must have got an attack of fever at Sandwich—it may be so. What is more strange is, I have then the power of repeating long passages by heart from my favorite books. I think I have discussed everything I ever read about, from the tenets of Vishnu to the internal anatomy of the cockroach. At last I got an opportunity of rowing in one boat, and did so well that the recruiter promised to give me another chance. Only in the boats can he seen all the danger and excitement of the labor trade. The Government agent never goes to any but the safe islands; and if I can only get permanently into the boat I shall share with the recruiter all the risk there may be. I have had considerable experience in rowing; indeed, I became so proficient that I was picked to row a race in an eight-oar sliding rest. I was only chosen once; whether it was kindness which left me out afterwards or not of course I can say. At the critical period of this race my slide jumped into the lap of the gentleman sitting behind me. To the finish I had to slide on two thin rails, which made me sore for a fortnight. Of course after rowing in an eight-oared race it was rather *infra dig.* to pull an oar behind a nigger; but this trifle is far outweighed by the pleasure—if nothing else—of being away from the schooner.

This part of Ajé is very thickly populated, yet only a small band of 50 or 60 men, all well armed, and no women and children, met us. They were rather suspicious, too, of the boat. A few came down with yams and taro, but the majority were gathered under shelter of a brooks, about 50 yards off, from which position they could have made some good practice at our boats had they been so inclined. Bill is a fine active youth, with an open ingenuous face, also a man of "out-out," and likely to become a great favorite. Tommy is fresh off the Loftus, a Fiji schooner. The schooner now worked round Ajé to the north, and on the 2nd of August I was sent away in Bill's boat to have a try at the island volcano of Lopevi, which is 5500 feet high, to summit usually hid in a cloud of vapor, its slopes charred and seared with the molten lava which it frequently vomits. At starting it was about 3 miles to windward of us. Not till we had half sailed round the island and were opposite to Palma did we see any signs of life. Here the few people on the island seemed to have all made their home on one of the most beautiful spots imaginable. They were on the beach expecting us. We pulled in, and spent an hour speaking to them. We had been led to hope for a recruit at Lopevi by reports that the inhabitants were in great stress from a scanty supply of food, but we were disappointed, as the scarcity had been provided against. The islanders were willing to part with one boy, but he sat down in the boat. Seeing this, a little urchin that one could have held out at arm's length climbed in too, and acted bitterly because we said we couldn't take him. He was a precocious imp. I watched the little fellow edging close up to a bar of matches lying on the seat by Bill. When close enough he looked about, and seeing no eye watching him, he snatched up the box, ran out to the bend, and commenced playing with his [illegible] long cigar him, and, creeping up behind whipped the box away, so that a second time the little chap howled piteously. The Government agent wouldn't allow the other boy to come; he was too small. We were some distance from the land, rowing to meet the schooner, when a man on frantically waved us back to him. He had two large goose eggs for sale which the Government agent has since cracked and put away as mementoes of our visit to the volcano.

