

nation; zeal and culture combined with rare initiative talent, rendered his prospects most brilliant. Yet, when the Master bade him trample his life under foot, he obeyed without a murmur. His friends often told him how unutterably sad it was thus to throw away the fairest chances of any young man of the time. To all of whom he answered only, "I hold not my life of any account as dear unto myself." He was made as the filth of the world, the offscouring of all things. In dungeons he found a refuge from the mob. But does he not live to-day in the heart of every Christian, and inform the forces that make the modern world? To him the cross was interpretative of what was deepest in nature and in human life, and hence in it alone he gloried.—Religious Herald.

The Little Folks Abroad.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

When we came back from the tower we all said we wanted to go next to Windsor Castle to see where Queen Victoria lived and all the grand things she had. But the next day was rainy, so mother concluded on that account to take us to Westminster Abbey and to the Bank of England, waiting for a pleasant day to go to the country, to Windsor, twenty miles away.

We never saw such a grand church as Westminster Abbey. Oh, it was so beautiful. It had such fine arches and carvings and fine windows and was so very large. It seemed strange to have tombs in a church and bury people there. There are so many in that church, for kings and queens and noted people and some, mother told us, who were not noted at all. All Englishmen and Americans are very proud of this old and beautiful abbey. A gentleman told us that many Englishmen would gladly die to-morrow if they could be certain of being there. I can't see what good it would do them after they were dead. Their children would feel proud to have them buried there, but I do not believe they would be thinking about where they were buried.

We are going to get Dean Stanley's history of Westminster Abbey to read so we can know more about this church. There are chapels and chambers, and beautiful cloisters in it, and oh, such fine carving on some of the tombs back of the altar. And in one of the chapels, Henry VII.'s, the carving on the roof is as fine and beautiful as lace. There was a church here as long ago as the year 616 That was torn down in the eleventh century by Edward the Confessor and the present one began to be built. The walls and the towers were not built until a long time after that, and the tomb or shrine to Edward the Confessor was not built until two hundred years after he died.

Mother had a guide, who was such a nice old gentleman, who took us all about and showed us what we would like best to see. He said he knew we would like the coronation chair in which every sovereign in England, from Edward the Confessor to Queen Victoria, had been inaugurated. It was not a very handsome chair, but I guess it would sell for a mint of money if it was offered for sale. There is a big stone in the chair just under the seat. It looks as if the chair had been built around it. They call it the stone of Scone. The guide said it was the stone upon which Jacob's head was plowed and was carried into Egypt by his descendants. Then it was brought back to Palestine and finally to Ireland, where it was used when the Irish kings were crowned. And if the king had not a true claim to the throne the stone groaned, but if he was all right it made no sound. Finally it was taken to Scotland and used when the Scottish kings were crowned, and was kept in the abbey of Scone in Perthshire. That is why they call it the stone of Scone. Edward I. brought it to England, and there it has been ever since, and the people think so much of it.

We went to the Poet's Corner, where there were more people than in any other part of the church. I suppose because they all knew what they had written, and felt as if they were their friends. The guide thought we would be pleased to see the bust of Longfellow there, and we were. On it were these words, which mother wrote down: "This bust was placed amongst the memorials of the poets of England by the English admirers of an American poet." A lady told us after our visit that more of his poems were learned in English schools than of any other poet.

We were coming again to some of the services in the abbey, so we did not try to see it all that day.

