

retained his position, took on him the reins of Government more than a year ago, and has already established his reputation as the most energetic man, the most faithful uprooter of shams and sinecures, and the most able administrator India has had since Lord William Bentwick—certainly since Lord Dalhousie. Native and European papers in India have unanimously repealed the sentence passed under the pressure of Liberal misrepresentation, the public votes a perfect confidence *nem. con.*, and the Home papers have to remain silent or yield a grudging approval. I question if in the present century there has been anything like this change of opinion regarding a public man, so sudden, complete, and unreserved has been the reversal of the old conclusion of prejudice and party spirit in favour of the new conclusion of reason and experience.

2. I mentioned the native *fête* as the other event in the Duke's reception to which I would refer. This, to me, was by far the most interesting of all. It gave a glimpse into native society and native ways of doing things; it showed the European and Asiatic side by side in comparison or contrast; and moreover it showed old Bengal and young Bengal, and the rather curious and incongruous results established by the meeting of the two. There were the old Pundits, like old relics of the past, representing the dead or dying cause of the former times, and there, too, were the half-Europeanized representatives of young Bengal, who had made their influence felt in the arrangements, and produced a queer medley by here and there poking in some modern innovation amongst the old forms insisted on by the "orthodox" section. The old Pundits invoked a blessing on the Prince in Sanskrit, as the programme said, "in Vedic form," whilst young Bengal largely patronized the refreshment room, supplied by a European purveyor, and abundantly partook of cold turkey, ham sandwiches, and sparkling champagne. The older members gave their attention to a very second-rate amateur performance of an old Bengalee play, the younger smirked and bowed and tried to make themselves agreeable by paying laboured compliments in very good English to the European ladies who graced the gathering by their presence, and so the farce or tragedy went on during the whole evening; and he must have been a butterfly, and not a man, who, looking on as I was, did not feel a world of thought springing up within him, as he saw the old skeleton of ancient India and the dissipation of young India meet, and reflected on the inner worlds of being into which he was looking, and the strange effects that were surely being produced, the mighty revolution that was being worked in a national life, by the agencies at present operating in this land. Perhaps, again, some of my friends may think that it was no place for a missionary; yet I was there, and, what is more, considered my being invited as the greatest compliment I ever received. For there was a great seeking after invitations, and only myself and one other missionary received cards. We also represented the old and the new, for he was one of the oldest and best known of all the missionaries of Bengal, who for more than thirty years has identified himself with the natives, fought for them, and even suffered imprisonment for his advocacy of the oppressed ryots (the peasantry), during that long struggle between the Indigo planters and the friends of the ryots before the latter were emancipated by Sir John Lawrence. Some of you will know his name, which in Bengal is a synonym for the noblest impulses, most disinterested benevolence, and most impetuous generosity—the Rev. J. Long, of the Church Missionary Society. On the other hand, I am the youngest missionary in Calcutta, and whilst Mr. Long has no faith in the modern developments of thought as represented by the Brahma Somaj and kindred movements, I acknowledge that, whilst European influence is doing incalculable harm in some of its phases, yet it is to these movements, originated by Western culture, that we are to look for indigenous reformatory efforts. I suppose a good many of my readers will have