

the finest of the Continent. But her railroad system is yet more wonderful. The lines are more numerous, and the rates are cheaper, than in any other part of the world. They are largely owned and controlled by the States. The triumphs of peace may be thus greater than those of war.

LETTER XLIV.

PARIS AND LONDON.

A WEEK spent in Paris and eleven days in London do not seem enough time to give to the two largest cities of the world. In one view the time is very short, and yet in a few days of systematic sight-seeing a visitor may learn more of a city than is known to a resident of many years, who has never made it his business to study it. We came simply to see, and while we dare not say, "We came, we saw, we conquered," we can say that we employed all our time in seeking, by observation and inquiry, the most reliable information. These cities are already so well known that I shall simply consider their points of likeness and contrast.

Each city is a world in itself. London contains more people than the whole of Scotland. Count the population of London at four millions and Paris at two millions (which the census in each case will justify), and there are no other cities in the world that can compare with them. Formerly Peking and Yeddo were ranked as the most populous cities, but, through change of circumstances or on closer inspection, they have shriveled into moderate cities of not over a million each, and even these figures are possibly an overestimate. The three greatest cities of the world are doubtless London, Paris, and New York, including Brooklyn. The problem of supporting dense masses within a small area is best solved by Chris-

tian civilization. Despite their poverty, what are known as the lower classes in these vast cities fare better than the like classes in any metropolis of the heathen world. There are fewer famines, pestilences, and disastrous fires. These misfortunes have been blessings in other parts of the world, by reducing the population. The growth of these two immense cities is one of the marvels of the century.

Paris is a walled city; London has long since outgrown its original walls, and new ones have not been called for. This fact is an index of the character and history of the two people. The wars of the English have been mostly on the sea or in foreign lands; the French have had enemies at their very gates. The fortifications of Paris, erected at an immense cost, are among the finest in the world, and were equally difficult of capture to the Prussians and to the national army when the Communists held the city.

The traveler, on entering Paris, it matters not if his baggage has been already examined on crossing the frontier, must submit to a fresh examination. If he is out driving, he cannot reënter the city without having his carriage inspected. The contraband article is *food*. Compelled to raise immense amounts of money for the carrying on of the municipal affairs, paying debts, and making public improvements, a tax is derived from every article of food brought into the city. Thus the revenue is both sure and large. One enters London without any such interference. There is a larger sense of freedom every way on the English side of the Channel, for the French are essentially Imperialist and the English Republican, despite their nominal governments.

The Chamber of Deputies holds its meetings in Versailles, because there is less danger of force being used there to influence its proceedings, while leading

journalists are arrested for criticizing the government. There is no guarantee which the Englishman has so sure as freedom of speech, whether in Parliament or out. While the English adhere in theory to the old belief that the king can do no wrong, yet they hold the Cabinet rigidly accountable. The members of Her Majesty's government have to submit to rigorous examination on all that they have done, are doing, or propose to do. If their explanation is not satisfactory, a vote of censure invariably means their resignation and a change of government. Even our American newspapers cannot outdo the London dailies in their fearless, almost savage, criticism of public men and measures. The Englishman seems so jealous of his freedom of speech that he often goes to extremes, saying much more than is necessary.

The House of Commons is one of the most disorderly bodies in the world. It was moderately calm the day we were present. The Opposition were questioning the government, and as all the questions were printed, and each member had a copy, there was not much excitement. Everybody, except the speaker and the visitors in the gallery, sat with his hat on. The Treasury-bench (as the seat occupied by members of the Cabinet is called) and the Opposition-bench face each other, and are separated only by a table. On the latter bench were Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, and other prominent members of the Opposition, while the chancellor of the exchequer, with the secretary of war, and other secretaries, just across the way, had to submit to a very storm of questions, some of them apparently asked for no other reason than to annoy, and to remind the government that they were watched. While the House of Commons numbers six hundred and fifty-eight members, it only requires the presence of forty for the transaction of business. In fact, the whole

business of the nation is done by comparatively few. Any matters of grave interest call in the absent members, however, from their country homes or sports. There seems to be but little fear of measures being smuggled through, as timely notice has to be given, and members are thus put on their guard. While freedom of speech is a passion with an Englishman, he has the profoundest respect for rule and precedent. The cellars of the House of Parliament are as regularly searched a few hours before the queen's annual visit as they were in the years immediately succeeding the Guy Fawkes Gunpowder Plot. Lady visitors are excluded from the House simply because it has been customary for nearly one hundred and fifty years. The queen's name must only be mentioned with the utmost caution. A rule passed to protect the House against the notorious obstructionists is first rigidly enforced against one most active in securing its passage.

