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around can fail to see indications of this. Some parts of this great subject may, before long, attract attention in very serious forms. All this ought to make us feel our responsibility, to make us ready to inquire and willing to learn, to dispose us to patience, to quicken our prayers.

And, for one last word, I will say that no woman, however lowly her estimate of herself, ought to doubt that she may do much good at such a time. Great capabilities indeed—such as may have been possessed by Priscilla and Phœbe—are gifts of God. But great opportunities may be granted to such as Anna and Lydia. His Providence must guide us. His Holy Spirit must teach us. "In quietness and in confidence must be our strength." May He give to us, in this troubled time, the blessing of a "quiet mind"! May His strength "be made perfect in our weakness"!

J. S. Howson.

Art. III.—PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA.

THERE is a shallow notion, and it is to be feared somewhat popular in this country, that California is a land of rowdyism and gold-digging, where a man has to be ever on the watch to guard against assaults on his life and property; and to do so with anything like success he must always carry about with him a bowie-knife and a six-shooter. There can be no doubt that at the outset the unexpected influx of a great multitude of heterogeneous characters from all parts of the world, instigated mainly, if not exclusively, by the "cursed thirst of gold," led to a good deal of lawlessness and social disorder. The immigration of gold-diggers was out of all proportion to the ordinary civil jurisdiction. The scum of the earth was suddenly brought to the surface, and as the social fermentation went on the refuse kept boiling over, and settling wherever new gold-fields were discovered. At that date unquestionably "the rough" had the upper hand. Law and order were little heeded by the masses who congregated at the gold-fields, who rushed with eagerness from every city in the New and Old World, with no other motive than to get rich, honestly if they could, but if not, by any means, fair or foul. Scenes of anarchy and bloodshed desecrated every mining district wherever the "rowdies" established a temporary settlement. A man was shot or stabbed for the veriest trifles. Free fights were events

of almost nightly occurrence. The drinking saloons, which followed the miners wherever they went, were filled every evening with reckless and turbulent characters, who, on the slightest occasion, would draw their revolvers and use them with a disregard for human life which seems incredible to persons who have not visited the country. Deaths by foul means became so frequent, and robbery with violence was practised with such audacity, that it was soon found necessary to appoint vigilance committees to prevent the flood of licentiousness from sweeping everything before it. The upsurging arrogance and direful cruelty of spirit which the filibustering marauders exhibited, at times threatened the whole community with destruction. The nicknames given to certain localities sufficiently indicate the career of the desperadoes who lived by plunder and rapine.

The ordinary process of legal investigation was too tedious, and occupied more time than working miners could spare from their pursuit of wealth. A rough-and-ready mode of trial by jury, the verdict, and the immediate fulfilment of the sentence, was often the operation of a few hours. The nearest tree, a stout cart-rope, and a ladder for the condemned to mount on, were the practical and pitiless implements of justice. The soubriquet of "Hang-Town" was given to one spot rendered infamous by the number of executions carried out by the order of the committee. In a district endowed by nature with the loveliest scenery, and with a soil and climate which produced every species of vegetation in almost miraculous abundance, there was hardly a spot of earth which was not stained by blood, or by some deed of lawless daring which threw its chill withering shade over the loveliness of the landscape. There was hardly a tree that had not served as a gallows, and solitary stones of witness bore their melancholy memorial of the last resting-place of some murderer or his victim.

A man who had spent some years in this "hell upon earth," as he called it, and who only by the utmost caution and judicious management kept himself out of harm's way, realized sufficient money to enable him to abandon "the diggings" and set up in a steady and lucrative business, assured me that the scenes of demoralization which he witnessed exceeded anything that had ever appeared in print. Language however extravagant and irregular might have been justified in describing the recklessness with which human life was sacrificed in the overstrained competition for the rapid acquisition of gold. Horrors which no human imagination could conceive were perpetrated in the terrible struggle for prosperity. I passed one place, where formerly stood a small town, consisting entirely of wooden "shanties," and which had been visited by

the incursion of "roughs," who, armed with guns, revolvers, and bowie-knives, had made a sudden descent upon its unsuspecting inhabitants. A "free fight" ensued, with loss of life on both sides. So constant were these murderous raids that the miners and their families lived in perpetual fear and dread, and after a time they deemed it prudent "to pack up" their houses and remove to a place of greater security. I say "pack up," for in many instances the frame buildings consisted of huts made of boards, and were easily conveyed by rail, or cart, from place to place, and were as easily erected whenever it was deemed advisable to sojourn for a time. These humble and unpretending edifices in their collective capacity were frequently honoured by the name of "cities." They were only temporary dwellings, and often were put together so quickly that it seemed as if it were the work of a magician. Like a mushroom, they sprang up almost in a single night, and when the gold digging had been "played out" were just as quickly taken down again. Such settlements were sometimes packed up in the large cities, and then forwarded by rail to their appointed destination.

