

to have been the original of Dotheboys Hall. Close at hand is Rokeby, the scene of Scott's poem of the same name, with which is associated also Barnard Castle, now in ruins.

From here also a trip was made to the English Lakes, and a most enjoyable day was spent in visiting the places which besides their natural beauty have such literary interest. At Windermere the railway journey came to an end, and the faithful wheel was again called into service. Lake Windermere is the largest of the English Lakes, being ten miles in length, and steam boats and pleasure boats of all descriptions ply upon it. Riding north we soon reach the tiny Rydal Mere with Rydal Mount, the home of Wordsworth. A few miles further and we come to the lovely little Grasmere. Here the Mecca of all tourists is the grave of Wordsworth, in the cemetery beside the quaint old church. The grave is marked by a simple stone slab on which is carved the poet's name, and the dates of his birth and death.

From Grasmere the road rises steadily and often sharply, and the cyclist is glad of the excuse which the beauty of the backward view affords to dismount and ascend on foot. At the summit a heap of stones marks the boundary between Westmorland and Cumberland. A fairly easy descent brings us to Thirlmere. Here, just to the right, rises "the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn." To climb this and see the spot rendered famous by the accident commemorated by Scott and Wordsworth is a favorite "stunt" with tourists. (Please pardon the reprehensible slang.) But three miles of stiff climbing on a hot day is not an alluring prospect for a lazy man, and the heights of Helvellyn were left unscathed. Around Thirlmere to the left an excellent road has been made by the Manchester Corporation. For this lake is the source of Manchester's water supply, and with all its tributaries is owned by the city, the water being carried in pipes for nearly a hundred miles (ninety-six, to be exact.)

After leaving Thirlmere, we find a little level road, with the giant form of Skiddow in the distance. Then a steep and rather dangerous descent brings us into Keswick, on Lake Derwentwater. Known most widely perhaps through the Bible Conferences held here each summer, Keswick is also a popular tourist resort, and well deserves its popularity. Here a stop was made for the night, and after tea a spin was enjoyed around the lake, with a side trip to see the Bowder Stone at the entrance of the Borrowdale, a total distance of about eleven miles. The first point of interest is Castle Crag, from which is obtained a charming view of Keswick and Derwentwater. A little further on are the Falls of Lodore, made famous by Southey's jingling rhyme. We of course turned aside here to see "how the waters come down." Candor compels me to confess that there was a slight deficiency which rather weakened its effect as a waterfall. In every other particular it fitted Southey's description. The one thing lacking was water. What little there was had been employed in the useful if somewhat prosaic task of providing electric light and power for the town of Keswick. The little which had escaped this commercial slavery would hardly suffice to make a respectable mountain spring, and it slipped quietly and unobtrusively down among the rocks as if conscious of the bare-faced deception which had been practiced upon the innocent and unsuspecting tourist.

The Bowder Stone of which mention has been made, is an immense mass of rock estimated to contain two thousand tons. This huge rock in falling from the cliffs above somehow came to rest on one edge. Its base is so narrow that in one place a hole has been made through, and two people creeping under on either side are able to shake hands through the aperture. From the top of the stone (ascended by means of a long ladder) a beautiful view may be obtained of Borrowdale and the surrounding peaks.

Continuing the journey round the lake, the last place to be visited is the little churchyard, about a mile from the town, in which the poet Southey lies buried. The house in which he lived and died is at the edge of the town, overlooking the little river Greta.

After leaving the lake district several days were spent in discovering and visiting relatives and at Stockton-on-Tees, and vicinity and at Durham. But this would scarcely be of general interest and may well be omitted.

The Saturday before the opening of the Baptist Congress found me at Edinburgh, for just a peep at old Scotland. Edinburgh bears the reputation of being one of the most beautiful cities of Europe and well deserves it. Princess street, with its fine buildings on one side and the beautiful public gardens on the other, can hardly be duplicated. Edinburgh is famous too for its churches and preachers so the opportunity of spending Sunday there was gladly welcomed. To my regret Rev. Alex. Whyte was absent from the city, preaching for a congregation of United Free who had been dispossessed by process of law under the decision of the House of Lords in favor of the Wee Free. After looking over the list of church services choice was made of St. George's, where Rev. Hugh Black, well known in America as an author, is minister. The large church was well filled with a rather stylish congregation. But whether it was the fault of the preacher or the hearer, the fact remains that my heroic efforts to keep awake were but partially suc-

cessful. What the sermon was about I might discover by referring to my notes, but there is no trace of it left in my memory. After service, I inquired about the Sabbath School and was informed that it had been closed for the summer months. And this in one of the largest churches in Scotland. I learned afterwards, however, that this is the general custom.

