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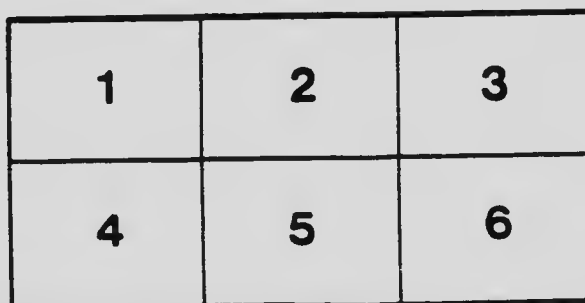
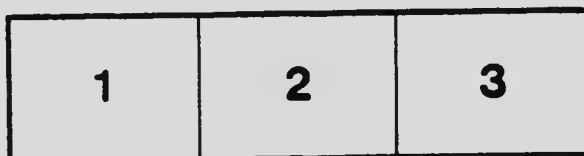
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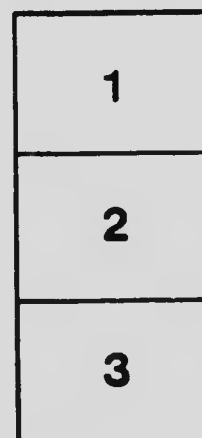
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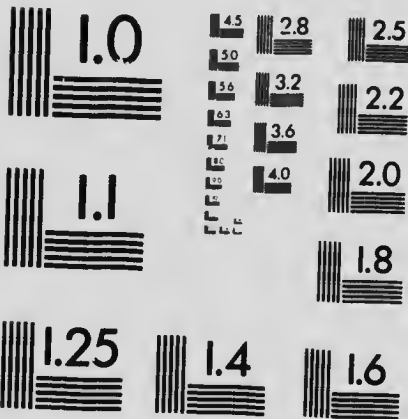
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From

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FROM LONELAND TO LONDON

IN 1894

With Notes by the Way



HARSHAW COMMON

SYDNEY, N. S.
PRINTED BY DON. MACKINNON
1918

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FROM LONELAND TO LONDON IN 1894

REEP IN WITH YOUR CONSCIENCE by doing something useful." This is old and excellent advice; yet no healthy conscience will object to a run-off after eleven years of mission-work in the Great Lone Land.

It is a common desire, that of seeing the world before life is ended; but like the boy who washes his face with a lick-and-a-promise there is often more promise than lick. Fancy runs off on many excursions only to return and dump us again into the same old spot. Now, however, and at last, we are wound up to go. WHERE? That is the rub!

"Go West, young man." A misfit, sir. We do not happen to be young; and besides, the sage who first gave that advice is dead, and not likely to object in any important fashion. But let us see. First there would be a spin over the prairies, then the Rockies—that sea of mountains, hoary deeps, boiling springs, harum-scarum rivers, the scent of gold, goats, bears; and after that the forests and fruits of B. C. To live there, even in thought, is beforehand chumming with nature. Shall we make it a reality?

Now, how about the East? Are there no rocks, rivers, and oceans that way? Think of how one would run straight into the mouth of history—into the very hatching-place of nations. After all man is the chief attraction of man—to the East we go.

FROM LONELAND

Now for the packing! Oh my, the forgetting and remembering when it is too late! But here is our train, and travelling must begin in earnest. With the choice of two rails to ride on, we take the one along the south side of the track, and pray for the dignity to be off as monarch of all we survey. Oh, it is grand to be once more out of the worry-world and onto those blissful cushions where one can count other folk's frowns and favors as dogs barking at the moon. Purple is royal, and royal is the seat we begin with. The same old conductor too! We have seen him so often before, and been treated so kindly, that we are ready to rise up in his defence at midnight if need be. He is British to the core; and so is the C. P. R. But that hat must come down from the rack for here is Winnipeg the Capital of the West.



WINNIPEG

WINNIPEG the Capital of the West, we repeat. It is more, for we once heard a man say: "It is the hub of America.

Place one foot of your compasses on the City Hall and the other on the seaboard; then describe a circle and you have all of America that is worth having." Therefore, you see that Winnipeg is the hub of the Continent. Pardon us for

TO LONDON

mentioning that it was a Winnipegger who told that story.

Through the land of dreams to another morning. Best of all, it is Sabbath morning. The Holy Day ventures here as elsewhere; and this Eden hush tells of many who have not bowed the knee to Mammon. Now, streams of people are on the way to worship; and with them we go to the house of God. It is a Congregational minister we hear first, and a right good preacher he is. In the evening it is a Presbyterian, who handles with admirable skill the great doctrine of "Justification by Faith." One sermon is doctrinal, the other practical; and we thank those two strong men for their words of wisdom.

Another morning brings to view a veritable chaos of activities; but with us the leading thought is: How to get away from Winnipeg. "Not much of a task," you say—"seeing that the C.P.R. is on the hum along with the rest of creation?" Maybe not, sir; but one thing remember. It is this: Plenty o' ballast on the heels disna aye keep a man right end up. Yon verse aboot wallowin' in the mire comes in fine here. The clouds were on the tear last night, and now, well, call it mud, mire, or what you like: it's *glaur!* However, here we are at the station safe and thankful. Friends who have come to see us off are the same. Man, there's naething like a streak o' Scotch tae get ane oot o' a sticky place.

"All aboard!" That is the man in the buttons

FROM LONELAND

again, and it means obedience; so hand meets hand for another good-bye. Few and short were the shakes we gave, and we spake not a word of sorrow; but we dighted our feet to little purpose and mounted the train for another scurry toward the rising sun. Out of the window our friends are turning the corner: well, a prayer for each back that the home-going may be more graceful than the coming, and on we go like stoor. "Stoor, did ye say? Man, look at yer feet and never say't again." Ah, well, Lake Superior'll mend that, and we'll soon be there. "A dreary run, too," says the inner man—always ready to grumble. Maybe not, sir, say we. With all due respect, we beg leave to differ from you. Winnipeg to Fort William is not a dreary road. True, the whole region is like the dumping-ground of what cleared the prairies for the plough; but rugged things have hearts worth winning. Take plenty of soul in your eye and the run will be quite otherwise than dreary. Yon great rocks with sickly spruce on their heads, and every head uncombed, are certainly not the joy of the whole earth; but what are we to say of those great lakes, rivers and cataracts which laugh, dance and caper to the music of spring? What would they do with no rocks to listen to them, when humans are so few?

TO LONDON

FORT WILLIAM

THE song of Spring! "Dinna ye hear it"? Even Kewatin claps her hands to God! Held in check so long by the grip of winter, the whole region is roaring and rollicking like a disbanded school; and yet, through all, the breath of new-born leaves rises sweetly to Heaven as the prayer of youth. Those glimpses into the soul of things! how they play hide-nad seek with men. Eternity winks at us now and then through the symbolism of earth; but scarcely gives us time to wink in return. Some day we may see from the spirit side and be content. Those busy, nesting birds know some things better than we; for they sing and take no thought for the morrow.

But the man in the closet is at it again, growling as before. "Stop, stop," says he; "you are dangerously near making the kind of poetry that printers light their fires with—Beware!" Well, Mr. Grumbler, if you are our monitor, we will have to wipe the other world out of our eye and get back to common life.

Next station is Ignace, and this reminds us of another day when we were delayed four whole hours near this very spot; and, if you like, we'll tell you what happened. Or, better still, guess; O ye sages, guess! No, you are all wrong; it was fish, yes fish! Near the caboose end of a freight train a car had been loaded with fish; and through the continual jolting those fish had packed them-

FROM LONELAND

selves into the hinder part of the car: thus putting their whole weight on one set of trucks. At this injustice the trucks rebelled, indeed got red-hot, twisted off an axle, and squared accounts with the fish by dumping them on the track—in the car, of course. There they lay, slimy, helpless, and the next train was ours. No doubt those fish did, later on, mend their ways: and take to running the world instead of obstructing it. This stands to reason; so we leave the fishy story with its kindred in the wooly-west and hasten on.

A few more rivers with Indian names, a cataract or two squirting black tea, tobacco juice or something of like color, and here is Fort William. This is a town laid out in a swamp, with houses, wooden and scattered, presided over by the great C.P.R. elevators at the river side. The reason for its being there at all is wheat. Wheat gave it birth, it is fed by wheat, and if ever it becomes a city it will be wheat that did it. The whole clink of the place is wheat, wheat, wheat. The old song of the fanning-mill and scoop-shovel finds its way to the crown of one's head and has its persistent fling. A fine hum of honest labor this is anywhere; but here it is the National Anthem—sound, solid and farmer-like:—

Send showers upon the West;
May she be greatly blest
In growing wheat.
And may the C.P.R.
Bring tons on every car,
Of Manitoba Hard—
We live by wheat.

TO LONDON

Have you got it? Well, just sing it over and over till your head is grey, and you have the hum of Fort William.

