

the British Consul at Tien Tsin, was hanging in a conspicuous place in the inner gate, and we were even dragged in front of it and a show of violence offered us there. The mob continued in possession of the compound for three hours, during which time we had indubitable evidence, and were directly informed that the outbreak was due to the circulation of scandalous rumours now current throughout the empire, especially that of taking out children's eyes to make medicine. At sunset peace talkers demanded all the money in our possession. This happened to be a small amount, about twenty ounces of silver and eleven taels of cash, in all less than half the amount they had demanded. Before the money was handed over, Dr. Smith and Mr. MacDougall unexpectedly arrived. Care was taken to secure the names of the peace-talkers in writing, with a view to incriminating them, and this, together with a request that they should withdraw while we engaged in prayer, brought manifest dismay, as an hour later the silver was returned. One of our helpers overheard on the street that this was due to fright. On Friday morning the beggars again forced their way in by a rear gate of the compound, claiming that the man who had been trampled on the day before was dead. They demanded satisfaction, but we disclaimed all responsibility, and succeeded in getting them quietly out. Mr. MacGillivray has gone to Hsun Hsien to claim protection in terms of the Imperial Edict recently issued, whilst the rest of us are keeping quiet behind barricaded gates.

Further details I cannot find time to furnish at this writing. We of course consider the situation here as grave in the extreme, as it is in fact said to be throughout the empire at this juncture; but we have constant evidences of the power of prayer and the reality of our Master's presence. In a letter from my father, received on the night of the outbreak, but written in the middle of August, occur words I cannot refrain from quoting, so strangely did they find fulfilment. Referring to a recent family bereavement, he said: "Our life is but a vapour that appeareth for a little, and then vanisheth away. We are bound for the tomb or rather for the heavenly Jerusalem, and the tomb is but a wayside inn where we rest a little on our pilgrimage home. Let us fill up the days of our journey in glorifying the King of the Celestial Country. Let us never forget that we are citizens of another land, and that, while it is the custom of this country to take tribute of strangers, our treasure is in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves cannot break in and steal. One of your compounds has been looted and the same may happen to others, but your treasure above is where no thief can enter." Further on, speaking of the power of prayer, he wrote: "I therefore believe that the Lord is about to set before you an open door in the Province of Honan. He can turn the hearts of men as the rivers of water. Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world. We fight against a finite and a conquered foe, and under the banner of an Almighty Captain. Why should we be dismayed?"

J. H. MACVICAR.

### SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN EUROPE.

BY REV. E. WALLACE WAITS, D. SC., OF KNOX CHURCH, OWEN SOUND.

SCARBOROUGH AS A WATERING PLACE: A TRIP TO THE SOUTH EAST COAST.—BRIGHTON AND ITS MINISTERS; TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND ITS CHURCHES; CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, ETC., ETC.

Last summer we saw much of the English watering places. Coming down from Scarborough to Clacton-on-Sea, we visited Tunbridge Wells, Brighton, Hastings, Ramsgate, Margate, Deal and Dover, taking in Canterbury and its Cathedral en route. Brighton being within an hour and a-half of London, the great masses pour out to its beach and take a dip in the sea. But Scarborough is the place where the high prices shut out those of slender purse. It combines more of natural and artificial beauty than any place I ever saw. It is built on terraces. Its gardens rise in galleries. Two great arms of land reach out into the sea, and hundreds of gay sailing craft float in. A castle 700 years old straggles its ruins out to the very precipice. The air is tonic and the spectacle bewitching. Lords, and ladies, and gentry come here for a few weeks. The place is cool in summer and warm in winter. In December the thermometer hovers about the fifties and the people breakfast with open windows, while others are skating in London. Of all the summer watering-places we have ever seen, in some respects Scarborough is the most brilliant, and is appropriately called the "Queen of English Resorts." But the prices are enormous, and not many could meet them.

### RELIGION IN BRIGHTON.

Brighton is best known to Canadian visitors as the scene of the late Frederick W. Robertson's ministry. If the town considered it necessary or desirable to provide religious entertainment for the thousands who resort thither, it could scarcely cater better for the religious tastes of its visitors. There are no less than ninety places of worship, besides mission halls and rooms, one for well-nigh every thousand of its inhabitants. The visitors, however, occupy a considerable deal of this space, especially at certain seasons of the year. To say that thirty-three of these churches belong to the Establishment and fifty-seven to Nonconformists is to give no sort of idea of the variety of sects and parties that congregate in them. The Church of England, as represented in Brighton,

