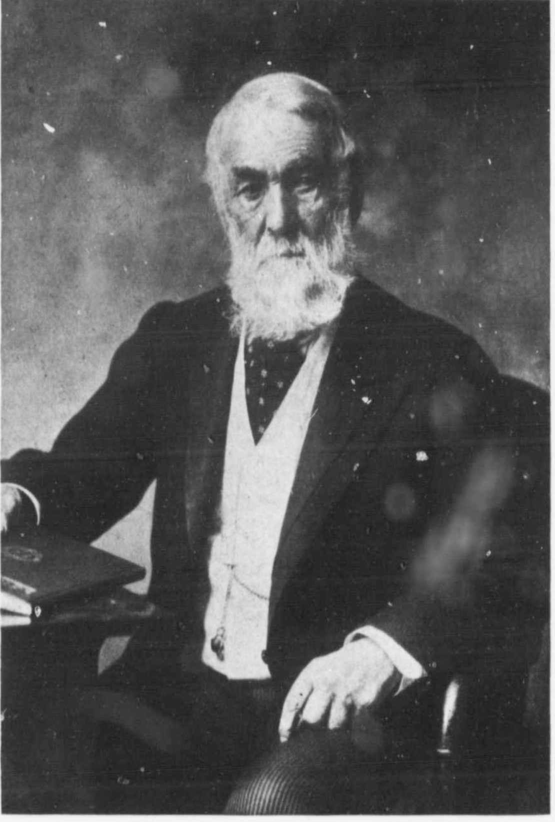
LIFE OF JAMES CROIL

1821-1916



Taken in his 91st year.

James Croil.

LIFE OF
JAMES CROIL

MONTREAL

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

1821-1916

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INTRODUCTION.

TO fully appreciate the wealth of his character, the magnaminity of his mind, his attractive personality, gracious manner, and well-balanced judgment one must needs have known Mr. Croil in his public and private life. Born of a worthy Scotch ancestry, educated in the best of Scotland's Grammar schools and colleges, and with a mind richly endowed by nature, he was a keen student of men and things, and readily secured for himself an acknowledged place among the best men and women of his time. He also travelled widely, observed keenly and brought under tribute an experience that was varied and in many ways exceptional.

Mr. Croil possessed a strong and striking personality. His manly stature, dignified demeanour and withal his courtly and kindly bearing distinguished him among his fellows. From early manhood he developed a taste for literary pursuits and although choosing for his occupation farming in Ontario, he was restless in so limited a range of public activity and finally broke from it. Or to put it in his own words "From boyhood I was afflicted with the '*cacoethis scribendi*' a malady which in riper years did not ameliorate, for like the woman of old who spent all that she had on physicians I was "nothing bettered bnt rather grew worse." About the year 1860 a prize of one hundred dollars was offered for the best "County Report" in Upper Canada and he readily accepted the challenge winning first honours and the goodly prize. He was at once accorded a place in the ranks of descriptive writers. Encouraged by this achievement he became keenly ambitious to climb still higher, and in the following year (1861) he elaborated his essay and published an edition of 2,000 volumes under the title "Dundas" or "A Sketch of Canadian History."

This publication was looked upon as a real contribution to Canadian History and the Board of Education of Upper Canada purchased more than one-half of the whole edition as prizes in the Common Schools. His "Missionary Problem" was similarly honoured by the Hon. John Macdonald a leading member of the Methodist Church who purchased nearly the whole edition for distribution among the ministers of that Church, thus stimulating by his missionary zeal the life of the then largest Protestant religious community in Canada. Another valuable contribution to Canadian literature was his "Historical and Statistical Report of the Presbyterian Church in Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland" in 1867. This work was the result of a year and a half spent in visiting every church and congregation of that denomination. Devoting himself unreservedly to this unique task, he lent his talents and energies without stint or monetary return, interviewing pastors and office-bearers, often times conducting services, addressing gatherings, encouraging Sunday Schools and heartening lonely and unbefriended ministers. His visits were an inspiration to the Church of his fathers. In this enterprise he gathered much experience that proved of great service to him when he became editor of the *Presbyterian*, and later editor of the *Record* of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. As editor of these publications MR. CROIL perhaps gave his richest and most enduring contribution to the opening life of Canada. Here he set himself the task of awakening and developing the missionary life of the Church. His facile pen gave life-sized pictures of many heathen lands in all the enormity and desolation of their moral and spiritual conditions. In this department it is not too much to say that he excelled all his contemporaries in the vividness of his portrayals and in the fervour and earnestness of his pleadings.

Principal John Marshall Lang of Aberdeen, writing in 1884, says of the *Record*: "It is really about the best church journal I ever see." The Church in Canada owes to him an immeasurable debt for his long and faithful service in this vocation. On his retiring from the editorship of the *Record* in 1891 the Committee in charge presented him with a cheque for one thousand dollars.

Other publications which found ready readers are the following:

"Life of Alex. Mathieson, D.D., St. Andrew's Church, Montreal.

"Steam Navigation."

"The Noble Army of Martyrs."

"The Genesis of Churches in America."

"A Souvenir."

"Gleanings from the Nineteenth Century."

"Speeches at General Assemblies of Scotland and the United States" where he always commanded a respectful hearing.

Addresses on "David Livingstone." "Lovedale, Livingstonia and Blantyre." "Up the Mediterranean." "Our great Indian Empire." "On Agriculture at Iroquois." "Our Country." "Protestant Missions."

"History of St. Paul's Church," in MS., and Essays on a variety of subjects, etc., etc.

In his sanctum where after his retirement from public duties he continued to follow the bent of his genius, might be observed the order and arrangement of a master-workman. On the walls were to be seen charts, photographs of distinguished friends and illustrated addresses. One of these was presented by the Temporalities' Board bearing ample proof of its high appreciation of his services. Another was presented by the Sabbath School Association of Montreal of which he was for sometime president. At a farewell meeting of that Association held in St. Paul's Church in 1886 on the eve of his departure for a long visit to Britain and the Continent, Dr. Barclay, the chairman, said: "Our friend has done more than any living man to make the Presbyterian Church in Canada known in Scotland and *vice versa* that of the Church of Scotland known in Canada." Dr. Roberts, moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States North, writing on March 28, 1910, says: "I congratulate you on the fact that you are entering your 90th birthday. Few men have had so great an opportunity as you for long and useful service to the Church of Christ."

MR. CROIL had a wonderful faculty of becoming *persona grata* with men of high degree, having personal letters from the Prince

of Wales, afterward our good King Edward, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, Lord Mount-Stephen, Sir Sanford Fleming, Principal Tulloch of St. Andrew's University, Principal Story, of Glasgow University, Dr. Salmond of Aberdeen, Principal John Cairns, Professors Crombie, Charteris, Dean Vahl and Olaf Hanson of Copenhagen, A. K. H. Boyd of St. Andrew's, Norman McLeod, etc., etc.

The readers of the autobiographical sketch which fills these pages, will follow each line with quickening interest and appreciation. They will everywhere discover the eye of a keen observer, a mind alert in measuring with remarkable precision the things that matter most, and which arrest attention. His personality was an exceedingly attractive one. His suavity of manner, the sunshine of his life, the vividness of his imagination and not least of all the kindliness of his heart, calling out alike the affection of the adult and of the little child of tender years, all speak of the greatness and wealth of his nature.

Few men enjoyed through much travel and extensive correspondence so wide, and at the same time so warm, a friendship with men of note. He never lost sight of an old friend nor failed to enrol upon his list of admirers a new one. To the evening of his life he kept in sympathetic touch with the great movements of the world and longed for its betterment. We part with him reluctantly, nay rather we hold him ever dear, for his life was a benediction and an inspiration—a blessed influence yielding a golden harvest of activity and devotion in many lands. To have known him was to be captivated by his generous heart and to be bound to him by a living bond of fellowship.

Early in the month of November before his departure he had prepared his usual Christmas greeting to his many friends and it bore the following suggestive message.

> **" Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,**
> **Long endurance wins the crown,**
> **When the evening shadows lengthen**
> **Thou shalt lay thy burden down."**

W. R. CRUIKSHANK.

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LIFE OF JAMES CROIL

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS, GOVAN, THEN AND NOW: GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH.

I WAS born at No. 5 Bath Street, Glasgow, on September 4th, 1821, and was baptised by Rev. Dr. Meek of Hamilton on the 28th of that month—so runs the record in the family Bible. My father was a native of Cargill, Perthshire. He became a West India merchant and amassed what was accounted in those days a considerable fortune. A likely man he was in every respect—of a good presence, sound judgment and common sense. He was an elder in the Inner High Church and stood well in the commercial community of the western Metropolis. He died in 1826, being then only fifty years of age. leaving a family of four sons and six daughters. The younger children, myself included, had thus only an indistinct recollection of their father, and knew not what manner of man he was. He was buried in the dismal Crypt of the Ramshorn Church, where his tomb is hidden from mortal eyes, for all time. Why he was buried there I could never understand, unless it was that the burying ground of St. Mungo's was by that time quite full. Another strange thing it seemed to me was that while our father presumably worshipped in the High Church, the family had pews both in St. George's and St. Enoch's Churches, which were occupied alternately at the morning and afternoon services. It may have been that a sufficient number of sittings for so large a family could not be obtained in either of these Churches which was then the most fashionable and best frequented in the City.

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My mother was the eldest of the four daughters of William Richardson, a "manufacturing merchant" in Glasgow, just what that high sounding title implied I am not careful to enquire, I can only surmise that he was an employer of labour in the line of his progenitor's occupation, which was that of a "weaver," and that like his father James, he was a member of the Anti-burgher Church. What matter! He died in 1815, aged 30, leaving one son and four daughters who all married, and had in the aggregate 19 children. One of his brothers, settled in Philadelphia, where he prospered in business, and left a family that is represented in the City of Brotherly Love to this day. Another, Ebenezer, became a calico merchant and died of fever in America, leaving nine children. His brother, John, who was said to be an uncommonly handsome man, and very clever, was an agent of the British Government in Liverpool for many years and died in Leghorn, Italy, in his 80th year, leaving eight children, the youngest of whom survives in San Francisco, and is the father of six children. Matthew, the youngest brother, settled in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and died there in 1860 in the 89th year of his age, having had nine children, so that my maternal grandfather and his five sons contributed no less than sixty-four to the population of the world!

My mother was only 18 years of age when she was married, and on the death of our father the education and up-bringing of a large family devolved chiefly on her. She left nothing undone to bring her children up in the right way. She was in many respects a remarkable woman—clever, highly accomplished, and in her youth accounted beautiful. She lived to the great age of ninety-two. She used to tell us, playfully, that she could trace her descent, through her mother, from the royal Stuarts. That, however, lacks confirmation, and at any rate did not count for much, since they were, at best, but a poor lot, while she herself was as good as gold. I can say of her, as Lord Cockburn in his autobiography says of his mother,—"She was the best woman I have ever known." Her whole life was a conspicuous example of prudence and piety. 'Her children arise up and call her blessed.' When as yet our father's family consisted of only two boys; he had set

aside for each of them a case of the choicest Port wine in his well-stocked cellar, not to be opened until they had respectively attained the age of twenty-five years: but no such mark of approval heralded the first appearance of number seven—that was me—on this planet. Ah no! I have been told that when brother William reached his majority, a company of invited guests came to his Island, all the way from Montreal, to do honour to the occasion and broach the case, but, alas! to find that in the long lapse of time the old wine had lost alike its colour and flavour, and was as weak as water! Whereat I was comforted.

While I write, visions rise up in my mind's eye of the beautifully coloured capacious china bowl that for many years was the chief ornament on the drawing-room chiffoniere. Had it but speech, many a strange tale it might tell. It had often graced the dining-room table, steaming with savoury punch—a decoction prepared with a variety of ingredients the making of which is now one of the lost arts. But, then! Glasgow had the undisputed pre-eminence for brewing it—Jamaica rum, Port wine, lime juice, sugar, lemons, and nutmeg with toasted biscuits entered into its combination. In the early years of the last century, and within my own recollection, the punch-bowl was an indispensible article of house plenishings. In my father's time the punch-bowl was in evidence, at the dinner party of every 'well regulated family'! Ten times at least it had served in his family as the baptismal font! But in these degenerate days it has gone—disappeared for ever—*Requiescat in Pace!*

I have a distinct recollection of being taken by mother when I was six years old to Mr. Hardy's school in George Square, on the site now occupied by the magnificent municipal building of Glasgow. On her taking leave of me I naturally fell to weeping, but my tears subsided when the kind-hearted dominie patted me on the head and assured me that "I would be a man before my mother." My mother married again in 1831. The wedding took place at Largs, where we had been in the habit of going for our summer-quarters, and by a singular freak of fortune it fell to me, a boy of ten years, to figure as best man on that occasion. My

new step-father was a native of Perthshire and a former partner in my father's business, to which he succeeded. He would be at this time about 43 years of age, and my mother about two years younger. In order to provide suitable accommodation for the numerous family to which he had suddenly fallen heir he had taken a lease of the beautiful suburban villa of Middleton, on the Paisley Road, and in the Parish of Govan, to which were attached a fine garden and pleasure grounds, and twenty-five acres of land. It was then quite in the country, nearly two miles from the City limits, and was the head-quarters of the family for 12 years. My mother excelled in horsemanship. She had a favourite pony named "Bet," which had a habit of running away, and more than once her life was imperilled, but she never lost her presence of mind on these occasions and always kept her seat in the saddle, come what may. After her marriage to James Donaldson in 1831, she was to ride in a phaeton, so the pony was presented to an old friend of the family—the Rev. Gavin Lang of Glassford, whose wife, Annie Marshall—a very clever woman, had often carried me on her back, before her marriage. Glassford was a quiet rural parish some sixteen miles from Glasgow. The old Kirk, situated on high ground, could be seen nine miles off, and hence was often styled "The Church Veesable"! What a proud boy I was, (just ten years old), when I was told that I was to ride the runaway mare up to Glassford, which I reached safely.

I do not remember who at that time constituted the Manse family, but I think the eldest son, David, who was born at Shelbourne, Nova Scotia, must have been the only child of what afterwards became a large family.

David was many years manager of the Commercial Insurance Co., first in Glasgow, then in London, where he was long the accomplished Secretary of the Church Missionary Society. It is of record that three sons of the old manse became ministers of the Church of Scotland. John Marshall, born in 1834, commenced his ministry in the east parish of Aberdeen in 1856; translated to Fyvie in 1859, to Anderston New Church, Glasgow, in 1865, to Morningside, Edinburgh, in 1868, and to the Barony Parish, Glas-

gow, 1873, in succession to the late Dr. Norman Macleod, and was appointed by Queen Victoria, Principal of Aberdeen University in March, 1900. His whole career has been a brilliant one. He was President of the Alliance of the Reformed Churches that met in Washington in 1899, and Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in 1893. One of his sons became minister of Meldrum Parish, Aberdeenshire: another, Cosma Gordon, joined the Church of England, and was successively Vicar of Portsea, Bishop of Stepney, and in 1908 was consecrated Archbishop of York. Alexander, the youngest son became manager of the Bank of Montreal in London.

James Paisley Lang, a brother of John M., some time a missionary in India, has been many years Minister of the East (Abbey) Church, in Sterling: another brother, Gavin, has been Minister of Fyvie, Glassford, St. Andrew's, Montreal, and is now Minister of the Second Church, Inverness.

If any other manse in Scotland can exhibit a more distinguished, not to say a more romantic record, I have never heard of it. The last public function that John Marshall Lang attended was the installation of his son Cosmo as Archbishop of York in the grand old Cathedral there on January 25th, 1909. Shortly after this he was prostrated by serious illness which terminated his earthly career on May 15th, 1909, in the 75th year of his age. These reminiscences had been sent to Dr. Lang for correction, and were returned to me by his wife along with the "kind remembrances" of her husband from his death-bed! It seemed to me very pathetic.

The parish of Govan was an extensive one, and the "living," one of the largest in Scotland. It included Partick and a portion at that time of Gorbals and had a population of about 4000 souls. The village of that name consisted of a single straggling street lined on either side by rows of thatched cottages occupied by handloom weavers and nearly every window was a miniature flower-garden in which the scarlet geranium predominated. These weavers were born controversialists, and theologians in their way, many a long and spicy argument they had among themselves on

the deep questions of the day, such as fore-ordination; the perseverance of the Saints, the power of the Civil Magistrates, the 'Headship of Christ,' patronage and 'endooments.' The church and manse were by the river-side surrounded by many old elm trees in which colonies of rooks had enjoyed undisturbed possession from time immemorial. The church with its symetrical and lofty steeple was a marked and picturesque feature of the landscape in this reach of the Clyde. It was erected about the year 1825 to replace the ungainly barn-like edifice built some 50 years earlier during the ministry of the Rev. William Thom, who was chiefly answerable for the demolition of the fine Norman building that had occupied this site for centuries. Govan was originally a prebend of the Cathedral of Glasgow and had in pre-Reformation times a church in accordance with its ecclesiastical dignity. After the Reformation it always went with the Principalship of the University, so that it was served by a succession of eminent men for some generations, the best known of them being Andrew Melville. The patronage of Govan parish remaining with the University until 1874 when patronage was abolished. In later times it had at least one man of great fame as a preacher—Hugh Binning, whose tomb-stone was built into the wall of the porch in the new church, as for Mr. Thom, he is still remembered as a sort of provincial Sydney Smith. After he left, a number of sculptured stones were dug up from the grave-yard which were supposed to have belonged to the old church and to have been buried by the iconoclast. They were considered to be among the finest remains of their period and of their kind in Scotland, and for them a sort of sanctuary was built in the church-yard. The story has been often told of Mr. Thom, that in being present at an ordination service, and unable from the number of ministers taking part in the ceremony to place his hand on the candidate's head, he reached forth his staff instead, with the remark,—" Timmis to timmer, this will do for the present."

In our time the Rev. Matthew Leishman, D.D., was the parish minister. He had been inducted in 1821, and continued in office for 53 years. Dr. Leishman was one of the moderate ministers of

his time. He was one of those who hoped to the very last that by some compromise the impending secession of 1843 might be avoided—an ablè and faithful parish minister, beloved and respected by all who knew him.

Shortly after I went to school in Edinburgh, the worthy Dr. called at my lodgings and after talking kindly to me he kneeled down and offered up a beautiful prayer for me, then, as he was leaving, he took me warmly by the hand and looking into my eyes with affectionate concern he said,—"James, never forget God and He will never forsake you." Thank God for the memory of those words! It was a simple and trite saying, but it has stuck to me all these years. "A word spoken in season, how good is it." As an illustration of the power of personal touch, as distinguished from eloquent preaching, it may be added that of the many sermons I heard him preach, not one word do I remember!

Dr. Leishman did not shine in Church courts, indeed he cared little for them, though in early life he took his share in the outside work of the Church. That he was held in high esteem by his brethren appears from the fact that he was elected Moderator of the General Assembly in 1858. He retired from active service about 1871, having acquired a small property near Lanark. There he died in the 81st year of his age and was buried in Govan churchyard where a handsome monument bears the brief inscription,—"Sacred to the memory of Matthew Leishman, D.D., for 53 years minister of the parish; died 8th August, 1874, aged 80. His wife Elizabeth Boag died September 1st, 1874. In death they were not divided." Dr. and Mrs. Leishman had celebrated their golden wedding only a few weeks before their re-union in the "better country."

Mrs. Leishman was a charming woman. One of their sons attained to eminence as a professor in the Medical Faculty of Glasgow University. The youngest son became a merchant in Rangoon. Thomas, born in 1825, followed in the wake of his father and earned for himself a high degree. After being five years assistant to Dr. McCulloch of the West Church, Greenock, he was presented by the Crown to the parish of Collace, Perthshire,

and afterwards he became minister of Linton, Roxboroughshire, from which he virtually retired when his son, J. F. became his assistant and successor—a common arrangement in Scotland by which a minister divests himself of parish work, continues to receive a portion of the emoluments and leaves his assistant to do all the work. In recognition of his important contributions to ecclesiastical literature, as joint-editor with Dr. Sprott, of North Berwick of The Book of Common Order, and a variety of his own works, he received the degree of Doctor in Divinity from his *Alma Mater*, the University of Glasgow, in 1871 and in 1898, he was appointed Moderator of the General Assembly, just 40 years having elapsed since his father had occupied the Moderator's chair.

Besides the parish school, there was a private, select school taught by Mr. Gibson, the Session-clerk, a person of no small importance living at 'Harmony Place.' "Peerlie," as we used to call him, was a learned pedagogue, pompous and fussy, but an excellent teacher and a strict disciplinarian—a short stout man, even to obesity, who was always dressed in a black swallow-tail coat and never entered the school-room without a well-seasoned pair of tawse concealed about his person. Those, however, he used with due discrimination and moderation, tempering the punishment to the gravity of the misdemeanor. When he took his walk abroad his rotund figure described a graceful curve at every step. His bow was beautiful. When not otherwise employed in the class-room, his favourite pastime was "nibbing pens"—of the old fashioned goose-quill sort, for the metallic substitute had not as yet come into use. I doubt if there was, or is anywhere, a better grammar-school than Mr. Gibson's. Here my brother John and I, and Tom Leishman, received our first drilling in the rudiments of Latin and mathematics. As clerk of Session Mr. Gibson, *inter alia*, exacted the fees for baptism. Of one sponsor who presented his child for the rite it was told that, when the minister in course of his charge to "bring up this child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," addressed him in solemn tones—"You know, John, what baptism means," the ready reply came,—"Oh aye, sir, I ken brawly, its just a shullan."

The front seats in the gallery of the church were usually reserved for "the quality," *i.e.*, for the landed gentry, and other important persons in the parish. At the time I speak of there were a considerable number residing in Govan parish, among whom were the Rowands of Linthouse, the Dunlops of Craigton, the Robertsons of Whitefield, the Macleans of Plantation, the Dalgleishs, Galbraiths and Locheads; not to speak of "the Queen of Govan," a wealthy spinster whose appearance in Church never failed to create a sensation and draw the wondering eyes of the humble folk by the gorgeousness of her apparel; reminding us of a certain minister's wife who was in the habit of coming to church late and sailed up the middle aisle, decked in all the colours of the rainbow, concerning whom the parson remarked one day from the pulpit, by way of gentle admonition. "Here comes my wife Betsy with a kist o'drawers on her heid"—which was intended to inform the congregation that his spouse had sold a chest of drawers to pay for her fine clothes! Dr. Thomas Leishman to whom I am largely indebted for some of these reminiscences, reminds me that among the celebrated parishioners of that time there were also two batchelor brothers Blaikie, the exact duplicate of each other, who used to walk, side by side, with white hats, white spats, (gaiters) and white terriers at their heels.

The ordinary routine of parish work differed in many respects from that of the twentieth century. The style of preaching was different, partook of the quiet, unimpassioned, evangelical type. There was no John Cains or Norman Macleod, in the Presbytery of Glasgow in 1831 to thrill the masses with their eloquence; and great Chalmers, who had attained the zenith of his fame for pulpit oratory in Glasgow, was then the Professor of Divinity in Edinburgh University. The custom then largely prevalent was to preach in the forenoon from an isolated text a doctrinal discourse, and, in the afternoon, to 'lecture' from portions of a chapter in the expository style. To this day I regret that there is so little expository preaching. It seems to accord better with the time-honoured method we read of in the book of Nehemiah, when Ezra "read in the book of the law of God distinctly and gave the

sense, and caused them to understand the reading." Parochial visitation was of a more impressive character than it often is now-a-days. It was something more than a perfunctory call and shaking of hands with the women of the household. Men would leave their business to be at home and meet the visitor, and the short service of praise, prayer, and reading from the word would frequently be concluded with questions from the shorter catechism.

On the other hand, there were fewer Sunday-Schools and Bible-classes, and other means of religious instruction for the rising generation. The only Sunday-School in Govan parish that I remember hearing of was a class of small boys and girls taught by two of my sisters in a small room of a private dwelling on Sunday mornings. Some eight or nine lads of my own age used to meet for an hour before the morning church service in the vestry—a very small apartment high up in the steeple of the church. Nobody took any notice of us; there was an entire absence of superintendency and the proceedings in that upper chamber were often—well, of a mixed description. But, all the same we did our best and, to a limited extent, acquired the habit of studying the Bible.

It goes without saying that tea-meetings, socials, church festivals and concerts, *et id genus omne*, had then no existence. Indeed, they would have been deemed indecorous to a degree. The Sabbath was rigidly observed. To be seen walking abroad save going to, or coming from church, would have met with a solemn rebuke and warning not to do it again.

The garden gate was sacredly locked on Sunday, as were all the public parks and gardens in the Kingdom. It is only a few years since the Princes Street gardens in Edinburgh were thrown open to the public on the Sabbath day. The startling "innovation" met with strenuous opposition for years, but when it did come, in the spring of 1879, it was hailed as a public boon. and it was chronicled in the newspapers that some 28,000 persons availed themselves of the privilege on the first day of opening! To be seen reading a secular book or newspaper on Sunday would be regarded as a flagrant breach of the fourth commandment.

In those days stained-glass windows with representations of Christ and His apostles or other scripture emblems, in churches would have been regarded as idolatrous! Instrumental music as an aid to devotion was then unknown. The 'Kist o'whisles,' as the organ was opprobriously called, was denounced as an invention of the devil. It seems to have been introduced for the first time in a presbyterian Church in Scotland, about the year 1807, in St. Andrew's Church, Glasgow, but the outburst of feeling was so strong that it was quickly discontinued and the obnoxions instrument sold to a neighbouring Episcopal Chapel. After that, no more was heard of it till the Rev. Dr. Robert Lee, minister of Grey Friars, and Professor of Biblical Criticism in Edinburgh University, introduced a harmonium in his congregation, about 1857, at the same time that he began to read his prayers from an Order of Public Worship which he had published and which was in the hands of the people, that they might join audibly in the responses. For both of these 'divisive courses' Dr. Lee was taken to account severely by his Presbytery, and by the General Assembly.

It was in vain that he argued, that a liturgy had been used in the Kirk of Scotland for nearly a hundred years, and that no act of any Assembly had ever forbidden its use—"Where there was no law, there could be no transgression." He was solemnly enjoined to discontinue the use of his liturgy and harmonium. Years of hot contention followed in the Church courts, during which Dr. Lee clung to his colours, and 'tholed,' until the year 1859, when he was stricken with paralysis and all further proceedings in his case were suspended. When he died, in 1868, the Kirk laws in this behalf were modified and the organ came to stay.

If there were fewer parochial 'organizations' than superabound now-a-days, a great deal more attention was bestowed on religious instruction in the home. It was a marked feature of the time. Family worship was an 'Institution' invariably honoured. On Sunday evening in our home, it took the form of a full service, when a sermon was read; it might have been one of 'Blairs,' or one of Chalmers' Astronomical discourses, then in high

favour, accompanied by the singing of a Psalm or 'Paraphrase,' always led by my mother, with tremulous emotion. It was a sight to see the regiment of servants march in to worship, bibles in hand, headed by the cook who was usually fat and forty—the coachman and his understrapper, who helped him to wait on table, the former in black velvet knee breeches, white stockings and wine-coloured cut-away coat with brass buttons. *Pater familias* acted the parson to perfection—reading the whole service, prayers and all, in a remarkably solemn tone, with orthodox inflexion, his voice rising and falling with the regularity of ocean waves, and with a conventional rythm that not unfrequently charmed the younger portion of the audience—to sleep, a vivid recollection haunts me still of the effort to keep us awake, and the expedients that were resorted to to recall us to a sense of propriety. The shorter catechism was applied to all, young and old, mistress and maid. In it we were well drilled, during the week, in school and at home, and we all had it fairly at our tongues' end, though now and then, when it came to 'Effectual calling' or the like, we might require a little prompting. We were supposed to carry in mind a good few of the Psalms and all of the Paraphrases. I remember counting myself passing rich on receiving 'a silver sixpence' for repeating the whole of the 119th Psalm without a mistake.

Rous' version of the Psalter, completed in 1564, was formally adopted by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in 1650, and appointed to be sung in congregations and families. By some accounted 'uncouth, tasteless, and unprofitable to the last degree,' it was nevertheless enshrined in many a Scottish heart and held in great estimation for its rugged pith and vigour, preserving as it does in a remarkable degree the *ipsissima verba* of the prose in the authorized version of the Bible. For nearly 200 years after the suppression of the 'Service Book,' this version of the Psalms was used in public and private worship—to the exclusion of hymns, other than the collection of 67 paraphrases and the six hymns usually appended to the psalms in Scottish Bibles. Primarily designed and adapted for use in public worship the Psalms of David were evidently set to music and were sung

responsively with instrumental accompaniment. "Sing praises unto Him with timbrel and harp; with the sound of the trumpet with stringed instruments and organs, with loud cymbals; praise Him upon the high-sounding cymbals." No mention being made of them, David seems to have drawn the line at *drums*—the favourite and distinguishing music of the 'Salvation Army.'

The scripture Paraphrases, first introduced in 1545, and revised as we now have them in 1782, have ever since held a place in the estimation of the Scottish people little if at all inferior to the Psalms of David. Their authorship is ascribed to Isaac Watts, Logan, Addison, Cameron, Morrison, Blair, and Philip Doddridge who composed the inimitable lyric, commencing with 'O God of Bethel by whose hands Thy people still are fed'—without which no collection of modern hymns seems complete. And Logan gave us the beautiful 53rd hymn 'Take comfort Christians when your friends in Jesus fall asleep.' The first three of the collection of the five hymns appended to the Scottish Paraphrases are attributed to Addison, the fourth to Watts, and the fifth to Logan. The opposition in Scotland to the use of 'uninspired hymns' in public worship continued until recent times, and so great was the revulsion, they have already in many quarters superseded the Psalms almost entirely. As an instance of wedded attachment to the Psalms it may be mentioned that the United Presbyterian Church of the United States of America use them exclusively, and keeps itself aloof from all other Presbyterian churches on that very ground.

The "Sacramental Season" in Govan, as all over Scotland, was then a time of special solemnity, and the protracted services were calculated to strike with awe the minds of the rising generations. The Communion of that day was celebrated twice a year, which indicated that Govan was even then in rather an 'advanced' stage, for an annual celebration of the Sacrament had not long before been the custom here and elsewhere. Like the solemn feasts held in Jerusalem during the Jewish dispensation, it partook of a national character, and attracted unusual crowds of participants and spectators. The services connected with it occupied the best part of a week, commencing with Thursday, the statutory 'Fast day'

or 'Wee Sunday' as we used to call it. This day was supposed to be devoted, if not to literal fasting, at least to humiliation and prayer, and the pulpit was usually occupied by one of the City ministers. Saturday was the so-called day of preparation, when, after sermon, 'tokens' were distributed to intending communicants. Monday forenoon was observed as 'Thanksgiving Day' invariably concluded by the Monday dinner at the manse given to the elders and such of the assisting ministers as could attend. Sabbath, of course, the great day of the feast. Simultaneous communion had not yet come into vogue. Dr. Chalmers was among the first to introduce it in his church, St. Johns, Glasgow, about 1822, and for so doing was dragged before the tribunals of the Church for judgment. The idea that communicants should be seated face to face, one-half of them with their backs to the officiating minister had been the immemorial custom, and all his eloquence failed to convince the brotherhood that the usage was utterly childish; and the controversy which had awakened a hornet's nest about him was one of which he was "ashamed to appear as a combatant even on the right side of it." In many of the churches of that time the centre aisle was transformed into one long table reaching from the front of the pulpit to the church door, at which the communicants sat facing each other while the minister occupied a chair at the head of the table. It can easily be imagined that this had a significant effect, and scenic. But in Govan the arrangement was different, by an ingenious devise, the transverse pews were converted into veritable tables at which as in the other case the communicants were seated face to face, the tables being covered with white linen. In this way about 100 persons were accommodated at a time. As there were about 500 communicants, it followed that the people took their places in relays, implying the delivery of five or six 'table addresses' by as many different ministers in turn, who severally dismissed the contingent with the words "Go in peace." In the act of their retiring a portion of the 103rd Psalm was sung, the Precentor reading each line before singing it. As soon as the table was refilled the singing ceased and the address for the new company began. I should have said that the services of the day began with what what was called

the "Action Sermon," to be followed by the 'fencing of the tables' —a solemn deterring warning to 'unworthy communicants,' and that the table services consisted of pre-communion and post-communion addresses in each case. The 'elements' were not exposed to view until the 'fencing of the tables' was concluded, when the Minister retired to the vestry, from which he came while the 35th Paraphrase was being sung, heading the procession of the Elders bearing the vessels and the elements. It was not without some bustle and confusion that the people passed to and from the tables while the singing of the Psalm continued until order was restored. Among those who at different times lent their aid to Dr. Leishman on these occasions, were Principal Macfarlan, Dr. Lorimer, of the Ramshorn; Dr. Smythe, of St. George's; Dr. Macleod, of the Gaelic Church; Dr. Buchanan of the Iron; Mr. Henderson of St. Enoch's; Mr. Turner of the Gorbals, Dr. Gillar, and Mr. Lockhart of Inchinnan. None of them made a more solemn impression on the people than Mr. Turner who besides being endowed with a deep sonorous voice, was otherwise peculiarly gifted in this department of ministerial work.

While we were living at Middleton, an event occurred that created a painful sensation. It was the bursting of the boiler of a steam coach on the Paisley road. A line of such conveyances had been in operation for a year or more in opposition to the stage coaches. They were very nicely got up, differing little in appearance from the others—only minus the horses, and that instead of the driver a red-coated man was seated in front who steered the machine with a wheel similar to that of a ship at sea. The fire-box and engine were at the rear end, and the boiler underneath the body of the carriage. They attained a high speed and promised to be a success, though now and then, when the steering gear got out of order, they played some queer pranks. On one such occasion, the thing ran incontinently into a crockey shop in Jamaica Street. But the Road Trust were aggrieved. Their tariff of tolls made no provision for horseless carriages, and it was alleged that this cumbrous affair cut up the roads. They must be stopped. To gain their ends they caused road metal to be laid, a foot deep, in the vicinity of the toll gates and steep parts of the road, with the result

that six horses were required to drag the steamer over the obstruction and tolls were collected accordingly. Owing to the strain on the machines thus induced the boiler of one of the coaches became displaced or injured, and exploded with great violence at the Three-mile house, causing instant death to several passengers and serious injury to others. A large crowd soon gathered at the scene of the disaster. Hearing of it I ran to the place and surveyed the ghastly spectacle of the dead and wounded which left an indellible impression on memory. I afterwards learned that a Paisley boy six years my junior did the same. Strange to say, that boy, of whom I knew nothing at the time of the accident, was to become my intimate friend years later, and far away, This was William Snodgrass, who came to Canada twenty years after this occurrence and eventually became the Principal of Queen's College at Kingston. Often since then have we spoken of the singular circumstances in which we first met.

In 1901, just 70 years after our first acquaintance with Govan, I visited the place to see if perchance there still remained aught to recall my boyhood days. After diligent search I discovered the old family mansion in the last stage of decay. An acre or two of waste land about it was all that remained of a 25 acre farm, and on a large board it was announced that the lands of Middleton were for sale. Beyond that there was not another recognisable feature of the old time Govan. The march of improvements and city enlargement had made a clean sweep of all that was dear to me in memory. The quiet rural village had become a constituent district of the great City of Glasgow and electric tram-cars coursed along spacious streets lined with fine shops. The green fields had given place to terraces and crescents and long rows of lofty houses and municipal public buildings. The population of the old time parish including Partick had increased from 4000 to 350,000. The church and manse of Dr. Leishman's time had gone. The graveyard survived with one or two of the old trees standing like sentinels to guard the tombs of the dead. A splendid new church of large diminsions, a cathedral it might almost be called, had taken the place of the modest village kirk, and a handsome new

manse had been erected at some distance from the site of the old one. Marine docks and vast engineering establishments had usurped the places of pleasant fields. The new parish minister the Rev. Roger S. Kirkpatrick, had recently been inducted in succession to the Rev. John Macleod, D.D., who had ministered there since 1875. Dr. Macleod died in 1898 and was buried with his fathers at Kill Colum-Kill, in the far away parish of Morven If anything tended to reconcile me to these sweeping changes, it was to learn that the dear old church had not been ruthlessly destroyed, but carefully taken down, and rebuilt, stone for stone, in a different part of the now overcrowded parish. With the new Church, then came new ways and different modes of worship, some of them unfamiliar and unpalatable to many of the parishoners, and which were even severely criticised by not a few of Dr. Macleod's clerical friends and associates; but the sterling worth of the man himself, and the splendid work which he accomplished outlived the the fama of heterodoxy, and made him a power in Govan. It may not be generally known, but I have it on unquestionable authority, that during Dr. Macleod's ministry in Govan, he was, if not an avowed 'Irvingite,' closely allied in sympathy with the 'Holy Catholic Apostolic Church' which has its head quarters in London, and of which the famous Rev. Edward Irving was the fore-runner rather than the founder. The adherents of this sect being for the most part, the highest of high churchmen and ritualists, at the same time combining a high order of piety and humility, it was not to be wondered at that a man of Dr. Macleod's mystical enthusiasm and devotion should have come to be in a measure identified with them. Whatever may be thought or said of Dr. Macleod's ritualistic tastes and practices, and much has been said, it was generally conceded that his death was a great loss to the Church of Scotland, and created a blank in the roll of her clergy which led Dr. Thomas Leishman, the Moderator of the General Assembly, to say in his funeral sermon:—"We know not where to look for such another as he whom we have lost."

I read with peculiar interest the announcements made on a large board affixed to the entrance gate of the church grounds—

in part as follows:—"Holy Communion on the last Sunday of every month, and on other Sundays as may be specially intimated." (Among these 'other Sundays' I was given to understand, were the statutory days appointed for the observance of the communion in all the churches of the Presbytery of Glasgow, in April and October. I also learned that on certain Sundays the communion was celebrated twice the same Sunday, for the benefit of those who were unable to attend at the morning service.)

"Administration of Holy Baptism—first Sunday of every month and the last Saturday of every month." "Week day services daily, 10 a.m. and 5 p.m." "All seats free; and, the Church is open for private devotions, daily, from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m."

Other announcements made in the "Govan Parish Magazine" show that the ordinary congregational work is elaborate. Besides four distinct Sunday-School classes it enumerates no less than nine week-day meetings, such as the Women's Association Work Party, the Children's Work Party, the Mother's Meeting, the Boy's Brigade, the Dorcas Society, the Girl's Club, the Choir Practice, etc. Some congregations in Canada we are sometimes inclined to think are worked at high-pressure—'for all they are worth,' as the saying goes—but of Govan it may be said, 'Thou excellest them all."

Speaking of "Fast Days," I have not been able to ascertain the origin of the "Sacramental Fast Day." In the Confession of Faith, the term "fasting" occurs, but only incidentally, as a suitable accompaniment of worship. *Calvin*, in his "Institutes" discourses on fasting in a general way. *Knox*, in the "Book of Common Order," has a treatise on fasting and the necessity of resorting to it at set times—the abstinence from food was to be from eight o'clock on Saturday night until five o'clock on Sabbath afternoon; but in none of these ancient authorities is there any mention of a sacramental fast day. *Sprott* and *Leishman* in their "Book of Common Order and Directory of the Church of Scotland," admit that the celebration of the Lord's supper is not mentioned among the occasions which call for fasting days. Hence, the fast day as commonly known and observed in these later days must be relegated to a later period than the Reformation. But,

whatever its origin, it had long a special significance in connection with the administration of the Lord's supper, and was observed as a Holy day. But, owing in part to the more frequent observance of the communion, and also, to easy and cheap means of communication, it may be said that with the exception of the Highland districts, speaking generally, the observance of the day has fallen into disusage. It has come to be looked upon rather as a legitimate season of recreation. The temptation to spend the Fast day in Scotland at least, in excursions and pastimes has become irresistible. Although the Fast day is still chronicled in ecclesiastical registers, it has lost its meaning as an aid to devotion; it is going: and the verdict of the *vox populi*, is "Let it go." A service on a Friday evening preceding the communion, or the weekly prayer meeting, stands for the preparatory service; and the evening service of the communion Sunday takes the place of the Monday thanksgiving day of former times.

My earliest recollections of Glasgow go back to the time when water was sold in Bath street at 'a bawbee the stoup'—not because there were then no water-works in the City, but because the water they supplied being drawn from the Clyde, was bad and distasteful to the 'west end' people who willingly paid the bawbee for that which came from natural springs in the neighbourhood, wherewithal to quench their thirst. We had neither lucifer matches, let alone wax vestas, nor steel pens, nor letter envelopes. The primitive tinder box, with steel and flint gave fire: the goose-quill was the universal implement for writing: letters suspected of being written on more than a single sheet of paper were subjected to additional postage, and the postage was rated by the miles the letter had to travel. The postage on letters from Edinburgh to Glasgow was at the rate of 7d per half ounce; to Inverness 1/; and to London 2/5d; and so continued until Rowland Hill's uniform penny postage system through Britain was established in 1840; in recognition of this public boon the enterprising statesman received a grant of £20,000 and a pension as long as he lived of £2,000 per annum. Two cent postage rate went into operation between Canada, Great Britain and most of her Colonies, December 25, 1898, and on January

1st, 1899, the uniform rate in all Canada was reduced to two cents. (Even since my coming to Canada in 1841, the postage on a letter from Montreal to Halifax was two shillings and three pence). I remember the death of George IV. in 1830, and the opening of the first passenger railway of any account in the Kingdom in the same year (The Liverpool and Manchester Line). The passing of Lord John Russell's Reform Bill in 1832 was hailed with great rejoicing in Glasgow, especially by the working classes; multitudes coming in from the country, women riding on horse-back seated on pillions behind the saddle on the same beast with their husbands with an arm encircling the guidmon's waist. Illuminations on a grand scale, bonfires, reviews, etc., etc. Ducrow's circus and Wombell's menagerie afforded infinite amusement to young and old. In 1901 when visiting Kensal Green Cemetery, London, my attention was attracted to a handsome mausoleum, over the door of which was this inscription:—"Andrew Ducrow died in 1842; many years lessee of the Royal Amphitheatre: He lived to brighten the lives of others." In Highgate Cemetery, beautiful for situation, far surpassing Kensal Green, I discovered Wombell's Tomb—a great block of marble, surmounted by a huge lion's head, and inscribed—George Wombell, menagerist, born 1777, died 16th November, 1850.

The imposing ceremonies connected with the opening of the Jamaica Street Bridge in 1834, was another great function in Glasgow, which I witnessed from a window in the home of Bailie Martin on the south side of the river. It was designed by Telford the architect of the Menai Suspension Bridge and considered one of his best works. The Aberdeen granite stones that entered into its construction had been hewn into shape in their native quarry, and when brought to the Broomielaw they fitted into each other with mathematical precision, so that it might be said of the bridge, as of Solomon's Temple: "There was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard while it was in building." That beautiful bridge lived scarcely 60 years, and I was in at the death of it. But the spectacle which above all else inspired the small boys with awe and wonder was the annual procession of "the Lords"—the judges of the circuit—who in white wigs periodically made their grand

entry into the City, accompanied by brilliant military escort to hold the Assizes, and make the 'General Jail Delivery.'

I am not to expatiate on the marvellous changes that have taken place in Glasgow during these 70 years. They would easily fill a volume. The population has increased from 202,426 in 1831, to upwards of a million in 1891. Among the many splendid edifices that have been erected in the interval, the Municipal Buildings in George Square, and the new University on Gilmour Hill are the most important, while the deepening of the Clyde from five or six feet at high water to twenty-five feet, has been of incalculable value to commerce, and given rise to vast ship-building yards and marine engine shops where many of the largest and fleetest of the 'Ocean Greyhounds' have been built and engined, as well as many of the mighty iron-clads in the Royal Navy. The administration of the corporation, the City of Glasgow, is admitted to be the very best in the Kingdom. Its affairs, I am told, are managed with great prudence and economy. "Boodling is unknown.' Whatever it has taken in hand has prospered, financially and otherwise. The old motto of the City—"Let Glasgow flourish"—has been amply justified, and there can be no doubt that its prosperity is in large measure due to the 'preaching of the Word' and its educational institutions.

The Cathedral has been internally restored and beautified, and is considered one of the best specimens of Old English Gothic. It occupies the site of St. Mungo's cell and the tree on which was hung the bell that summoned his savage neighbours to worship. The emblems on the City Coat of Arms are a tree, a bell, a bird and a fish with a ring in its mouth connected with which is an old legend too lengthy for my present purpose. Hence the rhyme familiar to every Glasgow school-boy.—

> "The tree that never grew,
> And the bell that never rang;
> The bird that never flew.
> And the fish that never swam"

The Presbyterian Churches of all denominations in Glasgow in 1831 numbered 46. In 1901 there were, by actual count, 265

Presbyterian Churches, not to speak of Episcopalian, Congregational, Methodist, Baptist, Roman Catholic, and churches of other denominations.

And now; Farewell! Thou great second City of the Empire —City of my nativity, fare thee well! Should I say that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," I might lay myself open to the charge of being somewhat economical of truth, for there is not now one of my name to be found in thee: not one door would open to admit me to its hospitality save that of my esteemed friend Dr. Story, the principal of the University: no one else would take me in, or offer me a night's lodging: my annual visits are of less consequence than the preverbial drop in a bucket to thee, by whom, if recognized at all, it must only be as a peripatetic tramp: Fare-thee-Well.

I was sent to the Edinburgh New Academy in 1834. But before giving any account of that famous School, a few references to the means of locomotion at that time may not be out of place. Railways were not yet. But we had a choice of conveyances between Glasgow and Edinburgh. The rich rode in their post-chaise. The man of business travelled by stage-coach: the tourist and man-of-leisure, by the swift-passage-canal-boat. These were the palmy days of coaching. The roads were splendid. The coaches were of the best, gaudily painted and seated for six inside and twelve or fourteen outside. The drivers and guards wore long scarlet coats and white high-crowned hats. The latter had his seat in the rear of the coach and was provided with a long tin horn which he used frequently to announce the arrival or departure of the conveyance at the different stages or to warn the drivers of the machines to clear the track. The coaches were all four-in-hand, and as there was lively competition, each tried to outrun the other. The average rate of speed would be about ten miles an hour, exclusive of stoppages; these were frequent, but very short. As you drove up to the inn door, a fresh relay of horses would be standing on the highway, all ready harnessed with a groom at the head of each. It was but the work of a few moments to detach the panting steeds that had come in at a gallop and replace

them with the high-mettled, if sometimes broken-kneed brutes whose turn it now was to show their paces, manifesting their impatience to be off and at it by champing their bits and pawing the ground—scarcely to be held in by the hostlers till Jehu mounted the box. Sometimes he never left his seat at all, but oftener he would make a bee line for the bar and swallow a half-mutchkin of whiskey to keep his courage up. No sooner had he a hold of ribbons, than the leaders began their capers, prancing from side to side in a way that made the outsiders imagine that everything was going to smash. But a few well aimed cuts of the whip soon brought them to their senses and away they went with a will, urged to utmost speed by the lash as well as by the shouts and rattle proceeding from the opposition coach in its frantic efforts to give the other the go-by. Whiles they might be running neck-and-neck, the vehicles swaying dangerously from side to side—the passengers meanwhile clinging to the rails and to each other for dear life. "Spills" were not unfrequent, caused by an axletree breaking or other derangement, but the number of fatal accidents was uncommonly rare. The coaches were all named by high-sounding titles—such as the "High flyer," "Defiance," "Red Rover," "Blücher," or the "Telegraph" to indicate lightning speed, and attract attention to this line or that.

The canal-boat of that time should be held in everlasting remembrance since it contained the germ of the iron and steel ships that were to follow. I do not know when the first iron boats came into use on this canal, but they were in full swing in 1834. They were constructed of very thin sheets of iron. They were long and narrow with sharp bows and clear runs, housed over like gondolas neatly furnished and upholstered and fitted comfortably for 40 or 50 passengers, and were drawn by three horses with mounted postillions in jockey costume, who urged on the horses for all they were worth. The boats cut the water like a knife and left a swish of wavelets behind them. On a straight stretch of the canal they made good time, say about eight miles an hour; but much time was lost in locking. Beginning with lock No. 22 at the 'summit.' There were eight or ten locks in succes-

sion which occupied a full hour, during which time the passengers got out and walked. There was a service of night boats, fitted with berths, but as these also carried freight the voyage would occupy ten or twelve hours.

Travelling by one of these night boats I had a fearful dream of a man struggling in the water, I saw him, as it were with my eyes opened, raise his hands imploringly above his head, but there was no one to help him, and he sank like a stone to the bottom of the canal. The whole thing was clearly impressed on my minds' eye and caused me no small perturbation. Imagine my surprise on reading next day in the morning newspaper, "A deplorable accident occurred last night, resulting in the death of a man by drowning in the Firth and Clyde Canal"! The recollection of this inexplicable psycological phenomena remains with me to this day as no other incident before nor since—explain it who can.

Sedan chairs stood at the street corners in Edinburgh in 1834. A few lumbering hackney coaches of singular appearance competed with the chairs, but the former were still the more popular, and were patronized largely by the gentry, especially by ladies doing their shopping or going to the theatres and parties in full dress. The Sedan chair was in the shape of a box say about 36 to 40 inches in width, and high enough to clear the head of the occupant. It had glass fronts and partially glass sides with curtains that could be drawn to secure privacy; they were carpeted and cushioned, comfortably and even elegantly in some instances. The carrying poles passed through the iron eyes on the sides of the chair and were withdrawn at pleasure. The bearers were usually stout Highland porters having leather slings over their shoulders terminating in a loop to receive the ends of the poles, the bearer's hands having thus little to do save to steady the machine. Before setting out on a trip these fellows would fortify themselves with a dram and a liberal dose of snuff, when they would trot off at a lively gait. Smoking was much less prevalent than now. Many ladies even carried their snuff box.

These chairs were regulated as to fares and equipment by the Town Council. They had official numbers. They must carry

lights at night. Any infraction of the rules was punishable by fines and imprisonment The price of a "lift" varied according to distance from a shilling, upwards. The tariff for a chair by the day was 7/6 for a single person; a double lift was double fare, and for night work 6d per hour additional. The Sedan chair gradually fell into disuse soon after the advent of the light two wheeled "fly," an improved Sedan on wheels, which in turn gave way to the one-horse four-wheeled cab, known in Glasgow as the "Noddy."

The post-chaise was also a notable institution. Up to the railway era it was the recognized mode of travelling by the 'upper ten' Most people of consequence kept a private carriage. When a long journey was contemplated, the family chaise was fitted up for the occasion with a variety of leathern portmanteaus made to fit the construction of the carriage. The capacious "dickey" was beneath the driver's box: the "rumble" was fastened on behind: another receptacle was slung beneath the body of the machine, while large baskets lashed on the roof received the overflow of the travelling outfit. At home, the rumble was unshipped and in its place the 'flunky' stood on a small platform in powdered wig and livery, holding on to straps fastened to the back of the chaise. A journey to London by this conveyance would occupy from two to four weeks, relays of horses having been previously arranged for at successive stages of perhaps ten miles apart, the horses being invariably guided by postillions in the saddle—*a la militaire.* For those who had not a chaise of their own there was an abundant supply in every village and town in the Kingdom. It goes without saying that the posting business was a very extensive and lucrative one, giving employment to a vast number of men and horses. And it brought grist to every hotel on the road. It need scarcely be added that the hotel 'tap-room,' with its buxom bar-maid was at this time at the zenith of its prosperity. The convivial code had universal sway and the quantities of malt, port wine and claret that were consumed by individual topers would scarcely be credited now-a-days. But there was far less drinking of whiskey and brandy than at a later period.

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The Carrier's cart was then much in evidence, and its periodical visits were looked forward to with even greater interest than the postman's gig. It took varied forms. Sometimes an ordinary one-horse cart provided with ample tarpaulin; but more frequently a huge two-wheeled affair roofed over with canvas in which the carrier could sleep comfortably. These were used for the transport of goods and parcels all over the Kingdom. One wonders how the products of the great manufacturing centres could be conveyed to distant destinations in this primitive manner, but they were. The carrier's trade was a large industry and had wide ramifications, and the carrier himself was an important character all along the line of his route: a change of horses awaited him, too, at his successive stages.

It was one of the most interesting sights in Edinburgh, especially for us youngsters, to see the mail coaches leaving the post office at 4 p,m. There might be a dozen of them assembled at that hour ready to set out for all parts of the Kingdom. They were even more elaborately painted than the stage coach, and each one had the Royal Arms emblazoned on the panels. The horses were of a higher type too, being mostly blooded animals. What with the tooting of horns and general hurry-scurry, such a street scene has no counterpart in these days and can never be forgotten by any who have witnessed it. The Royal Mail Coach System was established by the Post Office Department in 1784. Hitherto letters were sent by ordinary public conveyance, the frequency, however, of robberies by highwaymen, and the rifling of mail bags for money, suggested the remedy introduced into Parliament by Lord Palmerston, the success of which was so great that his lordship was rewarded with a gift of £50,000 and a life pension of £3000 a year. The mail coaches were then put in charge of armed guards and other important improvements introduced into the postal service.

The distance from Edinburgh to London was from 420 to 450 miles, according to route, and was covered by mail coach in 46 to 48 hours. It had similar accommodation for passengers as in the ordinary stage coach with this difference that the rear seat was occupied exclusively by the guard who had a brace of loaded pistols

within easy reach. Fares were somewhat higher—seven guineas for inside seats and four guineas for outside ones. Higher speed being demanded for the conveyance of special mail matter between Edinburgh and London, about this time (1835) a new service was devised to carry mail bags and nothing more. The new conveyance was unique in appearance. It was called the "Curricle"—a two-wheeled chariot of light construction fitted with a pole and was drawn by three blood horses abreast, somewhat after the manner of the Russian 'Troika' This 'flyer' made the journey in about 36 hours which was esteemed a marvel of speed. This mail and passenger service continued until the railway era effected a revolution. The Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway opened in 1840, has reduced the time of transit between these cities from 4½ hours to 65 minutes. Communication by rail between Edinburgh and London was first established by the Caledonian Railway and its connections, February 15, 1848.

The Perth and Dundee Railway had made connection with England about a year later than the Caledonian and the Glasgow and South Western still later, reducing the time to 13 or 14 hours. The "Flying Scotchman," as the fast train of the North British line is called, as well as some other lines, now perform the journey in 8½ hours. In 1895 there emerged a railway race between the North Western and Great Northern Companies which was kept up for some time at ruinous cost to the companies and to the alarm of the community at large. It was from Euston, London, to Aberdeen. The distance, being 540 miles, was covered by the Western line in 538 minutes exceeding by two minutes the speed-rate of a mile a minute, including stoppages. Several of the spurts were made at the rate of 65 miles an hour, breaking all records on that side of the Atlantic, and indeed on this side, for while the highest recorded rate of speed in America up to that time was 70 miles an hour, the London and North Western had made the official record of 74 miles an hour, between Penrith and Carlisle, a distance of 18 miles.