Just now, however, we would be rid of it; for the concert is becoming a bit stale, and our brainpan is in danger of being turned into a mill-hopper. Who, Oh who, will come to the rescue? Oh, for Blucher or the night! "I'll be Blucher," shouts McKie over the railway track. This is McKie's Mountain, near the town; and a real McKie he is. As a stately House of Lords he sits, watching the shoveling democracy at his feet; while now and then he throws bits of rock over his sides to check their hasty legislation. No waist, no neck, and a squat head with ample room on top: what a place for the Mars Hill gentry to orate about the unknown God! Catch them do it though, where there are no gowks to listen nor pennies to weigh the hat. The new-thing men may be in Germany or in other grey-haired parts of the world; but certainly are not here where everything is young and new. Yon crow's nest might be harried by a boy; but if it is a mile off, as they say it is--and a climb at that--you will excuse our shanks from seeking the proof. "Certainly!" says the crow. Good-bye McKie, we'll gie ye a cry when back frae the Heilands!

LAKE SUPERIOR

THE Alberta is taking in her cargo, and to all appearance will receive her passengers before night-fall. She seems too large for the river; and, what is worse, has her head up stream. How she will turn is a puzzle to a stranger; but evidently not so to the crew. Her stern is made fast with ropes, and soon a little black, tootling affair, fussing up like impudence to dignity, takes hold of her prow and pulls her big sister into the way that she should go. And go she does, for the pulse of our own Alberta is now throbbing with the pride of life. She seems to be ordering all the little boats out of the way; and does not take even a back-look of thankfulness to the little dingy tug that helped her out of the river. "There was in the city a poor, wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man." That is for you, you little mean-looking boat: and from a stranger too: your big sister knows you too well to be civil.

Is not this thing common among men as among boats? Sometimes the mothers' pets are so abundantly kissed that the sweet gentleman finds himself evolved into parliament. But, having gained his end, what need of kissing any more babies till his "M.P." needs repairs? Of course it is "sour grapes" that sets people off a-talking in this way, so we gag our pen and take a turn around the deck.

TO LONDON

Round and round we go, and now we have it all. Only one known face, and that belongs to our wife. Strangers, sure enough; but not at all inclined to remain so—a tip-top family are we. From the Captain at the top to the waiter at the tip they suffer not our faith in human nature to decline. And the appointments?—"Plaze yer honor," says Pat, "I'd like to ate and slape here till I'm no more, and as long afther as yez can make it convanient." But let it be known that blarney given to the C.P.R. is but "wast'ing sweetness on the desert air." If you were a preacher or a priest, Pat, they might take you along as second-class goods: or, if a member of Parliament, as no good at all; but you've got to pay, and all the more after you are dead.

Now we are sailing in earnest, and must dream more than we did on land. There are dreams because of the night and sleep, and dreams because of haze and distance. On the waters of the lake the same old uncared-for region is in view, the same rugged framework of the earth, without soil enough to cover its bones. But now the veil of blue turns the off-hand looking into a vision of beauty; and we would rather remain on board and be deceived than be wilted by the reality. There may never be much corn on the backs of those rocks, but there may be gold in their pockets, and one may balance the other. When a man has one short leg the other is always a bit longer to make up for it; and thus we see how the world is evened up.

FROM LONELAND

Once these waters knew no bark but the Indian canoe; now there are boats big and little, black and white, wood and iron; boats from the old sailing-vessel to the whale-back with no sail at all. There lies one in the shallows, now, helpless; she seems to have been disputing the way with some larger rival, and has come out of the fray with a hole at the right side of her nose where no hole should be.

No one sailing over Lake Superior will feel inclined to change her name—this is indeed a noble sheet of water. Now, after twenty hours sailing, our steamer is drawing into the narrows of Sault Ste Marie; and has no stint of company; for this is a grand meeting-place of water craft. However far they may have separated in the upper waters they all come here to reach the Huron. Big and little, black and white, flat and tall, they all come to this gateway of the two lakes. And a real hearty, schoolboy gathering it is. Like friends at Christmas time they meet for a little while, to part again for another stage of the journey. What with the hoisting of British and American flags, the roar of the lion and the screech of the eagle masking all sorts of discords, the scene is truly an electrifying one. From a musical point of view—well, Tonal's "twunty bagpipes in a small room playing dufferent tunes at once," would be just the thing.

War of sound, however, does not always mean war of heart; for here the flashing of patriotic wit

TO LONDON

shows that Canadian and Yankee are well pleased with one another. The Alberta has to draw in her horns a little, however; she remembers that she is not quite mistress of the situation and wisely refrains from ordering the little boats around as she did at Fort William. Britannia may rule the waves, but she does not rule the St. Canal; so, here she has just to bide her time and pass through the locks by the paid-for grace of Uncle Sam. Such, too, is life: the autocrat of to-day may be the suppliant of to-morrow. When the Canadian Soo is finished, each will have their own way; and then the kindly remembrance of these days will help to bind the friendship of the two peoples. Now, here goes; and what with patience, steam and manipulation of machinery, we are at last swooped out upon the waters of Huron.

The country is now clothing its bones in measure, and is showing more evidence of farming. Hour by hour, as far as the coast is seen, assurance is given that we are leaving the land of lean kine and approaching the clover fields of Ontario. The scenery, although not so pronounced as that seen from Lake Superior, has more of the chaste beauty of spring. Going south, as we are now, summer comes in with unusual haste. It has on its side not only the glide of time but also the sweep of travel toward the equator; and between the two, trees which were little more than out of bud in the north are here in full leaf. Nine o'clock in the morning of summer, this is; just the

FROM LONELAND

time when boys go to school: so we will con our lessons by the way ere we mingle with the sweltering million farther on who are getting their lessons and their licks in the crowded school of experience.

Yes, conning over our lessons ere we enter the school of experience. But, is there no school of this kind in the West? Truly the house is large enough and the teachers stern enough; yet not so many are in training as further south. Milder zones with their lines of railways and steamboats mark out the Main Street around the world and this is the great Academy of life. Here old and young, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, jostle together, each trying in his own way to solve earth's riddles. The fittest often survive by shouldering others to the wall. But who are the fittest? Those who work by love. The man who can die that another may live is himself the survivor; but thrust another to the wall that you may have room for yourself, and you dig your own grave. Every man who forgets self in helping others is lifting the earth nearer to heaven, and his Master will see to it that he survives long enough. Grace alone makes a man the fittest to live: and the battle is not always to the strong.

Do we all accept this?—Verily no! Selfishness is too much of a tyrant to allow us to try it; yet this is the very lesson that experience is trying to teach all men. Many times does Providence take us over the fingers and we count it harsh treat-

TO LONDON

ment; but if we had gained what we grasped for, the pain would have been greater still. Let us be content to follow, not lead.

Another evil is seen under the sun—men laugh and grow lean. They keep themselves funny lest they hear their souls speak. They are found in the gates of the city crying aloud: "Fiddle to me, Oh fiddle to me; get out the monkey, caper, play the fool; anything that will keep me out of myself and help me to forget that I am a truant and a coward in the school of life." All the time that this merry-andrew farce is going on, things, worth while, are at a standstill; worse, they are going back and the whole effort of life is on the way to bankruptcy. This is laughing and growing lean; in other words, it is the non-survival of the useless.

Out on the water, sailing, our steamer and people are a little world complete moving from shore to shore. When did this planet begin her voyage? How long has she been on the ocean of time; and when will her passengers reach the haven? Who is her captain? Can we trust him? Does he find faith on the earth? Is this too-much loved world, like our boat, moving toward a sunnier clime and a more fragrant springtime?

"Changes are lightsome;" and yonder the land is appearing again! It seems to be coming out to meet us, and certainly is a relief from the all-water outlook. It holds up something to look at, and through the eye anchors us to a more stable condition of men and things. Yes, it is always yonder

FROM LONELAND

and not here that we are after. Over the earth we run hither and thither after our own fancies forgetting that all the time this old planet-vessel never halts in the bearing of us home.



OWEN SOUND TO MONTREAL

OWEN SOUND deserves more than a passing notice; but railroads and steamboats have no drawing-room manners. It is first "get out," then "all aboard" accompanied by the most energetic and business-like movements in the way of transferring passengers and luggage from boat to train. Hustle, bustle is all the go. Everything else must be sunk in the one thought of flying from point to point. Even the porter's tip may be forgotten by those who are blind to a hint. Poor fellow, you can see it in his eye and in the itching palm that waits "your pleasure, sir." Doubtless there are hills in the haze, peaceful homes, noble forests and green fields; but look at these in such a time—as well go star-gazing in a blizzard! To plump again into one of those red-cushioned seats is what we are after. And here it is. The storm has calmed and the intermittent fever of travel is merging into rest once more.

