

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

BY REV. DR. BURNS.

MR. EDITOR,—You asked me to communicate with you during my absence in the old world. I find it hard to get leisure for writing.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL CENTENARY GATHERING.

The reception at the Sabbath School Centenary gathering took place at 56 Old Bailey, the headquarters of the London Sabbath School Union, on Saturday, the 26th June. Sir Thomas Chambers with Sir Charles and Lady Reid, and the four Secretaries of the Union, formed the reception committee. Sir Charles Reed presided. Fourteen nationalities were represented. The largest outside delegations were from the United States and Canada—some two hundred from the former and fifty from the latter. Fifteen short addresses were delivered in reply to the address of welcome, Vice-Chancellor Blake and your correspondent representing the Dominion in its western and eastern sections. The more formal inauguration service was held on the Monday following, at noon, in the magnificent chamber at the Guildhall, under the auspices of the Lord Mayor—in his gorgeous robes of office. The most noticeable addresses were those of the Archbishop of Canterbury, which was comprehensive in its scope and catholic in its spirit; Lord Hatherley, ex-Lord Chancellor, and a Sabbath school teacher of over forty years' experience, who gave some good common sense advice in a fatherly way—though halting and hesitating in his utterance; and Dr. Punshon, who retains his old elegance of diction and effectiveness of delivery. Dr. Vincent spoke for America, and the Earl of Aberdeen, an amiable and accomplished young nobleman, son of the good Lord Haddo, took the place of Lord Shaftesbury, who was unavoidably absent. The International Convention met in the Memorial Hall, the headquarters of English (Congregational) Non-conformity, during the whole of that week, except Wednesday, which was the children's day at the Crystal Palace. Many important practical questions were discussed, but the reading of papers became somewhat irksome, and many first-class workers had not an opportunity of being heard. I preached the sermon in City Temple (Dr. Parker's) on the evening of the inauguration day.

On Wednesday, the 30th, the children swarmed at the Crystal Palace—over 50,000 present and not a single accident. Five thousand took part in the concert inside, and 30,000 outside. The public meeting in Exeter Hall, on the Thursday evening, had Drs. Hall and W. M. Taylor, of New York, for chief speakers. But the great night of the feast was on Friday, when 3,000 or 4,000 sat down at the communion table of the Lord in the Metropolitan Tabernacle—Mr. Spurgeon presiding. What a voice he has! What a simple old Saxon dialect! What a noble spirit! Certain peculiarities will crop out, but they sit naturally on him, they form part of the man, as when he proclaimed himself a "know nothing" in being determined to *know nothing* but Jesus Christ, and announced his open communionism under cover of the proverb, "Blood is thicker than water—the blood of Christ is thicker than the water of my baptism." The scene was one never to be forgotten, the interest culminating at the close, when we formed, at Spurgeon's request, a chain of hands stretching all through the church, above and below, and sang his favourite stanza,

"E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy bleeding wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die."

I felt it to be a high honour and privilege to get the cordial hand-clasp of this greatest minister of Christ in the world. When the friend introducing me, spoke of my relationship to W. C. Burns his face got all aglow and he spoke very kindly to me.

The unveiling of the statue to Robert Raikes, on the Thames embankment, opposite Cleopatra's needle, on Saturday, the 3rd, was a fitting termination of these high festivities. The presiding spirit on this occasion was the Earl of Shaftesbury—who delivered a grand address. He looks a man of sixty-five though bordering on eighty. The Right Hon. Cecil Raikes, a connection of the good man whom the Christian world now delights to honour, also took part.

John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, came out with some ringing words, and in characteristic style worked the collecting machine to the tune of over £200, the balance the committee unexpectedly found to be still due on the monument.

THE GLOUCESTER GATHERING.

That Saturday afternoon I proceeded by appointment, along with Dr. Vincent, of New York, Dr. Parkhurst, of Chicago, the Rev. C. H. Kelley, Sabbath school secretary of the English Methodist Conference, and Mr. Benham, one of the secretaries of the Sabbath School Union, to Gloucester to take part in the Centenary services there. I preached twice and addressed a united gathering of Sabbath schools on the Sabbath, and took part in the conference and public meeting (presided over by Sir Charles Reed), on Monday.

On Tuesday we were formally introduced, in the elegant council chamber, to the mayor and council, who headed the procession in connection with laying the corner stone of the new Memorial Buildings. My comrade on the march was the Rev. Dr. Macfadyen, of Manchester, an old friend and fellow student of Principal Grant, of Kingston. The children turned out 7,000 strong with banners and bands. We visited the house where Raikes lived and printed his newspaper (the "Gloucester Journal") which gave publicity to the wise movement and which is still in vigorous existence. We went to the humble apartment on the back street, near the pin factory, where Raikes, carrying out his firm resolve, "I'll try," held his first Sabbath school. In that low-roofed room the wild "Arabs" of the street would be cribbed, cabined and confined enough, but not a few of them, through that kindly influence, were brought to the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind. Five of Raikes' old scholars (four women and one man) headed the procession that day. We visited the venerable Crypt Church where the good man worshipped, and saw the mural tablet high up in a corner, in memory of his father and mother, which briefly refers to the good work of their better-known son. We passed the quiet graveyard, on a green mound in which we could read from the street, "Here lies Mary King," the first and foremost of his teachers.

Aside from its connection with Raikes, Gloucester is a town of no little interest. The Cathedral is a glorious pile. Its crypt goes back to the Saxon era. Its cloisters are the finest in the world. Robert of Normandy lies there, and Edward II., who was murdered at Berkeley Castle, sixteen miles off.

