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bare grain, hard and dry, and isolated from the true spiritual progress of good in the world.

And another thought arises in the mind through connecting these words of Christ with the subject of missions. When we think of a true missionary with a gigantic heathenism around him—in Africa, for instance, or India—we always have, in regard to that man, the impression of *solitude*. He is not simply weak and poor, with vast difficulties before him, but he is alone. And when we study these words of Christ we feel that it is not merely the wealth of the harvest contrasted with the poverty of the seed on which we are invited to dwell, but the multitudinous character of the harvest contrasted with the isolation and solitude of the seed. What hope such a saying inspires when we think of lives and deaths like those of Henry Martyn, David Livingstone, and Charles Gordon!

J. S. HOWSON.



ART. V—LIFE AT THE SPRINGS; OR, HOMBOURG IN THE SEASON.

IN spite of all that has been written in the form of newspaper articles and pamphlets on Hombourg and its surroundings, there will always be room enough for one more attempt if the writer can succeed in sketching his own impressions of the scenes and circumstances which passed before his own eyes, or with which he became personally identified. In no other health-resort in Europe can such a gay and graceful assemblage of people be seen. The number and the variety of the visitors which throng the parks and promenades of Hombourg when the season is at its height can hardly be exceeded by any other fashionable watering-place on the Continent. Taking it all in all, Hombourg, as regards its peculiar climate, mineral waters, baths, sanitary arrangements, and adaptation of means to meet the comfort and convenience of visitors, may justly be considered a most agreeable and invigorating place of residence for those who are either in search of renewed health or who desire to make a pleasant sojourn for three or four weeks amid cheerful associations and the bracing breezes of the fresh mountain air.

The local authorities have done, and are doing, everything in their power to provide innocent amusement for the visitor, by the aid of music at the springs, in the park, and in the various grounds all round. Illuminations about twice a week on a very extensive and effective scale tend to enliven the

evening hours; and from four o'clock till nine a very good band is always engaged in playing some of the best selections of music in the public promenade at the back of the Kursaal. Very early hours are rigorously observed. Early to bed and early to rise is the general rule. It reminds one of the famous remedy for a clear head, so eulogized by Mr. Culpepper, as mentioned in the life of Dean Swift. He used to put it in the following doggrel style of poetry :

Would you have a settled head,
You must early go to bed :
I tell you, and I tell it again,
You must be *in* bed at ten.

The Hombourgians have evidently adopted this wise advice; for really at half-past ten the town, with all its inhabitants, indigenous and imported, might be taken by a stranger arriving at that hour as if it were the city of the dead. With the exception of one or two soldiers on guard, and some occasional straggler on his way home, not a soul besides is to be seen in the streets. All have retired, or are retiring, for the night, in order to be up and stirring by six o'clock next morning.

The first event of the day is to visit the celebrated Elizabethan spring. This mineral water is in most request, and enjoys the widest reputation. It is a curious sight to see the visitors assembled round the well, each with glass in hand, sipping slowly the contents. Some prefer the water cold, and others warm; but in either case the water-drinkers—round a circular pit, of small elevation from the ground, and beautifully constructed—crowd in to get a glimpse of the “water-girls,” in order to attract their attention and obtain the prescribed draught. The fashionable hour of the morning is when the band begins to play at seven o'clock. But the health-seekers begin their morning devotion to the sparkling fountain as early as six. In candour, however, it must be admitted that few, and those mainly Germans, are to be found there at that time. There is an air of dulness about the place just then. The Mädchen-Brunnen, the “girls of the springs,” have not yet settled down to their morning work. They may be seen quietly sitting on one of the seats on the ground above the “pit,” and pleasantly conversing with each other, probably on the events of the previous day, or having an innocent flirtation with some of the young men belonging to the establishment. No music as yet breaks in upon the dull process of water-sipping. For one whole hour there is nothing to while away the monotony of the alternate drinking and the regulation-walking for the conventional quarter of an hour after each potation. One water-girl is quite enough to supply the demands of the morning devotees. She manages with practised skill, as all

these girls do, to carry five or six tumblers in each hand, stoop down and plunge them in the ever-bubbling spring, and then, with quick step and a pleasant cheery face, distribute them to the water-worshippers according to their turn. From seven to half-past eight o'clock the concourse of people begins to enliven the situation. Such a confusion of tongues! One might imagine that it was a revival of Babel. German, French, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, Russian, Swedish, Danish, and, with evident preponderance, English—fall in bewildering concentration upon the ear.

