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ephemeral matters, whilst eternity and infinity remain attributes of that only which is outside morality." He appears like the designer and maker of the imitation living man in Mrs. Shelley's weird fancy of Frankenstein, as ready and anxious to destroy the hideous mockery which he had called into being.

But, finally, to put the question to the test of our practical opportunities of observation and judgment: if we bring ourselves into continuous and close contact with the sins and the sorrows of humanity, in the actual effort to sanctify and to soothe, the conviction will press in more and more upon us, that if we should go forth as mere moral philosophers we should make no headway against the army of vice and degration in front of us, and bring no blessed light into the abyss of grief and suffering, out of which human agony instinctively cries for some message of comfort and relief. We should feel weaponless in the face of wickedness, and dumb in the dreadful presence of crushed and broken hearts. We see but scanty evidence of a developed formation of cells and fibres of the brain in the direction of Morality, and very little fitness for contentment or incentive to self-sacrifice, as arising from "an effective and awe-inspiring vision of the human lot," without Religion. If we let drop from our hands "the sword of the Spirit," the Word of God, which is "quick and powerful, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart;" if our tongues no more may echo the voice from heaven, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," then may we abandon the conflict, and in the awful darkness of men without God and without hope, go on day by day in despair and misery, with the "Dead March" of Pessimism pouring its mournful minor tones upon our ears, to the goal of Nothingness; to the corruption which is our father, and the worm which is our mother; to the grave which is to engulph and hide away for ever our objectless and meaningless and incomprehensible existence.

A. D. MACNAMARA.

ART. V.—BREMEN TO NEW YORK.

NOTES ON THE VOYAGE.

WE left Bremerhaven on Wednesday, October 22nd, at 1 p.m., in the *Fulda*, and my first impressions of the steamer and those connected with it may be gained from some words addressed to my wife on the following day, on a postal

card, and posted at Southampton. "If all goes as merrily as during the last twenty-four hours the voyage to New York may be regarded as a nine days' picnic." Perhaps now (Saturday morning) after the rough blowing of yesterday—the first engineer admitted that it was "howling" last night—I should modify my opinion slightly. Still, I have not yet missed a meal, though at dinner yesterday not a third of our number made their appearance, and only a single lady.

I am extremely pleased with this steamer; its arrangements are admirable and executed with military precision, and everyone from the captain downwards is a model of courtesy and civility. The *Fulda* is one of the finest of the North German Lloyd steamers, and with four others of the same stamp was built recently at Glasgow, and its first engineer (as is quite natural) is a Scotchman. So in praising the *Fulda* I cannot be accused of being wanting in patriotism.

The *Fulda* is 455 feet long, 46 broad, and 37 deep. She is capable of carrying 6,000 tons, and has engines of 7,500 horse-power. I am told that the *Ems* and the *Eider* are still larger—the same length, but a foot broader, and so capable of carrying 7,000 tons. The saloon is a very handsome room, and its decorations are gorgeous. It is about 60 feet long by 45 feet broad; and in this room the first-class cabin passengers meet, or at any rate *may* meet, four times a day. The hours for meals are as follows: *Breakfast*, 8 o'clock to 9.30 a.m. Table-cloth removed at 10; so the *very* lazy ones may whistle for their breakfast after that time! And quite right too. The menu for breakfast is usually "beef-steaks, fried liver, fish, eggs, bacon, hominy, cakes, coffee, tea, chocolate." Not so bad to start with, especially when you have got nothing to do. My breakfast has usually consisted of fish, hominy, and coffee, though this morning—perhaps the "howling" had something to do with it—it was still simpler, and consisted of coffee and toast. Then at 12 comes *lunch*. I suppose the German language, though a rich one (for they say it has three words for every English one) has no word to express this abnormal meal of Englishmen. Anyhow it appears as "Lunch" in their German regulations; and still more oddly their *Mittagsessen*, which we know literally means *mid-day meal*, is said to be at 5 p.m. As I had adopted the English word "Lunch," I would have called the 5 p.m. meal for consistency's sake "Dinner." But, after all, what's in a name? The more important question is, "What *is* the 'Lunch'?" Here is a specimen. October 23rd: "Soup, boiled beef and potatoes, hash" (I looked at it somewhat suspiciously. My Scotch friend said, "You needn't be afraid of it, it is no boarding-house hash," and he was right), "lobster, sausages, cold tongue, etc., stewed

apples, cheese, celery." Surely quite enough for "Lunch." The Company must give their passengers credit for having uncommonly good appetites.

