

able as this one, she has lost very little, and has certainly no great reason to dread any number of them. "What could we expect after starting on Sunday morning?" was the interrogation of a Glasgow maiden who had not forgotten the history of Jonah, and who greatly feared. Still, notwithstanding the curious and ludicrous way in which many express themselves, there is doubtless a feeling of genuine thankfulness in the hearts of all for the protecting power around us; and a desire amounting to prayer that the lives in the stricken schooner may all be saved. See there she is! The *Minnie Smith*, New York; her bowsprit and masts broken; her sails flapping in confusion; her timbers strewn on the waves. She is surely sinking! Our boat is lowered; the ill-fated vessel is boarded; fast as hands can do it the cargo is hurled into the sea—sacks of sugar and casks of molasses; tarpaulin is stretched across the yawning void now filling, now disgorging as the hull rises and falls. The boat returns for carpenter's bricks and cement and the requisite tools, and with wonderful ingenuity and marvellous speed a strong wall of cemented brick is built between two partitions of beams and canvas to resist the intruding flood. What more should be done? She cannot, must not be left in mid-ocean disabled. She asks to be towed to Charleston, Virginia, or to Hamilton, Bermuda; but the thankful passengers would rather neither. One thinks she ought to be towed to St. Thomas, the nearest port on our way; another suggests that the wisest course is to widen the gap instead of filling it up, and to sink the thing; while another is of the opinion that the crew should be taken on board and the damaged schooner be set on fire; while yet another thinks aloud that the proper procedure is to blow her up. No one has any desire to be turned from his own destination or have his private arrangements the least disturbed. To be delayed so long already is insufferable annoyance; and to be a day and a-half or more towing her to Bermuda would be more than could be expected by reasonable people; more surely than a paltry schooner that would cross the bows of a steamer has a shadow of right to claim.

Meanwhile, when mending and talking and thinking are busy at work, a steamer, the *Smeaton Tower*, flying the Union Jack, appears on the scene, proffering assistance if needed. The passengers hail her arrival as a marvellous providence, a messenger to tow the aggravating schooner out of their way; but those in authority not accepting her offers, she speedily pursues her course, only carrying despatches that mayhap may prove disquieting to many a home on the western continent. Scarcely had she gone when another steamer appears on the horizon and bears down upon us. She is the *Muriel* of the same line as the *Caribee*, and returning from the islands, but not being required, homeward she hurries. Still all feel how well provided we should have been had terrible necessity been laid upon us. Meanwhile, after six hours of working and waiting we find ourselves bound for Bermuda with the *Minnie Smith* strongly cabled behind us. We cannot change cars; we cannot alight and wait her return; so we smile at necessity and hope to enjoy our wholly unexpected trip to that island of potatoes and onions and salubrious climate.

#### BERMUDA.

"No stir in the air, no stir in the sea" for two days and over, so, having made good runs, we are now alongside the Bermudas, as the little group of islands is called. Very lovely is the scene before us. Serenely quiet they are lying under the protecting care of the Gulf Stream, across whose torrid waters no blizzards blow and no icebergs float; an even and enjoyable temperature prevails throughout the year, the average heat in January being sixty-three degrees and in August eighty-one degrees. Equally protected are they from the boisterous ocean, for round them all, and running out into the sea, sometimes as far as ten or fifteen miles, are rocky reefs, on which the contending waters spend their fury and then flow over peacefully to the coral shores. To-day there is everywhere, far and near, a perfect calm under a glorious sun. The sea is a bewildering green, like the shade we catch in the gleam of an opal, or tint of a malachite, and the floor of the lucid depth is the snowy coral.

From innumerable bights and bays, fairy grottoes and fantastic caverns and sandy reaches, the land runs away into billowy hills, green all over, and speckled with the gleaming white cottages of the country *habitans*. On the loftiest summit, only 245 feet above the sea level, stands a conspicuous object, a tower of 150 feet high, from which flash out on the midnight waves, for more than thirty miles round, the lights that cheer and save from wreck and a watery grave. As we approach, what seemed a whole suddenly breaks up into a group of islands of picturesque, irregular contour, two or three of considerable size, and the rest only clumps of cedar and hunches of rock.

Bermuda, or the Mainland, is the name given to the largest of the group, derived as some suppose from its founder, Juan Bermudez, who is said to have landed on it in 1522; or, as others assert, from Bermudas, the name of a Spanish ship that was wrecked on its reefs three centuries back, and whose crew took possession of the place. The principal town is Hamilton, charmingly situated on the eastern side of a large circular bay called Great Sound, and looking out on a romantic scene of islets, or cedar groves, among which are ever gliding with swan-like grace the dainty little boats of the wearied seeking rest and the rich in search of health. The streets, shaded with the freshest green, are brilliant with English fashion, the scarlet of the British army and the blue-and-gold of the Royal Navy. All around, over

hill and dale, from January to December, is a fruit and vegetable garden, not only supplying the wants of 15,000 inhabitants, but filling the markets of other countries with choicest vegetables and fruits of every kind, and especially potatoes and onions, the annual value of which alone touches \$400,000. To the right as you enter the Sound is the island of Ireland, where the British Government has constructed an enormous floating dry-dock, which is the standard attraction of the place. But we must not be charmed and lose sight of our goal. We are only 726 miles from New York, when we ought to be down in the Caribbean Sea. Quickly we get rid of our maimed companion; skilfully we emerge from the rocky labyrinth, and swiftly we pursue our way due south to the tropics.

