A CHAT ABOUT PREACHERS

SUGGESTED BY THE NOONTIDE LENTEN SERVICES.

Ebor Tells of Some Famous Preachers—Stupid Sermons and Sleepy Hearers—Specimens of Pulpit Oratory—Midday Scene at St. James' Cathedral—A Sermon Reported That Was Never Preached.

The noontide Lenten services at St. James' Cathedral will mark something more than a new departure in Anglican Church life in this city of churches. I have daily attended these services and bear impartial testimony to the solemnity of the scene, the earnestness, yea eloquence of the preacher, and the thoroughly representative character of the audience. Men from hard manual labor with the marks of their calling patent to all, shop boys and work girls, frequenters of fashionable circles, the Lieutenant-Governor and company from Government House, legislators and aldermen all were glad of the 20 minutes' recess.

Canon DuMoulin launches at once into his subject. In thinking of the ostentation which some preachers deem it necessary to make before they fairly get into their sermon, which too often proves to be a very poor one after all, one is inclined to ask, in the words of Robert Browning:

But why such long profusion and display,
Such turning and adjustment of the harp;
And taking it upon your breast at length,
Only to speak dry words across its string.

AND IN LONDON ALSO.

Under the auspices of the Christian Social Union, a series of short addresses are being delivered at mid-day during Lent in two well-known London churches, and are attracting great congregations. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached on "A National Church," Mr. Llewelyn on "Peace and War," the Dean of Magdalen College, Oxford, on "The Christian Sense of Beauty," Canon Wilberforce on "Brotherhood," Dr. Fry on "Social Intolerance," and Canon Scott Holland on "Dogma as a Social Force." These are indeed "live" topics, as we say in Toronto, and the newspapers have done justice to them.

NEAR THE TOP OF THE LADDER.

Of eminent preachers I have heard in the old land I certainly award the palm to Canon Liddon, but in this respect the selection of favorite preachers is very much on the par with the practice which was so popular a few years ago of choosing the best one hundred books. None of those who contributed to this interesting symposium agreed, probably none of the readers of The Sunday World will concur in this my classification. After Canon Liddon the preachers which have most impressed me by their eloquence are Canon Body of Durham, Canon Knox-Little of Worcester, Rev. R. W. Dale, whose death was announced a few days ago, the late Bishop Fraser of Manchester, Bishop Lightfoot of Durham, Charles H. Spurgeon, Dean Vaughan, Llandaff and Rev. James Parsons of Old Ebor. Little boots it who endorses the order of my preference, but I have heard Rev. Dr. Potts, who should be an authority on such a subject, state that he considered James Parsons, albeit of a widely different denomination, to be the prince of English preachers.

DR. CHALMERS IN THE PULPIT.

It is admitted that the power of Thomas Chalmers, the eminent Scottish divine, in the pulpit has not been surpassed if it has been equalled in modern days. On one occasion his subject was, 'Death Reigns.' He stated slowly, calmly, the simple meaning of the words; then suddenly he started and looked like a man who had seen some great sight and was breathless to declare it. The tide set in; everything added to its power, deep called to deep, imagery and illustration poured in. He suddenly looked as if to some region, and cried out, "Behold a mightier! Who is this? He cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, glorious in his apparel, speaking in righteousness, travelling towards men in the greatness of his strength, mighty to save." Then he took fire once more and enforced with redoubled energy the richness, the freeness, the simplicity, the security of salvation. He was at the full thunder—the whole man was in the agony of earnestness. How beautiful to our eyes did the preacher look—exhausted but sweet and pure. How he poured out his soul before his God in giving thanks for sending the abolisher of Death!

Chalmer's earnestness was a modern adaptation of Richard Baxter's lines:

Still thinking I had little time to live,
My fervent heart to win men's souls
did rive;
I preached as never sure to preach
again,
And as a dying man to dying men.'

THE SECRET OF THESE NOONTIDE CROWDS.

There is no collection at St. James' noontide services, but I believe this has not the slightest effect on the attendance. It is a snatch meal, if I may so speak, of the bread of life, stimulating and invigorating, a breathing space for those who gladly retire from the maddening crowd. For

There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting clime,
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky street and wrangling
mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet
Because their secret souls a holy strain
repeat.

THEY HAVE NOT THIS TEMPTATION.

A well-known English Bishop tells a story of a clerk at a village church who deliberately took half a crown out of the plate as he brought it up to the communion-table, and slipped it into his pocket. "I saw him take it," said the Bishop, "and intended to charge him with it at the end of the service, but carried away by the sublimity of the service, I forgot all about it. Next day I remembered and spoke about it." "Oh, sir," said the clerk, "never you worry about that, that half-crown has done good service for many years. I keep it to put down first; and then the gentry, seeing a poor man like me put 2s. 6d. in the plate, can't for shame give less.'"

