

is a most entertaining work and contains enough wit, wisdom, humour and epigram to garnish half-a-dozen of the ordinary type. We therefore welcome the announcement of the authoress' second production, "A Double Thread," and hope we may soon have it at our disposal in a Canadian edition.

A LECTURE IN WONDERLAND.

One evening towards the end of the Lent term, I found myself unexpectedly in a place I had never before seen. I was seated alone on a platform at the end of a large room, a sort of cross between a schoolroom and the nave of a church. Below me on the left was a strange musical instrument, furnished with pipes like an organ, and emitting a sound as of a broken winded harmonium. Before it sat a pale, sad-faced musician, whose long uncombed black hair fell over his collar. As I have said, the hall was very big; so big that the far end of it was lost in a sort of mist; but the place was packed with people. For some time I wondered where I was, but presently I remembered that this was the evening that I was engaged to lecture on "Anthony Hope" to the Pipworth League at Tamworth. "This," I said to myself, "must be Tamworth, and these people are the Pipworth League." They looked sombre and morose, not at all the sort of people to care for a lecture on so frivolous a subject as mine. My misgivings increased when, after playing through a hymn, the long-haired musician rose and introduced me to the meeting as "an earnest young labourer in the vineyard of the world," and further gave it to be understood that Anthony Hope was a celebrated divine of the seventeenth century who had suffered the boot and the rack "under the accursed tyranny of the prelate Land." When I realized that this vast audience had gathered together to hear me discourse on such a subject, I became distinctly uncomfortable; and the more I thought over my position the more uncomfortable I grew, till at last the perspiration stood out in beads on my forehead. However, it was impossible to withdraw, so I presently found myself murmuring in a very low voice my few introductory remarks. I knew that my difficulties would really begin when I got to the "Dolly Dialogues." But I never did get to that point, for, before I was well started, I became suddenly conscious that some one else was shouting something in a very strident voice. Stopping my lecture and looking down the hall on my left, whence came the disturbance, I became aware that the noise was produced by a woman in large, blue spectacles, one of a body of gaunt and ungainly females seated on benches round the hall. I sat down again and listened while she delivered a fervent oration on the necessity of conversion. She was still at "firstly," when to my astonishment another angular female, who was provided with a hatchet face and a very sharp pointed nose, (such as the illustrators of Dickens bestow on "Cherry" Pecksniff), and who had been very fidgetty during the early proceedings, also rose and began, in a still louder tone, an independent tirade against the use of alcohol. This seemed to encourage the others, who now stood up quickly, one after another, until presently every woman in the room was on her feet, preaching with all her might. Never was Babel so out-Babelled! Each one talked loud and fast on her pet subject, and none paid the slightest regard to what any other might say. It was something like several infant schools repeating their alphabets out of time. For some minutes the din was terrific, until the long-haired man arose and shouted excitedly: "Is there no one here with authority to put an end to this disgraceful scene?" At this the uproar quieted somewhat, and a young and pretty girl wearing a cap and gown stood up, and, shedding a flood of tears, turned to me with the words: I should like to ask the professor what he does with his students when

they suddenly become insane." I hardly knew what to reply; in fact, as far as I knew nothing of the sort had ever happened in any of my classes. It occurred to me indeed that the present seemed as suitable a place as any to which to send them, but I felt that it would be impolite to say so. The long-haired man at last relieved me from my embarrassment and at the same time entirely drowned the still prevailing discord by sitting down to his instrument and playing "There is a land of peace" with all his might. The strife of tongues instantly ceased. All the audience—or should I say congregation—joined lustily in the hymn, and as they sang they marched in procession down the hall. The doors were flung open and they passed out into the street. Thus, after a few verses, I found myself alone in the building with the long-haired musician and the D—n. The latter I now saw for the first time; he was looking horribly bored and was yawning cavernously. The hymn being over, the long-haired man began a sermon. This was too much. Enough sermons for one evening. Rising from my seat, I said: "I may as well begin my lecture now." He at once collapsed and I began to read. Before very long I was congratulating myself that the audience had fled, as I could not read a word I had written. Also, it now struck me for the first time that I had left all my selections behind. I stumbled blindly through a few sentences and finally remarked: "Anthony Hope's best known works are 'S. Botolph's or the Missing Key' and the 'Pickwick Papers.'" Here the long-haired man was again galvanised into life. "That is a most immortal book," he exclaimed; "let's have another hymn!" And he spun round on his seat and began to play. I leapt down from the platform, seized the D—n by the arm and woke him up. "Come," I said, "let's get out of this." He acquiesced readily; in fact, he seemed pleased to go; and as we passed through the door the strains of "Pull for the Shore" resounded through the hall.

"So I awoke and, behold, it was a dream." But as for the interpretation thereof, no man hath found it even unto this day.

Tis.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MATSUMOTO, SHINSHU,

JAPAN, March 20, '99.

MY DEAR MR. PROVOST,—I received a short time ago a letter from the Rev. C. H. Shortt, which conveyed to me the good news that at the last meeting of the Theological and Missionary Society it was decided to raise money to build a church for the Christians in Matsumoto who are under my charge. This, indeed, was joyful news, and has made us very happy. The Rev. Masazo Kakuzen spent two years working here before I came, and now I have spent three, and we have been toiling up-hill all the time; we were, as it were, almost at the top, with no strength left to reach it, but dear old Trinity has stretched out her hand and helped us to the goal on which our eyes have rested so long. God does not bestow his blessings singly, for after the news about the church came, I had the pleasure of baptizing a teacher of the high school who has been studying with me for a long time. I had often asked if he did not wish to become a follower of Christ and his answer had always been *not yet*, but just as I was despairing of his ever becoming a Christian, he came and asked me to baptize him—the same day his wife and child were received into the fold with him. This is my first convert from the educated class. I hope to gain another soon. Yesterday another of my enquirers came to have a talk with me—he also is a high school teacher. Lately, at the beginning of our talks, my first question has always been, do you believe in the Divinity of Christ? for this has been his difficulty, and he has always answered, "No, I cannot yet." Well, at the end of our talk yesterday, I saw the