

well as the reflections which it awakened. That Burke felt his proud soul subdued into a holy awe, in that venerable pile, was no secret. And of its effects upon Congreve who does not know? Yet I was scarcely prepared for that overpowering impression which it produced upon an entire stranger who entered it for the first time more than six weeks ago. I felt that the place was holy ground. Not the elegant paintings, with which the windows are enriched, not the lofty columns or grained ceilings, not the ancient altar-piece with its mosaic pavement or the gorgeous screen which hides from view the chapel of the Confessor, not them, but the tablets, monuments and statues which an admiring nation has risen to the memory of its mighty dead, and the associations which they suggested moved me almost to tears. Perhaps it was weakness, but with the ashes of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Butler, Addison, Garrick, Macaulay, Chatham, Newton, &c. &c., around him, who is ashamed to confess the weakness? One can have no idea of the profound impression produced by a visit to the "dear old" Abbey, till he has made it in person. And I envy not the man who can make such a visit without returning more pensive and thoughtful if not softened, than when he entered the Abbey.

But I have written a long introduction to my proposed account of Dr. Moffat's lecture, with which, briefly, I must conclude. At 8 o'clock this evening, Robert Moffat, D. D., (for 59 years Missionary in Africa), mounted the platform erected in the nave of the Abbey. The great reputation of the veteran had attracted an immense audience. Being quite near the lecturer I could scan him closely. He is a man of less than average height, whose flowing, snowy beard, and whitening locks have not brought with them the weakness incident to old age. The step is yet firm and manly; the eye sparkles fire; the lofty, though retracting, brow looks bold as when, I can picture him, the youth of three and twenty facing the relentless chief who sought his life. He began by apologizing for his broken English, inasmuch as half a century in Africa had taught him not only to write and read and talk in a foreign language, but even to *think in it*. Then he proceeded to an account of his labours. When sixty years ago he went to the Bituahua's—a people 600 miles N. E. of Cape Town—they had no altar, no worship, no religion whatever. His daughter, who was afterwards Mrs. Livingstone, shewed one of the chiefs some Hindoo gods, and when she assured him that they worshipped these, he said, "You tell fibs; there they make themselves;" and when further assured by the Dr. he asked if those heathens had heads. These tribes were fero-

cious in war. Knowing nothing of a hereafter, and having no religion at all, they gave full vent to their brutal passions. Women farmed, built, planted, and took care of their children; the men laced. Dr. Moffat had to learn the language without interpreter, without grammar, without dictionary. He suffered every indignity, and was the sport of every jest in acquiring it. Why he should be so patient towards them they at last explained by declaring him "a runaway slave who durst not go home." They sent for him when sick and he administered medicine; her majesty especially showing a voracious appetite for pills or any other medical preparation. They attempted to take his life; he repaid them with kindness. And now what is the result of this half-century of toil, indignity, up-hill plodding? Why among those who once thought books spoke and conveyed information to the white man which they refused to the colored, thousands read and write; and, said the Dr., "This hand first taught them to write." They have educational institutions; they are at peace; they, who never saw ploughs before, now use them, and men, not women, cultivate the soil. "What has produced this change?" said he. "The Gospel, my friends." "Talk of civilizing first," added he, "send the Gospel, and civilization will follow." Fifty years ago they had no trade with us, now the Bituahua's alone purchase £90,000 worth of British manufacture. "This shows that all we want is to send the Gospel," repeated the faithful veteran. "By me this trade has been created," and in a subdued tone, "just before me are the remains of one dear to me—Livingstone, my son-in-law—with whom I have prayed, and preached, and ate, and slept, and toiled. How much has that noble man done for Africa? Oh, friends, in memory, not much of Livingstone but of the Son of God, who died to redeem us, will you not send others to take the places of the fallen veterans, remembering that every effort for good is chronicled in heaven, and that a cup of cold water to one of the least is counted as a service to the great Lord and Master. And, now, with hearts of sincerity let us sing,

'Waft, waft ye winds his story,' &c."

The great congregation dispersed, and in going out I passed that large black slab in the centre of the nave, beneath which repose the ashes of "David Livingstone, Missionary, Traveller, Philanthropist."

And, now, gentlemen, wishing your Professors, yourselves, your fellow students, your numerous readers, the compliments of the season.

I remain,
S.

Nov. 30th, 1875.

Editors Acadia Athenæum:

GENTLEMEN,—As you have no doubt already learned, Harvard College has presented to Thomas Carlyle a University Diploma. Below I send you a copy of Mr. Carlyle's letter to Harvard's President, which may be interesting to your readers. It has been already published here. This important recognition of literary merit is a fitting tribute to one of our most distinguished modern thinkers. His rugged and fearless mental energy has made itself felt far and wide.

It is true he is often extreme in his utterances. *Earnestness* and *Enthusiasm* are a cause of this. Besides, we ought to expect no man to be perfect.

Thomas Carlyle's greatest talent is his wonderful analytical and critical power. With what clearness and strength of vision he sees into the realities of things! Perhaps in this one respect he is not even exceeded by the universal Shakespeare.

Yours, &c.,

E. M. CHESLEY.

Cambridge, Dec. 20.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea,

23rd November, 1875.

SIR,—Some days ago I received your courteous and obliging letter, and along with it the University Diploma appointed for me on the 30th June last, which now lies safely repositied here. In return for all which I can only beg you to express to the governing boards of the University my lively sense of the honor they have done me, and my cordial thanks for this proof of their friendly regard, which I naturally wish may long continue on their part.

Towards Harvard University I have long had a feeling of affection, in some respects almost veneration; to Harvard and to you, its distinguished President, I now cordially wish all manner of prosperity and good esteem from wise men on both sides of the ocean.

With many thanks and regards, I subscribe myself, Sir,

Sincerely yours,

T. CARLYLE.

CHARLES W. ELLIOTT.

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