SERMON REPORTING.

I can tell many queer things about sermons and sermon-reporting. The only man who ever refused me his notes was the late Dean Church, who preaching in York Minster to five thousand people said honestly he did not wish his sermon to be reported.

Many clergymen I have known report their own sermons and that several days they were preached. One of these sermons once got into type, but owing to an accident it was never preached. The foreman printer, who was a little headstrong and something of a wit, didn't see the fun of the type-setting being wasted. So duly it was printed, and in reply to remonstrances said it was better than a hundred tracts and would do far more good!

The Tubingen chancellor, Pensiger, gave 459 lectures on the Prophet Jeremiah, and over 1500 on Isaiah; while the Viennese theologian, Hazelboch, lectured for two consecutive years on the first chapter of Isaiah, and was cruelly cut off by death before he had finished with his theme. I remember Rev. Joshua Denovan occupying all one winter in sermons on the first few chapters of Isaiah, and for several months I listened when in my native city to sermons on the Lord's prayer for unity.

OBJECTIONABLE PULPIT PRACTICES.

The late Bishop Wilberforce used to tell of a voluble Irish clergyman who, at a solemn climax in his sermon, would stretch his thick, large, not too clean hands over the side of the pulpit, and then say, with startling emphasis, "Pause, my brethren! pause!" (or "paws.") The words, as the Bishop remarked, seemed curiously equivocal, as he suited the action to the expression.

The age of cushion-thumping has happily gone by, with the departure of the cushions, those dampers to eloquence; but I have a very fresh and fragrant memory of a story of an early and faithful rural parson, who, in order to rouse his somewhat sleepy audience, used to indulge in vigorous gesticulations. On one occasion he received a rather severe, though unintended, rebuke from his clerk. It was a dark, winter afternoon, and light was required in the pulpit; and whilst the Rev. Boanerges was changing his robes in the vestry, according to the prevailing custom, the clerk was arranging and lighting the candles. He had had much difficulty in doing so, the sockets being out of order; and, not being satisfied with the result of his efforts, he called out during the hymn to the preacher, who was slowly advancing up the aisle, and spoke loud enough for all to hear, "I say, Mr. Smith, if I was you I would not rob much tonight, for they candles be rather ticklish."

SLEEPING PEWS.

As early as 1611, pews were arranged to afford comfort, by being baized or cushioned; while the sides around were so high as to hide those within (a device of the Puritans to avoid being seen by the officers who reported those who did not stand when the name of Jesus was mentioned.) The services were often greatly protracted, so that many would fall asleep. Hence Swift's pithy allusion:

A bedstead of the antique mode
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

ON STUPID PREACHING.

Rev. Sydney Smith thus comments on the dead and formal style of preaching common in English pulpits, and not altogether unknown on this side of the water. "Why are we natural everywhere but in the pulpit? No man expresses warm and animated feelings anywhere else with his mouth alone, but with his whole body; he articulates with every limb and talks from head to foot with a thousand voices. Why this holoplexia on sacred occasions alone? Why call in the aid of paralysis to piety? Is it a rule of oratory to balance the style against the subject and to handle the most sublime truths in the dullest language and dryest manner? Is sin to be taken from men as Eve was from Adam, by casting them into a deep slumber? Or for what possible perversion of common sense are we all to look like field preachers in Zembla, holy lumps of ice numbed into quiescence and stagnation and mumbling? There is, I grant, something discouraging at present to a man of sense in the sarcastic phrase of 'popular preaching;' but I am not entirely without hope that the time may come when energy in the pulpit may be no longer considered as a mark of superficial understanding; and sleep be no longer looked upon as the most convenient vehicle of good sense."

I'm not fond of novices in the pulpit,
of those who think—
Of old things all are over old,
Of good things none are good enough,
He'll show that he can help to frame
A church of better stuff.

A VICAR UNDER A MICROSCOPE.

Dean Boyle, in his memoirs, regrets that Dr. Hook, a preacher who produced an extraordinary effect with his sermons, was never made a Bishop—"We should not, however, have had his fine, vigorous 'Lives of the Archbishops,' a book, as Freeman said, 'with grave faults, but full of a true, historic spirit,' if he had been Bishop of a populous diocese. Once, when traveling near Leeds, in a second-class railway carriage, I asked a Yorkshireman, who had reminded me of John Browdie in 'Nicholas Nickleby,' about the great vicar of Leeds. "T' awd doctor is a good un. He rises at faive, lights his awn faire, and he is adoing summit all day long, and you may look at him with a microscope and he is never doing nawt wrong.'"

PRACTICAL VIEW OF CHRISTIANITY.

