

land is now, as in the days of the Reformation, "a land of hearts that burn, and brains that seethe."

Only ticket-holders were allowed to enter, and hundreds were turned away. As I watched the disappointed ones fall back, I thought of the story Mr. Eugene Stock tells of the mother of Mr. Cates, a C. M. S. Missionary, who died of fever in Sierra Leone. She went to the annual meeting of the society at Freemason's Hall. To prevent overcrowding only members were admitted. "Are you a subscriber?" she was asked. "No," said the poor woman, as she sadly turned away. Suddenly she re-appeared. "Yes," she exclaimed, "I am a subscriber; *I have given an only son.*"

The vast amphitheatre was densely crowded with twelve thousand men and women. Galleries, floors, and boxes were packed to overflowing with people, their faces showing like a white fringe of surf above a dark wave.

A voluntary choir of six hundred voices was singing as we were seated. One word as to the great organ that was to accompany the praises that night. It is the largest in Great Britain. It has eight thousand pipes, and its motive power is supplied by two large steam engines. It has one hundred and sixty-five stops, and five manuals, and takes three men to manipulate it. Oh! to-night everything that hath breath will praise the Lord. Across the hall was stretched a canvas proclaiming, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

Before one realized that the meeting had opened, I had risen and was singing with the great company, "All people who on earth do dwell." What a Niagara of song! Then, as we knelt in the confession and prayer for devotion, all hearts were hushed in a profound and unaffected worship. Who could forget the words? "For all the lost opportunities of our lives, for privileges neglected and grace unused, we beseech Thee to pardon us.

For our sloth and selfishness, for our dull ears and cold hearts, for our slow feet and closed hands, we implore Thy forgiveness. O Thou who didst not spare Thine own Son for our sakes, give us willingness to give ourselves." The prayer of contrition was followed by an outburst of joy—the glad singing of the 98th Psalm.

The Right Hon. Sir J. H. Kennaway, the beloved and venerable President of the Church Missionary Society, told how that day the Kings and great ones of the earth had sent their greetings of sympathy with the joy of the occasion, and he told us again how Christendom had poured out her unstinted treasure in the Centenary Fund, as a great thank-offering to be presented at this praise meeting.

Again we rose to sing out our thanksgiving for extension at home and abroad, and anon, were bowed in a profoundly impressive litany. Other speakers followed: Archdeacon Eyre, with his impassioned eloquence, the Bishop of Sierra Leone, and Mr. H. E. Thornton, but the great ovation of the evening was given to Mr. Sidney Gedge, M.P., who only the day before, was the mover in the House of Commons of the motion of severe censure on the four thousand Clergy of the Established Church who were members of the English Church Union, and which motion was carried by a vote of two hundred to fourteen. Again and again, the deep-seated Protestantism of the people gave vent to itself in prolonged cheers. It was an enthusiasm which fired the blood, stirred the pulses, and lit the eyes of that vast assembly.

Protestantism has not forgotten her baptism of fire and blood, and when the suffering and memory of her martyrs shall no longer be objects of deepest veneration, surely "it requires no spirit of prophecy to foretell that English liberty will be fast approaching to its final consummation."