must go very far towards meeting the broadest conception of the Comprehensionists. From the lowest of the low to the highest of the high, including, we should suppose, almost every gradation from the one to the other—all may be found in Brighton. The names of Gregory, Vaughan and Roxby are a guarantee for sound evangelical doctrine in at least three of the Churches. Of the broader type, we apprehend, is the ministry exercised in the Church of the now celebrated and almost revered Frederick W. Robertson. The present incumbent, the Rev. R. D. Cocking, is no unworthy successor of this renowned Christian teacher. By a kind of natural transition we pass on to mention there are five Roman Catholic Churches proper in this good town of Brighton; also a Catholic Apostolic Church, whose love of Ritualism is equal to anything in either the Anglican or Romish Churches.

In passing from the Establishment to the principal Nonconformist bodies there is the Countess of Huntingdon's Church in North Street, originated at a time when Evangelical preaching could but rarely be met with in any other Church. Here Sortain preached in elegant diction and in chastened tones, and the *élite* of the visitors resorted to hear him, as a thing they must by no means omit the doing of. His esteemed successor, the Rev. J. B. Figgis, M.A., exercises a different but a very useful ministry, in a different, though almost as numerous, a congregation, in a new and handsome church building erected on the site of the old one. There are two Presbyterian congregations. One of these had for its pastor at one time Dr. A. B. MacKay, of Crescent Street Church, Montreal. From these notes it will be seen that there is no small number of religious services in Brighton. Some two hundred sermons, at least, must be preached there every Sunday, and from three to four hundred services of one kind or another must be held every week. It is but right to say that there is a large amount of Christian services rendered to the people by means of its various Churches. Missions for the good of the extensive population of the working classes are in full operation, and activities for the temporal and eternal good of the people abound.

It is worthy of note that Brighton honours the memory of the great preachers who have laboured in it. Among the many marble busts of the world's great men in law, science, and the State, and of Brighton worthies placed around the corridor of the Pavilion, now placed at the public service, the first to the right at the entrance is that of Sortain, the first to the left that of Robertson. They are both works of high art, and strikingly beautiful, and both seem to "speak." Beneath that of Robertson is written a quotation from one of his sermons (Vol. II., p. 317): "Work, my brethren; true work done honestly and manfully for Christ never can be failure." On a scroll beneath the bust of Sortain is inscribed the text, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

### BRIGHTON MINISTRIES.

Preaching has its traditions in Brighton, and very rich in interest they are. The noble busts referred to above are the sign that the town is proud of them. Many, indeed, ran down to spend their Sunday at Brighton for the sake of Sortain's ministry. He was an elocutionist, and barristers and judges were eager to hear his speech. He was a religious philosopher, and learned and literary men found in him a Christian teacher who could speak to them from their own level. Sortain was a godly minister of Christ, and godly souls were attracted by his religious goodness and spiritual power. He was an earnest ambassador of Christ, and thoughtless souls were charmed by his pleadings, many of them to a new and nobler life. And so, Sortain being orator, philosopher, pastor and evangelist, he touched "all sorts and conditions of men." Hence the multitudes that were wont to wait on his ministry. The aisles were thronged, and, by special arrangement, reserved seats were secured on the Saturday to ensure a hearing. During the latter part of Sortain's ministry

### FREDERIC W. ROBERTSON CAME TO BRIGHTON

as an incumbent of Trinity Chapel. The two men were almost within sound of each other's voice. They did not clash, however, for not only were they in different communions, but Robertson had his spurs to win. He soon won them, however. The clear, unconventional, thrilling sounds that were rung out from his pulpit soon crowded the dingy old chapel, and men's eyes and ears were all awake and eager to catch the wonderful story of the Bible, as he rendered it, and they went forth to say to each other, "What manner of man is this that has come amongst us?" It became evident, however, that there was room both for a Sortain and a Robertson in Brighton: for while Sortain suffered no loss, Robertson drew yet more and more. They were, of course, very different men—mentally and theologically—and they appealed to different minds. Perhaps it might be said that Robertson rose up to be the teacher of the new era of religious thought that had set in, and of which he was indeed himself a product. However this itself may be, his words were winged and they have gone forth to the ends of the world, and they have told on the minds of multitudes all over the earth who never saw or heard him. His sermons have been songs without voices to many a weary, doubting, troubled spirit; and still they go singing on. That is a poor life which breaks down at the cemetery. Many of these illustrious English preachers had insignificant-looking churches. We went to see

### TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND ITS CHURCHES.

Few places within little more than an hour's journey from the metropolis can boast of the natural beauties of Tunbridge