Professor Shuttleworth, rector of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, is not, according to a story he tells, a likely candidate for Roman orders, in the opinion, at least, of one theological expert in the East End. During the Laud Celebration on Tower Hill, the Professor superintended the choir who sang the Te Deum. It was a bitterly cold day, with a biting east wind, and to prevent him losing his voice, even as Laud lost his head, through an indiscretion, he put on an extra overcoat and muffler, and hid the whole under his surplice. This gave him a bulk even more portly and comfortable than usual. As the procession marched from the church of Allhallows Barking, to the scene of Laud's execution, the professor overheard a brief conversation between two dockers at a street corner. One removed a short black pipe from his mouth and said, "Just look at 'em, Bill! There they go a marching on t'ards Rome." Bill glanced at the scene as requested, and replied didactically, "P'raps; but I'll bet the fat 'un in the middle aint. Them's not the sort of weskits that go to Rome. 'E don't fast much, or I'm a wegetarian myself." This opinion amused the professor much. It embodied a homely, practical, everyday view of Christianity, like that held by the boatman who ferried two clergymen across the river. One was tall and strong, the other weak and puny. A sudden gale arose, and the stalwart parson suggested a prayer. The practical boatman promptly answered, "The little 'un can pray if he likes, but you must take an oar."

Preachers are only human, very, very human; still it is a matter of thankfulness in the humdrum ranks of gentlemen of the cloth in Toronto there are some who possess

A father's tenderness, a shepherd's care,
A leader's courage which the cross can
bear,
A ruler's awe, a watchman's wakeful
eye,
A pilot's skill, the helm in storms to
ply,
A fisher's patience, and a laborer's toil,
A guide's dexterity to disembroil,
A prophet's inspiration from above,
A teacher's knowledge and a Saviour's
love.

EBOR.

Will Power and Disease.

There is a great deal to be said in favor of what is best described as the "mental science" cure for many of the minor ills of life. It is possible to throw off weakness, inertness, and languor, and infuse new life and spirit into one's own failing system by mere effort of will. True, it is hard at first, but with every trial it comes easier, until one may almost feel that the mind has gained a supremacy over the body. It is certain that the mind can, to a great extent, control the body, and drive away much that saps vitality and undermines the strength. To keep ever before the mind the idea that will-power is one of the strongest forces in nature, and steadfastly to refuse to yield to weakness, is to have gained something that, once possessed, no one will ever be willing to lose.

THE VOICES OF NOTED MEN

HOW THEY IMPRESSED THEIR AUDITORS.

Tones of Kings, Queens, Clergymen, Singers and Statesmen—Some Sharp, Some Strident, Some Soothing, Some Sweet and Some Sad—The Power of the World's Greatest Opera Artists.

Bossuet was cool, deliberate and polished in all his utterances.

Forrest had a deep bass voice that seemed to come from the bottom of his chest.

Bunyan had what is called a persuasive voice. He never scolded in his sermons.

Jeremy Taylor was always very much in earnest and showed the fact in his voice.

Lord Bacon had a voice described by one of his contemporaries as "very smooth and oily."

Henry VIII. had a voice so gruff that it earned for him the sobriquet of "Bluff King Hal."

Garrick had an exceedingly flexible voice, and could mimic any one he ever heard speak.

The Duke of Marlborough had a voice that, it was said, could be heard above the roar of artillery.

Jerome of Prague was a fiery orator. His denunciations of sin and sinners were terrible to hear.

Jonathan Edwards had sharp, strident tones that grated unpleasantly on the ears of all who heard him.

Brignoli was known as the "silver-voiced." His tones, though not strong, were exceedingly pure and sweet.

Wendell Phillips always spoke in an ordinary tone and very distinct articulation and careful pronunciation.

Cowper always spoke in a diffident, hesitating way, as though afraid of the effect of his words on his auditors.

Farinelli was so idolized by his admirers that it was of him an English lady once exclaimed: "One God! One Farinelli!"

Robespierre had a thin, piping voice that was the derision of his enemies. One of the nicknames given him was the "Squeaker."

Mozart had a very sweet voice, though it was by no means strong. His conversational tones were well modulated and pleasing.

Prince Bismarck has a very loud, harsh voice, and generally speaks in a dogmatic, dictatorial way that admits of no contradiction.

Coleridge delivered his philosophic utterances in an uninteresting monotone, that late in life became an almost unintelligible mumble.

Frederick the Great had a sneering, disagreeable voice, that corresponded well to the synical utterances he was in the habit of making.

Goldsmith had a singing voice of great purity, and it was a treat to hear him render an old Irish air, which he did in inimitable style.

Dr. Johnson had a loud, harsh, dictatorial voice. When excited in argument he raised his voice and overwhelmed his opponent by its strength.