In the nave we saw a monument to the discoverer of vaccination, Sir William Jenner, who was brought up and practised in the vicinity. The good Dean (Law) whose house joins hard to the Cathedral, is well known for his pious writings, and the Bishop (Ellicott) whose substantial and more modern palace adjoins, is still better known for his great learning and liberality. A neat monument is erected outside to John Hooper, the good Bishop, on the very spot where he was burned by the "bloody Mary." The town clerk shewed me in the original records of the town, the items of the expenditure connected with that martyrdom, and gave me a *fac simile*.

I saw also the "Bell" tavern, where two very different men were born. George Whitefield and Henry Philpotts, the erratic Bishop of Exeter. Whitefield worshipped in the Crypt Church, and often preached there. The Presbyterian Church, a beautiful structure, is called the "Whitefield Memorial." It is erected on the spot (facing the fine People's Park) on which the great man last preached in England. The pastor, Mr. Croll, received me very kindly. His congregation is a union of the Countess of Huntingdon and English Presbyterians.

When in Gloucester I visited Cheltenham, seven miles off, one of the prettiest towns in England, and a favourite spa.

A WEEK IN PARIS.

We were in Paris during the great national fête, when the city was clad in holiday attire. In the Bois de Boulogne the new colours were distributed to the regiments. The crowds were immense. The illumination was superb. There seemed, however, a lack of enthusiasm among the masses and the aristocracy had largely withdrawn from the city. We saw the customary "lions" of the city and neighbourhood.

Nothing pleased me more than the work going on under the auspices of Mr. McAll. We visited Belleville which used to be the hot-bed of Communism, and

which is now the McAll headquarters, though he has a score of *salles* all through the city. We heard Rev. George Dodds preach (Dr. Horatius Bonar's son-in-law), a very superior man who speaks like a Frenchman. We peeped in on one of the Sabbath schools in the *salle* off the Rue de Rivoli, one of the busiest and most influential parts of the city, where also we attended a large and deeply interesting week night meeting, and heard an address from a resident Wesleyan pastor, belonging to Jersey. We lived in a capital English *pension* in the Rue de Wagram, near the Arc de Triomphe, where we were surrounded by those taking part in the McAll work, and had reason to form a most favourable estimate of its depth and extent.

A FEW DAYS IN BRIGHTON.

On our way back from Paris we stopped at Brighton to bear our share in the Sabbath school centenary celebration. The special scene of it was the Pavilion—erected under the supervision of Beau Nash, for his royal master, George IV., at a cost, it is said, of a million and a half pounds sterling, and some time since disposed of to the corporation of Brighton for £60,000. It is a unique pile of buildings admirably suited for purposes of pleasure and recreation, but capable too, as we found it, of higher uses. The public authorities generously gave the free use of it for three days to the friends of Sabbath schools. The contrast between the present and the past was very striking. Who could have supposed that those spacious and splendid apartments, which witnessed the revelry of that royal voluptuary, would have seen such "days of heaven upon earth" as we were privileged to spend there. Here, too, the mayor, with the leading officials of the city, headed the celebration.

I walked next to the President and Vice-President, between the Hon. John Hill and M. Brockelman, at the head of a procession of 15,000.

In Brighton I received much kindness from the Rev. Wm. Fraser, formerly of Gourrock, who has been recently settled in a very hopeful field as succeeding my worthy successor in Montreal, the Rev. A. B. Mackay. I enjoyed much his communion service, preached for him in the evening, and preached to a united assembly of Sabbath school children in the afternoon.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS.

Saturday, the 25th, we spent in this lovely region, where much of interest came under our notice. The bay where William the Conqueror landed; the spot where the battle of Hastings was fought; Battle Abbey—the seat of the Duke of Cleveland; the sequestered nook where Augustus Hare (the brother of Julius) nestles; the retired cottage where Wm. Pitt sought rest and recreation from the harrowing and harassing cares which pressed on him; the spot where poor Eugenie landed from France in a fishing boat with her unfortunate son, and the house where she lodged; and, though last, not least to us, the house in St. Leonards where dear Dr. Guthrie died—the very bed he died on. The same landlady and two of the servants I found the same as when he breathed out his noble soul there in 1872.

Mr. Liddiard, a true yokefellow in the Sabbath school cause, was our well-beloved Gaius in Hastings. He and his good wife used hospitality toward us without grudging, and we carried away sunny memories. Right opposite their lovely mansion, overlooking the sea, with Beachey Head in the distance, stand the ruins of Hastings Castle, going back to the days of the Conquest, a picturesque pile. The whole hill is honeycombed. The subterranean catacombs, which we penetrated by torch light, cover many hundred feet, and form a singular natural phenomenon.

IN LONDON.

The ministers to whom I have listened in the Metropolis have been Dean Stanley, Canon Farrar, Bishop Cloughton (Bishop of St. Albans), Dr. Meyrick Goulburn; Dr. C. J. Vaughan, of the Temple; Dr. Dykes, Dr. Parker, and Mr. Spurgeon.

Dr. Parker kindly invited us one afternoon to his beautiful suburban residence, where I met some of the lights of Nonconformity, such as Mr. Streatham (Dr. Raleigh's successor) and Dr. Newth, President of the Congregational Union, President, also, of the New College, St. John's Wood, and one of the New Testament Revision Committee.

Dean Stanley was most kind in acting as guide for a couple of hours to a number of us through Westminster Abbey. It was, indeed, no common treat to see such a place under such pilotage. The genial