It is very pleasant, and in every respect according to the fitness of things, that the first musical performance of the day should commence with some one of the well-known hymns which are admirably rendered by the band. Everyone seems to be impressed, and an air of solemn stillness exists all round, while the strains of the sacred melody are borne upon the ears of the visitors. That over, the programme of the morning's music goes on in regular sequence until half-past eight o'clock. By that time most of the *habitues* of the Springs have taken their prescribed number of tumblers, and are steadily going through their moderate exercise after they have taken their last drink. Those who are ordered by their physicians to imbibe three tumblers, have to spend at least one hour and a half in the park before breakfast. The great event of the morning with them is to dispose of their first draught not later than seven. Then they walk about for a quarter of an hour, and return to the well. Then another glass is slowly sipped, and another quarter of an hour's gentle exercise. Back again for the third dose, and once more they go through the allotted exercise, which should be continued for at least an hour before sitting down to breakfast. Thus it will be seen that anyone who is doomed to drink three glasses, and who takes the first exactly at seven, must, if he wishes to be *en règle*, walk about for one hour and a half at least before he partakes of the first meal of the day.

It is curious to notice the manifest falling off of the visitors with the departure of the band at half-past eight. As there are only very few before the music begins, so there are almost just as few after it ceases. At six o'clock I have counted again and again not more than ten, at half-past six not more than twenty, at seven about a hundred, and between that time and half-past eight they were too numerous to admit of accurate enumeration. At nine o'clock some few solitary laggards put in an appearance, who evidently have no intention to break their fast before eleven or half-past.

Of all the motley mixture of human beings that I have ever seen assembled at any given time or place, there was nothing

to be compared to the variety which crowded around the Elizabethan Spring in the early hours of these summer mornings in the height of the season. Princes, grand-dukes, peers, bishops, Church dignitaries of every grade (mostly English); soldiers, sailors, merchants, lawyers, scholars; rich and poor, mechanics, shopkeepers; Jews, Turks, Egyptians, Parsees, Hindoos; contingents from almost every continental nation in Europe; ladies of high and low degree, the conscientious and painstaking worshippers at "Fashion's Fane," and the more sensible and economical women to whom dress in its manifold varieties is not the main object of their daily care—all gather round the healing waters. Some go there for form's sake, in the pursuit of new excitement, and others for their life's sake, in the pursuit of health. Here may be seen all sorts and conditions of men and women, as regards the appearance of the flesh. The fat, the lean, the gouty, the dyspeptic, the rheumatic; the rubicund old gentleman whose free-living conviviality has left its traces on his features, and the pale-faced girl whose hectic and all but transparent cheeks tell their tale of fading bloom and delicate decline. All assemble round the one source of real or imaginary recuperation of the damaged machinery of the over-taxed, neglected, or ill-used body. Whatever may be the nature of the latent malady of any of these health-seekers, one thing at least is evident. There is an air of cheerfulness all around. It would almost seem as if the sparkling Spring was charged with elements of electricity capable of imparting temporary elasticity of spirits to each sufferer, to whatever degree he may be labouring under the pressure of ill-health. Here, too, may be seen, mingling freely with the crowd, the Nimrods and the Ramrods—the hard riders with hounds, whose defective processes of digestion have been more or less impeded by too copious draughts of the sparkling but insidious champagne. Here may be seen also "the old stager" whose fame is in every hunting and racing calendar, and the youthful aspirant after similar celebrity. All congregate around the effervescing water, and merrily talk of the vanished past, or discuss the political topics of the period, tumbler in hand, slowly sipping as their conversation flows on.