When we got to the Bank of England we exclaimed that we never knew there was such a big bank. Charles always liked to see big things, and he said he did wish we had so grand churches at home and as big banks as this. Mother had to get a permit of an officer so that we could go through the fine large building. It was so large it looked like the pictures of some great palace. Men called wardens strutted about with long embroidered coats that came nearly to their heels and with cocked hats on their heads. They dress just as other wardens have dressed for hundred of years. The guide told us that the Bank of Venice was the greatest bank in the world for 600 years, and that Englishmen think

that the Bank of England which is two centuries old, will outlast that. He said if the Bank of England should fall there would be panic all over the world. He also said that during the Gordon riots in 1780 the directors asked for a guard of soldiers to be sent nightly to guard the bank until the danger of threatened attack had disappeared. It was duly commanded that a company of soldiers should go to the bank every night and return to their barracks in the morning, until further orders! The order has never been countermanded, and every day the military guard takes possession at seven o'clock in the evening and remains until the next morning, when the soldiers march back to the Tower. The bank gives the men a good supper and has a library for their use. There is a beautiful garden in the interior of this bank where there are fountains, grand old elms and fine shrubs and flowers. Just think of that. Charles asked the guard if he might go to one of the cashier's windows and ask for gold for a £10 note. He told him he might. Instantly the gold was passed out to him. The guide said if he had asked for gold for £10,000 it would have been passed out just as readily, for the bank is always ready to give gold for its notes. Charles thought he would keep a few pieces of that gold as souvenirs from the great Bank of England, the biggest bank in the world. We noticed as we went from room to room and saw piles of gold and bags of it and boxes of it and gold piled on trucks. Each pile worth nearly a half a million dollars, and three men followed us everywhere. They looked like porters and wore no coats, had leather aprons and whenever there were visitors three such men followed along after at a little distance. They were big fellows, and mother thought they probably had handcuffs in their pockets ready for use in case of necessity. There are tons and tons of silver in the bank, too, and we saw gold from Africa which the King of Ashantee had paid to England. We stayed there for a long time, for there was so much to see. We saw where the notes were engraved. And in one room machines which count the gold coins automatically and thrown out all that are light in weight, doing it just as well as if persons did it themselves.

We saw some albums in which there were many counterfeit notes which people had tried to pass; and in this album was a note of the bank which was out for one hundred and twenty five years which the bank paid when it was presented.

The last place we visited was the Treasury, where the notes and the gold which is ready for circulation are kept in iron safes which look like cupboards. Two old men came forward, each holding a key to a cupboard; the two men and the two keys are required to unlock the cupboard, and when it was opened one of the men took out a package of 1,000 notes of £1,000 each and allowed us one after the other to handle it. For a quarter of a minute each of us had \$5,000,000 in his possession, but did not look as if we could keep it long. The Bank of England has never been robbed, and from what we saw we do not think there was much probability that it ever would be.

When we passed out of the grand gate-way with the fine columns and statuary and carvings, and thought of the immense amount of money we were leaving behind us, money enough to carry on great wars, and to buy continents, and lend to kings, and emperors, we did not wonder that the men there looked sort o' pompous, for we felt we had visited one of the biggest institutions in the world.—The Standard.

All Over the Lot.

RELIGIOUS FAL DE-ROL.

In a late paper, the organ of one of the parties into which the church of England is divided, I find the following indication of the length to which our Anglican friends have gone:

IN MEMORIAM.

Of your charity remember in your prayers Annie, beloved wife of C. J. D., who, in sure hope, passed from here into the hereafter on the 29th May, being the Tuesday within the Octave of the Feast of the Ascension, 1900.—R. I. P.

Of your charity, pray for the repose of the soul of William George B., who fell asleep, on June 2nd, 1901.—Jesu Mercey.

Pray for the soul of C. E. E., called away May 29th, 1892, aged 19.—"Grant him, O Lord, eternal rest, and let light perpetual shine upon him."—R. I. P.

I give merely the initials of the names. Of course they appear in full in the original request. I want to call attention to the fact only, that a portion of the church of England boldly asks prayers for the dead. It is hardly necessary to make any comments on the practice of intercession for deceased friends, while we feel keenly solicitous for their welfare and concerning the unrepentant dead are in deepest agony, still what warrant have we to pray for them? I cannot remember any hint in the discourses of him who brought life and immortality to light through the gospel, nor do I call to mind any indication of such a duty in the particularly shrewd suggestions of the apostle Paul, as in the intermediate state, neither do Peter or John or James say one word

on this subject. They might easily have done so. This silence on such a subject, is most significant to me. Where, then, do our church friends, find their authority for this practice?

