

perty, because the buildings (though styled *Palace*) were low wooden structures of small value, which had been plundered by the French army before the order for the burning was given."

These examples also indicate that though he was cautious to excess when he had time to deliberate (for his logical powers and his command over language tempted him to refine), yet his decision could be as prompt as a soldier's when the occasion demanded it; and if he was satisfied of the correctness of his cause, he would accept the full responsibility of it, in spite of all opposition. His clearness of view, under these circumstances, admitted of no confusion, and his power of expressing what he saw was equal to the clearness with which he saw it. There are men, deeply versed in public affairs, in whom caution almost takes the place of genius, and admits of no other rival quality. Such might to some appear to have been the character of Lord Elgin. But had he been so ruled by this predominant faculty, he would assuredly never have ventured on the organization of Canton by the hazardous but successful appointment of a temporary Chinese governor, nor would he have faced the complicated difficulties that presented themselves in his adventurous voyage of discovery up the Yang-tse-kiang river, nor would he have marched on Peking with that military ardour, which made the French soldiers exclaim, that he ought to have been an "officier de dragons."

These statesman like gifts, however, are not those which fill the largest space in his character to those who knew him best. He possessed in an eminent degree the rare quality—rare in the political world, rarer still perhaps in the religious world—of the strong overruling sense of the justice due from man to man, and from nation to nation.

Wherever he went (and it was his fate that in the four different spheres in which his lot was cast, the same relations were constantly reappearing) it was his fixed determination that the interests of the subject races should be protected from the impatience or violence of his own countrymen,—the emancipated slaves of Jamaica, the French Canadians, the Chinese in their dealings with the European residents, the Indian population in its dealings with the Anglo-Indian conquerors.

That he had no bloodshed on his hands was his pride in Canada. "No human power shall induce me to accept the office of oppressor of the people," was his sincere resolve in China. The order to burn the Imperial Palace at Peking was wrung from him by the severest sense of the necessity of the crisis. When in India, the protection of the Indians was the constant source of solicitude to him. The stern determination with which he carried out the execution of an English soldier for causing the death of a native, was of itself enough to mark his strong sense of what was due from the Viceroy of India to the interests of the conquered race. "His combination of speculative and practical ability," so wrote one with deep experience of his mind, "fitted him more than any man I have ever known, to solve the problem how these subject races are to be governed." It may be that in these acts he merely served to represent the growing humanity and justice of the age. But it is a great boon to mankind when the best tendencies of the age find a congenial soul in which to take root and bear fruit; and such a soul, in every sense, was that of Lord Elgin.

It might almost be said that the sense of responsibility for the classes confided to his charge, especially of those who were comparatively friendless, was to him a kind of religion,—an expression of his sense of the justice and love of God for all His creatures. And it may be remarked how, from this religious sense of the duty devolved upon him, it came to pass that, if there was any subject which more strongly moved his indignation than another, it was the sight, whether in foreign lands or in our own, of Christianity invoked, or of the influence of the teachers of religion brought to bear, against the general claims of justice and humanity on behalf of those who might be regarded, in race, or religion, or opinion, aliens from ourselves.

There is one final tribute which, at least in these pages, may be offered without affectation to his memory. Wherever else he was honoured, and however few were his visits to his native land, yet Scotland at least always delighted to claim him as her own. Always his countrymen were proud to feel that he worthily bore the name most dear to Scottish hearts. Always his unvarying integrity shone to them with the steady light of an unchanging beacon above the stormy discords of the Scottish church and nation. Whenever he returned to his home in Fifeshire, he was welcomed by all, high and low, as their friend and chief. Here at any rate were fully known the industry with which he devoted himself to the small details of local, often trying and troublesome business; the affectionate confidence with which he took counsel of the fidelity and experience of the aged friends and servants of his house; the cheerful contentment with which he was willing to work for their interests and for those of his family, with the same fairness and patience as he would have given to the most exciting events or the