If the face be in any respect an index to the habits of a man's life, there may be seen plenty of indications suggestive of the results of a too generous dietary in their ordinary and everyday mode of existence when at home. Purplish discolouration of the capillary tissue, or dusky tints of bluish hue, visible on the most prominent feature, or diffused with impartial colouring over the entire face, tell a tale of over-supply of nutriment in solids and liquids, specially the

latter. The over-taxed bodily functions in the end repay with retributive vengeance the undue liberties taken with the sensitive structures so sadly ill-used and so utterly misunderstood. Nowhere do we see stronger proof of the connection between cause and effect than in the ill-conditioned appearance which the neglected body of such a man presents. Here, too, is the saying true, "As we sow, we reap." When we call to mind the numbers of persons who, not exactly with "malice prepense," but certainly with un-thinking unconcern, treat their bodies as if they were no part of themselves, it suggests an anecdote told of Addison. He was lodging in a house off the Strand, and it happened to take fire. The landlady, finding that there was no chance of extinguishing the flames, rushed into Addison's room, where he was fast asleep, and shouted to him. "Get up, sir—get up, the house is on fire!" "Don't bother me," said Addison; "what do I care—I am only a lodger!" In like manner, we might suppose, judging from the broken-down health of the majority of Hombourg visitors in the season, that they were of opinion that there was no reciprocity of interest between the man and his body—as if the intelligent mind was totally distinct, materially and morally, from its environment; and that there existed no indissoluble co-partnership between them for the present. In spite of all the sublime abuse which mystics have heaped upon the body, a body man has, and what is equally certain, any neglect of that body will assuredly be visited sooner or later with retributive reaction. Happy that individual may esteem himself if he be not rudely awakened to realize the fact that "the neglecting of the body" cannot be done, whether from religious or irreligious motives, without undergoing a penalty proportioned in most cases to the offence. We are all such fools in this respect that we do not pause to reflect sufficiently upon the dual control of body and mind. Corpulence, gout, dyspepsia, and all the thousand ills to which flesh is heir, are due mainly to our insufficient attention to the reasonable demands of our bodily functions. Natural heritage, no doubt, inflicts upon many an innocent sufferer a good deal of congenital ill-health—an heirloom of blood-poisoning entailed upon posterity. The sins of the fathers are often visited upon successive generations, owing to ancestral irregularities, which run their inevitable course through the family history. We are told that "the blood is the life;" and if so, whatever we do to poison the living tide produces a corresponding effect upon the current of the blood as it flows on through the veins of those who are lineally descended from us. It certainly seems very hard that anyone should, without any fault of his own, inherit an impaired and enfeebled

constitution. But this is the result of a law which has existed from time immemorial, and is coeval with the history of man.

There are two classes of invalids who visit Hombourg. One of them may not be generally classified among those who are out of health. But when viewed rightly it will be seen that both are legitimately within the limits of the sick-list. One of these classes is the gouty; the other is the corpulent. In many instances the two misfortunes are combined in the same person, and *that* makes his treatment a matter of some difficulty. The remedies which are good for the corpulent are bad for the gouty, and *vice versa*. Still, the cures which are effected by the regularity of living and by the water-drinking are a sufficient proof of the advantages of Hombourg as a health-resort in such cases.