The state of society in those "roaring camps" was of a very turbulent description. The news of the wild revelry and the insecurity of life had spread itself over the civilized world. Those who read only the history of California in the days when rowdyism had reached its climax, would form a very erroneous opinion of the picture which the country now presents, when the fitful fever of the gold mania has cooled down to the normal temperature of social existence.

All that is now changed. Many a peaceful valley, at this moment smiling with plenty, is the home of successful agriculturists, whose flocks and herds graze in the richest pastures of the world. Capitalists from Europe, and from many of the States in the Union, have purchased tracts of land where in peace and quietness they are steadily "raising" cattle, grain, and vines, and are in every instance making a comfortable livelihood, while in some cases they are gradually acquiring wealth. The mines, too, are steadily worked by men of means, who have become millionnaires. The quartz-crushing machines have superseded the old "placer"-digging system, and the industrial resources of the country are being rapidly developed. "Placer" is an old Mexican word, and means surface-digging. A man purchased a piece of ground, which he called "a claim," and by means of a shovel to get out the earth, and "a pan" to throw it into, and water to wash away the rubbish, some particles of gold would be left behind. This process, which was called "panning-out," at best was a clumsy one, and could only produce a limited supply of the precious

metal. The quartz, in which golden veins are embedded, yields far more satisfactory and plentiful results. Blocks of this rock are thrown into the machine, where it is ground into powder, and subsequently, by the aid of mercury, the gold particles are separated and collected into a solid mass. To this I shall refer more in detail later on. In the meantime, it may be interesting to the reader, especially if he has any intention of visiting California, to know something of the general character of the country, and other facts connected with its development.

In consequence of the improved means of transit, a person can go from Liverpool to San Francisco in fifteen days, assuming that nine of them are spent in the voyage across the Atlantic. The distance thus travelled is about 6,700 miles. Of this, the voyage from England to New York is, in round numbers, 3,200 miles, and from New York to San Francisco—commonly called "'Frisco" by the inhabitants—the distance, by rail, is about 3,500 miles. The latter journey occupies nearly six days of consecutive travelling; rather less since the bridge across the river at Omaka has been completed.

Of all the experiences that a traveller in the United States can enjoy, there is nothing comparable to the railway trip across the American Continent from east to west. The ever-shifting nature of the scenery of itself affords perpetual gratification. The proper thing to do is to travel, either out or home, by easy stages, and visit the places of interest in the locality within easy distance of the station on the railway. The variety of the objects which pass in review before him, as he gets farther and farther towards California, are almost bewildering from the excessive rapidity with which, like an inexhaustible panorama, they are incessantly moving before his eyes. As to scenery—rivers, lakes, mountains, forests, prairies, deserts drear, and fertile plains, cascades, canons, afford an unceasing source of curiosity. As to natural history, animals and birds suggest continual novelty. Buffaloes, antelopes, deer, prairie-dogs, and many other kinds, present themselves in almost endless succession. The great American desert, with its uniformity of desolation rendered still more desolate by the unredeemed barrenness of any form of vegetation except the dismal sage-brush, presents a wild and weird appearance. The impalpable alkaline dust, which, like very fine particles of snow, covers the surface of the ground, in spite of every precaution of double windows and all kinds of prophylactic masonry, penetrates into every nook and cranny of the railway carriages, drying up the skin of the face and hands of the passengers in the most uncomfortable manner. The only remedy for its removal is lime or lemon-juice, a luxury which

they can appreciate who have suffered from the alkaline inconvenience.