One sample of famous preaching sufficed, so in the evening I made my way to a little Baptist church near by. The congregation was only a handful, but there seemed to be an unusual proportion of men and especially young men. The preacher was neither very learned nor eloquent, but the service was restful and helpful. At the close the stranger was warmly greeted, a greeting which no doubt would have been even more cordial had he announced the fact that he was a Baptist from Canada.

On Monday the usual round of visits was made, including the Castle Holyrood, the house in which Knox is said to have lived, Edinburgh University, and other less widely known points of interest. Monday evening closed my visit to Edinburgh, and Tuesday morning found me up to London doing my part with the hundreds of other foreign delegates in bringing the patient Congress officials to the verge of nervous prostration. R. J. Colpitts.

N. B. Home Missions.

A glance over the fields shows students placed as follows:

C. Frank Rideout, Grand Falls, St. Leonards, etc.
M. L. Orchard, Tobique.
Geo. C. F. Keirstead, Bath, Aberdeen, etc.
E. H. Cochrane, Nashwaakasis, Cardigan, etc.
J. H. Geldart, Salmon River.
Percy Hayward, Upper Gagetown, etc.
F. S. Kinley, St. Andrews, etc.
Clarence Wheaton, Grand Manan.
H. M. Manzer, Mascarene, etc.
C. A. Collishaw, Musquash.
J. S. McFadden, Hampton and Smithtown.
A. C. Berrie, Point de Bute.
F. A. Bower, Port Elgin.
W. T. Denham, Flatlands, etc.
Fred. Porter, New Richmond, Bay Chaleur.

At Musquash Bro. Collishaw called in the secretary to baptize for him on a recent Sunday. The day was fine, the beach and water all that could be desired, and a large congregation assembled to witness the ordinance, which from its simple beauty and suggestiveness, is after all its own best endorsement. Numbers by these observances are compelled to admit the scripturalness and divine character of the ceremony. This field much needs a parsonage, and just now the brethren are agitating the matter with some earnestness. There could then be continuous pastoral care, serving all the interests along the coast for a distance of about twenty miles. The people are largely fishermen, clever, and hospitable. They welcome the gospel message and almost compel a minister to preach. In such places how encouraging to God's servants to find an eager desire for the truth of the word. They do not wish any modern systems, but the pure word, full of love and sympathy for perishing souls. In his recent report Bro. Collishaw adds: "Although this is a large field yet the outlook is good. The people are kind hearted and generous, willing to do what they can for the building up of the church. It would be a good thing if a settled pastor could be stationed here. The meetings are always largely attended and considerable interest is manifested. There is everything to encourage an honest pastor's heart in the work of the Lord, and he that will labor faithfully will not go empty handed, for precious souls will be born again."

Bro. Manzer at Mascarene includes L'Etang, Caithness, Scotch Settlement and Le Tete. He says: "We have no interest at Back Bay. Mr. Stephenson the Disciple pastor preaches there every Sunday. He also preaches at Mascarene and Le Tete each Sunday. Baptist ministers have not for some time gone to Back Bay, and I understand the people there are satisfied with present conditions. I would like to see more fruits of my labors, but I know I must trust God for that. The conditions here are peculiar. There are very few to help in the master's work, and there is not the union in service there should be."

At St. Andrews, Mr. Kinley writes: "With regard to general conditions on the field I am sorry to report a low spiritual condition. Thework has suffered for want of a regular pastor. If the Baptists are to hold the ground they must work it. I find people in St. Andrews who are members of the Baptist Church regularly attending other services, because they have gone there during the winter season, when no minister was here, and having been given something to do, do not now feel like withdrawing their support and giving it to us for only a few weeks in the summer. There are some Free Baptists also here, who would be a support to the church should the proposed union take place. Though I do not think the settling of a pastor on the field would solve all problems yet the work will stop and go back unless a regular man is settled on the field at once. I pray that God may send to this people the right man."