most critical moments of his public career. There his children, young as they were, were made familiar with the union of wisdom and playfulness with which he guided them, and with the simple and self-denying habits of which he gave them so striking an example. By that ancestral home, in the vaults of the Abbey Church of Dunfermline, would have been his natural resting-place. Those vaults had but two years ago been opened to receive the remains of another of the same house, his brother, General Bruce, whose lamented death—also in the service of his Queen and country—followed immediately on his return from the journey in which he had accompanied the Prince of Wales to the East, and in which he had caught the fatal malady that brought him to his untimely end. "You have lost a kind and good uncle, and a kind and good godfather,"—so Lord Elgin wrote to his little boy, who bore the same name as the General,—“and you are now the only Robert Bruce in the family. It is a good name, and you must try and bear it nobly and bravely as those who have borne it before you have done. If you look at their lives you will see that they always considered in the first place what they ought to do, and only in the second what it might be most pleasant and agreeable to do. This is the way to steer a straight course through life, and to meet the close of it, as your dear uncle did, with a smile on his lips.” By few could General Bruce's loss have been felt more than by Lord Elgin himself. "No two brothers," he used to say, "were ever more helpful to each other." The telegram that brought the tidings to him at Calcutta was but one word. "And yet," he said, "how much in that one word! It tells me that I have lost a wise counsellor in difficulties, a staunch friend in prosperity and adversity, one on whom, if anything had befallen myself, I could always have relied to care for those left behind me. It tells, too, of the dropping of a link of that family chain which has always been so strong and unbroken." How little was it foreseen then, that of that strong unbroken chain, his own life would be the next link to be taken away. How little was it thought by those who stood round the vault at Dunfermline Abbey, on the 2nd of July 1862, that to those familiar scenes, and to that hallowed spot, the chief of the race would never return. How mournfully did the tidings from India reach a third brother in the yet further East, who felt that to him was due in great part whatever success he had experienced in life, even from the time when, during the elder brother's Eton holidays, he had enjoyed the benefit of his tuition, and who was indulging in dreams how, in their joint return from exile, with their varied experience of the East, they might have worked together for some great and useful end.

He sleeps far away from his native land, on the heights of Dhurmsala; a fitting grave, let us rejoice to think, for the Viceroy of India, overlooking from its lofty height the vast expanse of the hill and plain of these mighty provinces,—a fitting burial, may we not say, beneath the snow-clad Himalaya range, for one who dwelt with such serene satisfaction on all that was grand and beautiful in man and nature—

"Pondering God's mysteries untold,  
And tranquil as the glacier snows,  
He by those Indian mountains old,  
Might well repose."

A last home, may we not say, of which the very name, with its double signification, was worthy of the spirit which there passed away—"the Hall of Justice, the Place of Rest." Rest, indeed, to him after his long "laborious days," in that presence which to him was the only complete Rest—the presence of Eternal Justice.

## II. Papers on Practical Teaching.

### 1. MY FIRST SCHOOL EXPERIENCE.

I can never forget the history of my first winter school. I was too young for such a task,—a rude college boy, with no experience, and scarcely a qualification for my place. It is now nearly thirty years since that woful winter; but the sleepless nights, the homesick days, the constant pressure of a man's duties on the shoulders of a boy, will never leave my memory. They told me I was doing finely, but I knew better. My heart was at home, and not in my school. I am almost ashamed to confess how closely I watched the mails, hoping—alas, too often in vain—for a letter from my mother or some of the dear ones at home. Had they known my doleful condition, they surely would have written; but I had too much pride to tell them all. Oh, what great saucy boys those school boys were! They could have pitched me out of the window at any time, and I really feared they would do it, and wondered why they didn't.

I feel, to this day, a tender fraternal pity for young school-masters and school-ma'ams. They appear to me a sad and careworn race. Too much is expected of them. Solid trustees look for great sobriety, discretion, prudence, and wisdom, in a boy of seventeen