

For a time the building was unused; being sadly out of repair, but lately it has been re-opened after having the old stone work cleaned, new ones inserted in place of many that had fallen away, and two side walls built; besides other repairs. Behind the altar to the right as we enter the church is a beautiful stained glass window inserted about one year ago in memory of Bunyan. In front of the altar on the floor or pavement were a number of stone slabs, some of them graven, others inlaid with bronze, and all marking the resting place of early worshippers in the church. Walking down the aisle to the back of the building we noticed in the left hand corner a stone coffin very thick and clumsy, some broken and bereft of its previous contents. By a little door to the left of us we entered the Chapter house, a small stone structure, conical shaped, strong and very gloomy looking. Had it not been for the fire smouldering in the grate one might readily have imagined himself in a prison vault either for the living or the dead. In this place Sunday school was once held and the pastor at present uses it for his vestry. The congregation in attendance on the ministry here far from being smaller, has lately so much increased that artisans are at work enlarging the seating capacity of the building. Leaving the church we went out to visit the old belfry. We were admitted by a door almost as beautiful as the one that swung on the barn of our great-grandfather. In this room at the base of the tower, we were informed, Bunyan used to stand when he helped to ring the chime bells that swung above. We climbed a flight of winding stairs and were admitted to the belfry, saw a number of bells on which a large number of pigeons appear to roost, and were permitted to rap our knuckles on the particular bell which Bunyan used to ring. On leaving the tower we noticed a quantity of boxwood of beautiful green to the right and wondered whether that was where Bunyan used to stand and watch another ring when he himself was afraid the old bell would come tumbling down from its creaky hangings, and was moved by a thought of self-preservation to leave this ringing to somebody else. From the church in Elstowe we drove out over the bridge at the end of which once stood the old jail in which Bunyan was confined, but no trace of it is now to be seen. On our way to the Memorial church we passed a fine bronze statue, life size, of the venerated author, erected by the Duke of Bedford. The church now known as Bunyan Memorial was finished in 1650, and the first preacher was John Gifford, who retained the office for five years. The fourth pastor was the celebrated John Bunyan, who held office from 1672 to 1688. The present chapel was erected in 1840 on the site where Bunyan used to preach, and is of red brick, quite plain in architecture. The two front doors are

made of bronze, and contain pictures, in relief, illustrative of the scenes in the Pilgrim's Progress. They were presented by Charles Hertings Russel, 9th Duke of Bedford, in 1876. In front of the pulpit stands a large oak table with carved sides and very solidly built. This, we were informed was a part of the old communion table, the other being in the Sunday-school room. In the vestry we noticed the old square straight backed oak chair on which Bunyan used to sit, and over against it in the opposite corner, the old door of the prison cell in which Bunyan was at one time incarcerated. These things are kept as valuable relics, and are usually viewed by tourists from various parts who have read the works of Bunyan and been profited thereby. The church is now a union church and the present pastor, Rev. John Brown, is a good Congregationalist, a fact which some of our people may be interested in hearing. There is a morning and afternoon Sunday-school, each attended by almost five hundred scholars, and we are informed that the work here is in a promising condition. It is pleasant to visit such places and much profit is to be gained from their associations.

#### OUR TRIP TO LISBON.

We took passage, April 24th, on the mail S. S. packet "Tamar," which was bound for the Brazils. The vessel was much less comfortable than the one on which we sailed from Boston, but it was said to be one of the best running in this direction. There was quite a number of passengers. Among the first-class were the American and Canadian missionaries. Among the intermediates were two young men; one Mr. Peter Scott from Liverpool, who had lately dispensed with an apparently prosperous business in order that he might give himself to independent mission work in Africa. The other, Mr. Smith, of Bath, was going into Spain on missionary business. The weather was beautiful when we started on our journey, and we felt that in answer to the prayers of those at home the Lord was directing the winds and the waves that they should not injure us. On Sunday morning the wind rose, and although there was no heavy sea on, there were short choppy waves which so acted as to decrease the numbers at the table very materially before the close of the day, and rendered out of question a service we were planning to hold in the afternoon, for the simple reason that most of our number were sick. Next day it was much more calm. Early in the morning we espied land in the distance, which proved to be the coast of Spain to the north. In the evening we passed Cape Finisterre and sailed quietly along the west coast admiring from the distance the beauty of the landscapes, for really after being out at sea a green hill, however plain, becomes beautiful. After turning