Again we have the rattle and drum of train life. Oh, to be nothing for a little space and turn

TO LONDON

up awake at Toronto! But sleep seems shy to some railway travellers. Perhaps wisely so; at least we would not care to sleep so loudly as yon chap in the corner. It is a kind of enlarged edition of the pipes he is giving us—for drone, the train; and for quavers, the antics of that nose.

Through the window we look into the very heart of spring; and the moving picture is garnished with forests, orchards, and all manner of secrets which May has beguiled from the heart of nature. The plough is at work too; and the new-turned soil sends a tonic into the air which makes one think of the dinner-table.

But the clanging of bells announces that we are entering the covered station at Toronto; and this of course puts an end to all those rural delights, including the music aforesaid. Toronto will, however, have to continue its task of self-government; for in an hour we hasten on to Montreal. Through the maple and chestnut trees we hear the roar of a great and beautiful city, and that is about all. Yet it is enough to suggest that for spending the evening of one's days there are few places equal to Toronto. Long may she show her loyalty to Heaven by keeping the Sabbath.

With travelling as with other things expectation often exceeds the reality—so does the remembrance. The present is always a bit out of tune. Looking forward, we do not anticipate disappointment; and backward, discords have been dropped on the way. Thus we learn that from

FROM LONELAND

expectation and memory come the purest delights. Into the night and among unknown scenes we nurse for a little while the sentimental thought of leaving our native Ontario. Only for a little while, though, for it has to run through its dear old song on the gallop and then lie salted by for another day. The Scotch laddie on seeing the train for the first time cried out to his father: "Faither, faither, the smiddie's taen aff wi' a raw o' hooses and doon the back street wi' them." Well, it is one of those stolen houses that we are on now, and it does not seem at all averse to going.

Night has dropped its mantle over all things below; even moon and stars have closed their eyes. And what is more, this mantle is of double-dyed blackness by reason of a gathering storm. Dashing through darkness and the unknown into the mouth of a tempest, is not a situation quite in keeping with the bird-singing time of spring: it rather reminds us of the end of the world and the day of final account. Rain falls in torrents, but night hides it from the eye, roar of train from the ear, and we roll on in blissful ignorance of the raging elements without. But the longest night has an ending, and now with the break of day, the exceeding weight of the storm is evidenced on every hand. Rivers are swollen, flats submerged, and even houses are completely severed from the ordinary world. But the St. Lawrence will soon mend this state of things and then, those broad

TO LONDON

meadows will be all the more beautiful for having been washed by the full river of God. So, in peace and thankfulness we glide into the C.P.R. station at Montreal.

Montreal may be equal to some of the cities in the Old World; but till such time as we have seen the others, it may not be wise to judge. Our first steps take us to the river to see if our boat is on hand. The Vancouver, is she here? Yes, she is there in all her glory, and proposes to set out for sea some time this evening. Now, it is only ten in the morning; and to get in the time we must be the lost-looking man trying to feel the pulse of a great city.

To begin with; there is some doubt as to the dy-politic being in a healthy condition. It has a sort of mood-and-tense pulse, jerking all the way from fifty to fever-heat. The Union Jack is freely allowed and freely displayed, but it awakens little enthusiasm in the breasts of many citizens. Britons cannot be Frenchmen and Frenchmen cannot be Britons; and here is a fly in the Confederation ointment. Whether the ointment or the fly will survive is an unsettled question. Votes are cast not so much for national unity as for Church supremacy. Quebec has her full share of volcanic storage, and therefore her political future is somewhat uncertain.

It is her religion that prevents fusion. When religion becomes a corporation away goes loyalty to the State. In this line the atmosphere of Mon-

FROM LONELAND

trealm is like a summer day after rain: one wave passes free, fresh and cooling, to be followed by the stifling breath of a previous drouth—first, the free air of Protestantism and then the musty breeze of ancient history. Part of the fourteenth century has been imported to this city and enclosed in a cathedral. If Christ were to come to Montreal to-day, would he go in to the high-toned churches at all? Protestant and Catholic, they might need a liberal application of the "small cords." Would He not have to go out to the commons as before; and, standing apart from all the denominations, call every spiritual worshipper to Him? In that case the cross would very likely be erected again, and this time by what is called the Christian Church. We rather judge that if Christ—here again, as before—would not allow himself to be called Protestant or Catholic instead of Christ, history might have to record a duplicate of the old tragedy. But, here comes the warm breeze once more, and with it we go on board our good ship the Vancouver.

TO LONDON

THE ST. LAWRENCE

LAND and Sea should now be Sea and Land; for we are not to set foot ashore for two weeks. It seems that the river needs daylight for navigation; and not till the early morning do we find ourselves on the move.

All the waters run into the sea; and we make no hesitation in saying that the St. Lawrence is one of the noblest rivers on earth. Sweeping on so near the ocean these waters are leaving behind almost a finished story. Up on Lake Superior we sailed over them in the transparency of their youth, and are sailing on them still as they are about to be lost in the deep. We saw them in the cradle and now go with them to the grave. Between the beginning and the ending, however, their race has been long and varied. They have blessed the earth in numberless ways, and have taken part in the busy round of Providence. Many a tumble and fall has been theirs, too; yet after raging through rocks and roaring over Niagara, they are gliding peacefully on to the meeting-place of waters.

Is not this human life:—The croon of the cradle, the gallop of youth, the force, the strife, the triumph; the tear and wear of the journey; the falls too, and the sore labor of life's battle. All know the seemingly unequal strife; and yet withal the anchor within the veil is pulling us through to

FROM LONELAND

the gathering Beyond. May the latter end be peace, like the flow of this beautiful river!

Nearing the ocean the banks look higher and higher; and through the mirk of even a little distance make entrancing poetry. Here and there patches of snow sparkle in the glens; and, like eyes a-weeping, mourn the departed glories of winter—or are those riplets tears of joy because springtime has come? Well, those little farms and gardens show that they have already been in their masters' hand; for they seem sand-papered and polished like gems set in the rough. The dwelling-houses are small but numerous. Indeed, along those two banks are to be seen almost continuous lines of dwellings, knotted here and there by high ecclesiastical buildings. Those spires and domes mark the centres of priestly rule; a rule which almost amounts to ownership of the people. See the little cots: they are gathered like chickens around the church edifices. Long ago, one said, of Jerusalem: "How often would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her brood under her wing, but ye would not." What the Christ longed to do has been done in a certain way before our very eyes. Shall we improve the inwardness of this object lesson? It at least sets us a-wishing for the unity of Christendom—"one flock and one Shepherd."

Why should children of the Reformation be scattered as they are? Why should men of brains and abundant common-sense tolerate a rivalry

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based on mere externals? One day Protestants will drop their shibboleths and run together; yet, that may not be till forced by the presence of a common foe. Is it not possible that such a day may come through the very unity which we see a little of along the banks of the St. Lawrence?



THE ATLANTIC

THE distant moan of the ocean now falls on the ear; and like music everywhere the discords are all dropped on the way.

It treats us to every kind of melody—the sub-bass of depth and mystery, the organ-swell of billows, and the light fingering of spray on their brow—but nearness will turn much of their music into fury and contention.

Few things apart from Heaven will bear close inspection. Listen to the orator on the stump, but don't visit him in his home. Eye the actor on the stage but don't go behind the screen. Listen to cornet, harp, dulcimer, and all kinds of instruments; but don't go into their mechanism. Let the ocean sing you a song from over the way, but don't ride on its waters. It is the distance that coins the charm. But those who will go from the Canadian prairies to Britain must cross the deep; and should expect eye-openers here and there.

Quebec, the gulf and the ocean; out we go into

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the fog, ice, snow, and battering spray. Great blocks of the North Pole in the shape of icebergs have brought with them a northern climate; and although this is the middle of May, snow is flying and seems quite at home. Passengers who did not bring winter wraps are lamenting their folly below; and on deck, the song is: "Oh, why left I my Hame?"—not sung, Oh no; but shivered out of blue lips and chattering teeth drawn down between hunched shoulders like a turtle's nose. The fog, too, Oh my, how the world is shrivelled up to just where we are standing!

Those mists, they say, go to heaven and come back in showers upon the earth. Doubtless this is true, but heaven and earth seem as foreign countries to the man who is walled in by a Newfoundland fog. Here is a genuine fog-plant doing a steaming business; and to think of anything beyond one's shivering anatomy is no easy contract. The command was given to divide the waters from the waters; but here, the work seems not yet completed. Fog, fog! The steamer's whistle is that of a muzzled lion; and the heavy sea breath thrusts itself down the throat almost to the extinction of the inner fire. When the clouds roll by we may see the bow of promise, and be thankful for another lesson on the resurrection.

So much are we the creatures of time and sense that our souls must keep in with our surroundings. The ever-varying touch of nature and weather plays upon us with a sovereignty that we cannot

TO LONDON

resist. Jeremiah could triumph in a slime-pit, Daniel in a den of lions, Habakkuk in a poor-house, Paul in a prison, John in banishment, and martyrs in the fire; but ordinary mortals think and feel much as they are circumstanced. Is it warm, so are our thoughts warm; cold, we whine. Is the rain over and gone, we join in song with the birds. We are tuned to nature, string for string, and perhaps response is but a sign of health.