#### IN THE TROPICS.

Nearly 900 miles now lie between us and Bermuda. Rippling in the sunshine at first and after in the trade winds, sufficiently rough for many, the sea is now a magnificent expanse, calm as a lake, and of a deep indigo colour. The sky is a royal blue, with here and there sailing in the azure liquid thick masses of cloud, grey at the heart, fading into white and then into shining silver. The sun has become powerful, pouring down more than summer heat. The awnings have been closed up all over the deck, and under their welcome shade are languidly resting and seemingly engrossed, both male and female, with the Seaside Library. Shoals of flying-fish are sporting around us with a movement that is decidedly a flight and not a leap. The pectoral fins are largely expanded, and a smaller pair springs from the root of the tail. They rise about four or five feet above the water, and often keep on the wing for about 200 yards. The back is a dark shiny purple; underneath, white, and the size varies to about nine inches. They are the favourite breakfast fish in Barbadoes, and are not unlike our perch. So abundant are they on the coast of that island that they may often be bought for almost nothing, especially when the boats come in at sunset instead of the early morning.

But the day has run to its close with marvellous swiftness—a matchless day of calm and restfulness, and the sun, grown to gigantic proportions and a fiery mass, is just touching the wave. There, in exactly two minutes it has sunk out of sight, leaving a dazzling glory of red, underneath a diaphanous cloud of grey, with a region on either side of mackerel clouds that gradually catch up the fiery red of the vanished sun, and rim their grey with the burning hue. Vast masses of gloomy cloud, penetrated here and there with a radiant flame, spread themselves over the whole scene, shaping themselves into high cliffs with frowning battlements and beleaguering hosts; and then into sweet places of holy calm, with ships of azure sailing in amber seas; and again into the lovely gardens of the Hesperides with parterres of gorgeous colouring and stately trees laden with golden fruits till the brilliance grows dim, and dimmer, and at last goes out, leaving a bluey black over all. Then up comes the moon, clear and calm; her blush paling into a shining white as she mounts the heavens, and her rays sparkling on the waters like myriad diamonds. It is a world of enchantment. We marvel not that the spirit of man having lost its God, first found Him, as it thought, in the great orbs of light, and bowed in lowliness and reverent worship when they rose and sank, overawed with the greatness of their majesty and the seeming eternity of their being. They possess a fascinating power that rivets the attention and subdues the feelings and raises the spirit into an atmosphere in which a divinity is felt to move; in which at least the hand of the divinity may be perceived. Happy we! who have "found Him not in world or sun," but in the Word, and have seen the heart of the Almighty God, a fountain of everlasting love, and have learnt the will of the great and glorious Deity concerning us—even our sanctification, glorification. Verily the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork; but verily, verily, the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him; shown Him to the sons of men sinful and deceived—God full of grace and truth.

#### FIRST SIGHT OF LAND: THE VIRGIN ISLANDS.

Now we are coasting the Virgin Islands, seemingly a hilly country torn to pieces. A ridge of high hills appears as the backbone, from which run out into the sea great ribs of bare rock, cleft everywhere, and forming a border of islands of every shape and size. All of them rise abruptly from the water, showing precipitous cliffs of a thousand colours. Some are huge humps of rocks perfectly bare of verdure; others break up their backs into turrets, and towers and spires of glistening marble, from which, as we pass, myriads of seabirds with snowy breasts rise on lazy pinions of raven black and, with deafening noise, spread themselves over the heavens. A wildness and a loneliness embrace them all; but as we gaze at them this strangeness vanishes, and imagination clothes them with purple heather and bracken and gorse, peoples them with grouse and partridge and pheasant and blackcock, and carries us to a country far away under cloudy skies, yet somehow ever near and sunny—nearest of all lands and sunniest. But they are going—going from our vision; they are gone in the thickness of a sudden tropical shower, or rather waterspout—for such rain! The very windows of heaven seem to have opened, and the waters of the firmament appear bent on uniting again with the waters of the world. The awnings are as muslin, the deck is a rushing river, the sea is a beaten plain, the air is a stifling heat, and the sky is one vast cloud of dense blackness almost touching us. But suddenly, as if at the wave of a magic wand, the torrent is stopped, the darkness is rent into shreds, the mist, rolled up by invisible hands, falls over the horizon, the sun shines forth in the greatness of his might, and St. Croix is before us.

#### CHURCH SCHOOLS.

MR. EDITOR,—Is there any need of them? Does not our educational system, with its public and high schools, its collegiate institutes and university, give every needed facility? It would seem not. Every leading paper at this season has numerous advertisements of private schools and colleges. The American magazines swarm with them, *Scribner* and the *Century* containing from 100 to 200, and the number of such advertisements is yearly increasing—an indication that we are only beginning to feel what has been long felt by our neighbours.