As to human beings, one meets with such an intermixture of races that it is hard to say where they begin or end. The original Red Indian, of purest breed (getting every year more and more rare), varying in character and physique according to his tribe and occupation; the half-caste Indian, the offspring of intermarriages of European backwoodsmen with native squaws, a fine and active race, of olive complexion; the Mexican and his varieties; the Chinaman, and the Jap; then, as we approach the territory of Utah, we come across the Mormon, and occasionally the Shaker, representing the two extremes of rigid celibacy and polygamy—the free-lovers and the no-lovers.

I left New York on a certain Monday morning at eight o'clock, and the journey to San Francisco, about 3,500 miles, was completed by the following Saturday afternoon. It seemed to me, on my arrival, as if I had left this old world behind me, and that by some unknown influence I had entered a new planet; everything was so different from what I had expected to see, or had ever seen before. At first I felt bewildered, the bewilderment of surprise, and the intense enjoyment of the novelty and freshness of everything around me. The air was so pure and balmy, as some one said of Florence, "it was as if one was breathing cream." The soft cool breeze from the Pacific was very agreeable. The surrounding scene was like the opening up of Paradise. Everything was charming, and I was charmed with everything. At six o'clock, dinner at the hotel was announced; and on my entering the saloon I found myself in a splendidly furnished room, where about one hundred and fifty guests had just assembled to partake of a dinner which presented, to a stranger to the country, a very great novelty as to the fruits, flowers, vegetables, wines, and viands generally which were served up to table. The tables, as well as the magnificent room, were profusely but tastefully decorated with flowers of the most exquisite beauty, the best that California could supply. It is *par excellence* the land of flowers and of fruits—and no wonder, with such a delightful climate!

It was very interesting, as it certainly was something very unusual, for a man fresh from England to notice the various nationalities that were represented by the guests. Persons of almost every continent and island in the world were assembled there, all bearing the impress of being in easy circumstances, and invested with all the surroundings of opulence and wealth. People from India, China, Australia, New Zealand, the Sandwich Islands, the West Indies, Russians, Swedes, Germans, French, Italians, the dwellers in remote parts of North and

South America—all kinds of people, nations, and languages were gathered together on the occasion.

I felt myself in a new land, under new circumstances, where everything supplied a ceaseless continuity of interest and amusement. The atmosphere in the early morning and after sunset was very pleasant. The moon shone brightly at night, and under its "peerless light" everybody who had a buggy and a pair of horses, or a spider-trap and a fast trotter, turned out in the evening and drove to the shore. There, on a hard and sandy beach, they went tearing along at a spanking pace, up and down for miles, till near midnight. The cool air from the Pacific was most enjoyable, and altogether it was a novel but a most agreeable surprise to me to witness such a sight, at such a time and such a place.

As to California being a country for remunerative employment, let no man resolve on going there without capital. San Francisco is too far from home for a young man to visit merely in the hope, as Mr. Micawber would say, of "something turning up." Everything in the way of food is cheap. As much fruit and vegetables of the best possible quality may be purchased for a few pence as would feed a working-man's family for two days. Land is very cheap. House-rent and clothes excessively dear. If a man can earn a few hundred pounds a year in San Francisco, he can live in a style of luxury and comfort for which there is no parallel in any city in the world. When I was there I paid three dollars a day for board and lodging—everything, in fact, except wine and my laundry bill; the latter very dear, though the washing is all done by Chinese coolies, and a better washerman than "John" does not exist. At the Lick House, just as comfortable an hotel, friends whom I met on my travels, two young naval officers, paid only two dollars and a half. When at the best hotel in the capital city of the Golden State, a man can live in the utmost possible style and comfort for about from ten to twelve shillings a day, exclusive of the items already mentioned. At a private boarding-house he can live much cheaper. So long as a man lives in that way, it is easy enough to get along, but the moment he sets up housekeeping on his own account, he instantly is compelled to launch out into an expenditure out of all proportion with our notions in England. The transition from a boarding-house to a private dwelling, either purchased or rented, is very great, and no man not making a good income cares to undertake the heavy liabilities which housekeeping involves. Hence many families live all the year round in the hotels. An hotel of the first rank is the only home known to many children. Their parents are, many of them, extremely wealthy, but they do not wish to give them-

selves the trouble and worry of keeping up a house, with all the annoyances arising from servants and tradesmen. They take a suite of apartments in an hotel where they have nothing to do, and have no anxiety whatever about house bills, and domestics, and all the thousand and one distractions and entanglements thence arising. There were ten families residing at the Grand when I was there, who could easily have put down a million sterling, if necessary, and not felt seriously crippled in their resources.

