

Gospels with us generally, but we do not recommend them as a first book to a heathen. Dr. McKay's policy is against the distribution of Scripture to heathen, because, being not understood, a prejudice is raised against all our books and doctrine as not being understandable.

Dec. 25th. This letter I continue on merry Christmas, spent by me last year at Chu Wang. Year before at Lin-ching. Year before at Ching Chon fu with the English Baptists, who that day held a service in a Chinese chapel for the dedication of infants.

Well, we hired two donkeys and loaded on them our bedding and started for Tao Kón, the greatest mart south of Lin-ching, intending to hire a room at the inn there and walk to and from each day. The fair was at Hua hsien, walled city, eight li from Tao Kón. We thought the inns at Hua hsien would be too crowded to admit of our comfortable lodgment. We found on enquiry, however, that this was not so, and next time we go we shall probably stay in the city which is the scene of the fair. The walk to and fro was not fatiguing, although we passed each day a criminal's head in a cage, suspended on a pole at the roadside *in terrorem*. A few months ago a soldier from the camp near by waylaid and killed a traveller, whose grave of brick is within a few feet of the head, a very striking combination. Outside of the North Gate is a camp of 500 soldiers, most of whom are dare devils in crime. They are often set to catch thieves, on the principle, "Set a thief to catch a thief." The camp boasts of a tall flag-staff, from which a red flag floats daily. Early and late the blaring of trumpets tickles the native ear for li around. These reminded me of the fanfare of rams' horns which glorified the passage of the new Governor of Honan at Chu Wang a year ago. But the camp doubtless glories more in the possession of foreign bugles. When I was making a meal on mutton balls under the mat shed of the food seller at the fair, I was delighted to see stream by a number of soldiers, whose accession was heralded by the well-known bugle call of England. When you hear it you almost expect to see the orderly advance of our own red coats. Perhaps they will be seen some day, if China is partitioned. The only uniform of soldiers in China is a red coat, the rest being plebeian costume, and the march is certainly far from orderly—highly straggly in fact. Those in front carried the ancient spears and lances of pretentious length on their shoulders. Muskets of foreign pattern were carried on shoulders, either butt or muzzle forward. We hired a spot of ground inside the gate of the city, which is double. The fair was mostly outside of the gate, but small business concerns were stretched along the main street. Each day we walked from one end of the city to the other to get to our stall. The fair was very large, and work done at it will tell on a large area. Some business men from the capital were present with booths, among them a Jew. A Mahometan from Kai-fong told us about him. This man, by the way, told us Mahomet was a girl! rather astounding ignorance for a Mahometan, don't you think? By our table crowds passed and repassed. We preached and sold books for four days, and had a most peaceful time, altogether contrary to the reputation of the place. Mr. Paton told us to keep clear of it as excessively hostile. My experience is, therefore, very gratifying, more especially as not more than five per cent. of the people saw a foreigner before. Fear, however, seemed plainly written on many faces. It is very hard to gain their confidence. Many, doubtless, believed the usual reports about us. The odour of newly-printed books means to them bewitchment, so that they "follow us" whether they will or not. One story I heard is that a man who drank two cups of our tea vomitted for ten days! although, as a matter of fact, we do not offer tea at all at our chapels. The official passed our table in his cart on his way to view the scene of a law suit. This personal inspection is one of the duties of the mandarins. He was accompanied by two deputies, one from the capital and one from the In. The case had been rapidly carried from one court to a higher. The subject of the suit was a change made in the level of land which was injurious to adjoining property, allowing free flow of water. One night at Tao Kón a man with a lantern came to the inn with the following yarn: I am from Tientsin, sent to enlist soldiers to go beyond the northern frontier, for France demands Formosa and five ports' revenue, and wants ransom at rate of 5,000,000 silver for each port! Of course, said he, we are not going to pay. This is a specimen of the yarns that fly about the Flowery Land. Truly they are of their father the devil. I need hardly say that France has nothing to do with the little racket in the North or South. In a recent letter I may have said that the English Methodists at Tsun Hua, near Great Wall, had been ousted. The news is now explained. The magistrate, hearing of the rebels, thought wise to send away the foreigners under escort to Tientsin as a precautionary measure.

#### FRAGMENTARY NOTES.

##### IRELAND—(Continued).

DUBLIN THE CAPITAL—ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL—DEAN SWIFT—MONUMENTS—THE APOSTLE OF IRELAND.