There was at this time (1834), a railway from Edinburgh to Musselburgh, operated by horse-power. For aught I know it may

have been the first passenger railway in Scotland. The first in England was that from Darlington to Stockton opened for passenger traffic September 27th, 1825. But the railway era may be said to have been fairly ushered in by the construction of the Liverpool and Manchester road which was opened with imposing ceremonies on September 15th, 1830, in the presence of the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, William Huskisson, secretary of State for the Colonies, and a vast concourse of people. While this line was in course of construction a prize of £500 had been offered for the best locomotive. In October, 1829, the contest took place with three competitors,—Robert Stephenson with the Rocket, Hackworth with his Sanspareil, and Braithwaite and Ericsson with the Novelty. All three were accounted marvels of mechanical ingenuity, but the prize was awarded to the Rocket. The opening ceremony was rendered memorable by a fatal accident to Mr. Huskisson who was removed from the scene of the disaster by the Rocket at the astonishing speed of thirty-six miles an hour. I remember travelling, in 1857, from Glasgow to Greenock in a third-class passenger carriage of the time. It was an open truck, without covering or seat of any kind. The passengers of course had no choice but to stand up, whence the facetious name given to the conveyance—"The Stanhope." It was a parsimonious concession to the popnlar demand for cheaper transportation and was resented with indignation as an insult to the community. To show their disapprobation of this shabby treatment, many of the better class, and even some of the nobility, abandoned the use of first-class coaches and patronized the Stanhope with the result that decent third-class carriages were instituted and now you travel from Land's end to John O'Groat's by third-class almost if not quite as comfortably as by the first-class.

The oldest locomotive in use in Canada is probably that which operates the short line of railway between Carillon and Grenville on the Ottawa which has done duty continuously and satisfactorily for nearly fifty years and is still in good repair, and the road it traverses is the only one in Canada retaining the original Grand Trunk gauge of five feet six inches.

CHAPTER II.

HIGH SCHOOL AND NEW ACADEMY, EDINBURGH; THE GRANGE ACADEMY, SUNDERLAND: THE UNIVERSITY, GLASGOW: EAST LOTHIAN APPRENTICESHIP: THE EGLINTON TOURNAMENT.

THERE were in 1834 two famous rival classical schools in Edinburgh—the old High-School and the New Academy. The origin of the former is said to be traceable to the 12th century. Having undergone many changes of environment in the meantime, the existing fine Grecian Doric edifice situated on the south slope of the Calton Hill, overlooking Holyrood and Arthur's Seat was completed in 1829 at a cost of £30,000. It has a large staff of teachers, has always been considered a first-class school and has sent forth a galaxy of illustrious men in every department of Literature, Science and Art, among whom were Sir Walter Scott, Lords Erskine, Loughborough, and Brougham, Dugal Stewart, James Boswell, Johnson's biographer, Viscount Melville, the Earl of Wemyss, Sir David Kyte Sandford, Lord Dalhousie—at one time Governor of Canada, and Sir David Wilson of Toronto University.

The Academy was first opened with great eclat in October, 1824. Its principal promoters were Sir Walter Scott, Lord Cockburn, Hugh Miller, and others. Although it can point to no such list of graduates as the High School, among its honoured alumini were Archbald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Frederick W. Robertson of Brighton, Dr. Anderson, Bishop of Rupert's Land, and the Earl of Fife. The Rector of the Academy when I joined it was Dr. John Williams, Archdeacon of Cardigan, under whom was a large staff of excellent teachers in classics, modern languages, mathematics, engineering, drawing, etc. Discipline was enforced with a plentiful use of the tawse, which my teacher wielded with

remarkable ability. Mr. Gloag of the mathematic class was a terror to evil-doors. He thought little of shying his heavy ebony ruler at a delinquent's head. Flogging was then one of the fine arts. If a boy entered the class-room after the door had been closed, he walked right up to the master's desk, held out his hand, received the regulation number of looffies, and burying his stinging fingers in the depths of his pant's pocket, took his place in the class. For more henious offences Mr. G. would strip off his coat in order that he might the more freely indulge in the pleasure of soundly thrashing some unfortunate culprit.

Among the eminent laymen at this time in Edinburgh were Sir David Brewster, the experimental philosopher; Dr. John Abercrombie who stood high in the medical profession; Dr. John Lizars, equally famous in surgery, and Sir James Young Simpson, the first to employ anasthetics in obstretic practice; Francis Jeffrey the Lord advocate, the founder of the 'Edinburgh Review' and the most trenchant writer of the period.

This story is told of Lord Jeffrey: Coming home from a convivial bout in the sma' hours of the morning no sae fou, but just a wee drappie in his ee' he experienced some difficulty in locating his own home. Finally meeting a policeman he asked him if he could direct him to Lord Jeffrey's home. "Y're Lord Jeffrey himsel," replied the policeman. "I know that" said his Lordship but I want to know where he lives"!

Lord Henry Cockburn, the solicitor general, and Hugh Miller the geologist—best known to us now by his autobiography—"My Schools and Schoolmasters." Adam Black, the original publisher of the Encyclopedia Brittanica; William and Robert Chambers who revolutionized the publishing business by their issues of cheap and useful "Information for the People"; and William Blackwood the founder of the popular magazine that still bears his name; they were also among the men of the time concerning whom it may be said—"Their works do follow them." The great "Wizard of the North" had passed away only two years before; but his town house, 39 Castle street, where he had so often entertained his intimates with lavish hospitality, continued many years

to be the resort of tourists and literary pilgrims. And Guthrie had not yet appeared on the scene to clothe the naked, and feed the hungry, and draw crowds of peers and peasants to listen to his enchantment, and make some of them to greet. But Dr. Chalmers was there in full-orbed fame, as Professor of Divinity in the University, and as a preacher unapproached in his day, of whom Jeffrey says that "he buried his adversaries under the fragments of burning mountains." The irrepressible 'Christopher North' occupied the chair of Moral Philosophy; Pillans of Humanity; Dunbar of Greek, and the silver-tongued Sir William Hamilton, of History. Dr. Candlish of the massive head, powerful in speech and of boundless enthusiasm, had lately succeeded the illustrious Dr. Andrew Thomson in St. George's Church; Dr. John Lee was minister of the "Old High"; Dr. William Cunningham, of overpowering logic, was in the College Church; Dr. David Dickson and John Paul in old St. Cuthbert's; Dr. Robert Gordon, one of the most eloquent man of his day was one of the ministers of the High Church; Dr. James Begg who came to be known as the greatest debater in the General Assembly was the minister of the adjoining parish of Liberton.

We worshipped in St. Bernard's Church, a modest edifice near our boarding-house, recently erected in what was called the second new Town a magnificent extension of the new Town in a northerly direction. The minister of St. Bernard's at that time was the Rev. James Macfarlane of venerable aspect who read his discourses very clearly. Once I remember he lost the place in his manuscript and failing to find it, he turned back the leaves and commenced *de novo*. His assistant was Rev. William Dunn afterwards of Cardross and my brother-in-law. St. Bernard's has since been served by some noted ministers, among whom were "A. K. H. B." who became famous as a voluminous writer and incumbent of St. Andrew's Parish Church; Dr. J. McMurtrie, convener of the Foreign Mission Committee; and Dr. George Mathieson, the blind minister and one of the most brilliant preachers and penmen of his day. The only modern churches of the period in Edinburgh of any note were St. George's in Charlotte Square, St. Stephen's in Stock-

bridge, and the handsome St. John's Episcopal Church on Princes street, adjoining old St. Cuthbert's. Of the older churches it may be said that for the most part they partook of the barn order of architecture which prevailed all over Scotland in 1834.

The main features of Edinburgh are unchangeable. The Castle Rock, Calton Hill, and Arthur's Seat—its distinguishing ornaments—will abide till the crack of doom. The new town looks up to the old and venerates its antiquity. It has undergone many changes even since 1834. Heaps of disreputable tenements have been replaced by fine specimens of baronial architecture. Near to where the Free Church College stands, there was in my time a pile of dingy buildings 14 storys high. When the work of demolition was going on it is said that a sow and litter of pigs was discovered far up in one of the old buildings. When asked, 'how came the sow here?" it was answered—"she was born here." Without vouching for the truth of the story, it may be asserted without contradiction that many of those old rookeries were little better than pig-sties. Outwardly, the High street preserved many of its original outlines, but it had long lost its prestige. One could look down into narrow closes and vennels swarming with a squalid population, but would fear to enter them. Yet in bygone times these closes led to genteel mansions and pretty gardens. Many of them still bear historic names and have their archways adorned with armorial bearings, telling how some of them had belonged to the Knights Templars and Knights of St. John. On others there are Latin inscriptions, as over the gateway of the Cannongate Tolbooth, which retained its ancient motto—"*Sic itur ad astra!* That many found the dungeons of the Tolbooth a short cut to the stars is beyond a doubt. The chief adornment of the High street was, as it still is, the crown-capped Cathedral of St. Giles. At the time I speak of it was in a woeful condition. It was partitioned off so as to form three parish churches, and outside it was hideously disfigured with mean shambles attached to its walls. So disgraceful was its appearance Dr. William Chambers describes it in 1872 as being little better than a pest-house, polluted by an enormous accummulation of human remains beneath the floor of the building,

and altogether a standing reproach to the enlightenment of the age. Through his influence, and largely at his own expense, the long neglected St. Giles has been transformed into the magnificent temple of worship we see to-day. The story of Janet Geddes is never to be forgotten in referring to the history of St. Giles. It is briefly this: During the reign of Charles I. the attempt was made to abolish the Presbyterian form of worship in Scotland and to substitute for it that of the Episcopalian Church. On Sunday the 23rd of July, 1637, Dean Hannay began to read from Laud's obnoxious Liturgy—Popish in everything but name—when he came to announce the 'collect for the day,' an old huckster, Janet Geddes by name, rising to the occasion, hurled her cutty stool at the pulpit with the wild exclamation,—"Colic said ye? Deil Colic the wame o' ye! woud ye say mass at ma lug!" Such is the legend, which is substantially confirmed by the inscriptions on two brass plates now to be seen in the Cathedral. One reads as follows:—"To James Hannay, Dean of this Cathedral 1634-1639. "He was the first and the last who read the Service-Book in this "Church. This memorial was erected in happier times by his "descendant." The other has this inscription:—"Constant oral "tradition affirms that near this spot, a brave Scottish woman, "Janet Geddes, on the 23rd July, 1637, struck the first blow in "the great struggle for freedom of conscience, which, after a con-"flict of half a century, ended in the establishment of civil and "religious liberty."

The King would not tolerate the old Service-Book: the people would not have the new one, and, as a natural result, liturgical services were for the time being abolished in the Church of Scotland. A striking feature of the case was that the Archbishop who framed the Liturgy, and the King who tried to force it on Scotland, both perished on the scaffold—Laud, on January 4th, 1645, and Charles I. on January 1st, 1649. The popular outcry was less against Episcopacy than against Laud's obnoxious Liturgy which was held to be Popery in disguise. The collect in question was not in itself at all objectionable. It was the same that is used in the Church of England to-day on the seventh Sunday after

Trinity,—" Lord of all power and might, who art the Author and Giver of all good things, graft in our hearts the love of Thy name, increase in us true religion, nourish us with all goodness, and of Thy great mercy keep us in the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen."

In 1834 there were only 24 established churches in Edinburgh: six Episcopalian churches, and 32 chapels and meeting places of other denominations—62 in all. Dr. R. S. Candlish was minister of St. George's Church, Dr. William Cunningham of the College Church, and Dr. John Lee of the old High Church. Dean Ramsay, whose "Reminiscences" (1857) proclaimed him a Scotchman to the blackbone, was incumbent of St. John the Evangelist: Dr. Alexander Lindsay, of lasting fame, was in the North College Congregational Church; James Haldane in the Leith Walk Baptist Tabernacle, where he preached fifty years without any salary to congregations of three thousand. There were four Roman Catholic churches. In 1901 there were upwards of 150 places of worship, of which 46 pertained to the Church of Scotland and 75 to the United Free Church.

Apart from St. Giles, the most important public buildings in Edinburgh in 1834 were the University, the Royal Institution, the Register Office, Holyrood Palace, Heriots' and Donaldson's Hospitals, the High School and the Calton Jail. The unfinished National Monument, consisting of twelve massive columns that cost £1000 each, stood, as it still does, on the summit of Calton Hill. Since then the City has been embellished with many splendid buildings and monuments—the National Gallery, the Scott Monument, the Albert Memorial, etc. The Episcopalian Cathedral of St. Mary's, erected at the cost of the Misses Walker, is considered to be the finest ecclesiastical edifice built in Britain since the Reformation.

A familiar sight at that time was the so-called 'blind man' who sat on the Mound, seeking alms from the passers-by. He had sat there for years and had been liberally patronized. He had the knack of turning up the white of his eyes and rolling his eye-balls in a way that attracted notice and elicited compassion.

I have a distinct recollection of the man and his ways. He was said to have been born blind, but in the end it transpired that he was a fraud—a tool in the hands of priestcraft to accomplish a nefarious purpose. The man was not blind, and his stratagem was to blind the eyes of the public. When he had been on exhibition long enough to disarm the suspicion, it was announced that a miracle was about to be wrought. Some sort of formality was gone through, and, lo! the blind received his sight! The plot had been hatching for 12 or 14 years, but it was not long after the reputed miracle that the perpetrators of the fraud were arrested and punished.

There were a baker's dozen of so-called "Hospitals" in Edinburgh at this time, in reality schools, some of which have since attained celebrity. Of these, Heriots, founded in 1623, is the oldest and fabulously wealthy. Fettes, the youngest, founded in 1836, for young people whose parents had seen better days, has developed into a college in which all the branches of higher education are taught, qualifying the pupils for matriculation in the Scottish and English Universities. Among other places of abiding historic interest, the old Greyfriars' Church and church yard have long been famous. The pulpit of Greyfriars has been filled by some of the ablest of the ministers of the national church, Robert Rollock, the first Principal of Edinburgh University; Principal Carstairs, the eminent theologian and private secretary of William Prince of Orange; Principal Robertson, the historian, and his distinguished colleague, Dr. John Erskine; Dr. John Inglis, Dr. Guthrie and Dr. Robert Lee. The story, though often told, bears repetition, that Principal Robertson who belonged to the school of preachers known as the "Highflyers," expatiated in glowing terms one forenoon on "Man's love of Virtue." So great was the love, he said, "if Virtue were to descend full-robed from heaven to earth, men would fall down and worship her." Dr. Erskine, a prominent Evangelical, preaching on the afternoon of the same day, made caustic reference to the sermon of the morning, asserting that men do *not* naturally love virtue, but hate it. Virtue *did* come down incarnate from heaven in the person of God's only Son, and

men, so far from falling down and worshipping Him, cried out: "Away with Him; crucify Him!" A Mr. Tait of Montreal who was present on the occasion, vouched for the truth of the story, adding that the face of Dr. Robertson shewed that he felt the rebuke.

From the finest street in the most beautiful capital of Europe, the constant resort of wealth, culture, and fashion, it is but a few steps to what was in 1837, purlieus as degraded as could be found in the darkest abodes of heathendom: The Grassmarket, the Cowgate, the West Port and the Cannongate. The "Maiden" that gave it celebrity in the olden time had of course disappeared from the Grassmarket, but by the curious it may still be seen in the Museum of the Society of Antiquarians—that "Maiden" of which the noble Marquis of Argyle, before placing his head on the block, had said that "it was the sweetest maiden he had ever kissed."

A hundred years had not effaced the memory of the barbarous doings of the Porteous mob in the West Port; and in my time people were telling the still magic story of Burke and Hare—the foulest blot on the escutchions of the City. For it was here, too, that the diabolical traffic in human remains was carried on for years without detection. How many innocent and unsuspecting men and women were lured to their death by these ruffians to supply anatomists with bodies, will never be known. Lord Cockburn, who was himself counsel for one of the incriminated, states that within a year or two, certainly not less than sixteen people had thus been murdered by these men—suffocated skilfully, to prevent any mutilation of the subjects; the murderers suffered the penalty of the law; the anatomists, who were the accomplices and abettors of the crime—men who stood at the top of their profession—were left unwhipped of justice for their part in the transaction. Thanks to Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Guthrie, Dwight L. Moodie, Dr. Moxey and other philanthropists, a brighter day dawned on the old town of Edinburgh.

I was two years at the Edinburgh Academy, and if I made slow progress with my studies, I formed a romantic attachment to Edinburgh which intervening years and dividing seas have not lessened and Edinburgh is to me "a joy forever"—in itself so

beautiful, and so full of historic associations. I cannot bid it farewell just yet; for I hope, to see it again and again, before I go to the Celestial City, not made with hands.

In 1836 my brother John and I were sent to the Grange Academy—a somewhat famous school at Sunderland, Co. Durham, where we remained two years—going home for the summer holidays, which was a great event in our lives. Sometimes by the coach route via Dunbar Alnwick and Newcastle, and at other times by the 'Waverly route' via Langholm and Carlisle. Once at least we returned by sea from Shields to Leith. Dr. James Cowan was the proprietor and headmaster of the Grange, and had under him a good staff of teachers. With the exception of the teachers of French and German they were all Scotchmen. Speaking generally, Latin and Greek occupied a prominent place in the curiculum, Mr. John Cowan, the Doctor's brother taught the higher branches required by those who had a University course in view. He was a grand scholar, and was a candidate for the Greek chair in Glasgow when Sir Daniel Sanford died, but he was not nearly so popular with the boys as his brother, who, while a strict disciplinarian, was a genial kindly man. Dr. Cowan's forte was administration, and he certainly managed the establishment with consummate ability, resulting in marked success financially and otherwise. The Grange might not have been comparable with Eton and Rugby, but in the estimation of Scottish gentry it had greater attractions, and drew to it many scholars from the best families in the North. Dr. Cowan was a square-built, muscular man, of heavy weight and prodigious strength. Well was it for us that his strength was tempered with some degree of clemency, for he was red-haired, and naturally of a violent temper. It took little to arouse his anger, but the sun never went down on his wrath: he might be a terror to evil-doers, but he had a tender heart. He not only took a lively interest in our games but was easily first at foot-ball, cricket, and tennis. If there was any thrashing to be done he claimed sole right to do it himself. He absolutely forbade the use of the lash by any of his subordinates; but did it himself *con amore*, and thoroughly. It never had to

be repeated. It was a perfect cure in every instance of insubordination. The culprit would be prepared beforehand by a season of solitary confinement, and the flogging was always done in private, but the knowledge that it was being done sent a thrill of awe through the whole school. Minor punishments consisted of standing up at the dinner table during meals, walking around the grass plot in front of the house, deprivation of the play-hour, and committing to memory a given number of Latin or Greek verses. The Doctor's two sisters and his aged mother managed the house-keeping with perfect wisdom and saw to it that our morning ablutions were not too superficial. Herr Lowenberg taught German; he was a person of diminitive stature, and slightly irascible; when his dignity was offended, a favourite expression of his was,—"Do you vish that I should toss you out of the vindow" which of course provoked a smile, and he was pacified. Bamberger taught French; Wilson, English; Parsons, writing. A drill-sergeant came once a week to put us through the manual and platoon exercise. George Rowland, son of the famous Edinburgh fencing-master instructed us in gymnastics, fencing, and "the noble art of self-defence." I can still point with some degree of pride to my silver medal for proficiency in gymnastics, and to this kind of training I owe the *soubriquet* given me at school in reference to my erect carriage—then and ever since—"Upright Croil." Many of my school-mates reflected honour on the Grange in their after lives. The three sons of Sir Daniel Sandford all attained distinction. Francis was long at the head of the Education Office in London and was rewarded with a peerage; Herbert distinguished himself in the Indian Army and was knighted; Daniel became Bishop of Sydney N.S.W. and Suffragan Bishop of Durham in 1889. Alexander Maxwell commanded the 46th regiment at the siege of Sebastopol and afterwards became General Maxwell. Alexander Whitelaw became one of Glasgow's most useful citizens and member of Parliament for that City. Henry Beckwith became curate of Monkwearmouth. Hugh Hamilton, my special chum, went to Australia and after varied adventures retired with a fortune. Charles B. Ker went to India, made

his fortune as a civil engineer, came back to Blackheath, London, when he became an Evangelist, as a result of Moody's visit, and built a chapel in which he conducted services himself. By a singular coincidence we met at Copenhagen in 1884 after an interval of 46 years, and fought our respective battles over again with an interest that can be imagined.

We used to have saw-dust chases and periodical tramps, to Castle Eden Dene, where we gathered nuts, and to Durham where we were lost in admiration of the grand old Cathedral and carved our names on the leaden roof of the tower. On one such occasion I remember, on our return, the Doctor came into the dining-room and in stentorian tones said—"Those of you who smoked to-day will stand up," whereupon there were many blanched faces, but none stood up, and it will never be known till the day of judgment who the transgressors were.

We had a regular bathing drill, when the whole school marched down to the seashore and we had lessons in swimming. On one of these occasions—a year or two after my time—two of Sir David Baird's sons and a son of Captain Lennie of Dalswinton were carried out by a receding wave and drowned. This sad affair so deeply affected the Doctor that he soon after gave up the school and purchased a fine property, Dildawn, in Kirkcudbrightshire, where he employed his active brain in improving his estate, taking a keen interest in county affairs, and in fishing, of which he was very fond. He died there in 1868, aged 70 years. His brother John succeeding him to the property, which in accordance with the Doctor's will was sold, and the proceeds, amounting to £33,000, were handed over to the Free Church of Scotland.

After leaving the Grange School, on the recommendation of Dr. Cowan, I was registered a student of the Logic class in Glasgow University, October 31, 1838 to May 1, 1839; donned the scarlet gown, and was admitted a member of the "Peel Club." The accomplished occupant of the Chair of Logic was Professor Robert Buchanan, "Bob Logic," as he was familiarly called—one of the most polished and amiable men I ever met. If his prelections did not inspire much enthusiasm; they were perfect models of composi-

tion and were delivered with a grace that made them charming. He retired from college work in 1864 being then in his 79th year, and died in his 88th year, leaving £10,000 to found Buchanan Bursaries in the Arts department of Glasgow University. Was author of "Wallace" and other dramatic poems. He was educated for the ministry but resigned his charge at Peebles when appointed to this chair in 1827. He occupied this chair for 40 years, spending the summer vacation at Ardfillayne a charming villa near Dunoon, the creation of his own refined taste. It was a bit of wilderness when he acquired it, and is as now lovely to look upon. He died here, and was buried in the pretty cemetery of Dunoon where a massive granite slab bears the chaste inscription, dictated by himself: "M S. Roberti Buchanan, A.M., LL.D., annos per "quadraginta Logices et Rhetoricae in Universitate Glasguensi "Professoris natus Feb. 16 mo., 1786: Obiit, mar. 2 do., 1873."

The initiatory rite at Glasgow College was called the 'Black stone Examination'—a harmless ordeal. The intrant takes his seat in an old oak chair fitted with a seat of black marble. In front of him sits the examining professor who asks him in Latin what he professes to know, say in Greek, to which the stereotyped reply was—"Doctissimé Professor, Evangelium secundum Joannem profiteor." Very few questions are asked and they of the simplest kind, but to the first year's student the ordeal is nevertheless a formidable one and never to be forgotten. Having construed a verse or two from the Greek Testament he passes and makes room for the next.

The college buildings, dating from 1593, were of course the dingy old pile in the High street, the site of which is now occupied as a railway station. They were venerable for their antiquity and quaint style of architecture, somewhat after the style of Holyrood Palace, and had become black as coal from effects of smoke and fog. The main group of buildings consisted of two hollow squares around one of which were arranged the professors' dwellings, and round the other the class-rooms. In rear was the college green, a considerable area in which stood the Hunterian Museum, amid some fine old trees, and by it flowed the "Molendinar burn," a pellucid stream which has since entirely disappeared having been converted into

a huge underground sewer. A good deal of the quaint old masonry was removed in later years to form an entrance gateway to the magnificent new university on Gilmore Hill and the old college was entirely obliterated; but it served its day well, and from its halls went forth many distinguished men.

At the time I speak of, Dr. Surlington was the new professor of Greek in succession to Sir Daniel Keyte Sandford and was my lenient examiner; he had a very brilliant career. His predecessor was even more distinguished. He was a son of Bishop Sandford of Edinburgh and was a very eminent scholar and litterateur. He died at the early age of 40 years, February 4th, 1838, and was buried in the old kirk-yard of Rothsay where his wife and four daughters were laid beside him. Three of his sons, as I have already said, were my school-mates at the Grange Academy and came to occupy prominent positions.

The students were distinguished from the other citizens by the bright scarlet gowns with open sleeves which they wore on all occasions and not infrequently brought them into collision with the "keelies," or street arabs, between whom and "colly dongs" as the students were called, there existed a perpetual state of warfare. Their usual salutation to us was this—"colly dong, lift up your lug and let the gentle by ye." Sometimes pitched battles took place, when stones and clubs were freely used, and the ringleaders marched off to the police office.

Politics ran high in Glasgow College. Sir Robert Peel, leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons had been elected Lord Rector of the University in 1836, and the grand victory of the Tories was signalized by the institution of "The Peel Club." But in my year (1838) he was defeated at the polls by Sir James Graham, the equally noted leader of the Whigs in Parliament. The election was carried on with tremendous vim. For this purpose the students were by statute divided into four classes called "nations." (1) The Natio Glottiana, all those born in Lanarkshire. (2) Natio Transforthana, all born north of the Frith of Forth. (3) Natio Rothseana, including Bute, Renfrew and Ayr. (4) Natio Londoniana, the students not included in any of the other nations.

The elections turned on the majority of the nations, which spurred the leaders up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Were it not that my ticket for "The Public Logic Class" duly attested by Rob. Buchanan, L. R. Prof., is still in my possession it might have been difficult to adduce satisfactory proof of my University training, which failed of its purpose. My sainted mother, like many other pious mothers in Scotland at that time, would have liked to see at least one of her sons 'wag his head in a poopit,' once or twice the hint was mildly addressed to me; but I gave no sign. William was the one of us four brothers who should have become a minister. I have often thought that he would not suffer in comparison with M'Cheyne, and his religion was of a far more cheerful type than M'Cheyne's. No: William, with even higher educational advantages than I had, had become a farmer, and Jacobus would follow his example.

From May to December, 1839, I was employed as junior clerk in a merchant's office in Glasgow, but sweeping floors and copying letters and invoices were not attractive occupations. I showed no aptitude for business and was dismissed. Farming at that time was not to be despised. High farming was in vogue. Agricolus was a gentleman and made money. Why not I? So for two years, from December, 1839, I served my apprenticeship to this high calling with my Uncle John in East Lothian. I could not have gone to a better school, for he was a model farmer, in proof of which he acquired a handsome competence as the result of good management during his nineteen years' lease. But I must confess that the apprentice spent too much of his time in the carpenter's shop and the smiddy, which may help to account for his mechanical proclivities in after years.

These were the palmy days of farming in East Lothian, which by tile-draining, subsoil ploughing, the use of artificial manures, and a judicious rotation of crops, had become the garden and granary of Scotland. It goes without saying that the East Lothian farmer stood far above the ordinary tiller of the soil. He was a man fitted by education and culture to comport himself creditably in the highest rank of society; yes, to stand before kings. To this

day I can recall many of their names and remember with gratitude their abundant hospitality which extended even to the young apprentice—Mr. Hope of Fenton, Alexander Henderson of Longniddry, Archibald Scott of Southfield and Craigielaw, William Mylne of Lochill, and old Andrew Pringle of Ballancrieff Mains both the last holders of leases originally granted for "three nineteen years and a life-time," George Reid of Drem, Francis Shirriff of Muirton, and his son David of Aberlady Mains, and their kinsmen Patrick and Francis Sherriff, Cuthbertson of Seton Mains, James Skirving of Luffness Mains, Tweedie of the Coats, Black of the Setonhill, Somerville of Athelstane Ford, Deans of Penston, and John Finlayson of Redhouse, Grand men they were; all of them gone long ago! Mr. Hope lived in princely style, entertained lavishly, kept his stud of hunters and followed the hounds. Henderson was one of the largest and best farmers of the time. I knew him to have 100 acres of wheat to yield an average of 60 bushels to the acre, weighing 63 lbs. to the bushel. Scott was more dashing and less successful, financially. His was the experimental style, indulging in such fancies as cultivating acres of turnips, beetroot seed and that of other vegetables. and millions of larch tree seedlings. He removed shortly after this time to Lancashire where he astonished the natives by introducing the Scottish system of farming, and converted an almost barren wilderness into fruitful fields. Sherriff was a careful and successful farmer. One of his sons attained eminence as a medical practitioner in Huntingdon, Lower Canada; and David became factor to a large landholder in Galloway. Patrick travelled in America, and wrote books that induced many to come to Canada. George Reid was a tall muscular man, not to be trifled with. On one occasion while driving in his gig an obstinate carter refused to give him room to pass him on the road; high words followed; the carter declared with an oath that if he could find anybody to hold his horse he would give Mr. Reid a thrashing; to which the master of Drem cooly replied—"Ye can tie him to the yette," whereupon the carter subsided.

Let the weather be what it may, and it was often bad enough, there was no such thing as a failure of crops in East Lothian, ex-

cept indeed when they suffered from the ravages of hares, rabbits, pheasants, and other 'vermin,' which under the obnoxious "Game-laws," the tenant was not allowed to molest in any way. The only redress the suffering farmer got from the factor—for old Lord Wemyss was himself as invisible and unapproachable as the Mikado of Japan, was this—"You took the farm with this condition: read your lease."

The Earl of March and Wemyss, the seventh of an ancient baronial family and a peer of the realm, was then about 42 years of age, living in genteel seclusion in his fine old mansion called Gosford House, the main entrance to which was on the shore road skirting the Frith of Forth, near Aberlady. There were two houses, the old and the new. The former the residence of the family was a fine pile of irregular buildings reminding one of Abbotsford. The grounds and gardens were beautiful, well sheltered from the chilly sea breezes by plantations swarming with game. The new house was an imposing classical structure immediately opposite the other at a distance of some five or six hundred yards. It had stood there for at least twenty-five years, but had never been inhabited, owing to what was supposed to be incurable dampness, The difficulty must however been eventually overcome, for only the other day (60 years later) I noticed that the family had taken possession of it. The Earl was seldom seen. When he drove out it was always in a stylish coach and four splendid black horses with postilions, and the drive was usually to Aimesfield House near Haddington—another of his seats, the hereditary home of his eldest son, Lord Elcho, whose oldest son again bore the title of the Hon. Mr. Charteris. The succession went on in regular rotation, so that the Lord Elcho of my time is now the " old Earl, and very likely driving his sable four as of old. Since above was written I learn that the Earl of to-day, now in his 86th year, spins about the country in his motor-car without any of the old show that used to make the nobility so conspicuous. He is still (1904) hale and hearty taking an active interest in every thing that goes on."

Besides his large and very valuable property in East Lothian, Lord Wemyss had large estates in Peebles and Fifeshire and must

have been very wealthy. He was an impersonal landlord. Negotiation of every kind with his tenants were carried on through his factor, a pleasant and genial man, but who lived in the fear of his lord and executed his decrees with relentless impartiality. Occasionally my uncle remonstrated in writing to his lordship about the ravages of the hares and wood-cock that devoured his turnips; but it was of no avail. He had just to grin and bear it, and often, as he surveyed the damage he had sustained, he did grin. The leases all ran for nineteen years. The advantage to the farmer of course was that he would have a fair chance of being recouped for his early outlay in improvements, but on the other hand he had to take the risk of ruinous fluctuations of prices for grain, which came with a vengeance when free trade brought the price of wheat down from 70 the quarter to 50 and less.

But the decline and fall of wheat came not in my time. The farmers were then a prosperous community. They made money. It was calculated that the produce of a good farm, well tilled should produce annually three rentals, one for the landlord, one for the expenses of management, and one for the tenant. I cannot speak for all, but I believe my uncle realized that expectation. His farm consisted of 340 acres of good arable land, and his rental was about £1000 a year. He kept an accurate account of receipts and expenditure and at the end of nineteen years, after making liberal allowance for his household expenses and all other charges he found, that he had cleared on the average £750 a year. And his was comparatively a small farm. Many of his brother-farmers may have taken more out of their holdings than he did, but few of them lived so economically, Some of them entertained lavishly, even for these convival times. Their after-dinner and supper libations appear to us now to have been almost incredible. Three tumblers of toddy and an "eke" was the invariable order of the day at a dinner party after the ladies had retired from the table, many healths and toasts and sentiments having preceded, and this by no means exhausted the doquet. After supper there was more toddy, and after the toddy came "plotty" mulled port wine —made by plunging a very hot poker into a jug of wine. It was

a sight to see some of these overloaded topers mounting their horses in the small hours of the morning. I have seen such an one roll over in the saddle and fall to the ground on the other side like a sack of corn. But let it not be inferred that those men were inebriates. Such scenes as I have described, were quite exceptional, and some allowance must be made for the prevalent laxity of public opinion in regard to the social customs of the time. I never saw one of these gentlemen under the table!

Our farm, as I have said, was of moderate size. The dwelling-house was an old-fashioned building in close proximity to the barns and the abodes of the horses, cows, and pigs. In front of the house was the mill-pond which gave motion to a large overshot wheel, and by it to the thrashing machine. Near by were the work-people's dwellings—a long row of hewn stone cottages with thatched roofs, each divided into a but and a ben with box beds fitted with panelled doors or concealed with showy curtains; the sanded stone floors were kept scrupulously clean and the fire place jams white with pipe-clay. Over the little grate was the inevitable "swee"—*i.e.* swing, from which could be suspended the gridle for firing the oatmeal cakes: a deal table, a few chairs, an open press in which was displayed the crockery, and a 'wag at the wa' clock completed the plenishings, and at the back of each cottage was a small kail-yard. The *toute ensemble* of the establishment went by the name of the "toon." The working staff consisted of six plough-men, or "hinds" as they were called, an 'ory man' to do the chores and about a dozen of women 'outworkers' who did all the weeding and hoeing at a wage of 9d or 10d a day. Those women were a quiet, inoffensive and industrious lot, who paid great deference to their leaders two old sisters named May and Peggy Houlison—the embodiment of staid propriety who kept a matronly eye on their juniors. They were born on the farm and lived on it threescore years and ten, neither of them had ever seen Edinburgh, they had never been ten miles from their home, nor scarcely had a day's sickness—living as all the other inhabitants of the toon did on the homeliest fare—porridge, pease brose and sowens—a very old favourite dish among the peasantry, but now

rarely used—oatmeal cakes or barley scones completing the menu; only on Sunday's enjoying the luxury of a salt herring and potatoes, or a scrap of butchers' meat and a cup of tea.

The 'hinds' were all men of irreproachable character, observant of family worship and faithful attenders of the Kirk, whose whole deportment evidenced that Burns' unsurpassed poem "The Cotter's Saturday night' was not the overdrawn outcome of a fervid imagination but a portraiture true to nature; as a certain old lady once said when asked what she thought of it, was it not grand? "Well," she replied, "I dinna see ho he could have describit it ony ither way." If there was any exception to the strict sobriety of the hinds it might be occasionnally laid at the door of Davie the foreman. He stood head and shoulders above the rest in physique and force of character. His word was law, backed up with the implicit confidence in his integrity by his master. *Inter alia* Davie was the salesman. Every Wednesday in Edinburgh, and Friday in Haddington, he might be seen on those market days standing at his sack's mouth haggling for the 'top price.' No one knew better than Davie how many beans it takes to make nine. Davie was *facile princeps* in this branch of his vocation, for five and twenty years he had sold every bushel of grain grown on Spital farm. If he seldom came home from the market perfectly sober, it was not that he was habitually addicted to strong drink, but rather from the well understood practice then in vogue that every transaction in the market must be sealed with a dram. The non-conformist in this respect was accounted a mean churl. One prominent farmer, I remember, who was his own salesman, and never treated his buyer, became known by the sobriquet of "pen-ink," as he never called for anything else in the bar-room where he settled his accounts for the day and where he was detested accordingly by the hotel keeper. But our Davie was never sae fou that he could not give a straightforward and accurate account of his market transactions. He had always a plausible reason ready for the rise or decline of the prices, and in counting his cash he would frequently pause to indulge in a prodigious pinch of snuff, always finishing off his yarn with the explanation that so much

was expended for "coup and yull"—the sealing treat above mentioned.

The steam plough and reaping machine had not yet been introduced. Indeed it was not until after the great International Exhibition in 1851 in London that the reaping machine attracted attention. One of the main features of that exhibition was the display of such implements by Mr. McCormick, an American, who was credited as the inventor of this labour saving machine, and to whom was awarded a gold medal for his invention. This good stroke of business on McCormick's part, however served another purpose. It revealed the fact that a reaping machine similar in its main features to the American article, had been exhibited and awarded a prize of £50 from the Highland Agricultural Society and had actually been in successful use for 26 years previous to 1851; then and there champions compeared to claim the invention for Scotland, and to assert that the old rickety machine that the Rev. Patrick Bell of Carmylie, Forfarshire, had used on his glebe all these years would do more work and do it better in a given time than the gaudy nickel-plated American *imitation*. Several trials took place in the presence of a large number of interested spectators. Mr. McCormick wisely rested on his laurels and avoided competition. The old Scotch reaper was pronounced to be a triumphant success, and our bashful countryman was acknowledged to be "the inventor of the reaping machine."

Our grain was all reaped with the primitive sickle, a slow process to be sure, but 'many hands make light work.' It was the custom then for large bands of men and women shearers to come over from Ireland during harvest. We usually employed about one hundred of those for a month or so every season. They were a merry crowd, content with small wages and such food and accommodation as was provided for them. Their breakfast consisted of a good sized bicker of oatmeal porridge, with milk that had been stored up for the occasion for a month in advance and which, of course, by the time it was called into requisition had a pronounced flavour of decay. The wooden bickers were of various sizes, known as 'aesome' 'twasome' or 'saxsome', according to the number they

were to serve, and it was a pleasant sight to see half a dozen of those reapers, seated on the stubble, armed with horn spoons enjoying their morning meal from the same dish chaffing and laughing as Irish men and women only can. Happy mortals; their dinner consisted of a pound of bread and a bottle of small beer to each. The men slept on a bundle of hay or straw in one barn, the women in another. But to see them in the cornfield, three upon each ridge, all vieing with neighbouring ridges who should be foremost, was something to be remembered, and which the apprentice, certainly, will never forget: for he was *ex officio*, the 'grieve' or overseer of the whole business. It also fell to him to 'grieve' the women outworkers in whatever work they might be engaged. Reaping suggests sowing, one of the fine arts which he acquired under the dictatorship of Davie, the foreman, whose oft repeated injunction is still remembered—"Fill your nieve my mon for, mind ye, 'him that saws sparingly sal reap sparingly.' "Fill your nieve mon"—an excellent moral wherewith to adorn a tale!

At the risk of seeming tedious, a few words must be added concerning others than those already mentioned whose names were familiar as household words in the parish of Aberlady 60 years ago—the Factor, the Doctor, the Minister and the Precentor. The Factor was a highly accomplished gentleman, and given to hospitality. Many a delightful evening party we spent in his house, listening to music, recitation and song. If he was apparently austere and unsympathic in his office, it was because necessity made him so. He had a warm heart and ever befriended the tenant to the extent of his ability, and was respected by all, while he looked well after his lordship's interests.

Dr. Howden was celebrated throughout all that region of country as a skilled practitioner and a man of exceptionally fine social qualities. He was then in the prime of life, of splendid physique, and went his rounds on horseback dressed in white knee-breaches, top boots and cutaway coat. A noted horseman, who kept well up with my Lord Elcho's hounds, and was often in at the death. A privileged visitor, too, at Gosford House where his beaming countenance and jovial manner were better than medicine to

the dyspeptic old Earl. He was distinguished from his son—who followed his father's profession, as he also imitated his dress and his penchante for horses—by the *sobriquet* of the "Old Doctor" There had been for generations an old doctor and a 'young doctor' and I believe the succession continues to the present day. A few years ago I met the young doctor of my time. He had long since graduated into the rank of seniority, and though I had not seen him for fifty years he distinctly recalled the personality of the apprentice of long ago and with tears furrowing his aged cheeks talked of the days bygone, and of the people we knew, now nearly all in their graves. A more affecting interview cannot easily be imagined. Dear old man ; one year later, I read the announcement that he too had gone over to the great majority. This interview took place at Redhouse, adjoining the castle of that name, a picturesque ruin whose massive walls of old red sand stone, unroofed and mantled with ivy, have withstood the rude blasts of many winters, and are now tenanted by foumards and countless pigeons. Over the entrance is carved the date......and on a decorated slab the baronial coat of arms, consisting of a shield with rampant lions surmounted with a crown and supported by two swans with outstretched wings, with the motto beneath *Je Pense.* This ancient family of Wemyss traces its lineage back to the year 1290, successive generations bearing the titles of Knighthood, Baronetcy, and Earldom. Francis the 7th Earl, the hero of my tale, was born in 1796, and married Margaret, daughter of Walter Campbell, Esq., of Shawfield. He inherited the Earldom of March, as well as the lands and lordship of Redpath, Peebleshire, in 1810, and was enrolled among the Peers of the United Kingdom in 1821, as Baron Wemyss of Wemyss, Co. Fife.

The friend above referred to was the son of one of the farmers of 1839 whose memory is still held in affectionate remembrance, as one of the excellent of the earth. By his son's death, on July 18, 1902, was severed the last link of my East Lothian associations. What manner of man he was may be best described in the words of the parish minister, Mr. Hart, who officiated at his funeral—"There are saints in this world, who leave to their families a goodly

"heritage. Such an one was William Finlayson. I know that "when I am called hence I shall see him again in the better country."

Rev. John Smith, the minister of Aberlady in 1839 was then about fifty years of age. He had been ordained and inducted to this parish in 1820, so that for nearly 20 years he had in this remote and quiet rural parish ran his godly race, "nor ere had changed, nor wished to change his place." Of him, too, it might be said as of Goldsmith's village preacher,—'even his failings leaned to virtue's side.' He was a highly accomplished man, though by no means a brilliant preacher. In social converse he was unaffected and sincere with conversational powers spiced with 'Attic salt' and an inexhaustible store of anecdote. A man he was, indeed, 'to all the country dear,' who visited with the utmost regularity alike the homes of the working people and of their employers—the only man in the parish, excepting the factor and the doctor, who had the unrestricted right of entrée to Gosford House where he could acquit himself as became the occasion in the society of his patron. Mr. Smith never married. Except when 'on duty' he may almost be said to have lived the life of a recluse, with an old housekeeper and a well filled theological library for his companions. His parochial visits were always made on foot, and the coming of the minister for the periodical 'Catecheesing' could be discerned a long way off by the youngsters, who would quickly make the announcement in their respective homes. The green umbrella which he invariably carried and hoisted on rainy days or in the heat of summer, proclaimed his advent. Excellent man! diligent and punctilious to a degree in the discharge of his sacred functions. Like Edward Irving, he had a slight 'obliquity of vision' which, however, scarcely detracted from his benevolent and venerable appearance in the pulpit. His pronunciation was, well, it was just a little peculiar: the words did not flow very readily, which made it difficult for the young people especially to follow him. The manse was an old dreary habitation, innocent of ivy or any other outer adornment. Within it was scarcely more attractive. The furniture was old and the carpets threadbare; everything in fact betokened that Mr. Smith stood greatly in need

of a wife, a fact, however, which he was never known to admit. Many a good dinner we had in that manse—the invitation frequently concluding with the formula "to share in a leg of glebe mutton." The mutton, we would be told while discussing it, 'had hung in his cellar for three weeks; consequently the flavour was orthodox.

Among our clerical visitors at Spital were Mr. Ramsay of Gladsmuir rather a notable man at that time in the county of Haddington, and Mr. Henderson of Tranent. The latter was a man of huge dimensions, weighing probably 22 stone. He used to come in what was called his noddy. It was not at all like the Glasgow four-wheeled noddy. It was an elongated box evenly balanced over two wheels, with a door at the rear end of it, and was drawn by one horse. Mr. Henderson had always difficulty in entering or leaving his noddy and his usual exclamation in doing so was "Laddie, haud doon the trams." So fearful was he that his immense avoirdupois might tilt the noddy even to the risk of lifting the horse from his feet!

The church was even less attractive outwardly than the manse. Without any very serious misapplication of language a notice might have been affixed to it, as Dr. Cooke once said should have been done in the case of a very homely church in Ireland,—"This is not a barn." The walls were gray with age and moss-grown. The pews of old red pine had never known paint or varnish, and were of the ancient pattern with perpendicular backs coming up to the ears of the occupants. To call them uncomfortable would be misleading. The pulpit was of the lofty pepper-box style, and on the opposite side of the church was the Gosford Gallery, sacredly set apart for the sole use of the Earl's family and friends, and to which access was had by an outside stair. The precentor occupied his pulpit, beneath that of the parson's, consciously impressed with the dignity and importance of his office. It devolved upon him to proclaim "the purpose of marriage" between so and so, for the first second or third time, as the case might be. It fell to him also to read each line of the Psalm or Paraphrase to be sung—for the use of hymns of 'human com-

posure' were as yet relegated into the category of 'dangerous innovations'—this 'lining of the Psalm,' as it was called, was a very old custom and long universally practised, and though it was now on the wane in some parts of Scotland, more especially in cities and towns, it was still oberved in Aberlady Church in 1859, and to it the precentor devoted his chief energies. 'Singing Sandy Patterson'—peace to his ashes! was an oddity—a small spare man with sharp features, particularly neat in his dress, and precise in his movements. His delivery was marked by a peculiar nasal twang and as he read, line by line, the last syllable was drawled out so as to give the key-note to the line that was to follow. The effect was such as would astonish a modern audience, but so long had the simple folk been used to it, it passed for unction. Before and after divine service, the people gathered in little groups in the grave-yard and discussed the topics of the day with frequent exchanges of snuff-mulls.

Does this seem an over-drawn picture of the times? I can only say that it truthfully reflects the impressions left on my own memory, beyond which I have no access to authorities, *ab extra.* A recent visit to the Kirk of Aberlady was calculated, if anything could, to weaken my testimony and dispel the illusion, but it did not have that effect. It only served to astonish me. A marvellous change, almost incredible, had supervened! Yes, Aberlady church is now one of the most beautiful country churches in Scotland—a gem of mediæval architecture, resembling in miniature a stately cathedral. The body of the church has been completely remodelled. The interior is fashioned in graceful gothic style. In the chancel there is an exquisite recumbent white marble effigy of the Countess of Wemyss who died in 1882—the present Earl's mother. Beautiful painted windows are there too, one of them in memory of the late Countess, a lady of surpassing loveliness of character. Mural tablets on the wall perpetuate the memories of the late Rev. John Smith, forty-one years minister of this parish, who died in 1861, and of Captain Charteris, brother of the present Earl—"who fell gloriously at Balaclava." This marvellous transformation was effected by Lord Wemyss in 1887, at a cost, I believe, of some

£4000. A charming manse, with tasteful grounds and gardens, has taken the place of the old weather-beaten house that faced the public highway, and the erstwhile wilderness grave-yard has become a seemly cemetery. The Church-services, as conducted by Mr. Hart since 1878, are of the most approved up-to-date order. A fine organ, with the minister's accomplished daughter as organist, lends its aid to the service of praise. The "Hymnary," has largely taken the place of Rous's old psalter. The old-time leaden "tokens," as well as communion "tables," are things of the past.

THE EGLINTON TOURNAMENT, 1839.

Having obtained leave of absence for a few days, I made haste to join the throng of 200,000 people who came from all parts of the Kingdom to witness this most extraordinary and unique spectacular event, devised by the Earl of Eglinton one of the most popular of Scottish nobility, and carried into effect mainly by his own exertions and at his own expense, and which landed him in all but financial ruin. His design was to reproduce a *tableau vivante* of the mediæval tournament as portrayed by Sir Walter Scott in 'Ivanhoe.' Being an out-of-doors affair, it was dependent for success on the weather which unfortunately for all concerned proved to be of the very worst description. Nearly two years had been spent in making arrangements for it which were of the most costly and elaborate kind. The decorations were gorgeous. The whole Kingdom had been ransacked for suits of ancient armour. Grand stands or galleries had been erected for privileged spectators, tents and marquees for the combatants; ball rooms and banquet rooms for the guests. Among the chief actors Eglinton had secured as co-adjutors were some of the flower of nobility. Earls Craven, Glenlyon, Alford and Cassils, the Marquis of Waterford and Marquis of Londonderry, and Prince Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor III. of France, together with a number of officers in the army, and sporting civilians. The Marquis of Londonderry—'King of the Tournament' was arrayed with a magnificent train of green velvet, a crimson cloak trimmed with gold and ermine, and wore a crown. Eglinton—'Lord of the Tournament,' appeared in a suit of gilt

armour with a skirt of chain mail. The knights were decked in panoply of steel, cap-a-pie, and each bearing a chivalric title—of the 'Dragon,' the 'Black Lion,' the 'Golden Lion,' the 'White Rose,' &c. Lady Seymour, accounted the most beautiful woman in England, was appointed the 'Queen of Beauty,' occupied a seat in front in the centre of the grand stand, and bestowed the laurels to the successful combatants. A portion of Lord Eglinton's Park was enclosed as the arena, in the centre of which was a wooden wall about four feet in height on either side of which at opposite ends, the joisters were to take their places. The scene of conflict was in sight of Eglinton Castle, near Saltcoats, in the County of Ayr. The vast crowd came in all sorts of conveyances, and many of them slept in their carriages, for all the neighbouring hotels were full to repletion.

At length, the long expected day of opening the proceedings came—the 29th of August, 1839. The fete commenced with a long procession of grandees and their attendants attired in splendid costumes, headed by marshals, trumpeters, musicians, banner-bearers, heralds, jesters, archers, and swordsmen. Eglinton and the Marquis of Waterford were the first to enter the lists. At the sound of the trumpet, with lances poised, they spurred their horses and flew at each other with lightning speed. It was the work of only a few seconds when Greek met Greek with a crash that broke their lances into splinters. The lances were purposely made of cross-grained wood to prevent fatalities, but the impact was nevertheless severe enough to test the riders' horsemanship. Loaded as they were with heavy armour, they kept their seats and rode up leisurely, amid shouts of applause from the multitude, to the front of the grand stand. Eglinton was adjudged the victor and received the palm at the hands of the Queen of Beauty. *Ex uno disce omnes.* In spite of the deluges of rain similiar encounters were re-enacted, and the day would end with balls, masquerades, and other hilarities. Needless to say the Tournament created an immense sensation, and none who witnessed it can ever forget it. such a weary, be-draggled concourse of people has seldom been seen! I don't know how I got there, but I remember passing a night at

the manse of Beith (Rev. George Colville's) on my way home. Of all the chief actors, the young Marquis of Waterford was the most irrepressible. His daring knew no bounds. Steeplechases were included in the programme. With the utmost coolness he took a six bar gate or a twelve foot ditch hit or miss; but, poor fellow! he did it once too often for, not long after his exploits at the Tournament, he came to grief with a broken neck. Next to Lady Seymour, Lord Eglinton was the cynosure of all eyes. His handsome figure, his noble bearing and his inimitable, gracious smile won all hearts. He was ever one of the best of landlords, and it was felt that Scotland was the poorer when Archibald William Montgomerie, the 13th Earl of Eglinton, and 6th of Winton, died in 1861, at the age of 49 years.

My apprenticeship over, I begun to look out for a farm. But such was the unsettled condition of the Corn-laws and the then high rates of rental, it was not deemed advisable to enter upon a long lease. In the meantime my trustees thought it might be advantageous for me, as I would not be of age (25) until 1846, to pay a visit to my brother William in America.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST ATLANTIC VOYAGE, NEW YORK, MONTREAL, STACEY ISLAND, HALIFAX, LONDON.

THE proposal to go to America suited my easy-going disposition, and I lost no time in preparing to set out on my travels I took passage in the ship "Clyde" 400 tons, Capt. Theobald which sailed from the Bromielaw on the 8th of June, 1841, and arrived in New York July 18th (40 days). The voyage was a pleasant and ordinary one, but one's first voyage in a sailing ship is an event never to be forgotten. Captain Theobald was a fine specimen of the New England skipper, of grand physique, most kind and agreeable. We had not more than half a dozen cabin passengers and we fared well. No cold storage in those days, but instead, quarters of beef were suspended from the stern rails, where it kept cool, and sweet many days, of live stock for food we had a few sheep, and pigs and lots of poultry, also a cow to supply us with fresh milk. We encountered several "white squalls" which usually came up against the wind and made things very lively while they lasted. It was astonishing to see how quickly the cloud of canvass was reduced to close-reefed topsails, and how quickly re-set when the blow was over. On reaching "the Banks" we caught enough cod to keep us going till we reached port, a few old banksmen on board, taught us the trick.

We were charmed with the approach to New York, and lay for some time at Quarantine off Staten Island where sharks were playing round the ship. On going ashore we were treated to "mint julep" the favourite beverage in hot weather, and it was hot, 100° in the shade, and 106° in the City.

A few days were spent in the sweltering heat of New York. We began our three days' journey to Montreal. To Albany by steamer which in itself was a revelation. No such craft had we ever seen before, carrying 1000 passengers and replete with all the luxuries of the season. Railways were just beginning to supercede the stage-coach. By one of these we reached Saratoga where we stopped over-night. It was and still is, a city of hotels and a place of fashionable resort. I should say that this primitive railway was operated part of the way by horses and the remanider by a very slow and asthmatic locomotive. The 28 miles occupied just 4 hours. In the evening we witnessed a "nigger hunt." The nigger was much in evidence and cordially hated, and if he ventured out after dark was sure to "catch it."

Next morning we set out by stage to Fort George on Lake George. The journey of 28 miles over arid sandy hills and bad roads, with six horses, took the whole day. That too, was a revelation. No such stage-coach nor Jehu had we ever seen before. The coach was hung on leather springs and being heavily loaded with a full complement of passengers and their impedimenta, it rocked and rolled like a ship at sea. And the way that the driver managed his six horses was a caution, and being a born Yankee, his conversation was as comical to us as were the vanity and vehemence of his expletives. The horses understood him much better than we did and were frequently reminded of their duty by a clip on the ear from the dexterously handled whip which with amazing precision reached even to the leaders—*longo intervallo.* We spent that night in a grand hotel at Fort George and next morning traversed the pretty little lake of 40 miles in length in a small steamer—a charming sail—the water being as clear as crystal we could discern the pebbly bottom at several fathoms of profundity. From the head of the Lake to Ticonderago is but a short drive.