I must say, that it belongs with other absurdities which somehow commend themselves to Episcopalians, such as the use of incense, procession with the cross raised aloft, confession to the priest, the clergyman turning his back to the congregation at certain parts of the service, with a list of et cetera which any one may see for himself by attending Anglican worship.

Strange to Baptists, all this talking back to the beggarly elements, out of which our fathers were delivered at the Reformation. Why not let Roman Catholics have a monopoly of these childish ways? Why play at religion? "To smite all humbugs, however big; to give a noble tone to science; to set an example of abstinence from petty personal controversies, and toleration for everything but lying; to be indifferent as to whether the work is recognized as mine or not, so long as it is done."—Such were Huxley's aims in life, says John Fiske.

Query, How much was the great agnostic, quoted above, indebted to the Bible, or say Christianity, for such a commendable aim! Prophets, poets, apostles, all had that "aim." Jesus' spent his strength "smiting humbugs;" when will the world be able to dispense with the humbug smiter? JOHN OLDSTYLE.

Overcoming Obstacles.

The manner in which a person is affected by obstacles is a pretty good index of his character. If he is discouraged by difficulties, turned aside by dangers and overwhelmed by trials, then we do not give him credit for much strength of character. In his "Life of the Bee," Maeterlinck tells us that "the master and classic of contemporary apiarian science" was a blind man. His name was Francois Huber. Although he became blind when very young, his entire life was devoted to the study of the bee—a study presenting so many difficulties that keen sight would seem to be indispensable. His triumph is one of the most remarkable stories on record, and cannot fail to be a help and inspiration to all who are familiar with his career. Knowing that he should never be able to see bee or honeycomb himself, he nevertheless set to work with marvellous courage, to penetrate the secrets of the hive. Using the eyes of a faithful servant in place of those which had been darkened, he made investigations so thorough and arrived at conclusions so accurate that Maeterlinck says: "I will not enumerate all that apiarian science owes to Huber; to state what it does not owe were the briefer task." If a blind man could successfully study the bee, is there any obstacle that courage and patience may not surmount?—Advance.

A Prayer.

O! Lord, we do thy strength and grace implore. Ps. 27:1.
Help us to love and serve thee more and more. Rom. 13:10. Jno. 12:26.
Do Thou, O! God, our many sins forgive. I Jno. 1:9.
And give us grace that we may rightly live. II Cor. 12:9.
Purge us of self, and fill us with Thy love. Rom. 15:3.
Rom. 5:5
And grant that we may reach the home above. II Cor. 5:1.
And when we wake in Jesus' likeness sweet, Ps. 17:15.
We'll cast our crowns with gladness at His feet. Rev. 4:10.
Clements Vale, N.S. I. DWIGHT LITTLE.

October.

Calm, peaceful hours, filled with mellow light
And warmth and dreams, are never wanting when
October comes. The trees are leafless then—
For summer is a memory—and white
The stubble fields; and pleasant to the sight
The berries of the thorn so red and fair.
And evergreens 'mid lonely maples bare
And sighing for their crimson leaves in flight.
The spacious summer sky is gone away,
The fleecy clouds are melting into haze;
Along the meadows brown the horses stray,
The sheep still gather on the hills and graze;
The withered grass all through the sunny day:
The cattle range and browse or stand and gaze.

ARTHUR D. WILMOY.

The will of God respecting us is that we shall live by each other's happiness and life, not by each other's misery or death. A child may have to die for its parents; but the purpose of heaven is that it should rather live for them—that, not by its sacrifice, but by its strength, its joy, its force of being, it shall be to them renewal of strength, and as the arrow in the hand of a giant. So it is in all other right relations. Men help each other by their joy, not by their sorrow. They are not intended to slay themselves for each other, but to strengthen themselves for each other.—John Ruskin.