Labour is dear, because the hands are scarce. The price of an ordinary day labourer varied from two to three dollars. The Chinamen worked for one dollar, and very good workmen they are. They are, moreover, very frugal and saving. John Chinaman can live according to his taste on sixpence a day, and put by the remainder. He imports everything he can from his native land, and he prefers to buy the food thus brought in than that produced by the country. John makes a bad citizen, but a good workman. He never loses his sympathy for the Flowery Land. He still dresses as if he were in China, lives according to the traditions of his country, and when he dies his bones are sent back to the Celestial Empire. I believe, by a recent law of the State of California, this coveted honour is now denied to the Chinaman. San Francisco has, or had, a population of 10,000 Chinese. They have hotels of their own, and theatres, and a Joss-house or two. The presence of the Chinaman is daily becoming an awkward factor in the State. The native-born Americans resent his presence, because he undersells the home labourer in the market, while he can do the work as well, if not better. They would be glad to get rid of those who are already in the country, and they want to prohibit the immigration of any more. But it will be impossible to keep them out. The exigencies of the labour market will always be paramount. The Chinese are the most inveterate gamblers in America. There are hundreds of little shops where any man can try his chance for the smallest amount. No American or European is allowed to enter the principal Chinese gaming saloons, on pain of forfeiture of the license by the proprietors.

The chief sources of industry in the State are mines, vines, wheat, sheep, cattle, silk, tea, and wool. There is some business done in honey in the South. I would recommend no one to venture to California to try his fortune, unless he has brains, money, and health. It is a great mistake to suppose that situations are to be had for the asking. The struggle for existence is every day becoming more and more severe everywhere on earth. In fact, the world is too thickly populated at the great centres of civilization, while millions of

acres of the best land, in extensive plains and prairies, remote from large cities, are absolutely lying waste for want of labour and capital. Many young men go to California or Colorado full of hope, promising to themselves certain success. If they are willing to work, and to work hard, in one of the finest climates of the world, as ordinary day labourers, at two dollars a day, they can, perhaps, find some employment. But if that is their intention, they must make up their mind to meet with some rough usage, and hard fare, as well as to enter into competition in the labour market with coolies and peasants from almost every country in the world. Nowhere on earth is life more enjoyable, so far as climate is concerned. From the first of January to the end of December, the temperature varies very little. In summer, 56° in the morning, 90° at noon, and 58° in the evening. In winter, 50° in the morning, 80° at noon, and 52° in the evening. Not a drop of rain falls between April and November, and from November to April hardly a day passes without it.

The great natural attractions for all visitors to California are the Big Trees, and the Yo-semité Valley. The trees are certainly the greatest curiosity of their kind in the world. There is nothing anywhere else like them, so far as we know at present. For many centuries they have been gradually growing into almost incredible proportions. On the stump of one tree that has been cut down, a small wooden house has been built. When it was first erected, thirty-two persons sat down to dinner, and in the course of the evening the sixteen couples danced a cotillon on the stump. The house is there still, having been opened only a few years ago. The room is 30 feet across. Another of the trees, now prostrate, was 450 feet high, and 40 feet in diameter. Opinions vary as to their age, but it is admitted by competent judges that they are about 2,000 years old. There are only two groves of these trees, one called the Calaveras, and the other the Mariposa. The average height is about 300 feet. At first you are not so much struck with the immense size of these trees, because you have been travelling through 14 miles of the forest in which there are many very large trees all around you at every step you take, till you arrive at the Calaveras Grove. Were "the mammoth trees" standing out by themselves, with no other trees near them, they would appear in their true dimensions. It is only when you see a man standing near one of them that you begin to realize their enormous height and circumference. It is a sight which will amply repay the traveller, if he were to leave England on no other errand than to visit these miracles of the forest. As to the Yo-semité Valley, I can only say that it is impossible to describe adequately the endless

charms and beauties which meet the eye on every side. The gorge is 7 miles long, and it varies from a mile to 90 yards in width. The Falls are on so grand a scale, that an ordinary traveller in Europe can hardly give credit even to the united testimonies of Californian tourists. The Yo-semité Fall is more than half a mile high, being 2,641 feet above the valley—the highest-known waterfall in the world. To form a just conception of the trees, the valley, and the falls, one must go and see them. All word-painting at best can convey only a very faint idea of the wonder-working power and skill of the Great Architect of the Universe, whose boundless benevolence knows no rest till in every possible combination He has produced every conceivable form of beauty, existence, and enjoyment. The grandeur of the scenery is, without exception, the most marvellous, the most bewildering, and the most soul-exalting of anything which the gladdened eye of man, this side the grave, can rest upon.

