

**Hinton and Henderson, or, The story of two doctors, English and Scotch /  
by the Rev. Canon Vaughan.**

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of large extent. In the earthquakes of Calabria and Lisbon, the former occurring in 1782 and the latter in 1755, the effects of depression were seen, especially in the latter instance. If sudden changes of the land-surface are the result of earthquakes, it may be considered to be a natural inference that the slow land-movements we have been considering are very nearly related, as far as regards their cause and origin, to the forces which produce the earthquake. All geologists agree that the force which in a moment may devastate an area of immense extent, is, in reality, allied to that which operates in the slow and gradual land-movements we have been detailing. The earthquake-force is again associated very intimately with volcanic action, and this latter has been ascertained to arise from the sudden conversion of a large body of water—escaping

through fissures into the interior of the globe—into steam, through coming in contact with heated and molten material. Thus earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and ordinary land-movements, are seen to be associated in the closest possible fashion, and they are further ascertained to originate, indirectly or directly, as the case may be, from those fire-forces which are still operating in the interior of our globe. That this world of ours stands midway between the dead moon and the brilliant sun as a rapidly cooling orb, is a fact well known to most readers. The idea that the internal fire-forces of our globe still play an important part in its history, and in that of its living tenants, is not so widely known; but it is, at the same time, a thought which carries with it much that is both suggestive and strange.

ANDREW WILSON.

## HINTON AND HENDERSON;

Or, the Story of two Doctors, English and Scotch.\*

BY THE REV. CANON VAUGHAN.

YOUNG people of an ambitious or aspiring turn seem never to get tired of Longfellow's often-quoted lines:—

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;

"Footprints which perchance another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main;  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, may take heart again."

The lines come to one's recollection naturally enough, as one thinks of the two men whom the following pages are designed to commemorate. And yet they cannot be called *great* men, at least in that sense of greatness which implies power and capacities far above the level of ordinary men. Their greatness lies entirely in the direction of *goodness*;—moral, not intellectual,—resting on will and character, not on gifts or talents.

The story of their lives shall first be very briefly told; and then the meaning and lesson of the lives will at once disclose themselves. I put the two men together, not because they had very much in common beyond their profession—their characters and careers and tastes being, indeed, as different

as they could well be—but because, somehow or other, the one seems to recall or suggest the other, the life of each being marked by a rugged simplicity, manliness, and determination which conquered all difficulties, and gave a peculiar quality and charm to the goodness, which might almost be called the greatness, of each.

James Henderson was born in 1829, and died at Nagasaki, in Japan, in 1865, at the early age of thirty-five; and James Hinton was born in 1822, and died at St. Michael's, in Madeira, in 1875, at the age of fifty-three. Dr. Henderson was not a writer; the few years of his mature life being devoted to practical work as a medical missionary at Shanghai, in China. The only thing that we have from his pen is a little sketch of his own early life, which forms the first chapter of his "Memorials." Dr. Hinton, on the other hand, was a considerable author, both on subjects connected with his profession, and on others of a more popular kind. His work entitled, "Questions of Aural Surgery," and his "Atlas of Diseases of the *Membrana Tympani*," are still text-books for the treatment of diseases of the ear. In addition to these strictly professional works, he was the writer of a number of comparatively popular books, such as "Life in Nature," "Thoughts on Health, and some of its Conditions," "Man and his Dwelling-place," and, more

\* "Memorials of James Henderson, M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh; Vice-President of the North China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society; Medical Missionary to China." (Eighth edition.) James Nisbet & Co. 1878. "Life and Letters of James Hinton." Edited by Ellice Hopkins, with an Introduction by Sir W. W. Gull. C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1878.



valley, of which the "glen," which marks its upper reach, presents us with the remaining portion that has as yet escaped the range of the sea. The very fact that fiords and lochs are not solitary, but occur in groups, serves as an additional proof that their origin is due to the depression of land, and the consequent inroad of the sea. The whole sweep of land on one side of the "loch" country has thus been simultaneously depressed; so that in the Laureate's words—

"There rolls the deep where grew the tree;"

and where the green slopes once flourished, the strange vegetation of the sea now reigns in undisputed luxuriance. From the plant-world, also, we may obtain striking proofs of land-depression and its results, whilst we may also learn something regarding the usually slow and gradual nature of the changes included in such a study. On many portions of the British coasts "submerged forests" are to be found, the existence of these collections of vegetable matter affording evidence of depression of land, and that of slow and gradual nature, as proved by the position of the stumps of the trees. Between St. Michael's Mount and Newlyn the roots of elms and other trees may be found in their natural position embedded under the sand amidst black vegetable mould. At Torquay another forest occurs, extending from the land seawards for a great distance. That the subsidence of land was gradual, is shown by the fact that the roots and stumps of the trees still occupy their former position in the soil, and as the trees found in these forests are usually of the same species as those growing on the neighbouring shores, the subsidence may be regarded as having taken place within modern times.