Then at 5 p.m. comes the event of the day, the *Mittagsessen* so called, or more properly dinner. This is heralded by the sounding of the gong half an hour before, so that the people may be duly prepared. Precisely at 5 the gong goes again, and the passengers troop into the saloon and take their accustomed places. No sooner is the soup handed round than a band of eight musicians—all in uniform and seated at a side table — strike up and enliven us. They play at intervals during the hour spent at dinner, and thus all awkward pauses are prevented, and a certain placidity of mind is brought about which is very favourable to digestion. I have often wondered *why* a *table d'hôte* was so pleasant. It is not the number of dishes that I care about—for I can dine well off a few slices of properly cooked roast mutton and a *hot* potato, but then the potato must be *hot*. It is rather, I think—at least when it consists of comparative strangers—because you can talk or not talk just as you feel disposed.

The dinner at 5 p.m. is just the dinner given as a *table d'hôte* dinner at one of our best hotels in Germany. Here then is the dinner for to-day:—Soup, julienne, haddock, roast beef, potatoes and Brussels sprouts, leg of mutton and French beans, salmi of duck, stuffed pigeons and salad and stewed strawberries, chocolate pudding, cheese, pine-apple, grapes, figs, raisins and almonds, biscuits and coffee. That is a type of the programme every day. After dinner the passengers separate into groups, and either retire to the smoking-room, or pace the deck and talk of the weather, or read or write. Again at 9 p.m. the gong sounds, and this means tea. We descend to the saloon and find a cloth put upon half of one of the long tables, and plates for ten or twelve; the instinct of the waiters, I suppose, telling them that not many are prepared for a fourth meal after the three solid, or, as the Americans would say, the three *square* meals that have already preceded. We find tea-cups, and dainty little slices of cold tongue and sausage, and perhaps ham, toast, biscuits, preserved fruits, preserved ginger, butter, and cheese. My tea usually consists of one cup of tea, and a piece of preserved ginger. Lights are put out in the saloon at 11 p.m. Before this, however, most of the passengers have retired to their cabins, and all is perfect stillness, and not a sound is heard save the creaking of the ship, and the regular pulse-like beating of the engines.

Sunday, Oct. 26.—The day was ushered in by our band playing Hymns at 7 a.m. It was pleasing to think that on board a German steamer Sunday was not quite forgotten. The

strains of the music were wafted in to me while lying in my berth. After breakfast I told the captain that I was an English clergyman, and should be very glad to conduct a short English service if he thought it would be acceptable, and he had no objection. The captain said that they had not yet had a religious service on board, but that he had no objection whatever; that I could have the use of the saloon at 11, and that he would direct the steward to give proper notice. About a score made their appearance, but I fancy none of them members of the Church of England; at any rate they made no attempt at responding. I used the shortened form, reading, however, Psalm cvii., instead of the Psalms for the day, and preached a sermon, to which all listened with attention. I was glad I had made the proposal, but still I felt acutely the need of laymen taking their part in the service, to give it its proper and life-stirring effects. Last evening I was talking to a rather nice young fellow—father German, mother Spanish, and himself a Roman Catholic—and he said that he went to church *once*, but that he did not see the use of going to church (as many did) two or three times on the Sunday; at all events, it was not necessary for him, as he "always did what was right"! So I rallied him this morning on the point; said that he would have *one* opportunity to-day of coming to church. He took the hint and was amongst my hearers.

Oct. 27.—Last night it blew very decidedly. Asking at breakfast my German-Spanish friend how he slept, his reply was "Not at all;" to which the Scotchman added, "No wonder, for she *shook* a good deal." I slept, however, till 3 a.m., and so am bound to consider myself not a very bad sailor. Anent the Scotchman, I should say that on the day after we sailed from Bremerhaven, I was congratulating myself on feeling uncommonly well, and praising the merits of the steamer—she glided along so smoothly. I was obliged to look over the sides of the ship to discover that we *were* moving; the sun was shining brightly (the only day that we have seen the sun), and a gentle breeze was playing. In fact it was delightful. "I have no wish to disillusionize you," says the Scotchman—why are Scotchmen so fond of long words?—"but I would just say that the North Sea is not the Atlantic." The following day he proved himself the "cannie Scotchman." As we got into the Atlantic there was a heavy swell, and our steamer rolled about a good deal. I asked my Scotch friend the meaning of this. "It might be," he sagely replied, "the remains of a storm or the precursor of a storm." This was excellent, and reminded one of the oracular responses at Delphi, of which Herodotus tells us, and which were purposely

ambiguous. No doubt it is not often safe to predict the weather. My Scotch friend, however, was *safe* whatever happened. If a storm came he would say, "I told you that the swell was the *precursor* of a storm." If it did not come, then he might as fairly say, "I told you it might be but the *remains* of a storm."