The round of a steamship has but a limited number of attractions. One becomes acquainted with every lawful nook and corner; and then, every day is but a repetition of the last—an experience rather irksome to one who has had half a continent to roam over and few people to hinder. Even the ocean has little of present charm. It is deep and leaves a deep impression on the mind; so deep, indeed, that it remains for life, and speaks more loudly through memory than through the senses. Alone on the sea, would be the loneliest place on earth.

Among our passengers special interest centres round a shipwrecked crew who are being taken back to their homes. Their vessel, a coal boat, had been so damaged by ice that they were forced to abandon her. For thirty-six hours they had to brave the sea in open boats; and now, although rescued, seem to feel keenly the loss of their ship. But a worse story has to be told of our own crew: one poor fellow, busy at his duty in the early morning, slipped overboard. 'Twas but a moment;

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the song had scarce parted from his lips when he touched the water. Only one saw the fall; but no time was lost; for that one flew to the Captain who reversed the steamer and hurried out the life-boats. But the sea had its prey, and would not give up—another mother's boy slept among the pearls.

In midst of life, death lurks in the shadows, to spring out in dread surprise upon the living; yet, even a death like this does not long keep the living from the rebound to the old caper and holiday farce. They hold their breath for a moment, heave a little sigh, then back to their singing. He was but a stranger, why should they weep for him? and yet, a few tear-drops might have won a life-long interest in his mother's prayers. There is something vicarious in taking the place of the absent one, and doing for that one what the law of bereavement requires. It is those deeds where we go out of ourselves into the sorrows of others (when we become them) which win the favor of Heaven. This kind of man is not seriously affected by land, sea or death; for the spring of self-sacrifice belongs not to earth.

Again our course is straight eastward; the engines are throbbing faster than ever, for that hour of lost time has to be won back, if possible. Passengers have turned too; some to their novel-reading, some to card-playing, some to singing hymns, and some to flirting with the maidens.

The sea has no national ownership, and so men

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are tempted to act as if under no law. The luxury of licence is an important part of their holiday. Of course all intend to starch up again, and that very soon, but for the present, well: "Come let us have a real Tam o' Shanter time." Through the key hole: "The deil's deid, Tam, but let me in, and I'll tell ye a' aboot it. There neh, sneck the door, an' I'll say what I was gaun tae say. Man Tam, if the deil's deid, I ken whaur he's buried. Noo, draw the cork and let's hae an auld time crack wi' him. Ay, thraw yer mooth, bit ye're liken't a' the same. There neh, sook this peppermint and let's oot for anither yoke at Sankey's hymns."

Eating is one of the prominent duties on board ship; if duty it can be called. How men and boys can devour so much food, and yet do nothing, is beyond ordinary arithmetic. Those who go to sea must enlarge their estimate of human ability in that line. Of course the fish sometimes get the benefit of the overplus; even if, like our western wheat, it has to go a round-about way to the market.

Nine days on the water and this is Sabbath. Memory brings the thought of home and Church to many of the passengers; and the divine ownership of the sea is after all acknowledged by a desire for worship. A Presbyterian and an Anglican service are soon arranged for; and both are well attended and seemingly appreciated. "Prayer," and the "Sure Foundation" are the two topics discoursed upon; and we have often thought how

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fittingly these two go hand in hand. The man who prays best, will be the surest man; and the surest man will be the best praying man.

Two weeks at sea sharpen the eyes for a sight of land. Little though we may prize it under feet, it is no small relief to be on it again after the weary hodge-podge life on board ship. See the hills looming in the horizon! Some believe yon is land, some believe it not; but such it is. Like the soul of a dream wrapped in cloud, that something against the sky will, on approach, shape itself into England, Ireland and Scotland. The spirits of the past, thick as bees are gathered around those hills and glens. From Julius Cæsar's savage to Darwin's evolved man they are all chanting the facts of history. Not always, it may be, in line with the written story on our book shelves; yet truly the voice of a host whispering by-gone facts to this twentieth century. There are the living, too, reeling off tales fast as time gives space for writing. Amongst those our shipload will soon mingle and add their drop to the human sea. On taking to the ocean, it is the back-look which dominates the mind, and on leaving it the forward look holds sway. In this again we can see a picture of life: we look back to what we call the "sunny hours of childhood" and grieve over their departure; but they will not return to us. We have to press on. Two invisible hands, one pushing and the other pulling, have us in their inexorable grip; and so we are stotted along, let our wills be ever so adverse.

TO LONDON

Many a long-drawn sigh and many a tear mark the page of middle life, and that our souls well know. Out on the ocean sailing, we do not fully grasp that there is on ahead a sunnier clime than that of childhood. Through discipline we come to let go the Eden of youth; and with glad surprise discover that it is waiting for us on the other strand. Then why look back for what is before? things can be found only where they are. Better than the holiest vision of youth will be the reunion on the other side. Oh, that dream cloud of the horizon; can we not see the land of our fathers and keep the veil, too? Yes, poetry hath charms as well as music.



ENGLAND

HERE is the hatching-place of nations; but with this forenoon sun it looks like the hatching-place of steamboats and all manner of water craft. Night fell on us off the coasts of Ireland, and although still on the water, the sight is one to fill in a large blank in our education. No school can teach this lesson now before the eye; one needs to sit right here on board ship, on the Mersey, to feel the commercial pulse of the world. Those who go out in ships make for Liverpool as to no other port on the

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globe. Here is the very centre of man's loaves-and-fishes business. What a different surrounding from that of the Canadian prairies! and yet those prairies have had the honor of producing some of the loaves: and inasmuch as he that builded the house hath more honor than the house, the countries which made this immense trade possible are not to be despised.

One thing we feel amid this ravel of ships is this: These waters are British waters; and here is British law holding sway with the calm dignity of entire possession. The Briton abroad differs from the Briton at home: abroad, he meets with those who dispute his superiority and that seems to throw him into an attitude of stolid arrogance; at home, he has the repose and courtesy of a man in his right place. To a stranger he extends the hospitality of a friend, and to a colonist the extra recognition due to a poorer member of the family. Nowhere do we find a stronger desire to dispense fatherly advice than in England; and Canada might do worse than take a mild portion of it. But we shall know all this better by and by, and therefore attend to matters nearer hand.

Those strong ancient-looking buildings, gliding slowly into the rear, tell us that soon we are to be emptied into that great roaring city—Liverpool. The chapter of the ocean has come to an end, and now we tread for the first time the soil of England. But pray, don't ask us to say anything half sensible till out of this Babel of tongues, this opening of

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trunks and searching for unpassable goods. A Northwest blizzard; let it not be once named in presence of this second cousin of chaos. Some are quite at home, others, far from it, are trying to be; yet a little patience, faith, and action soon finds the "clew of the maze" and here we are safe and sound, ready for a head north. With such a brief acquaintance, Liverpool will linger with us only as the muffled roar of a heavy freight train multiplied many thousands of times. This is but a taking-in time of generalities to be used afterward through the aid of memory. Our ticket calls for Glasgow and to Glasgow we go, even if we have to sail over land to reach it.

Trains are right there when they say they will be; and without doubt, the boarding arrangements are more complete than in America. Platforms are nearly on a level with the carriage doors, and no such thing as crossing the track to another siding is necessary. All city trains back into the station and the platform circles round the inner end like an elongated horse-shoe. At minor stations overhead bridges help passengers from side to side. As far as we saw, all crossings are overhead or under rail—no level crossings to catch the unwary. In this respect America will have to forge ahead for many years to come. The double tracks, too, make collisions almost impossible: and the solid roadbeds, with their vast amount of masonry, impress a Canadian with the wealth and thorough-going character of the people. Certainly

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they do not build railways or anything else on the "eat - and - drink - for - tomorrow - we - die" principle. Everything is done for the permanent equipment of the country. In Canada when we hear of a coal mine or a timber limit, we must have a railway to it, but necessarily a temporary one and at as little cost as possible. Iron or stone bridges would not look well after the wood and coal were exhausted. An opening country needs quick temporary work, after that comes the enduring. Another reason for the massiveness of Old Country work is the fact that they have more stone than wood; and we need not praise the people too highly for using what is nearest their hand.

Much has been said in favor of our passenger coaches; but it is doubtful if they would suit Britain as well as her own. In many parts their roads are much more winding than ours—necessarily so because of the hilly nature of the country—and on this account the greater number of joints made by short cars allows the train to sweep more easily and gracefully round the curves. These trains are but toy trains as compared with ours; and are in marked contrast with the ponderous build of everything else. Being light they are splendidly under control; and as to the compartment plan and side entrance one can find little room for complaint. When the Old Country people travel, they are not particularly anxious to be known, and therefore aim at private space for their own circle of friends. The American hun-

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gers for a crowd: he wants to blow his affairs into the ears of everybody and enquire into the affairs of everybody else. So you see, he needs the train open from end to end that he may enjoy himself.