Another great curiosity is the petrified forest near Calistoga. Here may be seen the trunks and branches of what once were trees of the forest, but which, by chemical action of water and the silent lapse of time, have been literally petrified, thus becoming solitary stones of witness of past processes of nature. I have some very good specimens, in which may be seen the traces of what was once woody fibre, and even the charred marks where the red man, ages ago, had kindled his fire near the cave.

The Geysers, too, form a wonderful sight. Through one of the loveliest valleys in California there flows a small river clear as ice, and as cold. It abounds with trout, not large, but beautifully speckled with red and black spots. From one side of this streamlet there rises a mountain the whole of which at times is enveloped in a thick vapour, which issues from ever so many cracks and holes in the mountain. The noise resembles the sound of a thousand steam engines hissing and puffing with all their might. Innumerable boiling springs are to be seen on every side of you, and columns of steam ascend into the air in varying height. As I went up to the summit, over rocks, and scoriæ, and sulphur beds, I saw large boiling springs, caldrons of black pitch water, in a state of perpetual ebullition. Some tourists boil eggs in the springs, others put down bottles into the deep pits at the end of a long string, with the general result of drawing up nothing but the neck, the bottle being burst by the hot water below. After many a tiresome step and slow, I descended from the barren mountain, and on arriving at the little river at its base, my guide called my attention to a small wooden hut erected over the water. On entering it I found, to my intense satisfaction, that it was a vapour-

bath. In the outer room you undress, and in the inner partition the steam comes up through a grating. Over this you sit down; and here, without any trouble on man's part, without the aid of furnaces or flues or any contrivance except the iron grating, the vapour in its natural state comes out of the earth. After staying about a quarter of an hour in this steaming atmosphere, you go outside the building, where there is a plank over a large hole excavated out of the river, about eight feet square and seven feet in depth. Into this you take a header, the most refreshingly cool plunge imaginable. The water is always flowing fresh, and very cold. Back again to the steam-bath for another quarter of an hour, and followed, as before, by another grand header. Anyone suffering from rheumatism would leave his crutches and his pains behind him, after a week's trial of this natural steam-bath, which has been known to the Indians, and used by them, from time immemorial. To a man in health, after a hard day's mountaineering among the Geysers, this vapour-bath, and the subsequent cold plunge in the Pluton Creek, is a luxury of the highest order in the way of refreshment after physical fatigue.

The smoke and vapour, the black boiling water and jets of steam, the piles of hot sulphur, and the ashes and scoriæ and cinders, with the look of barrenness all round, give one the idea that this place must be the entrance to those regions of doleful shades described by Milton,

"Where hope comes not that comes to all."

It is a wonderful sight; and the wild and barren aspect of the mountain, where very little vegetation exists, fills the spectator with awe and wonder. Like many of the Californian mountains, one side of it was without a tree, where it is exposed to the sea-breeze, while the other is densely wooded, and abounding with beautiful wild flowers in the richest profusion. For miles the great lilies cover the ground, and the white azalea is seen in all directions.

As a general rule the Californian flowers are more in number than in variety. The escholtzia, the blue nemophila, the evening primrose, may be seen in great abundance. Asclepias, euphorbias, the prickly pears, columbine, many species of ferns, especially the adiantum, are met with in great profusion. It used to be said, in the fabulous description of a tree in an island, recently brought into painful prominence,

"In Java's distant isle there grows the barren upas-tree;"

but in California we have the reality, in the form of a shrub called the "yedra," or poison-oak. Its leaves are a bright scarlet, covering its stem. It is four feet high, and straight.

If you were to put a few of these leaves into your pocket, or into a collection of flowers, and carry them about with you, or put them under your pillow, the poisonous effects would shortly show themselves in your swollen face, and by pains in your limbs. All persons are not equally sensitive to its effects. Some are not affected by it even if they lie down alongside of it. Others, however, are not so fortunate, and they are reminded that they are under the influence of some potent poison. The shrub abounds everywhere, and it has a pretty flower of a greenish hue. Beware of it.