Talleyrand could throw more pathos into a single word than another man could express in a dozen sentences. He was a master of elocution.

Washington had a slow, deliberate way of speaking. His voice was low but strong, his words were always well chosen and his tones carefully modulated.

Cicero had a voice so pleasant that whenever it was known he was to speak, though only in an ordinary law case, the court immediately filled with people.

The poet Rogers had a voice so small and weak that, as he said himself, he was forced to say caustic and ill-natured things, in order to make people hear him.

Demosthenes had a voice naturally rough and harsh, but by assiduous care he changed it to such an extent that his orations were heard with exquisite pleasure by his fellow-citizens.

Spurgeon had a tremendous voice, but seldom raised it above an ordinary conversational tone. This, however, was sufficient to fill the vast building in which his audiences were gathered.

Henry Clay had a voice of medium strength, but of singular purity. He spoke with a strong Southern accent, and in a pleasant sympathetic tone that carried the audience with him from the start.

Thomas Jefferson, it is said, spoke like a professor lecturing to his class. He used a few gestures, and always delivered his speech in a moderate tone of voice, with little appearance of interest or enthusiasm.

Moore could "sing like an angel." He sang his own love songs with such effect that a lady friend once stopped him in the midst of one of his best efforts. "Please stop, Mr. Moore; this is not good for my soul."

Stentor, from whom we have the word stentorian, was a Greek herald in the Trojan war, famous for his tremendous voice. Homer says he was "great-hearted, brazen-voiced, and could shout as loud as fifty men."

Beecher generally spoke in a conversational tone, with no great effort at what is commonly denominated oratory. When he rose to a climax, however, his voice was equal to any emergency, but even his loudest tones seemed to cause him little effort.

John Chrysostom, or John the Golden-mouthed, was the Patriarch of Constantinople in the latter part of the fourth century, and won his title from the singularly pleasing character of his oratory, which appealed more to the feelings than to the reason.

Lincoln had a kindly voice that attracted all who heard it. Even in public efforts he rarely spoke in a loud tone, but the distinctness of his articulation caused him to be heard and understood much better than were some speakers with louder voices.

Frederick William, the father of Frederick the Great, was slightly deaf, and generally conversed in a yell. Although professing to be pious, he often lapsed into profanity in conversation, and commonly ended an argument by cursing his opponent.

Sontag so pleased the people whenever she sang that at one place in Germany the mob, after taking out the horses and drawing her in triumph from the suburbs to her hotel, went to the further extravagance of breaking the carriage in pieces, so that no one should ever ride in it again.

Agujardi, better known as La Bastardella, had an incredibly high range of voice. Mozart heard her in 1770, and expressed the greatest delight. She sang B in altissimo with perfect ease, and performed cadenzas deemed impossible for the human voice. During a great part of her professional career she received about $500 a night, a sum then equal to about $2500 in the money of our time.

Webster had a full clear resonant voice that could be heard by 10,000 people at once. His style of delivery was impressive, and his tricks of oratory were inimitable. Whenever he was about to make a telling point, he would pause for what seemed a long time, in order to secure the full attention of his auditors.

Queen Elizabeth had the coarse tones of a man. If one heard her speak while out of sight, it was difficult to say whether the voice belonged to a man or a to a woman. Her manners were very rude, she often swore, and sometimes cuffed and pinched the maids of honor until they cried from mortification and pain.

Beethoven had a voice so coarse and harsh that once, conducting a rehearsal, when he attempted to hum a passage for the 'cello to show how it should go, an involuntary roar of laughter came from the orchestra. He turned very red, but afterward himself laughed, and the incident passed off pleasantly.

Handel had a voice that was described by one of his contemporaries as "simply awful." He generally had the good sense to refrain from singing, but when anything went wrong in the chorus he was conducting he was very apt to chime in with that awful voice and set the teeth of all hearers on edge with its roughness.

The chief charm of Mary, Queen of Scots, was her voice. It was wonderfully sweet and attractive, and when she used it in her peculiar cooing, purring way, it was impossible for the ordinary man to resist its charm. She was an excellent musician, and her rendition of English and French ballads was said to be with remarkable grace of expression.

Josephine's greatest attraction was her voice. Napoleon fell in love with it even before he really knew her. She could not sing, but her conversational tones were exceedingly well modulated and pleasing. She spoke with a strong provincial accent, and it was once said that the Emperor spoke an Italian-French patois, and the Empress a negro-French.

Mirabeau had a voice like a trumpet, and when he raised it in threat or denunciation, the effect was awe-inspiring. The impression he created was greatly heightened by his manner, his personal appearance being exceedingly imposing. He had a way of lifting his head and shaking it to give emphasis to his periods that made the beholders involuntarily draw back with fear.