Here we were shown over the ruined fortress by an old soldier with a wooden leg, as befitted the occasion, and inspected the decayed earthworks that had done duty during the Revolutionary War and again in 1812. We had now reached the southern end

of beautiful Lake Champlain which is about 110 miles from St. Johns at its northern extremity. We traversed the lake in one of the best appointed steamboats in America—the "Burlington," described by Dickens as "a perfectly exquisite achievement of neatness, elegance and order—a model of graceful comfort and beautiful contrivance," and from her decks we had a fine view of the entrancing scenery by which it is bordered.

Now we are in Canada, past the custom's inspection, and take the railway train from St. Johns to Laprairie (17 miles). This was then the only railway in Canada and a poor one at that. The sleepers were laid longitudinally, the rails being bars of malleable iron were addicted to lose their connection at times, and by curling upwards formed what used to be called a "snake-head" which might either make its appearance through the floor of the carriage or be the means of landing it in the ditch, This railway—the first in Canada—was opened July 21st, 1836. From Laprairie to Montreal by steamer—with seven men at the helm.

Montreal had at that time a population of about 40,000. Its streets were narrow and, but for its fine situation, its attractions were few. Craig street was a "slum'—a large open conduit ran through the centre of it all the way to Hochelaga—this was dignified with the name of the "Little St. Pierre River." Wooden bridges spanned this mal-oderous stream at the intersection of the principal streets. I put up at Goodenough's Hotel situated in a small courtyard off St. Paul street. It was then the best commercial hotel in the city and frequented by merchant princes of that time. Among its guests I found Messrs. Allan and James Gilmour, at that time representing the famous shipping firm of Pollock, Gilmour & Co. of Port Glasgow who were said to have 100 ships afloat. I had letters of introduction to these gentlemen who shewed me much kindness in a variety of ways and for whom I contracted a lasting friendship. Allan, the elder of the two, subsequently became the owner of large saw-mills in the Ottawa Valley and lived to a good old age surrounded with all the comforts and luxuries that wealth bestows. His fine mansion in Ottawa came to be known and frequented by connoisseurs as con-

taining perhaps the finest private collection of oil paintings in Canada. Both Gilmours have crossed the mysterious bourne and indeed there are very few of the men whose acquaintance I then made, now in the body.

There were at this time I think only nine Protestant churches in Montreal. Of those five were Presbyterian, viz ; St. Gabriel's, founded in 1786 ; St. Andrew's developed out of seceders from St. Gabriel Street Church in 1803 ; the American Presbyterian in 1822 ; St. Paul's in 1832, and Erskine U. P. Church in 1833. Christ's Church dating from 1776 was the only one of the Church of England, St. George's being founded in 1842. There was only one Methodist church, founded in 1802, one Baptist, and one Congregational church of which Dr. Wilkes was the gifted and perhaps the most popular minister in the city. In assigning dates to these churches it is not to be supposed that they were all possessed of church edifices. Christ's Church congregation for example, had worshipped for about 15 years in the R. C. Recollet Church on St. Helen, street and some 11 years in St. Gabriel's, before they built for themselves the fine church on Notre Dame street which was opened for worship 9th October, 1814, and burned in 1856. In like manner the early Presbyterians held their services in the same R. C. church for about 6 years before their St. Gabriel Street Church of 1792 was opened for worship ; and though the story has been so often told, it bears repetition, as showing the fine truly catholic spirit of the Recollet Fathers, that while they refused any pecuniary remuneration for the use of their sacred edifice to these Protestants, they were induced to accept from the 'Society of Presbyterians' as they were then called, a present of two hogsheads of Spanish wine and a box of candles! and, history adds,—" They were quite thankful for the same," The Cathedral of Notre Dame, in which 10,000 people might assemble, towered above all else in the city. I am not sure that the two great towers were then completed but I remember that the tower of the original cathedral still stood in the Place d'Armes with its chime of bells.

At this time there was but one Presbytery of Presbyterians—

in connection with the Church of Scotland—in the whole Province of Quebec. And there were not more than a score of Presbyterian ministers in the province all told. With most of these I became, before long, more or less intimately acquainted. The first private house I entered in Montreal was that of Dr. Black, the minister of St. Paul's, whose kind reception and subsequent friendship I can never forget. I also made the acquaintance, very soon, of Dr. Mathieson of St. Andrew's Church, for whom I contracted a liking little less than romantic. I was privileged to wait upon him during the whole of his last illness and until his eyes were closed in death on February 14th, 1870, in his 75th year. Strange that he should have honoured and trusted me by placing in my hands the materials for his biography which I published that same year! Other members of the Presbytery of 1841 I also knew well—Dr. John Cook of Quebec, Montgomery Walker of Huntingdon, Thomas Macpherson of Beechridge, Dr. James C. Muir of Georgetown, John McMorine of Melbourne, Walter Roach of Beauharnois, William Simpson of Lachine, William Mair of Chatham, and David Shanks of St. Eustache.

At this time the Right Rev. John Strachan. D.D., was Bishop of Upper Canada, and Dr. George Jehoshaphat Mountain Bishop of Montreal and Quebec (since 1836). He was a son of the celebrated Dr. Jacob Mountain of Quebec the first Protestant Bishop in Canada, (1793-1825), a Huguenot by descent and a man of distinguished ability. His son Dr. George was the founder of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, a man of very high attainments, whose visits to the Red River Settlements in 1844, and to the Magdalen Islands in 1850-1859 proclaimed him a missionary bishop of the first order. It may be remarked in passing, that Dr. Charles Inglis was the first *Colonial* Bishop of the Church of England, consecrated Bishop of Nova Scotia, October 16th, 1787, and that the last Canadian Bishop appointed by the Crown was the Right Rev. Ashton Oxenden, Lord Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada, consecrated at Westminster Abbey, August 8th, 1869, by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Since that time the Church of England in Canada has selected and consecrated its own bishops.

Dr. John Bethune, the father of Strachan Bethune, K.C., and afterwards Dean of Montreal, was the Rector of Christ's Church in 1841. The Rev. William Bennet Bond—so long *facile princips* in this City—was then only entering on his brilliant carreer. Born in Truro, England, September 10th, 1815, he was admitted to the diaconate in 1841. He ministered at Lachine six years, and came to Montreal in 1848 as assistant to Rev. W. T. Leach, the first Rector of St. George's Church.

Three of these Anglican clergymen were Scotchmen, cradled in the Presbyterian Church. Bishop Strachan was born in Aberdeen and retained his very pronounced Aberdonian 'awkcent' to the end of his days. He studied divinity in the University of St. Andrews, and though never licensed, became in 1802 candidate for the vacant charge in St. Gabriel Church, Montreal. Dean Bethune was the son of Rev. John Bethune, a Scottish Highlander from the Isle of Skye, who, from being a military chaplain took up his residence in Montreal, and was the first to unfurl the blue banner in that City, March 12th, 1786. In the following year he removed to Williamstown, Glengarry, where he ministered with great zeal and much success to congregations as Highland as could be found in Scotland, and there he was buried in September. 1815, in the 66th year of his age and 44th of his ministry, leaving six sons, two of whom became eminent clergymen of the Church of England—John, the third son, as Dean of Montreal, and Alexander Neil the fifth son, as Bishop of Toronto in succession to Bishop Strachan who died November 1st, 1867 in the 90th year of his age.

Archdeacon Leach was born at Berwick on Tweed in 1805, and was ordained to the ministry of the Church of Scotland by the Presbytery of Haddington in 1833. He was seven years minister of the Presbyterian Church in Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland before he joined the Church of England. He had a long and brilliant career in Montreal as Rector of St. George's Church, and Professor of Classical Literature in McGill University, where he became Dean of the Faculty of Arts, and for several years (previous to the administration of Sir William Dawson) discharged the duties of the principalship with great efficiency. He

was thrice married, his first wife, Jessie Skirving, was a daughter of my East Lothian friend James Skirving of Luffness Mains, near Aberlady. A tablet on the wall of St. George's Church "perpetuates the remembrance of a life which by many virtues and rare intelligence, adorned the doctrine of Christ." She died February 21st, 1847. Dr. Leach retired from the Rectorship of St. George's in 1862. He died October 13, 1886, in his 82nd year. Dr. Bond, was assistant to Dr. Leach and after his retirement, ministered to this important congregation for thirty years previous to his appointment as Lord Bishop of Montreal.

In 1841, Lord Sydenham was the Governor-General of Canada with head-quarters at Kingston. He died in September that year and was succeeded by Sir Charles Bagot. During Lord Sydenham's administration the Union of the two Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada under the name of the Province of Canada was effected and a responsible government was established. During his brief tenure of office Sir Charles Bagot did much to conciliate the French element and was a party towards the settlement of the Boundary line between Canada and the United States by the Ashburton Treaty. The population of the Province of Quebec at this time was 661,380, and of Ontario 455,688, in all 1,117,068; the corresponding figures for 1901 were, Quebec 1,648,898, Ontario 2,182,947, total 3,831,845.

As for the Eastern Provinces, we knew very little about them, and had little intercourse with them. Of Manitoba, the North-West and British Columbia we knew still less. All to the west of Lake Superior was known only as "The Great Lone Land," inhabited by Indians and Fur traders who lived by the chase of buffalo, bears, beavers, mountain sheep, prairie chickens, wild turkeys, foxes, marten's, minks, otters, etc., etc. In the year 1862, two plucky English sportsmen made the perilous passage overland from Winnipeg to the Pacific Coast, enduring incredible privations, and before their journey ended were reduced to the extremity of eating one of their pack-horses, almost as attenuated as themselves. "After "feasting to repletion on the unsavoury food, all that was left was "dried over a large fire—not more than thirty or forty pounds, for "the horse was small and miserably lean." So runs the story as

told by Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle in their "North-West Passage by Land," published in 1865, now in its ninth edition. Where countless herds of buffalo roamed over vast prairies, in a wild wilderness, are now populous cities and towns and homesteads in the finest wheat growing country in the world, and the tourist in quest of majestic scenery, or the man intent on business, may now traverse this Eldorado in his luxurious Pullman car at the rate of 40 miles an hour.

I spent a few days with John Dods at Petite Côte before joining my brother William on Stacey Island. Dods had been an East Lothian farmer—sitting at a high rent. He came to Canada in 1832, purchased a farm near Montreal and at once took place at the head of his profession. For many years he was president of the County of Montreal Agricultural Society, and in other respects was a prominent member of the community—a director of the old City Bank, and an influential member of St. Paul's Church, Montreal. An intimate friend of Dr. Black and of my brother William. While superintending the operations of his farm he was attacked by a vicious bull, the pride of his herd, and received such fatal injuries that he died on the 18th of November, 1861 in the 54th year of his age. I scarcely know why, but we became intimate friends all through these 20 years. I was with him during the ten days that his life hung in the balance and as a mark of his interest in me he left me in his will a legacy of one thousand dollars—the first and the last tribute of that kind I ever received outside our own immediate family, It was he who introduced me to Dr. Black. I remember well being invited with him to an evening party. How could I go in my travelling clothes? Dods came to the rescue by offering me the use of one of his dress-coats, but alas! upon trial of the swallow-tail garment I found that the tails of the coat reached down to my ankles (for Dods was 6 feet 3 in his stockings). So I went in travelling costume. The gentlemen at that party were all dressed in up-to-date style with white chokers and kids, and elaborate shirt fronts. "Oh why left I my hame"? But no one seemed to regard my clothes.

I set out for "the Island." This was how it was done. On

the previous evening left my name at the coach office directing them where to call for me. At 7 a.m. a coach drawn by six grey horses called at Goodenough's and we drove over a plank road to Lachine, where we embarked on the steamer "Chieftain" the most antiquated specimen of naval architecture I had ever seen. In due time we landed at the Cascades, at the foot of the rapids, and were transferred to another coach .and by another plank road reached Coteau du Lac. Here the fine new steamer "Highlander," Captain Stearns, awaited us with steam up, and we had a delightful sail of 40 miles over Lake St. Francis to Cornwall.

The fine St. Lawrence Canals with nine feet of water and capacious locks, were at this time under construction but were not completed until 1848. So we had recourse to the coach again for the 12 miles from Cornwall to Dickenson's Landing, which was reached near midnight. From Dickenson's Landing a daily line of steamers ran all they way to Toronto. William had come down with his boat manned by a couple of stout rowers and in about an hour we reached his dwelling place.

THE ISLAND.

Then called Stacey Island, has since William left it been known as Croil's Island. It lay, by a few feet only, in American territory, in the State of New York. It is about three miles long containing 2000 acres more or less of excellent land, every acre of it capable of cultivation. About one-third of it was as yet covered by the primeval forest consisting chiefly of maple, beech and birch trees of the best quality. Of the cleared portion one-half was in pasture. William's home farm was about 400 acres in extent, the remaining arable land being occupied by half a dozen tenants at $2 an acre rental, payable in kind. Cash was not expected, for the good reason that there was none in circulation. At this time he kept a large flock of sheep of the merino breed, but as the climate was unsuitable for them, he turned his attention to dairy farming. Most of his tenants were Scotch who from some previous knowledge of him followed him to America. As fine a lot of men as could be found anywhere, capital farmers, every one of whom eventually bought his farm and paid for it in greenbacks.

The homestead, dignified with the name of 'Kelvin Grove,' consisted of a modern one and a-half rough-cast cottage with a well kept garden and fine orchard, in which was a huge cider press and large barns and other out-buildings. The home was pleasantly situated on rising ground in full view of the river which is here very rapid and very deep. On the opposite bank stood the house belonging to old Charlie Farren, one of the original U. E. Loyalists, and the great mogul of the county at this time. After his death the house was said to be haunted. It stood tenantless for some time, and was taken down at the time the canal was being constructed and converted into a chapel, to the discomfiture of the ghosts, and for the edification of the inhabitants of the thriving post town of "Farren's Point" which grew up around it.

I readily adapted myself to the new kind of life that opened up for me. I soon became expert in felling trees, cradling grain, paddling the canoe, making maple syrup, and many other domestic accomplishments,

William was a splendid horseman, and shewed me how to clear a five bar gate, bare-back. He was an excellent sailor, and found in me an apt and willing man before the mast. He could even build a boat, and in this, too, I followed his example, and we were our own sailmakers. The winters were, of course, chiefly spent in the woods, providing fuel and fence-rails, and drawing saw-logs to the mill when the ice took.

The great event of the winter was the sugar making—tapping the trees, which required dexterity, preparing the sap troughs which were hewn out of ash logs of suitable size, split in halves, and finished with the axe alone, gathering the sap on snowshoes, boiling it down in a great potash kettle over a rousing fire, and finally the delicate process of "sugaring-off." In the long winter evenings we played the flute and fiddle in concert, crocheted and patched our mittens and mocassins, had prayers, banked the fires and went early to bed.

William mistook his calling. He should have been a minister, or an engineer. In either of these professions he would have made his mark. He was equally master of the situation on land or

water. Any mechanical skill I attained was learned from him, and if I was not a dull scholar, I never possessed the inventive brain which he had: that was incommunicable.

William was born at Petershill near Glasgow on the 10th of October, 1812: educated at the Grammar school there and at Gawcott, Bucks, England, under Rev. Thomas Scott, son of the celebrated commentator, and father of the renowned architect Sir Gilbert Scott whose school-fellow and friend he became. The literary advantages which he enjoyed in that establishment produced in him the culture and refinement of character which he exhibited in after life. He came to Canada in 1835 and purchased Stacey Island, where he lived for twenty years, leading a patriarchal life, surrounded by a devoted tenantry whose interests, temporal and spiritual, he guarded with paternal care. Here, too, he received with hospitality, no less patriarchal, his city friends and others from distant parts. In 1837 he married Caroline M. A., daughter of Matthew Richardson of Halifax. They had four children, none of whom now survive. He was ordained an elder in the Presbyterian Church at Osnabruck in 1841. In 1859, having sold the Island, he removed to Hochelaga, near Montreal, where he made a pleasant home for his family on the brink of the St. Lawrence and indulged in his favourite pastimes of boating and horsemanship. He was inducted to the eldership in St. Paul's Church in 1867 and took an active and influential part in the affairs of that congregation. He was also appointed secretary-treasurer of the Temporalities' Board. These duties, however, he was not permitted to discharge very long. His health gave way, and he was led to remove with his family to England. Bournemouth, Isle of Wight, Torquay, Cheltenham, were visited by turns, with varying results. In November, 1872, he was induced to go to Nassau, N.P., where after a lingering illness he died April 3rd, 1873. His remains were brought to Montreal and buried in Mount Royal Cemetery. Dr. Jenkins his pastor, spoke of him in terms of deep feeling and affection, and hosts of friends lamented the loss they had sustained. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." His widow departed

this life in Montreal in February, 1891, in the 74th year of her age.

My eldest brother Thomas, went while yet young to represent his father's business in Barbadoes, W.I. where he remained for a number of years; but having fallen into ill health he came to Croil's Island and acquired a small farm on which he spent the remainder of his days. He died in 1851 in his 41st year and was buried in the Osnabruck grave-yard. He left an only daughter who was sent home to Scotland for her education and afterwards married a writer to the signet, son of the late Rev. Alexander Hill, Professor of Divinity in Glasgow University, and grandson of the late Principal Hill of St, Andrew's.

John, the youngest son, was three years my junior. He completed his education at the Grange Academy, Sunderland, and after spending two years in a mercantile office in Glasgow, went out to Barbadoes intending to devote himself to business there, but on the first appearance of "Yellow Jack" he fled and took refuge for a year in Croil's Island, after which he entered as clerk in the then famous mercantile establishment of Messrs. Cuvillier & Sons, Montreal, where he remained four years. He, too, mistook his calling for he had an unmistakable aptitude for business but, like the rest of us, became enamoured of "farming.' He purchased a farm near Aultsville, Ont., and there spent the remainder of his life, "biggin castles in the air," but loved and respected by all who knew him. Latterly his attention was chiefly directed to horticulture and he became an active member and director of the Fruit-growers Association, and was a popular lecturer on agricultural and horticultural subjects when he was called hence. He was twice married and had a family of eleven children. He died in 1890, aged 66 years.

The old wooden church of Osnabruck was of the "barn order" of architecture. Its blackened walls, outside and in, were alike innocent of paint. It had been erected in 1795 by the joints efforts of the Presbyterians and Lutherans of that time and had come to be regarded as "historic." Several generations had worshipped in it and passed away. By the law of "the survival of the fittest"

it fell to the Presbyterians who, in 1857, removed the old building to the backwoods and erected a handsome and commodious brick edifice in its place when the congregation entered on a new regime and old things passed away.

The first two ministers of this old church were Lutherans and their services were conducted in the German language. One of the earliest of the Presbyterians was an Englishman who eked out his scanty stipend by peddling ribbons, trinkets, and fancy goods. When I joined the Church in 1841, the old order of things was still in vogue. The men and the women sat apart on either side of the church. Many of the men appeared in the faded regimentals they had worn during the Rebellion of 1837. Of course there was neither organ, choir nor hymn-book. The minister led the psalmody himself, and sang well; his favourite tune being old "Rockingham," seldom heard now-a-days, but as good as most we hear now. The congregation was never very large, and but for the Islanders could scarcely have held together. They were most exemplary church-goers; following their chief, they came, ice or no ice in the river, rain or shine, they turned out *en masse*, men, women and children, ilka Sabbath. It was a refreshing sight to see the flotilla of boats and canoes arriving or departing, so like similar scenes we read of in the Highlands of Scotland when men like Macleod—"the High-Priest of Morven," Macdonald—"the Apostle of the North," and "Kennedy—"the Leader of the Highland Host" were at the height of their fame and swayed the hearts of the Children of the Mist.

Richard Loucks of Aultsville and I were ordained to the eldership in the old church in 1850 by the Rev. Isaac Purkis—with the imposition of hands.

So much for my schoolmaster during the first two years of my residence on the Island. At the end of that time, being now about 22 years of age I began to think of how I was to make my living. I had still farming on the brain, and I had been playing at it long enough. It had not yet dawned upon me that I was to become a *Canadian* farmer and reduce to practice the lessons I had learned on the Island. I would go home and see how the land lay in Scotland.

On the 10th of August, 1843, accompanied by William's wife, we set out for Halifax. At Quebec we joined the Clyde built steamer "Unicorn," Captain Walter Douglas, formerly of the Glasgow and Liverpool line—a beautiful ship, the saloon being I remember, tastefully finished in rosewood with green silk hangings. Now she was the connecting link with the Cunard Line, recently established, and plied once a fortnight between Quebec and Pictou, N.S. We had a stormy voyage down the Gulf and had to stay two days at Pictou waiting for the stage coach that was to take us on to Halifax. Most of the time we spent in trapping lobsters, which abound there, and of which we ate a great deal more than was good for us and for which we suffered accordingly.

We had not proceeded far on our landward journey when we discovered that our driver was notoriously drunk and incapable. Fortunately, a passenger, named Mott, of grand physique, seized the reins and proved himself a first-rate four-in-hand, greatly to the relief of the ladies who had become quite alarmed at the reckless behaviour of our jehu; and without further incident to speak of we reached our destination safely, arriving at Studley the fine old family mansion of Matthew Richardson about the witching hour of sunset.

Needless to say we met with a warm reception, for "Carrie," always delicate, had been the pet of the family and this was her first visit home since her marriage in 1837. As for this party of the second part, curiosity was on the tip-toe of expectation to see what the young Canadian looked like. Mrs. Croil's elder sister, Georgina, a splendid woman by the way, was married to Judge Campbell of Guysborough, and having resolved to pay her a visit we took passage on a small coasting schooner, expecting to make the run in 12 hours or so. But before proceeding far on our voyage we encountered a fierce gale which drove us out to sea and carried away nearly all the sails. Had it not been for the skilful seamanship of Captain Cann we might never have been heard of; but he managed to rig up some storm sails that were stowed away in the hold by which he was enabled to bring the vessel into the little half-way harbour of Canso where we joyfully anchored and re-

mained a whole day repairing damage. On the evening of the third day we arrived at Guysborough, where we spent a week and then returned to Halifax by a circuitous land route, stopping overnight at New Glasgow. The weeks flew by all too fast; and I must go. I sailed from Halifax on the R. M. Steamship "Hibernia," Captain Judkins, on the 5th of November. We carried a spanking breeze with us all the way, and with studding sails set—low and aloft—made the fastest voyage on record, arriving in Liverpool on the 14th, just 9½ days; the average run from Boston to Liverpool being about 14 days by the Cunard steamers. The service began with the "Brittania,' in 1840: the other ships of the original fleet being the *Acadia*, *California* and *Hibernia*, all built on the Clyde, 207 feet long, wooden vessels, with side-wheel paddles, burning about 44 tons of coal per day, and having a steam pressure of 9 lbs. to the square inch.

From Liverpool by steamer to Glasgow and thence to Middleton in the parish of Govan where our family had been for 12 years. To my surprise I learned that they had gone away some months ago, and present occupant knew not where they now were. A call at Mr. Donaldson's office in Buchanan Street solved the mystery: he had recently purchased Keppoch a fine property in Dumbartonshire, long owned by the Ewings, and more recently by the Dunlops, two of whom had gone to Canada where they became famous. William the younger of the brothers was a doctor of medicine and many years a member of the Canadian Parliament—both witty and wise, in a way. I frequently met him in Montreal when he was attending the parliament. He was member for Huron County in the 1st and 2nd parliament after the Union of 1840. The elder brother, Robert, had also been a member of the same county prior to the Union. He had entered the Royal Navy at the age of 13, and having seen much active service attained the rank of commodore, and retired on half pay. The two brothers had long been bachelors, living on their property of Gairbraid near Goderich and had been associated with the celebrated John Galt the novelist and many years agent of the Canada Land Company, residing in Guelph. They had an old and trusty Scotch woman for their housekeeper

who one day, unexpectedly, notified her masters that she must leave their service. What was to be done? They could not get along without her. After long deliberation it was agreed that one of the brothers must marry her! neither of them being matrimonially inclined it was resolved to decide by the tossing up of a penny. It was alleged that the doctor had procured a penny piece with a head stamped on both sides which was to seal their fate. "Heads or tails?" Said the doctor; It fell of course to the captain to respond first; "Heads," says the captain, heads it was of course, and he was proclaimed the victim and married the housekeeper. He died soon after in 1841—the doctor died in 1848. A sister married the late Rev. Robert Storey of Rosneath and attained a good old age.

After a short stay at Keppoch, I set out in search of a farm, but such was the unsettled state of the country, owing to the continued agitation of the Corn Laws question, the prospect was not inviting. Farms were scarce, rents high, and produce low, and I was told by experienced men that the chance of finding an eligible investment in farming was small. No one could forecast the ultimate issue of events. But in the meantime I resolved to visit my sister Jane who had married Dr. John Allan of London in 1840.

Please remember that Scotland was not linked to London by railways until 1848. The Leith and London steamers were largely patronized by people not addicted to the *mal-de-mer*, but shunned by others of weaker capacity, for the voyage was frequently a boisterous one, exposed as it is to the full sweep of the North Sea and German Ocean. Before the era of steam the famous Leith "Smack" was much in evidence. It was a single masted cutter of large dimension, luxuriously fitted, and "formed." Large numbers of the "upper ten" travelled to London by these swift sailing clippers. George IV. came to Edinburgh by one of those in 1822.

On the 17th of January, 1844, I sailed in the fine steamship "Royal Adelaide" from Granton pier and had a pleasant voyage of 45 hours, the distance being 473 miles and the fare £3/15/ including meals. The Granton pier, then nearly completed, was accounted in those days a triumph of engineering skill, constructed at the expense of the Duke of Buccleuch who owned the neigh-

bouring property; it is 1700 feet long and 110 broad and cost £150,000. On their first visit to Scotland Queen Victoria and Prince Albert landed here, 1st September, 1842, from "the Royal George" yacht which was escorted by nine ships of war. In her "Leaves from my life in the Highlands," 1868, Her Majesty's brief comment on the voyage was,—"The sea was very rough; and I was very ill."

Not every greenhorn had the privilege of visiting London in those days, and I counted myself in luck. Like another Scotchman I found of course that at every turn in this Babylon "bang went a sax pence;" but I never was chargeable with extravagance, and I see from my note book of the time that my weekly bill in London averaged the modest sum of £1/15/ including my room in a private lodging which cost only 1/ per day! I gave myself up to sight-seeing *con amore*, walking long distances every day of the four weeks I was there. Many changes in the great City since then, but the main features remain. Then, as now, Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's were the first and the last objects of interest, holding undisputed sway over all who are susceptible of awe and admiration in the presence of the product of immortal genius consecrated to the noblest uses. The Whispering Gallery, and the view from the top of the entrancing dome were more to my youthful imagination than the historic monuments to men and women of renown. Westminster was, I might almost say, to me, a sealed book until many years later. Of other churches The Temple and St. Bartholemew's were the most interesting. The former, with its clustered marble columns, its groined roof, and richly coloured emblems and, above all, the bronze figures of Crusaders lying on the floor, with legs crossed, was a unique and remarkable sight. Bartholemew's is said to be the oldest church in London and of great historic interest.

Next to these, the Thames Tunnel, designed and built by the Brunels was one of the greatest sights in London. It is 1200 feet long consisting of two arched ways, or "tubes" as they would now be called, each 14 feet wide, 16½ feet high and 16 feet below the bed of the river. It cost £468,000 and was then only available

for foot passengers, but is now used by some of the district railways. It was lit by gas and lined all the way through with stalls for the sale of fancy articles in great variety. It never *paid*, but was always considered a marvellous example of engineering skill. Planned by Sir Joseph Bazelgetti; commenced in 1825, and completed in 18[illegible]0. There were no "lifts" in those days, and it was entered by long descending stairs.

The Victoria Embankment, London's greatest modern achievement was still *in nubibus*, and was not completed until 1870, at a cost of some £2,000,000. This solid granite wall, highly embellished is 7,000 feet long, enclosing a drive of 100 feet in width, the main object of which was to relieve The Strand of a portion of its congested traffic. The land reclaimed by the Embankment amounts to about thirty acres. a large portion of which is laid out in beautiful gardens, behind which rise some of the largest and grandest hotels in London, such as the "Savoy," the Grand "Cecil," the "National Liberal Club," and the adjoining vast pile of residential flats and offices. The old Temple Bar still stood at the junction of the Strand and Fleet street, one of the City *gates*, such as we have seen in Quebec years ago, separating the City of London from that of Westminster. It consisted of a massive arch adorned with pilasters and statues and surmounted with a large clock of which the hours were struck by a sledge hammer in the hands of a heroic figure, also by sundry iron spikes on which used to be hung the heads and limbs of persons executed for high treason. It was here that Daniel Defoe was held up to ridicule in the pillory in 1704, for publishing his satire "The Shortest way to deal with Dissenters," while the populace drank his health and hung the pillory with flowers. Its massive iron doors swung open with great ceremony upon civic occasions, or upon the visit of a Sovereign to "the City," which is now a very small fractional part of London. The historic "Bar" was in course of time pronounced to be a public nuisance, and it must go. In its place and on the same site adjoining, the magnificent New Law Courts on which the old clock now marks time, stands "Temple Bar Memorial," in the centre of the street, which was unveiled in 1880, surmounted by a hideous looking

Griffin, and with life-sized statues of the Queen and the then Prince of Wales in niches. *Sic transit!* The oldest remaining *relic* in London, carries us back to the Roman period to the year 15 B.C. so it is said, is "The London Stone" built into the wall of St. Swithin's Church in Cannon street. It was the central milestone from which all other milestones marked distances, as did the golden milestone in ancient Rome. Few tourists are aware of its existence, and it is now a neglected thing, but to the historian and antiquarian it is one of the most interesting of Old World relics. I had some difficulty in locating it, on a subsequent visit to London. The new British Museum had not been opened, it was completed in 1845. The new Houses of Parliament were then a-building but were not completed until 1857. The Crystal Palace of course had no existence until 1851. The Polytechnic was then a flourishing Institution where illustrated lectures of varied kinds drew large and in many cases astonished audiences. It was here, I remember, that the marvels of electricity were first demonstrated, *pro bono publico.* Among other "sights" besides those already mentioned were the National Gallery, the Tower of London, Woolwich, and Greenwich, the General Post Office, and Bank of England, the Houses of Lords and Commons, Madame Tussaud's wax-works, Covent Garden and Drury Lane theatres, Windsor Castle and the Zoo—one of the most fascinating of London's sights for yonng people, or old people for that matter.

But the most impressive sight of all, and the one that left its deepest mark on memory was that of the witnessing Her Majesty Queen Victoria proceeding in State to open Parliament on the 1st of February. Taking time by the forelock, I managed to thread my way through dense masses of all sorts of people and stationed myself at the Horse Guards, Whitehall street, in close proximity to a mounted soldier whose shining helmet and breastplate, and other gorgeous trappings excited my admiration, as did also the shining black steed which he bestrode. Hours of dire suspense passed this cold frosty morning. I could not, even if I would, move from the spot—wedged in as I was by the crowd. But like nearly all London crowds it was a very good-natured one. Everything comes

to him who waits. About two o'clock, the booming of cannon in St. James Park, and the sound of distant music let us know that the Royal party had left Buckingham Palace. The crowd became demonstrative, men and women struggling for positions nearer to the line of demarcation, and only restrained from blocking the line of march by mounted soldiers who spurred their horses into lively action. First came the carriage of Her Majesty's Household, each drawn by six horses, and preceded by a guard of honour. Then more soldiers on prancing steeds, and—and, can I believe my eyes? Yes, here comes the old old-fashioned gilded State carriage, drawn by eight cream-coloured ponies, each led by a stalwart man clad in scarlet. Its two occupants, the cynosure of all eyes, Victoria, Dei Gratia Brittanniarum, Regina, Fidei, Defensor; and Her Royal Consort Prince Albert of Cobourg and Gotha, who were married February 10th, 1840. The brief glance I had of them, *en passante*, left the impression on my mind that they were the handsomest young couple I had ever seen. Responding to their gracious bows, intended of course for me and me only, I raised my hat and joined in the lusty cheer that greeted them, and then, before I could say 'Jack Robinson,' I was literally carried off my feet and became oblivious to my surroundings until I found myself soliloquizing in St. James Park—"I have seen the Queen!!" "I have seen the Queen!!!"

I was delighted with Greenwich and Woolwich and the politeness of the officials who took us in charge and explained to us the mysteries. Greenwich Hospital, as it then was, a magnificent pile of buildings, originally erected as the habitation of Kings by Inigo Johns and Sir Christopher Wren, contained 4000 inhabitants of whom 2200 were aged and infirm seamen, some hobbling on crutches, others with wooden legs or minus an arm. No longer a hospital, it has been converted into a naval school of instruction, the pensioners being otherwise provided for with homes. Greenwich Observatory which gives the time of day to all the world, tells the number of the stars, and enables the mariner to ascertain his latitude and longitude, stands in the highest part of the adjoining Park—a noble expanse of 188 acres adorned with ancient trees,

under one of which we took shelter—the very one, so we were told, beneath which Henry VIII. of notorious memory, played his lute to ease his guilty conscience, meanwhile listening for the boom of the Tower gun, preconcerted signal that was to announce the tragic death of his rightful queen, Anne of Boleyn and set him free to marry Lady Jane Seymour next morning. At Woolwich was shewn over the great arsenal where the guns, muskets, swords and other implements of war are fashioned and stored. In one room were ten thousand sets of harness, and in another a like number of cavalry saddles and bridles, and in one of the yards no less than 24,000 pieces of cannon.

And what did I see in the Tower? Things strange and terrible. First were the "Beefeaters" in picturesque Elizabethan costume, one of whom became our guide and cicerone. In the Horse Armoury, long rows of mounted knights, clad in armour of burnished steel; very real looking were they with vizors down and lances in rest. In another room, thousands of muskets, pistols and swords, artistically arranged. In a small guarded chamber the *Regalia*, resplendent with precious stones. Here is the Bloody Tower in which young King Edward V. and his brother were smothered; the dungeon in which Sir Walter Raleigh was confined and the very block marked by the axe that struck off his head; and the sword that beheaded unfortunate Anne of Boleyn. Who can look on these grim memorials unmoved need not fear to enter the "Chamber of Horrors" in Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.

Whom did I see in the House of Lords? The Iron Duke of Wellington, in his 75th year, sitting with his hat on—fast asleep: Lord Lyndhurst the Chancellor, Lord Melbourne, Lord Brougham, the Earl of Shaftsbury, Lord Aberdeen, Earl Grey and other celebrities of that time. And in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, Sir James Graham, Lord John Russell, W. E. Gladstone, and Daniel O'Connell.

So much for London in 1844. Many subsequent visits rendered me in some degree familiar with the great metropolis, but to know London would take a long life-time. Wonderful city! of wealth, culture and splendor: of poverty, depravity, vice and squalor, in

strange combination. The "Thieves Quarter" lies in the heart of the city: "The Devil's mile," in the north: Whitechapel, the home of murderers, and foul-mouthed Billingsgate, in the east. To the rescue, in these latter days, Bishop of Stepney, Dr. Bernardo, and General Booth.

But who were the outstanding preachers in London in 1844? Alas for my treacherous memory! I do remember, however, hearing Dr. John Cumming—the most brilliant pulpit orator of the day, who had been pastor of the Scotch Church in Crown Court since 1833, and was at this time in the zenith of his popularity. A tall, handsome man, master of elocution, an incisive speaker and withal of quiet and graceful delivery. His church was frequented by the "upper ten" and it was with difficulty that I found a seat. The psalmody was led by his wife without the aid of instrumental music, and most effectively led, too. The Doctor's staple subjects of discourse were Prophecy and Roman Catholicism. He predicted the end of the world to be very near at hand, indeed I think he named the year in which the present dispensation would be accomplished, basing his calculation on the prophecies of Daniel on which he published a number of volumes with such titles as "The Great Tribulation"; "Redemption draweth Nigh"; "The Destiny of Nations"; "Sounding of the Last Trumpet" etc., etc. It has been said of him that his reputation as a preacher was due rather to his topics than to his genius. Be that as it may, he was a most pleasing speaker and held his audiences spell-bound. The only preacher I can liken him to was the late Biship Lewis of Ontario in his palmy days. Dr. Cumming died in 1881.

Another eminent preacher was Dr. James Hamilton of the National Scotch Church in Regents Square, which was founded by the distinguished but eccentric and erratic divine, Edward Irving. Dr. Hamilton was a master of pulpit oratory and a voluminous writer, and ministered to a large and influential congregation for 26 years. He died in 1867. He was a native of Paisley. Several times I worshipped in old St. Mary's, Islington, of which Rev. Daniel Wilson was vicar, from 1832, the year in which he succeeded his father of the same name who was appointed Bishop

of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India. But as to the good Vicar's pulpit abilities, deponent sayeth not. He was for fifty years the faithful and hard-working Vicar of the largest parish in London. Dr. William Howley was at that time Archbishop of Canterbury. So far as memory serves me, there were no stars of outstanding magnitude in the Church of England at that time in London, except the celebrated Bishop Bloomfield, 1828-1856. Forty years later there was a galaxy of great preachers in London—Dean Stanley and Dean Vaughan, Canon Lidden, Canon Farrar, H. R. Haweis, M.A., of St. James' Mary-le-bone of the Established Church. Newman Hall, Dr. Allon, Dr. Raleigh and Dr. Parker of the Congregational Church, and immortal C. H. Spurgeon, whose "Tabernacle," with double row of galleries, had room for an audience of 7,000, and was usually filled to the door.

Mr. Haweis was a lineal descendant of the eminent Dr. Haweis who a century ago directed the attention of the London Missionary Society to the South Seas as an eligible field in which to commence their missionary operations, and who drew such a glowing account of it as induced them to embark in what proved to be the most successful enterprise of modern Christianity. Mr. Haweis was one of the best known of English clergymen; an extensive and observant traveller, and a prolific writer. In his day and in his way, he was at the same time one of the most popular preachers in London; a trifle odd in his manner, but that rather intensified his popularity. I heard him preach on "The Sabbath," years ago, when he gave us to understand that he was not himself a "Sabbatarian" in the accepted sense of the term. He had evidently little sympathy with the class so-called. In closing his discourse he remarked that many of his people would be, at this season of the year going to Scotland for their holidays. "But," he added, "when there, do not repeat what I have said to you to-day about the Sabbath, for you know the Scottish people hold peculiar ideas on that subject, and they have not been so fully instructed in regard to it as you have been." This was interjected, doubtless, for the purpose of eliciting a smile, and in that the preacher was not disappointed.

Mr. Haweis was a skilled musician, and his surpliced choir, wearing college caps, was admitted to be one of the best in the metropolis. Moreover, he could, and did lecture for hours on 'Cremona,' and 'Stradivarius'—the best maker of fiddles in Italy, illustrating his talk with a wonderful collection of these instruments some of them hundreds of years old, and valued at £1000 each !

In 1901, when I asked "who are the great preachers in London, to-day" ? The answer was, "Dr. Joseph Parker, and none else!" But that was only the opinion of my landlord, a man of limited intelligence. My own impression is that Dr. Ingram the Bishop of London, Cosmo Lang, Bishop of Stepney, Canon Gore (now Bishop of Worcester), Archdeacon Sinclair, Dr. J. Munro Gibson, of St. John's Wood, Prebendary Webb-Peploe, Vicar of St. Paul's, Onslow Square, Hugh Price Hughes, and Mark Guy Pearce of the Methodist Church, and General Booth of the Salvation Army should all be ranked as first rate preachers.

CHAPTER IV.

SECOND VOYAGE TO NEW YORK, CRYSLER'S FARM, TRIP TO THE WEST AND WASHINGTON, DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI, NAUVOO, PRESIDENT POLK, MARRIAGE IN 1847, DUNDAS IN 1861.

ON returning to Scotland, I again set out in quest of a farm; first to Perthshire—walking one day 40 miles in 13 hours—to consult a leading farmer there. He had the same old story to tell of high rents, and uncertainty as to the outcome of the corn-laws; but he mentioned the farm of Auchmithie, in Forfarshire, of 281 acres, as a likely venture and went with me to inspect it. Although not greatly enamoured with the locality I made a bid for it—£425 in cash, or 64 bolls of wheat, 130 of barley and 130 of oats, and £212 in cash. My offer was promptly declined and my mind as promptly made up to return to Canada. Little time was lost in preparation. On the 18th of June, 1844, I sailed from the Tail of the Bank, Greenock, in the barque "Perthshire," 530 tons, commanded by Captain Simpson—bound for New York. We had seven cabin, and some 300 steerage passengers. Among the former were John Somerville and his delicate wife, and Robert Graham afterwards of the "Montreal Daily Star." This was an eventful voyage. As I watched with curiosity, the Captain taking the sun, the first day out, he said—"Young man, you are going to be some weeks on board this ship, with nothing to do but to eat and drink and sleep; suppose you take a few lessons in Navigation?" I jumped at the offer, and very soon mastered the outlines of the business. He furnished me with a Hadley's quadrant and a copy of the "Nautical Almanack." These were all the tools needed. Much was learned in these six weeks. Indeed I had the vanity to imagine that, had the Captain been swept overboard in

mid-ocean, I could easily have navigated the ship into port. To find Greenwich time and your longitude by a lunar observation, or your latitude by a stellar observation, implied intricate and delicate calculation, but quite easy when you know how!

There were no patent 'logs' nor 'leads' in those days; and 'dead-reckoning' was not the simple thing it is supposed to be. 'Dip,' 'Refraction,' and 'Parallax' became familiar terms; logarithms had a new charm. To be able to correct your chronometer was essential, for without a knowledge of lunars the chronometer was comparatively useless: that implied deep study. The captain of a twenty-knot steamship has seldom need to 'resolve' a transverse'; he steers a straight course for his destination and can usually estimate within a few hours, or even minutes, when he will reach it. It is quite a different thing with the master of a sailing vessel, who must often rack his brains to locate his exact position on the chart. To be enveloped in dense fog for days at a time in the neighbourhood of Sable Island, as happened to us on this voyage, is a very perplexing position to be in.

The emigrants were nearly all Scotch, of a respectable class. They enjoyed themselves by frequent improvised concerts and dances on deck. But with the crew it went not so well. Scotch ships of this class were proverbially "ill found," and the Captain was alleged by Jack to be austere and even tyrannical. For a slight offence he would send a man aloft to scrape masts in a gale of wind, for a graver misdemeanor he would clap him in irons; so things did not go well in the fo'castle. At length, a climax was reached, when the star-board watch came aft one day and lodged a complaint that their grub was not up to legal specifications. Getting no satisfaction, they returned sullenly, went below, and refused to work for a whole week. The steerage passengers, siding with the sailors, would not touch a rope. The working of the ship then devolved on the officers, the carpenter and the cook. Graham and I, being young and keen for a frolic, volunteered to go before the mast, or up the rigging as might be demanded of us, and when orders were given to shorten sail or shake out a reef, up the rigging we went and 'lay out' on the yard arm in sailor fashion; but

how much good we did aloft will never be known. The instinct of self-preservation on these occasions was strongly developed and we too often clung to the spar with the grip of a drowning man. I was deputed to interview the 'strikers,' and armed with a copy of the "shipping articles" which all the men had signed, did my best to pacify them: but all in vain. As I was about leaving, the spokesman of the crew shut me up by pointing to a tub in the centre of the dingy cabin floor containing a junk of ill-looking boiled salt beef and saying, with a look that constrained pity,—"Mister, how would you like that for your own dinner?" No, they would'nt, and they did'nt, resume work until the pilot came aboard off Sandy Hook. Meanwhile, it added interest to the fiasco that we slept with loaded pistols under our pillows till the mutiny ended. The voyage lasted 42 days and we congratulated ourselves on having made as good a passage as any ship from Britain at that time, beating the *Columbus* Clipper Packet by two days.

Once more on Croil's Island, I easily fell into the old groove. Harvest was in full swing, and work abundant. But the aftermath was grand—boating and fishing. The east wind never blew without our hoisting sail to catch a share of it. We lent ourselves to Isaac Walton's gentle craft in various forms. With the rod, from the eddies in the swift current, we drew out famous black bass. "Oft in the stilly night" we stood midship in a canoe, a flaming torch of pitch pine lighting up the gloom, and revealing the finny tribe in their watery beds, to be caught napping by the quick dart of the spear. In this way we made war on pike and pickerel. Whiles, with the trolling line and brass spoon, or live minnow, for bait, we lured the kingly maskinonge to his death. Once at least we, in winter, would drive in our own sleigh to Montreal, taking two days to do it. The night would be spent at Browning's famous hotel at Coteau du Lac. From there all the way to Montreal the road would be encumbered with the Frenchmen's 'traineaux,' each carrying its half cord of fuel to the market. Coal had not yet come into general use in Montreal, and the tinned roofs of the houses and churches sparkled in the sunshine. For long stretches we drove on the river-ice, not always with the feeling of absolute

security. On one occasion I remember, on a bitterly cold night, the snow drifting wildly, the stage coach or sleigh, more properly speaking, left the track and plunged into the open water. The driver managed to leap on to the ice but the only passenger inside hampered by the robes in which he was wrapped for the night failed to make good his exit in time and was carried with the conveyance to the opposite bank of the river—quarter of a mile distant. When the wreck was discovered next morning it was found that the four horses that had swam the current for dear life were dead, and on top of the stranded sleigh, the passenger was seated all but frozen to death. He owed his life to the fact of his being completely encased with ice formed by the waves, for it had been blowing fiercely all night from the east. His life was saved as by a miracle, but he lost both hands and both feet, rendering him *hors de combat* for the remainder of his days. About this time driving down the steep incline that formed the approach to Mr. John Redpath's house with a lady by my side, my horse suddenly took to his heels and became unmanageable, and a serious accident was averted by heading it for a big snow drift into which we plunged gracefully. The incident was recorded in the book of remembrance as a 'pleasant encounter' with my lady of the snows, for there was a real lady in the case.

1845 was rather a notable year, for in April I bought the "Crysler farm" from Hon. Peter McGill and Joseph Shuter of Montreal, who held a mortgage on it. The price, $6000 cash. But it was under lease for two years, and I must thole. This property was known all over Canada as the field of the battle in 1813 which, as Allison says, "Terminated the campaign, in the most triumphant manner." It is situated about half way between Cornwall and Prescott, fronting on the St. Lawrence. One-half of the domain was in 'bush' from which nearly all the marketable timber had been removed. The mansion house had evidently seen better days; the farm buildings and fences were in an advanced stage of decay. But, what of that? To be the owner of 500 acres of any kind of land, with all the historic associations thrown into the bargain! And the illimitable possibilities of restoration and

embellishment in the near future—regardlesss of expense !; What could be more desirable ? Whether or not it was to prove a profitable investment ; time will tell.

At the midsummer communion, Rev. John Maclaurin of Martintown conducted the Fast Day services, preaching an admirable sermon from the text—" My son, give me thine heart." His words went straight to the heart. Dr. Urquhart of Cornwall officiated on the Saturday, taking for his theme—" Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." Both preachers were valued personal friends, and their discourses made a lasting impression on memory. On September 3, 1845, the Rev. John Macleod, D.D., " the High Priest of Morven," appeared among us as a deputy from the Church of Scotland, and after preaching a beautiful sermon from the words " Holiness, without which no man can see the Lord," he made some reference to the recent secession that had taken place in the Motherland, all in a kindly and conciliatory spirit, assured us of the continued interest of the Auld Kirk in her expatriated children, and exhorted us to be steadfast and unmoveable in our adherence to " The Church of our Fathers." " The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of Assemblies," Amen.

Here should follow a long account of a trip to the West—the Far West, as it was then called, but which for obvious reasons must be curtailed. In company with a young Englishman we set out on a grand tour, on Oct. 19th, to the Falls of Niagara : from Buffalo to Milwaukee : thence to the Mississippi and Ohio rivers : across the Alleghany mountains to Washington, &c., &c. We traversed Lakes Erie, Huron and Michigan by steamboat and were impressed with the magnitude of those inland seas, and the thriving cities and towns bordering upon them. This occupied a whole week, for the weather was boisterous and we had to tie up over nights at various ports, when we danced till morning and were glad to get shake-downs in the cabin floor. Milwaukee was then in its infancy, but destined to become a great city. Thence we drove partly in a buggy and partly by stage to Galena, 175 miles, halting over Sunday and ten days besides at Geneva to visit some old Scotch friends and to shoot deer and prairie fowl. The first

part of the programme was successful, as to the latter, least said is soonest mended; our tramping over the prairie was utterly futile, so much so that we wished our rifles and ammunition were at Jericho, or Halifax, or had been left at home. Galena lies on the Fever river a few miles above its junction with the Mississippi. Here we lodged in a comfortable hotel and were serenaded in the evening by a band of itinerant musicians rejoicing in the name of 'The Green Mountain Minstrels,' who played well. They had just come from the funeral of a murderer who had requested them to play him out of this world. We secured passages in the small light draft steamboat "Uncle Toby" that was to convey us down the Father of Waters to Cairo at the confluence of the Ohio river, a distance of some 700 miles. We passed many large cities—St. Louis having then a population of 350,000. The mighty river increased in width as we advanced until we came to Nauvoo where it is 2 miles wide, but is at this season of the year obstructed by many shallows and rapids. As good luck would have it, "Uncle Toby" grounded hard and fast opposite the Mormon city on a Sunday morning and as it became necessary to unload her cargo of lead into lighters, we had the opportunity of spending the whole day in Nauvoo. In the boat that ferried us across the river there was a Mormon lady from whom we obtained a history in brief of the sect and their then peculiar circumstances. She told us that Joe Smith, the founder, prophet, priest, and president of Mormonism, had paid the last debt of nature just a year before. He had been arrested on charges of sedition, swindling, and immorality. Fearing that he might escape the gallows, a mob broke into the prison and murdered him; in the estimation, however, of this lady Joe had been enrolled in the Noble Army of Martyrs. We had ample time to explore the city of twelve miles square, on paper, the only buildings worth mentioning were the Temple and the prophet's palatial mansion. The Temple was an imposing stone structure with a lofty tower, built of stone and entirely by voluntary labour of the faithful. When finished, if ever, it would cost over half a million of dollars. The interior was very handsome, its chief ornament being a huge stone baptismal basin, after

the pattern of the "molten sea" in Solomon's temple—supported on the backs of twelve white kine—looking to all the points of the compass. This was really a very fine piece of workmanship. We were in time for the morning service and listened to a number of addresses from the elders. Much of what was said would have passed for sound doctrine in a Presbyterian Church, so guarded and plausible were their words, it was difficult to realize that they were the dupes of a system of unparralelled turpitude. Shortly after this time they were driven out of Illinois and finally settled in Utah and founded, a city on the Great Salt Lake where they have again reared a more magnificent temple than the one they left in Nauvoo; and the baneful business goes on and thrives, for Mormonism is above all else a missiomary organization, drawing into its net thousands annually from the mining population of England, Scotland and Wales, and from other countries as well. They have recently formed a settlement in the North-West Territories of Canada 7,000 strong. They are said to be sober and industrious and profess to have left their 'peculiar institution' behind them in Utah, promising not to do it again. *Peccavi!* My pen has run away with me.

We ascended the Ohio River 1000 miles to Pittsburg, and the boiler did not burst. We halted at Louisville and Cincinnati and other large towns, but not long enough for us to visit the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. At many points the black diamonds from the vast coal-fields of Ohio were being shipped into barges and steamers. We sampled the famous Monongahela whisky, and slept in the Iron city—our *terminus ad quem* by water. From Pittsburg a primitive railway took us up to the summit of the Alleghanys (2000 feet) and landed us in a snow-drift from which, answering to pangs of hunger, we took refuge in a farm house nearby, and had "sup on" for breakfast. Resuming our journey we came to Harper's Ferry, beautifully nestled at the foot of the western slope of hills—resembling a Swiss village, and then, 'On to Washington'! Not the Washington of to-day, yet a grand city of magnificent distances. We were shown over the Patent Office, the Treasury Buildings, and the palatial Capitol. James K. Polk reigned in the 'White

House': to him we paid our respects, and met with a courteous reception, though only dressed in travelling garb. He must have been a man of considerable ability, for he was elected 11th President in opposition to Henry Clay. Polk was the pro-slavery candidate, and that Clay could never be. The election was said to turn on the admission of Texas—a slave holding territory—into the Union. Polk died in 1849. During his administration the parallel of 49° was made the boundary between Oregon and the British territory. Did slavery exist in Washington at this time? O yes. Nice curly-headed boys and girls might be purchased by private sale for $100 apiece. It was abolished in the District of Columbia in 1862, and in the whole of the United States in 1865.

Via Baltimore and Philadelphia to New York. Navigation on the Hudson was near closing. On reaching West Point the river was frozen over with ice two inches thick, and boys were skating in close proximity to the steamers' bow. So the passengers landed and were driven in sleighs to Albany. As to the rest, memory fails to tell: but we reported ourselves at Croil's Island during the Christmas holidays in time to share the turkey and plum-pudding.

Of the following year I find no mention in my note book. I was too busy making agricultural implements to attend to a diary. Four Scotch tilt-carts, a pair of diamond harrows, a wheel-barrow, and several sleighs were turned out from the carpentry work-shop; half a dozen complete sets of harness from saddlery department, the material for those were home products—the biggest and heaviest cowhides were always sent to the tanner to be converted into harness-leather on the shares, *i.e.* he received one-half of the hides and we the other, which accounts for the term—a side of leather. I became the proud owner of my first horse. He was a daisy; long-limbed and fleet, his favourite pastime was that of running away on every favouring occasion, utterly regardless of consequences. I built a scow, 20 feet long and 6 wide, in which I ferried my gallant steed and buggy across the rapid river in summer, and boarded him out in winter on the mainland. We had many strange adventures and hair-breadth escapes "Rob Roy" and I, until, as the only remedy for incompatibility of temper, he was

sold for $100. He was put into training, trotted his mile in less than three minutes, and changed hands again for $1000.