Having spoken well, we may now criticise a little. This luggage system; these porters, labels and tips—surely if Pharaoh had need of another plague, this would do. “But,” say they, “it is all right when you get used to it.” Yet, Americans rarely get used to it; and while in the country, it is a thorn in the side. You have by the help of tips, porters, and booking to see your trunk put on the train at the beginning of the journey, and by the same kind of help claim it at the end. As far as we can see there is nothing to show that you are the owner, or anything to assure you that someone else will not carry it off before you arrive. This is one of the lessons that we can give for the many that they give us—the check in the pocket is a great comfort.



OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

QUANY have tried their hands at speaking-machines, but Old Country people seem to conclude that the most successful outcome is in the form of an elongated gentleman in striped trousers and a goodly number of stars around his upper storey. But everything has a reason; if brother Jonathan does blow like a

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whale, it is because he has a splendid country awaiting further development. There are in it possibilities so great that he is inspired to overflowing. The pressure is such that he must open his mouth; yet we need not call this boasting. It is only a necessary use of the safety valve whereby Uncle Sam gets himself into shape for work.

Britain has to look to her colonies for a horizon of this kind. She has little outlook at home, and rather dotes on her old ruins. There is not the spring and hurrah of those who see something glorious ahead; but rather the satiety of having attained. A nation may be just as foolish in its dignified maturity as an open-mouthed one that has a little yesterday and a big to-morrow. Britain may be saved from its steel-polished conservatism by taking heed to her colonies; for these colonies cannot but look at the gleam of their future and go. Great Britain's glory may one day spill over into Greater Britain and then the centre of gravity will need changing.

But, ho, for the Land o' Heather, oatmeal and the Shorter Catechism! Ere nightfall we reach it: but now, and here, is the loveliest of sunshine and the most bewitching scenery. On the Queen's highway every valley has been exalted, and every hill brought low or tunnelled through. To spin out and in among those hills, over streams, through towns and villages, cornfields and fat meadows; with now and then a glint of the ocean, atones for many discomforts of a long journey. This is

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the twenty-fourth of May too, which affords us an opportunity of learning what the people say publicly regarding their love for the Queen. It is laid to the Scotsman's door, that he never tells his wife that he loves her till she is dying. He sees no force in saying, "I love you," when they are both well. We expect, the love which shows itself in deeds is the kind for him. When he can no longer do, he *speaks*, and *weeps* too—when nobody sees. The Englishman must be much the same; for to-day, although flags are flying everywhere, little else of a holiday nature is to be seen or heard. Everyone hoists his "Red, White and Blue" and goes about his business; as much as to say: "These are my sentiments; you need no further demonstration." But he honors the Queen none the less, and would ask no better fun than to speak in her defence through the cannon's mouth. "God save the Queen" means something in Canada too; and even over the lines, there remains a glow of the old hearth-fire dear to the American heart.

The works of man, even the greatest of them, when compared with nature in her springtime adorning are soon forgotten. The towering grace of pillar, dome, and spire thrills the mind while present to the eye; but out of sight, fails to bring back the first emotion. Not so nature; her first impressions are often weak as compared with the spirit beauty which gathers round the after picture. Nature culminates in a new heaven and a

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new earth. Her scenes once exposed to the senses are photographed forever, and then the process is one of enlargement till immortal eyes see them finished in another world. The chord touched *here* continues to sing to the more amplified vision of memory, till the rending of the veil exhibits the picture in its eternal glory.

All nature dresses up to catch the eye of man; but some parts are too modest to thrust themselves into the fore-ground. The daisied meadow, the drooping elm, and the fairies dancing on the brook, seem to court the simple life where the shepherd calls together his flock in the twilight. The mountains, hills and crags set brazen faces against all creation, and force attention; but it is doubtful if they have as much converting power as the cooling vale or the gliding stream. Is it not so among Adam's children? Men make the noise and beat the drum on the streets; but women stay at home and rule the world.

On we go from Liverpool to Glasgow, and are now passing over the line. Like all inland boundaries this is a very hazy one indeed—never a druid stone nor a Heather Jock to say: "This is England, and that is Scotland." All the way up, the scenery has been changing from hedgerows and fields to hills and moors. The upland could never have been made into right fields anyway, and we rather think that they look better as they are. All this is a running picture captured in snap-shots as one scene gives place to another.

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Up we said, and up it is, in more ways than one—up from the seaboard almost to the mountain's brow, up from green field to bushy hilltop and grinning rock, up from the warm, plant-feeding air of the south to the nip of a cooler zone, up from the roaring city to the wilds with here and there a shepherd's cot, up from the land of *thee* and *thou* to that of *mey* and *yow*.

On reaching the summit of the Cheviot range, the English newsboys turn tail; and it is no longer "Courier" and "Toimes," but "Scotsman" and "Glasgae Haareld." They shake hands on the brow, and then part north and south. Lang sine folk didna part on the hilltop; they went clean ower and brought back their neebor's sheep wi' them. This wasna stealing; for the balance on ilka side hed tae be preserved. "When he took my sheep I hed ta take as mony o' his, and twa'ree mair for licht wecht and for the fash o' gaun efter them."

In this way the foundations of equity were laid. When every man's right to his own sheep got itself on the statute-book the innate justice of man was recognized as law; and taking from one another became unnecessary as a means of poising the balance. To these very exploits of our fathers may be traced our heritage of British fair-play. "She's ower the borders and awa wi' Jock o' Hazeldean." That is another kind of jamboree that has not yet been regulated by statute. Every Johnie has his Jennie and the lordly penny that

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would howk in love's garden deserves a grave among the nettles. How many Jocks and Jeans climaxed their giggles in this way has not been told. Heart-lips meet on the summit and can never be quite the same again. It is over from self to the sweet pain of dying for others; and that is the greatest hilltop in life. Missing this, Johnie lays hold of some fad and tries to twist the poor thing into a living companion. But it won't respond, and the lonely love-my-hobby dries up for want of another soul to complete his own.

"You are after *me* there, I see," comes in a voice from over the moor. Yes, old boy; we are after you with intent to convert you from the error of your ways. Now, first of all, cock up your philosophic eye and call yourself "fool." You should have been "ower the borders" long ago; and if you do not mend your ways very soon, you will be a pussy-wants-a-corner to the end of your life.

Everything is Scotchy enough now. "Ay," says Sandy, "and that is much the same as sayin' that the Millennium is at hand." Is the Millennium to begin in Scotland? One thing we know, this is our mother's land, and we hear her voice everywhere. The people speak it, the birds sing it, the winds bring it, and the evening glow over hill, field, burn and forest sends back the long lost smile. Again and again we listen and thank God that time has left us soft enough to be touched by the memories of home.

TO LONDON

The sun has dropped into the sea, and twilight will not do more than light us to St. Enoch's station. We notice that the country is well churched and has many burial places. A country it is where the foot of man has long trodden and yet some parts seem untouched as in the days of Adam. There are mists of Creation among the hills yet, but on the people it distils in brain, Calvinism and poetry. The Scottish brain is the home of Calvinism; and from this kind of a creed the man gets his backbone of character. The Supernatural is to him the ruling kingdom and under this he strikes the attitude of infilling which makes him like the Kingdom whose subject he is. A man may preach as an Arminian, but he always prays as a Calvinist.

Poetry, too, when savored with grace, has a divine spell over the heart. A nation's songs lift or debase her; and Scots are a singing people all over the land. They abound in proverb and simile; and poetry runs through almost everything they say—they can even snarl in poetry. This we affirm, for we have heard the thing done. The want of heart makes many a "dreech sermon," and perhaps we find in this poetic vein the reason why the Scottish pulpit has always held so high a place. Poetry on the level is sane, but on the mountain-top of genius often marks the wee bit crack o' croon which ca's the gear o' fancy, fast, but no sae leughty.

FROM LONELAND
GLASGOW

THE roar of Liverpool has not been forgotten; and here we have it again, in Glasgow. Nearly a million people writing history on the scroll of time; filling up the pages as we are with our type machine. And like ours, too, God's machine makes no mistakes: touch the key and you get the letter and no other. We may make mistakes, but the machine never does: the fact of the letter proves the fact of touch, and we have to father our own writing.

That trunk, and a place of rest for the night are the first in order. Well, it is on Jamaica street that we find quarters for the night—quarters too which prove so comfortable that we decide to remain for several weeks—in that time we may be able to decipher the heavy drone of this city mill. Certainly, the sound of the grinding is not low; so now we launch into the night to await the morning. Of course we need not tell you that the lullaby to slumber is not much like our mother's of long ago; for our quarters are sandwiched in between the street and the Caledonia railway. Not much poetry there, my daisy; and yet, our experience is that when sleep touches the citadel of life all sounds turn to music. Was it not so with us on this our first night in Glasgow? Jamaica street melted into the song of a river; while trains became like kittens playing out and in the Caledonia station; and then, heaven and earth fled away till morning.