In both countries there is a common cause. Any public school system must aim at the "greatest good of the greatest number," hence the individuality of the pupil cannot be sufficiently taken into account. This objection holds against any uniform system of education.

But there is another objection, incidental to the system, becoming stronger each year. Too much attention is paid to the few who are preparing for professional examinations. This is detrimental to the many who do not attempt such examinations and who yet have no other test offered them. As a sequence to this, very important studies are slighted because they have no mark value on examination day. This is narrowing education down to a cramming process which can only result in mechanical cleverness and mental deformity. Thought development is superior to mental cram. Although the results may not be soon apparent, yet they are permanent and incomparably more beneficial.

Therefore it seems to me that there is room for and need of private schools. They supplement and broaden the education that our public institutions give and furnish a sphere for individual development which is not afforded by the school. Should these schools be denominational? My own impression is that they should, unless we are prepared to entrust the education of the increasing numbers amongst us, whom circumstances give a choice between public and private schools, to the educational caprice or the financial necessities of individual promoters of private schools and academies. The Roman Catholic Church, with her vigilant care of the young, makes ample provision for this education. The Episcopalian Church is scarcely less careful in this respect. We on the other hand have no school for boys, yet such a school properly situated and efficiently equipped would command a large patronage. We have two colleges for young ladies, one in Ottawa, and the other in Brantford. Coligny, at Ottawa, well deserves the support of our people in that vicinity on account of its brave struggle against the convent schools, which are virtually endowed; and in this struggle we wish it every success.

Brantford, our western college, merits a fuller support from its constituency than it has yet secured. It is vigorously and efficiently conducted under the fostering care of the many-sided pastor of Zion Church and his colleagues. If the Presbyterian Church cannot see her way to endow such institutions at present she should at least give them her full countenance and hearty support in order that her children may be trained in her traditions and retained in her membership while they are completing their education. ALPHA.

#### LETTER FROM FATHER CHINIQUY.

MR. EDITOR,—Please allow me through your faithful CANADA PRESBYTERIAN to ask my Christian brethren to help me to thank our merciful Heavenly Father for having granted me again to suffer something for His Gospel's sake. Lately when preaching to my countrymen emigrated at Escanaba, State of Michigan, a band of several hundred Roman Catholics was organized with the public object of killing me. They boasted, in private as well as in public, that I would be dead before the end of the week. A well-known murderer, who about a year ago had killed another man, was selected to give me the deadly blow. And the blow I received from him, the 5th of this month, would have surely laid me dead had not the merciful hand of my God protected me then, as in so many other instances. Hails of stones were thrown at me and my hearers, which broke the windows of the hall; and twice fire was set to the lecture room where I was speaking. But, though bruised and wounded many times, I could say with the old prophet, "The Lord is my Shepherd, whom shall I fear?" And I feel strong enough to-day, in spite of my eighty-two years, to go and preach the Gospel to the poor Acadians of the Maritime Province who are still at the feet of the idols of the Pope. However, I do not shut my eyes to the realities of my position. Very soon I will see the end of that mysterious, that marvellous thing which we call Human Life.

But, before going into my grave, I have a new favour to ask from you and from my Christian brethren and sisters who have always taken such a deep interest in the evangelical work in which I am engaged these last thirty years. It has always been my conviction that by the mercy of God, a great deal of good would be done among the Roman Catholic French-speaking people of Canada if my humble works could be published in French. But I have been prevented from doing it till now, by want of means. The publishers want \$3,000 to do that work and this is absolutely above my means.

Am I wrong when I hope that I could find a sufficient number of friends who would gladly give me a helping hand in this good work?

Well, if those friends exist, I ask them in the name of our common Saviour to help me to put those volumes—"Fifty Years in the Church of Rome," "The Priest, the Woman, and the Confessional," "Papal Idolatry," "Manual of Temperance," "A Solemn Question," "The Real Antidote against Auricular Confession," etc., etc.—into the hands of my French-speaking countrymen. My intention is to let those volumes go at such a low price that the poorest among my countrymen will be enabled to get them.

This is probably the last favour I ask from my Christian friends. Oh! Let them not rebuke me! I do not ask my friends and brethren in Christ to come on the terrible battle field, where I am fighting the common foe, and expose their lives as I do almost every day. No! Let them remain in their happy homes, far away from the stones and the sticks which have so often bruised my breast and my head—but let them give me a few of the crumbs which fall from their tables that we may leave behind us after our death, a number of books which, by the mercy of God, will show the errors of Popery to many precious souls who are perishing in the chains of the Pope.

I respectfully ask all the editors of the religious press in Canada, who take an interest in my humble efforts to save my Roman Catholic countrymen, to reproduce this letter as the last favour bestowed on your devoted brother in Christ.

C. CHINIQUY.

St. Anne, Kankakee Co., Illinois.  
August 22, 1891.

P.S.—Everyone who will send \$5, and every editor of paper who will reproduce this letter will have a right to all the four or five French volumes. C. C.