The subject of land-movements would be incompletely noticed without an allusion to their probable causes and origin. Deeply involved as such a subject is in theoretical and speculative considerations, there are not wanting data from which certain warrantable inferences may be drawn regarding their seat, and concerning the causes which give them birth. One fact worthy of remark in referring to the origin of these movements consists in the observation, that in past periods of our earth's history such movements were of more frequent occurrence, and affected larger areas, more constantly and more forcibly, than under the present order of the universe. But this difference in degree does not imply a difference in kind, and the forces which are perceived at work in the gentle elevation of

one land-surface or in the gradual depression of another, are strictly analogous to, and derive their origin and power from, the same source as those mightier movements which in the past may have brought one world to ruin, and elevated and formed another. That land-movements operated powerfully in the past of our earth, no one, who regards the history of the rock-masses he treads under feet, can doubt. How, but for movements of elevation of considerable extent, could rock-formations originally formed in the bed of the ocean have been raised to form land-surfaces? To select a well-known example of the effects of such elevation, it may be pointed out that London lies upon the familiar London clay of the geologists—a formation resulting from the solidification of clay evidently deposited under water, a fact borne out by the marine fossils embedded in its substance. Below the London clay lie sands, gravels, and other deposits, and these in their turn rest upon the chalk. This latter formation attains an immense thickness, and, when examined as to its nature, is found to consist of the debris of the shells of minute animals—the *Foraminifera* of the naturalist—largely represented in our existing seas, and of other marine organisms. Clearly the chalk, like the clay, is a sea-deposit formed in the bed of an old ocean, and subsequently petrified and elevated; whilst it is not the least interesting point in connection with the formation of chalk, that its formation is still proceeding in existing sea-beds, and that it may be said we are still living, in one sense at least, in the chalk age. What forces, then, elevated the chalk and the clay? What forces have contorted and twisted both formations in the fashion so familiar to geologists; and what, it may be asked, are the relations of these forces to those which raise our sea-beaches and submerge our forests? The value of a wide series of observations in aiding the solution of a difficult problem in science, is well exemplified by the aid we obtain in our present inquiry from a knowledge of the effects of earthquake-action. Amongst the effects of this action, the sudden elevation or depression of land form most notable features. The Chilian earthquake of 1822 had the remarkable effect of elevating some hundreds of miles of sea-coast from north to south. That of the Province of Cutch, at the mouth of the Indus, in 1819, had exactly the opposite effect, and an area of over two thousand square miles was then depressed beneath the sea, and is now to be seen as an inland sea



particularly, a little shilling book, about which something must be said presently, called, "The Mystery of Pain, a Book for the Sorrowful."

Both Hinton and Henderson may be said to have risen from the ranks; though the latter began certainly at a very much lower level than the former. Hinton was the son of a much-respected Baptist minister at Reading. Henderson was born in a little cottage on a bleak moor in the north of Scotland, and his father was nothing more than "an honest and industrious labouring man," who died at the age of thirty-one, leaving a widow and three children, of whom

the youngest, James, was only three years old at the time of his father's death. From this lowest depth of poverty the poor orphan boy raised himself, by sheer force of courage, talent, and character, until he obtained his diploma as a physician from the University of St. Andrew's, and then consecrated his

life to the service of Christ as a medical missionary in China.