Wells and its surroundings. The spacious, undulating "Common," at the lower corner of which "the Wells" are situated, is most picturesque and charming, both as a recreation ground to roam over and as a "view" from the heights of Mount Ephraim, or Bishopswood. The fine, clear, bracing air is a luxury, and when the sun lights up the scene there is scarcely anything wanting as an element of enjoyment. What matches in cricket, football and bicycle, each in their season, may be seen on this common! The population of Tunbridge Wells is made up of residents and visitors, the latter being a considerable proportion, especially in the season. In truth, however, there is always a "season" here, many resorting to it for winter residence. The handsome detached houses that are dotted all about, and the well-appointed equipages that pass to and fro indicate a highly respectable and well-to-do class of inhabitants. The commanding rows of shops look also as though business here was well supported.

### TUNBRIDGE WELLS AS IT WAS.

Though many of the private residences, as well as the houses of business, are of modern erection, Tunbridge is by no means a place of yesterday. There are touches of antiquity about it, and here and there the old blends picturesquely with the new. The "Pantiles," as a well-known promenade is called, is peculiar to "the Wells." It is a raised brick-paved parade, with a corridor running along on one side of it, along which is a range of good-looking shops. The origin of the "Pantiles" seems to have been the Spa of Chalybeate Waters, of which visitors, at one time, were supposed to drink, and of which many still drink for their "often infirmities." After a draught of waters they were recommended to walk for so long a time, as at other Spa places, and after the manner, too, of the original Spa in Belgium. The "Pantiles" formed the promenade, and in rainy weather the corridors supplied shelter for the peripatetics. The place was, indeed, in olden times, the fashionable resort of "the Wells." A century or two ago the kind of people who now go abroad for thorough change, to "take the waters," were content, for the most part, to come to such near places as Tunbridge Wells. Here the "fashionables" of the day resorted, and here the *litterateurs* and divines of the period "hob-nobbed" with one another. Dr. Johnson, in his wig, would be found loitering about the "Pantiles," and, of course, Boswell was not far off. Dr. Watts, also, with the ladies of the Abney family, might sometimes be observed among the company, while city magnates bristled everywhere in the season.

### TUNBRIDGE WELLS AS IT IS.

Changed as is Tunbridge Wells, like all things beneath the sun, the grace of its antiquity has not in later days changed into vulgarity, nor is it likely that it ever will. There is an air of refinement about it which the natural beauties of the locality will always preserve to it. The walks and drives, both near and remote, are delicious, whether you make for Rushall Common and the famous Jode Rock on the one hand, or Southborough on the other. Nor must we forget to note the delightful Sanatorium on the higher part of the Common, which is, in fact, a hotel with admirable appointments, and about forty acres of well-wooded and watered land. Here visitors may find an elegant resting-place.

### THE CHURCHES OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Religious accommodation in Tunbridge Wells has grown with its requirements. Originally there would be only the quaint old red brick chapel of ease near the Wells, and which it would be "ease" to the residents—rather than to the parish Church of Tunbridge, situated some five or six miles off—to attend. District Churches have sprung up all around, one of which has been ably served by the Evangelical Canon Hoare. In days of yore there was a small Independent Chapel, afterwards turned into a house. There was another chapel on Mount Sion, which had a Presbyterian foundation, but came to be used as an Independent place of worship. The more commanding Congregational Church, on Mount Pleasant, was still recently under the charge of the Rev. J. Radford Thomson, B.A. A Second Congregational Church was erected some few years since by the generosity of Mr. Joshua Wilson, and his cousin, Mr. J. Remington Mills, and was designed to meet the wants of a considerable population of working people, who, somehow, do not in any large numbers resort to it. The Wesleyans have a handsome chapel on the Common, and the Baptists have recently put up a building for themselves in the town. The Countess of Huntingdon, who always had her eye on spots where rank and fashion resorted, with a view of teaching them better things, early put up a chapel on Mount Ephraim, which was a lowly, wooden erection, after the manner of the earlier houses in Tunbridge Wells. This has of late years given place to the commanding building known as Emmanuel Church, of which the Revs. G. Jones and Webb Smith are the ministers, and where the liturgy of the Church of England, with surplus reader, is still used. Many of the names well known in the religious circles of Tunbridge Wells are now sorely missed. They have all passed away to the better world. But it still continues a place of considerable religious interest and influence. Men depart but *man* remains. Nature continues lovely, as when in boyhood we visited these beautiful scenes.

Men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever,  
I go on forever,  
I go on forever.

(To be continued.)