

voice and an easy address. You feel no constraint in Mr. Spurgeon's company. Among the delegates on the platform was an old Methodist preacher from the backwoods of America. During the whole service he was intensely exercised. It was a new experience to him. He never had seen such a meeting as this—so like "a little heaven below!" When it came to the joining of voices and hands at the singing of the last hymn, he burst out into tears and sobbed like a child. Another, a Scoto-American of forty years standing, told me he was the only Baptist delegate from the United States. He related how he had gone to the great gathering at the Crystal Palace. How a kind gentleman had introduced him to another kind gentleman, and how the two kind gentlemen had decoyed him to an unfrequented part of the grounds and then and there relieved him of all his cash. This was the only victim of "the light-fingered gentry" I heard of in connection with the Celebration.

Into the last days proceedings there were crowded three very interesting demonstrations.—The unveiling of a statue of ROBERT RAIKES, in the gardens of the Thames Embankment, a Sunday-school concert in the Royal Albert Hall, Hyde Park, and a great gathering of Sunday-school children in the grounds of Lambeth Palace—the official residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. With some difficulty I obtained tickets of admission to the first and last named. The Embankment is one of the recent improvements of London, consisting of an esplanade some miles in length reclaimed from the river at enormous expense, and is one of the finest features of the city. The Board of Works did honour to the Sunday-school, and to themselves, in giving the site for and accepting the custodianship of this handsome bronze statue, which represents old Robert Raikes in the graceful and picturesque costume of his time, with an open Bible in his left hand. The ceremony of unveiling was performed by the venerable Earl of Shaftesbury, who still retains a wonderful amount of activity and enthusiasm. He seems to have a hand in every good work that is going on. Pointing to the Cleopatra Needle, immediately opposite, he made a happy allusion to the juxtaposition of these two emblems, of heathen and Christian civilization, contrasting the failure of the former to elevate or educate the masses, with the Sunday-school system—making provision for the instruction of millions upon millions in all lands, in the truths of Christianity.

The Lambeth Palace gathering will not soon be forgotten by any who witnessed it—certainly not by any of the twenty-five thousand children assembled from all parts of the city, and who for two hours, during a

deluge of rain, kept the positions assigned to them with as much order as if they had been so many regiments of the line. Bless the children! The Prince and Princess of Wales had promised to come, and they didn't mind the rain a bit. Their patience was rewarded, for, sure enough, at the appointed time, they did come, with a brilliant retinue. There was the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Mayor and the Bishop of London, the Duke of Cambridge, the Princess Mary of Teck, Dean Stanley, the Japanese Ambassador, and many other persons of note. The rain ceased, the clouds disappeared, and the sun shone auspiciously on the vast assemblage. Fifty thousand, old and young, united in singing the "Old Hundredth," the "Te Deum," and "God save the Queen." Presentations of Bibles were made to the superintendents of the schools by the Archbishop, and by the Sunday-school scholars to the five children of the Prince and Princess. Then followed the "March Past" of all the schools in divisions, preceded by juvenile bands of music and with banners flying. Thereafter the Palace doors were thrown open, when a large number took the opportunity of walking through its historic halls and partook of refreshments at the hospitable board provided for them.

London is increasing rapidly. More than ten thousand houses are added to it every year, while the population grows at the rate of nearly fifty thousand annually. It has fifteen hundred miles of streets and covers an area of 122 square miles. The population numbers four and a half millions. Although its main features remain unchanged, it has of late years undergone many improvements. The old Temple Bar is gone, but Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral are still the pride of the metropolis, and the admiration of all who visit them; during the Sabbath services both are usually filled to their utmost capacity.

Before concluding this desultory sketch, I must mention the kindness of Mr. Henry Frowde, the representative of the Oxford University Press, from whom, in common with the other delegates, I received a beautiful copy of the "Oxford Bible for Teachers," which, on careful examination, I find to be the most complete and valuable I ever met with. This edition, printed expressly for the Centenary Celebration, is sold for half a guinea, and may be easily obtained through any bookseller. From Elliott Stock, 62 Paternoster Row, I got a few copies of "The Pictorial New Testament," beautifully printed, containing three maps, twenty-four illustrations, with copious notes and historical introductions to each book—all for one penny. The most remarkable part of the