In drawing these notes about Ireland to a close, I feel that I should apologize to the good-natured editor of this paper for having extended them to such a length, notwithstanding that they have had reference to that island for which some years has more than any other occupied the attention of every country in the world. I am the more impressed of the need of this apology from a correspon-

dence which I see in that excellent Church paper the Belfast *Witness*, in relation to a biography of the late Rev. Richard Smyth, D.D., M.P., a professor in Magee College, Londonderry. The late editor of the *Presbyterian Churchman*, Rev. Mr. Irwin, having been called to Melbourne, Australia, a successor has been appointed—the Rev. James Heron, D.D., Professor of Church History in the Presbyterian College, Belfast. New brooms sweep clean. Dr. Heron has inaugurated his office by intimating to the Rev. Mr. McClure, who has been continuing a biography of the late revered Rev. Richard Smyth, D.D., M.P., that the papers in the *Churchman* should close with a few more chapters. The biography of Dr. Smyth was commenced over four years ago, and has outlived two editors, and it is only natural for Dr. Heron at the outset of his new duties to reflect that it is just possible for him to fear that the editorial pen, which he will assuredly wield with much vigour, might drop from his hand before the great biographical work is finished. I remember Dr. Smyth well; at great inconvenience he came to deliver a lecture at my request in the town where I lived in Ireland. The audience was large, in every way worthy of the lecturer, and the lecture was worthy of the audience. Dr. Smyth was an exceptional man. When he came to Londonderry to the first church, he introduced a new style of preaching, and as a pulpit orator and platform speaker he had few equals; and it is no wonder that his nephew and biographer, Rev. J. J. McClure, should be hurt at the insinuation that the record of his life had gone on long enough. I am reminded of a young lady whose first poetic effusion was consigned to the "waste basket" which in every editorial sanctum is always crying "give, give."

I have had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Heron when a young man preach as a candidate in a church of which I was then a member, and my friends then knew the opinion which I expressed as to his abilities as a preacher, and his career since that time whether as an author or professor has justified that opinion. I am hopeful that under his editorial management the *Churchman* will continue to hold its place among similar periodicals of the time. It is a welcome visitor to Canada and I always look out for it with much interest. Without interfering in a family quarrel of that sort, I should think that most people will agree that in consideration of Dr. Smyth having died a comparatively young man, the work should fairly comprise the prominent traits in his character and life work.

In my last I promised a few things about St. Patrick's Cathedral, which every visitor to the Irish metropolis is bound to see. This cathedral is probably one of the best known churches in Ireland. The names engraven on its monuments have been distinguished in every walk in life, and their faith, charity, and self-sacrifice are worthy of being written in letters of gold. The exact date when the cathedral began to exist is rather uncertain. Mr. Mason, who is a high authority, says that there was a parochial church on this site dedicated to St. Patrick, and another historian tells us that a Scottish king made an expedition to Ireland and formed a religious procession to this cathedral in 890. Time works great changes, and about the fourteenth century, the cathedral was set on fire and robbed, and it was even insinuated that the Mayor had a hand in the business. Other troubles followed, and about fifty years later the cathedral was again burned down and was repaired by men who were obliged to work under compulsion, and when their work was done they were banished from the diocese by the then Archbishop. What is said to be the most imposing ceremony that ever took place in the cathedral was that held in July, 1634, when Lord Strafford went thither to worship before opening Parliament. The sermon was preached by Ussher from the text, Genesis xlix. 10. That year will be memorable in Irish history from the fact that it was the same in which the convention assembled within this cathedral when the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England were adopted, and although that document is now venerable with age, the members of this Church at the present time seem as far from agreeing as to whether these Articles support the High Church, the Low Church or Broad Church party. There are many names and incidents connected with this venerable cathedral which would be of much interest, but I wish to get down, or rather get up, to that most remarkable and popular clergyman Dean Swift, the noble dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and whether we regard him as preacher, author, patriot or wit, many will say we will never see his like again.

Jonathan Swift was born in 1667; his life was one of constant toil in the discharge of duty to the interests of his flock. He was a large-hearted, liberal-minded man. To the support of the cathedral he gave largely of his private means. It is said that on one occasion when a scheme for the lessening of the silver currency and the reduction of the value of the gold coin was being floated so that absentee landlords (who have always been the curse of Ireland) would be enabled to live better; that Dean Swift being enraged at the proposal hoisted a black flag on the spire of the cathedral and rang the bells to mark his disapproval of such conduct. He died in 1745, having attained to a good old age. Beloved in life, it is not any wonder that he was deeply mourned when he died. No clergyman in Ireland of his time, or almost of any time, was more popular. When the news of his death spread, all classes of the people put for the Deanery House, and made a rush for the room where his remains lay, so that they might get a parting look at one whom all regarded as a friend. There was a scramble for locks of his hair, which

brought high prices, and the servants were well tipped by the knowing ones who wanted a first chance.