After spending several weeks in wandering through these magnificent specimens of the divine handiwork, I returned to San Francisco with a feeling of disappointment because of the shortness of my stay in those wild but picturesque retreats.

Hearing a good deal of the Chinese town—for *that* it really is—in a quarter of San Francisco, I procured the only recognised guide through the intricate lanes and labyrinths of China Town, with its 10,000 inhabitants, all natives of the Flowery Land.

The first place I visited was the Joss-house. There I was received most courteously by the priest-in-charge, or the astrologer, as he called himself. By means of an interpreter, we spent two hours together. His obliging friendliness of manner made it very agreeable to me, and his interesting and intelligent conversation was a great treat. He received me in a room adjoining the temple where "Joss" was worshipped. A rude table, covered thickly with sand, stood before "a high altar," near which were three badly painted pictures of three Chinese deities, in life-size—the God of War, the God of the Winds, and the God of the Southern Sea. Human ingenuity was taxed to its utmost to endeavour to depict these deities with every feature that was terrible and repulsive. The aspect of these beings was horrible and hideous, as if to render them stern, dreadful, and implacable. A Chinaman entered the "sacristy," and informed the priest that he was about to go to Hong Kong, and wanted to know if he should have a favourable voyage. After paying a fee, the astrologer, with a grave countenance, requested the applicant to accompany him to the table of sand; then, muttering some unintelligible incantations, he took an instrument consisting of two small pieces of stick in the form of three-fourths of a cross, just like the letter T. From the end of the longer limb there was another piece of stick about three inches, at right angles with it, and fitted into a groove near the end of it. Taking this machine in his hands, with the small piece of stick turned towards the ground, the astrologer began to mumble certain words, and, while doing so, he briskly moved the point of the

little piece of stick backwards and forwards, making impressions in the sand upon the table. Presently he turned to the anxious inquirer by his side, and said, "The God of the Southern Sea is against you." After another payment to the priest, another form of incantation was adopted, but on this occasion by means of throwing into the air two solid pieces of wood, shaped on the outside like a crescent, and straight on the inside. The upper surface was convex, and the lower one flat. He tossed them into the air, and, on alighting on the ground, both pieces fell on the flat surfaces. The astrologer, with a pleasant expression on his face, informed the expectant Chinaman that his voyage would be successful, for the God of the Southern Sea had relented towards him. On this the man left the Joss-house, evidently in high spirits. The divine janitor of this sacred temple had his likeness painted on the outer door. The artist must have exhausted all the efforts of a highly morbid imagination in order to give to the Celestial portrait an expression of terror as forbidding as it was merciless. The sight of it would be enough to send every child into fits whom the nurse might hold up to it. How suggestive is all this personification of terror in the character of the heathen gods! It is one of the strongest evidences of that estrangement of heart consequent upon the fall which teaches the sinner that the Deity is to be shunned and dreaded rather than approached and loved. Everything which purported to be a representation of the Deity in this Chinese temple was calculated to inspire fear in the mind of the worshipper rather than love, and to suggest that favours from the gods were matters of merchandise rather than mercy; a money value, rather than a free gift. And so it is in the history of all false systems of religion, which consist in reiterated but unsuccessful attempts to appease the anger of God, and to purchase the pardon of sin.

On taking leave of the astrologer, he kindly presented me with a large photograph of himself and his assistant-curate, as we should say, "discussing theology," also with a large assortment of divining-rods, and other mysterious implements of his astrological functions; while, not to be outdone in generosity, I adopted the free-trade principle of reciprocity, thus effecting a friendly exchange of courtesy and gifts.