As regards the inconvenience of corpulency, it is astonishing to notice the extraordinary dimensions in this respect of some of the visitors. Men and women present specimens of disfigurement that must render "the burden of the flesh" more than ordinarily burdensome. Of late, owing to the clever and well-reasoned treatise by a very eminent physician, Professor Eortel, attached to the university of Munich, there is the best of good news for all persons who desire to get rid of their corporeity, and be fined down to reasonable if not elegant proportions. By this process such persons can be reduced almost to the condition in which they were during the days of their youth; at least, their early manhood or womanhood. One of the most successful results of this plan has been witnessed in the case of Prince Bismarck. Owing to the celebrity of the public position which he occupies, any new remedy necessarily obtains a degree of notoriety not likely to be bestowed upon it when applied to persons enjoying the privilege of obscurity.¹ The secret of the "cure" is the absolute and total avoidance of liquid in any form during meals. Neither wine nor water, nor soup, nor any liquid is allowed while partaking of food. An hour afterwards liquid may be taken, and even then only to a limited extent. All sugar and sweets, potatoes, beer, bread, butter, vegetables that grow underground, rich sauces, salmon, eels, pork, veal, are rigorously prohibited. But although this list debars the individual from many things which the strong habit of action has set up, still there are so many good things left to his choice that he need not despair.

¹ This "cure" is popularly called the "Schweninger cure" after the name of one of Eortel's pupils who utilised his preceptor's teaching in his treatment of Prince Bismarck.

This discipline may be thought very severe, and all but impossible in actual operation. There can be no doubt that it requires a strong will to be able to undergo and to keep up the process of training in conjunction with strict regard to regimen. Still, there are many of the good things of life left for the selection of the man who desires to get rid of the superfluity of the flesh. For example, the following nutriments are allowed, and from the list of permitted things it is not difficult to choose something palatable: Beef in every form, mutton, venison, fowls, rabbits, hares, game of all sorts, all kinds of sea fish, except lobsters and eels; of vegetables, asparagus, cauliflower, young peas, haricots verts; all sorts of cooked fruits; rice, sago, soft-boiled eggs. Then as to beverages, he may have light Moselle or Rhine wine, good claret, coffee, tea, seltzer-water, soda-water, St. Galmier water, etc., etc. If a man cannot manage to live on this bill of fare he must be indeed hard to please. Exercise in the early morning. Rise at 6; out for a brisk walk of four miles or so; home again, and immediately on entering the house a cold bath; then dress and go to breakfast.¹ A small cup of coffee without milk or sugar, two or three rusks, or pieces of toast hard baked; an egg if he likes, or a mutton-chop. Nothing more, if the patient be very corpulent, till 1 o'clock. Then some fowl, and rice or sago, green vegetables as per list—no bread. Nothing except the meat and vegetables. On no account anything in the form of liquid. An hour after luncheon he may take two glasses of Rhine wine or good claret, with or without a tumbler of water, mineral or plain, just as he pleases. Dinner at 6.30 or 7 o'clock. Lean beef or mutton, and vegetables as before; stewed prunes or compote, but no sugar or sweets of any kind, and no liquid in any form. An hour after dinner two glasses of wine as before, and a tumbler of water. At 9.30 two baked apples and a small piece of dry toast, and a tumbler of whisky and water—half a glass of the former, or a glass of claret with water; and to be *in* bed at 10.30 at latest—better if it be 10 o'clock. After breakfast and until luncheon the patient may read or write his letters, and keep quiet until luncheon. From that time until 6 o'clock he must be taking exercise in the open air, climbing up hills, or walking briskly along the road; and if it be hilly, so much the better. In this new "cure" it is said that it is necessary to give the heart a fair amount of muscular work. Professor Eortel says that when he began to try this experimental process upon himself he had been for some time suffering from the effects of a feeble

¹ This system of training is suggested rather for life at home than at the Springs.

circulation—his heart was weak, and dropsical symptoms as the result had already set in. He reasoned in effect with himself thus: "If my heart is weak, it may be that I have not given it enough of work to do. Its muscular action may be impeded from want of reasonable exercise. I shall try the opposite plan from that generally adopted in such cases; and instead of giving myself up to repose and reclining on a sofa, I shall try if walking will be of any use, and if possible walking up hills, so as to give some play to the action of the heart." He did so, and the result was that by judicious exercise and strict regimen he cured himself of the dropsical symptoms, and restored the action of his heart to its normal condition, and is now in good health.

