

At the close of the meeting, a number of his admirers called for a speech from Mr. Kensit. The chairman declined to voice the request, but they persisted for fully five minutes, till Mr. Kensit rose, and in heated words said, that by a disgraceful arrangement he had not been allowed to speak. It is quite evident that Mr. Kensit has been cold-shouldered by the Evangelical party. They object to his designating the Protestant movement as "The Kensit Crusade," and to his self-imposed task of leadership. Privately, the Evangelicals speak of him as an unknown, presumptuous commoner, a bugbear, an incubus—their "old man of the sea." It is true that he is not a gentleman, even in the widest stretch of that very elastic term, but still it was by these same objectionable traits that he brought the flagrant violations of the Clergy prominently before the public.

The Evangelicals look to Prebendary Peploe as their head. His master mind dominates the whole movement. He thoroughly understands the subject, is a quick and accurate disputant, and his words have a manly ring.

London, February.

The Archbishop of Canterbury preached yesterday at St. Bride's. His face is gaunt-muscle with the record of hard thinking writ roughly all over it, and his head might have been modelled with an axe. His sermon was along the line of "definite religious teaching," in which the clergy tell us from time to time we are lamentably deficient. It was a hard-headed essay on the well-worn topic of Baptismal Regeneration. His elucidation of the question was what rude Dissenters would term the exquisite elaboration of a lie. His Grace preached with the aid of an excessively ornate staff, which in no way improved a monotonous discourse. He could not, even by the

most charitable, be considered a popular preacher: indeed, I have a shrewd suspicion that a Canadian parish in the back counties would probably starve him out.

Having cast this little stone of criticism, I might say that our Archbishop has the uncommon merit of not erring on the side of prolixity. He is logical and concise in expression, a man of enormous erudition and of rugged mental strength. His position at the present crisis is no sinecure. Stormed at with shot and shell from all quarters of the Church Militant, he holds a true balance. When the smoke of battle clears away, it will be seen that with sanity of nerve and brain, he kept a steady finger on the pulse of the body ecclesiastic. He is a man of sturdy rectitude, has a depth of charity that is not easily provoked, and a width of vision which can see more sides than one of any mooted question—He needs it all!

In pursuit of pulpit celebrities, I betook me to hear the Rev. W. Hay Aitken. In person, Mr. Aitken is tall and dignified. He has a masterful carriage, a well-poised head and a thin, sensitive face. A Yorkshire yokel was once asked if Mr. Aitken used much ritual. "Ritual! naw, 'im just sings a 'im and sez a prayer and then goes *bang* at 'em." While this illustrates Mr. Aitken's practical activity, the great mission preacher is also a man of wide culture and intensity of feeling. He possesses a remarkable knowledge of human nature, and a faith that is clear, sharp-cut, and well-defined. He has the power to fuse his thoughts into subtle words that have a spell in them. Words are to him what colors are to a painter. He thinks well, and so speaks well. Mr. Aitken's audiences cannot fail to be impressed with the fervour of his earnestness and the glow of his holiness. He is a master of assemblies and his words are as nails.