I have quoted the brother's words to show the

state of affairs in a more direct way. What a pity that we have so many weak-kneed Baptists. It is a fact that St. Andrews kept going down years ago, even when it had a regular pastor. What would the fathers say in their time to this? They left the fields months and even years at a time, but the brethren stood by their principles and made us what we are today. St. Andrews needs re-stocking with some of the veterans of years ago. The spirit of comity has gone so far with some today that it does not seem to matter whether they are Baptists or not. And Pedobaptists are only too ready to take advantage of this fact and lure our members away, just where we need them most. We could quote other instances of this kind. But let us now look at another and a harder field than even St. Andrews.

At Grand Falls we have had for years a life and death struggle. But the brethren kept bravely on. With many losses and removals, until the little band was down to a dozen oftentimes, without meeting house or parsonage or pastoral care, they still cried to the Lord for help and now we find that help coming. Let us notice Bro. Rideout's report. He says: "Our attendance is growing every Sunday at each station, except St. Leonards, where there is only a limited number of Protestants. I am very much encouraged with the interest taken at Grand Falls, where it was formerly thought useless to have a morning service. We are now having the largest congregations ever known to turn out here. Other places I have only visited a few times, but there is a grand work to be done. We are finishing church building both at Grand Falls and Ortonville. Before long Glassby Settlement and California just below, will also build if they are directed aright."

This is as it should be. With about one-half the Baptist constituency to be found at St. Andrews, and with a solid mass of French Romanism about it, Grand Falls is forging ahead, and by the blessing of God will undoubtedly be brought through. Such a people cannot fail.

And now for Bay Chaleur. A recent visit here reveals much missionary ground and hopeful signs all about. Pastor Keirstead continues his ministrations at Campbellton and adjoining parts, enjoying much blessing in his work. From a little interest of about a dozen Baptists twenty-five years since this mission has grown to an independent church of more than two hundred and seventy members. Perhaps nowhere in New Brunswick is there also greater business activity today. Several lumbering concerns have mills along the shore, and large vessels from across the Atlantic may daily be seen loading for distant ports on the other side. Great numbers of men are drawn hither seeking employment both in mills and forest, and naturally their families come with them, making several thriving centres, especially in the vicinity of Campbellton.

Here we have two students, one at Flatlands and other parts near the mouth of the Restigouche, the other at New Richmond, a little to the northeast. I had the privilege of spending Sunday, 13th, with Bro. Porter on his interesting field. While conditions are entirely new for Baptists, and they know little of us in New Brunswick, there are yet hopeful prospects for Christian work. And oh, how much they need our help! Let us continue to pray for our mission here and stand loyally by these brethren until a church organization is completed. It is a thriving community, yet sadly lacking in true spiritual teaching. May a brighter day yet dawn on these shores. W. E. M.

The Baptist Convention.

In last week's Messenger and Visitor reference was made to the former meeting in Charlottetown of our Maritime Convention. It was suggested that the personnel of the present convention would be changed from that of 1887. If some of those present on that former occasion are in attendance this year (as doubtless some are) they will not only observe that the Convention is different, but that Charlottetown is different. There has been progress in this capital city of Prince Edward Island in these eighteen years. One visiting Charlottetown for the first time is impressed with the compactness of the city and the regularity of its streets. The town was evidently laid out in the first place with a view to its growth and financial advancement. A beautiful park adorns the centre of the city in the midst of which are placed the public buildings, viz., the Court house the Provincial Government Buildings, the Post Office and the City Market. The last named was built only a year ago and in beauty of architectural design would be a credit to any city. The business of the city generally is done also here at the centre of three sides of the public square which as before stated encloses the public buildings. On these streets are to be found mercantile establishments which for size and general up-to-date appearance would be worthy of a city of two or three times the size of Charlottetown. The civic pride that is taken in this town. The civic pride that is taken in this capital of the Island province is very manifest as one walks about the square and along the well kept streets. The general aspect of things is the more interesting when one remembers that the entire population of the island is only one hundred thousand.

The church buildings of Charlottetown are also (Continued on page 8.)