

are often fulsome and extravagant. Among the stones, I looked for the one described by Nathaniel Hawthorne when he visited this cemetery in 1853. On it were the words. "Here rests in peace a virtuous wife." Sarah Biffin, the celebrated miniaturist is buried here. She was born without hands or arms and painted by her mouth. The Corporation of Liverpool are about to have this cemetery filled in with clay.

Sometimes we spend our afternoons in Toxteth Park, where the children never tire feeding the swans and water-hens:

I went twice to hear Dr. John Watson, better known as *Ian Maclaren*. His Church was densely packed on both occasions. The creator of *Drumchugh*, *Doctor MacLure* and *Jamie Soutar* did not disappoint me. In his own words they were "rael bonnie sermons" that I heard. Dr. Watson has suffered persecutions long drawn out, because forsooth, his novels are not doctrinal. His flaw-picking brethren have been pouring out vitriolized tirades on this theological Prodigal but as he is a man of strong convictions, and I should judge as unyielding as an axiom in Euclid, it is not likely he will be frightened or bowowed out of his opinions. Before the sermon, he offered a short extempore prayer which was an entreaty for blessing on those who had lost their reason; a benediction for all near to death; mercies for any name that might be repeated. His subject was "Successful Life," and his text, "Behold this dreamer." He said had Joseph lived in the Victorian era a book for young men entitled, "From a Jail to a Throne" would have been written, and his life held up as a model of a successful career. This spirit has been satirized by Matthew Arnold, and we are apt to sneer at Smiles' worthies, but if material success be not always honorable, neither is material failure; "Wherefore," he said, "without a blush, I shall proceed to preach on the excellency of success."