

HOME AND SCHOOL



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The Silver Wedding.

BY REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

[Read at the twenty-fifth marriage anniversary of a Methodist preacher and his wife.]

A TRAVELLING Methodist Preacher, friends,
The Discipline close at his fingers' ends;
A Methodist Hymnal under his arm,
The Gospel trumpet to sound an alarm
Through the streets of time, in his right hand
pressed,
Is with us to-night as an honoured guest.
In passing the dread collection plate,
In guiding souls to the heavenly gate,
In receiving least for the grandest deeds,
The travelling Methodist preacher leads.
Yet no man wears a sunnier brow
In the world than he; just look at him now!
He seems like one who beholds afar
A bright crown gleaming through gates ajar,
And hears far above the world's sad cries
The angels singing in Paradise.

Who sits at his side?—that lady! She
Belongs to a race of high degree,
First in service hailed and crowned
Wherever a Methodist church is found.
It is she who, uncomplaining, roams
A homeless woman amid sweet homes;
To the humblest duty reconciled,
A mother to everybody's child;
Responding ever to all demands,
Doing the work of a hundred hands,
And pouring out for the people's good
The wealth of a noble womanhood.
Smooth the path of her homeward way,
Speak of her burdens when you pray,
Shield her name as a sacred thing
From the touch of slander's poisoned sting,
Angel of peace in a world of strife—
A travelling Methodist preacher's wife!

she sees more clearly, than in the case of the average man. This is especially so when the book is written, as is this, in the form of letters. A clever writer makes you forget that the letters were not addressed to you personally, and imparts facts and figures so pleasantly that you learn without weariness, surprised to find that you have been instructed when you had only hoped to be amused. This style of composition, too, admits of the introduction of a thousand minor facts and incidents, which would seem out of place in a more pretentious work; but which add immensely to the charm of the narrative.

We opened Miss Cumming's newest volume expecting to be instructed and

THE FIJI ISLANDS.

Miss Cumming's voyage to the Fijian islands was made in 1875, in company with Lady Gordon, wife of the Hon. Sir Arthur Hamilton Gordon, first British Governor of Fiji. Fiji, to quote from the introduction, is "an archipelago containing seventy or eighty inhabited islands, some of which are of considerable size, the largest, Viti Levu, or Great Fiji, being about ninety miles long by fifty broad. Besides these there are about one hundred and fifty uninhabited islets; and each of the principal islands forms a centre, round which cluster from twenty to thirty minor isles, forming groups as distinct and as widely separated as are

a dreadful pestilence by which 40,000 out of a population of 120,000 had died. It is pleasant to add in this connection, that though the pestilence was regarded by a few of the recently converted tribes as a judgment upon them for having accepted Christianity, yet out of the 40,000 who are supposed to have perished, 35,000 were known to the Wesleyan teachers to have been either candidates for membership in or members of the Christian Church. In addition to the evils resulting from the pestilence, a spirit of dissatisfaction was beginning to evince itself among those who had foolishly imagined that the mere session of Fiji to Britain would, in some magical fashion, work a cure of all existing ills. These, it is needless to say, were doomed to disappointment. And, besides all this, the revenue of the islands was only some \$16,000, while the expenditure reached £70,000. It will be enough to add to these details that the form of the government is that of a Crown Colony, with Executive and Legislative Councils, and that the population in 1880 was estimated at 110,000 natives, 1,902 Europeans, and 3,200 Polynesians.

MISSIONS.

After a voyage of five months, Miss Cumming reached Fiji on Sunday, September 26, 1875. The Rev. Frederick and Mrs. Langham, who had lived in Fiji for seventeen years—Mr. Langham being the Superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions—accompanied

Miss Cumming and her party from New South Wales. "They are a kind, genial couple," she writes, "while she is a gentle little woman, whom it is hard to associate with such scenes as she has had to go through." Mr. Langham surprised her by saying that the Wesleyans had established, at that date 1,400 schools and 900 churches in Fiji. "I think," adds Miss Cumming, "the Engineers were not the only people who opened their eyes at this statement, which is strictly true!"

Writing of the houses of Levuka, then the capital of Fiji, Miss Cumming says: "You need not imagine that the



FIJIAN CHIEF'S KITCHEN.

At Home in Fiji.*

BY THE REV. SAMUEL P. ROSE.

THIS is another book for which we are indebted to the adventurous spirit and facile pen of a lady. We have come to regard it as presumptive proof that a book of travels will be interesting when it is written by one of the gentler sex. It seems to be given to a woman to see more, and record what

*At Home in Fiji. By G. F. Gordon Cumming. Second edition, complete, in one volume. With map and illustrations. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: William Briggs. \$1 25.

interested by her account of the far away islands of the sea. We have not been disappointed. She has written a delightful book. The very charm of her letters—their picturesque descriptions of persons and places, and their thousand details of travel—renders a condensation of their contents exceedingly difficult. We hope, however, to reproduce such facts as will be of general interest, having especial reference in doing so to the Wesleyan missions in Fiji, to the successful character of which Miss Cumming bears frequent and important testimony.

the Orkneys, the Hebrides, and the Scilly isles."

It may be in the recollection of the reader that in 1874 Fiji was formally annexed to Great Britain. Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of New South Wales, arranged the transfer, by means of which it was hoped that an end would be made to the intertribal wars which had wrought terrible mischief in the past, and that a healthy national independence would be developed. When Sir Arthur Gordon became Governor the prospects were far from encouraging. In the first place, the island was just recovering from