TO LONDON

Saturday morning it is, and we lay ourselves bravely out to do the impossible—that is to take in the city in one day. The appliances for getting round are ample; but flesh and blood would need to be amplified exceedingly before the trick could be accomplished. There may be, there are, sink-holes in Glasgow as in other cities—places where priest and Levite tuck in their garments and pass by on the other side—but certainly the whole, clean, beautiful spots within the limits are neither few in number nor limp in quality. Parks are numerous, well located, and kept in excellent order. The West End seems to be the oldest and most frequented. Here are the University buildings, with shady walks, and old Kelvin winding slowly and gracefully through the grounds. Men, after reaching a certain stage of degeneracy, may venture where “angels fear to tread,” but the ordinary, teachable mortal finds his natural depravity at a discount in the midst of such surroundings as this. Music is also provided for several evenings of the week; and altogether these parks are means of grace to many shut-ins of factory and shop.

How people, well circumstanced in the country, should long for city life is hard to understand. It must be the universal liking of man for his fellow; but the wonder is that cities do not give him a surfeit and send him back to country solitude and family life. Men desert field, stream and forest, and then spend thousands to get back a little of

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the luxury in the shape of a park. A tree in the city is not nearly so beautiful as one in the meadow; yet, because it is in a park it is looked upon as of superior fibre. This comes from towns-people projecting their self-conceit into everything that concerns *them*. Most of the trees in Glasgow are very poor specimens. Whether it is the heavy air bearing down the coal gas of the city, we cannot tell; but certainly, most of them are in a very grim-looking condition.

Those parks are, no doubt, too much and too often the people's churches on Sabbath. Going to Church and going to Park mean much the same thing in many quarters. "Glasgow Green" gives the polyglot idea of the common mind—not the Babel of tongues, but the Babel of human ideas of life. There is one telling how to bring up a family without pills or medicine of any sort. Yonder is another proving to the satisfaction of his own ears—not of his conscience—that there is no God; and that his mother's religion was all a delusion. Then yonder is another, wide-mouthed on the labor question—"Oh the tyranny of the rich and the away-down abominations of the aristocracy!" And among many others here is actually one of the Duncan Matheson type daring to tell the old, old story of Justification by Faith. It is the same tale everywhere, "some one thing and some another," while they are not in earnest; but the justified sinner alone can divine between the true and the false. Cash produces combinations,

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combinations creeds; and creeds become old through the cash at their backs; and because "The Green" is not cashy it may remain trashy and the gathering-place of all unorthodox havers—not much more so, it may be, than some of the churches around it. Oh, well, a creed is, after all, only what a man has found true in the honest pursuit of life. And as every man's life differs from that of every other, every creed differs in the same way. But the Word abideth forever although every saint's life is a different interpretation of its truth.

"Go round the churches of the city"; would that not be a task? Yes, and perhaps helpful to neither rest nor devotion. In olden times men said "I am of Paul, I of Apollos, I of Cephas, I of Christ." In Scotland they are all, roundly speaking, Presbyterians: but they thrust in the names "Free," "United," and "Established" to keep themselves apart. Unanimity is an abomination in Scotland: sic dearth o' gumption would be awfu'. If all the money spent to keep Christians apart were spent on bringing them together, heathenism and superstition would soon find the atmosphere of this world unsuitable for their growth. The spirit of popery is in every denomination, and until its expulsion is effected peace cannot come. There will be many upheavals yet, ere the King comes to His own, and some of these may be the leading tragedies of history. The love of power apart from Christ, is the crowning insanity of the human race.

FROM LONELAND

However, Scotland is one of the places where one feels that the wheel of Divine law encircles and dominates civil law. There is a conscience in the air, and the people are dear for their covenanting fathers' sakes, as well as their own. May the salt not lose its savor. The Sabbath is not any better kept here than in Canada; but a large city is not the right place to judge of the country as a whole. This might be unjust to history and even to actual, present conditions.

Could we but see with the eyes of Elisha, we might come to know that horses and chariots of fire still surround the land of Knox. The morality which shows itself in plants grown up with their youth still in them, and daughters polished after the similitude of a palace, is very manifest with a large portion of the people. The Divine Sculptor has been in the quarry with them, as a whole, but many chips have been left. No, the submerged are not all in London.

Churches are numerous here in Glasgow, but strangers know little as to their location; and so have just to stumble into the first one in view. Well, here it is. The building is large, the congregation small, and the minister very richly attired. He is a fine appearing man, too, and evidently one belonging to the very churchiest kind of Presbyterianism. What the candles around the pulpit are for is a mystery, seeing that it is nearly the middle of the day. We suppose it is to let in the light because the windows have been so colored as to

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shut it out. Anyway that does not need to extinguish the light in the pulpit: neither does it, for the sermon is very scholarly, fresh and agreeable to listen to. "Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing," is the text; but the whole discourse seems to expound it in this way: "Why do the people imagine so foolish a thing as to plot against the Established Church? Let us break their bands asunder and cast away their cords from us." By this we knew that we were worshipping in the Church of Scotland. Well, be it so, the service was helpful. There was much of the Church of Christ in it, if it was the Church of Scotland.

When the pendulum has swept to one side, it is ready to swing to the other; and having been in the conservative camp, we feel like going "galagher" off to the radical one—and we said so, too, to a friend whom we had found on the way. "O," said he, "if that is what you want, take a turn over to hear 'The Dipper' in the afternoon." This was the Rev. John Robertson, called "The Dipper" because of his changed views on baptism. Our friend did not need to tell us what to do in this case, for we had decided to hear him before we left home—his fame had already gone abroad. This, you see, was a daring leap from petrified organization to unfettered individualism, and we felt like a boy taking leave of school.

The City Hall, which is called the City Temple when used for preaching purposes, will seat from

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three to four thousand people. On entering we find it already well filled, and ere the service begins completely so. Two or three persons are seated on the platform and promptly on time one of them rises to give out the hymns, read the chapter and pray. This part is so sympathetic and worshipful that we are sorry when another rises to preach the sermon—or thunder it, rather. This is John Robertson; and, for sure, he belongs to the sons of thunder. His lungs are good, his brain large, his heart warm, and his views orthodox. He knows the difference between morals and faith; and that is what many others seem not to know.

His discourse is on Abraham going down to Egypt; and he said that "the patriarch had no business there, for God did not tell him to go. He went to Egypt on a foraging expedition for more wealth, broke his leg while there, and had much reason to be thankful that it was not his neck; for he had sinned sufficiently for the greater punishment. So also, Christians often take a fling off to Egypt for the garlick and onions of other days. They remember them, their mouths water for them beyond control; and off they go, breaking their leg where their old sins broke it before, and if they were to receive their due it would be their neck instead of their leg. God tempers judgment to even wilful backsliders for His own Name's sake."

Mr. Robertson's work in Glasgow is such that

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it could be undertaken only by one who had decided to sacrifice much for the higher cause. He was the successful pastor of a large congregation in the Free Church; but impelled by strong conviction, strong individuality, and unreserved consecration, set out on a path of his own. He considered that laxity of doctrine, society foibles, caste, and the like were bowing large numbers out at the door of the church. Men in commoner walks of life expect to find in the church the air of home; and when they do not, they become careless in going.

It is to be confessed, however, that the blame for this away-from-church drift is not all with the Church itself. Many are on the outlook for slights; while with a little more vital religion they would not see the grumpy thing at all. Pride cannot live where it is unnoticed. As well seek a reason for every wind as for all the huffs of men; but things without a reason have sometimes to be dealt with as things that have. When fogs are driven out of the brain, goblins of the night become hedge-rows of the morning; and then we feel foolish for hatching our own owls. As men get away from God they seek a scapegoat for their sins; and too often the Church is blamed for the coldness born of their own distance from the fire. Not many congregations would grieve if their churches were filled to the door with any who wished to attend. Yet, if people will shift ground, someone must go after them with the Gospel

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even if they do not much desire it.

When God has a work to do He finds a worker, and one who can win the ear and enlist the sympathy and good-will of those who have drifted away should not be severely criticised. Neither should he be condemned if his work is not carried on according to some orthodox method. Indeed, a wise worker in this field will avoid as much as possible the old shape of things at which the people profess to be offended. A nervous disease may seem as nothing to others, and yet be very real to the man himself. It must be treated as a real malady. The Spirit of Christ may touch with assuring sympathy the spirit of the other, and be as a resurrection to the afflicted. The old Gospel may be thrown aside as a worn out remedy; but a new worker may present it in a way so original that it is not recognized as the Old Story. They think that they have found a new Gospel and a new Christ.

