

that which occurred in my own experience. The gentleman who sat next me, was, as I believed, an entire stranger to me. We got into conversation and had not proceeded far when we discovered that we were school-fellows some forty-five years ago. He had gone to the East, made his fortune, returned to his native land, and was now living at Blackheath, London, where he has erected a mission church of its own and employs his leisure in evangelistic labours. I had gone to the West, and here we met in Copenhagen, of all places the most unlikely to talk over the days of auld lang syne.

On the afternoon we repaired to the *Bethesda Mission House*, where an English service was conducted by principal Cairns of Edinburgh. This fine new building stands in one of the principal squares of "the west end." It contains several halls and committee-rooms, the largest hall, in which the stated meetings of the Conference were held, is seated for about 1500 including the gallery, is beautifully frescoed, and has a good organ. The service just referred to was conducted in the smaller room below, where the daily prayer meeting was held at 7.30 a.m. We could have wished to have seen so noble a man and so powerful a preacher as Dr. Cairns in the marble pulpit of the Church of our Lady with 3000 intent listeners before him, but at present he must preach to a select audience, for the English are here a small remnant. An excellent discourse he gave us from Romans 1:16. "For I am not ashamed of the gospel, etc." Later in the day, we looked in to the *Episcopal Methodist Church* where two or three hundred were assembled for worship, but learning that the service would be in Danish, we drove a long distance to the *English Church*—the only place where stated services are conducted in the English language in this city. It is a small room—mean in contrast with the grand Lutheran Churches, but we were given to understand that a subscription list, headed by our own Prince and Princess of Wales, was in circulation and that a handsome church is soon to be erected. Dr. L. B. White, agent of the London Tract Society, preached an admirable sermon from Mark 4:39. "There was a great calm."

But to the opening. The first hour was taken up by singing a fine choral litany by

a full choir specially constituted for these services under the direction of Pastor Tolstrup. It was a great treat for all who had ears to hear. Now the leader sang solus, again the chorus was taken up by the choir: it shook the house: then in soft cadences it rose and fell until it melted away, and left you listening breathless to catch the echo. I had no idea the Danes were so skilled in music, but we had frequent proofs of it during the Conference. The same who had led the litany came down at its close to the platform and offered prayer, imploring the divine blessing on the Alliance, and all the proceedings of the Conference. It was a long prayer, and it was in Danish, and a strange feeling crept over one in thus joining in a service of which you did not understand a single word. Then we sang the hymn commencing,—*Af Højheden oprunden er*. What can you make of that? Here is a verse of it in English:—

High up in Heaven hath arisen,
A morning star so bright and clear,
A star of truth and grace.
Of Jacob's tribe, a branch so new;
A Son of David—Holy—true
To men of every race.
Loving—tender
High and glorious—great and mighty—
Always giving
Life, and light, to all men living.

A short introductory address in Danish by Dr. Kalkar was translated into German and English by Dean Vahl, who thereafter ascended the tribune and read his paper, the first on the programme,—“A report on the State of Religion in Denmark.” To Dean Vahl and a handsome layman, whose name I have forgotten, the Conference was largely indebted for its success:—First to the Dean, for translating the addresses, or rather “giving the sense” which he did, very cleverly, in one third of the time occupied by the speakers. Let me say, in this connection, that both here and at Belfast, and at other meetings of a like kind which it has been my privilege to attend, the reading of elaborate papers on all sorts of subjects has been rather overdone. Valuable as many of them were, they often fell flat on the ears of ordinary audiences, if they did not fly over their heads altogether. Do your best, you sometimes listen for half an hour and then cannot tell what the speaker has been driving at. It is too wonderful—