Burke spoke in a monotone, and the splendid orations that are cited as models of English composition were listened to by few auditors. So dull was his delivery that he was called the "Dinner Bell of the House," because when he rose to speak the greater part of the members at once went out, preferring to read the speech later than to listen to his sing-song voice.

Lablache had the most magnificent bass voice ever known to the lyric stage. It had a compass of two octaves, from E flat below to E flat above the bass stave. He was a man of prodigious size and strength, and his voice was proportioned to his physical dimensions. Nothing was able to overcome or drown it, and through the tones of the largest chorus it loomed out as lustily as though alone. More than once he broke a window pane by the strength of the vibration caused by his monstrous voice.

Gabrielli had a charming voice, but was so capricious that no one could tell when she was going to sing, even when cast for a part in opera. Once, in Naples, she became offended and refused to sing above a whisper. The King sent her to prison, where for twelve days she feasted the prisoners, entertaining them with her choicest selections. Set at liberty, she became more of a favorite than ever. It was she who asked Catherine the Great to pay her 5000 ducats as salary. "Why! that is more than I pay my ventures Field Marshals," said the Empress. "Then your Majesty would better get your Field Marshals to sing for you," was the saucy reply.

Patti's voice is of only moderate strength, there being several of greater power among the operatic singers of the present day, but the compass of her tones is extraordinary, reaching to F in alt, and her execution is exceedingly brilliant and polished. Her greatest vocal charm, however, lies in the sympathetic quality of her notes, a quality that instantly impresses every auditor. It is most apparent in the rendition of simple, well-known songs, like "Home, Sweet Home" and "Coming Through the Rye," and in these she has achieved such success that, while her repertoire comprises over thirty operas, her fame really rests on two or three familiar songs. She first appeared in opera in New York in 1859.

Pasta's voice extended from low A to D in altissimo, and was one of the most remarkable illustrations ever furnished of the value of musical culture in overcoming natural blemishes. Her voice was stubborn and unmanageable, but by dint of study and indefatigable perseverance, she brought it to a state of perfection that was the admiration of her contemporaries. Her delight was in bravura style of ornament, and where the composer had not been sufficiently liberal in bestowing ornamentation on her part she invented cavatinas of her own and used them with such effect that they were generally regarded as the best part of her singing. She made her first appearance on the stage in 1815; her last in 1850.

Jenny Lind's voice, at its best, was a high soprano of bright and remarkably sympathetic quality, reaching from D below to F in alt, the upper register being stronger, clearer and richer than the lower. She had also very large, well-developed lungs, that gave her phenomenal length of breath, and enabled her to tone down a note to the finest pianissimo while maintaining the quality unchanged. Her execution was really marvelous, and her performance of cadenza passages was never equaled before nor since. She usually invented her own cadenzas, and modified them in a way that electrified not only the ordinary audience, but the most highly cultured musicians also. Nothing like the furore she excited had ever been known before in England or America. People were known to stand in line for twenty-four hours to have an opportunity to purchase, at an extravagant rate, a ticket to one of her concerts.

Malibran's voice was a contralto, with much of the soprano register superadded, that enabled her to pass for a mezzo-soprano. It was not a faultless voice, but she had wonderful tact in concealing its faults, and generally managed to keep even the critics in ignorance of her weak points. Her charm seems to have consisted in the peculiarity of quality and unusual extent of her vocal powers, in her excitable temperament that prompted her to improvise passages of strange beauty and boldness, and in the musical culture that always kept her improvisations within the bounds of good taste. There were not lacking persons, however, who affirmed that her personal charms had more to do with her hold on the audience than her voice. She first appeared on the stage in 1824, and her last appearance was in 1836, a few days before her death, which was caused by injuries resulting from a fall in a carriage accident.

The Wildest Land.

Assistant Chief Goode, of the United States geological survey, who visited Oregon last summer, says that the wildest region of the entire United States is an area of 1,000 square miles lying in the mountains between Roseburg and Coquille in Douglas and Coos counties. He describes it as a mysterious undiscovered country, in which roams undisturbed game, and whose brooks and rivers are filled with wild fowl. It is nearly all covered with a dense growth of pine, fir, hemlock and other trees. Many of the trees are of enormous size, and stand so closely that it is difficult for men to make their way between them. Where the trees are not so thick the heavy growth of bushes of various kinds takes their place. It is a country that is filled with all kinds of wild game, including, as reported to him, elk, different kinds of bear, mountain lions, deer and other animals, including lynx and others. The streams all have an abundance of trout and other kinds of fish. He penetrated into the wilds a dozen miles and saw things that filled him with wonder at the vastness of the forest, and that any one should attempt to live in it.—Northwest Magazine.

A Sure Sign.

A—How do you know that Major has come in for a fortune?

