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I.—LITERATURE OF MISSIONS.  
MISSIONS IN OLD SCOTLAND. No. II.

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The old year died in a pathetically becoming way. December 31 beheld a funeral cortege in Westminster Abbey, when an illustrious poet was laid to rest among the great dead that there find a shrine and throne. The latest of the sons was given a tomb close by the father of English poesy, and Chaucer and Browning lie side by side in the "Poets' Corner."

Notwithstanding fog and frost, crowds lined the avenues along which the bier was borne, and when, at 11:30, the doors were opened, the Abbey was at once filled, and when the tolling bell was pealing out its weird monotone at twelve, there was not a vacant place save those reserved for clergy, choir and mourners. It was a brilliant assemblage—lords and ladies, dukes and earls, ambassadors and ministers, bishops, deans and canons; all were there to do honor to the pure and reverent poet, whose lines have been an honor to humanity and to God. Mrs. Browning's exquisite lyre was sung,

"He giveth His beloved sleep,"

set to music by Dr. Bridges; and the first part of the ceremony closed with Wesley's anthem,

"All go to one place."

During the whole service there lay on the coffin Tennyson's floral wreath, and Miss Browning's cross and wreath of palma violets.

We have said that it seemed a most fitting closing ceremony for the dying year. And those two musical selections, how they seemed to present the two sides of humanity's solemn history! The eschatology of missions! On the one hand the Christian's death and burial: "He giveth His beloved sleep;" resting awhile until the resurrection, asleep in Jesus. And, on the other hand, unredeemed humanity, sweeping on promiscuously, a generation together, all going to one place, and that place a grave without hope—a grave of unbroken gloom. And to think how easily, if the Church would obey the Lord, and resolutely preach the gospel among all the nations, that hopeless and indiscriminate sweeping of human beings into the rayless pit of sheol might be trans-