

have amongst them only from thirty to forty ministers.

We "did" Antwerp in three hours and at one o'clock were off for Brussels through a very well-tilled country. Men and women were working in the fields. Some were cutting wheat and barley with the old-fashioned *scith*—an implement I have seen deftly handled by Dutch farmers in Canada long ago. Others were crawling along the ground on their knees, weeding the sugar-beet—the staple product of the country. We noticed some large hop-yards—suggestive of another staple article that shall be nameless. The whole country seemed a continuous garden. The distance is only twenty-seven miles and the time one hour. Brussels is one of the cleanest, brightest, most beautiful cities in Europe: population about 250,000. The railway station is a long distance from the Grand Hotel Britannique, but the way to it takes us through the finest part of the city, by parks and gardens, until we reach the royal palaces in the upper part of the town. In one of these was the grand ball on the eve of the battle of Waterloo with which Byron has made every school-boy familiar. But even grander than the king's houses, is the new Palace of Justice. I can think of no other building with which it can be compared—at once so massive and so elegant. As if to proclaim that impartial justice shall be meted out in this splendid temple to rich and poor alike, the approach to it from the old town, upon which it looks down, is by a broad avenue constructed at enormous expense. The old town is proud of its Hotel de Ville—the City Hall—and its fine fourteenth-century Cathedral of St. Gudule. In the hotel register we found the names of Principal MacVicar and his two daughters. They were only two days ahead of us, so we hoped to overtake them on the Rhine. Next morning we were off for Cologne—144 miles. At Herbesthal we pass from Belgium into Germany. The scenery changes. The flats have given way to a rolling country, finely wooded. At 3.45 we entered a long tunnel. The view that burst upon us when we emerged from it I can never forget. It was the valley of the Rhine! Stretching away for twenty miles was a level plain. Not a fence of any description to be seen. Scarcely a tree or a house—all a garden—in the highest

state of cultivation. The peasants were at work, some reaping, some ploughing, some carrying home the golden sheaves: and such a glorious day! In the distance, the twin towers of the Cathedral of Cologne and the compact walled city of 150,000 clustered round it; beyond, a fringe of blue and purple hills bounding the horizon. It was not long till we were seated at dinner on the open verandah of the Hotel de Hollande and feasting our eyes on the beautiful river, 1,500 feet wide and coursing towards the sea at a rate of six miles an hour. Immediately in front of us, the old-fashioned bridge of boats, thronged with pedestrians and carriages: a little lower down, a handsome high-level iron railway bridge. Apart from the river, the first and the last thing to see in Cologne is the Cathedral, remarkable for its vast size and beautiful proportions. Its graceful spires rise to a height of 511 feet. Taken as a whole, externally and internally, it is an unrivalled specimen of Gothic architecture. It has been 600 years in building, and was only completed two or three years ago. Farewell to *Coeln!* as it is here called, and to our kind and obliging landlord, Herr Krone, a highly accomplished gentleman.

Missionary Cabinet.

JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON.

^{es.} THIS beloved missionary Bishop of Milanesia was the first Christian minister who visited Eromanga after the tragic death of Rev. George N. Gordon and his wife, which took place as most of our readers know on the 20th of May, 1861. Some time after that event, Bishop Patteson, in the prosecution of his missionary labours, landed on Eromanga and read the burial service over the martyrs' graves. This touching tribute of respect to the memory of our fallen missionaries exemplifies very beautifully the fine spirit with which Patteson was animated, and the spirit of Christian brotherhood which has always subsisted betwixt the missionaries of the Episcopalian and the Presbyterian Churches in the South Sea Islands. John Coleridge, or "Coley" Patteson, as he was familiarly named by his family and friends, was the eldest son of Sir John Patteson, an English Judge, who resided in London. His mother was a