B—Why, formerly people always said he was crazy; but now they say he is original.—Lustige Blatter.

MODERN CANNIBALISM.

THE FIJI PEOPLE MADE A BAD BREAK RECENTLY.

After Twenty Years of Life as Christians They Return to Pagan Proclivities and Have a High-Old Time of It.

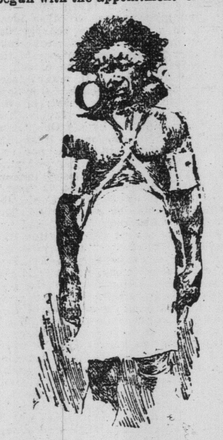
Fate is a beater of drums in Fiji, and life is a dance and a hymn. Life used to be other and ruder things—drums used to beat for war, rapine, and cannibal feasting—until one day twenty years ago, when old King Vuni Valu, feeling his greatness diminishing, sent to the English Queen his favorite war-club—his war-club that had broken to death many a poor human body afterward eaten. Having done which he ordered the great drums to call the people once more to the temples. They came, appetites whetted with thinking long on the way of what awaited them: Bad Earth smelling gleefully of his companions, Abode of Treachery and Dead-Men's Flesh, with many husa husas, or

AN ARMED NATIVE CONSTABLE.

injunction to make haste. But where were the smoking ovens, the forks sacred to bokola, and the piquant herb which is to the thigh of a man what sage is to a goose or cayenne to a rarebit? It was to a spiritual rite Vuni Valu had summoned them. He wished them to turn Christians, like himself, for it was good that a tribe should be of one mind; and such is the philosophic and subservient habit of Fijians that they did so on the spot, saluting with all seeming reverence the strangers' God. And they learned Wesleyan hymns, gave up maneating, and carried on their festive mekes with finer abandon than before.

Equal and lesser kings followed Vuni Valu's example. The most covetous of men, they could not see the bright stuffs and shining trinkets of the strangers all going to one chief. Besides, the new distant government promised to protect them against one another in their hereditary positions. After that it was only rarely, except among the hill people that the wooden drums beat for anything save songs and dances, or Christmas chimes, or the dinner hours of the English—Only rarely, but often enough to show that a race cannot change on the impulse of a moment. Though the devoutest of converts, there came times when the old life called them in irresistible accents. I write of the latest of their lapses—that which will be three months past when this is printed, particulars of which, supplementing the meagre press despatches, could not be got sooner to America, since there is but one mail a month, and a letter travels two full months before reaching New York.

It was not, as first reported, the annual gathering of taxes which set the natives of Vanua Levu in revolt, and urged them back to savagery and cannibalism. Each village tills a patch of garden; the product goes to the government. Native chiefs value their salaries too highly to permit any delinquency in the payment of this tribute, and the people find it one much less than used to be required of them that they are easily drawn upon. The trouble really began with the appointment of a chief



A FIJI COOK IN AN AMERICAN FAMILY.

of the west side of the island to the control of the east side. "East is East and West is West," and because the easterners rank themselves better than the westerners, they could not submit to this imposition, which was like placing a black man in command of the flower of Georgia's militia. Eager to play with his new authority, the obnoxious chief demanded of the people of Seqaqa that they come and build him some houses. Now to build a house many men must labor many days—one hundred are sometimes engaged in the mere thatching of a roof. But it has been immemorially incumbent upon natives to render whatever service or property their chief might desire. Seqaqa gave no response. More messengers arrived from the chief, and in the message they bore there was an assumption which proved as friction to a match. Burning with resentment, the Seqaqans fell upon the messengers. One was killed. Whether he was eaten, only the villagers know; but that night there were high jinks in Seqaqa. Before morning they had thrown off their loin-cloths in scorn of government and Christianity, and with faces hideously blackened, teeth gleaming viciously white, streamers flying from arms and head, the excited men went through the bole bole—war-dance—and brandished guns and clubs wildly in the torchlight as of old they brandished spears. "Great swelling words" were shouted in defiance of the chief who was not their chief; all Seqaqa was at the boasting pitch of bravery, which is about the highest pitch known to Fijians.

