

General Keith and Mr. Arnold, the Secretaries of the Alliance. Dr. Schaff, Dr. Hall and Dr. Hoge were conspicuous among the Americans. I am sorry to add that Dr. Burns and Professor MacVicar, who were expected from Canada, were both unavoidably absent. The opening hymn was Luther's "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.*" Surely it was never sung with more marvellous effect.

The 31st of August will long occupy a green spot in memory. The sun shone brightly and all Copenhagen was in Sunday attire. The shops were not all closed, but business was suspended. The two-story street cars, running in all directions towards the suburbs were packed full of people. The shipping was gaily decorated with flags. Men, women and children regaled themselves in the parks and gardens. But during the hours of public morning worship there was the stillness of a Scottish sabbath. The churches were filled. Denmark is a Protestant country. The Evangelical Lutheran Church is the established church, embracing a very large majority of the people. Professor Scharling stated in his address that in the three Scandinavian Kingdoms a little over 8,000,000 of inhabitants are found,—the number of Dissenters in Denmark being 9 per 1,000, in Norway 4 per 1,000, and in Sweden only 1½ per 1,000. The clergy are trained at one of the four universities, and in Iceland a seminary is provided for that purpose. In Copenhagen there is an English Episcopal Chapel, an American Episcopal Methodist Meeting-house, and a church of the Catholic Apostolic or "Irvingites." But none are to be compared with the national churches. To the largest of these—The *Frauer Kirche* or Church of our Lady—we directed our steps in the forenoon. Here some of the finest specimens of sculpture are to be found, by Thorswalden. Over the entrance is his group of sixteen figures representing John the Baptist preaching in the desert, and on either side of the portal, colossal statues in bronze of Moses and David. The interior impresses you by its massive proportions and the classic beauty of its embellishments. In the niche of the altar is a splendid figure of Christ. While sympathizing to some extent with those who speak of the hopelessness of attempting to delineate the "perfect man," I must

admit that this impersonation of Thorswalden's is by far the finest I have seen. On the sides of the nave are statues of the apostles, each marked by some peculiar emblem. Thomas, for instance, holds a square in his hand and looks as though considering how to make things right that were "out of truth." We looked in vain for the great sculptor's idea of Judas the traitor. Instead of him he had introduced—as one of the twelve—a fine conception of the great Apostle to the Gentiles. In front of the altar, richly adorned with crucifix and tall lighted candles, is the baptismal font, of marble, in the form of a shell, borne by a kneeling angel. In the corridors are marble monuments of deceased bishops and ministers of the church, and a bust in bronze of Thorswalden. The pulpit, as in all these large churches it must be, is near the centre of the building. It was occupied this morning by a Danish minister whose name I did not learn, but whose appearance I shall never forget. Dressed in an easy fitting cassock, with Elizabethan ruffles around his neck, and a resplendent silver star on his breast, he presented a living picture of what we have so often seen on canvas—the minister of the Reformation period—a splendid looking man, eloquent of speech, graceful in every movement—without note or manuscript delivering his discourse in downright earnest to a spell-bound audience. The Church was full to the door and numbers standing in the aisles, drinking in the impassioned exposition of the Word with rapt attention. How I wished that I could share in the rich feast, but alas! the single word that was intelligible to me was the rapidly spoken "Amen." It was yet early and we crossed the street to *Saint Peter's*, a Gothic brick Church with a beautiful steeple 248 feet high. Here the service is conducted in the German language, but like the other, it is still the Lutheran service: the preacher, dressed precisely like the other, is no less earnest and eloquent: there is a similar crowd of worshippers hanging upon his lips—certainly not less than 2000. Returning to our hotel, a large number of the delegates sat down to dine altogether at the table d'hôte. It was their first opportunity of social intercourse and it necessarily gave rise to some curious and unexpected discoveries. Not the least remarkable was