The time at length came when the dream of boyhood was to be realized. In April, 1847, I entered into possession of 'landed estate' and immediately set to work to make the old wooden house at least habitable. The frame-work of the building being of prime white oak was all right, but the roof had to be re-shingled, the walls re-clap-boarded, and the interior painted and papered. The King's business required haste. I was to be married on the 8th of June. There are events in a young man's life so sacred that a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy; suffice it say that the marriage ceremony was performed by Archdeacon Willis, and I became the happy husband of the best of wives—daughter of Matthew Richardson of Studley, Halifax, and younger sister of my brother William's wife. We came home via Boston and New York. The change from the gay city, the beautiful home of her youth, and the refined society of many admiring friends to this old ram-shackle of a house must have been to my young bride a rude shock, but the first word or hint of disappointment never passed her lips. She unhesitatingly accepted the situation, and all that it implied, and surprisingly soon adapted herself to the new environment. Years of incessant toil passed and we had become the parents of five children. We must have a new house. George Brown, of Montreal, furnished an elegant design which was carried into effect to the letter. Were I to rehearse the difficulty of obtaining suitable building materials and skilled workmen, not to speak of the labour of those hands, the record would be deemed almost incredible. The result of it all was that in 1855 there was completed a mansion fit for a duke to live in! It was soon surrounded with plantations, orchards, gardens and shrubbery to match. The house must be furnished. I retired from farming, renting the land 'on shares' to one of my employees, who proved a much better practical farmer than myself; and now I gave free rein to my mechanical proclivities. I had already built a commodious workshop, furnished with a very fine turning lathe and a complete kit of tools. I had also acquired the cunning art of framing buildings. Now I assumed the role of cabinet maker, and stuck

to it until every room in the house was furnished, *propria manu,* except the dining-room. As for the drawing-room (36 x 16) it was converted into a museum, adorned with relics of the battlefield, pictures, and curiosities of various kinds. The most important piece of handicraft and the best I made, was the book-case which was my chef-d'œuvre and occupied me for months. When the time came for dismantling the castle, this was cut in two and boxed up, and followed our fortunes—2 years in Stanley Villa, Dorchester street, Montreal, twenty years in Mansfield street, and ten years here in Crescent street—looking as good as new. In 1857, incessant toil had told upon my naturally robust frame. Dr. George Campbell of Montreal, recommend a sea voyage; and in June I sailed from Quebec in the "Anglo-Saxon" S.S., bound for Liverpool, and spent a couple of months visiting Glasgow, Edinburgh, London and Paris.

To be quite candid, the East Lothian apprentice had proved a failure. Farming was not his forte. I imagine that my observant Dutch neighbours had long foreseen this. They frequently came to see how the Scotch intruder was getting along, and I believe they came to the conclusion that he had a bee in his bonnet. They said he had too many horses in the stall, and not enough cows, and he was far too often seen on the water scooting about like the flying Dutchman. Well, there was no denying the relevancy of some of these allegations. It was quite true that the horses had eaten their heads off many times, and that the workmen had consumed all that the dairy produced, as for the 'cutty sark,' as my sail-boat was named, nothing could be said in extenuation of its jinks. At this time we might have a dozen men at work on the farm. They had all to be fed, and most of them slept in the house, which became to all intents and purposes a boarding-house. Trouble enough we had at times with men, women, and horses. The men demanded beef-steak breakfasts. The maids would sometimes 'give notice' if pies, pickles and sweets were not forthcoming. But on the whole we got on very amicably, and have a kindly recollection of willing and faithful service from both sexes. Of my Dutch neighbours and critics I cannot speak too highly.

I respected them as the lineal descendants of the U. E. Loyalists who remained steadfast in their allegiance to Britain during the Revolutionary War and had those farms given them in recognition of their fidelity. I hold them in affectionate remembrance on account of their personal good qualities. They were honest as the sun. Every man's word was as good as his bond. They led quiet and simple lives, their own well-tilled farms furnishing them, all the food and clothing they required, except now and then a pound of tea from the store-keeper. "Archerfield" so named after the beautiful residence of Mrs. Ferguson, near Dirleton, in Haddington Co. Scotland, of pleasant memories.

During these ten years we had many adventures by land and water, and not a few hair-breadth escapes, such as falling from lofty scaffolds and encounters with run-away horses. The most narrow escape from a watery grave occurred at the time the new house was a-building. We had run short of bricks which were only to be had at Waddington on the American side of the river. A large decked scow was borrowed from the canal contractors, and manned by three men we managed to navigate the clumsy craft to the brick-yard and had it loaded with 8000 bricks. The wind blowing a stiff breeze, we lay there till sunset, when we imprudently ventured to put out into the rapid and deep stream. We had not proceeded far when the top-heavy craft began to roll ominously, and in a few minutes it became evident that she was doomed: a sudden lurch to leeward gave her the *coup de grace*, the deck-load slid bodily into the water, the scow made a graceful summersault and lay a helpless wreck on the waves, upside down. Had it not been that we had the "cutty sark" in tow, into which the crew managed somehow to scramble just in the nick of time, nothing could have saved us from being ignominously buried beneath those 8000 bricks in six fathoms of water.

Under the new name of "Archerfield," Crysler's Farm sustained fairly well the traditions of the past and was honoured by having many visitors, than whom none were more cordially welcome than members of the cloth—no matter what church they belonged to. During all the time we were there we most frequently attended

the old Williamsburg Episcopal Church—the nearest Presbyterian church being that of Osnabruck, nine miles distant. So kind were the succesive rectors of this church, we were sometimes led to say—"Almost thou persuadest me." But they understood our position and respected our reasons for adherence to the old blue banner. How things in themselves of trifling moment will cling in memory! One Sunday the rector announced at the close of his sermon that there would now be a baptism by immersion in the river, which the congregation was invited to witness, we went *en masse* to the novel performance. At the place selected the current ran very swiftly and to the unlookers it seemed as if the minister and the neophyte were in danger of being swept into eternity. But they came out all right, and the service in church was resumed as through nothing had happened. On another occasion, I remember an infant being presented for baptism, the sponser was asked to name this child. The audible reply caused a ripple of amusement: it was Selah. In vain the parson explained that Selah was not a proper name. The child was christened Selah. Was it a boy or girl? Nobody could tell.

Among our distinguished visitors about this time were Mr. James Hodge, chief engineer of the Grand Trunk Railway, and Mr. John Bell, its solicitor. They had found difficulty in securing the right of way through the Township of Williamsburg and came to ask my assistance. What could I do? They suggested that a meeting of the land holders might be called and an endeavour made to bring them to terms. This was done and after a lengthened pow-wow an amicable arrangement was reached. These farmers could not see beyond their noses and conjured up all sorts of objections to the passage of the road across their farms, their cattle would all be killed at the level crossings and their own lives endangered, and so forth. They could not be made to see the great benefits that would accrue to them by the opening up of markets for their produce, and the doing away with the "barter system" which had hitherto subsisted between them and the local "storekeeper," who all along had the lion's share of all that their farms produced. As to cattle-killing, I was the first and the only one

in that neighbourhood to suffer loss. A valuable Ayrshire bull jumped over the cattle-guard and stood in the centre of the track just as the down express hove in sight. Taking in the situation, he lowered his head, so I was told, prepared to dispute the right of way, when lo! he was tossed fifty feet into the ditch, and as Geo. Stephen would say, "It was verra ackward for the coo."

In 1851 a prospectus of the G. T. R. was issued and widely circulated. It was said to be written by Sir A. T. Galt, whose reputation as a financier lent weight to the document which was highly optimistic, holding out to capitalists and speculators the tempting bait of 11½ per cent for their money! It fell flat in Canada for the good reason that there was little money in the country at that time, and those who had money to spare did not look upon this mammoth project as a desirable investment. But it was quite otherwise in Britain. Undeterred by the disastrous outcome of the "railway mania" of a few years earlier, brought to a head by George Hudson, the "railway king" as he was called, a large amount of capital was invested in Grand Trunk shares, the enterprise was quickly floated, and the building of the road commenced early in 1852. It was to run from Trois Pistoles, 180 miles below Quebec to Sarnia on Lake Huron—a distance of 1112 miles, including several short branches, at an estimated cost of £10,000 per mile! The section between Montreal and Brockville was opened for traffic in November, 1855, and the whole line on December 17th, 1859. Since that time the Grand Trunk System has absorbed some 25 branch lines, including the Great Western, and the northern line to Collingwood, so that in 1902 it had a total mileage of 4182. In 1901 it carried 6,548,098 passengers, and 9,753,557 tons of freight. The total mileage of all the railways in Canada in 1901 was 18,294 in operation, carrying 18,385,722 passengers and 36,999,371 tons of freight. The paid-up capital of the G. T. R. in that year was $344,760,896, and of all the railways in Canada $1,042,785,539. Large as these figures are they do not transcend the benefits to the country derived therefrom. But the sad fact remains that the original shareholders in the Grand Trunk Railway have not yet received the first cent in the shape of interest and probably never will.

The Victoria Bridge was completed in 1859 at a cost of about $6,300,000 and on the 17th of December the completion of this great enterprise and of the entire line were celebrated by a banquet at Montreal attended by upwards of 1000 persons who imbibed champagne to their heart's content.

On the 25th of August, 1860, the ceremony of laying the last stone and clinching the last rivet of the great Victoria Bridge was performed by H. R. H. The Prince of Wales, and the City of Montreal indulged in balls and banquets, addresses and illuminations and other manifestations of loyalty and rejoicing suitable to the august occasion. And here I may be pardoned for stating that I had the honour of presenting an address from the people of the County of Dundas to H. R. H. at Ottawa a few days later, and also of presenting him with a copy of my "Dundas," which he was pleased to accept in gracious terms.

During the decade 1850-60 I find nothing in my notes of a personal nature worth mentioning beyond the few common-place incidents already mentioned. But this was a memorable time in the history of Canada and the Empire.

The year 1854, in which the Crimean War began was a red-letter year in the commercial history of Canada, for in that year the little steamship "Genova" of only 350 tons was the pioneer of Ocean Steam Navigation to the St. Lawrence, to be followed by the first of the Allan Line, the "Canadian," of 1700 tons, and by the inauguration of the regular service of that line in 1856, with what advantages to Canada need not be stated—the weary passages of six, eight and ten weeks being thereby reduced to nine or ten days! All honour to Sir Hugh Allan—the master-mind and leading spirit of the grand enterprise that has done so much for the commerce of Canada and the Empire.

Was not 1857 memorable too, as the year in which the Indian Mutiny broke out, to be followed with its tales of massacres and woes, and prodigies of valour by such men as Sir Henry Lawrence, General Havelock, Sir James Outram, Sir Colin Campbell, and many others, which resulted in the pacification of the vast territory, bringing to an end the obnoxious rule of "The Honourable

East India Company," investing Her Majesty Queen Victoria with the title of "The Empress of India" and securing the lasting loyalty of two hundred and sixty millions of British subjects? But one way and another it cost Great Britain the loss of many lives and 145 million dollars to quell the rebellion.

These commotions and others of a like kind though of lesser magnitude followed closely on the inauguration of the first International Exhibition of 1851 projected by good Prince Albert, when the entrancing Crystal Palace stood in Hyde Park—the emblem of Peace on Earth, and Goodwill to Men—the harbinger as it was vainly thought of the good time coming when the nations "shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning hooks"!

Taking a little wider outlook, say from 1840 to 1860, this period of the Victorian era stands out prominently as one of the most remarkable in the history of the Empire for scientific investigation and the triumphs of engineering skill, as displayed in production of labor-saving machines and the construction of public works. Take for example the invention of the reaping machine, the sewing machine, and the grain elevator, the multiplication of railways all over the world, the substitution of iron for wood in ship-building, and in the erection of bridges, and for many other purposes, culminating at no distant time in the construction of tunnels through many miles of flinty rock, tunnels under rivers and lakes, tunnels sixty and eighty feet beneath the congested streets of London and other great cities; stupenduous bridges such as the Brittania, over the Menai Straits, the Niagara and the Victoria across the St. Lawrence, the Brooklyn and the Forth bridges, with their spans of 1700 feet, and costing respectively fifteen and sixteen million dollars each.

Then, the wonders of Electricity, with its cables under the sea, conveying our messages with lightning rapidity from place to place, irrespective of distance, enabling us to hold converse even in speech at distances of 1000 miles and more, and dispensing light, heat and motive power to the world at large. Old Mother Shipton's proph-

ecy, published 400 years ago, has certainly been fulfilled to a remarkable degree when she is credited with saying:

> Carriages without horses shall go;
> Around the world thoughts shall fly
> In the twinking of an eye.
> Through hills men shall ride,
> Under water men shall walk
> In the air men shall be seen
> Iron in the water shall float,
> As easy as a wooden boat, etc, etc.

In the fall of 1860 an incident occurred that was destined to effect a change in my occupations. A crisis had arisen in the administration of the finances of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. A considerable sum of money ($509,311.) had accrued to the Church as its share of the Clergy Reserves based upon the life interests of the 73 ministers on the Synod's Roll at the time the commutation in 1855, with the condition that the commuting ministers should be secured in the annual payments they had hitherto received from the Clergy Reserve Fund. It soon became apparent that the revenues of the Commutation Fund would be inadequate to keep pace with the increase of ministers that was being yearly added to the roll and that steps should be taken for supplementing the Temporalities' Fund as it was then called? The Synod accordingly resolved that "a special appeal be made to the laity of the Church in order to call forth their liberality and place the Fund in a position adapted to the wants of the Church and the exigencies of our position in the Province." To secure that end, with the advice of the Synod, the Temporalities' Board in 1859 issued an appeal to the congregations which was followed up by the appointment of deputations to visit the several congregations with a view to more fully explaining to the people the situation of affairs and appealing to their liberality. Among the ministers and elders originally appointed to conduct those visitations, were Dr. Cook of Quebec, Messrs. Wm. Snodgrass of Montreal, Arch'd Walker of Belleville, Bobert Brunet of Hamilton, John H. Mackerris of Bowmanville, James Bain of Scarboro—ministers, and Chief Justice Maclean of Toronto, Judge Logie of Hamilton, John Greenshields of Montreal, Hon. Alex. Morris, Montreal, John Paton, Kingston,

George Neilson, Belleville, Arch'd Barker, Markam, Colonel Thomson, Toronto—laymen. The campaign had already commenced in Quebec, and the Presbytery of Montreal with encouraging results—the ancient capital leading off with a subscription list of over $8,000, subscribers in Montreal contributing $100 a year for life and so on. In April, 1860, Mr. Snodgrass and Chief Justice Maclean were announced to hold a meeting in the little congregation of Osnabruck in the eastern district of Upper Canada. They had just visited Cornwall, and were now on the war-path for other congregations in the Presbytery of Glengarry. One would have thought it was scarcely worth their while to expend their efforts in such a small and poor congregation as this; but they had a mission to fulfil and they carried the little redoubt by storm, the addresses of both being characterized by much force and eloquence, and in no stinted measure. When they had delivered their message, some one had to respond and convey to them the thanks of the congregation, and somehow the duty devolved on me. I did my little best, little dreaming that I was commiting myself to become their 'aide-de-camp.' For nothing would satisfy them but that I should join them in their visitation of the remaining congregations of this Presbytery. Being on intimate terms of friendship with the respective ministers and anticipating a good time in their company and of meeting many of my brother farmers, I lent a ready ear to their request, and from that time on came to be considered as one of the deputation. We had most enjoyable meetings in Williamsburg, Matilda and Finch. The more I saw of the Chief Justice on these occasions, and between times, the more I became impressed with his fine character, his conspicuous ability, and masterful eloquence. He was a man of refined culture, of commanding presence, and of a genial temperament that gained for him the respect and esteem of all who came in contact with him. Mr. Snodgrass I had known before this time and between us to this day there has subsisted unbroken and close personal friendship. He always took the lion's share of speaking, and left very little for those who were to follow him. None of us could easily forget the delightful intercourse which these meetings afforded, spiced as they were with humourous anecdote and lofty

flights of imagination! Both of my friends had a smattering of Gaelic which stood them in good stead in the Highland congregation of Finch. There we parted company, each returning to his home, and I with the belief that public speaking was not my forte.

In February, 1861, fresh deputations were appointed to visit the Presbyteries of Brockville, Kingston and Bathurst. Dr. Cook, Mr. Bain and Mr. Greenshields were assigned to Bathurst: the other two to Dr. Snodgrass, Dr. Barclay and Alex. Morris. Some changes being made in the programme, I was invited to join the Snodgrass contingent for which a pretty large amount of work had been cut out; but the weather proving unfavourable it was found impossible to adhere to any ready-made programme, and the deputation became intermixed and unreliable in their movements so much so that a few of the congregations may have been left out in the cold. And it *was* cold. The thermometer ranged from 34° to 40° below zero, with a gale of wind and drifting snow. After being snowed up for three days at Iroquois we reached Kingston, where we had a rousing meeting, the late Principal Leitch being one of the chief speakers, and a most effective one. After visiting most of the congregations in the Presbytery we returned to Brockville. Here we were entertained by Judge Mallock and had an address from Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith"; and so on to Smith's Falls and Perth, meeting large assemblies at every point. Missionary meetings in those days, especially in the rural districts, were the event of the season and the people would listen for hours at a time to the story of the Secularization of the Clergy Reserves, and the appeals for more ministers and more money.

About this time I made my first literary venture of any consequence by the publication of "Dundas" in 1861, which cost me any amount of labour and research, in which I was greatly aided by my friend Rev. Alexander F. Kemp of Montreal, a man of distinguished ability and a voluminous writer. He entered into the spirit of the project with as much enthusiasm as myself. He carefully read and corrected the proof sheets, and contributed a whole chapter on the Geology and Natural History of the County. Not only so, he drilled me thoroughly in the art of composition, which proved of immense subsequent value to me.

CHAPTER V.

THE MEDITERRANEAN, GIBRALTER, GENOA, LEGHORN, ROME, PISA, MILAN, STRASSBURG, ST. GOTHARD, PARIS.

1865 was to me the *annus mirabilis*. I had listened to a course of lectures by Lachlan Taylor on his travels in the East. Of all men who ever stood on a platform he was, in my estimation, the most fascinating and instructive. I was captivated by his eloquence, and nothing could satisfy me but to go and see for myself some of the places of which he had given such a glowing and graphic description; nor did I lose much time over it. Without 'letting on' to my family what I was bent on doing, I set out on my travels, sailing from Quebec on the S.S. "St. David," Captain Aird, and from Liverpool on the Cunard S.S. "Kedar," Captain McArthur, bound for Naples, on the 8th of July. Friends at home denounced the rash proposal "to go to Italy in the heat of summer was suicidal; if I valued my life and my family I should abandon the mad proposal; had I made my will, etc., etc." But the die was cast. Nothing could stay me now, and I recall the day of sailing from Liverpool and the small group of friends who accompanied me to the ship and waived their adieus until they were lost to sight, as one of the proudest days of my life.

The "Kedar" proved to be a most comfortable ship and in every respect well-found. We had but a small number of passengers and luxuriated in a roomy stateroom apiece. The captain was more than kind, and the voyage of seven days was in every way delightful. *En route*, we spent a day each at Gibraltar, Genoa, and Leghorn. We explored the marvellous galleries and ascended to the highest peaks of "Gib" from which the opposite coast of Morocco was distinctly visible, but we did not see the monkeys. I had asked the captain if I might indulge in a swim in the "blue Mediterran-

ean." "Certainly," he replied. "What about sharks"? I asked. ' Well, all I can say is that I have sailed in these waters nineteen years without ever seeing a shark," he answered. While making my preparations for a dip, I noticed a small dark speck in motion close to the ship. Calling to the captain I asked him what that was. He instantly recognized the dorsal fin of a large shark which was leisurely taking a constitutional and looking out for its evening meal. That cooled my ardour for bathing just then, but later on with fool-hardiness I actually swam round the ship in Leghorn harbour, which I afterwards learned swarmed with sharks, but probably they were not of the "man-eating" species, for we found lots of a smaller size than our friend at "Gib" exposed for sale in the fish-market, and recommended as wholesome food for man.

Genoa, La Superba: I may not attempt to describe this beautiful city of palaces: its white houses rising tier above tier on the mountain's side that encircles the bay—shining like brilliants in the necklace of a bride: its harbour, a forest of masts: its splendid cathedral of San Lorenzo: its many fine churches and its wonderful cemetery and catacombs; its grand monument to Cristoforo Colombo; the Pallavacini Gardens; and Paganinis' fiddle! Here was more than all my fancy painted bright. Sailing south we passed Spezzia the great arsenal town of Italy; Elba, where Bonaparte spent some months in banishment, and Caprera where Garibaldi had his home, and Civita Vecchia, the Port of Rome; and Ischia guarding the entrance to the famed Bay of Naples. At Naples I bade adieu to Captain McArthur—a singularly clever man; *but* an avowed skeptic and agnostic. We had become fast friends. Many hours we spent together in his chart-room. Many a long talk about Christianity, for which he would say, 'there was no higher authority than the incoherent writings of a few ignorant fishermen.' He had threshed out the whole question with Norman Macleod, Dean Stanley, and other divines who had sailed with him, and he was of the same opinion still: "when a man dies, he dies as a pig dies," etc., etc. What could this child do or say to bring him to a better mind? What I did say was only this—"Captain, I believe you have children at home?" "Yes." Do you intend to

have them brought up as agnostics? To this he made no reply; but I thought I detected a tear in his eye. I never saw him after leaving Naples, but strange to say, we kept up a frequent correspondence for years. I call it strange, for of all the sea-captains I had sailed with, he was the only one that ever wrote me the scrap of a pen. In the meantime Captain McArthur married his second wife, a pious Scotchwoman, to whom he owed his conversion. From her I received a letter dated September 9th, 1872, announcing the death of her husband, in which she says during his long illness he was patient and resigned—"*trusting only in Christ.*" Ah! "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

"See Naples and die"! I had not been long in Naples before I was forcibly reminded of that trite saying, and of the admonition I had received before embarking on this mid-summer tour—to "make my will." The climate at this season of the year is at its very worst. The scorching heat converts the Bay of Naples into a mammoth cess-pool: the Tontine marshes then give forth their most offensive effluvia: germs of disease everywhere impregnate the atmosphere. I made haste to depart. On arriving at Rome I was flabergasted, demoralized, and in the doldrums. I put up at the Hotel Angleterre, a most comfortable house on Rue Bocca di Leone near the Propaganda, the Piazza di Spagna and the Fountain of Trevi. I had the big hotel nearly all to myself, and the charges were at the lowest. Wandering aimlessly through the deserted streets, my eye lighted on a sign-board on which in large letters were the words "Macpherson, Photographer." I ventured to ring the door-bell and was ushered into a splendid salon and was soon *tete-a-tete* with mine host, a fine looking man arrayed in a stylish morning dressing gown. Very few words enabled Mr. Macpherson to diagnose the case. "My good sir," he said, "you have contracted a mild attack of what we call the Neapolitan fever: be thankful it is not worse." He rang the bell: enter a pretty brunette with an infant in her arms. "Marguerite, will you bring in some brandy and soda-water?" Take this, to begin with," he said, as he poured

out a good jorum of Cognac and filled the tumbler to the brim—"Its no ill tae tak." I agreed with him and emptied the tumbler at a draught. "Now," he said, "at the foot of the street you will find a man under a canvas sunshade selling *tamarind water*: drink of it freely and often, and you will soon be well, and meet me daily at the Café Greccho to report progress." Was he not a good Samaritan that took this hapless stranger in, and befriended him as long as he remained in the city? Was he a Presbyterian? No. His father had been an elder of that Church, near Laggan, in the heart of the Scottish Highlands, but he himself had come under the influence of the Romish Church in early life, and he had married a Roman Catholic wife," and...and, to tell the truth," he said, "my wife attends mass, and I attend to my own business; and...there is not so much difference between you and me, after all, is there?" Whatever his creed, his advice had been good. I followed his prescription, lunched with him daily and left Rome as well as ever I was. Macpherson told me that he was a first cousin of Cluny, the chief of the clan, that he was an intimate friend of Napoleon III. regretted that his wife was from home, and gave me a copy of a finely illustrated book he had published on the Antiquities of Rome. I remained only five days in Rome at that time, seeing as much as in my "reduced circumstances," was possible. My last visit was to the Fountain of Trevi, into the basin of which, as directed by my pawky guide, I threw a coin, thus ensuring, he said, while slyly marking the spot where the coin lay, my return to Rome at some other time. That other time came twenty-two years later, of which more anon. But one's first impressions of Rome can return no more, for ever.

The scene changes: Now we are at Leghorn, a favourite bathing place, a free port, infested by smugglers, and the summer resort of many English families. Population about 100,000. The town possesses few attractions to the tourist, but here I remained for a week, the guest of kind relatives, and made the acquaintance of many new friends, most of whom have since crossed the bourne whence no traveller returns. Among others, I must mention Dr. Walter R. Stewart, who had held the Presbyterian fort here since

1845 and was the staunch friend and supporter of the long suffering Waldensian Church. As writer and preacher he attained wide celebrity, and was a tower of strength among the Protestants of Italy. If my memory serves me aright, he was a cousin of Lord Blantyre, and his wife, a daughter of Lord Cockburn, was as active in Christian work as her husband. Dr. Stewart became moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland in 1874. He was ordained by the Presbytery of Erskine in 1837, and I had the gratification of dropping my mite into the purse of $3000 presented to him on the occasion of his ministerial jubilee in March, 1887. He died in Leghorn on November 23rd of that year in the 76th year of his age.

A delightful day was spent at Pisa, about 12 miles by rail north of Leghorn. Pisa, is in some respects the most unique town in Italy! It has a decided flavour of decayed grandeur, and is now "in a stage of venerable decay," Beggars patrol its grass-grown streets and salute you at every corner. Yet, these ancient walls contained treasures of art such as no other city of like size can boast of. Pisa!—the cradle of ecclesiastical architecture and sculpture, with its 12th century Cathedral, by competent judges considered the most chaste and classic sacred edifice in existence—adorned with inlaid marbles and precious stones; gilding, frescoes, paintings, and statuary. The arches that support the roof resting on monolithic columns of Carrara, porphyry, and granite: the floor of polished marble—300 feet long and 100 feet wide; and, depending from the ceiling of this superb temple, the bronze lamp which suggested to Galileo the then incredible idea that "the world moves!" Talk of 'High Art': here you have it before your eyes to perfection. And here is the highly ornamented Leaning Tower on the top of which we ate our chicken-sandwich, and drank to the health of Victor Emmanuel in mild Marsala, at an altitude of 187 feet. It is nearly 14 feet out of plumb but is considered perfectly safe. Here, too, the resounding Baptistry—a circular building 150 feet in diameter. Shall we ever forget the echo of the soprano voice that chanted for us beneath the lofty dome, a few bars of the familiar hymn—"Lead, kindly Light,

amid the encircling gloom," with magical effect? We lingered long in the *campo santo*—the Holy field, filled with earth from the Holy Land, in which have been buried the remains of Kings, Bishops, Senators, Poets, Painters and Sculptors of world-wide renown—and gazed with awful interest on the curious frescoes of the Last Judgment—Heaven, Hell, and other fanciful pictures on the walls. Pisa, farewell! As a fitting souvenir of Pisa, I purchased from the maker of it an equisite crucifix in Parian marble which I asked Captain McArthur to take home to Liverpool for me. On arriving there I found my precious package and a note from the captain saying that I would find "my wee Jesus" at the shipping office—Poor McArthur! The crucifix has been under a glass case on my parlour chimney-piece ever since, and much admired. A priest of the R. C. Church called one day on business, and noticing the ornament, he examined it closely, and reverently, and after crossing himself in orthodox fashion, turned to me with a pleasant smile, "Ah! monsieur, it is beautiful," and, added with an arch smile, pretty good for a Presbyterian!"

Florence: Ye admirers of Petrarch, Dante, and Browning, lend me your ears! For this is 'Firenze la Bella'—'the fairest city on earth,' it has been called—bisected by the "Golden Arms" and encompassed by hills of surpassing loveliness. See the vast Duomo, and Brunelleschi's Dome, 140 feet in diameter. The largest church edifice in America comes far short of being one-half the size of the Duomo of Florence! Lift up your eyes 300 feet to the summit of the Campanile, and pause before you enter the Baptistry in which every Roman Catholic born in Florence has been christened: *voilà* its bronze doors—of which Michael Angelo said—"They are fit to be "The Gates of Paradise." Drink of "The Fountain of Neptune," erected to perpetuate, as long as water runs, the memory of Savonarola—the fearless monk who thundered against the papacy, and perished at the stake.

From Florence we crossed the Appennines—by a railway that seemed to us to be a triumph of engineering skill—to Bologna a historic old town rejoicing in a variety of leaning towers—and thence by older towns still, surrounded by castellated massive walls

that seemed destined to stand till the crack of doom—Modena and Parma, and Cremona, the fiddlers' paradise and through the Plains of Lombardy to beautiful Milan. Let others attempt to describe the glorious white marble cathedral its flying buttresses, its gothic arches and pinnacles, its thousands of statues ensconced in niches all over its walls; its three great painted windows filled with 300 Bible subjects from Genesis to Revelation; its subterranean Chapel in which lies the shrivelled mummy of San Carlo Borromeo bedizened with jewelry and precious stones. Far better was the view from the feet of "Our Lady" that surmounts the steeple. Here is the Church of St. Ambrose, the reputed author of the grand "Te Deum"; and the dilapidated convent of Santa Maria del Grazia, on the walls of which are the mutilated remains of Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated picture of "The Last Supper," which, in various forms, has been copied and has gone through more editions than any other painting in the world. Among the many fine buildings in Milan one can't help noticing the Triumphal *Arco dulla Pace*—Arch of Peace—Oh! irony of Fate! designed to record the triumphs of Napoleon Bonaparte; it now testifies to his reverses and his overthrow. Also the Amphitheatre fashioned like to that in Rome and seated for 30,000 spectators.

Soon after leaving Milan we found ourselves sailing over the waters of Como, Lago Lugano, and Maggiore—for the railway had not yet invaded this romantic region. And now we are at Bellinzona, where half a dozen diligences were drawn up at the door of the Inn. What is it all about? Don't you know this is the gateway of the St. Gothard Pass. If you would rather be shot through the tunnel, you must wait just 17 years. There is no overcrowding of the coaches. Every passenger with his ticket gets the number of his seat in the diligence, and when the limit has been reached you are booked for another conveyance; and so it happened that I had but one fellow-traveller in my ascent of St. Gothard—an Italian priest, by the way, and a most agreeable companion. He began by accosting me in his mother tongue; finding that would not do, he proved me next in French, then in German; at length, finding out that I was a Scot and a hard nut

to crack, he said "Oh! then you know Latin, of course." I had to confess I was an *ignoramus;* when he fell back on his broken English and we got on famously. Eleven hours were we on the up-grade, tacking like a ship at sea on the zig-zag that led to the summit of the Alps, at this point 7000 feet above the sea, and the heighth of our ambition just then. At the "Alberghodu St. Gothard" we came in for a substantial breakfast and with a change of horses commenced the descent at an easy pace, drags on, over just such another zig-zag as before—meeting lots of pedestrians with knapsacks on their shoulders and alpenstocks in hand. *Facile descensus!* Change horses again at Audermatt, rattle over the "Devil's Bridge," and alight at Fluelen on the lovely Lake of Lucerne in 3½ hours. Next day we made the ascent of the Rigi on horseback, slept in the summit hotel, hoping to see the sun-rise, and chewed the cud of disappointment.

There was nothing disappointing about Strassburg. On the contrary, our sanguine expectations were more than fully realized. We had struck oil—so to speak. We came a bit out of our way to see the Minster and "the Clock," and got into the bargain a sight of Napoleon III. and fair Eugénie as they passed up the nave to early 'matins.' I only got into the cathedral by a fluke for there was a rush of people to get sight of the Emperor and Empress. Strassburg was still French. This 18th of August was the Emperor's Fête Day. Why was he not in Paris? His popularity had begun to wane, and it was safer for him to be here than in the Tuilleries; for in those days the report of a royal progress through Paris would sometimes be concluded in this fashion—"*Nous remarquons avec plaisir que sa Majesté n'a pas été assassiné.*" In my note-book of the time Napoleon III. is described as an elderly gentleman, waxing stout, has a fine bearing, good features, and a pleasing expression of countenance, nothing sinister in his looks. "He has not invaded England yet!" Eugénie looks pale and care-worn, but still beautiful. Both were plainly dressed. I might almost say that I rubbed shoulders with them. When they were seated in the sanctuary a voluntary was played on the great organ, filling the church with its solemn peals that died

away in echoes among the lofty arches. A crowd stood before the celebrated Clock at noon to witness the procession of the twelve apostles, and other wonderful mechanical performances. After which I ascended by a flight of 660 steps to the topmost pinnacle of the spire—at that time the highest in the world—and surveyed a panorama 250 miles in diameter! A cuckoo clock in a handsomely carved walnut case has ever since 1865 reminded us of the rapid flight of time, and even when in the night I sleepless lie, the cuckoo sings in my ear "you brought me from Strassburg"—you did!

Thence to Paris—the most beautiful and in some respects the most fascinating capital in Europe, on which I need not dwell here. Paris is France: the land of "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," so-called, which however must be taken with a grain of salt. It would be difficult to describe one's feelings of admiration when for the first time he threaded the mazes of the Tuilleries, the Louvre, the galleries of the Luxembourg and Versailles, the enchanting scenery of the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne; and I became acquainted with old Notre Dame and the new church of the Madeleine and many other places of worship of great beauty. But to me at this time nothing had greater attractions than the gorgeous Tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte in the Hotel des Invalides. With pathetic interest one reads the inscription over the entrance gate: "I desire that my ashes repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I loved so well." No wonder that Queen Victoria is said to have shed tears when she first visited this grand mausoleum, and found herself confronted with the memorials of England's arch-enemy—the greatest military genius, perhaps, the world has ever produced, sleeping his last sleep here in one of the most magnificent tombs on earth. In a side chapel there was a statue of the Emperor in his robes of State, and in the centre of the apartment a pedestal on which lay his sword and cocked hat. On its walls were engraven the names of the battles which he commanded in person, draped with the flags of the vanquished. Here was no verbal tribute to the memory of this extraordinary mau. Nothing, not even his name, on the ponderous

sarcophagus of red porphyry: and better so; for impartial history says: "The world never witnessed a grander attempt to succeed without a conscience." The display of power was his ruling passion. Self-exaltation dragged him down to ruin. Bonaparte was born in Corsica, August 15th, 1769. He died in exile in St. Helena, May 5th, 1821, aged 52, after an imprisonment of nearly six years. Not until 1840 did the British Government grant permission for the removal of the remains from St. Helena, but on the 15th of December in that year the request made in his last will was complied with, and all that was left of the great conqueror, himself conquered at last, was deposited with unparalleled pomp in the tomb prepared for it, under the dome of the Church of the Hotel des Invalides, and which is said to have cost £360,000 sterling.

From Paris it seemed but a step across the Channel to London, and another step to Liverpool, where I embarked on the S.S. "St. David," Captain Aird, and reached home just three months after setting out on my travels. The whole cost of the journey not much exceeding $800. Never was a like sum better invested, supplying as it did a store of interesting and valuable information for a lifetime.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHURCH AGENT AND UNION OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES IN 1875.

IN the meantime, the Synod in connection with the Church of Scotland had appointed a Committee of influential laymen in Montreal "to devise and carry into execution such measures as to "them seem expedient for aiding and advancing the schemes of "the Church.... with authority to appoint an agent and to direct "him in the discharge of his duties; and the Synod recommends Mr. "James Croil, an elder of the Church to be appointed such agent "if he is willing to undertake the office." Mr. John Greenshields, who had been the originator of the plan, was appointed convener of the Committee; associated with him were Messrs. Thomas Paton, William Darling, James Johnston, Alex. Buntin, John Rankin, James S. Hunter, John L. Morris, George Stephen, and the Revds. Dr. Mathieson, Dr. Jenkins, and Andrew Paton.

Such were the circumstances that led to a change in my occupation. The Committee appointed the agent with a roving commission to go where he pleased and to do what he pleased, with a salary of $1500 per annum. It seemed to me that my fortune was now going to be made! I planned to visit every congregation in the Church with the two-fold object of endeavouring to awaken interest in all departments of the Church's work, and also of obtaining the history of each congregation, getting their actual statistics on the spot. Up to this time the Church had not entered on any kind of foreign mission work beyond the "Juvenile Orphanage Scheme" which provided for the support of certain orphan children in India. The number of congregations visited was 126. The entire distance travelled being about 12,000 miles.

The time occupied was about 16 months, during all of which the manager of the Grand Trunk Railway furnished me with a free pass from station to station, over all its roads, as for the rest, I was sent from one congregation to another mostly by private conveyance, sometimes on horseback, or by "democrat waggon," buggy, buckboard, sleigh or cutter, by every kind of "trap" except the bicycle, which had not yet come into common use. In spring and fall we had some long and tedious drives through the mud; and in winter some bitterly cold ones over the snow, but in every place we were received with the greatest kindness and cordiality: and we had many very amusing adventures. A full account of those perigrinations appeared in the columns of the old "Presbyterian" from time to time. The editor says *inter alia*— "the most important report presented to this Synod or any other Synod was that of the agent of our Church. We do not know how to characterize it in sufficiently strong terms. Such a budget of historical information, of statistics and practical suggestion would do credit in its construction to even a Gladstone." The Home and Foreign Record for 1868 of the Canada Presbyterian Church also pays an elaborate tribute to the Church agent's work and the value of his historical report, in an article from the facile pen of my late friend Dr. Alex. Kemp, sometime minister of St. Gabriel's Church, Montreal, who died in Hamilton, Ontario, May 4th, 1884, aged 62:

A written report covering 300 pages of foolscap was presented to the Synod which met in 1867, and which, at the Synod's suggestion, subsequently went through two editions in book-form under the title of "A Historical and Statistical Report of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland for the year 1866." The writer received the thanks of the Synod for his work but refused to accept any remuneration for his services. At the meeting of Synod at Kingston the following year on June the 4th, Rev. Robert Dobie of Osnabruck, being moderator, "In the name of the Synod, presented a silver vase, a gold watch, and family bible to the agent for the Schemes," bearing the inscription "In testimony of the laborious, disinterested, and

"highly efficient services which he had rendered to this Church "in the years 1866 and 1867." So then, if I did not make my fortune in serving the Church, I was more than amply recompensed for my poor services by the kind expressions of the fathers and brethren on this occasion, as well as on many subsequent occasions; and in making this reference I am not to be accused of "blowing my own trumpet," for I can honestly declare that I never courted popularity in any form that I am aware of, but justice to my employers demands at least acknowledgement of their handsome treatment.

The Church agent thenceforward became, as it were, an integral part of the concern, and *ex-officio*, a representative in the supreme court of the Church until it was merged in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, in 1875. In November 1867, he was appointed secretary-treasurer of the Temporalities' Board, *ad interim*, in room of his brother W. R. Croil, and was installed into that important office in May following. This implied the virtual management of a fund amounting to $450,000 and kept him in continued touch with all the ministers of the Church. Up to this time, he had only a very limited knowledge of business, but his intuitive proclivities came to his help, and greatly aided by the advice and instruction of his chief, Mr. Thomas Paton, chairman of the Board, and general manager of the Bank of British North America, he made good progress, and though he never attained to proficiency as a technical book-keeper, he managed things so that his annual statements passed unchallenged the scrutiny of the lynx-eyed auditors. He never had occasion to make any explanations to them. In 1869, my family had removed to Montreal for the better education of our children, and it soon became apparent that I must follow suit. I sold my farm for a mere bagatelle, and on the first of November, 1870, I bade farewell to Archerfield with all its embellishments and fascinations, and pleasant memories. Strange thoughts passed through my mind as I took a last look at the fine mansion and beautiful grounds and drove off in my carriage and pair for Montreal. Navigation had already closed and the roads were very

bad. Seated with me on the box was my faithful lad "Felix" many years in my service, who has since become the happy owner of two hundred acres of land, and a much more successful farmer than his old boss. There was an element of sadness in my exodus. There was no one to say good-bye to me: had not my 23 years of occupancy—delightful though it may have been, in a way; had it not been practically useless? Had I not been a failure? Well, the next best thing was an honourable retreat. But I remember to have felt humbled when I first surveyed my city back yard of 24 x 30 feet and contrasted it with my former 500 broad acres.

For a short time I kept my carriage and pair in the city. On one occasion I had the honour of giving the celebrated Dean Howson of Chester a drive. He had been introduced to me by Dr. Jenkins, though I had known him by reputation as the author of the "Life of St. Paul" and the restorer of the grand old Minster of Chester which I have visited many times since then, and never without paying homage at his grave—the only one in the green sward enclosed by the old cloister. The carriage and pair soon dwindled down to a 'one-horse-shay'; but even then with the aid of a borrowed horse, we would often rig up a tandem and drive out to the Back River. Tandems and four-in-hands were very much in evidence in Montreal at that time.

The idea of a 'suburban villa' took possession of me, and for two years was indulged in; but the unsuitableness of the aspiration for one of my limited means soon wrought the necessary cure and we repaired again to the pent up city, and for 20 years we lived in Mansfield street. In the meantime, I had an office in St. James street which came to be known as "Circular Hall," a self-explanatory term. Business accumulated from time to time. I had not been long in Montreal when I was appointed superintendent of St. Paul's Church Sunday-School to which I devoted a good deal of attention, with much benefit to *myself* at least.

Then for a few years I was agent for the Scottish Provident Life Insurance Company of Edinburgh until they withdrew from business in Canada. In 1872, I was appointed editor of the "Presbyterian" a monthly magazine of the Church of Scotland in

Canada, which afforded congenial employment in the meantime, leading up to the editorship in 1875 of "The Presbyterian Record," the official organ of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, in which I continued until December, 1891, when I retired, being then in my 70th year, receiving an honorarium of one thousand dollars and many very kind letters from leading ministers of the Church in Canada and elsewhere.

In 1873, I was appointed secretary of the Board of Management of the Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, and treasurer of the same in 1876. On retiring from these offices in 1901, the Board honoured me with the following resolution:

At a meeting of the Board held on May 14th, 1901, it was moved by Dr. McNish and carried unanimously as follows:

"In accepting the resignation of Mr. James Croil of the offices of secretary and treasurer of the Board of Management, the Board records its appreciation of the valuable and efficient service which he has rendered to the Trust for the long period of twenty-eight years during which he has held the offices in question. The Board is confident that the knowledge that Mr. Croil is giving up this position which brought him into such close contact with the widows and orphans of our deceased ministers, will be heard of by the beneficiaries with much regret, as the deep personal interest in their circumstances and situation which he ever manifested had greatly endeared him to them. The Board however rejoice that Mr. Croil is to continue on the Trust and give it the benefit of his counsel and experience, and hopes that he will live yet to see many good days and enjoy the benedictions of the widows and orphans, and the confidence and respect of his fellow-men."

My connection with the Temporalities' Board ceased on June 30th, 1901, when the Trust was closed. For many years the Board had been drawing on capital in order to fulfil its stipulated obligations to the beneficiaries and in course of time the inevitable result followed—not sooner however than had been anticipated—a calamity, nevertheless to the ministers, which it must be added they accepted with a good grace. Of the original Commuters there

remained at that time only 12, with ten of those an arrangement was made to buy off their life-interest in the Fund, annuities of $450 being purchased for the other two, at a cost in all of $34,733.55. The balance then remaining in the hands of the Board being paid in equal instalments to the 53 non-privileged ministers—$60 each. And from that time the Temporalities' Board and Fund, so long connected with the honoured name of the Church of Scotland ceased to exist.

As for the history of the Board a full account of it is given, from first to last, in my pamphlet of 43 pages, published in 1900, under the caption of a "Historical Report of the Administration of The Temporalities' Fund of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland; 1856-1900."

In the previous year I had published a similar history of the Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund entitled "A Jubilee Report," etc., p. 15.

THE UNION OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES.

The Union of the Presbyterian Churches in Canada, in 1875, was by far the most important event in the history of Presbyterianism in this country. From the earliest period of settlement, there had been imported into British North America representatives of Presbyterianism of every description known in the Old Country—ministers and other members of the Churches of Scotland and Ireland as well as of the United States—those all brought with them their distinctive shiboleths, forms of procedure and prejudices, which instead of being modified by their altered circumstances and environment in this new country seemed to be intensified. There were among them Burghers and Anti-Burghers, adherents of Secession and Relief Churches, Covenanters and Reformed Churches; each and all of them animated with a purpose to perpetuate the brood, doubtless entertaining the idea that in promoting the institution of rival sects they were discharging their duty to God and man. The result of this was just what might have been expected, emulation, strife, enmity and variance among the people of a common faith, during many years. But as time went on, the futility

of such contentions became gradually apparent and led to the survival of the fittest. The Burghers and Anti-Burghers, in Nova Scotia, united in 1827 ; the United Synod of Upper Canada, composed chiefly of ministers in connection with the Associate Synod of original Seceders in Scotland were incorporated with the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland in 1840; the Free Church Synod and that of the Presbyterian Synod of Nova Scotia became united in 1860, and that was followed by the union of the United Presbyterian Church and the Presbyterian Church of Canada, commonly called the Free Church, in Ontario and Quebec, in 1861 and in 1866 and 1868, the Presbyterian Churches in Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick in connection with Church of Scotland were amalgamated. The Confederation of the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, under the name of the Dominion of Canada, on July 1st, 1867, followed soon after by the incorporation of all the British North American Colonies except Newfoundland, naturally increased the desire for the union of the Presbyterian Churches, which had long been contemplated, but which for a variety of causes had failed of accomplishment.

Nor was this desire for union confined to the Presbyterians. The union of the various branches of the Methodist Church in Canada was formally announced on September 5th, 1883, when the Methodist Church became the most numerous of the Protestant churches in the Dominion. In September, 1893, the Provincial Synods of the Church of England in Canada met in General Synod for the first time, in Toronto, embracing within its jurisdiction all the Dioceses in the Dominion.

A full account of the various steps which led up to the union of 1875 is to be found in the columns of "The Presbyterian" for the years 1870-1875, and also in Dr. Gregg's comprehensive "Short History" of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, published in 1892. What I have now to say about it refers more particularly to the action of our little branch in connection with the Church of Scotland, whose operations were confined to the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec.

At a meeting of the Synod held at Williamstown in July, 1852, Rev. Robt. McGill of St. Paul's Church, Montreal, and Judge Maclean of Toronto were appointed to draw up a minute "expressive of the views of the Synod in regard to the importance and desirableness of greater union among the several branches of the Presbyterian Church in Canada." That was perhaps the first overt act of our Synod pointing to a federal union of the Churches, though so long ago as 1830 a dispatch had been received from Sir George Murray, the Colonial Secretary at Downing Street, London, to Sir John Colbourne, Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada, setting forth the importance and desirability of "uniting the whole of the Presbyterian clergy of the Province in one Presbytery or Synod." In subsequent years the subject of co-operating union was repeatedly introduced in the Synod of the Kirk, but owing to a variety of circumstances among which was the disturbed state of the country caused by repeated 'Fenian Raids,' no definite action was taken until 1870. In that year the subject was prominently brought under the notice of the supreme courts of the four Presbyterian churches then existing in the Dominion; to wit: the Canada Presbyterian Church, the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, and the two branches of the Church in the Maritime Provinces. This was by a letter addressed to the moderators of the respective churches by Rev. Dr. Ormiston of Hamilton at that time himself the moderator of the Canada Presbyterian Church. It was not known then, and it is not generally known now, that Dr. Ormiston's encyclical was inspired by a letter addressed to him by Rev. Dr. Snodgrass, then principal of Queen's College at Kingston. It was only in the year 1902 that I became aware of this fact and was shewn the original documents that passed between Dr. Snodgrass and Dr. Ormiston, and which, if I am not mistaken, will be found in the archives of the Presbyterian College at Halifax; Honour to whom honour is due!

Dr. Ormiston's letter was received by all the parties to whom it was addressed with the utmost courtesy and cordiality, and steps were immediately taken in all the Churches to act on the sug-

gestions which it contained. The letter in question ran in part as follows:

"Recent and current events in connection with the Presby- "terian Churches in Great Britain, Australia, Canada and the "United States of America, as also the Confederation of the British "North America Provinces into our Dominion, naturally suggest "the consideration of the question whether the time has not "arrived when it would conduce to the advancement of the king- "dom of Christ and strengthen the interests of Presbyterianism in "our country, to gather into one household the different members "of the Presbyterian family. Holding as we all do the same ven- "erable standards, proclaiming the same evangelical doctrine, and "administering the same scriptural form of church government "and discipline, it seems natural and right that we should unite "our efforts in the great common work of evangelizing the entire "Dominion. Rejoicing in a common origin, referring to a common "history, labouring for a common object, and animated by a com- "mon feeling of brotherhood, may we not draw nearer to each "other in the fellowship alike of sympathy and union?" The letter closed with suggesting the appointment of a committee in each of the four Churches, comprising three ministers and three elders, authorizing them to meet in council and consider the desirability and practicability of such union. The Synod of our Church accordingly appointed Dr. Cook of Quebec, Dr. Barclay of Toronto, Dr. Snodgrass, Hon. Alexander Morris, Sheriff Macdougall and the Church Agent a committee in terms of said letter. This committee was reconstituted by the Synod in 1871, as follows:

Dr. Snodgrass, convener, Dr. Cook, Dr. Jenkins, Mr. George Bell, Mr. Kenneth MacLennan, Mr. David Watson, ministers; and Hon. Alexander Morris, Mr. James Croil, Mr. Neil Macdougall, Mr. James Craig, Mr. Robert Bell, Mr. Robert Romanie, elders; with the following alternates, most of whom at one time or another had a place in the union conferences: Mr. Robert Campbell, Mr. D. M. Gordon, Mr. D. J. Macdonnell, Mr. J C. Smith, Mr. James Sieveright, Mr. Gavin Lang, ministers; and Messrs. George Davidson, William Mattice, A. MacMurchy, Alexander Mitchell, Joseph Hickson, and James S. Hunter, elders.

Arrangements were next made for a joint-meeting of the committees appointed by the Churches respectively. The first of these was held in St. Paul's Church, Montreal, on September 28th, 1870, when Dr. Cook was appointed chairman, and Dr. Alexander Topp, of Toronto, secretary. Subsequent joint-meetings were held as follows—on September 26th, 1871; and in December 26, 1872, in Montreal, and on April 11th, 1873, at St. John, N. B. On each occaison these joint-meetings continued in session for several consecutive days, during which the whole subject of union, with all the details involved, were discussed with entire harmony. The chief difficulties that cropped up had reference to the relations of the several theological colleges to the proposal united Church, and the ultimate disposition of the Temporalities' Fund. Throughout the entire proceedings of those meetings it was constantly affirmed that the name of the United Church should be "The Presbyterian Church of British North America." At the suggestion of the Western Churches in conference at Ottawa in 1874, with the concurrence of the Eastern branches, the name was changed to the Presbyterian Church in Canada. There is no doubt that the successful manner in which difficult and delicate subjects were discussed and amicably arranged in joint-committee was largely due to the wisdom and tact and the fine conciliatory spirit manifested from first to last by Dr. Cook and Dr. Topp, who belonging to what might almost be termed hostile camps but who proved on these occasions true yoke-fellows equally desirous of promoting the common cause of union. Having at length succeeded in securing the unanimous assent of the joint-committee to a basis of union and other preliminaries, in terminating their proceedings the committee recorded its satisfaction at the agreement which had been attained on the various subjects that had been considered, and strongly recommended that the supreme courts of the respective churches be asked to adopt the resolution of the joint-committee without change, so that precisely the same document might be transmitted to all the courts. Dr. Topp and the Church Agent were the only two members who attended all the meetings of this joint-committee. The recommendations of the joint-committee were received by the

supreme courts of the four churches with practical unanimity—any opposition to the projected union being held in reserve *pro tem.* The next step was that of sending down a copy of the basis of union and relative documents to the presbyteries, kirk-sessions, and congregations, in order that the fullest possible expression of opinion on the subject might be had from all the members of the Church—1 presbytery, 16 sessions, and 11 congregations reported adversely, and 20 congregations sent no answers. In order to meet, if possible, objections that had been raised the Synod of 1874 consented to two alterations of minor importance, and thus amended the basis and accompanying resolutions were sent down a second time to the same judiciaries as before, and answers to the same were received and considered at an adjourned meeting of Synod held in Toronto from 3rd to 6th November, 1874, when it was found that the returns to the second remit were as follows: Ten presbyteries voted yea, none voted nay; the single presbytery that had voted nay to the first remit now returned a majority of ten to five in favor of union! 89 kirk-sessions voted yea, 12 voted nay, 37 sent no returns, 104 congregations voted yea, 10 voted nay, and 36 made no returns.

It had now become apparent that absolute unanimity on the question of union was unattainable, but in deference to the overwhelming majority in favour of it the Synod resolved by a vote of 68 to 17, to take immediate measures for the consummation of union in June following, provided that the necessary legislation in regard to the church and college property with a view towards the consummation of union shall by that time have been secured. At this stage of the proceedings a protest against proceeding with the union was made by Rev. Robt. Burnet and signed by 9 other ministers and 5 elders. The Synod, however, kept on the even tenor of its way and appointed a committee to watch over the introduction of draft acts that had been submitted to and approved by the Synod, and the passage of them by the several legislatures from which it was necessary to obtain legislation. A committee was also appointed of which Dr. Robert Campbell of Montreal, was convener, to confer with committees of the Canada Presby-

terian Church to make arrangements for the consummation of the union, and a deputation appointed to proceed to the next General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, " for the purpose of assuring " that venerable court of the undiminished attachment of this " Church to the Church of Scotland and of the deep gratitude " which the Synod feels for the unvarying generous support which " the Church of Scotland has rendered to the Church in Canada " during its whole existence, and of conveying to the General " Assembly full information respecting the present position of the " negotiations which have been going on for the past five years " with reference to the union of the Presbyterian Churches in the " Dominion of Canada,"—(See Synod minutes for November, 1874, pp. 11-23.)

From what has been said it may be inferred that the meetings of the Synod in 1874 were by far the most important in the course of the negotiations for union, and, indeed, in the history of the Church of Scotland in Canada. The Rev. John Rannie was moderator of these meetings, and Professor Mackerras, clerk. The simultaneous meeting of the Assembly of the Canada Presbyterian Church, at Ottawa, in June, was a notable coincidence, and gave rise to a succession of re-unions and conferences in themselves most pleasant, and not to be forgotten. The duration of the Ottawa Synod was the longest on record—from June 2nd to 11th, and of the adjourned meeting in Toronto, from November 3rd to 6th—in all fourteen days, during which time the subject of union was discussed in all its bearings and the decision arrived at to carry it into effect.

The two conferences, held in Ottawa, had an important bearing on the transactions of the respective supreme courts, then in session, eliciting a feeling of brotherhood and conciliation in the highest degree encouraging as to the permanency of future relationships. At both of these conferences, which took the form of joint-meetings of the supreme courts of the Western Churches, it was not without significance that laymen in each case were placed in the Moderator's chair—a graceful recognition on the part of the clergy that, from first to last the movement towards union had not only

met the approval of the lay members of the Churches, but that they had been among its earliest advocates, and not the least influential of its supporters. At both these conferences, the venerable Dr. John Cook expressed with profound emotion his thankfulness to God that he had been spared to see the divisions of 1844 healed. Another aged divine, Rev. John McTavish of Eldon—a highlander of the Highlanders, and a free churchman, 'dyed in the Wool,' brought the house down when he made the confession that "though he had up to this point opposed the union he could no longer refrain from expressing his satisfaction with the manner in which the questions under consideration had been dealt with, and that he would offer no further opposition to what he saw was an inevitable result of the negotiations for union." This good minister was on August 16th, 1878, transferred to the East Free Church in Inverness, Scotland, where he died in May 11th, 1897, aged 81. Dr. Cook died in March 31st, 1892, in the 87th year of his age. Then there was the memorable deputation to Rideau Hall to present an address to His Excellency, Lord Dufferin, the Governor General, from the Old Kirk Synod. The deputies were the Moderator and Clerk of the Synod, Dr. Snodgrass, Dr. Jenkins, Dr. James Williamson, Rev. D. M. Gordon, Rev. Gavin Lang, Messrs. J. L. Morris, A. T. Drummond, and the Church Agent.

