

spirit of one to whom God has spoken and revealed things deeper than those of sense—of one who has felt what *sin* is in himself, and who therefore has had a glimpse down into the pit; but I cannot whine when there is no call for whining, and I cannot believe that every fact in the universe is gloom, and that there is no light or sunshine, no beauty of flowers or song of birds in that world which the Word of God sanctified by His presence in the flesh. My sentences may not have the rotundity and “long stern swell” which ought to characterise the productions of a missionary, and my colour of thought may not always be of the “widow’s weeds” style, and my eyes may not always be able to command a copious stream of “crocodile” tears; but I beseech all the immaculates who are noted for the presence, as I for the absence, of these qualifications, to remember that “the best of us is mortal,—we to weakness all are heir.”—at least all of us save those spotless ones whose special function consists in denouncing all who do not fit in with their exact measure, which, with characteristic modesty, they have identified with the Divine. I do not pretend to their elevation of sanctity, and am quite content to occupy that bench on which an occasional laugh is permitted, and on which a slight irregularity of composition is now and then allowed to modify the rigidity of theological phraseology. There now, having thus confessed my shortcoming, let me return to H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh. His Royal Highness arrived a few days before Christmas, and for the fortnight he was here there was a constant succession of gay doings sufficient to break the hearts of all who see sin in everything that is bright and gladsome. The Duke submitted in excellent temper to an amount of fatigue and worry that would have killed any one but a sailor, and in every way conducted himself with an affability and modesty of deportment which convinced us all that the ugly stories which our Australian cousins had so sedulously circulated concerning him were utterly false, and that, if there was an ounce of blame on his part, there was at least a pound on their’s. Not even calumny itself could find a peg on which to hang an accusation, and he left us without even a breath being blown against his good name. The same story comes from Japan and from China; so that all the Australians have gained by their scandal-mongering, is the unenviable character of churlish hosts and petty backbiters. In China the Duke won the heart of every European by the graceful tribute he paid to their favourite, the veteran Admiral Keppel, himself pulling the stroke oar of the boat in which that fine old Admiral, who has so well preserved the British name in Eastern waters, landed. And in every respect he exhibited in Calcutta, under circumstances the most trying, for more than a fortnight, a patience which would not have disgraced St. Simon Stylites himself, and a respectful obedience to the Viceroy, as the Queen’s representative, in striking contrast to the picture, equally ill-natured and false, as we all now believe, of the miserable Australian newspapers. First of all, in the programme of reception, came a grand procession on the occasion of his landing on the evening of the 22nd December; next day a Levee, attended more numerously by both Europeans and natives than on any previous occasion since our conquest of the country, and in the evening a Drawing-Room; and then, day after day, and evening after evening, succeeded reviews, state receptions of the native Rajahs, and state return visits, balls, dinner parties, *fêtes*, illuminations, &c., &c. I can only notice the two most noteworthy of the many interesting pageants, viz.: the “Chapter” of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India, on the occasion of the investiture of H. R. H. as an Extra Knight Grand Commander of the Order, and the great *fête* given by the native community.

The “Chapter” has been characterized, and I believe without much exaggeration, as the most gorgeous pageant since the days of Aurungzebe in India, and the “Field of the Cloth of Gold” in Europe. Indeed, at least in one respect, it must have greatly surpassed that celebrated meeting of the magnificent Francis and bluff King Hal. Here were tributaries assembled, doing