Mr. Robertson's work in Glasgow seems to us to be very much of this kind. He has come down from the pulpit to the platform, and although the message is precisely the same, men and women listen as if to a new voice. In our opinion his work would give more assurance of permanency, if, in coming down to the people, he did not join them so freely in throwing stones at the churches they have left. Back-strokes return after their kind and mar the hope of many a good beginning. On the other hand, however, who knows but that

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his fiery messages may help to arrest the decline of vital religion in Scotland.

"John the Dipper" is full of eccentricities and emphatic motions. Often he rolls up a sentence and, bowing down, sends it red-hot among the people. Like a boy jerking a stone instead of throwing it, he sometimes "loots" to one side and lets it go with a hizz-z, as much as to say: "There now, take that you sinners!" At least, that is the way some of his hearers take it; for on the way home we overheard two young men discussing that particular part of the sermon. "Man, did ye see yon? Whizz! as gin he were seekin' a cat oot frae neth the bed wi' a stick!" Don't let yourself believe that a Scotsman has no humor!

Another Sabbath brings the call to enter some of the remaining churches. A stranger in this very city many years ago on asking a citizen if he would direct him to where he could hear some of the crack preachers, got this answer: "Weel, as to crack preachers I'm no sae sure, but gin ye'd like tae hear a crackit ane, dist step in there." Well, we have stept into one now and discover that it is the very church where the "crackit" minister held forth in days gone by. Let it be told, however, that the crackit minister's crack was of the right kind for his memory is fragrant still. His place is now filled by a man in the prime of life; but not in the prime of his eloquence, we would say; for on the whole, the service is rather a dull one. The discourse is on the Angel of the Church of

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Ephesus, but taking into account the very wet day, and the fact that many of the congregation are "doon the water" the audience is small and the conditions not at all favorable for angel visitation; neither is the service very luminous.

The next church on the route is the "Barony Church." Why this name, others will have to tell, for we confess to ignorance in some things. The pastor is from home, and the service is conducted by an aged but not frail man—a man whose enthusiasm of youth may have degenerated to the fly that causeth the ointment to send forth an ill savor. From beginning to ending one heard the tone of invective, which stirred up conscious resentment against the speaker. Again we are not edified, and yet the sermon may have been good to those who heard it all. To us it was chiefly sound; plenty of sound, but so tossed from pillar to post that no words were left. No words, no sense; and after all we rather suspect that the building was more at fault than the preacher. As far as we could catch the discourse, it was a bitter lament over the degeneracy of the age; especially because the young people were not attending Church. "Why were the former days better than these?" was the song, sung to a snarling, petulant tune. Whether he enquired wisely concerning this, is another matter.

Still another: and this time it is Free St. Matthew's where the famous Dr. Stalker ministers. He is widely known as an author and highly

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spoken of as a preacher; so, our expectations are on the hum. Reaching the church we are early by half-an-hour; but are pleasantly entertained by the "beadle"—a round-faced, elderly gentleman, who knows all about the Church and its people. He is much in love with the minister, and is daily in trembling for the ark of God in that congregation should Edinburgh or some other great city steal him off to fill a professor's chair. "Ay," said he with a sigh, "there'll no be ane in the hale kirk bit 'll ca' it an ill day for St. Mattha's if they tak' the doctor awa."

But the time is up, and we find ourselves well planted up in the gallery where we can see and hear, and wait for the appearing of the minister. The congregation is large—filling nearly three-fourths of the building. Another commendable feature: the people are all on time—and so is the minister; for yonder, we see, the back door opens and he enters the pulpit. Certainly it is not always the unexpected that happens; for yon moving figure in Geneva gown fills up in generous measure a well warmed expectation. He is a man a little over the summit of the hlll; handsome in figure, and a face finely polished by intellect and grace—especially grace. Ay, he is a bonnie man yon; see how the azure of a better world lingers about him; and how warm, too, the angel wings that guard the sacred desk. Spirits come on the stage when Christ is seen by faith, through the preaching of the word.

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Here is the text: "And they feared as they entered the cloud." And he said: "The cloud is the symbol of hidden things, and so the mother of fear: therefore, we may speak of the cloud of Deity, the cloud of Doubt, the cloud of Change, and the cloud of Death."

Throughout the discourse, the feeling is that of getting away from matter into the free air of spiritual things. It is a holy, healthy climate; and Peter's prayer sweetly prompts the heart: "Let us make tabernacles and abide here."



THE HIGHLANDS

"**H**URRAH for the Highlands!" Now we are on the good ship Kintyre, bound for Campbeltown. It is in the early morning that we glide away from the half-sleeping city of Glasgow. The Clyde never sleeps. It has its flow to the sea; and besides, is so ceaselessly churned by paddle-wheels that it is forced into something more of use than of beauty. The fishes never get their noses to the Broomilaw: no, they have a first-class reason for turning tail and making for the pure water.

Many have sung the praises of Clyde scenery; and it is not for us to do so, even if we could; but surely the man who sails upon these waters and is not touched by the ever-changing prospect on all

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sides, is sadly in need of repairs—the doctor for his liver and the Gospel for his soul.

The ship-building is something astonishing. On both sides the hammers are going with all manner of clangs and noises, which blend into music as they echo from shore to shore. The thoroughness of the Scot as a workman—which is founded on a like principle in the national character—has won for him a reputation for ship-building which can scarcely be lost—indeed, will not, as long as that stability of manhood remains. When the world's eyes are opened, it will be seen that character and work are mutually cause and effect. When truth is planted in the inner part, it will show itself in every outward act. Even in the sacred desk there may be a clever head and eloquent lips; yet, if behind all these there be not the sanctified heart the effect is nil.

Bute, Arran, and Cumbrae, we pass you by with a promise to call some other day. Every island has its story with a weird thread of superstition in each. Their inhabitants are men, women, children and ghosts. Some of those islands have Gaelic names and a Canadian need not try to pronounce them all—only our first parents before the Fall, and a few people in the norse of Scotland could do that.

Cara is noted as the royal seat of the Brownies. The myth king of this island is spoken of as not being overstocked with the quality of justice; or of anything else beyond his own sweet will. We

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are told that he "skelpit" most unmercifully certain clans who fell under his displeasure; while in the case of others, he fondled them like children. When man or woman is thought to be boasting a bit, it is a take-off to this day: "Ay, bit ye were nane the waur o' the Broonie at yer back, though." To-day, also, they say that a young man on the main land fell in love with a Cara farmer's daughter; and so great was the attraction that he swam across the channel—a distance of two miles—once a week, to see the object of his affections. The Scot tells that story now with a cannie twinkle in the eye; and then adds very solemnly: "Truly, many waters cannot quench love."

Campbeltown harbor is one of the cosy nooks of the sea. Its shores are shaped like a horse shoe, with the Island Davaar as the frog of the foot. Once on the inner waters the roys'tering of the ocean is changed to Sabbath calm—a sweet wooing of rest for the weary sailor. He is safe and he knows it—he feels it. Sheltered behind the rock Davaar, what sacred dreamings thrill the soul as we think of a Higher Rock shielding us from the tumults of the people, and the rage of an ocean that is never at rest.

Campbeltown presents an object lesson in ancient and modern architecture; and all the stages between the two. From buildings, rude enough at the beginning and more so by time, may be found all the kinds up to the high-class modern dwelling. The costly structures form the larger

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part of the town and are beautifully situated round the curve of the bay. As might be expected, too, stalwart men and fine churches everywhere give visibility to the genius of Presbyterianism. In our opinion, no other creed produces fewer shams than this—if doctrinal creed can at all be counted as the root of high character. We rather think that it is not anything which the intellect assents to that makes right men and women, but faith in a Person working by love.

But the other thing is here too in the shape of distilleries. These crony up to the churches in right Wullie Wight style—twenty-two of them. How is that, ye braves o' the bottle? "Bit it's whuskey we mak' here, mind: nane o' yer American slap. It's the rale Rab Roy. Man, it slips doon the thrapple like an eel in the burn; and eases the burden gloriously!"

During life's journey we are again and again introduced to people and p'aces which call to mind scenes of home and truth. Every father is like our own father, every mother like one's own mother; and every lad and lass like one's own brother or sister. The veneer of society is all laid aside, indeed never was there, and we seem to get nearer to the hearts than the clothes of the people. Just here we confess to a feeling of this kind among the people of Kintyre, more than anywhere else since we left home. Was it Burns who said: "Naething better could I wish at heaven's gate than a Highland welcome." Go to Kintyre

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and you will understand this. Home seems to be written all over the Laggan, and every human by his kindness books himself in one's mind as belonging to a family where selfishness has been banished like the frogs from Ireland. Not a "puddock" there: at least we did not see any. There isn't slime enough for them to live in—is that it?