Lord Dufferin received the Synod's deputation with marked courtesy and cordiality, and listened attentively to the Synod's address, in which, of course, there was no allusion to the contemplated union. But His Excellency had not been an inattentive observer of what had been going on in Church courts in the capital, and with his innate disingenuousness and pleasantry, drew from some of the deputies, quite informally, the particulars of the case, and of the decision reached, in a way that led us to the conviction that he was as conversant with the subject as any of us. Of all the Governor Generals of Canada, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava was one of the most genial, affable, polished and scholarly. He had the remarkable faculty of remembering the faces, and even the names of people who had been introduced to him, of which I had personal proof, some months after our visit to Rideau Hall,

when I happened to meet him on the platform of the railway station at Rimouski. It is remembered of him, too, that on receiving an address from one of the Faculties of McGill University, Montreal, he replied to it in classical Greek, to the admiration and amazement of his auditory. During the whole of his diplomatic career subsequently, in India and in Paris, and up to the day of his death in 1902, Lord Dufferin's name was held in affectionate remembrance by all classes of people in the Dominion of Canada.

The members appointed in November, 1874, to appear before the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in Edinburgh in May, 1875, were Dr. Cook, Dr. Jenkins, Professor Mackerras, Prof. Ferguson, Rev. D. M. Gordon and the Church Agent. Dr. Jenkins did not go. Those who addressed the General Assembly were Dr. Cook, Professor Mackerras and the Church Agent. The Rev. Gavin Lang, who at his own urgent request had been appointed a delegate at the previous meeting of Synod in June, was also present and addressed the House. Mackerras who had just returned from the Riviera was to join us in Edinburgh. Dr. Cook, Gordon and I sailed from Portland on the "Hibernian" Capt. Archer, on the 17th of April. We had a roughish voyage, Dr. Cook, I remember was usually to be found curled up in a corner of the saloon in a contemplative mood, evidently employed in memorizing the magnificent speech which he was to deliver in the Assembly; poor Gordon was for the most part confined to his berth—hopelessly demoralized with *mal-de-mer*. On reaching Edinburgh, we had a warm reception from many friends, followed by offers of hospitality, but we judged it better to keep together and took up our residence at a comfortable lodging on Princes street where we received our visitors and concerted our plans. Tulloch, Phin, Story, Charteris, Smith of North Leith and other magnets called for us. The General Assembly opened on Thursday the 20th of May. The Rev. Dr. James Sellar of Aberlour, moderator. The Earl of Rosslyn was the Lord High Commissioner, and representative of Her Majesty Queen Victoria; Principal Tulloch of St. Andrews was the first clerk, and Dr. Milligan of Aberdeen, second clerk, John W. Menzies W.S. the agent of the Church, Rev. R. H. Muir of Dalmoay;

Dr. Phin the Home Mission Secretary, Dr. Charteris, Dr. Smith of North Leith and other officials had seats adjoining the clerk's table. The time for hearing the delegates from Canada was fixed for the following afternoon. After some remarks from Mr. Muir, the convenor of the Colonial Committee, the deputation was introduced to the Moderator by him.

Rev. Gavin Lang was the first to be asked to address the Assembly, and was greeted with hearty applause. He had pledged himself at the time of his appointment by the Synod to abstain from any deprecatory remarks about the union, and in his formal address kept his word. He dwelt chiefly on the dry subject of a "Comprehensive Temperance Union" for Canada, but which had evidently little attraction for his present audience. But towards the close of the sederunt, he was about to challenge some of the statements made by the other deputies, when several members objected on the ground that "nothing in the nature of a discussion on the subject then before the House should be allowed to mar the effect of what had been said on the subject." The Moderator ruled accordingly, that it was not competent for Mr. Lang to proceed. Mr. Muir then proceeded to submit a deliverance on the report of the Colonial Committee, which being couched in very cold and non-committal terms was evidently not relished by a majority of the House, and led to an animated and spicy debate in which Dr. Phin, Dr. Smith, Dr. Charteris, Dr. Story and Dr. Tulloch took leading parts; the result being that in the interests of peace, the deliverance in a modified form was allowed to pass.

Dr. Cook was then called on to address the Assembly and delivered one of the grandest speeches ever listened to in that august house. It was the speech worthy of a great statesman and patriot full of pathos and impassioned appeal to the heart and conscience of his auditory, heightened by the venerable personality of the speaker and his well-known reputation as one of the most learned and eminent ministers of the Presbyterian order. It is given, nearly in full, in "The Presbyterian" for July, 1875, p. 155, and even at this distant day will well-repay personal perusal, as a splendid specimen of ecclesiastical oratory. Needless to say, it met with

the reception it deserved, and the good doctor resumed his seat "amid enthusiastic and prolonged applause." Mackerras must have trembled in his shoes when called upon to follow such a master of eloquence as Dr. Cook, but with his accustomed *sang froid* and *bonhomie* he delivered an excellent address, dwelling chiefly on Queen's College, what it owed to the Church of Scotland and the new environment that awaited it in its relations to the united Church that was to be. The Church Agent, who never felt smaller in his life, than at the moment when his name was announced, stammered out a few disjointed sentences—from the laymen's point of view—the substance of which may still be found by diligent search among his *reliques*. After hearing the Canadian delegates, the Moderator addressed them in felicitous terms. He began by saying—"Beloved Brethren from Canada, it affords me sincere and special pleasure to be called on to greet you with the cordial welcome of the General Assembly, and to give the right hand of fellowship in their name. Your appearance among us is hailed with no ordinary feelings of congratulation. One of you has been long and favourably known to not a few in our Church as a highly honoured, able, and successful minister and professor in the ancient City of Quebec; and sure I am that the glowing words and stirring appeals that have fallen from the lips of the other respected members of your delegation will be held in fond remembrance by all who have heard them. We hope and pray that the contemplated union may, when achieved, have the approval and blessing of the Great King and Head of the Church, etc.. etc.

We all felt that we were under great obligation to the Moderator and the Lord High Commissioners for marked kindness and courtesy, and to Tulloch, Story, and Dr. Smith of North Leith, for championing our cause in the Assembly. The minute of the sederunt attested by "John Tulloch, Cl. Eccl. Scot." was in every way as satisfactory as in the circumstances could be expected, and with a copy of that as our voucher we turned our faces homeward and sailed from Liverpool on the S.S. "Nova Scotian," Capt Richardson, on the 29th of May—arriving in Montreal just in time for the last meeting of the Synod on the 9th of June.

But I find I have been slightly anticipating the historical sequence of events in accordance with instructions from the Synod of 1874, committees had been appointed to take charge of the necessary Legislative enactments in the Parliaments of Ontario and Quebec. Principal Snodgrass had charge of the Bills for the Ontario Legislature and met with little opposition in having them adopted. But it was far otherwise in the Province of Quebec. The minority of the Synod, headed by Rev. Gavin Lang, were determined to dispute the passage of the Quebec Bills and if possible to frustrate the efforts of the majority who favoured the union. Mr. John L. Morris, Q.C., Mr. J. S. Archibald, barrister, and the Church Agent appeared before the Private Bills Committee at Quebec in support of the Bills authorizing the union: Rev. Gavin Lang, and Mr. F. W. Terrill, B.A. appeared in behalf of the objectors. Dr. Cook lent his valuable aid to the promoters, and Mr. Douglas Brymner re-inforced the opposition. It soon became apparent that we were in for a pitched battle. On the 29th of January, 1875, began one of the stoutest struggles in the history of a Colonial Private Bills' Committee—for it was in committee that the battle had to be fought. During four consecutive days the strife went on, no stone was left unturned by either party. They had nailed their colours to the mast and their watch-word was—"No surrender." The table was loaded with ponderous volumes of law-books, civil and ecclesiastical, petitions, pamphlets and periodicals were brought into requisition: arguments *pro* and *con*, were iterated and re-iterated *usque ad nauseam*, till at length the committee despairing of any amicable compromise, and but dimly comprehending the real merits of the case, recommended the passing of the Bills with only two slight amendments. The House at its leisure acquiesced in the finding of the committee and unanimously passed the Bills.

We had seemingly gained a victory. But it was a short-lived one. There is a Legislative Council in the Province of Quebec whose function is to put a check upon hasty or unwholesome legislation. The objectors resolved to press their suit before the three-and-twenty members of this august body. On the 12th of Febru-

ary the tocsin was again sounded and the battle raged anew. For three days the Council, largely composed of Frenchmen and Roman Catholics listened with apparent disinterestedness to the arguments that had exhausted the patience of the Private Bills Committee and Lower House. An uneasy feeling began to disturb our equanimity as the argument dragged its slow length along until the conviction dawned upon us that we were going to be badly beaten. And it so happened, for at ten o'clock on the night of the third day it was announced in the lobbies of the House that "The Presbyterian Bills were lost—on a division of five to three!" Most of the Frenchmen evidently abstained from voting on a question the merits of of which they could not comprehend. The English speaking members, being largely influenced by Senator Ferrier, one of the oldest and most influential members of the Council, who at heart favoured the union, but, at the instance of the objectors, had come to the conclusion that the time was not yet ripe for it.

The news of our defeat spread like wild-fire in the West. Indignation meetings were held and wrathful resolutions passed in Montreal, Kingston, Toronto and other cities, and a formidable deputation dispatched to the scene of action to remonstrate with the naughty Quebec Legislature. The deputation was armed with a petition signed by 2000 of the leading citizens of Montreal (and Montreal is in the Province of Quebec remember). Our drooping courage revived as the stalwart deputation drew up in formidable array at the Bar of the House, while through their spokesmen Dr. Robert Campbell, and Professor Murray, represented the unprecedented agitation that the refusal of the Bills had created in Montreal. To make a long story short, on the 17th of February it was announced that the Legislative Council had agreed to recommend the passing of the Bills without a division, only one member, the Hon. Mr. Fraser de Berry, protesting "that the Bills contemplated the handing over of valuable trust funds to an institution which had not now, and which never might have an existence." That was the last shot in that memorable campaign. On the following day, the Presbyterian Bills were read three times in the Lower House and finally passed and in due course became law.

About this time a spate of pamphlets and newspaper correspondence was in circulation, among which were diatribes of an inflammatory discription from the opponents of the union and counter-statements from its promotors, among these was Mr. Brymner's "Presbyterian Union; a Help to the Intelligent Discussion of the Question," and Rev. Robert Burnet's "Presbyterian Trade-Union: or, the Plot to rob the Kirk of Scotland in Canada" in both of which the promotors of union were severely scored. On the other hand a brochure by Dr. Robert Campbell entitled: "The Pretensions exposed of Messrs, Lang, Burnet and Co. to be the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland," went far to disabuse the public mind of the charges brought against the union party by their opponents. Another pamphlet, published in May, 1875, was entitled "Union "of Presbyterian Churches, a statement prepared by the Members "of the Deputation to Scotland, for the information of Members "of the General Assembly," purported to give a comprehensive and concise account of the origin of the Temporalities' Fund, and of the successive steps that led up to the union now on the eve of accomplishment. It was signed by all the members of the deputation. By advice of Mr. John W. Menzies, the Agent of the Assembly, it was not distributed in the House, but copies of it were sent to leading members. Rev. D. M. Gordon, then of Ottawa, and now (1903) Principal of Queen's University, Kingston, had a hand in compiling the document which at the time went by the name of "Dan's Baby."

We have now come to the last meeting of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland which had been in existence since 1831 and had an honourable career of forty-four years. This historic meeting was held in St. Paul's Church, Montreal, June 8th to 15th, 1875. Rev. Principal Snodgrass was elected moderator; Professor John H. Mackerras being clerk. The deputation to the Church of Scotland received the thanks of the Synod for the manner in which they had fulfilled their commission, special mention being made of the zealous and efficient services rendered by Dr. Cook. The announcement

of arrangements that had been made for the consummation of the union elicited, as was to be expected, a vigorous expression of dissent from the members of the minority numbering eight ministers and two elders, who declared their intention to "continue to be the Presbyterian Church in Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland."

At the risk of appearing egotistic; in justice to the Synod, myself, and as a matter of history, I see no reason for withholding the following extracts:

On receiving a hearty vote of thanks for his services as moderator of the Synod of 1875, and convenor of the Committee on Union, Dr. Snodgrass said on the floor of the house, two days before the completion of the Union—"It would be unworthy "of me to accept the thanks of the Synod for my services in con-"nection with the Committee on Union without making mention "of the valuable assistance I have received throughout the whole "of the negotiations from my friend the Church Agent, to whom "the Synod is indebted perhaps more than to any single individual "for the successful termination that has been reached."

(See *The Presbyterian*, 1875, page 170.)

The very last resolution of the expiring Synod, saving the vote of thanks to the clerk, Rev. J. H. MacKerras, was in these terms, and carried by acclamation:

"That the hearty thanks of the Synod be, and are hereby "tendered to the Church Agent for the great zeal, self-denying "energy, and persevering faithfulness with which he has filled the "office of Church Agent upwards of nine years, to the great ad-"vantage of the missionary and benevolent efforts of the Church, "and the business management of its schemes."

(See Synod Minutes at Montreal, 1875, page 40.)

June 13th, 1875. The long-looked for eventful day had come at last. On the morning of that day the respective Supreme Courts of the four negotiating Churches had held their final meetings, each having adjourned to meet in the Victoria Hall (the Skating Rink) at 11 a.m. The Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland was the first to

arrive at the trysting place ; the others followed in quick succession, each headed by its moderator, Principal Snodgrass was the moderator of the Church of Scotland phalanx ; the others were Principal Caven of the Canada Presbyterian Church, Rev. P. G. MacGregor of the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces of British North America, and Rev. George Munro Grant of the Synod of the Maritime Provinces in connection with the Church of Scotland.

The spacious hall seated for 6000 persons, and gayly decorated, was filled to overflowing. The moderators and other officials occupied seats on a raised platform in the centre of the building. The spectacle thus presented was a unique and magnificent one, such as had never been witnessed in Canada before, and has not since been surpassed. The proceedings were commenced by the singing of the 100th Psalm. The minutes of the last meetings of the respective Supreme Courts were read with striking solemnity by the clerks. The Basis of Union with accompanying Resolutions was read by Dr. Reid, the eldest of the four clerks, after which each of the four Moderators signed the Deed of Union which was beautifully engrossed on parchment.

The signing Moderators were as follows :—Dr. P. G. MacGregor, of "The Presbyterian Church of The Lower Provinces of B. N. A." George Munro Grant of "The Church of the Maritime Provinces in connection with the Church of Scotland," Principal William Caven of "The Canada Presbyterian Church," and Principal William Snodgrass of "The Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland."

The enactments of the Legislatures had been implemented and the four Churches had become ONE. Dr. P. S. MacGregor, now the senior ex-moderator, formally declared the Union consummated in the terms following :—

"The Moderators having signed the terms of Union in the name of their respective Churches, I declare these Churches do form one Church ; to be designated and known as "THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA." (Immense and enthusiastic cheering.)

Then, while the Moderators were giving each other the right hand of fellowship the vast audience joined hands in singing the

123rd Psalm with an enthusiasm and feeling probably never equalled in any other preceding religious assemblage in Canada. Aged ministers clasped each other's hands as they fervently sang the words of the Psalm, while others seemed too deeply affected by their emotions to take a vocal part in the service, but realized the truth of the words, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for Brethren to dwell together in Unity," as a thousand ministers and elders of four Churches, now made one, stood at last in one common brotherhood. Dr. MacGregor again led in a prayer of thanksgiving and invocation of the Divine blessing upon the united Church. The Assembly being thus constituted, the rolls of the incorporated courts were called by their respective clerks, and the first General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada proceeded to elect its moderator.

It was a foregone conclusion that this honour would be bestowed on Dr. John Cook of Quebec—The Nestor of the Old Kirk Synod —the man to whom more than any other, the happy consummation of the Union was to be attributed. And it was fitting that the nomination should be made by one of the most estimable of the fathers of the Canada Presbyterian Church—the Rev. William Taylor, D.D. originally a minister of the Secession Church of Scotland, and who had for 43 years occupied a very prominent position as minister of Erskine Church in Montreal. In graceful terms Dr. Taylor referred to Dr. Cook's brilliant and faithful ministry in Quebec for 40 years, during the whole of which time he had occupied a distinguished place among the preachers of the gospel and who had, from patriotic and truly catholic motives, lent the weight of his name and his energies to the furtherance of this great movement. The motion was seconded by Dr. James Bayne of Pictou, Nova Scotia, and carried by acclamation, amid deafening applause. Dr. Cook's reply was just what might have been expected of him, expressing devout thankfulness that he had lived to see the day when the breaches in Zion had been healed, and the confident assurance that what had been done would redound to the glory of God, and the advancement of the cause of Christianity in this great country, and that it would in the providence of God prove to be, in days to come, the harbinger of larger unions.

An invitation was then given to the members of the Assembly and their friends to attend a social entertainment in the evening which, it is needless to say, passed off with great *eclat*, addresses being delivered by Principal Dawson, Dr. Burns of Halifax, Dr. Taylor of Montreal, Principal Snodgrass, Mr. John L. Morris, Dr. MacGregor, and George M. Grant of Halifax, Judge Stevens of New Brunswick, Judge Blanchard of Nova Scotia, and Rev. Dr. Ormiston of New York. The speechifying was of a high order, spiced with humour and pleasantry, as befitted the occasion. Dr. Ormiston received a special ovation, as the reputed instigator of the Union negotiations, and was cheered to the echo when he said that "The influence of the Union would be felt in the United States and in the Old Country." He advised the sending of Dr. Cook to Scotland again as a missionary to preach the grand and glorious gospel of unity! Dr. Ormiston was a grand man. He used to say that he was born at the foot of Tintock in Lancashire, and was brought up on oatmeal and the Shorter Catechism. Originally a scion of the auld Kirk in Scotland, he brought his old historic memories with him to Canada and after ministering some time in Central Church, Hamilton, Ont. as a minister of the Can. Pres. Church, he became minister of the Dutch Reformed Church in New York. He sympathized, as he said, with his countrymen who brought with them a lasting love for old tradition, he did not blame Seceders and other dissenters for endeavouring to transplant their peculiarisms in this new land, "They were not to be blamed for that any more than he was for the fact of his having more hair on his head than other people"—certainly the shock of bristly hair that adorned his head made him a unique specimen of humanity—resembling in a marked degree the contour of a Fiji Islander.

Dr. Robert Campbell's prize essay on Union, published in 1871, in which the subject was discussed in all its bearings, and the advantages to be derived from it clearly stated, had also much to do with directing public opinion to the movement and in contributing to its ultimate consummation.

The oldest minister who took part in the union meeting was the Rev. Alexander Henderson of Lachute, then in his 91st year. No one took a keener interest in the proceedings than he. And one can imagine that he went home saying to himself, "Now Lord lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation," for he was a godly man, a minister in his youth of the Associate Synod in Scotland who was sent to this country by the British Government to look after the religious interests of a band of early settlers, with a salary of £100 a year which he retained till his death in 1867. The only other minister of our church who attained that age was the Rev. Thomas Fraser, some time of Lanark, Ont., who died in Montreal, 15th July, 1884, aged 93; Professor James Williamson died in Kingston, September 26, 1895, in his 90th year. Rev. Andrew Kennedy of the Can. Pres. Church died in London, Ontario, in 1882, age 93. Rev. Thomas Alexander of Mt. Pleasant, Ont., died 16th December, 1895, aged 90.

Quoting from the "The Presbyterian" for May, 1875, p. 112 The statistics of the newly formed Church were as follows:

Number of Ministers	634
Average stipend	$840
Number of Congregations (A number of these being double charges)	1008
Number of vacant Charges	121
" Elders	3656
" Communicants	90,653
" S. S. Teachers	7471
" S. S. Scholars	73,394

For a year or so after the Union a few ministers remained undecided as to adhering to the Union and their names appear on the roll of the first General Assembly. Some of these, especially in the Presbytery of Pictou in which the largest element of disapproval existed, presumably were influenced to withdraw their names out of respect to the wishes of their congregations rather than from

personal choice. The following is a list of those who eventually declined to enter the Union—21 in all:

In Ontario and Quebec.

1. Gavin Lang, Montreal.
2. Robert Dobie, Milton.
3. Robert Burnet, Hamilton.
4. Thos. Macpherson, Lancaster.
5. David Watson, Thorah.
6. William Simpson, Lachine.
7. John Macdonald, Beechridge.
8. John Davidson, Williamsburg.
9. Neil Brodie, Lochiel.
10. Peter Watson, Williamstown.
11. John Ross, Brucefield.
12. Lachlan Macpherson, Williams.

In the Maritime Provinces.

1. A.W. Herdman, Pictou, N.S.
2. George Coull, New Glasgow, N.S.

(Mr. Coull eventually entered the Union and became minister at Valleyfield)

3. Wm. Stewart, Maclennan's Mountain.
4. H. J. McKichan, Barney's River.
5. Charles Dunn, Stellarton and Westville.
6. William MacMillan, Salt Springs,
7. J. W. Fraser, Roger's Hill and Cape John.
8. Robert McCunn, River John.
9. James McColl, Earltown.

Of the 12 recusants in Ontario and Quebec the last two named belonged to the Canada Presbyterian Church and the other 10 to the Church of Scotland branch. All in the Lower Provinces belonged to Pictou County.

One by one at different times, the survivors of these ministers and congregations joined the Presbyterian Church in Canada; so that in 1908 St. Andrew's Church, Montreal, and the congregation of Lochiel in Glengarry were the only two remaining out of the Union, if we except the "Macdonaldites" on Prince Edward Island who are still represented by two ministers and four small congregations—the last survivors of the independant congregations, still claiming connection with the Church of Scotland (in 1910).

The founder of this cult, the late Rev. Donald Macdonald was a native of the parish of Logierait, Perthshire, who was ordained by the Presbytery of St. Andrew's at Abertarff in 1816, and who

came to Cape Breton in 1824. Without a commission of any kind from any church, he devoted himself to the preaching of the gospel 'at large.' "With the zeal and heroism of a Xavier he braved the wild beasts of the forest, the almost arctic severity of the climate, and above all the indifference and degradation of the people. He walked on snow-shoes and 'blazed' his way through pathless forests with his hatchet. He had no home to shelter him, but was content with the chance shelter of the rudest hut or shanty, and with the coarsest fare. He carried no scrip and he had no money. In 1826 he transferred his herculean labours to Prince Edward Island. In 1829-30 a great revival began among his people, he parcelled them out into congregations, and before he died he had erected 13 churches. He ordained elders in every district to conduct services in the churches, while he itinerated in Diocesan fashion among them. One of the most remarkable men of his time, he died in February, 1867, aged 85, and was buried at Orwell, P. E. I. His people long went by the name of the "Macdonellites." A stern calvinist, he was yet of a kindly disposition, with a keen appreciation of the humorous. Many strange and even ludicrous stories have been told of him and his followers.

BASIS OF UNION.

The following embraces the principles and stipulation unanimously adopted by the four negotiating Churches as the Articles of their Union, and so announced at the first meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, held in the Victoria Hall, Montreal, on June 15th, 1875. Dr. Cook being moderator, the clerks of the several Supreme Courts merged into and constituting this Court, acting as interim clerks.

PREAMBLE.

The Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, the Canada Presbyterian Church, the Church of the Maritime Provinces in connection with the Church of Scotland, and the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces, holding the same doctrine, government, and discipline, believing that it

would be for the glory of God and the advancement of the cause of Christ that they should unite and thus form one Presbyterian Church in the Dominion, independent of all other churches in its jurisdiction, and under authority to Christ alone, the Head of His Church and Head over all things to the Church, agree to unite on the following basis, to be subscribed by the Moderators of the respective Churches, in their name and on their behalf.

Basis.

1. The Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, being the Word of God, are the only infallible rule of faith and manners.

2. The Westminister Confession of Faith shall form the subordinate standard of the Church ; the Larger and Shorter Catechisms shall be adopted by the Church, and appointed to be used for the instruction of the people :—it being distinctly understood that nothing contained in the aforesaid Confession or Catechisms, regarding the power and duty of the Civil Magistrate, shall be held to sanction any principles or views inconsistent with full liberty of conscience in matters of religion.

3. The government and worship of this Church shall be in accordance with the recognized principles and practice of Presbyterian Churches, as laid down generally in the "Form of Presbyterian Church Government," and in "The Directory for the Public Worship of God."

The aforesaid Churches further agree to the following resolutions :—

I.—Relations to Other Churches.

1. This Church cherishes Christian affection towards the whole Church of God, and desires to hold fraternal intercourse with it in its several Branches, as opportunity offers.

2. This Church shall, under such terms and regulations as may from time to time be agreed on, receive ministers and probationers from other Churches, and especially from Churches holding the same doctrine, government, and discipline with itself.

II.—MODES OF WORSHIP.

With regard to modes of worship, the practice presently followed by congregations shall be allowed, and further action in connection therewith shall be left to the legislation of the United Church.

III.—FUND FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF MINISTERS.

Steps shall be taken, at the first meeting of the General Assembly of the United Church, for the equitable establishment and administration of an efficient Fund for the benefit of the widows and orphans of Ministers.

IV.—COLLEGIATE INSTITUTIONS.

The aforesaid Churches shall enter into union with the Theological and Literary Institutions which they now have; and application shall be made to Parliament for such legislation as shall bring Queen's University and College, Knox College, The Presbyterian College, Montreal, Morrin College, and the Theological Hall at Halifax, into relations to the United Church similar to those which they now hold to their respective Churches, and to preserve their corporate existence, government and functions, on terms and conditions like to those under which they now exist; but the United Church shall not be required to elect Trustees for an Arts' Department in any of the Colleges above named.

V.—LEGISLATION WITH REGARD TO RIGHTS OF PROPERTY.

Such legislation shall be sought as shall preserve undisturbed all rights of property now belonging to congregations and corporate bodies, and, at the same time, not interfere with freedom of action on the part of congregations in the same locality desirous of uniting, or on the part of corporate bodies which may find it to be expedient to discontinue, wholly or partially, their separate existence.

VI.—HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY OPERATIONS.

The United Church shall heartily take up and prosecute the Home and Foreign Missionary and Benevolent operations of the

several Churches, according to their respective claims; and with regard to the practical work of the Church and the promotion of its Schemes, whilst the General Assembly shall have the supervision and control of all the work of the Church, yet the United Church shall have due regard to such arrangements, through Synods and Local Committees, as shall tend most effectually to unite in Christian love and sympathy the different sections of the Church, and at the same time to draw forth the resources and energies of the people in behalf of the work of Christ in the Dominion, and throughout the world.

VII.—Government Grants to Denominational Colleges.

In the United Church the fullest forbearance shall be allowed as to any difference of opinion which may exist respecting the question of State grants to Educational Establishments of a Denominational character.

It may be noticed that no reference was made in the Basis or Resolutions as to the ultimate disposition of the Temporalities' Fund. The fact is that Canada Presbyterian Church had already intimated that they had no desire to meddle with it, tantamount to saying that they were content to leave it in the hands of the existing Board of Management, to make "a kirk or a mill of it" as might transpire. The Assembly never asked nor received any report of the administration of that fund. Indeed the only reference made to it in the Minutes of the General Assembly occurs in 1882, when reference having been made to certain expenses incurred in connection with prolonged litigation, it was unanimously resolved to commend to the members of the Church the duty of coming liberally to the assistance of the brethren made personally liable for costs in the appeal case to the Privy Council. Provision had been made by the Quebec Act of 1875, and by the Dominion Act of 1882, by which the residue of the Fund, if any remained, after satisfying all the claims of the Beneficiaries "was to be appropriated to a Home Mission Fund for aiding weak congregations in the United Church." But as has been already stated, 53 Beneficiaries outlived the Temporalities' Fund.

During its early sittings the new General Assembly received messages of cordial congratulations from the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America, the Methodist Church of Canada, the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, and the Synod of the Church of England in the Diocese of Montreal, "on the happy consummation of the Union. A draft act, in terms of the Barrier Act, was sent down to Presbyteries recommending that the General Assembly shall consist of one-fourth of the whole number of ministers on the rolls of the several Presbyteries, with an equal number of representative elders. This was homologated by the Presbyteries and became law, and so continued until 1902, when a large majority of the Presbyteries reported in favour of reducing the commission to one-sixth the number of ministers and elders.

At the next meeting of the Assembly in Knox Church, Toronto, in June, 1876. Rev. William Reid, M.A. and Rev. John H. MacKerras, M.A., were appointed joint clerks of the Assembly, at a salary of $250 each, together with Rev. William Fraser, with his former salary of $150 per annum. Mr. MacKerras died 9th January, 1880, and Mr. Fraser in 1893, when Rev. Robert Campbell, D D. was appointed in his stead. On Dr. Reid's death, January 19th, 1896, Rev. R. H. Warden, D.D. was appointed Agent for the Western Section of the Church and joint clerk with Dr. Campbell. In 1876, June 16th, the Church Agent of our Old Kirk Synod was appointed editor of the *Presbyterian Record* at an annual salary of six hundred dollars. The Rev. P. G. MacGregor of Halifax at the same time was appointed General Agent for the Eastern Section, and Dr. Reid for the Western, each with a salary of $2000 per annum.

Thus equipped, the Presbyterian Church in Canada commenced a career of usefulness and continuous progress and prosperity far transcending the most sanguine expections of its founders. Words fail to convey an adequate conception of the growth of the Church and its missionary activities from 1876 to 1901. Some idea of it however may be gathered from the following comparative table of statistics for these years, compiled from official sources, of the increase in quarter of a century.

	Ministers on Rolls	Ministers in Charges	Home Mission preaching places.	Foreign Missionaries ordained	Elders	Communicants	Sabbath School Scholars	Sabbath School Teachers	Contributions for all purposes.
1876....	634	627	130	10	3656	90,653	73,394	7,471	$ 982,071
1901 ...	1500	1198	1330	52	7559	219,470	182,335	21,717	2,857,489
Increase	866	571	1200	42	3703	128,817	108,941	14,246	$1,875,418

In recognition of his personal worth, his lengthened and succesful ministry, his matured wisdom, his wise and conciliatory counsels, and his eminent services during the negotiations for the union, Dr. Topp was elected by acclamation moderator of the Second General Assembly held in Knox Church, Toronto, 8th June, 1876.

At a meeting of the General Assembly held in Hamilton, Ont., 1899, it was unanimously agreed to commemorate the passing of the centuries, and as an expression of gratitude to God for His signal favours to this Church, especially since the memorable union of 1875, by asking the congregations to contribute towards a Memorial Century Fund of one million of dollars. In response to this resolution and appeal the sum of $1,591,221 was reported to have been contributed from all sources, whereof the ministers of the Church were credited with the noble amount of $100,000.

In all ages and in all Churches there has never been wanting 'cheap prophecy.' In the present case it abounded. Minor prophets arose who predicted the speedy dissolution of the union of 1875. "It was held together," they said "by a rope of sand: complications and contentions are unavoidable in the near future, and must inevitably bring about anarchy and disruption." To this it may be answered that complications and contentions did ensue, but "the rope of sand" was equal to the strain. Whatever there may have been of bigotry, intolerance, or uncharitableness gave place to mutual respect, and at the end of the first quarter of a century of its existence The Presbyterian Church in Canada was a happy family, with a numerous offspring—a harmonious and a progressive Church.

AFTER THE UNION.

Even if it were desirable to prolong the story of the Union and its consequences in the ensuing years, I have not the necessary data for making the attempt. I shall therefore only draw on my defective memory for a very few further details.

When the majority of the Synod had adjourned to the Victoria Hall, on the morning of the June 15th, the dissentients remained in St. Paul's Church and proceeded to organize themselves into a separate Synod; the Rev. Robert Dobie being elected moderator and Rev. Robert Burnet, clerk. The sederunt consisted of eight ministers and two elders, as follows:—Messrs. Dobie of Milton, Simpson of Lachine, Watson of Thorah, Burnet of Hamilton, J. S. Mullan of Osnabruck, Macpherson of Lancaster, Davidson of Williamsburgh, and Macdonald of Beechridge—ministers; and Wm. McMillan of London, and Roderick McCrimmon of Lancaster—elders. One of the ministers J. S. Mullan retired from the meeting and repaired to the Victoria Hall prior to the roll being called, and announced his adherence to the Union. When the caretaker of the church was asked as to what took place on that occasion he discharged his conscience—lest he be called a tale-bearer, with the cautious reply "They exhausted the docquet"! As to what was done I never heard. That a Synod and Presbyteries "in connection with the Church of Scotland" continued in existence for several years cannot be questioned, but it is equally true that as ministers of these courts died, retired, or left the country, the said courts gradually assumed smaller dimensions and eventually became defunct, except in the Maritime Provinces where a Synod and two Presbyteries are still to be found.

It is noticeable that, in the Western Section, the opposition to the Union was mainly a clerical movement. This was shown by the fact that of the 12 ministers who declined to enter the Union, the congregations of 10 of them voted themselves into the Union at the earliest available opportunity. In the Eastern Section it was otherwise. In the County of Pictou where objections to the union most largely prevailed, the people were mostly descendants of Scottish Highlanders embued with a spirit of conservatism

like to that of their progenitors. Their attachment to "the Church of their Father's bordered on romance, and found expression in sentiments akin to that of the Psalmist—"If I forget thee O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." It was said also that politics had something to do with the movement, and politics ran high in Pictou County. Be that as it may; the ministers did not take a prominent part in the negotiations for or against union, if we except Dr. Pollock of New Glasgow, Rev. George M. Grart of Halifax, and Dr. Bayne of Pictou, and Dr. Macrae of St. John, N.B., all of whom favoured union—beyond declining to enter the union, ministers there took no steps to hinder it. On the contrary, their attitude ever since has been friendly. Dr. Murray of Halifax says of them in 1900—"All the non-union congregations in Pictou County, and all the ministers, are on terms of closest amity with the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and contribute cheerfully to to the missionary schemes of the United Church." Rev. E. Scott, editor of the *Presbyterian Record*, himself a Hants County man, and many years minister in New Glasgow, endorses the statement of Dr. Murray by saying—"there are only two pro-union ministers remaining in Pictou County now (1900); the others are young men who would gladly, if they could, bring their congregations into the union." So then it was the *vox populi* that was raised against union in the east.

Referring only to the Western Section of the Churches, the minority shewed no inclination tamely to accept the situation. On the contrary they used every means in their power to undo what had been done in Victoria Hall and in the Provincial and Dominion Legislatures. As before the union, so after it, the press was brought into requisition, letters, circulars, pamphlets and cartoons, combining wisdom, wit, ridicule, and rhodomontade were scattered broadcast. Sermonic utterances and platform harangues were reproduced: sarcastic poetry lent its aid to the crusade. Injunctions and law-suits occupied the attention of the courts of justice, and were carried even "to the foot of the throne." The University of Queen's College: The Temporalities' Board and Fund: The Ministers' Widows and Orphans Fund, were all held

to belong to the non-unionists who went through the form of Assembly appointing trustees and managers for them respectively. Mr. Lang retained his seats as trustee of the College, and manager of the Temporalities' Board as long as he remained in the country (till 1882), and availed himself of the privilege of protesting against everything that was done in the meeting of the Boards to the bitter end. The suits taken at his instance in the Canadian courts were all decided in favour of the respondents, with costs. The most important of these entitled, "*Dobie* versus *Temporalities' Board*" which was argued in the Superior Court, Montreal. The judgment rendered by the Hon. Mr. Justice Jetté, on December 29th, 1879, concluding with the announcement that "The writ of injunction issued in this cause must, therefore, be set aside, and the petitioner's demand rejected with costs.

From this judgment an appeal was taken to Her Majesty's Privy Council towards the close of 1880, and on the 21st of January, 1882, their Lordships delivered their judgment in the case. *Inter alia:* (1) That the Act of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, 38 Vict. ch. 64, amending the Act of the Province of Canada, 22 Vict. ch. 66, under which the Temporalities' Board was incorporated, was *ultra vires*, and that consequently the Board by which the Fund was administered subsequent to the Union was not duly constituted. (2) Their Lordships declined to declare that the Temporalities' Fund should be vested in the minority who did not enter into the Union. (3) Their Lordships further declined to declare that the ministers who went into the Union ceased to be members of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, or that they had no longer any right to the benefits of the Temporalities' Fund. (4) Their Lordships stated that "the Parliament of Canada is the only Legislature having power to modify or repeal the provisions of the Act of 1858. (5) "Their Lordships are of opinion that neither the respondents' (*i. e.* the Board) own costs, nor those in which they are found liable to the appellant, ought to come out of the trust Fund. The appellant's costs must therefore be paid by the members of the respondent corporation as individuals."

The members of the Privy Council before whom the case was argued were Lord Blackburn, Lord Watson, Sir Barnes Peacock, Sir Montague Smith, Sir Robert P. Collier, Sir Richard Couch, and Sir Arthur Hobhouse. Messrs. Bompas, Bischoff and Dodgson of London had charge of the case for the Temporalities' Board, Sir Judah P. Benjamin, Q.C., and Mr. F. H. Jeune, of the English Bar, and Mr. John L. Morris Q. C., of the Canadian Bar, argued for the respondent. Mr. Jeune, in 1892, became a member of H. M. Privy Council under the title of Sir Francis H. Jeune. Mr. Horace Davey, Q.C.. and Mr. Macleod Fullerton, of the English Bar, and Mr. Donald Macmaster of the Canadian Bar, were counsel for the the appellants.

In terms of their Lordships' suggestion, application having been made to the Dominion Legislature for an Act to amend the Act of the late Province of Canada Incorporating the Temporalities' Board, (1858) 22 Victoria, chapter 66) in 1882, an Act was passed by said Legislature, and assented to by His Excellency the Governor-General on the 18th of May, in that year. The provisions of the said Act are identical with those of the Act of the Quebec Legislature 38 Vict. ch. 64, save and except that the clause in section 2, providing "that the successors of ministers of congregations in the Province of Quebec, existing at the time of the union, which do not enter into such union, shall retain the same rights to the benefits of the Temporalities' Fund which they would have had if such union had not taken place," is omitted; and the following clause was inserted respecting the final disposition of the Fund: "After the first and third classes of payments named in section one shall have been extinguished and provision shall have been made for the annual receipt in perpetuity of the sum provided for in the second class of payments (viz. Queen's College), each congregation which declined to become a party to the union and which shall not have entered the union before the time of the extinction of such payments, shall be entitled to a share of the residue, such share to be in the proportion of one to the whole number of congregations on Synod roll on the fourteenth day of June, 1875, the date of the union."

The passage of the Act was stoutly opposed by Mr. Donald Macmaster, Q.C., Rev. Gavin Lang, and Mr. Douglas Brymner. In favour of it were heard before the Private Bills Committee, Mr. John L. Morris, Q.C., the solicitor of the Temporalities' Board, Principal Grant of Queen's College, and the Church Agent. The speeches of Messrs. Macmaster, Morris and Grant were remarkably fine specimens of forensic eloquence. The arguments in favour of the Bill were overwhelming, even to the removal of some technical scruples on the part of Sir John A. Macdonald, the premier, who used to speak of himself facetiously, as "an outside pillar of the Kirk." Sir John A. "one of the Fathers of Confederation," as he was styled—its "grandfather" in large measure—was the greatest statesman Canada ever produced. Sir John was born in Glasgow, Scotland in 1814. He died in Ottawa, June 6th, 1891.

No reasonable objection can be taken to the steps taken by the anti-union party to conserve their rights and to continue their allegiance to the Church of Scotland apart from their brethren who entered into the union. On the whole, their procedure throughout the struggle was above board and so far honourable. In one point however, it was thought at the time that their zeal out-ran their discretion in prononncing, 'ex cathedra,' a sentence of deposition on all their brethren who entered into the union. Deposition, ever considered the last resort in cases of aggravated immorality or heterodoxy, had come to be resorted to sparingly in regard to other offences. Nothing in the nature of heinous immorality or heterodoxy was alleged as the cause of resorting to this extreme measure in the present instance. Indeed it is scarcely conceivable that it should ever have been thought of, but the record of the time is ineffaceable. "At a meeting of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, held in St. Andrew's Church, Montreal, on the 14th of June, 1876, it was declared that the ministers formerly of this Church, who entered the union, are no longer ministers of this Church, and that they are hereby deposed from the ministry of this Church." That was bad enough, but the 'most unkindest cut of all,' was when an official intimation of the deposition of Principal Snodgrass was

transmitted to the Moderator of the Presbytery of Langholm, Scotland, in October, 1877, with the view to prevent his being inducted to the Parish of Canonbie; but of which it is needless to say the said Presbytery took no notice.

The entire costs of litigation arising out of the union of the Presbyterian Churches in Canada cannot now be easily attained, but it is a safe estimate to say that, including both parties, it could not have been less than $50,000.

With the passing of the Dominion Act in 1882, and the removal of Rev. Gavin Lang to Inverness, Scotland, the last flickering embers of opposition died out.

CHAPTER VII.

DEPUTATION WORK, BROOKLYN, PHILADELPHIA, EDINBURGH, BELFAST, WASHINGTON, LIVERPOOL.

THIS is fascinating: not from the real or imaginary honour of posing on a platform, which I never did without much fear and trembling, but because it is attended with certain privileges. It implies travel more or less, it brings one into good company, sometimes leading up to new friendships; and it always tends to increase our knowledge of men and things in general. I have already referred to the deputation to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in 1875. In the following year I was associated with Rev. Dr. John Laing of Dundas, and commissioned to appear before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States (north) and also that of the United Presbyterian Church. The former met in Dr. T. de Witt Talmage's Tabernacle in Brooklyn. This was the first deputation of the newly formed Church in Canada to our friends across the line. And, strange to say, up to the time of writing (1902), it was *the last!* Dr. Talmage appeared to be the master of ceremonies: He was no doubt sincere when he made this announcement "Brooklyn sets her front door of welcome open to the General Assembly. Come in and sit in our best arm-chairs, sleep in our best apartments, and stay till you are weary of us! come in Oregon and Pennsylvania, Vermont and Alabama, Maine and California!" Had Dr. Talmage only thought of it, he might have added: Come in, too, ye north men from Canada: be ye warmed and fed! The Canadians would have counted themselves happy to have gone in and admired the interior of some of those beautiful brown-stone-front Brooklyn houses, and made the acquaintance of brother and sister Jonathan. But that was not on

the programme; they were assigned rooms in a mean lodging-house, and during their sojourn of a week, never once darkened the doors of any of the residences of the great City of Brooklyn, numbering at that time half a million of people.

Tne Tabernacle was seated for 4300 and well adapted for the present purpose. The wide platform, devoid of pulpit, only wanted the foot-lights to give it the appearance of a theatrical stage, but it suited Dr. Talmage's style of preaching, which was histrionic and sensational. The auditorium with its semi circular pews was all right. The members of Assembly, to the number of 600, occupied the chief portion of the floor, the rest of the building being packed with spectators. It was a grand sight to look upon; and deeply affecting was it when the communion service was attended by 3000 communicants. Dr. Morris of Cincinnati, in relinquishing the moderatorship, invested his successor, the Rev. Dr. Henry Jackson Van Dyke of Brooklyn with the insignia of office—a "gavel," which was brought into frequent requisition to remind long-winded speakers that the time limit of "five minutes" had been reached. There were many Van Dykes in this church, but this one I think was the most distinguished of them all. He certainly discharged the duties of the chair with great promptness, impartiality and courtesy. He died, I remember, very suddenly, in 1891. The proceedings of the Court were chiefly of a routine character; no doctrinal difficulties to be settled, nor any cases of discipline to be dealt with. The reports of the Home and Foreign Missions Committees were dwelt upon at great length—irrespective of 'time limit'; and a tremendous outburst of enthusiasm took place when the venerable Dr. Prime read a telegram to the effect that "The Church of the South cordially enters with us upon fraternal relations." But a closer union with the South seems still to be as far off as ever! Dr. Laing and his colleague had their innings in due course and did their best to explain that Canada was not a region of perpetual ice and snow, and that its Home Mission area was as extensive as that that had been so eloquently described by previous speakers. We had a respectful hearing and came away very favourably impressed with what we had seen and heard.

Dr. Talmage was a man *sui generis.* He possessed the faculty, *ad captandam*, you may call it, of catching the public ear beyond all the men of his day. He was certainly a very great preacher, but not to be ranked in the same category with his townsmen, Henry Ward Beecher, and Richard Storrs. It says much for Talmage that during the whole of his 25 year's ministry in Brooklyn, his church, the largest Protestant place of worship in the United States, was always well attended. His sermons were reproduced in thousands of newspapers and magazines and sent broadcast over the whole civilized world, to the number of many millions weekly! In his frequent lecturing tours he earned $300 a night; as a journalist he was readily accorded his own price; and so he amassed wealth. In his migrations he visited nearly all the crowned heads of Europe and was everywhere lionized. Thrice his Brooklyn Tabernacle was burned. The last fire was the most disastrous of all, for the third Tabernacle was the largest and finest of the three, seated for over 5000, and adorned with relics from the Holy Land. That happened in 1894, soon after which Dr. Talmage resigned the charge, and for a short time became colleague with Dr. Byron Sunderland in Washington, D.C.

With all his popular gifts, Dr. Talmage lacked the faculty of organization: He himself was ever the one-man-power, and the result was that his great congregation contributed little, either in money or inflaence, to the interests of Presbyterianism. In that respect Dr. Talmage was a distinct failure. Many hard things have been said about his methods, but no one ever called in question his sincerity, or his orthodoxy. He was a thoroughly evangelical preacher. For the last few years of his life he lived in Washington, in *otium cum dignitate*, and then he died in 1902, at the age of 70 years. We had the privilege of listening to one of Henry Ward Beechers' afternoon Lectures. His "Plymouth Church" (congregational), was greatly inferior outwardly and within to Talmage's Tabernacle, but it easily accommodated a congregation of 3000, and seldom failed of a full attendance. Beecher was accounted one of the brightest intellectual lights in the United States, but was not credited with overmuch orthodoxy. He pro-

fessed to be evangelical, progressive, and "anti-calivinistic." With the liberty denied to Presbyterians, he disputed the doctrine of eternal punishment, inclining to a modification of the annihilation theory. He had a commanding personality, and exercised a potent influence on the minds of his auditory. He was one of the most outspoken denunciators of slavery and did much to secure its abolishment in America. On his visit to Europe in 1863, he courageously defended the attitude of the Northern States in the civil war then raging, and, in the end, he honourably exonerated himself from attacks against his character by the envenomed shafts of criticisms that were showered upon him. Mr. Beecher belonged to an illustrious family. His father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, was one of New England Congregational divines who attained much celebrity and who eventually became president of Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati, and minister of a Presbyterian church in that city. His sister, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, was one of America's most distinguished authors and gained world-wide renown as the writer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Henry Ward Beecher died in Brooklyn, where he had ministered for forty years, in 1887, in the 74th year of his age. Dr. Storrs, the minister of the Congregational Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn for 53 years, occupied a higher plane in pulpit oratory than either Talmage or Beecher. He was undoubtedly one of the most accomplished and eloquent of preachers. No charge of heterodoxy nor taint of the sensational was ever attributed to him. He held his large congregation all these years by sheer force of commanding intellect and lofty ideals. He was one of the editors of "The Independent"—the mouth-piece of the Congregational Church, and many years chairman of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. What struck us most in his church, next to his own captivating personality and delivery, was the manner of conducting the Psalmody, or rather the 'Hymnary,' in this church. The Service of Praise seemed to be relegated almost exclusively to the choir, which consisted of a quartette of surpassing excellence. The closing hymn was the only one in which the congregation was expected to take a part. We had also an opportunity of hearing Dr. John Hall and

Dr. William M. Taylor, the shining lights of Presbyterianism and Congregationalism, respectively, in New York city.

Our commission extended to the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, meeting in the city of Brotherly Love. Here again there was a large assemblage of ministers and laymen, but the proceedings were by this time drawing to a close, so we heard none of the debates. There was only time for a very brief statement by my colleague, Dr. Laing, when we adjourned to take in the great Centennial Exhibition then in full swing in Philadelphia. All that I remember about the Assembly is that the Moderator appeared in a white waistcoat, and wore no gown. Dr. Mutchmore, the editor of the Philadelphia "Presbyterian" was a deputy to our Assembly that year. In giving an account of his visit in his journal he concluded by saying that "he had never heard so many able speeches delivered within the compass of four days as on that occasion." But that was the year of the great discussion on the Macdonnell case, of which more hereafter.

AT MEETINGS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN ALLIANCE.

The first meeting of the Council of the "Pan-Presbyterian" Alliance as it was commonly called, took place in Edinburgh in July, 1877. Its original constitution provided that it should consist, as nearly as possible, of an equal number of ministers and ruling elders, but the Canadian General Assembly, in its wisdom, had appointed fifteen ministers and only three elders as representatives. Along with my daughter, now Mrs. Robert Laing, of Halifax, I sailed from Quebec in the S.S. "Moravian," Captain Archer, on the 6th of June. The voyage was uneventful. In the absence of a minister, none could make use of the Book of Common Prayer at the Sunday morning service more effectually than Captain Archer, and he made it a rule that as many of his crew as could be exempt from ship's duty should attend the service in their best rigs.

We were quartered in Chalmers street, Edinburgh, with a family residing near the Grange Cemetery, where all that was mortal of the illustrious Chalmers, Guthrie, Cunningham, and many

other Scotch celebrities was laid to rest. We had the honour of meeting Dr. Raleigh of London, Dr. Walter C. Smith, the poet preacher of Edinburgh, and other distinguished individuals, and had also the privilege of visiting as many of our personal friends as we chose, to share the abundant hospitality extended to us.

Before entering on an account of the proceedings of the Council it may be well to state in brief the origin of the Alliance. I think it will be safe to attribute it to Dr. James McCosh, then president of the college at Princeton, New Jersey, in many respects a remarkable man. Dr. McCosh was a native of Ayrshire; he began his ministry at Arbroath, and was minister of the Church of Scotland in Brechin 1839 to 1843 when he joined the Free Church. In 1851 he was appointed professor of logic and metaphyics in Queen's College, Belfast, and in 1868 elected president of Princeton College. He was a voluminous writer on subjects related to his department of philosophical investigation. At his instance the idea of embracing the whole Presbyterian family in a bond of union, with a view to extending sympathy and support to its weaker branches, and for the common good, began to take shape in 1870. Dr. W. G. Blaikie of Edinburgh, entered heartily into the proposal. In 1873, the subject was brought before the General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland and in the United States. This led to a meeting in New York during the sessions of the Evangelical Alliance, when it was agreed to hold a conference in regard to it in London. That took place in July, in 1875, when about one hundred delegates met in the College of the Presbyterian Church in England, and adopted a constitution. Dr. Snodgrass and Dr. Topp represented the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Dean Stanley, put a graceful finishing touch to the conference by inviting the delegates to a conversazione in the historic Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey. Dr. McCosh and Dr. Philip Schaff on behalf of the delegates, tendered thanks to the liberal minded Dean, who replied pleasantly, expressing a hope "that the Episcopalian Church would be able to hold its own against the mighty agencies which the Presbyterians had now at work." So it came to pass that the Presbyterian Alliance received its baptism in the same place where

the Westminster divines concluded their deliberations in 1652, and where the British New Testament Company of Revisors held their regular monthly meetings for ten years and a-half in the work of revising the common version of the Bible for the general benefit of English-speaking Christendom.

The first meeting of the Council was an event never to be forgotten by any who witnessed it. To those who came here for the first time, Edinburgh was at once a revelation and an inspiration. The inaugural reception held on the evening of July 3rd in the splendid halls of the Museum of Science and Art, at which the Lord Provost presided, was an imposing function at which there was much speaking and hand-shaking, interspersed with exquisite Scotch music by the band of the 78th Highlanders. On the following forenoon, old St. Giles Cathedral contained an audience the like of which had never before been seen within its walls. Leaders of the Presbyterian Churches from many lands were there and as they united their voices in singing the opening psalm—the Old Hundredth—the volume of sound that rose to the vaulted roof was almost overpowering. The preacher of the day, Professor Flint, a young man of hard features, amply justified the honour conferred upon him, for as he warmed to his work, the *pervervidum engenium Scotorum* radiated from his face and gave such force to his utterances on the mystical unity of Christ and His believing people as made one feel that the spirit of John Knox himself was in the pulpit.

On the afternoon of the same day the business of the Council got into full swing; the place of meeting, the Free Assembly Hall. Dr. Howard Crosby of New York, was our first chairman. The promptness with which he rushed the business through took our Scotch friends not a little by surprise. At the call of the roll a full hundred stalwart Americans answered to their names. Of the Canadians there were present seven ministers and three elders: Dr. Snodgrass, Principals McVicar and Caven, Professor Maclaren, Dr. Robt. Campbell, Rev. John Burton, Dr. Willis—ministers. The elders were Messrs. Henry Webster, George Hay and myself. Drs. W. G. Blaikie and G. W. Matthews were appointed joint clerks.

At each succeeding diet a new chairman presided. Dr. Caven was one of those. The official programme, which under the censorship of the business committee, made room for little discussion. It consisted chiefly of a formidable array of essays on prescribed subjects, the delivery of which occupied nearly all the six working days of the Council. The Canadians modestly took a back seat. though Dr. Maclaren managed to make a brief statement regarding the Missions of our Church, and Mr. Burton read an excellent paper on "The Christian Training of the Young." The Americans were by far the most talkative. To ordinary minds some of the papers were just a "wee dreich," but all were not dry-as-dust. Notably that by Howard Crosby on "Preachers and Preaching" was racy, combining wit, wisdom and pathos, and was applauded to the echo. The *personnel* of the Council was most attractive, including recognized leaders of thought from many lands. Had I been asked to name a score of the most distinguished speakers I must have hesitated. After the lapse of twenty-five years these are uppermost in memory: of the Americans, Dr. McCosh, Dr. Schaff, Dr. Crosby and Dr. John Hall of New York, D. C. Stuart Robinson of Louisville, Kentucky; Dr. Nicholls of St. Louis, Dr. Hodge of Richmond, Dr. Van Dyke of Brooklyn, and the venerable Dr. Plumer of South Carolina. Of the Continentals—Dr. Pressense and Theodore Monod of Paris, Professor Godet of Neufchatel, Dr. Wangemann of Berlin, Mr. Fliedner from Spain, and Mr. Kalopothakes of Athens. Among the Scottish representatives were—Principal Tulloch of St. Andrews, Professor Flint, Dr. John Marshall Lang, Dr. James Begg, Dr. Phin, Dr. Andrew Thomson, Dr. Moody Stuart, Dr. Herdman of Melrose, etc., etc. Dr. Murray Mitchell, Dr. Thomson, author of "The Law and the Book," Dr. Swanson from China, and Dr. John Inglis from the New Hebrides, fitly represented the foreign mission element. Dr. Donald Fraser and Dr. Oswald Dykes of London were there in good form, and many eminent laymen, among whom I remember Lord Polwarth, James A. Campbell of Stracathro, James Stevenson of Glasgow, and George Junkin of Philadelphia. It was announced that the next meeting of the Alliance would be held in 1880, and after an eloquent farewell address by Dr. Dykes, this Council was dissolved.