At Ambryn, the next island we called at, I was taken permanently into the recruiter's boat. Early in the morning our boat was sent away, and at Ambryn is a daughter island Bill's boat came to cover us. He had four cows; we five. Sailing over to the land we keep at a safe distance from the shore and coast along in company. Some time has passed, and we have gone a long way, when the quick eyes of Willie detect some men ahead on the rocks, evidently waiting for us. As we come nearer we find that there are twenty or twenty men together; one boy is standing on the rock farthest out and motioning to us to come in. We down sail, row towards him, and then back into the rock. Bill's boat stands about 100 yards off on the shore. We are backing in carefully, watching the breakers which are coming heavily before we that none may come too near the boat. The boy here waving, the young men quickly jump into the water and scramble into the boat. He is passed out to the coxswain boat. An old man now appears, and by his jabbering and gesticulating we learn that the boy belongs to him, in what capacity we know not. With considerable dexterity our recruiter manages to hand this fellow a trade musket, two tins of powder, a box of caps, a pipe and tobacco, and he seems well pleased. Another boy now scrambles into the boat, and is paid for at the same rate. A third, with a slight limp in his walk, calls us further down the coast, and him we also succeed in getting into the boat, though not without difficulty. An axe and a couple of tomahawks pay for him. No more being willing to come, we make all speed round the coast. A smoke brings us in, and we barter with some natives who can only speak their own tongue. And thus do we pass the day, calling a cog and interviewing the natives. All the time we are gradually getting to leeward of the land. At last we suddenly round a rocky point which is crowded with natives, and I have never seen in the most lovely headland that I have yet seen in the islands, and find that a coral reef stretches away to another point. The men keep pace with us along the beach, and when we find a passage, and shoot across the reef to the beach, a great many meet us, while crowds are thronging in all directions. I counted 75 men at the landing place as we rowed in; that number was probably doubled before we left. The boat was crowded round by the men, the unusual spectacle of a white man rowing with the black crew greatly exciting their curiosity. They pointed to me, chattered over it, nodded and smiled at me to see what I would do in return. There was one very fat woman, with confidence enough to come quite close; she had her single waist girt with numerous folds of a peculiar material made out of the fibre of the banana tree. I was anxious to possess some, and, after a good laughing bargaining, she consented to let me have about a yard and a half for two sticks of tobacco. We left this pleasant crowd and sailed round further to another body of men, who were squatted on the ground, evidently waiting for us. We were here for a short time, and were just leaving as a big man jumped into the boat and had let out one of the trade muskets to a man, who at once made off with it. We wondered what was wrong, but he quickly explained that he would come out to the schooner.

In the night we crossed over to Pentecost. After breakfast the following morning we left the schooner with a stiff breeze to run us down the land, but soon we got into a well sheltered bay where there wasn't a ripple on the water. As we rowed up to the passage we could see native running in all directions to different parts of the beach, whether through fear or in doubt where we were going to land we couldn't tell. We backed into the pebbly beach, but there wasn't a soul within gunshot. At last one ventured out of the trees, and, encouraged by our friendly signs, came nearer the boat, then suddenly gaining pluck, he snatched up a large green frond and hung it over the stern of the boat. He was a mad looking fellow. He had a yam in his hand, for which the mate gave him some tobacco. His delight knew no bounds. He jumped and shouted in the most extraordinary manner, and called out in loud tones for the other men, who were just venturing to show themselves out of the trees, not to be afraid. As soon as he saw one or two of them approaching, he lifted up some water with his two hands, threw it on his head, and uttering a wild yell darted off into the scrub. A number were now near the boat, but as soon as the agent went to show them a trade gun, they commenced quickly to slip away. They were very timid, and none being able to speak English, we were a long time before we could overcome their fear to examine the musket. The agent tried hard to make them understand that one boy was all he wanted for this magnificent musket worth 7s. 6d., but they couldn't understand. The covering boat was similarly decorated with the friendly fronds. The agent, now mentioned to the big fellow meaning, and by signs offered to buy the fantastic club he held in his hand. Whether he took this as a sign of danger to himself or not, I do not know, but he spoke something, and straightway the whole crowd of natives left the beach in different directions, and quickly disappeared. So unsuccessful in this bay, we pulled into the other, where another crowd of natives were assembled. These were not timid, all but one who had been to Fiji, and came and spoke to us without any fear. From him we learnt that the men were afraid of us, by thinking that Fiji belonged to a Fiji schooner, so their fear was not unreasonable. It is a curious fact that Fiji, the seat of the Lord High Commissioner of the South Seas, can never get natives to recruit a second time. They pay, and we have the same account as at many islands that it must be true, that they are badly treated when in Fiji, that they are cheated out of the money lawfully due to them, that they are as a rule obtained in the most unscrupulous manner, and when finally sent home are landed at the first part of the island the vessel may touch at, no regard being paid as to whether that particular part is nearer to where they live or not. My rowing with the crew again caused them as much speculation. I smiled at them till my face ached, to try and encourage them to come near, but my smiling was in vain, and now all these natives

* The Annals of a Baby. By Sarah Bridges Stebbins. Boston: A. S. Roberts and Brothers.