Anyone who wants to enjoy nature in its loveliest mood will find his highest expectations gratified by a visit to California. As a health-resort it is without a rival for diseases of the lungs, rheumatism, and all the thousand ills that flesh is heir to. But let no one leave home with the idea of making up arrears of unfinished work. That household "skeleton," of which one hears so much, must be carefully packed up and stowed away

for the time being in some underground cellar, or at a pantechnicon. Let the traveller go forth in perfect freedom, carrying with him nothing but his purse, his portmanteau, hat-case, a good walking-stick, and an umbrella, not forgetting a comfortable "ulster" and a warm rug. If he will take books, let them be few but useful. My library consisted of a Bible and Prayer Book, a guide-book of the United States, and one small pocket edition of the wise sayings of one whom by long acquaintance I reckon among my most valued friends—the old stoic philosopher Epictetus. To these I added Butler's "Analogy," Moore's "Melodies," and a book of amusing stories by way of change. With these companions of my voyage I always felt myself in the society of good and honest and pleasant men. Let not my readers suppose because I conversed with the old stoic that I was rendered in any way solemn, unnatural, or stiff. By no means. I enjoy Epictetus because of his unconsciously dry humour, and his original criticisms upon the hypocrisy and canting affectation of persons who seek for popularity by living for appearances—a race of men who have still their representatives in the world. Many a hearty laugh I have enjoyed with that dear old stoic who, in his own quaint and quiet way, exposes the artifices of the seeming good. One can scarcely believe that he is reading the thoughts of a poor Pagan slave, who seems to have caught some glimpses of a better dispensation, and in whose case the coming event of Christianity had "cast its shadow before." With these companions, both sacred and secular, no one need ever be alone in retirement, or a stranger in the world. What Dr. Johnson calls "the interstices of time" may be usefully, if not profitably, filled up; and while considering with attention the marvellous beauties of the great Creator's skill, the traveller must be charmed with the endless varieties of Nature's ever-changing scenes. As he looks around him on the enamelled fields of gracefully tinted flowers, and considers the apparently careless grandeur with which the primæval forests are supplied with luxuriant foliage in ever-verdant freshness, and gazes, in the calm, clear nights, upon the heavens as they roll in starry splendour above his head, the mind becomes bewildered with excess of feeling, and the only words which can at all express the devout homage of his heart are those of David in the 104th Psalm. As from his commanding eminence he surveys the wonders of Nature, the boundless horizon of God's immeasurable glory, the arts of life, the labours of man, the wine that maketh glad the heart, the bread which strengthens his sinews, the oil which beautifies the countenance, the cedars of Lebanon, the great and mighty sea, the ships and the leviathan which He has made to play therein—the irrepressible language of his heart is,

"O Lord, how manifold are Thy works, in wisdom hast Thou made them all. The earth is full of Thy riches."

Nowhere that I have ever been on this earth do those grateful and reverent words find such a counterpart as in the sunset land of the far, far Western States of America. The impression made on my heart can never be effaced. There was neither speech nor language in those gigantic monuments of the groves; no audible sounds issued from the green beauty and the luxuriant vegetation of the pasture-lands. No voice was heard from the golden grain which clothed the fields in waving abundance; in silent majesty the everlasting hills reared their pine-clad summits to the skies. Yet, I felt as if inanimate Nature loudly recognised her Lord—that the trees of the forest clapped their hands, that the hills, great and small, shouted for joy, and that the cultivated valleys responded to the song; that every streamlet and river, and the mighty Pacific Ocean close by, joined in the solemn chorus, and that they all bore their united testimony to His boundless benevolence that knows no rest, till in every possible combination it has produced every conceivable form of beauty, existence, and enjoyment. If it were only to hear such "songs without words," a visit to California will amply repay the traveller.

G. W. WELDON.

ART. IV.—RURAL DEANS.

SOME five-and-thirty years ago I was at Burton Agnes on a visit to my dear friend Archdeacon Robert Isaac Wilberforce, when he handed me the cover of a letter, and asked what I made of the seal. It was a *cardinal's hat*, plain enough, but the writer was only a Rural Dean! This led to a conversation on the duties of an office which the Archdeacon was trying to call out of the abeyance it had long fallen into. Though not prepared for the eminence aspired to by his correspondent, he still wished for a title to distinguish the new officials from the common herd. "Egregious" would savour too much of the proctor. The functions would long be purely tentative; hence I suggested "Rather Reverend," as a modest and not inappropriate designation. The Archdeacon (I suppose) reported the joke to his brother, for in the Bishop's biography it is given as his own. Those brilliant conversationalists are not above confiscating a good thing. Theodore Hook was a notorious pirate, and my cousin, James Smith, carried about a notebook to impound his neighbour's cattle.

Joking apart, however, my suggestion was not a bit more laughable than some of the "laudatory epithets" in daily use.