

and dignified. In speaking you cannot but notice his long, thin, artistic fingers that somewhat suggest nervousness and power.

The church is octagonal in form, and the architecture is characterized by elegance rather than grandeur. Palms and lilies were banked about the communion table. It being the first Sunday in the month, the morning prayer was dispensed with, and the service opened with the singing of "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us." The Communion service followed, the congregation singing the *Kyrie to Tallis* in A.

Mr. Meyer speaks with great deliberation, but still holds one's interest from exordium to finish without break or waver. He addressed us upon the words, "And they told what things were done in the way and how He was know to them in the breaking of bread." "This," said the preacher, "is an idyll of the resurrection: it is an idyll of our king." He gave a vivid and realistic description of the two disciples walking to Emmaus, and of the Sabbath quiet that rested over the land for the people had gone up to the Pascal Feast. These two men "communed together and reasoned" of all "the things which had happened," when a stranger joined them from the rear. He probably entered into their ordinary conversation, but suddenly startled them with the words: "What manner of communications are these ye have one to another, as ye walk and are sad?"

Mr. Meyer's description of their unfolding the tragedy of the One "who should have redeemed Israel" showed masterly narrative talent, and a powerful imagination under the control of good judgment. "These men," he said, "wept as patriots. They looked for this Jesus to establish a Kingdom, and to drive back the Roman dogs into the sea from whence they came." He pithily grouped the subject under three phases of experience: Darkness, Sunrise, Daylight, or in a more alliterative way, Hearts that break; Hearts

that burn; Hearts that believe; or, again, Christ neither seen nor felt; Christ felt but not seen; Christ both felt and seen.

Hearts that break! Desolate hearts! Why are ye sad? It is Easter day. On the resurrection day a tidal wave swept around the Church and lifted it to a higher plane. It was a tidal wave of the warm gulf-stream that should melt ice-bound hearts. The sailors on the Aegean Sea cried out on Easter Day: "Pan is dead!" Why are ye sad when idols are being cast to the moles and bats? Why are ye sad when Heaven rings with the song of angels? Why are ye sad when the women say, "He is risen"?

Christ told his disciples they were slow of heart. Their hearts were clean, regenerate, true, but still *so slow*. In describing the slow hearts of humanity, their intellectual doubts and misgivings, the speaker used keen, penetrative phrases that cut like a scalpel. All hearts were bowed and hushed before him, and one could not be other than deeply impressed. He then changed his style of utterance, and with sweet, subtle words that showed him to have a tremulous sense of pity, and a more than womanly tenderness, he said, "Have I a child who is weak of intellect, dull of understanding, slow of heart, his eyes are holden, he does not answer my suggestions like the others—do I love him the less? Ah! I sit me down, and taking him in my arms, I teach him gently, I give him gifts and whisper, 'Little one this is for thee.'" The conclusion was a quiet recitative which was most effective.

Mr. Meyer is not a believer in close communion for "all who love the Lord Jesus" were invited to be partakers of the sacrament.

In the afternoon I wandered out to the Kensal Green Cemetery. This great necropolis is a mile and a half wide, and laid out like a miniature city, with avenues, streets, and paths. It contains seventy thousand graves, and is divided into consecrated and unconsecrated por-