The story of this hard upward struggle, as told by himself, is a most pathetic, yet a most inspiring one. Having lost his father at the age of three, all his love and reverence went to his mother. Of the ten years which followed his father's death he writes in his Autobiography: "Dull and monotonous as my life may seem at that period, yet I cannot look back upon it without much thoughtfulness and gratitude to God. . . . I had the greatest love and reverence for my mother; whatever she said I most firmly believed was right, and whatever she intimated I ought to do, I was only too glad to

do it. Nothing could give me greater pain than to think she was displeased with me; nor can I recall to this day one single act of disobedience to her, thank God!" At the age of thirteen he lost this loved and revered mother, and thenceforth he was alone in the world. Now began in earnest the struggle for existence. His first situation was with a small farmer, who engaged him for six months at a wage of twenty-five shillings, or rather less than a shilling a week. "At this place," he says, "I had so much to do that at the end of six months I was so thin and changed in my appearance that my old friends scarcely knew me. It was a hard-earned twenty-five

shillings, but it was the first I had ever won. I had never been so rich before, for the largest sum I ever had was four-teenpence; and this was all I possessed when I first left home, with one suit of half-worn clothes."

His next situation was with another farmer, with whom he remained till he was sixteen years old. Then

he became servant to the surgeon of the district. At this time he could read with ease; but he could neither write nor sum. In the service of this new master, however, he had some leisure for self-improvement. "The surgeon spoke to the parish school-master, who gave me some lessons in writing and arithmetic; and as I had good and useful books to read, I soon began to find out that the world in which I lived was very different from what I had imagined it to be. In a few months I had learnt to write and spell a little and do simple sums.

His fourth situation was as under-butler in Mr. Grant-Duff's household. He speaks most gratefully of what he owed both to



James Hinton.



master and servant in this which was his home for five years. The butler was a well-educated and thoroughly religious man. "I was at once struck," he says, "with the happy and consistent life of James England: I watched him narrowly, but all was pure and genuine; his holy life spoke volumes to me, and made me feel that there was a reality in religion that I had never known and never attained. He soon found out the state of my mind and the extent of my knowledge, and that I required instruction in everything. I could read very well in my own way, but my pronunciation was not suited to the ear of the English scholar. This all required to be revised and corrected, and I found it more difficult to unlearn than I anticipated; but I bought a copy of Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary, and began to study it carefully every spare moment. I soon commenced arithmetic, and with my friend's help persevered in it, so that before long I could do any sum put before me with the greatest readiness."

In this situation his mind underwent a great change, and he became a thoroughly serious and devout man. Here, too, he formed the determination to study, and, if possible, procure himself a university education, and become a minister of the Free Church. Every one whom he consulted on the subject discouraged the project as an insane and impracticable one. But he says, "I was not disheartened; I adopted the motto, 'Where there is a will there is a way.' Difficulties as great had been overcome by others, and why not by me? And it was about this time that I began to think of a principle which it is very hard for most men to adopt; namely, that there is nothing that has ever been accomplished by man in past times or ages, which I, as an individual, may not accomplish or perform, provided other things are equal—that is, if I were placed in the very same circumstances as the individual who succeeded in his task."

In pursuance of this determination he quitted his situation in Mr. Grant-Duff's household, hired lodgings in the little town of Macduff, and determined to devote all his energies to the study of Latin, Greek, and mathematics. "I lived," he says, "on a most economical scale; my small room was two shillings a week; and my weekly bill for food seldom more than half-a-crown. I only had two meals a day; but, notwithstanding this and the close confinement, I enjoyed excellent health. At the end of five months I determined to go to Edinburgh, though I had neither friends nor acquaintances there."

To Edinburgh he went accordingly; and, after many wanderings and vicissitudes, procured a situation in the household of an excellent elderly lady, in whose service he had abundant leisure for study, and with whom he remained for two years. In this way he found opportunities for acquiring a fair knowledge of Latin, Greek, and mathematics. Of his manner of life during these two years he gives the following description: "Every month, when I received my wages and board wages, I deposited all in the bank except ten shillings—namely, two shillings and sixpence per week for my food. But for the benefit of others I may say that it is not *easy* to live on half-a-crown a week in Edinburgh, and I should not like to go through the same course of regimen again; but, like some other men I have heard of in leading a forlorn hope, I was determined to carry out what I had in view, or perish in the attempt. My motto was, 'If I perish, I perish.' It may seem rather strange, too, that on entering college I took comfortable lodgings, and began to live like other people; and this, after submitting myself to comparative fasting for three years."

