

God who preaches to the largest congregation in London next to that of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the Rev. Archibald Brown.

In the afternoon, sitting beneath the groined roof of the most famous house of worship, probably in the world, Westminster Abbey, and listening to the most distinguished preacher of whom the Church of England can now boast, Canon Farrar, and surrounded by thousands of Americans and Canadians, some of whose faces were delightfully familiar, you may well conceive that it was one of the memorable occasions of our trip. Canon Farrar is a man of slender build and medium stature. His countenance is pleasing, rather than impressive. He has a voice of more than ordinary quality and compass. He reads his sermons but does it with splendid ease and effectiveness. Probably there is not a preacher in England to-day, who can use language with greater felicity and effectiveness.

Over the North sea to Holland may be enjoyable or otherwise as circumstances may determine. To us it was decidedly otherwise. It is not particularly flattering to one's vanity when he has been boasting of superiority to seasickness, having crossed and recrossed the Atlantic without being under the necessity of absenting himself from the table during a single meal, to find a short strip of water like the North Sea upsetting his equilibrium. I have come to the deliberate conclusion since I made that trip, that "all men are mortal," and that boasting is a vain and fulsome thing. I had been disposed to think that it was a nice thing to be "rocked in the cradle of the deep," but I now realize that the rocking may be a little too violent and jaggy to deserve any euphemistic appellation.

Holland is an interesting country. It is full of the charming novelties of age. Everything from the people to the boats looks ancient. The dykes, the windmills and the quaint houses are suggestive of simplicity. The City of Rotterdam was to me a place of more than ordinary fascination. It was so entirely unlike anything I had seen before. The variety was charming. The streets, the shops, the carts with dogs attached underneath, all interested me. Some of the residences, with grounds sloping down into the superabundant waters that intersect the city in every part, were very beautiful. The country seemed to indicate a quality of soil that was excellent. Abundant crops of