

archy what must that palace have been in splendor and magnificence. The Bon Marche is a store which has not been equalled in the greatest cities of either continent.

After all the excitement of travel and sightseeing we were glad to come back to the restful quiet and hallowing associations of Wales. The glare and glitter of the great Parisian city paled into obscurity beside the glow of kindly affection that beamed upon us in that dear old land. We were under promise to attend the Welsh Baptist Union meetings, and thither in due course we directed our way. What a memorable gathering it was! From all parts of the principality there came brethren whom my heart longed to see. My comrades in youth and early manhood, my associates in school and college; the old veterans that I used to look up to when I was a lad: and the young men who were rising into recognition and popularity; all were assembled on this occasion for a three days' meeting. How my heart leaped to see them and how they welcomed me! What a fellowship of soul there was between us after all the years of separation! And then the preaching. I had really thought that the glory of the Welsh pulpit was a thing of the past, but how absolutely I was undeceived. I sat beneath the spell like one enchained, with heart swelling under the tidal flow of emotions and with eyes streaming with tears of spiritual delight. It was a Bethel, a Bethesda and a Beth-Eden combined. I had the honor of preaching the closing sermon of the Union before an audience that crowded a church building not much less in size than Jarvis St., until I had scarcely room myself to stand. They listened with eager sympathy to what I had to say, and before I was half through I felt the tide of their enthusiasm carrying me along as a ship is carried by the buoyant waves when in full sail. This is not egotism, but a sweet reminiscence which it is pleasant to repeat. I spent the last Sunday in my old home, preaching anniversary sermons in the church of which my father was pastor for well-nigh fifty years. The marble tablet erected to his memory is one of the most striking features of the present new and beautiful structure. It was not without very mingled experiences that I stood amid those sacred associations, and saw around me evidences of the changes that had been wrought since I was a boy. Behind that edifice is a neat enclosure where