Lord Polwarth had invited the members of the Council and their friends to a garden party at his fine residence, Mertoun House, near Melrose and Dryburgh, and the following morning formed a party of three hundred *en route* to that classic district—redolent with memories of Scott and Abbottsford. It proved to be a most enjoyable occasion. The old Abbey of Melrose had never before had within its walls such a cosmopolitan congregation and we all felt that there were sermons in these old stones if we could but hear them speak. Dr. Campbell of Geelong broke the silence by reminding us that beneath the spot of ground on which he stood there was interred the heart of King Robert Bruce. After a few remarks bearing on the history of the roofless minster, he asked the assemblage to join in singing the Old Hundredth, which was done with a will. We then passed on to Dryburgh Abbey, the ruins of which, clothed in ivy, are exceedingly picturesque. There was less perhaps of the rich stone carving seen at Melrose, but the *tout ensemble* is even more impressive. In a quiet corner of the romantic mausoleum is the tomb of Sir Walter Scott and his family, and the burial place of the Erskines—the founders of the Secession Church. At Mertoun House, a large number of people from the surrounding country had gathered, after wandering through the beautiful grounds and gardens, all met on the lawn in front of the house, to the number of a thousand or more, where addresses were delivered by our host, Theodore Monod and others, after which refreshments were served to the multitude seated on the green grass. Introduction followed, to the Master of Polwarth's Countess, the Dowager Duchess of Aberdeen, and other notabilities and we set out on our return journey to Edinburgh, having spent a very pleasant and profitable day.

The second meeting of the Presbyterian Alliance was held in Philadelphia in September, 1880. In its main features it was a repetition of the Edinburgh Council. But, in making preparations for it, Brother Jonathan exceeded his Scotch cousins in that provision was made to defray the expense of the ocean passage incurred by foreign delegates! When Dr. Laing came to move a vote of thanks to the committee of arrangements and the people

of Philadelphia for their hospitality, he hit upon the right word when he said it was prodigious!

As in Edinburgh, to begin with, a public reception took place in the salons of the Academy of Fine Arts—a beautiful building, rich in treasures of sculpture and painting. But the heat was oppressive, and the assemblage so dense and talkative as to render the eloquent addresses of the Governor of the State and the Mayor of the city inaudible save to those in the immediate vicinity of the platform. The opening ceremony was in the Academy of Music—the largest theatre in the city, the dazzling trappings of which presented a strange contrast to the solemnity of the occasion. A magnificent sermon was delivered by Dr. Paxton of New York—a tall slender man on the shady side of sixty, of pleasing address and fluent speech. His text was well chosen—"Many shall come from the East and from the West, and from the North and from the South, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven." Pausing for a moment to survey the auditory, he began by saying, "this day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears? Never, I venture to say, had a sermon a more appropriate introduction, and the effect on the audience was simply indescribable. At several points in his discourse the speaker was interrupted by hearty applause, an innovation which brought from elder George Junkin a stern rebuke, but ineffectual. As to the proceedings of the Council, there is no need to go into details. There was the same routine of reading papers on all sort of subjects. No less than sixty of them being announced in the programme. Many of them were interesting; some of them tiresome; even as to the best of them, it might be said, it is possible to have just a little too much of a good thing. The first paper, read by Dr. Hitchcock of New York was one of the most remarkable. His theme was "the Ceremonial, the Moral, and the Emotional in Christian Life and Worship." Affording wide scope for divergency of opinion; it went off like a sky-rocket and electrified the audience, many of whom evidently thought that the learned divine was treading the edge of a volcano. The length and the breadth of his essay were about equal, and led to a lively discussion

in which our Principal Grant and Rev. D. J. Macdonnell took prominent parts, and somewhat startled the audience by their outspokenness, which along with Dr. Hitchcock laid them open to subsequent criticism. But the breeze soon subsided and the *émeute* was forgotten in the torrents of orthodoxy which followed.

The Canadian Assembly had for this occasion appointed an equal number of ministers and elders as delegates—eight of each, and all were there, and had full share assigned them in the reading of papers, presiding at the meeting, and as members of the business committee.

When due allowance is made for errors of omission and commission, and for differences of opinion in regard to such matters, it may be said that, on the whole, the result of the conference was eminently salutary tending to show that, in regard to the essentials of our faith, the great heart of the Presbyterian Church, as here represented in its various branches, is true to its distinctive principles, and that the points of disagreement are few and small in comparison with that on which all are agreed.

To many of us it was the fulfilment of a long cherished desire, brought about by an invitation of the President and Faculties of Princeton College, to visit that celebrated seat of learning. A special train had been provided, and between three and four hundred of the delegates availed themselves of the invitation. Dr. McCosh's warm address of welcome, made all feel at home, and drew from Dr. Lang, Narayan Sheshadri and others eloquent responses and touching tributes to the memories of illustrious men who had been connected with the college. We visited the old kirk-yard in which are the graves of Dr. John Witherspoon, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and a President of Princeton; the illustrious Jonathan Edwards, the Alexanders, and rare old Dr. Charles Hodge. We sat down to a splendid banquet in the University Hotel and came away from Princeton saying, like the Queen of Sheba, "it was a true report that I heard in mine own land, and behold the half was not told me; thy wisdom and prosperity exceedeth the fame which I heard."

The Belfast Council, the third of the series, commenced its pro-

ceedings in June 24th, 1884, and remained in session till the 4th of July. Some of us went oversea in the "Polynesian," Captain Brown; and we had a pleasant voyage, landing at Moville and spending a day inspecting the lines of Londonderry—its old cathedral and older walls, on which the famous cannon "Roaring Meg" is mounted as a memento of the seige of Derry. *En route* to Belfast the railway traverses a pretty undulating country. As we passed Limavady one of ths parsons pointing to a brown heath suddenly felt a lump rising in his throat. "I was born there" he said, "and many a time have I cast peats on that moor." We sympathized with him, Irishmen have no need to be ashamed of their country. A much larger detachment of delegates came over in the "Sardinian" the following week—eighteen in all. Some of them were taken aback, it is said, when Captain Dutton on the Saturday evening cooly announced that he would conduct the Sunday morning service himself which he did in a manner that astonished them all! The motto conspicuously displayed in the Ulster Hall, Belfast, where we were banqueted, prepared us for the hearty welcome that ensued.

Caed Mille Failte! A grand reception was held in the Botanic Gardens: where a military band filled the air with Irish and Scottish melodies. The lines fell to me in a particularly pleasant place—one of the finest of the many fine mansions on the Lough, where I was made the recipient of unbounded hospitality during our sojourn of ten days.

George Junkin, the Philadelphia lawyer, was our first chairman and rushed the business through with true American precipitancy. The promptness of his ruling astonished the "old country men." Dr. Blaikie, in the course of an address, characterized the Belfast Council as in some respects the most successful yet held, and I think he was right. It is true there was the same formidable array of "papers" on the docquet, but there was less slavish reading of them—the speaking, generally, was exceptionally good. Dr. George P. Hays of Denver, Col., was by far the most brilliant of the American company—a tall, handsome, typical American, a genius in short of amazing versatility. Now he had the house

convulsed with laughter, and again wiping tears from their eyes. A keen discussion followed the reading of a report favouring the admission of the Cumberland Presbyterians into the Alliance. The said Church, numbering some 1422 ministers, had not declared their adhesion to the Westminster Confession of Faith, therefore they were ineligible, said some. Principal McVicar, I remember, moved the adoption of the report. Dr. Story (now Principal Story) sided with the applicants for admission and said he looked forward to the time when all the Churches would have the grace and wisdom to assert their liberty in regard to that antiquated symbol. A fiery southerner stoutly opposed the motion, and a storm seemed to be gathering, when good old Dr. John Cairns, Principal of the United Presbyterian College, Edinburgh, poured oil on the troubled waters, and the Cumberlands were admitted. Dr. Philip Schaff discoursed long and learnedly on "The Consensus of the Creeds of the Reformed Church," and thought the time had come when the Council should endeavour to define, in one statement, the articles of belief of the various Churches embraced in the Alliance. But he failed to carry his brothers with him, and Revision of the Creed is still in the air.

"Lessons from other Churches," was the subject to which Rev. James Stalker of Glasgow addressed himself and which he handled in a manner so masterful that when his allotted time had expired he was vigourously encored. His references to Church government and ritual, albeit like so many bomb-shells thrown into the camp, were treated so skilfully they were followed by no explosion. Blind Dr. Matheson of Inellan spoke vigourously and eloquently on "The Religious Bearing of the Doctrine of Evolution." But the papers and addresses on Missions were the crowning glory of the Belfast Council. Our Dr. Cochrane of Brantford, captivated his audience with his glowing and graphic description of Home Mission Work in the Dominion of Canada. His peroration had the sweep of an avalanche carrying everything before it. Dr. Burns of Halifax portrayed with poetic fire the History of Roman Catholicism in Canada, and what the Presbyterian Church was doing for the evangelization of the French Canadians. A Canadian

elder read an elaborate report on the eldership. Dr. J. Munro Gibson of London was in his happiest mood when discoursing on "Lay Help in Church Work," as was also Dr. Charteris of Edinburgh on "The Revival of the Order of the Diaconate." The interest in missionary work reached its climax at an evening meeting when ten missionaries, whose faces were bronzed with service in the field, made their appearance on the platform, and one after another told of the triumphs of the Gospel in the dark places of the earth. The venerable John Paton, the apostle of the New Hebrides received a wonderful ovation. His flowing white beard and tremulous voice adding to the charm of his personality. Dr. William Fleming Stevenson of Dublin delivered a magnificent address on missions. I had the privilege of meeting him in his own house later on and was greatly impressed with his enthusiasm and *bonhomie.* While yet in the prime of life and at the height of his usefulness he died in 1886. Dr. McCosh bade an affectionate farewell to his brethren, saying that he did not expect to be able to attend another meeting of the Alliance, but he had ten years of life yet in store for him, for it was not until September, 1894, that he was laid to rest beside Witherspoon in Princeton Cemetery.

Dr. John Cairns gave the valedictory address. He spoke for an hour without referring to note or paper, with the vigour of a strong man running a race, words that went home to all hearts. None could help admiring the simplicity and catholicity of his character, or being struck with his learning and intimate knowledge of men and things. It was my great privilege to be on terms of intimate friendship with him. He died in Edinburgh on March 12th, 1892, in his 74th year. The last letter I had from him, dated February 4th, 1890, is reproduced in his Biography.

It was at the close of the great missionary meeting when a little incident occurred that might have led to serious consequences. And it was a Canadian elder who occupied the chair and committed the 'unpardonable sin.' At his instigation 5000 voices joined in singing some verses of the missionary hymn.

"Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?"

It was sung with great heartiness as seldom it has been. A well-known minister of the Church of Scotland who was present on that occasion, writing afterwards in the *Missionary Record* of that Church said that "never in all his experience had he seen such an effect produced on any audience as on that memorable occasion." Will it be credited that the singing of that hymn gave such offence to the members of the United Presbyterian Church of the United States, that an indignation meeting was held, and the threat made that they would withdraw in a body from the Alliance should such an insult to their sense of propriety be ever repeated!! Nor has a missionary hymn or any other hymn "of human composition," been sung in the meetings of the Alliance from that day to this.

"The Excursion" on this occasion was a memorable one by rail 70 miles to Port Rush, where we were met by Rev. Jonathan Simpson who acted as our personal conductor to the far-famed Giant's Causeway—seven miles off—to which we went by the first electric railway ever built, I believe, which had been in existence here for quite a number of years. Being favoured by fine weather, needless to say, we spent a delightful day. Leaving others to speculate about the mysterious formation of these 40,000 basaltic pillars and the legends connected therewith, we came away filled with wondering admiration of the scene and with the thought in mind—"Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty! In widsom hast Thou made them all: The earth is full of Thy riches."

THE WASHINGTON COUNCIL. Meetings of the Alliance had been held in London, 1888; in Toronto, 1892: in Glasgow, 1896; on these occasions I was elected to stay at home. But in September, 1899, I had the opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with the splendid capital of the United States, after an interval of 54 years, during which time fourteen different Presidents had lived in the White House. Washington still retained some of its distinctive features, but it was a new edition, 'carefully revised, enlarged, and embellished with numerous illustrations.' Now at first sight one was tempted to exclaim, as Dickens said to the waiter who kept him waiting half-an-hour for his breakfast,—"Bless me! How you have grown since I last saw you." The chasms had been

filled up: beautiful boulevards, and avenues adorned with trees had supervened, and in parks and squares are to be seen, the largest number of magnificent monuments to departed statesmen, warriors, historians, and philanthropists, to be found in any city of modern times.

On arriving at the Fredonia Hotel we found there a large number of delegates, with their wives and sweethearts, including most of the Canadian contingent, numbering 22, We were well taken care of. There was no invidious respect of persons at the Fredonia. Every mothers' son on his arrival was promptly dubbed a D.D. by obsequious coloured waiters, and its close proximity to the church in which the meetings were held made it very convenient. This was the "New York Avenue Church," of which the courteous and witty Dr. Radcliffe is pastor.

The pew in which I was seated during the meeting was marked by a silver plate bearing the intimation that it had been the family pew of Abraham Lincoln during his presidency.

I am not going to say much, if anything, about the proceedings of the Washington Council, which differed little from those already referred to. Papers were read—*usque ad nauseam*—so said some of the malcontents. In fact the programme became "the grumbler's target," and of grumblers there were not a few. One of our men smote the committee of arrangements hip and thigh and was cheered to the echo. I felt from the first to the close that, for me, it lacked the interest of previous meetings. But I sat it out fairly well, though the temptation was strong to plunk the schule. Let us hold the papers as read. We had three receptions to vary the monotony. The first at the White House from 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. was a brilliant function. Mr. McKinley shook hands cordially and had a pleasant word for each one who passed before him. Mrs. McKinley, being an invalid, received sitting in an arm-chair and smiling graciously. There was a huge crowd. Refreshments were served in an adjoining room—no intoxicants. A military band discoursed good music in the hall. I was about to leave at 9.30 when they began playing Scotch airs: 'Auld Robin Gray,' 'Ye Banks and Braes o'bonny Doon,' 'Logie a Buchan,' 'Annie Laurie,'

and so forth, which riveted me to the spot. Scotch reels followed, when it became difficult to restrain the iniquity of our heels.

The Executive mansion is a plain but substantial edifice of Grecian design, built of stone and painted white, and is surrounded with fine parks and gardens. It fronts on Pennsylvania Avenue and is about a mile and a-half from the Capitol. It is a place dear to every patriotic American. Washington selected the site, laid the foundation stone and lived to see it completed, but not to occupy it. John Adams was its first tenant in 1796, and it has been the home of 25 subsequent presidents. The rooms on the main floor are large and handsomely furnished, and on the walls are many fine historical portraits, those of George and Martha Washington being specially venerated. Many stories illustrative of the kind-heartedness of Mr. McKinley were in circulation. The following may serve for the present: Dr. James Rennie, a delegate from Glasgow, had hoped to meet in Washington his son, who had been 23 years in the American Army, but on coming here found that his son had but a few weeks before been sent to Cuba. It was a grievous disappointment; somehow it reached the ear of the President who forthwith gave instructions to have the young man recalled, in order that father and son might meet once more. But alas! the son being then in the centre of the Island, communication was delayed and the tardy reply came that it was *too late* to make the transfer—which was a pity. Good President McKinley fell a victim to the bullet of an anarchist fiend at Buffalo on September 14th, 1901. His last words were: "It is God's way; His will be done: Good bye!"

The Second reception was held in the Corcoran Gallery of Art a splendid building containing a fine collection of art treasures, and being the gift to the public from one of America's millionaires, it offered a good illustration of the growing devotion to art and literature that characterizes capitalists in the new world. Reception number three was at the fine residence of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage. He had extended an invitation to the members of the Council and their friends, who responded in large numbers. The ex-minister, whose name and fame were wide-spread, acted the host to perfection.

He talked well, and laughed well, saying he had never before seen such a fine looking lot of parsons. Here we had an opportunity of shaking hands with Dr. Stewart of Lovedale, one of the most fascinating ministers in the crowd who pleasantly remarked that these casual meetings reminded him of "ships that pass in the night," "which signal each other for a few moments, and are gone—never to meet again." That is so.

The Capitol has been greatly enlarged and improved since my former visit. It is really a magnificent structure, and its surroundings are beautiful. The glory of the Capitol is its entrancing dome, having the appearance of Parian marble, though it is only painted iron. It is surmounted by a colossal bronze figure of Liberty, one hand resting on a shield, with the legendary motto—*E Pluribus Unum*. Opposite the east front of the Capitol there is a fine statue of Washington in a sitting posture, by Greenough, with the famous inscription—"First in War. First in Peace. First in the Hearts of his Countrymen." Congress not being then in Session, the Legislative Chambers were in dishabile, but of more interest than these is the Rotunda, an immense circular hall 97 feet in diameter, and rising with the dome a clear height of 180 feet, its walls adorned with paintings, frescoes and sculpture. Eight large oil paintings in the panels depict memorable historic scenes—The Landing of Columbus on San Salvador, in 1492: the baptism of Pocahontas, in 1613; the embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven 1620: the Declaration of Independence 1766; the Resignation of General Washington 1783, etc., etc.

Adjoining the Capitol, but in a park of its own, is the Congressional Library, in some respects the finest thing in Washington. It is not easily described; photography gives a good idea of the exterior but fails to do justice to the interior, which is chiefly fitted up in pure white marble, highly polished. The building which is 470 feet long and 340 feet in depth, is in the Italian Renaissance style, and stands to-day as "America's highest architectural achievement." It was completed in 1897 at a cost of $6,500,000. The Reading room underneath the dome is a striking feature of the building and is best seen from the overhead gallery, which is richly

adorned with paintings and sculpture. Here we saw, side-by-side, bronze statues of Moses, St. Paul, and Robert Fulton (of steamboat fame), representatives of law, religion and commerce. The book-stacks radiate from the central rotunda like spokes of a wheel, affording 44 miles of shelving, with accommodation for 2,000,000 volumes; but the ultimate capacity of the building for books is 4,500,000. At the present time there are somewhat less than one million books and pamphlets in the catalogue. Everything about this Library is of the most approved up-to-date fashion, if indeed it does not set the fashion to the world at large. By an ingenious mechanical device books are not only conveyed to readers in the Rotunda but are even carried to the Senate and Congress chambers 1250 feet away by means of pneumatic tubes! At any time the Library is a grand sight, but when lighted up by electricity at night, as we saw it, it is "a joy for ever." The Librarian is a Scotchman, and he is not the only Scotchman high in office in Washington. Of the other public buildings in Washington the most noticeable are the Treasury Offices, the State, War and Navy Departmental Chambers, the new Post Office, the Patent Office, the Smithsonian and National Museum, all splendid and costly buildings, to each of which we had free access and met with marked civility from the officials and attendants. "Tipping," let it be known, is tabood in Washington, so far as the State buildings are concerned. Gratuities to public servants are neither expected nor accepted. You are even hoisted to the top of the Washington Monument in an elevator without costing you a cent. This, not the most beautiful, but the most conspicuous of the many monuments in Washington, consists of a huge obelisk 555½ feet in height, 55 feet square at the base and 34 feet square at the top shoulder. A winding staircase leads to the summit with the elevator in the centre. In American parlance it is (or it was) "the highest stone structure on earth!"—higher than the twin spires of Cologne, than the dome of St, Peter's, and even Cheops"! The view from summit is very extensive. It takes just 8 minutes to ascend or descend in the elevator. My companion, Walter Paul, went up a-foot, and came down a sadder and wiser man, declaring that the proverbial

saying, *facile descensus*, was all wrong, for he found it much easier to ascend than to descend.

On Sunday we worshipped in the Church of the Covenant—the newest, largest, and finest Presbyterian Church in the city. The preacher was Rev. W. W. Watson of Birkenhead: the sermon eloquent and ornate, but a yard too long. Paul addressed the Sunday School, and did it well. Of course I had known him long, but was brought into closer contact with him in Washington than ever before and came to think more highly of him than ever. It was curious to notice his modest self-assertion, and the deference paid to him by all with whom he conversed. The Revised Version was used in the pulpit. There was a fine organ but no choir. The precentor sang a solo while the collection was being taken by the deacons who before putting their plates on the table, stood in front of the pastor's desk, plates in hand, while the minister offered up a short prayer of thanks for what he was about to receive—a novel and suggestive episode.

Two important events remain to be noticed: our visits to Mount Vernon and Arlington. Mount Vernon occupies a fine site, overlooking the Potomac—about 15 miles below Washington. The excursion party, numbering about 500, were conveyed to this delightsome place by steamboat, which afforded further opportunity of interviewing our Pan-Presbyterian friends. The old home of Washington had fallen into disrepair and some forty years ago was purchased from the heirs by an association of women at a cost of some $200,000 and restored and furnished as nearly as possible to its former condition, and now contains many interesting relics in pictures, books, silver-plate, etc. Washington had inherited the estate and lived here from the time of his marriage in 1759, until his death in 1799. "No gilded dome," says Edward Everett, "swells from the lowly roof to catch the morning or evening beam; but the love and gratitude of united America settle upon it in one eternal sunshine. While it stands, latest generations will make their pilgrimage to it, as to a shrine." Not far from the house is Washington's tomb—a plain structure of brick with an arched gateway in front, over which is inscribed, "I am the Resurrection and

and the Life, He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Within the enclosure are two marble sarcophagi, one bearing the name "Washington"—nothing more; the other is inscribed, "Martha, consort of Washington, died May 21st, 1801, aged 71 years." It is said that the date of Martha's death was 1802, but the mistake, if such it is, has not been corrected. Before leaving this charming place the irrepressible kodac fiend photographed the crowd of visitors assembled in front of the house which formed a fine back-ground for the picture.

Our sojourn in Washington was now drawing near its close. Brother Paul and I had by this time become as thick as two thieves, and together we went out by 'trolley' to Arlington Heights, formerly the beautiful residence of General Lee. This old Virginian homestead is now one of the National cemeteries. The house with its colonnade of massive Doric pillars, commands an extensive view of the surrounding country; the grounds extending to 410 acres, are beautifully laid out, and well kept. Here, ranged in long parallel rows, are the graves of 16,000 soldiers who fell in the Civil War, each with a little headstone, engraved with the name of the soldier and the date of his death. Elaborate monuments mark the burial places of the officers of the Army and Navy, and one massive granite memorial bears the inscription, "Beneath this stone repose the bones of two thousand one hundred and eleven unknown soldiers, gathered after the war, from the fields of Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock .may they rest in peace." Of all the cemeteries I have seen this was the most impressive.

One word more! The City of Washington is one of the best governed cities in the world. It has neither a town council, mayor, nor provost, but is "run," to use an American phrase, by the National Government through the agency of three Commissioners, to one of whom we were introduced and he was "a live man." The streets are scrupulously clean, and the electric-tram-car-service, with its under-ground wires, is admirably conducted.

Principal Caven of Toronto was appointed President of the Alliance in succession to Dr. John Marshall Lang. Touching references were made to the death of Dr. Blaikie; which occurred in

June, 1899. He had been one of the originators of the Alliance, along with Dr. McCosh: was principal Secretary of the Council at its meetings in Edinburgh, Philadelphia, Belfast and London, and President of the Alliance when it met in Toronto. As a man he was greatly beloved: as a preacher and professor he was in many respects unique: as a chaste and a popular writer he had few equals. The next meeting of the Council was announced to be held in Liverpool in 1904.

I was also a delegate to the meeting of the Alliance in Liverpool in 1904, when Principal Caven of Toronto was President of the Council. (He died on December 1, the same year, aged 74 years). The Liverpool Council lacked somewhat the interest attached to the earlier meetings—many of the "brighter lights" having passed away.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SCOTTISH GENERAL ASSEMBLIES, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, THE RHINE, BERLIN, COPENHAGEN, STOCKHOLM, ETC.

SAILED from Halifax in the "Sardinian," April 5th, and arrived in Liverpool on the 14th. *En route* to Edinburgh, passed through the beautiful lake country, traversing Windermere in a steam gondola, visiting Ambleside, Kendal, and Keswick, and paying homage at the grave of Wordsworth and the tomb of Southey; and so on to Carlisle where we spent a day in "doing" the fine old Cathedral and the Castle. A whole week was given to Dumfriesshire and Galloway, full of Covenanting memories. Canonbie, Anwoth, Langholm, Lincluden and other places of interest were visited. Every church-yard in this region has its "martyr's grave." Every glen and hillside had been the scene of a conventicle in days when men might not worship God save under Episcopalian license. No Sabbath-bell summoned the Covenanters to worship. Stealthily they met at their rendezvous—old men wearing their plaids and blue bonnets; old women with their tartan shawls; middle-aged men and women with infants in their arms, to be baptized; young men and maidens, all met in this one place, in one mind, resolved to worship as their fathers had done and according to the dictates of their conscience. What a touching sight it must have been when the old outlawed minister, with his gray hair streaming in the wind, ascended the highest available standpoint, and the hum of voices hushed at the words—"Let us worship God." With what feelings they listened to the burning words of the preacher, may be imagined. Call them misguided fanatics, or what you will, enthusiasm like theirs has become one of the lost arts. To the Covenanters in large measure Presbyterianism, the

world over, owes its existence to-day. Passing by Airdmoss the lines of the "Muirkirk Shepherd" came to mind :—

"In a dream of the night I was wafted away
To the moorland of mist where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible were seen
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green."

I was commissioned to appear before the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and the Colonial Committee, with the two-fold object of giving information as to the working of the Union in Canada and requesting that a deputy from the parent Church should be sent out to visit the Churches and report. The Earl of Roslyn was the Lord High Commissioner that year, Dr. Sellars of Aberlour, who befriended us in 1875, again occupied the moderator's chair—in room of Dr. James Chrystal who was incapacitated by age and infirmity from discharging the duties to which he had been appointed—Drs. Tulloch and Milligan were the clerks, as before.

At the meeting of the Colonial Committee I recognized among other ex-Canadians, Dr. Snodgrass, Dr. Cameron of Dunoon, W. M. Black of Anwoth, Andrew Paton of Penpont, and Dr. Sprott of North Berwick. Rev. Robert Muir of Dalmeny was convener, and practically ruled the roost, I asked them to send out a deputy to Canada. The convener promptly replied that the committee had no authority to make such an appointment, nor would they recommend the Assembly to do so at present. Whereupon I made my best bow and retired gracefully as circumstances permitted, mentally resolving to go to "the foot of the throne" with my quest. Had a conference with the Moderator, who entered heartily into the proposal. "Who would you like to be sent?" Dr. James McGregor, I replied. "Ah! his wife died recently, and he is sadly cast down, and is away in the Highlands, but I will telegraph to him." This he did, but ineffectually, of course. "How would Dr. Sprott do? He is a Canadian by birth, and his sympathies are all in that direction." Admirably, I said, Dr. Sprott was appointed, and agreed to accompany me on my return voyage. On leaving Edinburgh I felt like saying to myself—"*veni, vidi, vinci.*"

Apart from the deputy episode, I have good reason to remember this visit. Indeed I am utterly at a loss to account for it. The prophet's Chamber at Chalmers street was again at the disposal of the old "Pan." He was invited to a seat in the Royal pew in St. Giles and heard the opening sermon of the retiring Moderator—Principal Tulloch; grand man; grand sermon; and grand congregation in the grand old Cathedral, now in course of Restoration through the princely liberality and patriotism of Dr. William Chambers, of publishing fame. I dined with the High Commissioner, who drove me in his own carriage to a concert in the evening. I set it all down to my being a Canadian, though Canada did not bulk so largely in public estimation as it does now. And was not I proud to walk up, arm in arm, from the Palace to St. Giles with Dr. A. K. H. B. the genial writer of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." "Twenty-five years of St. Andrew's," etc., etc.! As to the proceedings of the Assembly I have no distinct recollection, but these were stirring times in both Assemblies, for "Disestablishment" was much in the air in these days.

I crossed over to the Free Assembly Hall, separated from the other only by the breadth of High street. The Free Church Assembly is always a more popular meeting than that of the Kirk: And the speakers trim their sails, so to speak, to catch the ears of the galleries. On this occasion the Hall, which is a very large one, and famed for its good acoustics, was crowded to excess. There did not seem to be standing room, but I managed to get in edgewise. The vote had just been taken in the celebrated Professor Robertson Smiths' case—of Aberdeen. 321 had voted in favour of serving a libel on the professor for alleged heretical utterances: 320 voted in favour of appointing a committee to confer with him. The arguments, *pro* and *con* had excited the fathers and brethren to the pitch of fever heat, and just now there was a temporary lull in the storm. Eventually, as is well known, Mr. Smith was removed from his professorship and became librarian of Cambridge University, where he continued to write as he had done before, disputing the authorship of *Deuteronomy* and dabbling at large in the "Higher Criticism." In Cambridge he died, in 1894, in the 48th year of his age.

I had no commission to this Assembly. Dr. George Smith, the missionary secretary and eminent biographer of Carey, Wilson, Heber, and many another celebrated missionary, introduced me to the moderator, the Rev. Dr. J. C. Burns of Kirkliston. Dr. Burns had years ago ministered for some months in the Coté Street Free Church Montreal, and no doubt would have welcomed a dog from Canada —so pleasing were his Canadian reminiscences. At any rate, he extended to me a most cordial welcome. Being asked to address the Assembly, I was taken all of a heap. Apologizing for my instrusion, I contrasted my situation with that of a minister who was candidate for a certain vacant parish, but was refused a hearing on the ground that he could produce no credentials. The Kirk-Session would not have him preach ; no, they would not let the Apostle Paul himself enter that pulpit, unless he produced his " Presbyterial Certificate !" And here am I without a certificate. That was the best part of my little speech in the Free Assembly—judging from the merriment which it created. On my way out, the venerable Earl of Kintore (father of Ian Keith Falconer of Aden, of saintly memory) stretched a long arm to shake hands with me ; also Horatius Bonar, the author of so many sweet hymns, and Dr. McTavish formerly of Canada and now of Inverness.

It was now near the end of May, and there was not much time to be lost, for the Canadian Assembly was to meet on the 11th of June, and it behoved us to be off. After a flying visit to Stirling, Dundee, and Dumfermline, accompanied by Dr. Sprott, we sailed from Liverpool in the "Sardinian" on the 5th of June and made the fastest voyage then on record to the St. Lawrence—six days and 19 hours from Moville to Rimouski. Dr. Sprott preached on the Sunday at sea in the forenoon. Captain Dutton conducted the evening service himself. We knew that he was a good sailor, and now had proof that he was no novice at preaching a good sermon. We reached Ottawa "on time." Dr. Sprott met with a hearty reception and delivered an excellent address, for which he received the thanks of the General Assembly, through Dr. William Reid, the moderator, who expressed the belief that Dr. Sprott's visit would result in much good, and he hoped that cordial relationship

would long continue between the venerable Church of Scotland and her daughter, the Presbyterian Church in Canada. It may be added, that on his return to Scotland, Dr. Sprott published a full and glowing account of his survey of Presbyterianism from Halifax and Pictou in the east, to Toronto and Winnipeg in what was then known as the "far west." What changes since 1879! Our sun now sets on the Pacific Ocean.

TO COPENHAGEN AND STOCKHOLM IN 1884.

Shortly after the meeting of the Belfast Council, I pulled myself together, packed a small kit, and accompanied by a young Scotchman, as ready for an adventure as myself, set out for the capital of Denmark. We did not go just as the crow flies by any means, but chose a circuitous route, bent on having a good time. Leaving London at 8 p.m. on the 20th of August, we reached Harwich at 9.30 and embarked on the steamship that ferried us across the English Channel—here 100 miles wide. At 10 o'clock next morning we were in Antwerp, with time enough to inspect the fine old Cathedral with its lofty aisles, massive pillars, rich stained windows, and rare paintings—notably, Ruben's "Descent from the Cross," one of the finest achievements of the Flemish School of Art. My companion ascended the long flight of steps to the gallery in tower containing the bells—those charming bells that have chimed sweetly for 350 years or more! There are nearly a hundred of them, the largest weighing 16,000 lbs.

We spent a day in Brussels. The railway station is a long distance from the Hotel Brittanique, but the way to it is through the finest part of the city—by parks and gardens most beautiful, until we reach the Royal Palaces in the Upper Town. In one of these took place the grand ball on the eve of the battle of Waterloo of which Byron sings in his "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage":

> "There was a sound of revelry by night
> And Belgium's Capital had gathered there
> Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
> The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
> But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!
> Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!"

Grander than the Palace is the Temple de Justice where rich and poor go to have their grievances redressed.

The finest municipal building I have ever seen. Next morning we were off for Cologne, 144 miles by rail. The view that burst upon us when we emerged from a long tunnel was entrancing. We had entered the valley of the Rhine! The open country seemed to be all a garden—no fences, very few houses, scarcely a tree to be seen, but plenty of peasants in picturesque costumes at work, some ploughing, some reaping, some carrying home golden sheaves. And such a glorious day of sunshine it was! In the distance, the twin towers of the Cathedral, rose from the centre of the compact little walled city of 150,000 inhabitants. These graceful spires attain a height of 511 feet. That Cathedral was 600 years abuilding, and was only completed two or three years before the time of our visit. Taken as a whole, without and within, it is a splendid specimen of Gothic architecture.

We stopped over Sunday at Bonn, a University town—the birth place of Beethoven. The population about 27,000. Its greatest attraction to me just then was that it was the home of Dr. Theodore Christlieb, the most noted Evangelical Professor in Germany. We called for him, and found the great man in his sanctum, deeply immersed in study—putting the finishing touches, no doubt, on the magnificent paper he was soon to read at Copenhagen on "Religious Indifference and How to meet it." He received us cordially, and after a cup of coffee he walked out with us for an hour "to rest his weary brain," he said, talking rapidly the while on the theme then uppermost in his mind.

Early on Monday morning we were on board a dainty steamer traversing that wonderful stretch of the Rhine between Bonn and Mayence, a distance of 100 miles, the like of which, I suppose, is not to be seen anywhere else, for it has a charm all its own. The "scenery" commences at the Drachenfels, a few miles above Bonn, and from that point onwards it is a succession of vine-clad hills, red-roofed villages nestling at their foot, and ruined castles on every peak. The steamers are very pretty and well managed; some of them large and swift, having handsome saloon cabins the

whole length of the boat, over which is a promenade deck covered with awning. The captain sits in state in his easy chair on the bridge, smoking his cigar; the chief steward, in full evening dress and with head uncovered, walks to and fro majestically, the pink of politeness. "Vat vine vill mein Herr 'av for dinner?" Shall it be Rauenthaler, or Rudescheimer, or Moselle? Wine is as plentiful almost as water here, and abstinence therefrom an unknown quantity. Old and young imbibe the fruit of the vine without exception, and *ad libitum*. You can have a bottle of sparkling Moselle for $1.50, or you can indulge in some other at a cost of $8, or $9 a bottle—*chacun à son goût*. About mid-day we reach Coblentz, at the confluence of the Moselle, a pretty place, and immediately opposite is the famed fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, the Gibralter of the Rhine, bristling with cannon. Further on we come to the Imperial Summer Palace on one side of the river, and that of the Crown Prince on the other, splendid structures both—resembling, more than anything else we can think of, some fanciful representations of the Celestial City! Now we have passed St. Goar and the precipitous promontory of the Lorelei; we have ascended the rapids; the Rhine widens out like the St. Lawrence among the Thousand Islands, it flows softly. The shades of evening begin to close around us, and wearied eyelids are relieved of a strain such as they never experienced before. "Adieu to thee, fair Rhine!" Of Mayence all we could see was the glare of its lights reflected in the river. We set out at once by rail for Heidelberg, and at midnight were politely bowed into the finest hotel we had yet seen on the Continent.

If there was one place more than another where we would fain have prolonged our stay, it was Heidelberg, so beautiful for situation, and so full of historic traditions—a quaint old town of 20,000 inhabitants, on the Neckar. Hills rise round about it to a considerable height, clothed with terraced vineyards. The Kaisersthale, or 'King's Seat,' rising to 2000 feet, and finely wooded, and from its summit splendid views are had of the surrounding country. Besides the hotel and a few other modern buildings, the town itself has few attractions for strangers; it must have seen better days!

Nearly all the monuments of ancient architecture which it once contained are gone. There are a couple of old churches left, but they don't invite inspection. In one of them Catholic and Protestant services have long been conducted under the same roof—a thin partition parting the creeds—which, however, is racy of the soil, where rationalism is admitted to be rampant and irrepressible. The University buildings are greatly inferior to those at Bonn. The number of students about 900, of whom only a small number are theological. The largest universities in Germany are Berlin, Leipsig. The former has 229 professors and 6414 students of whom 240 are theologues. Leipsig had in 1884, 14 professors and 600 theological students—in all 161 professors and 3276 students. With a few brilliant exceptions, the teaching of systematic theology in Germany is said to be sadly travestied. In the art of explaining away what appears to the ordinary comprehension the obvious meaning of Bible passages, it is asserted by competent critics that German theologians have never been excelled. Tubigen, one of the smaller universities, but one of the oldest, is said to surpass them all in free-thinking. Leipsig is accounted, on the whole, the best theological school; though many are attracted to Berlin because it is so large a city, so full of German life, and also, on account of the number of 'Specialists' in the different faculties of its University.

The chief attraction and crowning glory of Heidelberg, is the old Castle, a magnificent ruin of vast extent. In the main courtyard are ranged stately piles of buildings ornamented in the highest style of mediæval art, with statues of knights in armour occupying niches in the walls. On every side were seen medallions and armorial bearings, heads of bullocks and lions holding rings in their mouths, garlands and wreaths of flowers—all done in stone—the accumulated labour of six centuries is here. Only one wing of the palace has escaped destruction; that is now used as a museum. All the other buildings are roofless, ivy-covered, and crumbling to decay. The exquisite stone carvings are everywhere mutilated by the ruthless hand of war, while fire and tempest have completed the general wreck. The great round tower, 60 feet in diameter, with

walls 15 feet thick, had been blown up by gunpowder and overturned bodily into the ravine below. Another large portion of the Castle was shattered by lightning many years ago, and ever since it has been growing into the picturesque ruin it now is.

Leaving Heidelberg at 3.50 p.m. we passed through Darmstadt, the German home of the late Princess Alice, and had a few hours in Frankfurt-on-Main, a fine city—the birth-place of Goethe. We noticed collossal bronze statutes of Goethe and Schiller, also a a striking triple monument to Guttenberg, Faust and Schæffer who were the first to introduce moveable types in printing, about A.D. 1450. The first printed book issued from their press was a copy of the Latin Vulgate, printed at Mentz. We journeyed through Lutherland, but alas! under the cover of night. It was tantalizing to stop but for a few minutes at Eisenach and Erfurth, and to be so near Eisleben and Wittenberg and yet not to see these places so full of Reformation memories. Passing through a fine country we reached Dresden, the Capital of Saxony, at 9 a.m.

Dresden is a beautiful city of 250,000 inhabitants. But of course it is not all gold that glitters. Most of the imposing rows of lofty terraces which shine in their beauty like palaces, are cheaply constructed buildings of brick, coated with cement and painted stone colour. The effect however is not the less admirable. It was our good fortune to meet the Rev. R. K. D. Horne, a Scottish clergyman staying here for his health, who placed himself at our disposal for a whole day, enabling us to see a great deal of the city and its environs in a short space of time. The Picture galleries of Dresden are thought to contain the most valuable collection of paintings next to Florence. Raphael's Madonna, purchased a hundred years ago for $45,000 could not be bought for twice that amount now; it is the admiration of connoisseurs. The freshness and brilliancy of its colours are certainly remarkable. Another great attraction for strangers is the Royal Green Vaults, containing the Crown Jewels and an immense collection of gold and silver-plate, precious stones and articles of virtu, exquisite specimens of antique workmanship in mosaic and enamel, astronomical clocks, curiously wrought cups, and vases—in endless variety filling eight decorated rooms each excelling the other in splendour.

The King of Saxony is a Catholic, but the government is Protestant, as is also a large majority of the populace. The largest and finest churches are the Lutheran. The Kreuz Church is seated for 4,500 with three tiers of galleries. The Frauen-Kirche is still larger. In the Kreuz the beadle played a voluntary for us on the great organ, and swept the keys with the proficiency of a professional. The Elbe is here 1200 feet wide and is navigable for small vessels 100 miles above Dresden and 400 miles below to where it enters the sea at Hamburg. Many washerwomen were plying their vocation along its banks or moving to and fro with large baskets on their heads. Here was a peasant ploughing with a horse and an ox yoked together, yonder a lumbering cart drawn by a pair of cows; but Blazervitz was most famous for its "trink gartens." The Opera House seated for 8,000 was more largely patronized than the churches. Paternal Government was evidenced in a variety of ways. It permits no improprieties on the stage. You may not bathe in the Elbe if Father William through his weather clerk deems the water too cold. No one may sleep in a bed-room that is not commanded by the apparatus for extinguishing fires. A man may not sell a bunch of grapes out of his own vineyard until the burgomaster has proclaimed the vintage open; but then the poorest in the land may eat his fill, and there is a time of general rejoicing.

From Dresden to Berlin the distance is 109 miles through a level, well cultivated country. The "Central Hotel" is one of the largest on the Continent, and its appointments are in every respect first-class. It has its Summer Garden and Winter Garden. The former is a hollow square in the centre of the group of buildings, surrounded by broad verandahs. A fountain in the centre of it sends up cooling jets of water that fall on the shoulders of a crouching Venus. The myrtle, rhododendron, laurestina, calla and oleander fill the air with delicious perfume. The Winter Garden is larger and roofed over with glass and adorned with tropical plants, and when not used for balls, concerts or festivals, it furnishes a charming promenade. The famous esplanade, the "Unter der Linden" is 160 feet broad and over a mile in length. Here

are the Royal Palaces, the University, the National Museums and Art Galleries, and the Library. In front of these buildings are some splendid monuments. That of Frederick the Great in front of the Palace is accounted the finest equestrian statue in Europe. The statues of Alexander and William Humboldt are also very fine. This grand street leads to the Brandenburg Gate which forms the entrance to the Thiergarten Park of Berlin, which covers a large area and is elaborately laid out, and in it are other monuments, that to the memory of good Queen Louise, the old Emperor's mother, being held in special veneration. Berlin derives its chief importance from its being the capital of United Germany. Federation is usually the result of long deliberation. It was so in Canada. In 1848 Germany awoke out of a long sleep and began to entertain the idea. A scheme was concocted and seemed to be on the eve of accomplishment when, suddenly, the bubble burst and the German States remained in *statu quo* until 1871, when the Empire became confederate under the leadership of William, King of Prussia, and Berlin became the centre of legislation, culture, and fashion.

The distance from Berlin to Hamburg is 178 miles and the time by rail five hours. The intervening country is a vast sandy plain and the journey rather a dreary one; but we were fortunate in our travelling companions and the hours passed pleasantly. An agreeable surprise awaited us at Hamburg. There was a conjunction of stars that night. We found a large company of delegates at the depot *en route* for Copenhagen—Principal Cairns, Dr. Lang, Dr. Schaff *et alias.* We arrived at Kiel about midnight and were hustled on board a steamer that conveyed us to Korsör on the island of Zealand, whence by rail 66 miles to our *terminus ad quem,* where we were soon made to feel quite at home—a feeling that grew upon us the more we saw of the country and people. The simple and unostentatious example of the Royal family seemed to be reflected in the whole community. Copenhagen is a fine city of 225,000 inhabitants. Many of the public buildings are large and handsome. Owing to its insular situation, water is everywhere—clear sparkling sea-water. The harbour is alive with

shipping, and the navy yard with men-of-war in all stages of preservation. Elaborate fortifications guard the entrances to the city, but as the enginery of war has changed since Nelson gained his famous battle of Copenhagen in 1801, it is not easy to say what power of resistance these stone forts possess at the present time.

Denmark is a Protestant country, the Lutheran being the established Church, embracing a large majority of the people. The 31st of August will long occupy a green spot in memory. The sun shone brilliantly and all Copenhagen was in Sunday attire. Business was suspended, but the two-story street cars were running in all directions, filled with passengers. The shipping was gaily decorated with flags. Crowds of people were wending their way to the churches. We went to the Frauen Kirche, or 'Church of Our Lady,' the largest and finest in the city. It is adorned with painting and sculpture, near the altar is a splendid figure of Christ in white marble—the *chef-d'œuvre* of Thorwaldsen. On the side walls of the nave are ranged statues of the Apostles, by the same artist, each marked by some distinguishing emblem. Thomas, for example, holds a square in his hand, and looks as though considering how to make things right that are "out of truth." In vain we looked for the sculptor's ideal of Judas the traitor; instead of him he introduces St. Paul—a fine conception. The pulpit is near the centre of the church. It was occupied this morning by a Danish minister dressed in a close-fitting white cassock with Elizabethan ruffles round his neck, and a silver star upon his breast—a living picture of what we have so often seen on canvas, the minister of the Reformation period: a splendid looking man, eloquent, and graceful in every movement, who without note or M.S. delivered his address in down-right earnest to a spell-bound congregation. But, alas! not a single word was intelligible to me but the rapidly spoken. "Amen."

Copenhagen is rich in libraries, museums and theatres. Of the museums Thorwaldsen is the most interesting, containing a large collection of that celebrated sculptor's best works, and also the mausoleum in which he was buried. In the "*Presbyterian Record*" for November, 1884, I have given a pretty full account of

the proceedings of the Evangelical Alliance. A few sentences here must suffice. The personnel was largely foreign. About 2,000 delegates in all, of whom 1200 were Danes, 250 from France, and Germany, 200 from Norway and Sweden, and about 20 from the United States. The opening meeting of the Evangelical Alliance took place in the large hall of the University which was densely packed. The venerable Dr. Kalkar, the Danish vice-president, led off with an address of welcome that touched all hearts; for the benefit of the monoglote English-speaking delegates the address had been printed in the vernacular and put into their hands. Even thus, some of us had difficulty in following the speaker—a grand man of 84 years! Most of the delegates spoke in Danish, Swedish, or German. Dean Vahl acting cleverly as interpreter. Among the continentals were Pressanse and Monod of Paris, Godet of Neufchatel, Christlieb of Bonn, Munch of Christiania, and Dalton of St. Petersburg. Of the British, Mayor Fowler of London, Lord Radstock, the Marquis of Ailsa, Cairns, Lang, J. M. Mitchell, Gen. Keith, and Arnold the General Secretary of the Alliance. Schaff, Hoge and Hall were conspicuous among the American contingent. Dr. Burns and Principal McVicar of Canada failed to put in an appearance, leaving me the sole representative of that booming colony. And so it fell to me to read Dr. McVicar's paper on "Modern Unbelief, and the best methods of counteracting it;" and my own little brochure on "the Model Teacher in the Sunday-School," concerning which Mr. Arnold, writing to me from London in December following said—"The Crown Princess of Denmark told me how much she appreciated your paper." This, of course, I rolled as a sweet morsel under my tongue for many a day. As at all such meetings the reading of elaborate papers seemed to be over done and became a weariness to the flesh.

As an interlude, most agreeable, the local Committee planned and carried out successfully an excursion to Roskilde, the Mecca and Westminster Abbey of Denmark—about 20 miles from Copenhagen. A special train conveyed not less than 2000 invited guests to this place. On arriving we formed into a line of procession, six deep, and marched through the quaint old town to the Cathedral. The

streets were lined with citizens who gazed with wonder at the invaders who had come to disturb the repose of the sleepy old town. Women peered inquisitively out of windows, wondering what it all meant. From earliest times Roskilde had been the principal sea-port and residence of the Kings of Denmark. But the harbour filled up with sand and Copenhagan became the seat of Government in 1443. As we filed into the Cathedral, the organ pealed forth a martial air, the local Dean delivered an address of welcome in Danish, when all joined in singing "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott." This fine building was erected in the 13th century. It is built entirely of brick, and is in a perfect state of preservation. Here are the sepulchres of Danish Kings from time immemorial. The Royal tombs are not in subterranean vaults but in lofty chapels, beautiful and bright. In one room are sixteen splendid sarcophagi. The finest however, are in the chancel: two of them containing the mortal remains of good Frederick IV. and his consort, who are held in everlasting remembrance for the kindness they showed to Carey and other missionaries at the Danish settlement of Serampore in India at the beginning of the last century.

Having inspected the Cathedral at our leisure, we were conducted through shady paths to a garden and treated to refreshments. We drank of "the well of Roskilde" and returned to the city at a late hour. The Conference was resumed next morning. The old King and Queen, the Crown Prince and Princess, the King and Queen of Greece, Prince Waldemar and other members of the Royal household not only remained through a whole sederunt but expressed the pleasure it gave them to do so. A Swedish pastor had advised us on no account to miss the opportunity of seeing Stockholm, "The most beautiful capital in Europe," he said, and only 400 miles distant! So to Stockholm we went; first to Malmo by steamer and thence by railway. Stockholm is built on several islands, and is 36 miles from the sea, at the head of one of those picturesque fiords through which the tide rushes with the force of a mighty river. We boarded a small screw steamer with steam up without knowing whither it might take us. In one hour we

were conveyed 24 miles down the fiord to where a huge stone fortress rose out of mid-channel, a warning that thus far and no farther we must go. We inspected the Royal Palace, and the Parks, in which are many monuments, including the one to Gustavus Adolphus displaying its famous motto—"Peace with Honour." And we dined in a splendid hotel, at a moderate charge, with a fine orchestral band of music thrown into the bargain.

The combined population of Norway and Sweden is little more than that of Canada. Although entirely separate and independent kingdoms, strange to say, they have only one king between them. Oscar II. the present sovereign, is said to be very popular and highly accomplished, but in a delicate state of health. The Lutheran is the State Church in all the three Scandinavian Kingdoms. Up to 1845 no other religious denomination was tolerated in Norway; now, however, within certain limits, the people are free to worship according to the dictates of their conscience, but no one who has been confirmed may leave the State Church before having attained the age of nineteen. This visit to Copenhagen gave rise to some unexpected discoveries. On returning from Stockholm, I found myself seated at the dining room table of the hotel alongside a gentleman whom I supposed to be an entire stranger. We got into conversation and had not proceeded far before we found that we had been intimate school-fellows forty-five years ago. Mr. Kerr had gone to the East Indies in the Civil Service, had made his fortune, and was now living at Blackheath, London, where he had erected a mission church of his own and employs his leisure in evangelistic work. He owed his conversion to Dwight L. Moody, he told me, and was one of the great American evangelists' right hand men during his visit to London, in 1873. I had gone to the West and had not made a fortune, and here we met to talk over old times in Copenhagan, of all places the most unlikely for such a renewal of acquaintanceship.

We sailed from Copenhagon on the morning of the 6th of September, bound for Leith, *via* Christiansand, Norway, in the staunch new steamer "Thorso" and made our port of call at daybreak next morning. We were surprised to find a town of 30,000

inhabitants. At that early hour it was presumably fast asleep, for we met no one on the streets. With the exception of the old Cathedral and a new Court-house, the buildings were all of wood, clap-boarded in Canadian fashion; but one of the cleanest and most regularly built towns imaginable. Telegraph wires, water hydrants, and other modern improvements were noticed in the streets, and nearly every window was a miniature flower garden. The harbour of Christiansand is one of the finest in Norway, strongly fortified, and the surrounding scenery so bold and beautiful as not to be easily forgotten. Before noon we were off the "Maze" of Norway, where we encountered one of the fiercest gales that had swept the North Sea for years. But the good ship behaved splendidly: with a following wind we made an unusually rapid voyage of 500 miles, and dropped anchor in Leith Roads on Sunday evening. "So He bringeth them to their desired haven." A few days more, and we were speeding across the Atlantic in the Allan steamship "Circassian," and so ended a pleasant journey occupying 98 days during which time we travelled 9,710 miles without once missing a train or losing the value of a shoe-latchet.

CHAPTER IX.

THE THREE PILGRIMS SPEND A YEAR ABROAD IN 1886–1887.

WITH wife and daughter, left Montreal on the 1st of May, 1886, on pleasure bent; and returned on May 14th, 1887. 84 days were spent in Britain, 210 days on the Continent, the balance of the time, *en voyage*. Dunoon, that noted watering place on the Clyde, was our headquarters for two months in Scotland, with a week in Edinburgh at the time of the Queen's visit; and a week in London. To Switzerland we went by the route already described, *via* the Rhine. At the witching hour of sunset, on the 6th of September, we reached Lucerne, to see the Righi-Kulm wearing a diadem of gold, the purple peaks of grim Pilatus towering aloft like battlements of heaven, and the shadows of a terrestrial paradise reflected on the bosom of the lovely Lake of the Four Cantons.

Switzerland is a small country, about half the size of Scotland, with a population of 3 millions, about equally divided, Catholics and Protestants. It comprises 22 Cantons, each independent of the other, but all embraced in the Federal Government meeting annually in Berne. The president is elected annually. The Upper House is composed of two members from each Canton; the Lower, of one representative for every 20,000 souls. Every man of 20 years has a right to vote; every male citizen is a soldier. The Government supports four Universities—Zurich, Berne, Basel and Geneva; education is free and compulsory. Liberty of conscience in religious matters is accorded to all, but the order of Jesuits has been suppressed as being dangerous to the commonwealth. There are no beggars—each Canton providing for those who are unable

to earn a living; the people are polite, frugal and industrious—the women are as diligent as the men, often more so; but for the women Switzerland would have become bankrupt long ago!

Lucerne is but a small town of 20,000 inhabitants, but it prides itself on its romantic history. Its hotels are among the finest in Europe, and it attracts annually crowds of tourists. It takes its name from an old tower standing in the river Reuss, built by the Romans, and by them used as a lighthouse (lucerna). There is a fine cathedral whose twin tapering steeples date from 1506. Two old-fashioned wooden bridges cross the river obliquely; both are covered with tile roofs and are oramented with a series of curious paintings. One of them has forty-six ghastly pictures representing the "Dance of Death" which Longfellow seizes to adorn his tales of "The Golden Legend":

> "What are those paintings on the walls around us?
> The Dance of Death!
> All that go to and fro must look upon it,
> Mindful of what they shall be......
> The grave itself is but a covered bridge,
> Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness!"