a second time
The Govern-
other boy to
were some dis-
to meet the
waved its back
e open for sale
since socked
r visit to the

and we called
into the re-
asoning our
imbuya is a
a to cover us,
allins over to
ace from the
pany. Some
gives a long
Willis detect-
ridently walk-
we find that
together; one
chest out and
to down soft,
into the rock;
ch off on the
illy, watching
nearly before
thirbest. The
quickly jumps
into the boat
boat, and
slobbering and
ny, belongs to
r not. With
ther manages
st, two tins of
tobacco, and he
now scrambles
he same rate,
is walk, calls
him—by also
; though not
l a couple of
s more being
r again, and
oke brings us
natives who
w. And thus
and interview-
are gradually
At last we
lak is crowded
on the most
t seen in the
reef stretches
en keep pace
ben we find a
to the beach,
crowds are
mited 75 men
red in; that
ntore we lack,
the men, the
rowing with
hole curiosity.
ter it, nodded
I would do in
woman, with
to signal) the
umerous fields
f the fibre of
m to possess
haggling, she
a yard and a
We left this
d further to
a squatted on
the boat's crew.
ed were just
the boat and
ents to a man.
We wondered
dently explained
thomas.
to Portsmouth.
ating we left
a run up down
well sheltered
on the water.
we could see
to different
gh fear or in
d we couldn't
ly beach, but
shot. At last
d, encouraged
ner the boat,
mitted up a
ear, the stern
looking fel-
hand, for
some tobacco.
jumped and
y manner, and
their men, who
themselves out
as soon as he
ing, he titfied
h, threw it on
soft darted off
ore now made
I wont to show
ed quickly to
nid, and none
were a long
shale fear in
at, tried hard
one boy was
different men
couldn't under-
brilliantly dressed.
The signal
e manner, and
music club he
back side to
not, I do not
and straight-
hole the boat
by dispersing
called into the
I natives were
d, all but one
and spoke to
him. We landed
sprang into gorth
in less than three weeks, and hundreds
of proud were found on view outdoor
I sent down a month previous, as well as an
English cab, the first, I presume, planted in
Fiji. There were splendid cocoanuts and
bananas, which seemed to have had very little
cultivation; and at Kandavu there were
splendid cabbages, and in this potatoes to could
his dinner. I saw also tobacco, coffee, and the
sugar cane; but these would not permit my
visiting any sugar plantation on the Rewa
River, which was some distance up, if I had
wished to pass a few days there. I
[illegible]