Evidently preparations had been in train for some time previously, for they presently retired to a spot they had fortified higher up in the hills. Three sides of this fort were precipitous, and only a narrow and difficult path led to it on the fourth. From this almost impregnable position they sallied forth in a few days and surprised a town which should have been on its guard. Women were treated with violence; men were killed; two at least were borne away, and the drums sounded for bokola, or a human body feast. Victims of war are food to make one invincible. Moreover, nothing else than this return to the "customs of Viti" (the real name of the islands pronounced Fiji by the Tongans) could demonstrate how utterly the spell of the stranger had been cast off. Still they did not disdain to help out their orgies with strangers' whisky. Yanqona of course is still drunk, as implied by the photograph—first ever taken of the ceremony. In it Ratu Epeli, son of one of the kings who ceded the islands to Britain, and, I believe, the cause of the late disturbance, is seen receiving a bowl of yanqona, his principal men of rank about him, who, when he drinks, will clap their hands in celebration, shout, and end up with a deep grunt. Until recently the yanqona root was chewed by young men, and the (what schoolboys would term) spitballs were put in a wooden bowl and covered with water, which was afterward strained through hibiscus fibre. Rhubarb, magnesia, various things are suggested by the taste of the yellow liquor handed around in a cocoanut shell that by long usage has acquired within a beautiful enamel like the purple bloom of a Concord grape. It is soporific to the muscles, not a stimulant to the senses, and that is why the Seqaqans, under the circumstances, preferred whisky and rum. One may distinguish in the doorway of Ratu Epeli's house the long black neck of that which makes conquests more lasting than missions.

Several excesses were committed before the magistrate arrived from Labosa to keep matters quiet until the Governor came up from Auva in the little government steamer with his Armed Native Constabulary. Sequqa is only seven miles overland from Labosa,

TYPES.

but there is no track, and the forces had to skirt the coast for fifteen miles, then march ten miles through the bush to the marauders. Magnificent bronze fellows were Governor Thurston's native policemen. They were armed with double barrelled shot guns, wore the white native cloth produced from wood pulp, and a fringed kilt of water-weed and the brightly dyed leaves of the pandanus shrub. Their hair stood out stiff, long, crinkly.

To the relief of both sides, no doubt, the fighting was brief. The governor advanced with his men in a determined way. The marauders, after a few ineffective shots, gave in, and soon the bush was as quiet as the islet of Vatu Vara over there in the shimmering sea were an American named Thompson lives undisturbed with his Tahitian wife and a servant or two. While the grievance remains the disaffection will continue, and likewise the danger which chills one's back; but for the present the district is again peacefully singing and dancing, going to Wesleyan services, and eating the mollusks, radiates, and vertebrates, which the strangers insist are preferable to the upper parts of warriors' arms. Nearly all of such sea food is procured by the women. In their scant garb they make a carnival of swimming and diving for fish—fish that have the most brilliant golds and greens and scarlets and silvers of any in the world. In one of the pictures a group of women are returning from a fishing expedition. All but one are married women; the maiden may be told, if not by the firm flesh and full curves of her mahogany-colored figure, then by the single curl which hangs pendent over one ear. It has not been an ordinary fishing. This maiden, after sitting four days in retirement coated with oil and turmeric powder, went, according to the native custom, to bathe and fish before departing for the house of her betrothed, where, by preparing him wedding-soup and breaking bread (or rather yam) with him, she will complete one Fijian form of ceremony which makes of her a bride.—Harper's Weekly.

Researches on Wind Pressure.

With a special form of apparatus Mr. J. Irminger, of the Danish Society of Engineers has conducted a series of important investigations in a practically untrodden field of research—the amount of suction produced by a current of air striking a plane surface, or the surfaces of various bodies. The results are remarkable, and will probably prove of inestimable value in structural designing. He shows that when the angle at which the wind strikes a plane surface is small, nothing but suction is produced. As the angle increases, the wind exerts a certain pressure, increasing up to the perpendicular line, at which point the per cent. of total pressure on the windward side was 45, while on the leeward side the suction was 55 per cent. It is an easy matter to observe for one's self the phenomena investigated above. If, for instance, we hold two sheets paper vertically and close to each other, and blow in between them, the sheets will be drawn together. An umbrella held vertically in the wind is drawn upward, and if the wind is strong enough the upward suction may turn it inside out. The author believes that by continuing these investigations much may be learned in regard to the action of the wind, which at present is not well understood.

They Will Shine Like Satin.

In Paris, where laundering has indeed become a fine art, the best rice starch is used for all articles that require hard starching and excessive gloss. With a little cold water this starch is first mixed to the consistency of rich cream, when boiling water is added. During the entire process the mixture must be stirred steadily and continually.

When an especial stiffness is desired a quarter of a pound of the rice starch should be mixed as before, but the necessary quantity of boiling water to be added should be previously mixed with a teaspoonful of pounded borax, a lump of sugar and a piece of pure white wax as large as a nut. In this case, also, a brisk stirring must be kept up all the time the boiling water is being added.

PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

HE IS RAPIDLY BECOMING A POPULAR IDOL.

Personal Traits and Habits—All Sorts of Tricks to Gain Applause—M. Faure's Rise From the Tannery.

Felix Faure, the new President of the French Republic, rose up to his high office from a tanner's apprentice. He is proud of this. Always above his desk he keeps a picture of himself in his tanner's togs. This interesting picture was taken when he was nineteen years of age and is here reproduced.