There is a statue of the dean and also of his pulpit which attracts the eye of every visitor; of the former, Lord Macaulay said that it is the best likeness of the Dean he had ever seen. The inscription on the monument was written by the Dean himself, and is as follows: "Here lies the body of Jonathan Swift, D.D., Dean of this Cathedral Church, where fierce indignation can no longer rend the heart. Go! Wayfarer, and imitate if thou canst one who, as far as in him lay, was an earnest champion of liberty! Died October 19, 1745." The immortal eulogy of Pope is worthy of a place at the close of this imperfect notice:—

Let Ireland tell how Wit upheld her cause,  
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;  
And leave on Swift this grateful verse engraven  
The rights a court attacked, a poet sav'd.  
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,  
Stretched to relieve the idiot and the poor,  
Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,  
And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.

But probably the most remarkable event in the history of the cathedral was its unexpected restoration at an immense cost, by the famous brewer, Sir B. L. Guinness, M.P., in 1865. The severe experiences through which it had passed placed it almost beyond the hope of recovery. Matters had gone so far that in the years gone by, even clergymen were hustled out on journeys of four years to collect alms for the rebuilding, and even then the cause was almost hopeless, and what would have apparently baffled the powers of the great cathedral was afterwards quietly accomplished by an humble citizen. Even after it was supposed to have been completed, ten thousand pounds more was spent on it, and it was reopened in 1882. By the foresaid benefactions the name of Guinness will be long remembered in Dublin, and this is only another instance where a man renders a double service by giving of his means while he lives. A beautiful monument has been erected to Sir B. L. Guinness, LL.D., M.P. Mr. Guinness was born in the troublesome times of 1798 and died in 1867. The Queen not only showed her appreciation of Sir B. L. Guinness, but raised his two sons to the peerage.

There are others splendid monuments in the cathedral which are very interesting to study, and which recall familiar names and important services, but the list is a very long one and I can only claim space for one or two.

#### THE BOYD STATUE.

I had a special interest here. Captain Boyd was a native of my own county, Derry. He was commander of Her Majesty's steamship *Ajax*, and lost his life when attempting to save the crew of the brig *Neptune*. The gallant captain was swept off the rocks in Kingstown harbour in 1861. He was born in the city of Derry in 1812. The monument was erected by public subscription, and Captain Boyd was honoured with a public funeral. Suitable lines are engraven on the pedestal from the pen of the Right Rev. Dr. Alexander, Bishop of Derry, which conclude as follows:—

The Christ taught bravery that died to save,  
The life not lost but found beneath the wave.

#### ST. PATRICK THE APOSTLE OF IRELAND.

This is the well-known name after whom the great cathedral was named, and probably there is no more mysterious name on the bed-roll of ecclesiastical history. His nationality, his descent, his parentage, his birth, have all been questions of dispute; indeed his very existence has been questioned. As I have elsewhere in a more extended sketch of his life and labours thrown a flower on his grave, it would not be possible to add anything to that at present. I would simply say that St. Patrick, according to the popular belief, was born on the Clyde in Scotland, about the year 372, and at the age of sixteen was carried in captivity to Ireland. He returned to his native heath, and having in a dream heard the call of God to go to Ireland to preach the Gospel, he obeyed. He travelled over the entire island, organizing churches and appointing Bishops; one to every church, which would come nearer the Presbyterian form of Church government than any of those Churches who claim exclusive connection with the saint. He was an eloquent preacher, a successful and devoted missionary, who left his impress on the age. He died on the 17th March, 493. What Scotland did for Ireland in sending her St. Patrick, Ireland did for Scotland in sending her Columba.

March, 1892.

K.

#### DEFICIT IN THE AUGMENTATION FUND.

MR. EDITOR.—At the meeting of the Home Mission Committee, held last week, it was found that the Augmentation Fund could not pay in full the amount of the claims for the past half-year, even with the addition of a bequest of \$6,000 given this year, and what might reasonably be expected from congregations prior to May 1st, 1892.

The deficit, so far as could be estimated, was \$4,500. This discouraging state of the Fund occupied the serious attention of the committee for a long time, as the committee was exceedingly unwilling to reduce the grants conditionally promised, but finally the following resolution was adopted:—

That in view of the state of the Fund, the sum of \$30 be deducted from the grant due for the six months ending 31st March, 1892, to each settled charge on the Fund in Ontario and Quebec, and the sum of \$40 from the grant due to each charge on the Fund in the Synod of Manitoba and the North-West.

What this means to many of our already too poorly paid, but faithful and laborious ministers, need not be said. There is, however, still time to prevent such a reduction being necessary if members and congregations who are able will promptly send in additional contributions to the Fund. The returns from Presbyteries show that many congregations have given exceedingly paltry amounts in proportion to their acknowledged ability and numerical strength. Will not pastors and office-bearers see to it that action is taken at once in the direction indicated, so that the claims may yet be paid in full. Yours faithfully,

Toronto, April 4, 1892.

WM. COCHRANE.