Of the two cities, Paris is by far the more beautiful. We have seen nothing at all to compare with it in splendor. Under the last Napoleon many of its unsightly buildings were torn down to give way to costly stores or wide boulevards set with handsome shade-trees. We had to go out of our way to see the former prevailing style of architecture. These boulevards are now piercing even the more squalid parts of the city. The time seems approaching when Paris shall have nothing else but these splendid avenues and the finest streets, concealing every vestige of poverty. But though she may hide from view her men in blouses, they will occasionally rush out from their crowded attics, their wives and children with them; then—beware! About the most dreadful object in the world is an angry Frenchman—the most dreadful thing is an angry Frenchwoman. When they combine and find a common object of hate, fell destruction is in their path. During the

Commune they were bent on transforming the proudest monuments of Paris into blackened ruins. Tearing up the pavement-stones, they barricaded the boulevards; women entered the cellars of houses, and with the petroleum concealed about their persons saturated every inflammable article; the Tuileries, the Hotel de Ville, and other splendid buildings, were consumed, while the plan of destruction embraced the whole city.

Yet, other than in their moments of frenzy, these dangerous classes take as great pride as any in their magnificent city. Love of splendor and display is a French characteristic. The safeguard of any government is to make it appear that Paris leads the world in some great improvements. The Louvre was projected under the Directory, while both the Napoleons and Louis Philippe kept the people satisfied so long as they built triumphal arches, restored costly churches, and opened great avenues. The hope of the present government rests largely in the success of next year's Exposition. Projected so soon after the war to show the people that no less splendid things could be done under the republic than under the empire, one of President MacMahon's first acts, when the present crisis was reached, was to assure the people that the Exposition should go on; and by appearing in person on the grounds he showed the deep interest which he felt in its success. The museums, galleries, and gardens of Paris, all help to satisfy the love of display in the mercurial French. They are all open to the public, and are thronged by admiring, self-satisfied visitors. In fact, so marked are their esthetic tastes that nearly all their industries show in some way their love of the beautiful. Their numerous manufactures are all made attractive, while the love of dress is so innate that nearly every person met appears to be a gentleman or a lady; the vilest of the popu-

lation set the fashions, and the work of *convicts* is to color the fashion-plates which charm all Europe and America.

The same contrast which exists between the general appearance of staid, solid London, with her substantial but not showy houses, and brilliant Paris, with her streets of princely structures, each so fine that one is almost surfeited with their monotonous splendor, is true of Windsor and Versailles. Windsor Castle is remarkable for its general appearance of solidity and for the quiet elegance of its interior. The State apartments, which we visited, would not compare with the showy palaces of bankrupt Egypt. Every thing had a substantial air. There were Gobelin carpets and tapestry pictures, some good paintings, and one or two costly vases, nearly all of which were presents. The building seemed to be ample and the grounds and drives in keeping. The whole is thoroughly English. Louis XIV. could not have built the Versailles palace in England. The people who were so outraged by the extravagances of George IV. would have been driven to madness at the expenditure of two hundred million dollars for a palace and park. As it was, this wonderful royal abode, whose fountains are on so grand a scale that it costs two thousand dollars every time they play, whose terraces and gardens are forests of statuary, and whose halls, ample for half the courts of Europe, dazzle you with their splendid ornamentation, doubtless brought on the Revolution. But for a time the whole was so pleasing to the French people that they did not consider the tremendous debt which was being laid on the nation. As it is, such unpleasant memories attached to it that it ceased to be a royal abode, and was made one of the great art galleries of France. Here King William was crowned Emperor of Germany, and here the Chamber of Deputies hold those

stormy sessions in which the future of France must be determined. With the Tuileries and St. Cloud in ruins, and Versailles too costly for even a French king, royalty would seem to stand a bad chance; but the best days of the nation have been under a strong central government, which a republic cannot be. The Prince Imperial need not yet despair of his crown.