Felix Faure is in many ways the cleverest President the French Republic has yet had. He is up to all sorts of tricks and devices and snares to get popularity and keep it.

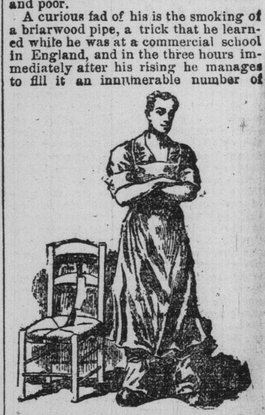
Courtesy and kindliness of heart are two of the chief characteristics of the people of France, and flattery has always been one of the strongest cards a French statesman or politician could play. With hardly an exception the French Presidents have prided themselves upon their diplomacy with the people.

Of all the Chief Executives, however, Felix Faure, the new President of France, is now seen to be the greatest diplomat. The Parisian populace—and indeed the people of the provinces—are rapidly raising him to the pinnacle of hero worship. In France it takes, oftentimes, but an unimportant incident, perhaps only an apt phrase or two, to put a man upon the pedestal of popularity, Felix Faure is making his place secure in the hearts of the French people by a thousand and one little acts and speeches of this sort.

PERSONAL TRAITS AND HABITS.

Unlike most Frenchmen he is an extremely early riser, and every morning sees him on his feet at 5 o'clock. By 8 he is through the bulk of his business for the day, and it is only in this manner that he is able to find time for his frequent trips among all sorts and conditions of men, and his visits to institutions, into society and among the rich and poor.

A curious fad of his is the smoking of a briarwood pipe, a trick that he learned while he was at a commercial school in England, and in the three hours immediately after his rising he manages to fill it an innumerable number of



From a Photograph Taken in 1860, When M. Faure Was a Tanner's Apprentice.

times. When in public, later in the day, he is ready for the conventional French cigarette, which, like most of his fellow countrymen, he makes himself, rolling it rapidly without a glance, while absorbed in conversation.

Few Frenchmen are better horseback riders and fencers. By the constant practice of these two amusements he has kept himself in splendid health and preserved his figure free from any suspicion of excessive avoirdupois. Another favorite occupation of his is potting rabbits and shooting woodcock on the estate of his son-in-law. He is also more or less of a gymnast, and has taken considerable interest in the establishment of gymnasia in the Young Men's Christian Association branches now widely scattered through France.

In fact, he has every trait that a Frenchman, be he rich or be he abjectly poor, likes the best. President Faure is brave, for the Cross of the Legion of Honor is on his breast, won on the battlefields of 1870, when he fought as a Lieutenant-Colonel. He is religious, always attending church and always accompanied by his wife and daughters. He is fond of gayety, life and social affairs, and is taking pains to widen the circle of French court society so that it will include many people who have hitherto not been able to get within the charmed circle.

FAURE AND THE GAMIN.

A brand new democracy indeed is the keynote of the Felix Faure regime. It is a democracy that finds its chief expression in making everyone a part of it. Not an overture or bid for kindly notice is disdained. This incident will show the president's extreme kindliness. The other day he went for a short walk with the Commandant Moreau. At the entrance of the Avenue Champs Elysees a tattered, disreputable, dirty-faced gamin stepped before the two noted pedestrians, and raising his cap, cried out with the true Parisian twang and with a suggestion of blague;

"Vive le President!"

The commandant, Moreau, waved his hand towards the boy with military severity: "The president does not wish to be recognized," but M. Faure silently tossed a piece of silver to the boy, who, now his momentary fright over, transported with delight, shouted with redoubled energy and an attempt at a handspring, "Merci, m'sieur. Vive Felix Faure!"

So the campaign of popularity goes merrily on, the new President scoring point after point. The Elysee has taken on a new air of brightness. Frequent dinners are given and a charmingly attractive table is set. The menu supplied is always capital, the viands well cooked and the wines selected with skill.

A most attractive feature of these state dinners is the presence of the President's daughter, Mlle. Lucie Faure, who is a charming young lady endowed with no small amount of literary skill, and who has just published her first volume of poems. She has such unlimited influence over her father that the Parisians jokingly declare she is the real President of the Republic, and have nicknamed her "Miss Luciter."

Her Devotions.

"Do you go to church to hear the sermon or the music, Maude?"

"I go for the hims," said Maude.

A Frigid Task.

"How in the world did you catch such an awful cold?"

"I've just been trying to interview Rudyard Kipling."

A Choice of Evils.

Landlady—Would you advise me to send my daughter to a cooking school or to a music school?

Boarder (reflectively)—Well, I think I'd send her to a cooking school. It may be more fatal in its results, but it isn't anything like so noisy.