

English Jottings.

The natives of India resident in London have decided to revive the London Indian Society, for the purpose of promoting social intercourse among our Asiatic fellow-subjects residing in this country and the discussion of public questions. The financial affairs of the Northbrook Club, which was established in order to bring Englishmen and Indians together, are again causing some anxiety. At the annual meeting, held a few days ago, under the presidency of the Earl of Northbrook, it was intimated that unless the number of members was very much increased, or funds were forthcoming from well-wishers, the club must cease to exist. The Northbrook Club is not quite a happy family, apart from its pecuniary embarrassments. Rightly or wrongly, there is an impression among the native members that, with some few exceptions, the bearing towards them of the Anglo-Indians in the club leaves much to be desired.

Mrs. Mary French Sheldon, known to the literary world by her excellent translation of *Salamambo*, recently started from England alone on an African exploration journey for material for a new book. The New York Recorder says of her: "Mrs. Sheldon is an American by birth, and is the great-great-granddaughter of Sir Isaac Newton. She was born in Pittsburg and was educated as a physician, which profession her mother practises. Mrs. Sheldon is not content with the African tusks which Stanley brought back to place at the feet of civilization. Her brooding eyes look further yet. She has set herself the difficult task of going deep into the centre of that far country, where by living with the tribes, bartering with them, and entering into sympathy with them in their home and family life she may feel the very heart-beats of the people, and then describe them sympathetically to the outside world. Her projected book is as yet without form except in so far as she expects to find material and local color beneath the burning skies and among the dusky sons and daughters of the Dark Continent. It will probably be a romance somewhat on the lines of Flaubert's *Salamambo*, and will doubtless trace the stream of its first inspiration back to the fountain of that remarkable work, of which she recently made the authorized translation. Stanley says that if any woman living can carry out such an expedition successfully, Mrs. Sheldon is the one specially fitted for the task, and he speaks with superior knowledge of her capabilities. He has presented to her his famous white cap, the one seen in all the late pictures of the explorer. He has also provided her further with letters and introductions. The woman who is going where no white woman has before set her foot is youthful in appearance and looks to be of frail physique. But she is one of those alert, wiry creatures who will 'make the wheels go round' by sheer force of will and character. Her financial backing is solid and secure, while behind the battery of her dark eyes is stored such a supply of nervous and intellectual energy as will without question make her one of the fittest to survive trials and tribulations. She will adopt no outlandish costumes or other similar barbaric ways. She goes forth among the savage hordes a free-lance, but still a gentlewoman, carrying with her the graces of the highest civilization."

A great deal of rot has been talked lately about the Prince of Wales and Sir Charles Dilke, simply because the Prince was seen one day last month riding with Sir Charles in the Row. The busybodies haven't stopped talking about it yet. Some say it was very rash of H. R. H., while others consider Sir Charles morally and socially whitewashed by the occurrence. Those who have any common sense were neither surprised nor startled. The Prince has been all along a friend and admirer of Sir Charles Dilke, whom he considers one of the best authorities on foreign affairs, as he is, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

A very Royal song is about to make its appearance. It is a romantic lyric for voice, piano and violin, and the words are by Princess Beatrice, the music by the Duke of Edinburgh, and the

sketches on the cover by Princess Louise. The Royal Family are by no means free from the lives of publicity in print, and as there is undoubtedly a great deal of musical and artistic talent among them, this combination may produce something really good. The advertisement by that enterprising paper, the *Strand Magazine*, of an etching by the Queen herself, took us rather by surprise, certainly it gave rise to a lot of talk as to the terms on which the etching was given to that paper.

By far the most interesting account of John Wesley that has yet appeared, is the little book lately published by Canon Overton. Its author may truly be said to possess, beyond any of his contemporaries, both the outward and inward call to take Wesley's biography upon himself. As he tells us in his preface, he is "a native of the same country, a member of the same University, on the foundation of the same College in that University, a priest of the same Church, a dweller in the same house, and a worker of the same parish." To all these outward advantages—which might have fallen to the lot of another—he can add a title of greater value and more peculiarly his own—namely, that he has notably been "a student for nearly twenty years of the Church life of the century in which John Wesley was so prominent a figure."

There is a long review of this book in the *Saturday Review*, in which it is hard to distinguish how much is Overton and how much Reviewer. "Canon Overton" says the writer, "does not come behind any Methodist in his love and reverence for John Wesley. But the extraordinary greatness of Wesley, and the debt which all English Christianity owes to him, are not things which need in our day to be preached to an unbelieving world. The tendency amongst Agnostic men and women of letters, as well as among religious orators, is rather to exaggerate than understate Wesley's glory and Wesley's miracles. Though Wesley himself did what he could to protect his memory against what he called 'vile panegyric,' there is no saint whose canonization so much needs to be qualified by the wholesome and rational interference of the *edoculus diaboli*. His faith and wonderful works are now too surely settled for any such official to succeed in erasing his noble name from the calendar."

The story of the separation from the Church is told at some length. Canon Overton states the relation of the leader to the led with considerate tenderness, by saying that "though John Wesley ruled his societies with absolute sway, he was himself singularly liable to be swayed by those in whom he had confidence."

The commentator's remark on Wesley's well-known words,—"I live and die a member of the Church, etc.," is significant. "Nevertheless," says he, "every speech and every sermon delivered at the recent 'Wesley Centenary' was instinct with the most bitter and uncharitable hatred to the Church of England." We are sorry to hear it and indeed hardly credit it. Sensible men of both denominations get along well enough together, and manage to display a little Christian charity towards each other. It is the old, old story; the few most narrow-minded and bigoted on each side make more noise in the world than the many sensible ones, and keep the old sores raw for centuries.

Editor.—Here's a fellow sends me a story called "A sermon on the Mount." It begins: Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Stole the whole thing from Shakespeare.

Foreman.—It sounds more like Talmage.

Editor.—Well, he stole it, too. I'll write an editorial and show him up.



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