Judging from the past, while I do not believe the French people are yet capable of self-government, I believe that they have made progress toward it. Their self-control and calmness at this time are most creditable to the nation. True, the spirit of many is crushed and they have become indifferent, but others see that the successful course is to repress excitement, else the usual whirlwind will sweep through the land. Altogether I was favorably impressed with the French. They are not only industrious and prosperous farmers, and as polite and enterprising merchants as are to be found out of America, but they are a nation of manufacturers. This explains the wealth of the people and their ability to provide for their immense war debt among themselves. We visited the manufactories of Gobelin tapestry and Sevres porcelain, and felt the fascination which makes Paris a paradise to the American. We saw the Champs Elysees, with playing fountains and glowing lights, the gay boulevards, the elegant churches, the palatial stores, the wonderful museums and gardens, and the hundreds of our countrymen who, wild with delight, may always be found in the French capital. Despite all the recklessness and gayety of the people, Paris, if statistics may be relied on, is not a more immoral place than London, while neither is so bad as Vienna.

Of the two cities, I should greatly prefer London as a place of residence. While the Louvre is richer in paintings than the National Gallery, the British

and South Kensington Museums are incomparable for their collections of antiquities. Our nearly two weeks in London were less satisfactory than half that time in Paris, for we felt on leaving that there was so much yet to be seen. Paris, too, is a more expensive city than London. There are few articles, even of French manufacture, that cannot be purchased more reasonably in the English capital. Americans are doubtless largely to blame for this. They seem often to prefer buying in Paris at any price. There are no stores either in Paris or London that can equal A. T. Stewart's, or even Claffin's. Merchants in both cities with whom I talked conceded this. Moreover, neither Hyde Park nor the Bois de Boulogne can compare with Central Park for landscape-gardening. These two, and all the other great parks of Europe that we saw, depend mostly for their beauty on fine old trees, fair lakes, and good drives.

London is especially preferable, because the English cling to the Sabbath and the Protestant faith. We attended three Protestant services in Paris—in the American chapel, the Wesleyan, and a mission-service of Mr. McAll, who has been largely successful among the working classes. This last was on a week night, yet the hall was filled and the people even enthusiastic. They sung in French, with great spirit, some of Sankey's hymns. In the recoil from Catholicism they have a distaste for both ecclesiastical titles and ritualism. But Paris is essentially Catholic, despite a wide-spread hate of the Church and a good share of infidelity. Her churches are on a grand scale. The Madeleine has one of the finest interiors to be found anywhere. It is simple and elegant, without offending you by costly display. We looked in about noon on Sabbath and found it thronged, and the people had been coming and going for hours. We of course

saw Notre Dame, where Hyacinthe's eloquence won for him the ear but not the heart of France. Service over, Paris is gayer than ever on the Sabbath. As on the Continent generally, the art galleries and museums are crowded for the rest of the day, while such as can afford it are on the pleasure drives.

England is as thoroughly Protestant as France is Catholic, taking the capital of either country as the basis of our opinion, for it is hardly less true that London is England than that "Paris is France." Notwithstanding some germs of the papacy left in the English prayer-book, which the Ritualists justly claim authorize them in their practices, yet the great mass of the people repudiate their teachings, and will doubtless yet have to make those changes in its language which their great conservatism and respect for what is old have long kept them from doing. The whole country was agitated while we were there on the subject of the confessional. It had been discussed by the bishops; attention had been called to it in Parliament; the leading papers were full of it; and a monster mass-meeting was held in Exeter Hall to remonstrate against it. We attended as interested spectators, but we seemed almost the only calm persons of the three thousand present. Several members of Parliament spoke, while the platform was filled with clergymen and prominent laymen. I never knew feeling to run so high in a public assembly. Many of the friends of the confessional were present, evidently with the design of breaking up the meeting. No speech was allowed to proceed more than a few sentences at a time without being interrupted by storms of hisses. Instantly the whole audience would rise to their feet and stand until the police had arrested the disturber and put him out in answer to the demand. This was repeated so often during the evening that almost as much

time was taken up in that way as by the speeches. Of course most of those present were connected in some way with the Established Church. The speakers demanded that the confessors should go at once to Rome where they belonged, and not eat the bread of the Church which they sought to dismember. Their reply was, "Persecution," and that they taught only what was contained in the standards of the Church. The *Times*, which is so thoroughly English in all its utterances, remarked the following morning that it was very apparent that the English people repudiated the confessional, and it only remained to be seen whether in so doing they must repudiate the Church of England. The marked growth of the Dissenters may well set the Establishment to thinking.