It was in the course of these two years of his residence in the household of Mrs. Ross that he finally decided to abandon the idea of entering the ministry and to prepare himself for the medical profession. In November, 1855, he began the study of medicine at Surgeons' Hall, Edinburgh; and for three years his life was one of incessant toil. "Severe and unceasing," writes his widow, "were his labours; many were the hidden conflicts that he had to brave. 'I know only one thing,' he used to say in after days, 'that could have kept me from falling or fainting in those years—the grace of God: *that*, with the memory of my mother, kept me up.'" At last the victory was won. He obtained his diploma as surgeon in 1858; and, before doing so, he had already consecrated his life to mission work. The rest of the sadly too short story is only too quickly told. On October 22, 1859, he embarked for China as medical missionary. On March 23, 1860, he landed at Shanghai and took charge of the Chinese Hospital there. On January 10, 1862, he left Shanghai for England; reached England on February 25; was married on March 27 to the lady to whom he had engaged himself just as he quitted England two years before; started again for China on May 5, and resumed his work once more in Shanghai on September 11. There he laboured with great zeal and success until the summer of 1865. Then



health and strength failed him. A voyage to Japan was tried, in the hope that it might restore him; but in vain. At Nagasaki, on July 30, 1865, the noble and beautiful spirit passed to its rest. How he was loved and honoured by those who knew him, must be learned from the delightful little volume in which his widow has told the tale of his life. Even for those who did not know him, the life is evidently one of singular interest and instructiveness. But before we endeavour to point the lesson of it, we will turn to the brother-life, which we propose to set by the side of it. The contrast of the two will only enhance the attractiveness of each.

Unlike James Henderson, James Hinton in his boyhood received a fair average amount of schooling, and had the fostering care both of father and mother until quite far advanced in life. At the age of sixteen, when he was taken from school and sent to his first situation, he knew probably as much as most boys of his age; whereas at the same age Henderson knew next to nothing,—could not even write his own name, nor work a sum in the simplest rule of arithmetic. His first situation was that of cashier at a wholesale woollen-draper's shop in Whitechapel. A year after he became a clerk in an insurance office in the city. Here for the first time he woke up to the necessity of study and self-improvement. So consuming became his thirst for knowledge, and so great were the practical difficulties in gratifying it, that at one time, his biographer tells us, "it was his habit to study all Saturday night and all Monday night, with the intermissions only of a few snatches of sleep."

A few words extracted from his Biography at this point will give the key to the whole subsequent life, and will explain and enforce one of its most valuable lessons.

"Hopelessly unfavourable as this first entrance into life appears on the surface, none who knew James Hinton well but can recognise in it the 'Divinity that shapes our ends.' Whitechapel was the rough cradle in which his mind and spirit awoke to energetic life; and to the last he bore its impress on him. Brought up as he had been, in a pure home in a quiet country town, and drinking in from his mother a reverence for women which in him was always akin to worship, he was suddenly thrust into rudest contact with our worst social evils. 'The weary and the heavy weight of all this unintelligible world' came crushing down on his young heart with a most cruel force, and the degradation of women possessed him with a divine despair.

On Saturday nights, in the back streets and crowded courts of Whitechapel, he used to hear women screaming under the blows of their drunken husbands, and come across others, wearing the same sacred womanhood as his own mother and sisters, with the same gracious dependence on man's strength and care, yet the victims of his passions. He got a sense of the cruelty of the world; and it got into him, and possessed him, and never left him. It became 'the unconscious constant' in all his thinking: he could think of nothing apart from this: and at last, as he once said, 'It crushed and crushed me, until it crushed "the mystery of pain" out of me.'

So his life went on for some four years or so. Then a change came, and a wider prospect opened before him. For the account of this recourse must once more be had to the pages of his biographer.

"Meanwhile the double strain upon him of intense intellectual toil, and, what was far worse, the sense of the wrongs and degradation of women, was telling upon his health and spirits, and became so intolerable, that he resolved to run away to sea, and fly from the thoughts he could no longer bear. His intention was, however, discovered, and increased illness made it doubly impossible to carry it out. His father, now seriously anxious about him, consulted the family doctor with regard to him. 'The lad wants more mental occupation to keep his mind from feeding on itself,' was the doctor's sensible verdict. He accordingly advised his entering the medical profession, as giving the necessary scope to his mental activity. This advice, accompanied by some kind practical help, was at once acted on, and he was entered at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, having just reached his twentieth year. Perhaps a vivid remembrance of his own entrance into life was in his mind, when he wrote among his last words to his son, 'And as to this, whenever any one comes in your way, especially a good and striving earnest man, think if you cannot help him, cannot, perchance, give him work, in which you and he may mutually help each other. By this means you may perhaps entertain angels unawares.'