At luncheon I asked my amiable German-Spanish friend if he could tell me why a young lady was like a bell. I gave him till dinner-time to find out the answer. The answer was not discovered; so at 5 p.m. I was obliged to say that the resemblance was plain enough—that you never could tell what metal (mettle) she was made of till you gave her a *ring*. I must say the Scotchman at once appreciated the answer.

Tuesday.—Was ready and on deck this morning earlier than usual, soon after 7 a.m. To be quite honest, I must admit that perhaps the cause was my getting rather "mixed" about the time. And this is not very wonderful when the clocks are changed *twice* every day. My watch was right at Bremen, last Wednesday, now it is nearly three hours too fast; and this cannot be helped when we are sailing westward at the rate of 300 or 400 miles per day. On Sunday we made 350, yesterday only 340, and to-day 399 miles. This is a glorious day, bright sun, gentle breeze and fleecy clouds. It is the first time we have seen the sun since Thursday, for we have had little else than leaden skies and frequent rains; and if all days were like this it would indeed be a nine days' picnic to New York.

The young German doctor who shares my cabin was considerably surprised at my being up before him this morning. He is very quiet and courteous, and as a mark of the latter asked me which of the two berths I should prefer. I selected the higher one, thinking that I should thus have a few more cubic inches of air. I did not, however, sufficiently contemplate the difficulty, especially in stormy weather, of "climbing up into my bed." The Psalmist could not have written more accurately if he had been familiar with the berth of a modern Transatlantic steamer. It is, however, in sober truth no small feat of gymnastics; and when you do get up there, it is almost as difficult to place your head and feet in their right relative positions. I have been sorely tempted at times to call Dr. F. or my faithful Carl to the rescue, and ask him to put me straight. The doctor talks English very fairly, I should have said, and seems fond of English books.

As to the dimensions of my cabin, it is about 9 feet by 6 feet; height, say, 7½. My Scotch friend says that the beds are 6 feet 2 inches, and they occupy the entire width of the cabin. "But," I said, "I have a friend 6 feet 4, what are you going to do with him?" His reply was, "He must leave his 2 inches

behind, or stay on shore." As a matter of fact we have a great tall lean American on board, and he says he is 6 feet 3½. On the opposite side of the cabin to which the berths are, and occupying the same space, is a sofa, and this I converted one stormy night into a bed by transferring to it the sheets and blankets, and so was saved the perils I must have encountered in climbing up into my eagle's nest. The Company kindly allowed me to have my portmanteau in the cabin, so I have all my own luggage under my own eye. It was luckily the right size, for were it an inch higher it would not go under the sofa, as it now will.

I may mention that (so far as I have seen them) the second-class cabins are precisely *the same size* as the first-class, and seem as well fitted up; but then there are four beds in the former, and never, as I am told, more than two in the latter—a very important consideration, and especially in hot weather. Nor is this the only advantage. Our meals are: breakfast, 8 to 9.30—thus we have a certain latitude allowed us, and a tender consideration for the feelings of the indolent —lunch at 12.30; dinner at 5; tea at 9. Their times are: breakfast at 7; dinner at 12; coffee at 3; tea at 7. Yet another advantage. We have the run of the whole ship. The second class must not come above the ober-deck. The first class have the exclusive use of the promenade-deck, which is about 200 feet long, and in fine weather constitutes a charming promenade.

Everything has gone on smoothly, and we have not always had the quietest weather. Everybody has been polite, and if political discussions have been entered upon it has been without the smallest rancour, and with the tacit admission that each one has a right to his own opinion. The captain himself seems a very kind and thoughtful man, and to have infused his own spirit into that of his subordinates. I have been about the ship at all times of the day, and I may almost say night, and I have not yet heard one single angry or violent word. I do not mean from the passengers, but from any one of the officers to their underlings. And yet years ago one used to hear that a ship's crew could not be kept in order without a good deal of swearing. Surely the indirect advantages of Christianity are many, and not the least that of bringing about a general elevation of moral tone and a refined feeling.

