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A MODERN HERO.

Sorrow as for the loss of a loved friend was felt all over the English speaking world, early in November last, when the telegraph flashed the message that Professor Fawcett, the blind postmaster General of England, was dead. Rarely has the world seen such a bright, lovable character combined with so heroic a nature. A great lover of outdoor sports, of strong literary ability also, passing through college with high honors and early giving promise of future greatness, he was deprived in one fatal moment of the sight of both his eyes. Would it have been strange if he had given up in despair and never have been heard of again except as a man who *might* have accomplished something if such a calamity had not befallen him? Let us see if he did.

Henry Fawcett was born in Salisbury in August 1833, his father being an alderman of that city. A thorough English boy, possessing a perfect constitution and rare good spirits, he was devoted to all sorts of outdoor sports, walking, riding, rowing, skating, fishing, he was proficient in them all. But unlike some young athletes these were only his recreations, never his chief business. He was a diligent student and his college career was a successful one. He entered King's College, London, in his seventeenth year and in 1852 he went to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, from which four years later he graduated with high mathematical honors, and was the same year elected a fellow of his hall. For years he had looked forward to a career in Parliament, so although he disliked the profession of law, he began to study for it as a means to this end; but his chief attention was given to the study of philosophy and political economy.

But now came the great check to his life plans. One September day, shortly after his twenty-fifth birthday, he was out shooting with his father when the latter's gun accidentally went off, the shot lodging in his son's eyes and completely destroying them both. This to most men would have effectually sealed the doom of all their hopes. But young Fawcett was made of sterner stuff. His usual superb health was not affected by the accident, and he soon recovered his wonted spirits; while with a courage hard to understand he determined to become in spite of this great affliction all that he had ever intended to be. He soon obtained the services of a reader who became his constant companion, and thus continued his studies, and just one year after his accident he gave before the British Association a paper on "The Economic Effects of the recent Gold Discovery." The ice thus broken he appeared frequently in public and took an active part in the British and the Social Science Associations. He had a wonderful memory. He used to dictate his speeches before he delivered them, and it is said that if a person had looked upon the written copy while he was delivering the

speech they would have found that he repeated it almost word for word.

In 1861 he made his first attempt to get into Parliament but failed. In 1863 he published a "Manual of Political Economy" and notwithstanding his blindness was appointed professor of political economy in the university of Cambridge. After three unsuccessful attempts the wish of his life was gratified and he was returned to Parliament, for Brighton, in 1865. In 1867 Mr. Fawcett married a very clever and accomplished lady, Miss Millicent Garrett, a sister of Mrs. Garrett Anderson, who is well known as the first lady physician in England. Mrs. Fawcett is herself as well up in the

to the children of farm laborers. He was largely instrumental also in the passage of a bill to allow young men of all denominations to enter the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and in many other ways furthered the educational interests of the country. By the people of India whose side he had taken in numerous discussions he was much beloved, and on one occasion a magnificent silver tea service was sent to him by his admirers in Bombay. He was often called jokingly "the member for Hackney and Hindostan."

In 1880 Mr. Fawcett was appointed to the office of Postmaster General, and through no one else in this department has the pub-

deposit it in the savings bank and thus have a shilling there to his account. Many other improvements also he inaugurated of which we have not space to speak.

One of the most remarkable things in Mr. Fawcett's life is that his blindness interfered so little with his recreations. He still fished, rowed, skated, and rode on horse-back as he had done in his youth, and did all so well that people hardly remembered that he could not see as well as they. To this, no doubt, he owed much of his vigorous health. His death was very sudden. On the first of November he was quite well, taking his accustomed ride on horseback and afterwards entertaining some friends at dinner. The next day he was found to be suffering from an attack of pleurisy and inflammation of the right lung, and in spite of all that several doctors could do he grew rapidly worse, and died four days afterwards.

Mr. Fawcett is gone but his heroism will never be forgotten, and all can echo the words of the poet written to his memory.

"True heart! We feel in England and o'er sea
The whole of thy great life-work nobly
planned;
Not only for thyself the victory,
But in thy triumph triumphs all thy land,
Which sad from end to end for loss of thee,
Of civic heroes counts no life more grand."

ONE STEP AT A TIME.

I once stood at the foot of a Swiss mountain which towered up from the foot of the Visbush valley to a height of ten thousand feet. It looked like a tremendous pull to the top. But I said to myself, "Oh, it will require but one step at a time!" Before sunset I stood on the summit enjoying the magnificent view of the peaks around me, and right opposite to me flashed the icy crown of the Weisshorn, which Professor Tyndall was the first man to discover, by taking one step at a time.

Every boy who would master a difficult study, every youth who hopes to get on in the world, must keep this motto in mind. When the famous Arago was a schoolboy he got discouraged over mathematics. But one day he found on the waste leaf of the cover of his text-book a short letter from D'Alembert to a youth discouraged like himself. The advice which D'Alembert gave was "Go on, sir, go on." "That little sentence," says Arago, "was my best teacher in mathematics." He did push on steadily, until he became the greatest mathematician of his day, by mastering one step at a time.

THE GIVER'S REWARD.

Who gives and hides the giving hand
Nor counts on favor, fame or praise,
Shall find his smallest gift outweighs
The burden of the sea and land.
Who gives to whom hath nought been given,
His gift in need, though small indeed
As in the grass blade's wind blown seed,
Is large as earth and rich as heaven.



PROFESSOR FAWCETT,
THE LATE BRITISH POSTMASTER GENERAL.

subject of Political Economy as her husband and has been of untold help to him in his work. She, in 1869, published a book on "Political Economy for Beginners;" a few years later issued, with her husband, a volume of essays and lectures on the same subject; and in 1874 another volume consisting of tales illustrative of political economy.

Mr. Fawcett's career in Parliament was a successful one. His sympathies lay largely with the youth and the poor people of the country, and he did much for their advancement. There was a law providing that children in factories should only work half a day and attend school the other half, and this law he was the means of extending

lie received so much practical benefit since the days of Sir Rowland Hill, the originator of the penny postage system. One scheme which he carried out was in connection with the post office savings bank to encourage the very poorest of the people to put by some of their earnings for a rainy day. As the rule was a shilling was the smallest deposit that could be made, but Mr. Fawcett thought that if a smaller one could be made more persons would be encouraged to save. So he prepared forms divided into twelve spaces and when a person had only a penny to spare he could buy a penny stamp and fix it in one of these spaces and when the form was filled he could

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AUBERT
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W M Poyer