Well-preserved city walls with solemn watch-towers, seen from afar, lend picturesqueness to the place; but more than all, Lucerne owes its attraction to the lavish hand of nature, which has surrounded it with green hills and grand mountains, has set in front of it an emerald sea, and bounded the horizon with the everlasting snows of the Uri and Engelberg Alps.

The Lake of Lucerne is a joy for ever. It is twenty-five miles long, in the shape of a cross, the extremities of the arms being some fourteen miles apart. The water is blue as a peacock's breast and very deep. Twelve pretty steamers, built of steel, sit on the water, like swans, and meet the requirements of the travelling season. The finest Swiss watch does not work more smoothly than do their beautiful engines. The finest sail in Switzerland is that from Lucerne to Fluellen at the further end of the lake. There you are at the foot of those great Alpine ranges that lift their white heads above the clouds. There are points on the lake where dark headlands so envelop each other as to seemingly bar the way; but,

as you approach, it looks as though some Titan hand behind them, slowly rolled the barriers back, and, lo! you enter another enchanted chamber, still grander than the one you have passed through. We have seen the Tellsplatte, the Oxenberg, Burglen, and the Rutli, where Schiller, "the Bard of Tell," has made every rood of land classic ground. The ascent to the Righi is now made easy by two railways one from either side leading to the summit. The gradient is of necessity very steep and the speed very slow, but by this means some forty to fifty thousand people are hoisted up annually to the Kulm. A similar road takes you to the top of Pilatus 7000 feet above the sea. "The Lion of Lucerne" is a colossal figure of a dying lion carved out of the face of a rock, after a design by Thorwaldsen, in memory of a band of Swiss braves who fell fighting for the French in 1792. Visitors have no cause to complain of the lack of Protestant Sunday services. The Continental Society of the Church of England maintains services in English twice every Lord's day during the tourist season, as also do the Presbyterians. It was our good fortune here to listen to the learned and eloquent Dean of Gloucestor, Dr. Spence, on several occasions, we also had the privilege of being present at a communion service in the Schweitz Kirche, a handsome edifice seated for 750, the service being conducted in the German language and after the manner of the Reformed Churches.

The chiming of those evening bells of Lucerne! no one who has heard them can ever forget. We sat on the hill side one still Sunday evening, and listened to them till we fell into a dream. One deep sounding stroke like the boom of a distant cannon, was the signal for all the church bells in the town to chime the hour. One at a time; each different in tone; but all soft and musical, in tune took up the refrain—eight o'clock! Last of all the great bell of the *Hof Kirche*—louder and deeper than all—thundered, eight o'clock! The echoes rolled out into the night air and reverberated from the frowning cliffs of Pilatus. With gradually decreasing force the bellman kept on pulling the ropes for a long time, each impact giving forth a softer sound, until at length it died away into a scarcely audible murmur. Listen! I think I hear it still. It is

gone! And the stars have taken up their nightly vigils over a scene of matchless repose. Lucerne! Good-night; *au revoir!*

ZURICH AND EINSIEDELN.

Zurich is the Capital of the canton of the same name, having a population of some 25,000, about 40 miles north-east from Lucerne. Though not to be compared to Lucerne for situation, it is far ahead of it in enterprise and business. The Canton of Zurich leads all the other cantons in commerce, education and literature. Zurich was an old town 1000 years ago. When the Cæsars ruled this was a military station called Turiculum. The old and new town blend together pleasantly. The Railway Station is the finest in Switzerland. Bahnnofs Strasse—the principal street, a mile long is lined with shops and public buildings that might vie with Regent Street, London. The Hope promenade commands a fine view. The University and Polytechnic occupy a large and handsome pile of buildings. In the former are 88 professors and upwards of 400 students: the latter has 800 students. There is a large collection of Greek and Roman works of art, and the halls and corridors are lined with zoological, mineral and other specimens. Every department of applied science seems to receive special attention. Of the churches the *Gross-Munster* is the most imposing. In it Zwingli preached from 1519 to 1531. Not far off is the *Frau-Munster.* In earlier and more prudish times, the women may have had this church all to themselves. Then, the ladies dresses must not be too long at the bottom, nor too short at the top. The minister must not preach too long; and if his speech was not to edification he would be advised by the magistrates to cut it short. Church-going habits were enforced by fine and corporal punishment. "The sand-glass" is still to be seen on the pulpit of the Cathedral at Berne. No doubt it was used here also. Zwingli used to appear in the *Grosse-Munster* pulpit wearing a coat of black fur, white breeches, and a dagger in his belt. Lavater preached here in the *Peter's-Kirche* for 24 years. The *Augustinian Church* is now used by the "old Catholics." It is the finest, internally, of all the churches, and contains two splendid paintings by Deschivanden—"Christ on

the mount of Olives," and "The Risen Saviour." The *Wasser-Kirche* is so named because it once stood in water. It is now fitted up as a library, in which are 100,000 volumes and many valuable manuscripts, and a museum containing a rare collection of relics evidencing the existence of the lacustrine abodes of man in pre-historic ages. The Armoury has a fine collection of ancient coats of mail for men and *women*. Kept sacredly under lock and key is Zwingli's helmet, his battle axe and sword. That steel helmet has an ugly hole in it! Alas for Zwingli! Had he forgotten that "they who take the sword, shall perish with the sword?

EINSIEDELN is the Mecca of Switzerland, resorted to by 150,000 pilgrims every year. It is about 30 miles from Zurich, by railway, up among the hills in a sheltered nook within sight of the everlasting snows. The village is composed chiefly of cheap inns for the accommodation of the pilgrims, and shops for the sale of "devotional objects," crucifixes, beads, candles of assorted sizes and colours, and images of the Virgin Mary—mostly in stucco. But what do the pilgrims come for to see? An Abbey more than a thousand years old: a Monastery with a hundred monks: a Church consecrated by Angels: a miracle-working image of the Virgin Mary; and a fountain of which the Saviour drank!! The pilgrim kneels at the shrine of the little black idol; mutters a few short prayers to the Mother of God; counts his beads; gets absolution from the priest: pays his fee: drinks of the sacred fountain: joins in a long procession to a neighbouring holy chapel, and goes away with a light heart, believing that his sins are forgiven, or that he will be cured of his infirmity! It is a paying business. Einsiedeln is rich. By the Catholic Cantons the Abbot is still styled, "The Prince of Einsiedeln."

GENEVA: "Whose piety would not grow warmer" when visiting the haunts of John Calvin, Theodore Beza, William Farel, John Knox, Robert Haldane, and Dr. Merle D'Aubigny, the historian of the Reformation, in this classic town? We had spent two delightful months at Lucerne, and now Geneva is to be our headquarters for nearly as long a time. What a privilege! What a mine of memories in retrospect! I can only skim the surface of a field so suggestive.

Geneva is the oldest, the largest, and the richest town in Switzerland. Its population about 75,000. It lies at the foot of Lake Leman in a valley 1240 feet above the sea. The town itself is not beautiful. The main features of the city retain in some measure the indellible marks of a Calvinism which could recognize no beauty but "the beauty of holiness." The houses are very high and mostly of the same pattern—all of dull gray colour. In the old town you find streets as narrow, closes as dark, and flats as numerous and airy as in the old town of Edinburgh. St. Peter's Cathedral, the most imposing edifice in the city occupies the site of a temple of Appollo in Pagan times. Hence the name of the street alongside of it—*Rue de Soleil Levant*—street of the rising sun. The tradition is preserved in the city arms which, is the centre of a sun emitting rays of light, has the mystic letters I.H.S., standing for Jesus, saviour of men, and the motto, "*Post tenebras Lux*" Light after Darkness. The other churches are old and gloomy. The finest auditorium in the city is the Reformation Hall seated for 2,500. The style of preaching in Geneva is extempore, ornate and oratorical. The home in which Calvin lived is still to be seen. On the front of it is this inscription "*Dominus est pro pugnaculum meum*"—The Lord is my defence. A small square stone, with the initials J. C. cut upon it, is all that marks the place where the great reformer is supposed to have been buried, in the old cemetery near the confluence of the Arve with the Rhone. The new town has some fine streets and good buildings. The university and the theatre are the most prominent. The University is well manned with 60 professors and 27 tutors. It has also a fine library and museum, especially rich in its collection of birds, shells and fossils, admirably arranged. Portraits of eminent divines and statesmen adorn the walls—Wycliffe, Luther, Knox, Beza, Zwingli, Melancthon, Erasmus, Farel, Turrettini, Diodate, and D'Aubigny, whose portrait is the finest in the collection. The principal industries of Geneva are still the manufacture of watches, jewelry and musical boxes. Some of the fêtes peculiar to Geneva occurred during our stay there and in which we were participants. "The Escalade" was observed on the 12th of December. Christmas and

New Years day with great *éclat*. On Sundays the churches are all well-filled in the morning, but the afternoon during the holiday season, especially, is devoted to pastimes. I heard a good sermon from a catholic priest one of these Sunday mornings, who had for his text—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity"; but it was the old story over again—"They rose up early and offered burnt offering: and the people sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play." By two o'clock, the fair was in full blast, drums beating, horns blowing, bells ringing, bands playing, and scores of hand organs striving for the mastery!

CHAMONIX AND THE TÊTE NOIRE.

From Geneva to Chamonix—the most celebrated in the region of the Alps for grand scenery—the distance is 53½ miles. We travel by "diligence" drawn by five horses. It is uphill work all the way, for Chamonix is 2215 feet above the Lake of Geneva, but the road is one of the finest in the world. We change horses six times and think we do very well if we average five miles an hour. We reach the entrance to the valley just in time to see the hues of sunset fading on the white peaks far above us. We are at the foot of Mont Blanc, that reaches an altitude of 15,780 feet above sea level. The first thing after supper in a comfortable hotel was to arrange with the "Society of Guides" for to-morrow's work. This Society regulates every detail in which the services of guides are required. Two mules and two guides are at the door of our pension next morning. The lads help us into the saddles, the pilot mule receives a probe from an alpinstock and we are off sky-ward. It takes a little time to acquire absolute confidence in your horsemanship, but the saddle is so constructed you cannot easily fall off, nor get out of it, unless you and your mule should together come to grief. We are bound for *Mer-de-Glace*. The ascent is very steep by a rough, winding, narrow path to the hotel at Montanvert, 3,000 feet above Chamonix, where we are to leave the mules and cross the ice afoot. We are soon upon the frozen mass of ice, half a mile in width, that crawls down the gorge at the rate of a few inches in twelve months. At any rate "it moves."

It is said to be in many places 100 feet thick ; we can believe it, for, here and there we look down into crevasses whose pale green walls reach the vanishing point before the bottom is reached. Climbing over waves of ice, twenty to twenty-five feet high, several times "my feet were almost gone," when my trusty guide seized my hand with a grip I shall never forget and drew me on. The warm-hearted fellow could not speak a word that I understood, but his face was eloquent, his eye as sharp as an eagle's, and his foot as sure as a chamois. In half an hour we reached the further shore of that strange sea. We had crossed the *Mer-de-Glace*. It is quite easy when you have learned how to do it. A little lower down, it assumes a much more turbulent shape, and is called the *Glacier-des-Bois*—a gigantic rapid in ice, tumbling over an incline of 45°, or rather, having the appearance that such a cascade would have if photographed instantaneously. We now commence the descent. The track has many ups and downs over and among the debris of avalanches. Sometimes we are in a spray bath from waterfalls a thousand feet high ; at other points we see great boulders on the balance, ready on slightest provocation—a loud cough might set one of them in motion—to fall and crush us to atoms ! At length the culminating point is reached—the *mauvais pas*—little more than narrow steps cut in the face of perpendicular rock, with rods of iron let into it to hold on by. Old men and women had need to look warily to their feet. Beyond this is a small *aubèrge* where we rest and are thankful. We have descended 1000 feet and the mules are awaiting us, but a look at the steep zig-zag path that leads to the valley is enough—better to be footsore, than run the risk of a broken neck. In due time we regain level ground, and we are convinced that Mont Blanc is every inch as high as it is said to be, nor have we any desire to approach nearer the top of the awful monarch. The village of Chamonix is chiefly composed of hotels. In front of the R. C. church there is a rock monument to the memory of Jacques Balmat—the first to ascend Mont Blanc, in 1786. Another monument records the death of Rev. George McCorkindale of Gourock, who with a party of eight guides and two fellow tourists perished near the summit

in a terrific snow storm, September 13th, 1870. Engraven on the stone is the suggestive motto "*Ubi crux, ibi patria.*"

Now for the TETE NOIR. At 7 a.m. The mountains were all veiled in mist. It was raining heavily. Our departure from Chamonix was like a miniature funeral procession—two sedate—looking pedestrians and two mules followed by a guide, in single file. At the first hill we mounted our drookit steeds and travel on slowly for some miles. Presently there is a rift in the clouds. Great banks of mist roll away in front of us: a patch of blue is seen overhead, then the sun shines upon us in all his glory. We make a long ascent over a splendid new road, and obtain magnificent views of mountain peaks and shining glaciers. We descend into a valley and on the level ground make good time. The length of a Chamonix mule's step is six feet by careful measurement, his hind foot overlaps his fore foot every time by twelve inches, when he comes to a difficult place, he twines his spindle-shanks around each other and turns quite around in half his own length. What a strange old valley this is! with its rich carpet of green. Hundreds of cows are grazing in companies of from six to a dozen, each herded by cowboy or girl. The women wear great cow-skin coats: the men are dressed in faded green fustian or corduroy. Each cow has suspended from its neck a ponderous bell. You who are fond of music, I wish you could have heard the clanging of those bells in the valley of Valorcines. The wooden houses are picturesque, very old, very brown and weather-beaten, and loaded with big stones to prevent the roof from being blown off. They have "accommodation for man and beast," and it was difficult, in passing, to distinguish which part of the dwelling for the one and which for the other: they were both alike dirty.

We reach Chatelard at noon, halt and dine. After dinner we walked a mile. The down-grade is proverbially easy. Down we go: the valley contracts: dark pine-clad hills wall it in: a roaring torrent dashes through the defile, which may be fitly called the valley of desolation! It has become weird, lonely, and savage. A black round-headed mountain comes into view. That is the *Tête Noir*. It is 6591 feet high. A series of zig-zags takes us far up

its seamed side, whence we obtain wonderful views of the valley below and the hills behind and before us. We go down again through a beautiful forest and pause now and then to take stock of the flora and fauna. My companion is something of a botanist and discovers saxafrages, sempervivums, heaths, red and white, blue-bells, autumnal crocuses, rock thistles, the wild geranium and rhododendron, ferns, of course, in endless variety, the mountain cranberry, strawberries and raspberries—a veritable botanical garden on a large scale.

The steepest and longest hill yet encountered still lies between us and Martigny where we expect to exchange mules for the iron-horse. The scene that met our gaze when we reached the *Col-de-la-Forclaz*—5000 feet about the sea—was an extraordinary one. We were far above the clouds, and in front of us a sea of vapour, with here and there grey mountain peaks looming out of the expanse like sails on the ocean. Passing through the clouds, we commenced the descent and soon there is spread out before us the beautiful valley of the Rhone and Martigny seemingly at our feet. How soon shall we be there? "In two hours" replied the guide. "What?" "So near and yet so far!" "'Tis even so." He was right to a minute.

There is no royal road to Martigny other than this. It is very steep: it has many turnings: it is even very difficult to the foot-sore weary pilgrim: but it comes to an end. There is a more beautiful city than Martigny whither we expect soon to go—so far, yet so near! Yes, to it, too, there is but one road—a royal road truly, though encompassed with many difficulties, many trials: but, oh! the joy that remaineth for the people of God in the city not made with hands!

> "There's a land that is fairer than day,
> And by faith we can see it afar,
> For the Father waits over the way,
> To prepare us a dwelling-place there.
> We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

We must see Venice—"The Queen of the Adriatic." It is distant from Lucerne 342½ miles, and 180 miles north of Florence: from

Milan 164½ miles by rail, through a fine undulating country, touching at Verona and Padua. At Verona we naturally look for Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen" on the platform of the railway station! This is one of the oldest towns in Northern Italy, said to have been founded in the 4th century, B.C.—the reputed birth-place of Cornelius Nepos, Catullus, the elder Pliny, and many other historic celebrities. Padua claims to be the birth-place of Livy—a melancholy looking city shut in by huge walls. But we have come through the St. Gothard Tunnel without remark—the longest tunnel in the world and, for aught I know, the most stupendous undertaking of the kind in existence. It is 9¼ miles in length, 28 feet broad, and 21 feet in height. It was completed in 1882 at a cost of $11,375,000. The difficulties to be overcome from the outset were almost insurmountable, but fertile brains aided by compressed air triumphed in the end. Louis Favre, the chief engineer of the work did not live to see his gigantic work completed. He was stricken with apoplexy and died in the tunnel when the workmen on either side of the excavation were almost within hearing of each other's picks and hammers. The tunnel is 3786 feet above sea-level and 6,500 feet below the peaks of St. Gothard. Between Chiasso and Lucerne there are no fewer than 56 lesser tunnels in 140 miles.

The peasantry in this part of Italy are as antiqnated as these old towns. They live in thatched huts resembling the pictures we have seen of the dwellings of some of the Boers in South Africa, and in the cultivation of the soil remind us of the time when "Adam delved and Eve span." I only saw one plough at work between Verona and Venice, and that was drawn by four yoke of steel-grey oxen—a woman leading the foremost yoke with a string.

And now we come to Mestre on the sea, and to the bridge—four miles long—that forms the only approach to Venice. We are in good luck, for the tide is in, and that has much to do with the realizing of your own and other people's dreams of "That glorious City in the Sea." To see for the first time its towers, and domes, and palaces rising out of the water is indeed a rare sight. The whole city, covering a cluster of small islands, only a few feet

above high-water level, rests on piles driven into the mud. I was told that the Church of *Maria Salute* stands upon 1200 thousand piles! At the railway station you walk down a broad flight of steps to the waters' edge and hail a gondola. In all the unique city there is not a wheeled carriage, not a horse, not a cow, not even a donkey to be seen. The gondola is the only conveyance. It is ordinarily somewhat shaped like a bark-canoe about 35 feet long and five feet wide amidships. The cabin in the centre is nicely cushioned and carpeted and enclosed with glass doors and windows. All are painted black (why I could not learn), and to complete their funereal appearance, a pall of black cloth is thrown over the roof. The gondolier stands up to his work in the stern, using but one oar, and handles his strange craft with amazing skill. To reach the Hotel Monaco we had to go about three miles by gondola, twice crossing the Grand Canal which runs the whole length of the city in the form of the letter S, reminding one of Regent street done in water. Near the centre it is crossed by the *Ponte Rialto*, a magnificent arch of 100 feet span, surmounted by a double row of shops, and lavishly ornamented with stone carvings.

It was on the 5th of March, about eight o'clock in the evening when our gondola drew up at the hotel door. the moon was near the full. In front of us was the harbour, a broad expanse of shimmering water. Great ships and ocean steamers were lying at anchor. Gondolas decked out with coloured lights flitted about like phantom skiffs in all directions. Music, vocal and instrumental, mingling with the chiming of church bells, floated over the tide. The temperature was delicious. This was indeed the Venice of poetic fancy:

"A gem set in a silver sea."

We walked out, for there are handsome streets and tempting shops in Venice as well as canals. We encountered vast crowds of people promenading in St. Mark's square which was ablaze with electric light.

Early next morning we visited the Cathedral—the most singularly impressive building we had yet seen; one which, while it sets all ideas of architectural propriety at defiance, is yet a thing of

beauty, incomparable with any other sacred edifice on earth. The whole building, and it is not a small one, is covered inside and out with costly materials. It is crowned with a dozen glittering domes and cupolas. Over the main entrance are the four famous gilt horses, as large as life, that had adorned a temple in Athens, then in Rome, and that were carried off by Napoleon to Paris. Of the interior I need only say that from end to end it is a succession of "sermons in stones." Here high art has been consecrated to adorn a Christian temple which no one can look upon without being solemnized. There is less mariolatry, less popery, if you please, in St. Mark's than in any Roman Catholic church I have seen. The mosaics are remarkable for their faithful representations of Bible incidents. St. Mark, of course, receives a full share of attention, for the tradition is firmly believed that his bones, or his dust, lie within these precincts. A curious feature of St. Mark's is its tesselated floor of many coloured marbles. It shines like glass and is difficult to walk on, on account of its unevenness, for it undulates like the waves of the sea.

The Doge's Palace is a magnificent souvenir of Venice, in its palmy days, containing splendid paintings and other valuable objects of art. The great hall or Council Chamber is 175 feet long and 80 feet wide. Here is Tintoretto's picture of "The Glories of Paradise," probably the largest canvas in the world—82 feet by 33 feet! If I cannot say that "I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs." I passed under it several times in my gondola, and as often as I did so, allowed imagination to have its full swing. I climbed to the top of the Campanile (Alas for the Campanile! It suddenly collapsed in the summer of 1902, and became a heap of rubbish) 320 feet, by a series of inclined planes, instead of steps, so easy that Napoleon is said to have ridden to the summit on horseback! From it there is a splendid view of the whole city and surrounding country.

We spent a Sunday in Venice. A glorious day it was. I hired a gondola and went in search of an English Church service, but found none. After circumnavigating almost the whole city, my gondolier, wondering, I suppose, what I was driving at, finally

landed me in the cemetery, situated upon an island, where he left me for some time to meditate among the tombs. Venice excels most cities in the prevailing beauty and richness of its architecture; even in the most out-of-the-way places this is noticeable, but it is especially so as you pass through the Grand Canal, on which most of the palaces and public buildings are situated.

We would fain have prolonged our stay at Geneva, but the advent of the "Bise" warned us to seek a more genial clime for the rest of the winter. This "Bise" comes periodically in the form of a northern gale that sweeps down the lake with terrific force and hits Geneva right in the eye, to the discomforture of pedestrians. But it is not altogether an unwelcome visitor, for it penetrates the murkiest slums of the town and effectually cleans them of every taint of malaria. We made the circuit of the lake in quest of pastures new, calling at Cologny, where we saw D'Aubigny's tomb and Byron's Villa, Evian-les-Bains, a favourite French summer resort, and Lausanne the capital of Canton Vaud, an interesting town with a fine old cathedral. Lausanne is frequented by many English families on account of its educational advantages. It was here that Gibbon wrote most of his celebrated "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and it was here that he was reclaimed from Catholicism to re-embrace the Protestant faith. Presbyterianism is well represented in Lausanne by the Rev. A. F. Buscarlet, whose church is a gem of architecture, and who is himself a highly accomplished and genial personality. The Federal Tribunal building for the accommodation of the Supreme Courts of Law is one of the finest edifices in Switzerland. Byron apostrophises the Lake of Geneva in glowing terms:

> "Clear placid Leman! Thy contrasted lake,
> With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
> Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
> Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring."

But Lake Leman is not always so placid. It is sometimes agitated by big gales and rough seas. Its fleet of sailing vessels is unique. The graceful lateen schooner, with its two triangular sails and its crew of three men is much in evidence. One wonders how such

curious craft can live in rough weather. But they do. Their turtle-back decks are hermetically sealed so that the waves wash over them and they have a good grip of the water, often drawing as much as seven or eight feet. They sail well, and when running before the wind, wing and wing, they have a particularly picturesque appearance, looking at a little distance like a huge albatross dipping into the sea.

Montreux at the head of the lake was selected as the resting place of the three pilgrims for the remainder of the winter; and so farewell to Geneva, and to President Barde, and Professor Ruffet, who had shewn us so much kindness. Montreux is completely sheltered from the north winds by the lofty mountains back of it and is in other respects a pleasant place. In its immediate neighbourhood are Vevy, "Sweet Clårens," and Chillon, and in the distance are seen the Dent-du-Midi, then Meillerie, and the snow-capped Alps. Chillon is but a few minutes walk from our hotel and is worth going a long way to see.

> "Chillon! Thy prison is a holy place,
> And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod
> Until his very steps have left a trace
> Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
> By Bonnivard!—May none these marks efface!
> For they appeal from tyranny to God."

Yes, we saw the pillar and its iron ring to which the Geneovise patriot was chained, and the gloomy dungeons and chambers of horrors, and the great dining hall, and the pious Governor's chapel, for the tyrant had a chapel with pulpit, pews, and altar and a confessional too—the rascal!

The tempting offer of a cheap excursion ticket for the "Grand Italian Tour" was irresistible. To see Rome, Naples, Florence, Genoa, Milan and intermediate cities of renown, who would grudge the modest sum of $36.50? It is "the opportunity of a life time," as advertised. And it is not disappointing.

The route was *via* Geneva, the Mont Cenis Tunnel, and Turin. We shoot through the tunnel in half an hour, to find that we have crossed the watershed and emerge into the bright sunshine of an unclouded Italian sky. It was over this mountain that Napoleon

constructed his wonderful road in 1808-1811. With accellerated speed we followed the mountain torrent that developes by and by into the river Dora. A thousand feet above it, we chase it down the gorge, passing through intermittent tunnels between which we have wonderful peeps into the valley with picturesque old towns and villages on the rough mountain side, vineyards in what seemed to be impossible places, and of Napoleon's zig-zag road climbing the heights. We descend into the plains of Piedmont and with the Vaudois valley on our right, we are soon at Turin, a beautiful town of 260,000 inhabitants. The streets are broad and clean. The distinguishing feature of its architecture is long reaches of arched corridors, surmounted by lofty buildings, with handsome shops on the ground floor. The Boulevards, or "corsos" are remarkable for their width and elegance. The Royal Palace is a noble structure, but, like many other King's houses in Italy, is tenantless. The Cathedral has some good pictures and monuments, the apse in rear of the altar forms a separate chapel for the use of the Royal family, and is richly decorated. There are a hundred other fine churches in Turin. One of them has over its entrance in large gilt letters *Janua Cœli*—the gate of Heaven—and the usual advertisement "*Indulgentia Plenaria.*" How long will an intelligent people allow themselves to be hood-winked in this fashion? The Morning Cometh! I saw many poor women standing in water up to their knees this frosty morning—washing clothes. The men all wear long cloaks with capes thrown jauntily over the left shoulder—the meanest beggar must have his cloak! The Waldensian church is large and handsome, as is also the Jewish synagogue. We run down to Genoa, 104 miles, in 3½ hours. It is a dead level all the way, until we approach the sea where a spur of the Appenines skirts the shore. We notice long rows of mulberry trees. The cottages of the peasantry are almost hidden by vines festooned from tree to tree, and by orchards of fig and peach trees soon to burst into bloom and scent the air with their fragrance. Large tracts are devoted to the culture of rice, flax and meadow hay, but the staple product is *silk.* The mulberry supplies food for the silk-worm. Ruthless hands toss his castle into a basin of boiling water, and delicate fingers begin, where

he left off, to unwind the gossamer thread, so fine as to be almost invisible to the naked eye, yet as strong as steel of equal thickness. Thousands of women are employed in this industry.

At Genoa we are still 463 miles from Naples; but in due time, passing through scenes of absorbing interest, we reach our *terminus ad quem*. At the railway station all was bustle and confusion. Between the hotel runners and cabmen it seemed as if we would be almost torn to pieces. But all's well that ends well. A long drive it was to the *Hotel della Riviera*, but we found it to be a quiet and comfortable house in the finest quarter of the city. In front of it are the public gardens adorned with stately palms and other beautiful trees and shrubs, and the *Drive* accounted the finest in Europe—where the aristocracy of this great city of 600,000 come to take their evening airing in stylish equipages, along the margin of the sea and in full view of the Bay with its magnificent sweep of shore line.

The principal sights of Naples are its 300 churches—some of them very fine—the Royal Palace, the Catacombs, the Castle and Monastery of St. Elmo on a rocky eminence 840 feet high, and the Museum. The road leading to the Castle is very steep and can only be used by pedestrians and donkeys, of which a large number are in constant attendance. All the stores and ammunition for the Castle and all building materials are transported on the backs of donkeys; men and women do not disdain to make the ascent on donkey-back, but even if you prefer to go up a-foot you are amply repaid for the toil by the glorious view obtained from the summit and by the civility of the officials and the politeness of the monks and nuns in charge of the Monastery.

The Museum, stored with art treasures from Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae, is especially interesting. The collection of bronzes and terra cotta work is unique. The ground floor is filled with ancient statuary and its walls are covered with frescoes, mosaics, and inscriptions from these buried cities. While others are scrutinizing the brooches and bracelets, the rings and armlets and other personal adornments of the elite of fashion two thousand years ago, let us look at the splendid equestrian statues in white

marble of *Balbus*—father and son—which were removed from Herculaneum, only slightly discoloured, but with scarcely so much as a scratch upon them. These horses are thought to be among the finest of antiquity. An equestrian statue of Nero, found on top of a triumphal arch in Pompeii is also very fine. There is not to be found anywhere finer specimens of ancient sculpture than you find here, many of them, most of them indeed, as sharp in outline and as perfect in every respect as when they came from the artist's studio thousands of years ago. The sight of the marvellous collection is enough to turn the head of a fancier of bric-a-bac, and you go away saying to yourself: surely, "There is nothing new under the sun," for the finest articles of jewelry and porcelain that are sold in London, Paris, and New York to-day are but imitations of what were worn by the aristocracy of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

VESUVIUS is the lion of Naples and draws its crowds of visitors every year. From every point of view it is the most prominent and the grandest feature in the landscape. The drive from Naples is a most enjoyable one. We put ourselves under charge of "Thomas Cook and Son" for the day, paid the regulation fare of some five dollars, and set out early in the morning, a jovial party of twenty-four in six carriages each drawn by three horses. Such streams of people we met coming in from the country! pretty little donkeys laden with green grocery: waggons drawn by mules wonderfully got up with scarlet trappings, brass mountings and jingling bells, and that most curious of all conveyances the *carriole*, a two wheeled machine on which a dozen or more passengers are clustered like bees, and which dashes along at a furious rate, the light hearted crews singing at the top of their voices. We stopped for a few minutes at Resina, a dilapidated town, and we are told by our guide that seventy feet beneath the surface lies the city of Herculaneum, once as bright and beautiful as Naples is to-day! Now we leave the shore and commence the ascent of Vesuvius, by an excellent winding road over fields, lakes, rivers and cascades of lava, black as ebony. We passed close to the Observatory, which narrowly escaped destruction in 1872, when enormous streams of red-hot lava flowed down on either side of it: so sudden was the

eruption, the operator had not time to escape, but he survived the fiery ordeal and got credit for continuing his observations while being roasted between two fires! Half an hour more brought us to the "Inferior station of the Funicular Railway," as it is called, where there is a refreshment room, and a post and telegraph office. The view from this point is truly magnificent, including the whole City and Bay of Naples, the towns and villages that line the shore, the distant mountains, the islands and the sea. Above us, there is the frowning cone 1000 feet high, and the great transparent cloud of white vapour floating over it. This funny little railway—the steepest in the world—consists of a single rail! It is 2740 feet in length, and lifts us 850 feet in ten or twelve minutes, landing us as near the crater as is deemed safe to go in that way. You must now follow your guide, wading ancle-deep in loose ashes sometimes finding yourself taking two steps backward for one forward. Once on the summit, you must follow your guide. It is not safe to venture alone. At any moment you might "put your foot in it," or be enveloped in sulphurous steam. To reach the edge of the crater you must go well to windward. From a hundred cracks and crevices jets of steam and hot water are hissing at you; but you must keep as cool as you can: now that you are on the brink of the abyss, a false step would be fatal: "sit down"!

My guide and I sat down, and gazed into the mysterious depths, but the continuous discharge of vapour made it impossible to see very far down. I took the man's word for it that the crater is a mile and a half in circumference and about 1000 feet deep to the surface of the molten lava. Listen! There is no doubt about its "activity." Every now and then we could hear discharges, away down in the depths, as of rocks and debris shot up with mighty force and falling back with a splash into the boiling cauldron. At other times there were muffled reports, as of distant artillery, or like that which follows a submarine explosion.

It was on Ash-Wednesday, February 23rd, 1887, the day of the earthquakes that desolated the Riviera, that I sat and listened to these dreadful sounds. If any one is sceptical as to the possibility of the world being burned up with fire, he need only sit

here for a very short time in order to be convinced that the agency by which such a consummation might easily be brought about is not far to seek. Nineteen times during the present century has this burning mountain broken out and poured down streams of lava to the loss of life and property; and yet people build houses and plant vineyards, and sleep as soundly on the slopes of Vesuvius as though nothing of the sort is likely ever to occur again! The next eruption is overdue, now we had better be going.

POMPEII. A whole day was given to this entombed city—a memorable day. It lies in its coffin about 14 miles from Naples and two miles from the sea. The railway lands us at the entrance gate. Having paid two francs, we pass through the turnstyle and in a few minutes we are standing in the Forum, once the heart and business centre of a beautiful little town of 25,000 inhabitants among whom were the elite of Roman rank and fashion, where now death-like silence reigns. On the afternoon of the 24th of August, A.D. 79, the stream of pleasure and business in this place suddenly stopped short—never to go again. Yet here it is to-day, basking in the sunshine, exposed to the gaze of curious travellers, in its main features as perfect almost as on the day of its burial 1800 years ago. Ascending the steps of the Temple of Jupiter, and sitting down at the foot of the marble altar, we tried to recall the past. The weird appearance of Pompeii can never be effaced from memory. The houses are nearly all one storey in height and built of brick. The streets are narrow, paved with blocks of lava, and in many places worn into deep ruts by Roman car-wheels. The sidewalks are only some two to three feet wide. Where the streets intersect there are stepping stones, that even ladies might cross without soiling their sandals. Wells and fountains are in many of the streets and handsome brick arches that had been originally faced with marble. From the carvings over the doors, one could tell what had been the occupation of the tenant. Here is a wine-shop, you may walk in, though you cannot have a drink. You will see the mark of the tumbler plainly on the marble counter. There is no mistaking the bakery, with its mills for grinding the corn, and the brick oven in which were found loaves

of bread that had been a-baking for nearly 1800 years, and in front of which was found the skeleton of the baker, who had more thought for her bread than for her safety. This other was a dentist's office: his forceps was found on the floor. That was a doctor's studio, whose surgical instruments came out of the debris almost as good as new. Here is Sallust's house, and Cicero's Villa, each covering a large area, having in the centre an open court-yard, which had been ornamented with flower-gardens, fountains and statuary. The rooms opening from this yard had mosaic floors and frescoed walls, many of them still retaining their brightness as fresh as the day they were painted. You can go into the Opera house to-day, free of charge! it is in good preservation, seated for 5,000; or to the theatre, or to the amphitheatre that was seated for 16,000. Through the "Street of the Tombs" you come to the house of Diomede, one of the wealthiest of the Pompeiians, judging from the size of his wine-cellar, in which were discovered the skeletons of 18 full-grown persons mostly women—a boy, and a young child. These had sought refuge in this place from the impending calamity and died clinging to each other.

It is supposed that about 700 persons were thus smothered, and that the rest of the inhabitants made good their escape. Herculaneum was overwhelmed at the same time and in the same way—not by lava, as has often been said, for it is not known that lava flowed in any apppreciable quantity from Vesuvius prior to A.D. 1036, but from that time until now it has been discharged incessantly—more or less.

PUZZEOLI the ancient Puteoli is five or six miles west of Naples. On the way to it we passed through the famous *Grotto of Posilipo*, a tunnel cut through the rock, half a mile in length, and in places 80 feet high. Near the entrance, high up on the face of the cliff is Virgil's tomb—a little vaulted chamber supposed to contain the dust of the Mantuan Bard—Prince of Latin poets, with the apocryphal inscription:—

> "*Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuera, tenet nunc*
> *Parthenope. Cecini pascua, rura, duces.*"

Emerging from the tunnel, we are confronted with a scene of desolation that baffles description—memorials of paganism, polytheism and profligacy in masses of blackened ruins as far as the eye can reach. Here is the colossal amphitheatre in which Nero played the fool, and near it the ruins of the once magnificent temple of Jupiter Serapis: temples innumerable dedicated to all the gods and goddesses in the calendar. On the road to Baiae, we were conducted to the "Shades of Avernus," an extinct crater filled with water, and were reminded of Virgil's famous couplet, "*Descendere in Averno, facile est: ascendere hoc est opus.*" Thence we were conducted through a long subterraneous avenue, dark as Egypt, to the "Sibyl's cave" and were ferried across the river Styx on a torch-bearer's back, and afterwards nearly baked by steam in "Nero's Baths." From our dining-room we looked out on the harbour where Roman fleets used to ride at anchor sheltered by the great mole, of which seventeen piers still remain in wonderful preservation. It was not enough for us to be told that "somewhere in this neighborhood," St. Paul landed from the Castor and Pollux about A.D. 63; we must stand on the very spot, and put our feet into his foot-prints! Our guide was of course equal to the occasion and conducted us to the traditional place opposite a shelving strand where fishermen were drying their nets and women were spinning with the distaff much in the same way, doubtless, as the men and women of Puteoli were employed in St. Paul's time. After reading in the 28th chapter of the Acts what is there said about Puteoli we walked up the steep road that leads to "Solfatara" where we entered the bed of an extinct crater from which jets of steam and streams of hot water strongly charged with sulphur are unceasingly discharged.

SORRENTO AND CAPRI. You must go with me to Sorrento, seventeen miles across the Bay from Naples, and spend a night in one of the fine hotels that like marble palaces overhang the sea, where you shall walk through orange and lemon groves that will make your teeth water: where the eye is never weary of the lovely scenery, and where exhilarating breezes from the Mediterranean infuse fresh blood into your veins with every breath you draw.

Sorrento! I can never forget it. Built on a rock 200 feet above the sea, backed by mountains clothed with vineyards, orange groves and orchards of olives, figs, dates and lemons. The town is very old and the people very primitive. It is one of the few Italian towns that has not yet been invaded by the railway. It remains just as it was 350 years ago when Tasso was born in it. The Vittoria Hotel, perched on the edge of the cliff is more like Aladdin's fairy palace than an ordinary hotel. It is very large and whoever built it designed that it should stand there till the crack of doom: five or six storeys high, every room in it is arched with a stone ceiling. The walls seem to be six feet thick. From the balcony the view across the Bay is magnificent. Naples is seen in more than all its glory, for distance lends enchantment to the scene: at night there was distinctly seen a red light high up on Vesuvius: it is a small stream of molten lava!

CAPRI: the most beautiful island in the Bay is about nine miles from Sorrento. A daily steamer conveys tourists across the strait. Before landing we are introduced to the "Blue Grotto," which can only be approached from the sea, and in calm weather. The entrance is so small it scarcely looks bigger than a rat-hole at a little distance. We disembark in small boats carrying not more than two or three persons each, and as there may be a hundred passengers, the flotilla of boats, each striving to be the first to enter the cave, presents a novel and exciting scene. You must lie down in the bottom of your tiny craft, so low is the entrance; but once you are inside you have head-room enough, for you find yourself in a spacious cavern 200 feet long, 100 feet wide, and from 40 to 50 feet in height. The water is clear as crystal and very deep. You can see fish of different kinds swimming about, and the coral insects building their crimson fabrics on the rocks far beneath the surface. But, stranger than all, the water and the rocks are lighted up a dazzling blue colour, whence the name it bears "Grotto Azzurra." As your boat glides over the surface, every stroke of the oar, like a magic wand, seems to change the blue water into sparkling silver. A young man, stripped to the buff, stands on a projecting ledge, and on getting the promise of a few bajocchi, plunges

into the water head-foremost, and dives to the bottom. You never lose sight of him, for he has been transfigured into the appearance of silver, but when his head and shoulders re-appear on the surface they resemble those of a negro, Returning to the day-light you feel like one awakening out of a dream. It all seems an unaccountable illusion!

Capri, seen a little ways off is like a huge dromedary resting in the sea: the twin humps rising to a height of 1800 feet, and the curious old town lying between. If you want to dine on the most delicious stewed quail and macaroni, you should go to Capri: if you want to buy a bouquet of prettiest wild flowers, or of virgin coral from the prettiest girl in Italy, go to Capri: if you want to get away from the rush, the dust and dirt of the city, from the strife of tongues, from the land-sharks, the extortioners, and the importunate legion of beggars that lie in wait for you at every street-corner in Naples: if you desire at least one solid day's rest and recuperation! go to Capri. There you shall find nature in her liveliest attire, and your thoughts will be lifted to nature's God; for I do not believe there is under heaven a more beautiful spot on earth. Climb to the top of Tiberias; go through the ruined chambers of the great palace where the most infamous of Roman Emperors spent the last years of his life "in wickedness viler than the most depraved imagination could suggest": turn from the sight and look around. It is Naples you see in front of you, basking in the sun; its yellow houses rising tier above tier from the water's edge: It is Vesuvius—that purple mountain with the white cloud of fleecy vapour floating in the azure sky—that rises majestically from the centre of that beautiful bay. On these excursions in and around Naples, I was accompanied by an accomplished Presbyterian minister from Philadelphia, as enthusiastic as myself, in whom I thought to have formed a lasting friendship, but I was grieved to learn that he died soon after *sua manu*. Dr. Rolph, an English physician, long resident in Naples, shewed us much attention, as did also Rev. T. Johnston Irving the Presbyterian minister residing at No. 2 Capella Vecchia.

Now for three whole weeks in the "Eternal City," under much

more favourable conditions of weather and health than on my previous visit. The weather was grand and the carnival in full swing. Rev. John Gordon Gray, D.D., the resident Presbyterian minister, became my guide, counsellor and friend, and introduced me to the lions—animate and inanimate—gaining me admission to the Propaganda, the Libraries and other places not easy of access to tourists. Through him I made the acquaintance of Gavazzi, Signor Prochet, Ben-Oliel and a number of other Protestant ministers. Twice I heard Gavazzi speak, once in English, and once in his native tongue—a marvellous man, of splendid physique and ready speech. His mission was to pull down the barriers and set the captives free. He was less adapted for the organizing of church work than as a controversialist. He succeeded however in uniting a considerable number of scattered congregations under the name of the *Chiesa Libera*, or Free Church in Italy, and his closing years were spent as minister of one of its congregations in Rome and president of its theological college. He died in 1889, in his 81st year. His body was cremated, and over his tomb was inscribed, at his own dictation, the simple epitaph—*Alessandro Gavazzi; Patriotta Christiano.* Dr. Macdougall of Florence, his able colaborator, called him "A Reformer before the Reformation." Prochet said of him, "A great champion of the cause of the gospel in Italy has fallen." On a semi-political subject, Gavazzi was always and everywhere immensely popular, though it was said that comparatively few cared to listen to the gospel at his lips.

Signor Prochet, the Nestor of the Waldensian Synod, is a pronounced evangelical, and altogether a charming personality. He has a beautiful church, over the door of which in conspicuous letters the passer-by may read—"There is one mediator between God and man—the man Christ Jesus." That in the citadel of Roman Catholicism, in one of the leading throughfares of a city that has a hundred churches dedicated to the Virgin Mary, was not without its significance. We met under interesting circumstances, at a social meeting of Dr. Prochet's large congregation to congratulate him on having that day received intimation that the University of St. Andrew's had conferred on him the degree of Doctor in Divinity.

It was also at a social meeting at his own house, that I met Rev. A. Ben-Oliel the well-known Jewish missionary who very kindly accompanied me to the Ghetto, and pointed out the traditional building where " Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him." Ben-Oliel soon after this removed to Jaffa and Jerusalem, from Jaffa he wrote to me requesting that he might be employed by the Canadian Church as its accredited missionary in Jerusalem. But his time for work was far spent. He came to the United States with his family and died in June, 1900, after fifty years service, and at an advanced age. He wielded the pen of a ready writer, and it might be said of him, as of St. Paul,—" His letters are weighty and powerful." Therein perhaps lay his greatest strength and success as a Jewish missionary.

What I saw in Rome during these weeks is somewhat simply told in seventeen brief letters published in the " Presbyterian Record"—January 1889—July 1890, and which may bear reproduction. I have often been asked to publish these jottings of a twelve months in book form; but "burnt bairns dread the fire!" The three pilgrims turned their faces homeward early in April. After spending a few weeks in Paris and London, they sailed from Glasgow in the S. S. "State of Nebraska" for New York and reached "Home Sweet Home" on the 14th of May, 1887.

CHAPTER X.

A WEEK IN RUSSIA.

ON leaving home on July 5th, 1893, I had no more idea of going to Russia than to the moon; but, having a few weeks at my disposal on the other side without any preconcerted plans, I was open for anything that might turn up. *En route* to London a newspaper advertisement arrested my attention—setting forth the facilities offered by the Wilson Line of Steamers from Hull to St. Petersburg on very reasonable terms, say £8/7/6 for the round trip, plus 6/6d per day for food, making the whole cost including fees, etc., about $65. If my young Scottish friend who had proved himself so valuable and congenial a *companion de voyage* on former occasions would join me in a sail up the Baltic my mind was made up to go. "I will be delighted," was his ready answer, and that settled the question. No time was lost in making the necessary preparations. Berths were secured in S.S. "Thomas Wilson," to sail from Hull on July 30th, and a passport was obtained from the Russian Consul in London. Had we been Jews we might not have got the passport so readily, but being Presbyterians—"against such there is no law."

The "Thomas Wilson" was an old vessel of 1500 tons, having very limited accommodation for passengers, but a good-enough sea-boat. We were in all only about 20 cabin passengers, and none other were carried: the men were packed four in a small stateroom; when all appeared in the dining saloon it was filled to its utmost capacity, but Captain Edwards and his staff were exceedingly attentive; the menu was excellent; and we were fortunate in having as fellow-passengers a most agreeable company of ladies

and gentlemen, mostly Scotch and English, many of whom had long resided in Russia and were now homeward bound, some belonging to St. Petersburg, others to the remote south. From them we obtained much information about the country and the people of whom we knew so little. So, on the whole we had a very pleasant voyage.

Crossing the Dogger Bank we fell in with a fleet of "trawlers," fishing for halibut, and turbot, haik, soles and other flat fish, found here in abundance. The second night out we made the Holman Electric Light, on the Danish Coast, said to be the finest lighthouse in the world—emitting three bright flashes in ten seconds at intervals of one minute, the reflection being visible at a distance of 70 miles! Next morning we entered the Cattegat and Skager Rack—the gate of the Baltic—alive with shipping. Late at night we passed Elsinore and Copenhagen, both aglow with electric light. We were seldom out of sight of land. On approaching the entrance to the Gulf of Finland we were met by the Government "Guardship" which patrols this section of the sea, day and night to warn mariners of the reefs and shoals that imperil the navigation, and to render assistance when needed.

On Saturday afternoon August 5th, we anchored for the night in the much fortified harbour of Cronstadt, where the Government officials came on board, inspected our passports, and questioned us as to our programme. The harbour was full of shipping, including many ships of war, and, conpicuously, the Czar's private yacht "Polar Star," a magnificent specimen of marine architecture, built at a cost of £1,000,000 sterling, and used, so we were told, only once a year, when the Emperor paid a visit to his father-in-law the King of Denmark. Cronstadt is about 20 miles from St. Petersburgh. Leaving Peterhoff on the right we pass through a submerged canal--the Neva being dredged and deepened to a depth of 22 feet—and arrived in due time at Newport—a couple of miles from the capital, where our kits are examined by the customs officials and our passports again *vised.* The first thing to attract our notice was the number of *droshkies* on the wharf, and even more than the droshky, its driver or as he is called—

the *Izvoshchik.* He is dressed in a loose blue garment of heavy texture that reaches to his heels, a red sash about his waist and a low flat-crowned hat on his head. He may be taken as a good representative of the Russian peasant or *mujik,* and is by no means a despicable specimen of humanity. He is of average size with a shaggy beard, and an intelligent cast of countenance. Of his character of course we can say nothing, but of the class to which he belongs, those who ought to know tell us that the Russian peasant is good natured, superstitious, devotional rather than emotional, very fond of *Vodka,* and singularly indifferent as to his worldly surroundings. "He will lose his money, his land, his dignity and self-respect, and even his sweetheart, from pure, insurmountable indifference." At the same time he is credited with being industrious, loyal to his sovereign and his church, and who loves his country, his home and his family.

But in the meantime, the steamer's arrival having been announced, the omnibus of the Hotel d'Angleterre was in waiting with its liveried coachman and conductor who took us in charge and drove us to a most comfortable old-fashioned hotel immediately in front of St. Isaac's Cathedral. Here we met with a cordial and polite reception from Herr Carl Kluge, the Swiss proprietor, who was kindness itself to us as long as we were his guests. The initiatory rite was the surrendering of our passports to the keeping of an official. By which we divest ourselves of the liberty to leave the country under any pretext whatever. Rooms were available to suit our varied requirements, from 5 roubles on the first floor to 2 roubles on the third flat, the rouble being about equivalent to two shillings sterling. Having exalted ideas, we chose upper rooms and found them large, airy, well furnished and comfortable. The dining room had accommodation at small tables for a hundred guests; the charges *per diem,* including meals a-la-carte with attendance would in our case be about $4. The favourite dishes for dinner were soup, salmon, roast beef, calf's head, beef and mutton a-la-mode, and the never-to-be-despised "hot pot," a savoury compound resembling Irish stew highly seasoned, and served on the table in the veritable black pot in which it had been cooked. The

wine card would satisfy the most exacting palate—Spanish and Rhine wines, Eau-de-vie, Scotch, Irish and Canadian whiskey, a variety of Russian wines and *vodka*. The last named is the national beverage and owing to its cheapness is admittedly the curse of the country. It is sold at from 10d. to 3/- the quart, the lower grades being a vile decoction. The mujik addicted to intemperance knows nothing of the "convivial glass." His aim is to become drunk as speedily as possible, so he wastes no time in sipping his vodka, but literally pours it down his throat, swallowing a small tumblerfull at a gulph. He may have fallen under the table in his debauch, or have been kicked out of the restaurant by the inhuman bar-tender to lie on the street all night, but when he picks himself up in the morning, he may be seen complacently stroking his stomach, saying to his comrade, or to himself—"wasn't I drunk last night"! To be candid, nothing of that kind came under our observation. On the contrary we saw decent-looking mujiks enjoying their cup of tea or coffee, usually tea, while eating their sandwich of home-made black bread. Russians pride themselves on the fine quality of their tea, imported overland from China; it had need to be good, for the tea-pot is unco sma' and the hot-water kettle disproportionately large: a slice of lemon is substituted for milk or cream, and instead of putting the sugar into the tea the mujik takes a sip of tea and a bite of loaf sugar by turns. The mujik's restaurant is on the street level or below it: the higher class restaurant is usually in an upper storey, decorated with flowering plants and is conducted in an orderly manner, the waiters being handsomely dressed and very civil.

Even at this time of the year, the streets are thronged with equipages and pedestrians. The nobility drive in handsome covered broughams. As there are 50,000 troops quartered in the city and vicinity, the military element is much in evidence. The officers wear long gray overcoats suspended from their shoulders, without putting their arms in the sleeves, and have a very smart appearance; among them you meet tall handsome Cossacks, in blue and scarlet. The government official is seen darting through the streets at a furious pace in his *troika*—drawn by three high-mettled horses

abreast—"the King's business requireth haste." The ubiquitous priest is easily distinguished by his flowing robe and broad-brimmed hat. A sharp line of distinction is drawn betwixt the white priest and the black. The white priest does the work of the church; he is frequently illiterate and always poorly paid; he must be the husband of one wife, but if his wife dies he must not remarry. The black priest is doomed to celibacy; he lives in a monastery, leads an ascetic life, is an intolerant "high-churchman," and is alone eligible for the offices of bishop and patriarch. The ordinary rank and file are in outward aspect just like the crowds one meets in London and Paris. The labourer wears a scarlet flannel blouse and works in summer from five o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock at night, at a wage of from 80 kopecks to a rouble per day.

ST. PETERSBURG is a splendid city: founded by Peter the Great, as "a window from which Russia might survey western civilization," in 1703, it has already a population of a million inhabitants. Being built in a swamp and surrounded by a desert, it is said to be unhealthy; but the Neva, with its rapid flow of clear water, neutralizes to some extent the malarial influences. This noble river bisects the city as the Thames does London, and has a much larger volume of water than the Thames. It is walled in by many miles of handsome granite embankment, and is spanned by numerous bridges, but only one of these—the Nicolai—is of a permanent description: the others being mostly floating wooden structures which in winter are swung around and moored to the quays. The Nicolai bars the passage for sea-going vessels, but there is a large amount of inland traffic on the upper reaches of the Neva, leading to Lake Ladoga, some 70 miles upstream—the largest lake in Europe, being 130 miles long and 80 miles wide with an area nearly as large as Lake Ontario. Owing to the absence of coal in this part of Russia, immense quantities of fire-wood come to the city from the upper Neva and its tributaries, in large sailing craft, to all appearance, but which on inspection are seen to be constructed entirely of fire-wood, so that when the cargo is discharged there is nothing left but the keel of the ship! The city is intersected by numerous canals navigated by small screw steamers that convey multitudes of people

from place to place at a charge of three kopecks a mile ; in like manner the ferry boats on the Neva are largely patronized.

Our sight-seeing was necessarily restricted to only a few of the many public buildings and parks that adorn the city. St. Isaac's Cathedral, the Admiralty buildings, and the Winter Palace are on the left bank of the Neva ; the Museums, the Fortress and Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the Botanical Gardens are situated on the opposite side of the river. The Kazan Cathedral, the Imperial Library and Grand Bazaar are approached from the Nevski Prospeckt—a grand street three miles long and 150 feet wide that runs through the centre of the city, lined with palatial residences and fine shops. *St. Isaac's* is the largest and most costly church in Russia. Founded in 1793 by Catherine II. and completed in 1858. Like all other Russian churches, it is in the form of a Greek cross, about 330 by 290 feet and 317 feet to the summit of the dome. It is built on piles, the whole resting on a foundation of three courses of red granite in blocks 15 to 23 feet long, 2½ feet thick and five feet in width. Each of the four sides is approached by a broad flight of steps leading to the porticos supported by monolithic granite colums each 60 feet high, seven feet in diameter and highly polished, in all about 60 of these columns, the weight of each being estimated at 128 tons. The transportation of these massive pillars and blocks of granite from Finland involved vast labour and expense. The central dome which is 66 feet in diamater is plated with solid gold, costing some £50,000 sterling, while the entire cost of the edifice from first to last is variously stated to have been from twelve to seventeen millions sterling! Owing to the yielding nature of the foundation it is continually undergoing restoration and repair. At the time of our visit nearly half of the exterior was hidden by scaffolding that bore marked traces of longevity. Apart from its imposing size and classical proportions, except for the glittering dome, the outward effect is somewhat severe and heavy: but nothing can surpass the elegance of the interior. Thrice every day in the week the cathedral bell summons the faithful to worship. As often as we entered it, and that was not seldom, we found a large assemblage of people. There are

no pews. All stand or kneel on the marble floor facing the high altar while the deep-voiced priest intones the service. Nor is there any organ, but that of the *vox humanum*, to lead the psalmody. This is done effectively by a male quartette whose exquisite melody seemed to me infinitely more solemnizing than the more ambitious style of operatic music that is finding its way into so many Protestant, and even Presbyterian churches.