Thus the tools came at last to the man's hand, to the hand of the man that could handle them. And he handled them right well. With all his might and main, with diligence unrelaxing, but not, perhaps, sufficiently unrelaxing, he thought, and wrote, and worked at his profession with eminent success, attaining at length not merely the highest rank, but the highest place, amongst London



practitioners in his own special department of aural surgery, and dying at last, some three years ago, toil-worn and brain-weary, at the comparatively early age of fifty-three. For the few, the very few, incidents and the small details of his uneventful life, recourse must be had to the "Life and Letters"—a volume which will well repay perusal. Our attention in these pages must be confined to the man himself, his thoughts and character; and we shall retain in the same field of view the brother-character, whose remarkable career has been already sketched.

As to both the men, and their type of character and individuality, there can be no doubt nor mistake whatever. It was a type of singular unselfishness, disinterestedness, elevation; pitched at a much higher level than that of most men. Many men have raised themselves by force of merit, as Henderson did, from the lowest rank to the highest; but few, if any, have raised themselves only to devote themselves with unsparing, ungrudging self-sacrifice to the service of Christ. And what is true so conspicuously of Henderson, is equally, though less conspicuously, true of Hinton. Now, the root of the uncommon excellence and elevation of both men was undoubtedly Christian *faith*. In the case of Dr. Henderson this faith was of the ordinary traditional kind, such as would be named, for distinction's sake, *evangelical*. In the course of his Autobiography, he describes very simply and very touchingly the manner and time, both day and hour, of his conversion. "I spent much of the Sabbath," he writes, "in meditation and prayer; and that Sabbath evening, at eight o'clock, March 22nd, 1849, I felt the burden of sin fall off my soul. I felt I was washed in the blood of Christ, and that I became a new creature in Christ Jesus." Dr. Henderson's was neither an exacting nor a restless intellect. The same simple "evangelical" faith sustained him to the last. A few weeks before his death he said, "I have learned to love life the last five or six years; but before then I used to think that the happiest news I could receive would be, 'You shall die to-morrow;' and death to me is only like going out of this room into another."

Dr. Hinton's intellect, on the other hand, was both restless and exacting. His faith, unlike Henderson's, came to him after trial and struggle and hard wrestling with sceptical doubt, and was emphatically his own. He had been brought up as a boy in the Calvinism of the Baptist Communion, and it failed him when he came face to face with the doubts

and denials of our own day. For a time he lost his hold of Christianity altogether, to such an extent, and with such honesty of purpose, that it almost lost him also the domestic happiness upon which his mind was set, and which proved such an inestimable boon to him in the future. But at last "he beat his music out," as many a man has to do in these hard days. It was distinctively *his* music; very beautiful music and very true; but, of course, not the whole of it (how could it be?), yet quite enough to live a truly noble life by.

A word or two of his own and of his biographer's will help to clear this matter up. In July, 1850, when he was twenty-eight years old, he wrote to his future wife, to whom he was engaged for many years before his marriage to her, "I have hardly thought at all of those religious controversies since I last wrote to you, and I am much better for it. The feeling that Christianity *must* be true, because it puts me in my right relation with God and with the world, then comes into play, and I am much happier. I cannot quell the doubts, but I can commit myself to God; and being fully assured that when I am most a Christian I am the best man, I am content to adhere to that as my guide in the absence of better light, and wait till God shall afford me more." And of this same period of his life his biographer writes:—"Whatever conflicts James Hinton had yet to pass through, whatever marked modifications his religious belief afterwards underwent, from this time may be said to date the 'low beginnings' of the great central truth of his philosophy, namely, that man's moral and spiritual emotions are in as true relations with the visible creation as his intellect, and their claims are destined to as rich a fulfilment; that his religious aspirations, his love, his worship, his loyal trust in the Unseen, all that lifts him above himself, are not a winding stair of a ruined tower leading nowhere, but are correlated to answering realities, so that truth will ever be found to be potential goodness, and goodness to be realised truth. As nature does not put the appeal of his intellect to confusion, but meets it with an intelligent order, with sequences invariable as the laws of thought, with marvels of construction and adaptation that appeal to interpreting mind; so she meets the appeal of his moral emotions, not with the moral negation of a mechanical necessity, not with the cold silence of a blank impenetrable mystery, but with a true response; a 'glory that excelleth' the reality which underlies the

