

Professor Müller, of Utrecht, followed Mr. Morse with a paper concerning "dear Holland," with its 800 branches and 18,000 members. In Holland they have no gymnastics annexed to their associations, nor do they go in for tours or cycling clubs. They are conservative. Regeneration is their central point of interest, and, by way of recreation, they canvass dogmatic questions and lose themselves at times in the mazes of predestination and matters cognate.

Mr. Hobbs, of Denver, in a clearly defined speech, told what was doing for the railway men; and Mr. J. R. Mott, of the college associations, said as much in five minutes as most men could say in a quarter of an hour, and said it better, too. The American colleges had certainly a good spokesman in their chosen representative. The other speakers were M. Olandt, secretary of the work among the German young men of New York; M. Monnier, of Paris, who gave an account of what was doing among the students of the Latin Quartier; M. Buscarlet, who reported on the general work in Paris; Baron von Rothkirch, president of the largest association in Berlin; and Mr. E. J. Kennedy, who, having observed that "progress" was the word all round, urged the need of not despising the *unit*. Rev. F. Brown told how the first Chinese association had been founded in Peking in 1884, and had grown to eight, which now comprised 400 members. He pleaded for an American secretary for China, who should visit different cities and diffuse a knowledge of the work.

In the afternoon of the same day a paper full of practical suggestiveness, while laden with metaphor, was read by Professor Edward Barde, D.D., of Geneva, on "The Tree and its Fruits." His object was to illustrate the need of digging about the tree, removing the stones, killing the parasites, letting in the fresh air, and, above all, applying "to the roots the life-preserving salt, without which there can be no health." He said, "You know what this salt is. It is the Holy Spirit." We may describe this valuable paper as *the prose poem of the jubilee*.

In the evening the picturesque group of buildings known as the Guildhall was thronged in every part by the delegates and their friends to witness the presentation of the freedom of the city of London to their much-loved president. This time-honored ceremony took place in the Council Chamber, a lofty groined octagonal hall added to the Guildhall buildings ten years ago. Spacious as it is, the chamber was not nearly large enough to accommodate half the would-be spectators. The scene was gay and impressive, as the pageant of this world ever is. Upon the presiding chair, attired in court dress, over which was thrown the sumptuous State robes of black and gold embroidery, sat the lord mayor, a short, vigorous, self-made man, while on his left was the lady mayoress, and to the right and left the two sheriffs, wearing dresses only less gorgeous than his own. In felicitous terms and with great dignity and decorum the city chamberlain, in the name of the corporation, invited Sir George Williams to accept the freedom of the city, quoting as pertinent to the occasion the passage