That this plan is thoroughly practical, and when fairly tried is invaluable in removing poverty of blood, muscular debility, and inordinate corpulency, has been indisputably proved. I am responsible for what is here stated only in proportion to the fidelity with which I desire to record the opinions of Eortel, and the physician whom I have had the pleasure and satisfaction of consulting at the watering-place, where I spent some time. Of one fact I am very certain. If anyone who is suffering from a degree of corporeity which renders exercise almost impossible, at all events very difficult, will only give a fair trial to the Eortel treatment, he may be perfectly satisfied that after a few months of persistent and rigorous attention to the prescribed dietary and exercise, not forgetting the early bedtime and the early rising, he will be agreeably surprised to find the burden of the flesh becoming "small by degrees and beautifully less."

This is one of the chief advantages of a visit to Hombourg by all such patients—for, strictly speaking, patients they are. Let no very fat man deceive himself by supposing that because he has a good appetite, and enjoys the good things of life, and sleeps soundly, and looks comfortably nourished, that therefore he is in a good condition of health. Many such persons have feeble hearts and unhealthy livers, because fatty deposits interfere with their proper and normal action. A friend of my own, a man of this type, extra stout, fat, ruddy, and "well-nourished" as to his face, found it hard work to walk up anything like a steep hill. Puffing and blowing like a steam-engine, he moved along with many a toilsome step and slow. He weighed eighteen stone, and in stature he was only five feet and nine inches. He led a sedentary life, had a good appetite, enjoyed his food, was a teetotaler, and everything he ate seemed to agree with him. He had been warned again and again by his physician to take care of fatty degeneration of the heart. He laughed at all such counsel, for he said that he felt per-

fectedly well. One day, being a little late for the train, he ran faster than usual, and more than he could well afford to do, to be in time. He succeeded in catching the train at the station. He took his place in the carriage. He was out of breath by the undue exertion he had taken, and in less than five minutes he expired. It was subsequently found that he had been suffering from fatty degeneration, and the heart, being unduly pressed, it gave way under the strain, and my friend died.

In Hombourg I have seen many persons, enormously fat, who by a diligent and conscientious course of the waters, and strict attention to diet, gradually become thinner, and enjoyed better health than they had known for years. To reason from the particular to the universal is bad logic. But, in the matter of this "cure," it is the universal experience of all extra-corpulent persons who have fairly tried it, that it works wonders in the reduction of useless materialism, while at the same time it promotes the general tone and health of all the functions of the body. Unquestionably, the majority of people eat too much, drink too much, sleep too much, and exercise too little. It would surprise some gourmands if they could see on how little a healthy man can live, and work both body and mind, and be at the same time in perfect health. And not only so, how well he can walk and run, without any risk of life by the effort!

Anyone who wishes to visit Hombourg for health's sake, must from the very first day go into training if too stout; but, under any circumstances, he should give the closest attention to what he is to eat and drink and avoid. To apply the foregoing principles, as mathematicians say, to a particular case: I am acquainted with a gentleman who was a visitor this season at Hombourg. He remained there exactly twenty-seven days. On his arrival he was weighed, and was found to be exactly eighteen stone and five pounds. The same day he went to his physician, who put him on the Eortel system of treatment. The doctor exacted from him a promise to attend to the letter to the instructions given by him. He did so. Among other things, he was to walk every day at least five miles at first, and towards the Taunus Mountains, being all the way uphill. The first day he had to give in after three miles, the heat being just then excessive. Next day he tried again, but with very little better success. Accordingly he gave up the Taunus Mountain walk, and confined his exercise to the park. At the end of a week he found that he had lost seven pounds. After another week, he had gone down altogether ten pounds from his original weight. At the end of three weeks he had lost thirteen pounds and a half, and on the day he left Hombourg