from 12 to 14 inches in length, are put in the
ground, 6 inches deep, in lich land, in rows 6
feet by 6 feet apart: land not so good, 6 feet
by 5 feet, and 6 feet by 4 feet; each planting
of cane is supposed to last three years, when
stumps are reserved. The first crop, if good,
will yield 40 tons of cane, sometimes more, in
the second year second year not so good, and
the third year still less; the average for the
three years about 35 tons per acre per year.
Manuring constitutes a great item, but not
at first is adopted, but as it takes from 12
to 18 months before the crop is matured the
renewing cuttings are planted between the
first planted rows, by far at least before the old
ones are exhausted, so that the plantations are
kept up. The rich alluvial flats are the
best for the sugar cane, although when
the land is good the planting
carried some distance up the hills.
The cane grows in the state to a height of from
8 to 10 feet; on the hill sides not so large nor
so good. The cane is sold to the millowners,
delivered to the punts on the river, at from 10
per ton, but the large growers have mills of
their own. It is estimated that it takes 12
tons of cane to produce 1 ton of sugar.
Mill owned by the Colonial Sugar Com-
pany is spoken of as the second if not
the largest in the world, and the com-
pany has lately expanded some thou-
sand tons of sugar. Their plantations, too,
it is stated, have an area of over 1700
acres, and there are at least 20 others up
the Rewa, but much smaller. The tops of the
canes are the best cuttings. Native planta-
tions also engaging attention in different
parts of Fiji. There is a plantation on
Mango Island, said to contain an area
of about 200 acres, some portion of which
were planted some four years since. It
seems that it takes two years after planting
before hoeing, but the plants are not fully
matured until the third year, when half a ton
of berries per acre may be expected. The
plants are only permitted to grow to about 4
feet high, being kept back since first by prun-
ing. The plants are grown from the berries,
put in rows 3 feet apart each way. As a rule
three are put in each hole, and when grown
sufficiently one is left and the others trans-
planted. It is considered that coffee does not
require so rich a soil as the sugar cane, and
can be grown on the hill sides, whereas the
sugar cane is chiefly confined to the rich alu-
vial flats by the rivers and streams; although
the first cost in each case, clearing and planting,
would be nearly equal, the coffee plan-
tations subsequently are kept in order at
a much less cost. It must not, however, be
supposed that it is all profit, for it entails a
great amount of labor; the land, as a rule,
being covered with reeds and timber, which
of a necessity must, in the first place, be cleared
away. This part of the work—clearing—has
generally been done by Fijian natives, at from
12s. to £1 1s. per acre, according to agreement,
and after that the cost of working a plantation
is roughly estimated at from £6 to £7 per acre
per year, leaving other costs incidental to large
and extensive operations. Comparatively few
of the native Fijians remain on the planta-
tions, and none over a year unless under ex-
ceptional cases, so the work of the plantation
is done by what is known as foreign labor
—that is, men brought from New Britain and
other Polynesian islands. Any private firm
can charter a vessel for the procuring of this
labor, but it must be under Government super-
vision. The usual practice is for the Govern-
ment to charter, and supply the labor on ap-
plication, at the charge of £14 per man; the
wages to be paid the recruits also under regula-
tion, the annual being £3 each per year for
the term of three years; but six months wages
must be paid in advance, and at the end of
three years the employer must return his man
to the Government depot at Suva, pay the
balance of wages, and the cost of returning him
to the island from whence he was brought;
altogether it is roughly estimated at £40 per man
for the three years. As far as I could gather
the Fijian Government as yet give but little
encouragement to white settlement on the
waste lands, tens upon tens of thousands of
acres of which, rich, and capable of producing
immense wealth, remaining unproductive. In
Suva, the seat of government, the case is dif-
ferent, and building sites can be bought either
from Government or private persons, allotments
having frontages to the harbor realizing as high
as £10 per foot.

Chairs in Aid of Scientific Research.—Our science contributor, "Gallipot," says:—The work cut out for the members of the British Association during the next twelve months may be inferred from the list of grants in aid of research. These comprise £500 for exploring Kilimandjaro and the adjoining mountains of Eastern Equatorial Africa, £100 for a record of Zoological literature, £30 for a synoptic chart of the Indian Ocean, £50 for a harmonic analysis of tidal observations, £50 for meteorological observations on Ben Nevis, £50 for the observation of earthquake phenomena in Japan, £50 for a geological record, £30 for a table at the Zoological Station at Naples, £50 for investigations into the natural history of Timor-Laut, £30 for the elimination of nitrogen, £25 for work on the fossil phyllopods of the palæozoic rocks, £25 for Scottish Zoological Station, £25 for research into the relations between the pressure at different points of a structure on which water and air impinge, £20 for screw gauge, £20 for photographing the ultra-violet spectra, £20 for examining the fossil plants of Halifax, £20 for exploring the carboniferous limestone caves in the south of Ireland, £20 for observation of the migration of birds, £15 for investigating isomeric naphthalenes and observing the variations in temperature of underground waters, £10 for work on British fossil polyzoa, £10 for observation of the movement of the sea coasts of England and Wales, £10 for exploring the Zoological Station of Island Wales, £10 for photographs of the more rare principal comets in the British Islands, £10 for an investigation of Leughton Range, and £10 for inquiry into pelagic fishes. Thus, the total grants for the year amount to all to £1,000. It would be instructive and profitable to publish a list of the subjects which have been rejected, and to expostulate upon the fact that so exceedingly trifling a sum is at the disposal of the Association for the furtherance of research, when the subjects for investigation are so numerous, and the people interested in the advancement of good work so many. It is not as though the Association had a monopoly of the field.

GENERAL NEWS.

ECHOES OF PALL MALL.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

London, 6th October.