Wednesday, Oct. 29.—Yesterday was a glorious day. I can't say as much for to-day. It has been raining a good deal and blowing hard from north-west, and sometimes approaching a hurricane. It was not easy at times to stand on deck. The waves swept splendidly over the ship's bow, and came so far forward that they drenched a man standing on the deck at the

entrance door of the saloon. He had an involuntary shower-bath. Still the *Fulda* behaved uncommonly well. As a duck submerged for a moment shakes herself dry and then swims on as gaily as ever, so did our steamer rather seem to enjoy the mountains of briny spray that broke over her, and gird herself to the task with more energy than ever of bearing to the New World her living freight of upwards of 900 human beings.

By the way, it is not always safe to speak of our *numbers;* for it appears that even here in mid-ocean we are liable to have our numbers added to, and in the most natural way possible. I was told last evening that amongst the steerage passengers two children had been born, one that day, and the other the day before. Mr. T. was most anxious that I should baptize the children, and baptize them at once. He seemed to think baptism to be as natural a rite as that the newly-born should be fed and clothed. I said, of course, that if the children were sickly and in danger of dying, and the parents wished it, I would baptize them without any hesitation.

But I must leave off, as we are rocking a good deal. Indeed, I think *one* day at any rate must be taken off the "nine days' picnic." There has been an ominous silence amongst some of our friends to-day, and an occasional rather hasty departure from the table. I may add that yesterday I went down to the hold, at the invitation of the first engineer, my Scotch friend, to see the engines at work. It is all very wonderful. The three engines represent the power of 6,500 horses, and consume each day no less than 120 tons of coal. It seems we took on board at Bremen 1,500 tons. I was complaining of a want of sufficient muscular exercise. The engineer told me he could give me plenty, if I liked to try my hand at either shovelling on the coals, or else filling the baskets with the ashes. I replied that I did not care much about the atmosphere. He says that it is sometimes 140° Fahrenheit. The poor fellows, it seems, work four hours on, and then have eight hours off.

Thursday, Oct. 30.—Pouring wet day and occasional flakes of snow. I learn from my Scotch friend that we have on board no less than 650 steerage passengers—that is, emigrants—of whom 635 have been vaccinated by the doctor; that the crew numbered 230 (of whom 62 are under him), while the cabin passengers, of whom 50 are first-class, number about 80. Add the two babies born in mid-ocean, and all heads counted, we number no less than 962 human beings borne across the Atlantic to New York; and yet our steamer goes along as gaily as if she felt not the burden, and was prepared to carry as many more if ready to trust themselves to her generous protection. Indeed, after one has been at sea in a ship like this for some days, perhaps the last idea that enters one's mind is

that of danger. Everything is so solid and strong, and one sees how little a big steamer like this is moved by big waves and howling winds, that one understands the sailor's personal recklessness, and feels a sort of confidence that the steamer can outlive any storm likely to occur. Moreover we have plenty of room, and so, at any rate during the day, there is no chance of collision. For days now we have had nothing to look at but sea and sky. It is said that on either side of the ship, on a clear day, we can look over an expanse of some fifteen or twenty miles; and yet such is the size of the Atlantic, that though hundreds of ships are crossing the Atlantic as we are, we have only sighted four or five; so rare is the sight, that the moment the cry is raised "A ship in sight," all rush on deck to see it. Before turning into my berth about 11 p.m., I usually pace the deck, and then on a *dark* night solemn feelings have been stirred. As all has been perfect stillness, and the stillness only interrupted by the monotonous and pulse-like beating of the engines, and the noise of the waves, and the whistling of the wind— as the steamer has been ploughing along her way through the darkness, and in spite of the wind dead against her, and as I have watched the muffled form of the first officer of the ship, pacing up and down the bridge near where the steersman is, and from which orders are conveyed by telegraph to the engine-room—I have felt what an intense responsibility rests upon the captain and those under him. During the day it seems as if the steamer could take care of herself, but at night when it is *quite dark* it is far otherwise. Then the smallest neglect of vigilance, or the slightest inattention to orders, might, it is easy to understand, produce disastrous results. This great steamer is built entirely of iron, and so I suppose it is true, as the lean long-legged American told us for our consolation, that if we did get struck we should go down like a stone! Anyhow, we have ten stout boats on board, and so some of us might be saved. But let us hope that we shall not need the boats. The Scotchman indeed tells us that the worst is over, that we are now under the shelter of the American coast, and that if we have a strong wind, it can only come from behind, and so bring us more quickly to our destination.