he weighed—under the same circumstances as at the beginning, same dress, etc.—exactly seventeen stone and six pounds. Two days before leaving he walked towards Saalburg—the same road on which he first took exercise—when he had to give it up. But now he walked with comparative ease, and without “the bellows to mend” at every step uphill as formerly. On going away from Hombourg he went to another watering-place in Switzerland, where he continued the Eortel treatment. He now weighs, after two months of such training and discipline, only sixteen stone and two pounds; but he is a man over six feet in height. He can run uphill, walk four miles an hour before his breakfast, is on the best of terms with himself and with everyone else, and the electricity of his renewed bodily framework keeps him all day long in a state of happy-go-lucky cheerfulness, and, altogether, he has taken a new lease of life. Whereas he measured forty-eight inches round the chest, and forty-seven round the waist, he tells me that he now measures forty-six round the chest, and thirty-eight round the waist; and as the result of his reduction in flesh and weight, he is able to take violent exercise in running and fast walking every day from six to eight o'clock in the morning. But he rigidly keeps to the rules of the “cure,” and life has become to him a source of perpetual enjoyment. His brain is as clear and his perceptive faculties as bright as possible; and, on the whole, he has to thank Hombourg and Eortel and his clever doctor at the Springs for a state of health, and activity of mind and body, which certainly seems to be altogether extraordinary.

There are very few persons who, to use a pithy saying, “know how to run the machine.” Let anyone look over the “bill of fare” for a dinner-party—soup, fish, entrées, and so on and so on, concluding with ices and dessert, while all through the dinner, wines adapted to each course are handed round. Would any man with a grain of common-sense attempt to maintain that such a commingling of food and liquid of all kinds is conducive to the easy “running of the machine”? There are many who, during the London season, dine after this fashion almost every day; and is it very wonderful that, after three or four months of such a mode of living, it becomes necessary to seek some health-resort to counteract the indiscretions arising from over eating and drinking?

It may be taken for granted that the effect of the Hombourg waters, accompanied with the collateral exercise and regimen, is a pretty sure one, if the unhealthy condition of the visitor have arisen from a luxurious mode of living. For the purpose of the “cure,” from three to four weeks are sufficient so far as

the drinking of the waters is concerned. But anyone who desires to benefit permanently by a sojourn in Hombourg should continue the good habits he may have acquired there after he has returned to his home.

It must not be supposed that all who visit this queen of watering-places are victims either of overfeeding or of luxurious living in any form. Many, very many, go there simply because the climate is very dry and bracing. It is a most agreeable place of residence, and it affords abundant opportunities for walking and driving for many miles round the town. The air of the Taunus Mountains is perfect, and is charged with ozone to a very considerable extent. Fashion asserts its despotic sway here as in London. Ladies seem even more particular about their toilette than when at home. The number and the variety of dresses worn by each fair devotee in the Temple of Vanity must entail much time and trouble, to say nothing of expense in getting them up. Some ladies, during three weeks of their visit, have almost as many dresses as there are days in that period. The morning, the forenoon, the afternoon, dinner, the evening reunion at the Kursaal—all demand different styles of costume; and it is not considered in the best form to be seen too often on those occasions in the same dress. "Vanity in the faces of the young, and vexation in the faces of the old seem, sir," said a clever American lady to me, "to be the order of things here: the young are in the full enjoyment of their day, the old look back regretfully that theirs is past." This may be a little severe, and perhaps not strictly according to fact. Still there is a fair share of truth in what this lady says. It has been remarked that there are very few marriages made up at Hombourg. There is a fair share of mild flirtation, but seldom anything comes of it. Lawn-tennis in Hombourg is carried on with more than the usual *furore* at home in England. Almost every young lady may be seen carrying in the afternoon her tennis-racket quite as regularly as her parasol. The park presents a very gay appearance when it is full of the proper complement of players, and some of them play remarkably well. What a boon to them is the Ludwig Spring! When tired, they go down and take a draught of this water, which in its natural state resembles Seltzer-water in its best condition, only much better and more palatable. There is no spring in Hombourg so refreshing; and it has the advantage of being used advantageously for the table day by day. The lady from the tennis-ground, the labourer from his work, and all sorts and conditions of men and women, repair to this spring in the afternoon. To many who are going through "the cure" it is almost the only drink except the morning waters, they take during the whole day;

and to them it is more than ordinarily grateful. "I generally say grace before meat," said a gentleman to me; "but since I have tasted the waters of this well, I say grace before water. It is one of heaven's choice gifts."