Before and after the stated services, crowds are seen moving to and fro, some carrying lighted tapers, the sale of which at the door produces a large revenue while others reverently approach the *icons* —pictures of the Saviour, the Virgin Mary and Saints—with genuflexions, crossings, and even prostrations on the hard floor. There are no graven images. How much real religion underlies all these outward manifestations, God only knows. But the spectacle is most impressive, and the most casual observer may carry away from St. Isaac's lessons of veneration for sacred emblems worth remembering. It may be argued, says Piazzi Smyth, that the Russians' veneration for his *icon* is but in another form that which the Englishman exhibits in presence of the so-called sacred architecture of cathedrals in his own country. Referring to ths golden dome, the same writer says: "Neither here nor in the little golden dome of the Alexander Nevski chapel, a mere sentry-box in size, is there the smallest fear of plunder, from any member of the Russian populace, for sacrilege is a thing they most emphatically abhor." Nor is the veneration of the *icon* confined to the churches, it obtains a place in every household aud every soldier's knapsack contains his sacred picture. In the railway stations, in the shops, and at almost every street corner, pictures of the Madonna or other saint are to be seen, and even your droshky-driver will not pass such without crossing himself or raising his hat.

THE CATHEDRAL OF OUR LADY OF KAZAN, next in importance to St. Isaac's, is also a beautiful edifice with an eliptic collonade in front, somewhat after the pattern of St. Peter's, Rome, on a smaller scale. It was erected to commemorate the downfall of Napoleon in 1812. The interior is of great splendour, adorned with trophies and relics of the war. The screen in front of the

Iconostas, or holy place, is of silver, 4000 lbs in weight, recovered from the French troops who had plundered it from the churches in Moscow. The chief *icon* is the picture of the Madonna—the so-called miracle-working Virgin of Kazan—set in a frame of diamonds valued at £15,000, and which is kissed as reverently as the toe of St. Peter in the Roman Basilica. In the window behind the altar there is a colossal and wonderfully fine picture of Christ; in another part of the Cathedral is the tomb of Kuluzof, the commander in chief of the Russian army during the French invasion, who is styled "The Saviour of his Country," and to whose memory and that of his comrade in arms, General Barclay de Tolly of Scottish extraction, there are statues in front of the Cathedral. Adjoining the Cathedral is the Bazaar consisting of an immense number of shops huddled together giving employment to thousands of dealers in small wares of many descriptions.

The Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul stands in the Castle yard of the Fortress bearing the same name, and is chiefly interesting as the burial place of the Czars from the time of Peter the Great. Being under repair at the time of our visit we were not admitted, but from the door we could see the banners suspended from the walls and the marble sarcophagi on the floor over the place where the Emperors are buried. The Fortress is now used as a State Prison. Close by is Peter the Great's "hut," the first house built by that mighty and versatile monarch on the Neva, and the one in which he lived while superintending the building of the western capital that was to be. It is very small and is carefully housed over. It consists of but two rooms and a kitchen which has recently been transformed into a miniature chapel. Alongside of it, also under cover, is the boat which he built with his own hands and the kit of tools with which he exercised his handicraft. "The Church of the Resurrection" was in course of erection and was designed to be a splendid memorial of good Alexander II. and covers the spot where he was assassinated, March 13th, 1881.

We had also an opportunity of seeing the Anglican Chapel on the English Quay, near the Nicolai bridge—a beautiful little edifice seated for about 500 persons, whose minister enjoys a comfortable

income of £1,000 sterling a year, together with a palatial furnished residence, and what is of still greater importance, with the good-will and to some extent the support of the government.

THE IMPERIAL LIBRARY is one of the richest in Europe, containing over a million of printed books and a vast collection of manuscripts, engravings, maps, &c., &c. The collection of ancient and modern versions of the Bible, the Koran, and sacred missals is especially interesting. Some ponderous tomes were chained to their desks, as in the days of Wycliffe. Many were kept under glass cases, carefully guarded. Among the rarest treasures is the famous *Codex Sinaiticus*, discovered by Tischendorf in the Convent of Mount Sinai in 1859, and which is said to be the most complete of all known versions of the Bible. Having seen the finely executed copy of this Codex in the Library of the Presbyterian College, Montreal—a present from the Czar—expectation rose to a high pitch in the hope of seeing the original. But that could not be. The nearest approach to it that we had was a sight of the outer one of three ponderous iron doors of the safe in which the precious Codex is kept, and which can only be opened by the Czar in person and two trusted custodians.

THE WINTER PALACE—headquarters of the Russian Court and one of the Royal residences is a magnificent edifice in the Italian style of architecture, three storeys in height, and though outwardly finished in stucco presents an imposing appearance. It is said to be 700 feet long and 380 feet in depth, and to have accommodation for 7000 residents. The principal apartments are on a scale of great magnificence, but we had only time to visit the Hermitage, a mere wing of the palace, where one might spend a week without exhausting the interest attached to the marvellous collection of paintings, sculptures, and antiquities which it contains. Here you are insistently reminded of Peter in all the stages of his remarkable career. You have pictures and *models* of him as an infant of a few spans long, and onwards and upwards until he reaches his colossal size of seven feet 3½ inches in height, and his meridian splendour. Here you see his iron walking staff and his turning lathe, and a hundred other things to convince you that Peter had at

sometime in the history of the country a material existence. A wing, did I say? And a mighty big one, for the Hermitage forms a parallelogram, so Murray says, of 572 feet by 375 feet, and you must travel through forty spacious rooms before you have exhausted the docquet. It is a museum, an art gallery, and a library all in one.

Speaking of Peter, I am reminded of the matchless equestrian statue in front of St. Isaac's. It has the great man mounted on a fiery charger trampling under foot a serpent, the emblem of past ignorance and barbarism, and symbolizing the difficulties Peter the Great encountered in his determination to introduce the elements of western civilization. The pose is graceful and dignified, and if it does not seem like coming from the sublime to the ridiculous, it may be added that the tail of the horse touches the body of the writhing reptile and in this ingenious way supports the group. The block of granite on which it stands is 43 feet long, 14 feet high, and 20 feet in breadth, and weighs 1500 tons. It was brought from Finland at great labour and expense by means of cannon balls rolling on an iron tramway. The simple inscription on this unique monument writes its history in the fewest possible words:—"*Petro Primo, Catherina Secunda, MDCCXXXII.*" As we would say in English, erected to the memory of Peter the Great, by Catherine the Second, in 1732. Among other handsome monuments, there is an equestrian statue of Nicholas I., near our hotel, with bas-reliefs on the pedestal recording important events during his reign and figures of his wife and three daughters at the four corners of the base. In a court of the University we noticed a monument to Sir James Wylie, erected in 1859, in testimony of his eminent services to the medical faculty and to surgery in particular; a Scotchman, as his name implies, of whom it was jocularly said: that he made his fortune by cutting Count Kutaisof's throat.

We spent a delightful day at Peterhoff, driving through extensive and finely wooded parks and beautiful gardens, and meeting friends that made our visit to St. Petersburg doubly memorable. We went to and fro in a swift clyde-built steamer encountering a tremendous thunder-storm on the return voyage—all for 90 kopecks. One evening was devoted to the Islands of the Neva

where the rank and fashion of the Metropolis are seen driving in stylish equipages, as in Rotten Row, amid charming woodland scenes, and where cooling breezes from the Gulf of Finland revive the faint and weary denizens of the sweltering city. Another evening found us in the Zoological Gardens, so-called, but in reality in a huge place of recreation resorted to by multitudes of well-dressed and well-behaved men and women of the middle classes, who are entertained with out-of-door theatrical performances, such as used to be seen in the Champs Elysee, Paris, with highly spiced pantomines ballet dances, and other accessories, which done, an adjournment is made *en masse* to one of the largest restaurants on the grounds ever seen, where upwards of a thousand were comfortably seated at small tables under one roof, the place being brilliantly lighted by electricity and enlivened with a good band of music, while the jolly party drank their coffee, tea, or beer, and smoked cigarettes till all was blue—all conducted in an orderly manner.

The feeling of hostility against Jews in Russia culminated during the reign of the late Czar, Alexander III. when an imperial edict was issued, by which the Jews residing in St. Petersburg were allowed three years to pack up and had their choice given of nine provinces to live in. The story is told of a rich banker who had given the head of the police half a million of roubles to be expended in endeavours to mitigate the penalties. The money was given to the Czar and the question was asked what would be done with it? "Give it to the charities of the city in equal proportions" was the prompt reply; "and give my compliments to Mr. Jew and tell him that he must leave Russia in twenty-four hours or go to Siberia, for attempting to bribe my servants." Mackenzie Wallace, in his book on Russia, speaking of the bureaucratic system in St. Petersburg says that before anything reaches a bureau "it must wade through seas of subordinate judicatories, all open to bribery." *e.g.* A certain governor reported that his stove wanted repairs: the report went from one office to another to be examined, checked, and certified; finally it was submitted to an architect whose report was duly scrutinized and authorized, and after thirty days, and thirty

sheets of paper having been used, an order was issued for the repairs which cost some two roubles and 40 kopecks! Referring to bribery, it is said that, when Peter the Great remonstrated with his procurator, the chief replied that if he dismissed all who cheated there would be no officials left, for, said he, "we all steal, only some more than others." He has a good story of Nicholas I. The usual Easter morning salutation by members of the Greek Church is—"Christ is Risen." One Easter morning Nicholas coming out of his cabinet addressed the sentry at the door—"Christ is Risen." "Not at all, your royal highness," said the soldier! The Emperor was astounded at such plainness of speech and demanded an explanation. The trembling sentry confessed himself a Jew. So pleased was Nicholas with the honesty of the man that he sent him a handsome Easter present.

MOSCOW.

The distance from St. Petersburg to Moscow is 466 miles as the crow flies, and that is the course the railway takes. As everybody knows, when the road was first projected at the time of the Crimean War, discussion ran high as to the route it should follow, the Czar Nicholas I. was consulted. A map having been spread out before him on the table, he took a ruler and drawing a straight line betwixt the twin capitals said emphatically, that is your route: and so it was decreed. We go by the night mail train in fifteen hours, fare 21 roubles, say 42/. The cars are very comfortable, the conductor is very civil, and the road-bed very smooth, so we glide along easily at the rate of thirty miles an hour, including stoppages of ten or fifteen minutes each at the six principal stations, about 75 miles apart, where large and excellent refreshment rooms are to be found. The intervening country seemed to be entirely agricultural. So far as we could discern in the night and early morning we did not pass a town of any importance, not one.

On arriving at the Moscow station we drove, as advised, to the Dousseau Hotel, not the largest or finest in the city, but a quaint old fashioned house conveniently situated, and very comfortable, kept by Mr. Mirsch a German who was stone blind, but

who nevertheless was one of the most attentive of landlords. After breakfast, we secured the services of a *commissionaire* who spoke English fairly well, and made a bee line for the Kremlin. We enter by the Spaski gate—the *porta sacra*—under "the Arch of the Redeemer," beneath which all who pass must uncover—even the Czar himself devoutly conforms to the time-honoured custom. It did not take us long to realize that we were in the heart of the central city of the Empire—MOSKVA MATOUSHKA—the mother city, dear to every Russian; and this Kremlin is his Holy of Holies. The Kremlin is almost triangular in shape, surrounded by lofty cranelated walls, broken at frequent intervals with towers of varied patterns surmounted by pinnacles, and about a mile and a half in circumference. Within its precincts are the Royal Palaces, old and new, the Treasury, the Arsenal, some seventeen churches—including three venerable Cathedrals, and many other historic edifices. While my young friend was nimbly climbing the steps that lead to the top of the Ivan Viliki Tower, 270 feet high, I leisurely took stock of the great bell that rests on a raised platform at its base. It is named the Czar Kolokol and is the largest in the world, its weight being computed to be 443,772 pounds; its greatest circumference is nearly 68 feet; it is 21 feet high, and 23 inches thick at the rim. It is embellished with emblematic figures and a full sized likeness of Empress Anne, by whom it was presented to the Cathedral in A.D. 1735. It is said that when subscriptions were asked from the faithful towards its construction, the poor gave copper coin in abundance, the merchants their silver, and the nobles of their gold, and that these fused together contributed to the material composition of this wonderful bell—which never rang; for in the attempt to hang it, it fell and a piece was broken out of its lower edge weighing eleven tons, leaving a gap through which a horse and droshky might enter and turn round.

The Cathedrals are comparatively small but exceedingly rich in their decorations. (1) That of the Assumption is the one in which the Czars have all been crowned and which is greatly venerated. Here you find pictures of the Saviour and the "Blessed

Virgin" in costly frames sparkling with diamonds, and a great Bible weighing 100 pounds studded with emeralds and other precious stones. The weight of gold in the Iconostas and sacred vessels is estimated by the hundred-weight. (2) The Cathedral of the Archangel Michael is the one in which the Rurik and Romanoff dynasties up to the time of Peter the Great were buried. Here are the tombs of the Ivans, notably that of "Ivan the Terrible," the first monarch who assumed the title of Czar, the most enterprising of the long race, but the closing years of whose reign was stained by acts of atrocious barbarism, culminating in the murder of his son by a blow of his staff; "and there in peace the ashes mix of those who once were foes," for father and son occupy the same tomb. The walls are resplendent with guilding, frescoes and painting and the Iconostas is stored with jewels and relics. (3) The Cathedral of the Annunciation is that in which the Czars have all been baptized and married, and like the other two is richly embellished, its floor being laid with jasper, agate, and carnelian.

We are now to inspect the Imperial Palace which from its immense size dwarfs all the other buildings in the Kremlin. Outwardly it is a plain structure, devoid of architectural adornment, but indescribably grand in the interior. At the top of the wide marble staircase leading to the State apartments you are confronted with a very large and realistic painting representing the reception given by Alexander III. to the rulers of the Provinces at the time of his Coronation. I have seen no modern picture to compare with it. As for the public apartments, they are of surpassing magnificence, while, despite our efforts at taking notes, baffles description. I can only name them in the order of our passage through them, and to the best of my recollection—(1) the St. George's or Reception Hall is 200 feet long, 68 feet wide and 58 feet height of ceiling: beautifully adorned in white and gold with furniture to match: the floor, as in all the other rooms *en suite*, is artistically inlaid with wood of diverse kinds and colors. (2) The Alexander or Banqueting Hall is 103 feet in length and of the same width and height as the preceding: its prevailing colour is pink and gold.

(3) The St. Andrew Hall is 160 feet in length, a beautiful room with blue silk hangings, its walls being adorned with emblems of the patron saint and arms of the Provinces of Russia. (4) The Throne-room with its dais resting on griffins, its golden chairs, its carpet of cloth of gold and the golden doors which give entrance to number (5) The State Drawing-room, decked with green brocade. If I have misstated the number or size of these apartments I am willing to stand corrected, but if charged with overstating their splendour I decline to abate one jot or tittle. "Privileged visitors," who can attain to that status on payment of an extra rouble, are admitted to the private apartments and chapel of royalty; it goes without saying that they are elegantly furnished and fitted with all "modern improvements." Before leaving, we are conducted to the Old Palace, or so much of it as survives, namely the Hall used by the old Czars as an Audience Chamber—a large vaulted room of great antiquity, its walls covered with arabesque pictures, and its furnishings antique and curious! it dates from 1491, in the reign of Ivan III. Adjoining it is the little parlour where the Emperors used to select their wives from a leet of half a dozen or more ladies convened in the next room, into which the monarchs could just peep through a small opening, and the happy maiden would be presented with the traditional yellow handkerchief, and emerge bethrothed!

We cannot leave the Kremlin without at least a passing glance of the Treasury. This building combines in one the main features of the Petersburg Hermitage, the Dresden Green Vaults, the Tower of London, and—well, that is enough for present comparison. Here you see the Regalia of Russia, consisting of many crowns of gold, wardrobes filled with coronation robes, orbs and thrones studded with diamonds, rubies and sapphires. One crown, we are told, is valued at 169,000 roubles, another, at 80,000 and a third at 62,000 roubles; the cheapest at that rate would be worth £6,200 sterling. Then there are tables groaning with the weight of gold and silver plate in the form of dinner, dessert and supper services, huge bowls of solid gold, elaborately chased, somovars, cups, goblets and tankards of the same precious material and exquisite workmanship.

Rooms are filled with ancient armour, swords, and musketry; others with historical paintings and antiquities. In one of the halls we unexpectedly encountered a strange spectator, as it seemed, of all this grandeur—a fine marble statue of Napoleon Bonaparte: If he could only speak! The basement of the Treasury, which we had not time to visit is filled with statuary.

It was a relief to be again out in the open, for the heat was stifling—30° Reaumur in the shade—equivalent to 100° of Fahrenheit. Leaving the Kremlin by the same gate through which we entered it, our attention was directed to the grotesque Cathedral of *St. Bazil the Beautified*, in the Red square immediately opposite the gate. This singular and incongruous blending of every imaginable style of architecture was built by Ivan the Terrible and dedicated to "Basilius the Blissful" after the conquest of Kazan. It has 20 domes and towers of various shapes, all topped with gilt crosses, the building itself being painted with every hue of the rainbow. Ivan is said to have deprived the Italian architect of his sight so that he might never be able to build another like it; but the story, like that of the Strassburg clockmaker, happily lacks confirmation.

Now we are standing on the parapet of a broad avenue commanding a splendid view of the city and its surroundings, hundreds of domes, minarets, and cupolas are sparkling in the bright sunshine. In the distance, some ten or twelve miles, we see plainly the Sparrow Hills from which Napoleon had his first rapturous but illusive sight of Moscow. As we stood there, rivetted to the spot and full of the vision, lo! a mighty host advancing with banners, ensigns and music. The greater part have already crossed the bridge that spans the pretty Maskia river, and soon the whole army marches past us in gorgeous array, I dare not say how many thousands strong, but the banners I counted by hundreds. All the bells of the Kremlin are ringing, for this vast procession, headed by priests of different orders and other representatives of many religious societies, is on its way to the Kremlin to pay homage at the shrines of the Virgin Mary in the Cathedral we have just been visiting.

Before leaving Moscow we must visit at least one other church

edifice, more imposing than any we have yet seen. It has none of the "barbaric splendour" that attaches to the cathedrals of the Kremlin, but it is more impressive and restful to the eye. It is on the outskirts of the city and about a mile from the Kremlin. It is called the *Krauspacetele* (or *Khram-Spassitelia*) in English parlance, "The Temple of the Saviour." Unlike most Russian and many continental cathedrals, usually built of brick and overlaid with cement, this is built of stone as white and durable as marble. It is a lofty edifice and from its elevated site may be likened to a city set on a hill which cannot be hid. It is the Russian National Monument to commemorate the discomfiture of the French invasion, and the downfall of Napoleon. Commenced in 1815, it was completed in 1883, at a cost of about two millions sterling. It is in the usual form of a Greek cross, surmounted by a lofty central dome, with belfries at the four angles of the roof covered by gilded cupolas. The principal entrance is adorned by a portico supported by thirty-six marble columns, and over the door, in letters of gold, are inscribed the last words of John Wesley —"God is with us."

On entering this chaste and remarkable building you are immediately struck by the loftiness of the ceiling, which to some extent detracts from the apparent area of the floor, though it will easily hold 7,000 persons. The walls are decorated with Finnish and Siberian marbles and colossal paintings. Looking up into the central dome, some 300 feet, you cannot help being struck with what might be called the inconceivable portraiture there displayed of what has seldom been attempted by the hand of man—a group representing the Three persons in the Trinity, encompassed with a throng of angels. In a Greek church, bearing the name that this one does, you naturally expect to find representations of the Saviour, and you are not disappointed. Here you find a series of pictures of the historic Christ, and very beautiful they are; Christ baptized in Jordan; Christ stilling the storm; Christ raising Lazarus; Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration; Christ on the Cross; Christ ascending up into heaven; and Christ standing on the right hand of God; grand paintings too, in similar fashion, of

angels and archangels, apostles, evangelists, saints and martyrs. It is a gallery, a galaxy, of sacred art. Added to these are finely executed frescoes commemorating the principal events of the war of 1812, which, however realistic, can scarcely be said to harmonize with the high-class paintings of "The Prince of Peace."

The paintings, and there is an immense number of them, are so large that they can all be distinctly seen. They are by the best Russian artists, neither on canvass nor directly on the walls, but, to prevent them from being injured by dampness, on a foundation of net work coated with cement and set about three inches from the wall, thus affording free circulation of air all around them. The decorations of the Iconostas are in keeping with the magnificence of the church: the gold communion service plate is of exquisite workmanship: the Tabernacle of the altar is especially beautiful in design, and the copy of the New Testament resting upon it is a master-piece of the book-binder's art. The chief *icon*—a picture of the Madonna, set in diamonds—is said to be valued at 1,500,000 roubles (£150,000 sterling). Altogether, it is admitted by competent judges that, in all its details of architecture, painting and decoration, the Temple of the Saviour in Moscow, though small compared with St. Peter's in Rome, and much less costly than St. Isaac's, is not surpassed in chaste beauty by any other sacred edifice in the world. Our interest in it is increased by reading the proclamation of Czar Alexander I. at the time of its inception, in these well weighed and finely expressed words.

"In order to preserve eternally the memory of the extraordinary zeal, truthfulness, and love of faith and of country by which the Russian people have distinguished themselves in these most trying times, and in order to seal forever our thankfulness to God's Providence for having saved Russia from imminent peril, we have decided to build in Moscow a church in the name of Our Saviour Christ. Let that church stand for centuries to come, and and let the incense of thanksgiving burn there before God's altar and inspire the remotest generations with love and imitation of the deeds of their true and brave ancestors."

Notwithstanding much that has been said and written to the

contrary, we came away from Russia very favourably impressed with what we had seen and heard.

During our brief sojourn in St, Petersburg we made the acquaintance of several British residents, among whom were the Correspondent of the *London Times* and others connected with manufacturing and mining interests, all of whom spoke well of Russia as a country to live in. One who had lived thirty-two years in St. Petersburg declared that Russia was as free as any country in the world. "That foreigners are looked after, goes without saying," he said "but you may go anywhere, and say anything, so long as you do not discuss Russian politics and policy, but a word spoken derogatory to the powers that be would incur serious consequences." Another, a Cornish gentleman who had lived ten years near the sea of Azof, said he liked the country well, and his two daughters were enthusiastic over it. A Glasgow man, who is manager of a large cotton mill in St. Petersburg, assured us that he felt quite at home here.

We noticed that the rich live in fine houses handsomely furnished and adorned with works of art; many of them having conservatories. They are very musical—sing and play well; very gay; fond of theatres and horse-races, and given to much sleigh-driving in winter. The poor often live under the same roof as the rich—a colony of domestic servants and their families occupying the ground-floor of their employer's residence—living on the best of terms with their masters, who take a lively interest in their dependents and are conspicuously given to hospitality.

CHAPTER XI.

TO "THE LAND OF ILLIMITABLE POSSIBILITIES—MANITOBA, THE NORTH-WEST, AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE announcement that a certain old man, presumably in his dotage, had been appointed a commissioner to the General Assembly to meet at Vancouver, B.C., in June, 1903, gave rise to hesitation on his own part and a good deal of head-shaking by his friends on both sides of the Atlantic. It was represented to him that to undertake so long a railway journey would be to incur a serious risk. He had had his day of this kind of work, and so forth. In deference to such forebodings his medical adviser was consulted: he too, shook his head dubiously; though he did not expressly forbid the project, he declined to become responsible for the consequences. While listening attentively to these notes of warning, a gentle voice seemed to whisper in his ear—"Go West, young man!" A brother elder threw his influence into the scale, offered to take charge of him *in transita,* and comforted him with the assurance that he would be all right, "so long as he kept sober." The old man went West, and was heard to say, that so far from any injurious effects resulting from the journey, it renewed his youth. It revived old memories: he met many friends of earlier days, and was introduced to many new ones: he saw enough of the great North-west to convince him that the glowing accounts of its "illimitable possibilities" were not exaggerated in so far as its material resources were concerned, and he was led to realize, as never before, the extent and importance of the Home Mission field of the Presbyterian Church in Canada and the rapid growth of Presbyterianism in the North-west. To this was added a glimpse at the Orient, furnishing a store of memories that will last him all his days.

At 9.40 a.m., on the 3rd of July, there pulled out of the Windsor station of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the longest passenger train that ever crossed the continent by this route. It was a "special" chiefly occupied by ministers and elders with their wives and daughters, bound for Vancouver, 2906 miles off, with a view to attending the twenty-ninth General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. As we proceeded on our journey we were re-inforced by contingents from Ottawa and Toronto by which the number of coaches was increased to sixteen—forming a continuous line of nearly a quarter of a mile in length, with an aggregate number of between 600 and 700 passengers. We were a happy crowd, bent on having a good time. Every group was provided with lunch-baskets, and all things seemed to be had in common. It was a picnic on wheels, kept up for six days and nights. The dining car was available for all, though all did not avail themselves of its attractions: the menu was elaborate, the tariff corresponding to that of a first-class hotel. The return fare from Montreal to Victoria was reduced to one-half the usual cost, namely $68 for the round trip, with $18 each way additional for the use of the Pullman sleeping-car accommodation.

The cloth of course largely predominated. We had with us the most Rev. Dr. R. Machray, the Archbishop of Rupert's Land and Primate of all Canada who, befitting his rank, had an entire carriage to himself and his secretary, but who received as many as chose to call for him with marked courtesy and kindness. Among the elders there were judges and lawyers, doctors of medicine, civil engineers, newspaper editors and reporters, merchants and farmers—the most conspicuous personality being Sheriff Archibald of Halifax, who looked down upon us from an altitude of six feet four. Music and song contributed to the enlivenment of the party, and to cap the climax a marriage was celebrated in transit as the train rushed through the yawning canyon of the Kicking Horse Pass. The traditional bride's-cake was liberally dispensed and the unique transaction completed by the presentation of a well-filled purse to the bride.

At every station, where a halt of a few minutes was made, the

botanist, the geologist, the natural-history-man or woman darted out of the train in search of specimens to enrich their store. Not the least enthusiastic of these nomads was the irrepressible kodak manipulator who added largely to his or her collection of snap-shots. Everything in the West is on a large scale. A well-known cleric addicted to botanical research declared that in one of these sallies he had discovered raspberry bushes so tall that it would require a ladder to reach to the top of them! We looked in vain for herds of buffalo: the entire race is extinct: a few small deer, and now and then a prairie dog of wolfish appearance, or a pretty little prairie chicken were the only specimens of game to be seen in this whilom hunter's paradise. But on the other hand vast fields of grain stretching away to the horizon which ever way one looked: in other places great herds of cattle, horses and sheep met the eye. We read of "Cattle on a thousand hills," but here it may more appropriately be said—Behold a thousand cattle on a single hillside!

On the afternoon of the second day out we awoke to the sublimity of the scenery through which we were to pass, for then we had our first entrancing view of Lake Superior—that great inland sea, 420 miles long aud 160 miles wide, having an area of 32,000 square miles. Along its wild shores we sped around rocky promontaries, through deep cuttings and tunnels, filled with amazement at the triumphs of engineering skill that had made a highway for us through the wilderness. From Fort William, about half-way up the Lake and 426 miles from Winnipeg, the general aspect of the country is that of an uninhabitable wilderness, that might fitly be called "the riddlings of creation."

At Keewatin we obtain a fine view of the Lake of the Woods, the largest mill-pond west of Lake Superior on the line of railway. It has an area of 3000 square miles affording unlimited water-power which is taken advantage of by the Lake of the Woods Milling Co. and other manufacturing establishments on a large scale. Soon after leaving this point we emerge on the prairie.

Winnipeg—the half-way house—though scarcely thirty years old, has already a population of over 50,000, and bids fair to become one of the finest cities in Canada. Its wide streets, its

splendid public buildings, its up-to-date educational institutions, its numerous fine churches and beautifnl private residences, its substantial stone and brick warehouses, and the enterprise of its citizens all tend to foreshadow its great future as the distributing centre of the North-west. On to the region of the setting sun! we touch at Portage la Prairie the market town of a rich agricultural country; Brandon the most progressive town between Winnipeg and Vancouver and the largest grain market; Regina the capital of the North-west Territories and headquarters of the Mounted Police; Moose Jaw—"the Creek, where the white-man mended the cart with a moose jaw bone." Here we inspected a beautiful new church, and saw specimens of the great Cree Nation Indians, proudly walking the streets, decorated with their distinguishing paint and feathers, or squatting on the side-walks, blanketed and calmly smoking their pipes. They are somewhat shy of intercourse with the white man and indignantly resent all attempts to have their likeness taken. Any one suspected by them of concealing a kodak about his person is their pet aversion. At Calgary we have reached an altitude of 3388 feet above sea level and obtain our first entrancing view of the snow-capped Rockies 60 miles ahead. This is the centre of the ranching country. At Cluny there is said to be one of the largest herd of Galloway cattle in the world, while in the neighbourhood of McLeod, some miles south of Calgary are to be found cattle ranches stocked with from 15 to 20 thousand head of cattle!

From Calgary we follow the windings of the swift flowing Bow River, to the foot hills and to the Gap, or rift in the rocks that forms the entrance to the magnificent scenery of the Rocky Mountains, lined on either side with precipitous walls of rock. Early on Sunday morning we are at Banff, where it was wisely arranged that we are to spend the day. So much for Presbyterian respect for the fourth commandment. Much as we had heard about Banff, our expectations were fully realized. The big hotel is a mile and a bittock from the railway station, and occupies a magnificent site overlooking the broad and swiftly flowing Bow River, from an altitude of 5000 feet above the sea. Its romantic situation and luxu-

rious appointments attract crowds of tourists from all parts of the world. It is also favourably known as a health resort. Sulphur springs at varied altitudes and of differing temperatures to which are attached picturesque bathing houses with civil attendants, are at the disposal of visitors without money and without price, and are largely made use of. As for the hotel, during the summer months it is ever full to repletion. In the straggling village of Banff there are a few cheap inns, a few shops, and half-a-dozen churches or chapels. The Presbyterian Church was served in the morning by Rev. Clarence McKinnon, B.D., a bright and shining light from Sydney Nova Scotia, and in the afternoon by Dr. Mackay of Woodstock, one of the fathers, whose Highland accent is still in fine state of preservation. The pulpits of the Methodist, Baptist and Congregation chapels were all occupied by the migratory Presbyterians, and the 121st Psalm was sung with a new zest—"I to the hills will lift mine eyes, from whence doth come mine aid." The most scrupulous Sabbatarian must have been satisfied that the day was spent by us in the heart of the Rockies with due decorum, as indeed a day of "Rest and gladness." Their was neither inclination nor temptation to spend it otherwise. Here, if anywhere, one might assuredly find "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so Banff is encompassed by mountains rising to the height of eight and ten thousand feet, and crowned with everlasting snows. From the valley in one direction can be seen Mount Stephen (11,000 feet) bearing on its bosom a vast, shining glacier; in the opposite direction the sharp pointed peak of Cathedral Mountain piercing the clouds; and between them Mount Rundle rises to a height of 9965 feet.

The course thence to *Glacier* 137 miles, presents a succession of surprises—passing through snow-sheds, miles long, constructed of massive timber-work, chasing mountain torrents, climbing steep grades, or crossing lofty trestle viaducts of uncanny appearance, where one's head is apt to swim. Glacier is to my mind even more entrancing than Banff. Here is another fine hotel where we dine

sumptuously, and near it the gigantic *mer de glace,* from which it derives its name. From this point we obtain a fine view of 'Mount Sir Donald' (10,600 feet) with its sharp-pointed, snow-capped summit, a grand, everlasting monument of natures' rearing to remind succeeding generations of trans-continental travellers of the indomitable enterprise, pluck and perserverance of our "Grand Old Man—Strathcona and Mount Royal." Yes, for romantic scenery, Glacier merits the palm in comparison with anything else in the Rockies. Following the windings of the turbulent little Illecillewait River, we descend the gorge of the Albert Canyon, and chase the swift-flowing Columbia to Craigellachie where Sir Donald Smith drove the last spike in this great Canadian Pacific Railway, on November 7th, 1885, and here we take leave of the mountain passes, without however, losing sight of glistening mountain peaks.

The arrival of the special at Vancouver station exactly six days after leaving Montreal was an event that will not soon be forgotten by the citizens nor by the commissioners and their friends. We had approached our *terminus ad quem*, singing the doxology: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow"; and now the East and West were to join hands and see each other face to face. The platform was densely packed by an expectant crowd of people, and many touching scenes transpired, as friends of other days, whose memories were but as a dream to some of us, clasped each other warmly by the hand and bid the invaders welcome to their hearts and homes in this beautiful seventeen-year-old city of the setting sun.

The General Assembly was duly constituted on the evening of our arrival, and the meetings on the whole, were a grand success. During my stay of several weeks in Vancouver, I had opportunities of meeting a number of old friends, and was the recipient of much kindness. Within easy reach of Vancouver there are places of great interest, and scenery of surpassing beauty. Among these I have a pleasant recollection of Howe Sound, Steveston, and New Westminster. The scenery reminds one of the fiords of Norway and the Kyles of Bute. At the further extremity of the Sound rocks like Gibralter rise sheer from the water's edge and in the

background is a fine view of Squamish Glacier which gives its pale grey colour to the Sound. Some of us were given a drive through the mazes of Stanley Park—the pride of Vancouver—a wooded peninsula 1000 acres in extent, one of its enormous trees I measured roughly and judged it to be 67 feet in circumference. The area of Vancouver Island is 14,000 square miles, and of the entire Province 403,300. The Island and mainland were united as one Province in 1866 and entered the Dominion Confederation in 1871. New Westminster once the capital of British Columbia still clings to the empty name of the "Royal City." The good people of Victoria had a treat in store for the members of Assembly who responded to their invitation to cross the Straits of Georgia, and visit the far famed capital of British Columbia. The sail of 80 miles through an archipelago of islands was a treat. Next day we had a trip to the famous harbour and stronghold of Esquimalt, Squimalt as it is here called, is the naval depôt of the Pacific squadron. The *tout ensemble* of Victoria is beautiful, it is a residential rather than a commercial city, though it is an important sea-port. The social aspect of Victoria is in keeping with its environment. In and around it are many homes of cultured people. No finer mansion can be desired than the new Government House commanding a magnificent view of the islands in the Straits of Georgia, and nothing could exceed the kindness of the Lieutenant Governor. Before leaving he did me the honour of asking me to sign his private register, and extracted from me a promise to call again, on my return from the Orient.

CHAPTER XII.

OFF TO JAPAN!

THE announcement that I intended to go to Japan came as a surprise to the fathers and brethren: but no one volunteered to accompany me. I plied Dr. Warden for all I was worth, and at one time I thought I had him. He promised to give the matter, in parliamentary phraseology, his favourable consideration: but there it ended; and I went alone! I had made my peace with Mr. Coyle a week ago. To my surprise he accepted my cheque for $300—the return fare—and booked me for stateroom No. 224. I never realized till now that my credit was so good. I had never seen this man before. How could he know anything about me? There was no mystery about it. Long before the ship was to sail, he could take my measure by telegraph. The eventful day came at last. Cabs are dear in Vancouver, but a ramshackle express waggon, drawn by a rickety horse, and with a driver to match, conveyed me and my slender kit down a back street, unnoticed, for 25 cents! A few friends were at the wharf to see us off and at 3.30 p.m. the big ship backed out and in a few minutes we had passed through the Narrows and entered the Gulf of Georgia. At 9 p.m. we were alongside the outer pier at Victoria.

Next morning we began to take stock of our surroundings. This Empress Line originally consisted of three superb steamers—The Empress of India, of China, and Japan which commenced to ply between Vancouver and Hong Kong in 1891, and have been running ever since with the regularity of clock-work. The three ships are all just alike. They are painted white and are beautiful models with three raking masts, yellow funnels, and overhanging

bows. They are each 485 feet in length, 51 feet moulded width and 36 feet in depth : their gross tonnage is 6000 tons each. They have two pairs of triple expansion engines with 10,000 indicated horse-power which with 89 revolutions per minute and a consumption of 170 tons of coal a day, drive the ships at a speed of 17 knots an hour. But in point of fact they are never driven at full speed. The aim of their owners is rather to secure absolute regularity, and in this they have been very successful. With an average speed of about 14 knots the strain upon the ship and the machinery is reduced to a minimum and the consumption of coal reduced to one hundred tons a day. They have ample accommodation for 180 saloon, 32 second class, and 600 third-class passengers, with capacity for about 4000 tons of cargo. They cost about a million dollars each, and are in as good condition now after 12 years service as the day they were launched. The distance from Vancouver to Hong Kong is 6271 nautical miles and to Yokohama, 4226 knots. The first steamer, the "Empress of India" reached Hong Kong on the 23rd of March, 1891—in 43 days from Liverpool, and made the voyage from Yokohama to Vancouver 10 days, 14 h. 34 m.—an average speed of 406 knots a day, or just 17 knots an hour. The "Empress of Japan" made the voyage in 9 days, 9 h. 39 minutes—the shortest time on record, being at the rate of 18½ knots an hour! Her mails were delivered in London in 20 days 9 hours—a feat which astonished London and gave rise to speculations of rapid ocean transit on the Pacific hitherto undreamed of. The first thing to attract one's notice on shipboard is the spick and span cleanliness of the ship and the quiet orderly manner of the internal management. The Chinese servants of whom there seemed to be a superabundance were dressed in long white robes which gave them at first sight the appearance of so many robed choiristers. Their black skull-caps and long queues gave them a picturesque appearance while the quiet way in which they went about their work was at once novel and pleasing. They were most polite and gentle in their movement, anticipating every want and without the slightest confusion. And as it was in the saloon and the stateroom, so was it with the crew who were as amenable to discipline as on

board a man-o-war. Captain Archibald is a native of Newfoundland—a handsome intelligent gentleman, and a fine frank sailor who had me into his cabin and gave me the history of his career at sea. Jamie Neish, the chief engineer, is a burly Scotchman, born in the lang toon o 'Kircaldy, and also a well-spoken cheery man. The officers are all Navy Reserve men and very tony. They always appear at dinner, as do all the passengers, in full evening dress, displaying a wonderful amount of white linen in the region of the bandbox. The dresses of the ladies were in the height of fashion, some of them fearfully and wonderfully made. One young lady sweeps the floor, dragging a train of ruffles behind her: how absurdly out of place!

As Victoria is in latiude about 40° and Yokohama is 35° it might be supposed that our course would be in the direction of west by south, but no, we pointed northerly until we reached latitude 52.02, N.—seventeen degrees north of our destination! Yet, strange as it may seem, this the sailors say, is the shortest route to Japan: explain it who can. On reaching longitude 180° we were at the "Antipodes," exactly half-way round the Globe, our feet being diametrically opposite those of the man in charge of Greenwich Observatory. And here a queer thing happened; we lost a whole day of 24 hours, for we went to bed on Sunday night and woke up next morning to find that it was Tuesday by the ship's reckoning. We had no Monday. But we were assured that we should pick up our lost day at the same place on our return voyage. The explanation is simple enough to the nautical man but to most landsmen it is puzzling. In vain the purser did his best to explain the mystery for it is well known that it requires a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head. But for the resources at command, in the form of deck games, to which were added the comforts of smoke, and the attractions of a beautiful reading-room and an excellent library, the voyage either way must have been described as a very dreary and prosaic one. To say with St. Paul that "Neither sun nor stars in many days appeared," would be strictly true, for sunshine was conspicuous by its absence, out and home. The sea was smooth as a mill-pond, so that none

were afflicted with the *mal de mer*, but rain or mist were our companions by day, and the dismal sound of the fog-horn serenaded us by night. Alone in this vast expanse of waters, day after day we recorded the run of some 360 miles, without meeting a single vessel to relieve the monotony—not even a whale, nor an ice-berg were to be seen.

Nothing worthy of remark transpired until on the evening of the twelfth day out when we entered the warm waters of Japan and came abreast of the green island of Kintwasan about 100 miles from Yokohama, where a large school of porpoises danced merrily around the "Empress" as though they would welcome her arrival in the Orient. On Sunday morning the sea has become like molten silver. The coast line is dimly seen through the haze; it is close and sultry; chief officer Cooper reads the morning service; at noon we are close to land reminding us in its general appearance of the coast of North Wales about Llandudno.

At three o'clock we drop anchor outside the mole where a company of health officers arrayed in white and resplendent with brass buttons come aboard and rigidly inspect the crew and steerage passengers, only counting the heads of the magnates in the saloon. This done the "Empress" enters the harbour, picks up her mooring and joins the fleet of French, German, Japanese, and American ships of war and a goodly number of ocean steamers and sailing vessels. Here we are soon surrounded by swarms of sampans and steam launches. The Company's steam tender lands us at the custom house dock: the inspection of luggage is merely nominal; a porter calls for a jinrickisha and before you know where you are you and your hand impedimenta are on the way to your hotel in the funniest little conveyance imaginable. The ricksha, as it is called, may be likened, to an armchair on wheels, or a two-wheeled perambulator propelled by man-power—a tidy little man in tights and a mushroom hat, his brown legs bared to the middle of his thighs and his feet protected by sandals of rice straw. He trots off like a high stepping pony at a pace of six miles an hour and never attempts to exact more than his legal fare which is only ten sen, equal to five cents a mile! Each man dis-

plays his number and all are under strict police surveillance. The jinrickisha, is an ideal conveyance, perfect in its construction neat in its appearance, and by no means uncomfortable.

KAMAKURA. Without a guide or a word of the language except *Ohayo* and *Sayonara*, one could not expect to see much of the country in four days. Yet, Mr. Payne, the polite agent of the C. P. R. Co. assured me that I had actually seen the cream of Japan. But I know that no visit to Japan is complete without having seen Kioto, Osaka, and the Inland Sea. Kioto is the Moscow of Japan—The mother city—the soul and centre of the old Empire, a city still of magnificent temples and the industrial capital of a re-juvenated Japan. I had been well drilled on board ship by my friend from Kioto in the use of the terms Ohayo and Sayonara. "Ohayo," is the universal salutation with which the natives of all classes and all ages greet each other at the peep of day. It means "the top of the morning to you, as we would say. "Sayonara" signifies "good-bye" in a fuller sense than any English equivalent could give it. It is as much as to say—"If we must part, so be it: Amida be with you till we meet again!"

I had my doubts about setting out for Kamakura alone, but although I heard not a word but Japanese all day. I accomplished my purpose without much difficulty. We had to change cars at *Ofund*, but the names of all stations are posted in both Japanese and English, and the conductors and other officials are very civil. The distance is 20 miles and the intervening country very beautiful and highly cultivated. The fare is 40 sen for second class, or one cent per mile. The carriages are clean and comfortable, seated lengthwise, to suit the narrow gauge of 3 feet 8½ inches. A broad band of white, blue, or red the whole length of the carriage outside indicates first, second and third class. Huge advertisements were displayed in the fields and on hill sides, many of them in both Japanese and English—notably that of "Buchanan's Scotch Whiskey," in letters so large that he who runs may read. A contingent of jinrickisha or men in full *sans culotte* uniform awaited our arrival at Kamakura. A nice looking lad trotted up briskly to the platform and took possession of me for the day. In vain I kept repeating to him

Buddha, Buddha! he whisked me off a couple miles in the opposite direction to a temple which I afterwards learned was dedicated to the 'goddess of mercy,' at whose shrine millions are said to have received comfort and consolation. Refreshed with a cup of tea —remarkable for its want of colour—my dapper pony resumed his place between the shafts, retraced his steps, and headed for the main object of the expedition—the famous Dai Butsu, the bronze statue of Buddha, fifty feet in height, in the construction of which 450 tons of copper bronze was used, and which is said to be the finest representation extant of the great teacher, whose worship in Japan dates from the sixth century. For miles we passed through a succession of densely populated straggling villages swarming with children, consisting of rude thatched houses, sake shops, restaurants, tea-houses, etc., etc. This was in olden times an important city, the capital of the Shoguns; but the glory has departed. A long ascent and the stifling heat would seem to call for the intervention of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, but the spirited little animal in the shafts betrayed no symptoms of distress save that he slackened speed once in a while to wipe the perspiration from his brow. I pitied him, and walked betimes.

At length we reached the gate at the entrance of the sacred enclosure where the great Buddha has remained seated on the traditional lotus leaf for many centuries. On either side of the gateway in niches are hideous looking effigies in stone and on the wall one reads the following *notice* in English: "Stranger, whosoever "thou art, and whatsoever be thy creed, when thou enterest this "sanctuary remember thou treadest upon ground hallowed by "the worship of ages. This is the Temple of Buddha and the gate "of the Eternal, and should therefore be entered with reverence." Originally, in 1238, a huge temple had been erected to protect the statue from the ravages of time as well as to inspire the worshippers with holy awe; but the edifice was twice destroyed—once by earthquake and again by a tidal wave. A few great foundation stones still remain to tell where lofty pillars had supported a vaulted canopy, but though the temple is gone, the image of Buddha, or as some think of *Amida*—a later incarnation of the Indian Sage, is

there in all its majesty and colossal size. Photography has made its outward form familiar, the world over, but there is in the thoughtful features of that face a depth of meaning that cannot be reproduced on paper. The dreamy expression of those half-closed eyes typify "the ideal of all that is tender and calm in the soul of the East." The first view one gets of it is astonishing, and the longer you look at it the more you are impressed with the thought that the people who could erect such a monument must have been unconsciously groping after the true God, " if haply they might find Him." The surroundings are very pretty: the quiet hour spent at Kamakura will not soon be forgotton. The number of bows I received from my ricksha boy left no doubt in my mind that I must have paid him at least double his due but I did not grudge him what he got. Soon after leaving Kamakura I found that I had lost my pocket-book, containing my railway and steamship return tickets, and fortunately, only a small sum of money. It might have been worse had not Mr. Payne in the kindest manner possible furnished me with a duplicate steamship ticket, so here endeth the first lesson.

A most curious performance at the Kamakura railway station was the man watering machine. From a long pole on his shoulders were suspended two barrels of water pierced with small holes at the bottom like a sieve, by a simple movement the water was made to squirt out as the coolie walked to and fro laying the dust effectively.

Some of the natives at a little distance looked like Highlanders in kilts, only a little more so, for the kilt was scant in longitude.

Made a study of a pretty maid handsomely dressed who sat next me in the station waiting room at Kamakura, and who seemed to be taking stock of the old gent in the velvet coat. She had the dark piercing almond eyes. She wore no head-dress. Her hair daintily done up in a big top knot was jet black and glossy as the raven's wing. She never lifted her eyes from him. She seemed to be saying to herself " what a strange looking being you are! You don't dress like other people, you can't speak a word of our beautiful language." How came you here? What are you

anyhow ? Was this a case of mutual admiration ? No nothing of the sort. I was afterwards told that it was the old man's white hair that riveted her attention : for such is regarded with great respect in Japan.

NIKKO. The saying is current in Japan, " Do not say Kikko until you have seen Nikko"—Kikko meaning very grand. I had been told that Nikko was one of the places best worth seeing. It lies up in the heart of the mountains about 100 miles from Tokio—a beautiful and fashionable summer resort, and the sight of the most splendid temples in Japan. Arriving at Nikko we set out to inspect its remarkable group of sacred edifices all most interesting. In many instances the outside of the temples were elaborately embellished with bas-reliefs, one particularly attracted attention having a variety of monkeys finely engraven on an entablature over the main entrance. I need not waste time in trying to describe in fitting terms the charms of Nikko ; I can only say my visit to it, brief as it was, left an indelible impression. I mounted my ricksha and bade Nikko farewell. We went down to the station at John Gilpin speed, and waited half an hour.

In all that hundred miles *en route* to Tokio we saw no stone or brick houses, no seats of country magnates, nothing but the dingy abodes of the peasantry. After joining the main line we made fairly good time, and without further incident arrived at Tokio.

The crowds of people and the clatter of wooden shoes left no doubt in our minds that this was the teeming capital of the Empire. Outside an army of ricksha men lay in wait ; an official in uniform lifted his hand by way of signal that one of these white-coated, brown-legged coolies was wanted. I knew from the tariff 40 sen that it would be a drive of four miles to the Metropole, an excellent hotel facing the Bay of Yeddo. Early next morning I set out for the Central Park about two miles distant. This is a large open space with broad gravel walks and drives but scantily supplied with trees. A high stone wall on the further side is the boundary of the palace grounds in that direction. Within these precincts "no admission except on business," so we

must be content with a view of the entrance gates which are massive, and flanked by loop-holed towers. The occupant of the palace is no longer the recluse of former years; the title of Mikado has become obsolete. Matsu Hito, the Emperor, lives here quietly with no desire for ostentatious display, he succeeded to the throne in 1868, and married Empress Haruko, in 1869.

The Emperor possesses great dignity and is very popular with his subjects. He is credited with the marvellous revolution that ushered in his reign, and turned Japan upside down. From the park we passed to a spacious boulevard lined with handsome public buildings each named by my charioteer, but alas! in an unknown tongue. Thence to the Shinbashi railway station, and in three-quarters of an hour, had returned to Yokohama, boarded the "Empress of Japan," slipped quietly out of the harbour and ere sundown we were out of sight of land. As to the return voyage it was in the main a repetition of the outward bound one—the same leaden features of sea and sky, cold damp atmosphere and frequent fogs. In taking leave of Japan I can say that the little I saw of the country interested me greatly, and but for the oppressive heat and vexations mosquitoes I should gladly have remained another week.

On August 4th we tied up at Vancouver where I remained till the end of the month, the old man in the black velvet coat returning to Montreal on September 4th, my 82nd birthday, just three months after leaving home.

(NOTE—Japan consists of four large islands and a multitude of smaller ones, in all 3850 it is said, having a total area of 156,604 square miles, to which must be added the island of Formosa, ceded by China in 1895 which has an area of 15,000 square miles and a population of three millions. Niphon, Nippon, or more properly Hondo, the island on which Yokohama and Tokio are built, is much the largest of the group being some 900 miles in length. The entire population is about 45,000,000 Taking into account that much of the country is mountainous and unfit for cultivation it is evident that the remainder is densely overpopulated, and consequently the peasantry are very poor, but to their credit be it said, they are very industrious. It is a beautiful country of hills and fertile valleys, with a perpetual display of luxuriant foliage from which it takes the name of "The Evergreen Land.")

APPENDIX.

DURING the closing years of his life Mr. Croil enjoyed the quiet and restfulness of a christian home. The frequent visitor was always sure of a Highland welcome and a pleasant "crack." While deeply interested in the activities and enterprises of the Church he was no longer able to do more than attend an occasional service, but as long as he could safely venture forth from his home, he took his place at the communion service as senior elder and performed his usual part of uncovering the elements and serving the minister and other members of session. His hearing became so defective, latterly, that he could not follow the sermon, but during the season of praise and prayer, he joined with heart and mind in the act of devotion. On one occasion being asked if he heard Dr. Barclay to-day he replied—"I never heard one word but I can trust him." At the age of ninety-four he made his last appearance at the Lord's Supper, and though weak in body was strong in spirit, and as he looked across to the further shore he cherished ever more fondly the truths which he learned in childhood, and which were indeed the verities that sustained and strengthened him for his final passage across the bar. In all these declining years he was attended by his faithful daughter Jean—who became his eyes to read, his ears to hear and his staff to walk. A more constant and unselfish devotion no daughter could have rendered a worthy father. But her reward was with her all the while, for it was the service of filial devotion and that sweetened and sanctified her every act. After his departure men began to make estimate of his worth as a citizen and his influence as a christian man.

Many resolutions of appreciation were passed and to be found in the records of his own Church, in the minutes of Committees and of the College Board and Senate. Of these suffice it to append here the following:

At a meeting of the Session of St. Paul's Church held on the third day of December one thousand nine hundred and sixteen the following minute was passed:

"The Session desires to put on record its sorrow at the death of its revered senior elder, MR. JAMES CROIL, who passed away on the 28th of November, in the 96th year of his age. MR. CROIL was ordained an elder in 1850, and was inducted in St. Paul's Church in 1871. Within the congregation he rendered invaluable service as representative elder, as Sunday School superintendent and as a most trusted counsellor in the deliberations of the Session. His wide experience of Church affairs made his judgment carry with it singular weight."

"In the Church at large he was known everywhere not only by the work he had done throughout the Dominion as agent for the Church of Scotland in Canada in the days prior to Union, but also as Editor of the *Presbyterian Record* from 1876 to 1891. His pen was never idle, and as historian, as biographer, and as journalist, he has left behind him work which will perpetuate his name."

"He was a man of strong affections and simple life. Early in his career he detached himself from business interests and gave himself almost entirely to the service of the Church. He was trusted by men of every type, and his transparent goodness, added to his native ability, gave him a unique place in the councils of the "Presbyterian Church in Canada."

"The Session gives thanks to God for his long and honourable life, his geniality and power of friendship, his unfailing diligence in the Master's service, and commends to the Father's keeping his beloved family."

On the 4th December, 1916, the following minute was also passed by the Board of Trustees of St. Paul's Church:

"Whereas, in the Providence of God, our venerable brother, JAMES CROIL, has been called away, honoured and full of years far past the allotted earthly span,

"Be it Resolved, that this Board place on permanent record its deep appreciation of his loyal and valuable effort for this Congregation and for the Presbyterian Church in Canada during his long life of Christian service; and further,

"Be it Resolved, that a copy of this Resolution be delivered to Miss Croil, his daughter, as a memorial to one who as journalist, administrator and church member earned the title, "The Grand Old Man of the Canadian Presbyterian Church" and won the respect and esteem of his fellow-men through two generations."

At a meeting of the Presbytery of Montreal held on the thirteenth day of November, one thousand nine hundred and seventeen, *inter alia*, the following resolution was passed:

"The Presbytery of Montreal desires to place on record its sense of deep loss through the death of MR. JAMES CROIL who passed away on the 28th day of November, 1916, at the great age of 95. MR. CROIL was ordained an elder in 1850 and for nearly seventy years has served the Church with rare faithfulness and ability. He was early in life able to free himself from the cares of business, and as agent for the Church of Scotland in Canada before the Union, travelled throughout the land and acquired an unequalled knowledge of ecclesiastical and religious conditions. His sympathy and kindness made him an ideal editor for the *Presbyterian Record* when he held that appointment from 1876-91. His literary activities were not confined however, to his editorial work. Volume after volume dealing with local and provincial history came from his pen. In 1871 MR. CROIL was inducted to the eldership in St. Paul's Church and as Sunday School superintendent, as representative of the congregation in the Presbytery, as wisest of counsellors and most genial of friends he made for himself a position that was most powerful and persuasive. The Presbytery regrets the loss of a brother most deeply beloved and a truly good man.

"It prays that the Divine blessing may rest upon the mourners and directs that the Clerk send an extract of this minute to his devoted family."