

streams are visible from the cottage window. Close by the garden is an elegant Episcopal Church, surrounded on three sides by a populous graveyard. Here, close to the cottage, and sheltered by a luxuriant yew, rests the remains of Mrs. Gordon's mother; and here, had she died in London, would Mrs. Gordon's ashes also rest. Sweet spot, secluded yet not too lonely; quiet but not sad; peaceful as becomes the restful home of the weary body, yet scarcely beyond the sweep of the great currents that rush through the world's capital.

It was on a quiet autumnal evening that Mr. Gordon for the first time saw this cottage. Its retired and beautiful situation pleased him exceedingly and he resolved to secure lodgings here if possible. He called, and on inquiring if there were any room for him, was answered in the negative. The house was small, and the family occupied the whole of it. Still he was not satisfied to go away. He requested the servant to tell her mistress that he wanted to speak to her. The answer was that "she was engaged." "Tell her," said Mr. Gordon, "that a *Missionary* wishes to speak to her." His perseverance was successful. He saw Mrs. SAMUEL POWELL; she agreed to let him have such rooms as she could spare; and she never had cause to regret that she had done so. The matter was from the LORD; for it was through this means that our Missionary met with Miss Powell who became his loved and faithful partner in all his troubles.

Besides this window, open now to the soft evening breeze, was his favorite seat. These blossoming trees bloomed for him five summers ago; and he rejoiced as I do now in the fragrance of this honey suckle. In front of the house is his favorite promenade, where, book in hand, he often drank in the air of early morning. In London, as elsewhere, he was an early riser. Often did he "prevent the dawning" with his prayers, and profit in his studies by the earliest gleams of sunshine.

Wandering through Victoria Park we mark the spots where he was wont to preach in the open air on almost every Lord's day. On sunny Sabbath afternoons many thousands congregate here to enjoy the fresh air and the sight of green fields and the smell of flowers. Careless of everything but physical enjoyment they come and go like the grass-hopper, or the gaudy butterfly. Mr. Gordon was most constant and energetic in his attempts to warn and save this multitude. However harassing his week-day toils—however long his Missionary rounds in the city on the morning of the Lord's day, here he takes his stand in the afternoon, and having addressed a crowd in one place for a time he proceeds to another point where a fresh audience soon clusters around him; and thus he prosecutes his Master's work, regardless of toil—regardless too of the finger of scorn and the cold scoffer's sneer. Supported by a small band of faithful friends he continued thus to labour during the whole of the time that he spent in London. The mellow chimes of the city bells float on the perfumed air of the Park; but their invitation to the House of Prayer is scorned by the thousands who throng these walks and avenues. God is not in all their thoughts. To all practical purposes they are infidels—they are heathens. But see how they crowd around that tall, strong man—how eagerly they press within sound of his earnest voice. They listen unmoved till the service closes and many retire with an aspect of unwonted gravity.

In the vicinity of the Park are "Gin Palaces" and shops which are open on the Lord's day. Mr. Gordon never passed them without expostulating with the parties that thus openly transgressed the law of God. When