It is hardly possible for anyone to be low-spirited in Hombourg. The air, the surroundings, the universal cheerfulness, everywhere, contrive to make one feel free from care. And yet there is no place where the "has been" is so painfully forced upon the mind. The vanished years with the vanished friends who shared them, with those who like themselves sought the pleasant retreat of Hombourg, come crowding upon the memory. Several persons told me that for twenty years they never missed a season at Hombourg. But, as they look back upon the past and think of the changed scene around them—the absence of so many whom they valued and loved—a shade of sadness steals over their thoughts. Of all the gay and graceful crowd who throng the parks this year there will be many fallen out from their ranks by this time twelvemonth, or circumstances of various kinds will render it impossible for them to return. And so each year the old *habitué* of the Springs finds himself surrounded with increasing new faces, while he painfully misses the old and familiar ones.¹

Viewing Hombourg in the aggregate, it is a most enjoyable place to pass a month in summer, specially if one is not bound down by rigid laws of regimen to enter upon a process of semi-starvation. The people whom one meets with in the principal hotels—the Victoria, and the Four Seasons, and the *Hôtel de Russie*, etc., etc.—are for the most part either English or Americans. Everybody seems to lay aside the stiff and stilted exclusiveness of home-life in England. We are more natural, and therefore more genial. Friendships are formed which are likely to be lifelong. The fellow-feeling which makes us wondrous kind cements in closer bonds the friends whom Providence has thrown together under the pressure of similar exigencies. The artificial barriers which society has, perhaps, found it necessary to erect for the protection of our individualism are in a great measure thrown down on such occasions. The electricity of the heart gets fair play. Spiritual affinities draw people closer together. We experience almost, if not altogether, that form of human sympathy which consists in a community of souls, and we turn

¹ There is a very good English Church here, and it is well looked after by the active and popular Chaplain, who resides all the year round in Hombourg. It is crammed from end to end in the height of the season—indeed, sometimes many have to go away from want of accommodation.

our backs on Hombourg with many pleasant memories, and retaining souvenirs that shall remain fresh and green for ever.

G. W. WELDON.

ART. VI.—MR. CHAMBERLAIN ON FREE EDUCATION.

IN several meetings during the recess, Mr. Chamberlain has handled the question of national education; and no educationist is likely to criticize the right hon. gentleman's utterances as hesitating and ambiguous. Mr. Chamberlain's speeches, as a rule, are marked by singular skill, and his eloquence is of a very pointed and practical cast. About the Established Church, and about national education, his meaning is sufficiently plain. He has addressed himself especially to the working classes, the artizans and labourers of the towns, and the new voters throughout the country; and he has taken pains to let them know that he has the courage of his convictions. A main point in his tempting programme is gratuitous education.

At the eighth annual Conference of the Council of the "National Liberal Federation," held at Bradford, on the 1st, resolutions were carried touching education and the Church. About the Church, of course, little was said. A resolution that "the disestablishment and disendowment of the English and Scotch Churches are urgently needed" was carried unanimously. For an amendment that disestablishment should not be made an issue at the approaching general election a seconder could not be found. With regard to schools Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P., moved the following resolution :

That, in the opinion of this meeting, the public elementary schools of this country should be free, and placed under the management of duly elected representatives of the people, and that any deficiency caused by the abolition of fees in the schools under the control of the ratepayers should be supplied from the national exchequer.

As to the method by which the work was to be done, said Mr. Collings, there were the denominational and other difficulties, which the Act of 1870 made greater than they need have been; but let them first get the principle admitted, and when they came to deal with that still greater question of religious equality they would then eliminate all sectarian ascendancy, whether it be in Church or school or University. Mr. A. Illingworth, M.P., however, in seconding the resolution, declared that schools receiving aid from the rates and taxes