

tions, the latter being for the Dissenters. Sauntering idly through the labyrinth of tombs, some familiar names began to claim my interest. Here lie Tietjens the great singer, and Brunel the engineer. Further on are Birkbeck, the founder of the Mechanics Institute, Anthony Trollope, Harrison Ainsworth, and Shirley Brooks. W. M. Thackeray's grave is marked by a plain grey slab. Here, too, sleep Sidney Smith, Allan Cunningham, and Cardinal Manning. Tom Hood's monument, which was erected by public subscription, is the most artistic in the cemetery, and bears the words, "He sang the song of the shirt." The headstone of a chorister of Westminster Abbey is headed with two bars of "O Rest in the Lord." One grey monument is in the shape of a huge hour glass.

Many stones were marked with the words, "The family grave of ———," which mean that all the family are buried in one grave. By counting the names, you can coldly calculate how many feet deep of bodies there are in it. This great cemetery is a quiet place for the living, one of "unfathomed rest" for the dead.

"The stones with weed and lichen bound enclose
No active grief, no uncompleted woes
But only finished work and harbored quest
And balm for ills."

London, April.

It was the evening of April 12th, in London, a gray night upon which a heavy fog had settled down like a stifling pall upon the city. A stranger within the gates, a tired Canadian halted at St. Paul's churchyard and bethought her of a quiet spot to take tea, for it was now five o'clock, and the eve of the great praise meeting of the Church Missionary Society, the eve they would celebrate their one hundredth anniversary.

But where to go, and the fog was stifling and hurt one's eyes. It came like an inspiration—*The Castle and Falcon*, and it was within sight. True, it is not a fashionable Inn now, as on the 12th of April, 1799, just a hundred years ago

to-night, when sixteen clergymen and nine laymen met to establish a society whose object should be the promotion of the Gospel among the heathen. It was the day of small things, but these men with large-eyed hope looked out into the future knowing that the oak-tree is wrappd up in the acorn, and that the first man represented all humanity: Who, then, could prophecy how God should use their grain of mustard-seed?

It was a quaint old room, and as I sipped my tea by the light of the open fire, my thoughts leapt across the gulf of the century to the meeting held in this very spot. John Venn is in the chair. The officers are elected. Mr. Wilberforce declines the presidency. He feels it too important a position, and so the society must perforce start without one. Strange, too! the fathers of this baby society quite forgot to give it name, and it is not until six weeks later that it is called, "The Society for Missions to Africa and the East." They are busily engaged in drafting the constitution and have just decided to send a copy of it with a respectful letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury. His Grace, however, took no notice of the new Society, although they waited for a whole year, when he was verbally interviewed.

We long to tell these kindly ghosts we have resurrected, the story of how the leaves of this tree of their planting has been for the healing of the nations—how it has been a balm in Gilead, but alas! they have faded away into the dull, cold land of the dead.

I have barely time to reach the great Albert Hall, for it is an hour's journey hence. This hall, built in memory of the late Prince Consort, is a vast elliptical building of red brick, constructed in Italian Renaissance style.

Arrived at South Kensington, swarms of men insisted on our taking sample copies of *The Christian*, *The Life of Faith*, and pamphlets discussing the church crisis from all standpoints—the high, low, slow, broad, and fast, for Eng-