

Christmas is Coming

And you will want
suitable presents
for your friends.
You could not do
better than consult

W. B. Shakespeare,
The Jeweller,

And have him order
exactly what you
want.

74 Yates St., VICTORIA.

Thence we proceeded to New York by the New York Central. We travelled through the night, but in the early morning had a delightful view of the justly famous Hudson river. There was not the amount of steamboat traffic above New York that one looked for, but there was every evidence of life however, with busy factories, foundries and workshops along the shores, and fast trains hurrying to and fro on either bank of the river.

I shall not say much about New York itself, for we were not long enough there to form much idea of it. Personally, I was surprised to see its horse teams, once or twice almost alarmed at the tremendous noise of the "elevated" trains overhead, but on the whole impressed with its apparent rush of business and wonderful 20 story buildings. I do not think I would like to live in New York. There seemed an utter absence of human sympathy, and a hard, unfeeling commercialism about the place; and I was bound to feel a sense of insecurity, when, on entering a good clean room in a highly respectable hotel, I read on the inner side of the door "Important. Be sure and bolt your door before retiring." I do not wish, however, to pass formal and unjust judgments upon the great city, for, as I say, we were there not long enough to form final judgments, and I would rather these statements be regarded as "first impressions." Mr. Andrews and I went into a store to get an iced drink. A spruce looking Greek waited on us, and remarked: "You gentlemen English. You not 'Merken.'" We nodded assent, when he became very cordial, and began to eulogize England, and to pick out the best of the fruit for our purchase. "England great; good country. England always friend to Greeks. Helped us get our independence. Sympathize war with Turkey. Now help us again Crete. Oh, we like England." Some thousands of newsboys were on strike, and holding "big" meetings and making "big" speeches, while we were there. We saw some of their street demonstrations.

We boarded the steamer at the White Star wharf at 11.30 on the 26th ult., and half an hour later were starting out to sea. There was a large number of passengers, and perhaps a larger number of relatives on the wharf to see us off. It was affecting, and in some instances almost pathetic to witness the "good-byes." There were many tear-redened eyes and sad faces, evidently some were "sorrowing, most of all," as those who

parted with Paul at Ephesus, because "they shall see his face no more."

As we steamed slowly out of the harbor there were many sights to be seen, the most conspicuous being the Statue of Liberty on the one side and the great Brooklyn bridge on the other. A little further out we gained a commanding view of the two main forts protecting New York, one on either side. Americans aboard were eager to call attention to these formidable constructions. The writer asked one of our cousins if the fortresses were considered of much value? and was readily assured that while they did not amount to much before the war with Spain, that now they are almost impregnable. It may be so, but we sincerely hope that an enemy may never test them.

We had scarcely passed Sandy Hook and discharged our pilot, when, almost simultaneously, a large number of passengers seemed to act as if the excellent dinner, which had just been served, did not agree with them. An unusually large number, for fine weather, made the acquaintance of "mal de mer," and, for the moment, everyone considered that medical science was most lamentably behind the times, since no ready remedy for sea sickness has been brought forward. In a few days, however, more generous opinions prevailed, and the physicians, amongst us, seemed to be as popular as any other class.

The voyage was uneventful, except for one or two things. There was a terrific rainstorm on Saturday afternoon, which developed during the night whilst most of us slept, into a brisk cyclone. But the Majestic is a fine ship, and no one was alarmed. There was also an accident to one of the table stewards, and we were informed that a steerage passenger, who somehow had got hold of liquor, attempted to throw himself overboard, but was prevented by the sailors. As you know, I love the sailor, and so was often talking with those on the Majestic. One of them told me of a man who on a former voyage drank himself into delirium tremens, and was observed one night climbing to the mast head. He was at once pursued, but refused to come down, and endangered his pursuer. Whereupon another sailor ran up the opposite rope ladder and came down to meet him. Still he declined to descend. So something else had to be done. A rope was quickly passed round him and in a minute he was securely fastened to the mast, where he remained all night. By the morning he was completely cured, and, when set free, returned to the deck without further coaxing.

There were more than a dozen ministers aboard of various denominations, and on the Sunday religious services were enjoyed, morning and evening. The evening preacher was Rev. Alex. Brown, of Glasgow, who gave us an excellent discourse.

I shall not weary you with details of the busy scenes which greeted us at Liverpool docks, nor with the wearying ordeal of getting ones innocent baggage through the customs, for we managed it at last, and got off to a hotel for the night.

Next morning at 8 I started on the London & Northwestern for London. I was agreeably surprised to find that I could get a good breakfast on the train, especially as I had missed it at the hotel. We travelled at the rate of 50 miles an hour, and reached London promptly at noon. I had been away from the dear

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J. HORNER.

old land for ten years, and returned to see it at its best. As we swept past beautifully kept farms, with waving grain fields, "after" grass and orchards with waving hawthorn hedges, and various hardwood trees in park like distribution; and as my eyes fell upon quaint villages and towns with ancient walls and church towers, all of them having historic association, I found myself saying with patriotic emotion, "Dear old England, land of my fathers, and my own land," and then trying to recall the poet who said:

"He is the true cosmopolite
Who loves his native land the best."

When I commenced this scribble, I intended to write you chiefly of my sight seeing expedition in this wonderful old town, but I have written enough at present. If it will interest you I may send another communication later.

You may kindly let the Recorder readers know of my health and welfare.

Ever yours faithfully,

J. P. HICKS.

Among the passengers who arrived by the Warrimoo on September 8th was Dr. John G. Paton, the Presbyterian missionary, who has been forty years in mission work in the New Hebrides. He says that since he went to the islands 18,000 people have been converted from cannibalism and heathenism, but there is still a multitude, variously estimated at 40,000 and 60,000, who still resort to cannibalism. In the earlier years of his life in the islands he had many narrow escapes from death. There are now 23 missionaries, 300 native workers and 3,000 church members in the islands. Dr. Paton is on his way to Washington to attend the Pan Presbyterian conference to be shortly held there.—Times.