phenomenon, two highest necessity; a law that is It is unnecessary history of Dr. sophical spectra much less valuable has already been of our time, p wrongs done upon him, from days down to elevation of him recognised much as in the his feeling and in his passionate and scorn towards or dare to witness to have an in the nearest mother, sisters, but inspire him reverence towards worthy and re who seem to know nothing of this and of indignation for those who there are women make it easy for each which is Each sex, we are wrong both to the at the man refuse each which are as the woman find compel the man Nevertheless, the ever rest with the stronger, he ever honouring of the weaker. due time. The come a strength That title "be himself entitled was wrong out of heart, not merely science as a surprising feeling resentment of the reading. His act of science may William Gall, in "Life and Letters" position in words that Science, pro



phenomenon, and which we symbolise in our two highest words, 'love' and 'righteousness'; a necessity which is perfect freedom; a law that is liberty."

It is unnecessary to pursue any farther the history of Dr. Hinton's religious and philosophical speculations. His opinions are of much less value than the man himself. It has already been shown how the social evils of our time, particularly on the side of the wrongs done to women, pressed like lead upon him, from those earliest Whitechapel days down to the very end of his life. That elevation of character, which all who knew him recognised, showed itself in nothing so much as in the truly chivalrous generosity of his feeling and demeanour towards women, in his passionate and unmeasured indignation and scorn towards the men who could bear or dare to wrong them. It was his happiness to have amongst the women who stood in the nearest relations to himself—as mother, sisters, wife—those who could not but inspire him with such thoroughly manly reverence towards women. There are many worthy and respectable men in the world who seem to know nothing of this feeling—nothing of this feeling of reverence for women, and of indignation and abhorrence and scorn for those who wrong them, as, alas! also there are women in the world who do not make it easy for men to pay them the reverence which is due to their womanhood. Each sex, we may be sure, is doing a grievous wrong both to the other and to itself, so long as the man refuses the honour and the reverence which are the woman's due, and so long as the woman fails to be *that* which would compel the man to feel that they *are* her due. Nevertheless, the duty of the *initiative* must ever rest with the stronger. If the man is the stronger, he must prove his strength by ever honouring and guarding the weakness of the weaker. The response will come in due time. The honoured weakness will become a strength worthy of all honour.

That little "book for the sorrowful," as he himself entitled it, the "Mystery of Pain," was wrung out of James Hinton's brain and heart, not merely by his professional experience as a surgeon, but still more by that chivalrous feeling of his towards women and resentment of their wrongs. It is well worth reading. His achievements in the direction of science may be of doubtful value. Sir William Gull, in his Introduction to the 'Life and Letters,' defines his scientific position in words which show clearly enough that Science, properly so called, was not his

forte: "Hinton was not a man of science, but a philosopher. Science was to him the servant of philosophy. He felt himself to be an interpreter of Nature; not in the Baconian sense, by the collection and arrangement of facts, the sequences of causes and effects, but, like the Hebrew seer of old, penetrating through appearances to their central cause." But whatever be the scientific value of Dr. Hinton's contributions to Science, there can be no doubt as to the religious value of this little shilling book of his, written for the sorrowful. The root-thought of the book is this: True love involves sacrifice; and, therefore, He who is Love, when He would reveal Himself to man, reveals Himself, and must reveal Himself, in and through sacrifice. The Cross of Christ is the most perfect revelation of God, because it is the revelation of Love in Sacrifice. He is the 'Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.' To perfect Love—to the perfect nature—sacrifice is not pain, but joy. That *we* feel it as pain, is owing to the imperfection of our nature—is owing to sin; shows that our nature needs redeeming, and shows also what kind of redemption it needs. Let pain be seen as what it is, *sacrifice*—sacrifice for others; let love learn to welcome it, because it is sacrifice for others; and then the pain will alter its nature and become joy to us. It will be with us according to St. Paul's words: 'Who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake, which is the Church.'