One of the best sermons that I heard in London was by Canon Farrar, in Westminster Abbey, against the confessional. It was a logical, brave, manly utterance, which sounded all the better in what was once a Catholic church. The transepts and choir were filled with a breathless audience, in which "West End" and the "city" were alike well represented. The sermon held them to the close, in pleasing contrast with a service which I attended the following Sabbath afternoon in St. Paul's, when scores left immediately after the attractive singing, all the better under the wonderful cathedral dome; but Canon Gregory seemed so used to such a proceeding that he preached without any manifest embarrassment. There seem to be many more churches of the Establishment than are necessary, especially in the "city," as the old part of London is called. I looked in at several where there were not more than a score of worshippers.

I heard Mr. Spurgeon in his great Tabernacle before six thousand souls. The sermon was fresh, vigorous, and faithful, and the singing, led by a pre-

centor and joined in heartily by the pastor, was hardly less than sublime. A generous and hearty invitation for all Christians to remain and celebrate the Communion followed. The latter service was held in the lecture-room, which was filled. I had the pleasure of making Mr. Spurgeon's acquaintance at the close, and found him as genial out of the pulpit as he is great in it. His voice, while very strong, is not so clear as I had expected. Its tones are a little thick, but distinct for all that. His health continues very feeble. He is only able to preach a few Sabbaths at a time before he must be off to Scotland or on the Continent. He preached his last sermon for some time the night I heard him. His malady is said to be *insomnia*, or sleeplessness.

Dr. Joseph Parker has large congregations, not only on the Sabbath but every Thursday noon, when a large proportion present are ministers. The author of "Ecce Deus" cannot be otherwise than vigorous in the pulpit, but his mannerisms offend. His delivery is unhappily artificial, and savors of the stage.

Dr. John Cumming, who once had the ear of all London, and addressed thousands in Exeter Hall, now preaches to a very small congregation in his enlarged church near Drury Lane. The church itself is difficult to find, and unless the millennium soon comes the great prophet will be well-nigh forgotten. He has a pleasant voice and an attractive face. I was much pleased with his comments on the Scripture lesson. The sermon was confessedly one of the Exeter Hall series revamped, and although preached apparently from the printed volume which he held in his hand, it lacked animation; the side remarks were without much spirit, and he closed abruptly, as if conscious that he was making but little impression. He was either ill or is losing power—perhaps both.

Of course we visited Bunhill Fields, where John Bunyan and Susannah Wesley are buried, and City Road Chapel, where Wesley preached, and in the church-yard of which rest his bones, with those of Adam Clarke, Jabez Bunting, and others. The old tree which so long stood by Wesley's grave has disappeared. None have been admitted to a place in the cemetery since Bunting's remains were, by a special act of the city authorities, allowed to sleep by those of men with whom his name will be inseparably associated. The chapel stands quite near the site of the old Foundry. It is a spacious but not elegant church. It was well filled when we were there on the occasion of Dr. Punshon's preaching before the lord mayor and the sheriffs, all in their official robes. The sermon was good and most appropriate, but gold lace and other insignia of office seemed to divide the eyes if not the minds of the people. The walls are covered with tablets to the Wesleys, Watson, Benson, Clarke, etc. The pulpit is John Wesley's. Adjoining the church on one side is the chapel where he held five o'clock morning preaching, and on the other side the house where he died declaring, "The best of all is, God is with us." Every thing has an air of neatness and solidity. Like nearly all the churches of London, there is an absence of costly ornamentation. An Englishman's church is like himself, plain and well built. The Frenchman ornaments both his church and his person.

LETTER XLV.

AT THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE—ENGLAND, SCOTLAND,
AND IRELAND—HOME.

ON reaching London, we found a commission from the College of Bishops authorizing us to represent the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at the British Wesleyan Conference. It had been our purpose to visit it, and we were glad to do so officially, as getting perhaps a better insight into the workings of this great body. The president, the Rev. A. McAuley, being made aware of our mission, sent us tickets of admission, with which we repaired to Bristol in time to witness the opening exercises of the Conference. We hoped to witness the character of the review work of the Missionary Committee, who always have a public meeting the day before the Conference opens, but although we arrived at noon their work was already completed. The exercises consisted mostly of addresses by missionaries from different parts of the globe.

On the night preceding the Conference is always delivered the Fernley Lecture. This is an endowed lecture, and is to be on some important religious theme, and no minister is to be twice chosen to deliver it. The ablest men of the Connection are usually the lecturers, and having a year in which to prepare, and with no second opportunity, the best and ripest thinking is always to be expected. The Rev. E. E. Jenkins, of London, filled the office