

you cannot attain unto it. If you only had it in print, and time to discuss and digest it, you would certainly discover its merits, but presented to you in this flying fashion, and every hour a fresh topic, the thing is impossible.

The other thing that placed us under deep obligations to the Dean and his assistant was that they two had jointly shouldered the weighty responsibilities of "the local committee." How much is implied in that nobody knows. But for them the Conference would not have been held in Copenhagen. It might not have been held at all this year, for after the refusal of the Swedes to have it in Stockholm, the Council was in a "fix." Then they secured the money that was needed—twenty-five thousand kroner at the least—the kroner being equal to one shilling and a penny half-penny sterling, and the pound sterling to four dollars, eighty-six and two-third cents, the amount in Canadian currency is easily reached. A considerable portion of this money must have been expended in the never-to-be-forgotten excursion which they planned with perfect wisdom, and carried out to the great satisfaction and enjoyment of—well, I should say—not less than two thousand guests. It was on the Wednesday evening that the Conference and its friends landed from a special train at the railway station of Roskilde, each one adorned with a silken badge and provided with a ticket entitling its holder to participate *ad libitum* in the overflowing Danish hospitality. A melancholy interest attaches to this quaint old town of Roskilde. From the earliest times it had been the principle seaport, and the residence of the Kings of Denmark. But the harbour began to fill up with sand, and Copenhagen, every way better in a strategic point of view, took its place in the year 1443 as the capital. In its palmy days Roskilde had 127,000 inhabitants, now it has only 7,000. The excursionists formed themselves into line, six deep, and marched through the entire length of the city. The streets were decorated with flags and lined with citizens who looked with wonder and smiled upon the army of strangers who had invaded their repose. Women peered out at the windows, wondering what it all meant. As we filed into the great Cathedral the organ pealed forth a martial air. When

all were seated, the venerable Dean of the Cathedral advanced to the front of the altar and delivered an address in Danish. He seemed to speak under deep emotion. Then all joined in singing a hymn with such heartiness as made the lofty arches ring again. This fine specimen of ancient architecture was erected in the thirteenth century. It is built entirely of brick and is in a state of perfect preservation. So bright and fresh is the interior, it might pass for a new church. It is very large and remarkable for its admirable proportions. Its chief attraction, however, is that it contains the sepulchres of the Kings of Denmark from time immemorial. To the Danes it is a more sacred edifice than even Westminster to the British. The royal tombs are not in subterranean vaults, but in lofty chapels annexed to and entered from the Cathedral. So far from being gloomy or repulsive, they are beautiful and bright, adorned with paintings and frescoes. The several remains of the illustrious dead are in sarcophagi of marble and granite and porphyry, oak and mahogany, in great variety, some of them of great size and most of exquisite workmanship. In one room there are sixteen splendid sarcophagi. The finest, however, in white marble, are in the nave of the church, behind the altar. Two of these contain the dust of Frederick IV and his wife, who deserve to be had in everlasting remembrance for the kindness which they showed to Carey and other Christian missionaries at the Danish settlement of Serampore in India, at the beginning of this century. Another is the tomb of Frederick VII, the immediate predecessor of the present king. The altar-piece, apparently of brass, is very elaborate, portraying in high relief the chief incidents in the life of Christ and is surrounded with embellishments such as we have been accustomed to see only in Roman Catholic Churches. The Danish Reformers did not burn their grand old churches as was done in Scotland, and as for all the fine paraphernalia, they use it reverently without superstitiously worshipping it. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* Having inspected the Cathedral at our leisure, we were next conducted a long way through shaded paths to a garden, where, amid groves of trees and shrubs, tents had been erected and refreshment tables spread with an