The last words of this little volume will show the spirit and the tone of the whole. They are these:—"We cry in our agony, in weakness, failure, perplexity of hearts, that there is no hope nor help. No hand seems to direct the storm; no pity listens. 'God has forsaken us,' we say. Do we say so, and not recall the words that fell in that great victory on Calvary—fell from the Conqueror's lips—'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' Blackness of darkness and despair, and sorrow blotting out God's hand, and feebleness sinking without a stay—these are not failure. In these characters were written first the charter of our deliverance: these are the characters in which it is renewed."

That all pain, all suffering, bodily or mental, is being woven and wrought by God into one vast all-embracing plan of love and redemption, whether the individual sufferer sees and knows it to be so or not; that all pain, all suffering, is therefore of the nature of *sacrifice*—*vicarious*—in the interest and



for the sake of others, and not merely for the individual sufferer's own moral and spiritual improvement; this, in Dr. Hinton's view, is the key to the "mystery of pain." Faith alone, he would have said, can seize and use this key, here and now. It is the victory of faith to do so. Beyond the veil of death, we shall see what we now believe; and all will be clear to us.

In the power of this faith the man himself worked his work, suffered, and died. As one puts the two men, Hinton and Henderson, side by side, one hardly knows which to admire most; whether the masculine courage, tenacity, audacity, and devotedness of the one, or the simple, pure, elevated, unluxurious, and, even in its mistakes and failures, beautiful life of the other.

## FEROCIOUS FAVOURITES.

By SURGEON-GENERAL COWEN.

SOME of my military and other acquaintances in various parts of the tropical world have made their otherwise pleasant houses objectionable places to visit from their eccentric predilection for keeping ferocious favourites. One never could feel certain, on paying a morning call, whether that sleek half-grown cheetah, that questionably tamed black bear, or that wandering-at-large dog of a jackal, might or might not take it into his head to give you a taste of his quality, in the shape of a grip in the fleshy part of your arm or leg. My worthy and esteemed friend Blank Blank—a swell in a distant eastern island—housed a regular menagerie of repugnant, not to say dangerous, reptiles and animals, the freaks and frolics of which, entertaining to himself and family, were hardly so agreeable or welcome to outsiders. Large speckled mongooses that sprang on your shoulders, monkeys of all sorts that grinned and surreptitiously snatched anything out of your hands, festive odoriferous jungle cats, were bad enough; and a long thick domesticated rat-snake seen twining among the rafters was not the most inviting of sights; but, when Dom Cobra di Capello himself, attracted by the music of a flageolet, came gliding over the cane matting to within a foot or so of your chair, erected his hood, and made a playful hiss at your shins in passing, why then, most of my readers will agree that it was high time to bid Blank good-day, his word, notwithstanding, that Appoohamy the snake-charmer had deftly extracted the Dom's fangs, and he was consequently harmless.

The hurts and injuries, some serious, some almost fatal, which, in my calling, I have known to occur at the hands, or rather by the teeth and claws and horns, of ferocious favourites would fill many pages of this magazine if written in detail. To two or three I shall but briefly allude; a few others,

however, are worthier of more lengthy note.

One gentleman I call to mind, a planter on a West Indian sugar estate, was pinned and terribly mangled by a neighbour's Spanish bloodhound, with whom he had taken unguarded liberties. Fortunately he was not given to the sangaree-drinking propensities of the day, and he recovered with sundry and many disfiguring scars.

A lady was saved only by the fashion of her skirts—which, it goes without saying, were not the close-fitting present mode—from being "eaten up" by a savage mastiff, who would receive caresses from no other hands than those of his own mistress, and who had ungallantly repudiated with his teeth the delicate attentions the fair stranger bestowed on him.

Sergeant — of the — regiment, very nearly met face to face that other "fell sergeant—death," from the deep gores he received from the regimental stag, a quiet beast enough when the band was playing, and he was marching in all the pride and pomp of staghood at the head of the corps, but when occasion served, and particularly when "fashed," "a savage auld book (buck)," as the men called him.

And lastly, I don't think that Hassan, the erst smart Malay rifleman—if he be still in the land of the living—will ever try conclusions again with a large grey-bearded Ceylon Wanderoo monkey, while that powerful and irate simia is busied over a bunch of plantains. Hassan lost a considerable portion of his tawny skin and one finger besides in the encounter, was long in hospital, and swallowed no end of her Majesty's physic to ward off close-threatening lockjaw.

But what induced Lieutenant J. Q., of a recently extinct colonial regiment, to deal as largely as he did in snakes, no one of his brother officers could imagine. It was not