Friday, Oct. 31. — It was a terrible day yesterday; that is, it poured all day, and it seems likely to be the same to-day. Still, we were not unhappy on the whole, as might be judged from the hearty rings of laughter that came from some healthy and vigorous children, and the ceaseless chatter of sundry young ladies in the saloon.

But now I have a very melancholy event to place on record, and which shows that this voyage across the Atlantic may be

regarded as a drama of real life. I have already mentioned the birth of two babies; now I have to record a deliberate suicide that took place last night about 11.30. I was just going to bed, and I felt that something was wrong. The engine-room is close to my cabin; so I went out and saw that the engines were scarcely moving, and at last stood still. I at once thought that some of the machinery was out of order, and rang the bell (we have electric bells in all the rooms); one of the stewards appeared, and said that we were about to take a pilot on board. I must say I scarcely believed this, as we were hundreds of miles from New York; but thinking it useless to ask further questions, I jumped into bed, but could not sleep, wondering what had happened, and feeling that the steamer was rolling in a most unusual and unpleasant way. This morning the first news was that a man had jumped overboard last night, that the steamer had been stopped, but that not a trace could be seen of him. Obviously it was a case of deliberate suicide. It appears that he was one of the steerage passengers—a man of thirty, from Bremen—and had recently come from America. He left a well-written letter, addressed to the captain, and requested him to hand an enclosed letter to his brother in New York. Alas! what sorrow is there in this world of ours, and how terrible must that sorrow be when life itself becomes an intolerable burden!

Saturday, Nov. 1.—Here we are at last at New York, having had, through the goodness of God, a safe and prosperous voyage. We arrived last night about midnight, but it seems that we are detained here till the doctor comes on board, and sees that we are all right. Yesterday it was very stormy, and it was very hard at times to pace the deck, and one gentleman had a serious fall. The vessel rolled heavily, and it was amusing to see how people fell involuntarily into each other's arms.

This morning everybody was astir early, and our band began to play outside my cabin about 6 a.m., and so there was nothing for it but to get up. It was a beautful morning, and the sea quite calm. The Custom House officers came on board, and we had each to declare whether we had anything liable to duty, and to sign a paper to the same effect. This, however, did not prevent our luggage being examined. The Custom-House officers were very civil, but required every single thing to be opened, and in apology for their action said that they had no discretion in the matter. There was some confusion while the luggage was being taken out of the ship and examined, but this, like other evils, came to an end at last. Having bidden farewell to my fellow-passengers, not forgetting the Scotch engineer, who asked me to come and see him before he returned to Europe—I sought my hotel.

I conclude with one word of advice. If anyone wishes for entire change of scene, combined with plenty of fresh air, and deliverance for a time from all letters and newspapers, and has a month to spare, and £40 or £50 in his pocket, he cannot do better than take a return ticket from Bremen to New York in one of the magnificent and fast-sailing steamers of the North German Lloyd Company. Eighteen days would then be spent upon the broad waters of the mighty Atlantic, and the remaining ten or twelve might be profitably devoted to exploring the wonders of New York.

C. B. BRIGSTOCKE.

ART. VI.—THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND PURITY SOCIETY.

THE Church of England Purity Society was formed at a meeting held in the Library at Lambeth, on the 25th of May, 1883. The work was undertaken with a deep sense of its necessity and importance, but calmly and deliberately, without haste or excitement. Efforts had already been made, and several societies formed for promoting the same object. The Social Purity Alliance was formed in 1873. It is not a distinctly Church Society, though its founder and secretary, the Rev. R. A. Bullen, is a clergyman of the Church of England. Its object is to enforce "the principle that the law of purity is of universal obligation on all men and women alike." A little later the Church Mission to the Fallen was begun with the object of providing "a permanent organization within the Church for direct Mission work among fallen women, and to endeavour to reclaim men from a vicious life, and to set before them a higher standard of duty towards women." Special sermons and addresses to men have been given in several London churches by the Bishop of Bedford and other well-known preachers, at the invitation of this Society. In 1881, a committee of the Lower House of Convocation of Canterbury, which had been appointed in compliance with a petition of the Church Penitentiary Association, made its report, in which it recommended the formation of a Church of England Society for the prevention of the degradation of women. On the consideration of this report in the year 1882 the following resolutions were adopted: "1. That in the opinion of this House the dangers and difficulties besetting the whole subject of immorality are of so varied and complicated a nature that it is absolutely necessary to provide some definite Church agency