The unnatural quietude of the recess has at last been broken. Sir Stafford Northcote has opened the campaign in a very unusual, odd way at Glasgow. Mr. Gladstone has spoken briefly at Penmanmawr, and Mr. Bright has descended himself from the clouds of being an advocate of peace at any price. Several smaller fights have spoken, but none of attaches any importance to their utterances. Sir Stafford's speech is of value as conveying a hint respecting the statutes that will be renewed by the Opposition three weeks hence. There will be an attack on the Egyptian policy of the Government, the Conservative contention being that the "dawdling" of Lord Granville prior to the bombardment of Alexandria brought about the very disaster which Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury foresaw, and took effectual measures to avert. No other question, except the Irish, is likely to give rise to any contention. There will have to be some unpleasant reference to the state of the finances, for the receipts at the Treasury show a tendency unmistakably downward, while the war expenses are very far in excess of the estimate. The last month's return issued by the Board of Trade affords evidence of stagnation. It is possible, however, that the exports might have been larger if there had not been so many vessels taken off their berths for the service of the Government. This is a view of the situation which has not been taken by the press, although there may be something in it.

Sir Stafford Northcote's speech on receiving the freedom of the city of Glasgow was the best of its kind ever delivered. Mr. Gladstone, notwithstanding his Northern blood, could not have "come the countryman" over the audience in a more "jawky" way than Sir Stafford, although a full blooded Southron, did. He was in the best of humors himself, and managed to put his fellow-citizens on excellent terms with themselves. He has not the oratorical style of his rival, but there was no fault to be found with his matter. The Conservatives can have but faint hopes of ever being able to secure one of the three seats of the city, and the very uphill nature of his task may be his effort all the more telling.

Mr. Gladstone's speech at Penmanmawr was a very brief one, and the only political allusions were evidently meant to be an answer to Mr. Bright, who has declared that his opposition to the Egyptian war was not based on any sentimental or religious idea, but on the actual circumstances surrounding the war, which he regards as unjustifiable on its merits. Mr. Gladstone, after thanking God the Almighty for the success which has been given to British arms, declared that his Government had carried out the war from a love of peace, and on the principles of peace. They had been pulling down a military anarchy. It was impossible for any country to prosper under a military tyranny, but now that the war was over he trusted that Egypt would once more be prosperous and happy. Of the two positions, Mr. Bright's is looked upon as the strongest, but he can hardly boast of his consistency, for it is doubtful whether the threatening demonstration such as he mentioned at Dulcigno and Alexandria (before the bombardment) is not quite as unjustifiable as the actual burning of powder.

The peerages to Sir Garnet Joseph Wolseley and Sir Frederick Beauchamp Paget Seymour are no doubt as well deserved as such distributions usually are, but the modesty of the sailor makes him suppose that there was nothing sufficiently heroic in the storming of the forts of Alexandria to be particularly proud of. But those things are measured by their results; and the simple circumstance that he performed his task in a doubtful way, doing neither too little nor too much, constitutes merit of the highest grade. His scruples have been overcome, and he will at least go through the formality of taking his place among his peers—all in the way of duty, of course—but he is not likely to take any lively interest in the political life of Parliament.

Lord Shaftesbury (Robert Lowe) has given his views about the Egyptian war, and they have surprised those who were under the impression that he cared nothing for India or for the road thither. He justifies the war, and thinks that a sufficient force should be kept there to maintain the peace. It should be understood, moreover, that although the Government is ostensibly in the Khedive, nothing is to be done contrary to the will of the English general. That, in effect, we should establish a military tyranny there. We ought after 100 years' experience in India, to manage that sort of job better than any one else. His plan would involve something very little short of annexation. He is dead against any joint occupation or divided control. His views have always been very decided, and he is fond of surprising his friends.

Sir Thomas Bramp has been giving his views to the public about the procedure resolutions. He means of course to support the Government of which he is a subordinate member, whatever may be proposed, but he expressed the hesitation with an expression of opinion that Mr. Gladstone will consent to a modification of the others. This would be in not of any value whatever. Even Mr. Gladstone himself in the Cabinet is not the supreme, more than that when he wants Parliament to pass a measure he must be prepared to yield to entirely unknown by persons possessed of no influence. If he has not yet learned the lesson, he will be taught it before the session is over. Mr. Gladstone is in the Cabinet and the majority, more than that when he wants Parliament