Perhaps we were helped to this feeling by the cheery reception which awaited us at Knocknaha. In that cosy nook at the foot of the brae where a brook cheerily turns a mill, there stands a comfortable stone dwelling, and in that dwelling lives a mother, son and daughter. These were sister, nephew and niece to a fellow missionary on the prairies which we had left. Indeed it might have been said that we had worked shoulder to shoulder for many years. Well, we had just to say "Archie" to be treated beyond the measure of our conscience to accept. Hospitality we have often received before; but the flavor of a Highland welcome remains unique and unapproachable in the way of genuine kindness. The old mill-wheel plants its music in the ear, and we are safe in saying that in the hum of memory there will be mingled the voices of those kind friends as long as life shall run.

The Laggan is the name given to a fertile valley running across the peninsula from Campbeltown to Machrihanish Bay; and its beauty is such that we are inclined to take it in slowly.

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Sentinelled by heather-clad hills, it reposes there in the full assurance of its safe-keeping and fittingly sets forth the wealth of grace in the Highland character. And do not the rocky surroundings tell of the soldier arm, ready to defend the sweetness of home?

"The rose it was sae bonnie, it could ilk bosom charm;
The thistle spread its thorny leaves tae keep the rose frae
harm."

From the summit of any of those hills the valley is an open book of poetry for those who have soul to read it. It comes well up to our vision of the first garden. Rather scant of trees to hide among, it may be; but the people here have no need for hiding; and so the blessing of the Highest canopies the valley over from hill to hill. When the Paisley man mounted one of those peaks, the outspread grandeur was like to take his breath away; but he snatched it back with the words: "Mercy! arena the works o' God deev'lish?"

A stranger travelling alone in this vale, on Sabbath, knows how to be silent and let nature speak to him. Silence, Sabbath, June; here we are, that lone stranger, walking down the Laggan worshipping the God of Nature. It is as if walking along the aisle in the great cathedral of God; the hills are the galleries, and the Divine presence peoples the air with spirits. The upper Kingdom is paying a visit to this, and we are privileged to be at the reception, which is weighty with reverence and devotion. All labor is hushed, and

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The very carts lift trams in air,
As if in prayer.

From the distance we hear the song of the ocean. Those waves, we are told, once swept the valley from shore to shore, but the Father raised a rampart; and so made the Laggan an abode of men and a scene of peace. Happy the man whose peace-be-still makes an eternal Sabbath in his soul.

Lossit Glen, the property of Captain McNeil, is another spot to lift the thoughts out of the dust. A stream runs, or rather tumbles, down a glen which has long ago been planted with trees and all manner of flower-bearing underlings. No better place for a solitary walk can be imagined. Or if the person be young, a certain companion might be an improvement, for the place is full of dreams—yon kind, you know. Maybe the rooks wadna let oot if they did pu' a rose or two. Wad they Duncan? Duncan is the game-keeper, and we saw him put more than one of those black croakers out of business. The likes o' yon for a straight eye beats all our experience for rifle work. He can pop them off the very topmost twig o' the fir tree. We tried our hand on the rabbits but they seemed just to take all they got and lick their lips for more.

Captain McNeil is a kindly old gentleman, well blessed with the manners that need no airs; and we have every reason to remember with pleasure our visit to Lossit Glen. Duncan and his family will please accept of our sincere thanks.

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South End is another part of the peninsula worth visiting, and to this we go. It is the end of the peninsula, and is made up of rocks and caves with a few streams running to the sea. The great black hills may sleep round Rothsay Bay; but their chance would be slight if they had the Mull o' Kintyre in their ears. Every crowd has its dog fight or fracas of some kind, and this Mull is one of the brawls of the ocean. But thoughts of home are already beginning to tug at our coat sleeve and we have no time to linger, not even to witness the sea dogs worrying one another. Yes, everlasting worry, but never death.

Ancient history has distinctly marked this promontory. Over there stands Dunavarty, stained with the blood of McDonalds; and near by the pulpit rock of St. Columba who brought the Gospel over from Ireland. Strange that these two marks should tell stories so true to the tragedies of human life! One tells of savagery and crime; the other of Blood that takes away sin—one of what Scotland was, the other of what has made her what she is. The evolution of a divine purpose is manifest here as in every part of the globe. The movement toward the "far-away divine event" is most clearly taught by Dunavarty and St. Columba's pulpit rock. Civilization is but the Gospel converted into action, and since St. Columba's day Scotland has taken no small part in sending that Gospel on to the farther West.

St. Columba, it is said, preached from this rock

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very many times; and certainly the pulpit and its surroundings are altogether suitable for this purpose. The top of the rock is flat like an elevated platform overlooking a green slope, with ample room for a large congregation. On this platform are still to be seen, very distinctly, footprints of a man worn about an inch into the stone; as if that man had stood on that one spot very often and very long; while between the footprints are graven the figures 564. No doubt this date is correct; but no one believes that the Apostle from Ireland wore those foot-marks into the rock by repeated rounds of preaching. Yet, when we asked an elderly lady how they came there, she said with a certain look in the eye: "Oh, I suppose he was such a powerful man, and preached so often on that one spot that he wore his two feet into the rock." However, it was a happy thought to perpetuate this very important event by marking the rock on which this man of God did his first preaching in Scotland.

St. Columba's plan seems to have been after this order: He preached for a time at one place, built a church, organized a congregation, and then set a pastor over the people. This done he went to another and repeated the process. The people must have been quite numerous too, for many such churches can be found in Kintyre at a distance of five or six miles from one another.

Over one of these St. Conan was settled pastor; but finding his flock not so docile as he wished,

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he, one day, got angry and declared that he would "give them over to the Tevil, every one of them." With this his majesty appeared with a hoot and a skip: "It's a bargain, sir; I'll take charge of them at once."

"No," cried St. Conan, "you'll not get them all! You will not get Shon McLean, nor Angus McDougal, nor Elsbeth McFadgin, nor, nor . . . no: you will get only the half of them, sir. I'll draw one and you another till they're all done." So the drawing began; but when his majesty got steam up, and was trying to sneak in two for the other's one, St. Conan flashed upon him with fist under his nose: "Stand back, sir; claw for claw!" and to this day fair-play is meant when the people say: "Claw for claw, as St. Conan said to the deil."

Gathered round the hearth in the glimmer of a peat fire, what grim humor creeps up' and down the backbone as these twilight stories are told by one and another. When a hare stands on end and looks you in the face that means: "Come away sir, your time is up."

Two neighbors—Angus McPherson and Norman McDougal—had grievously fallen out, and would have nothing more to do with each other—no, neither would speak to the other again for a "soosand years." Well, one day a hare, sorely pressed by dogs ran into Norman McDougal's shack on the hills where he watched his sheep, and looked him square in the face. "Oh," said Norman to the hare, "that's you, is it? But you've

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made a grand mistake this time. It's Angus McPherson ye're after." Yes, Death always makes a mistake when he comes to our house.

Down at the South End is a cave called St. Columba's cave; and over at Campbeltown another named St. Keeran's cave. They are ten miles apart, and it is supposed that long ago the sea had a passage through from one cave to the other; but on the sea-level changing a tunnel was left all the way across the peninsula. To go through this tunnel was often spoken of as a possible feat; provided one could be found brave enough to try it.

One day, Tonal—him that plays the pipes the pest of all—was thinking that he could do it. His pipes was thinking so too; for every twirl of the chanter seemed to say: "Ye'll can Tonal, ye'll can; and if I wes you, I would do it." Tonal could not disobey the pipes; so, with a gill in his cheek he made for St. Columba's cave resolved to play the pipes all the way through. He entered, and people on the top of the earth waited for him who was under the earth; but they waited in vain—yet not wholly in vain, for after a time his wee dog appeared on the scene minus his hair. The canine had won where the human had failed.

Tonal, however, had gotten halfway through; for a farmer walking over his field heard a voice somewhere under his feet, and on putting his ear to the ground, heard the worrying of a battle going on. Now, he could hear the swell of the

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slogan; then the cry of a man in distress: "Oh, for three hands," two for the pipes and one for the sword." This was the end of Donald. He fell a prey to the goblins for want of a third hand to wield the sword—he had but two, and both were needed for the pipes. While there was breath in him he would cling to the pipes; and dying, hope to play them again where owls, bats and scorpions are no more. Moral:—Keep above the ground as long as you can.

The queer stories which we have been playing with tell what Scotland used to be; but now she laughs at her old superstitions and sings the praises of a known God who fills the earth with light and drives all goblins into the shades of Hades. "In His light there is no darkness at all."

Another turn over the hills and we go a-fishing on the little loch which the wind rocks over yonder at the feet of Bengullion. Well, it is one thing to go a-fishing, and another to catch the fish. Only one little, silly trout all the afternoon and that by our friend from Knocknaha. That was of course as it ought to be, for the writer was married and he was not; and we have often wondered if that solitary catch was a presage of a more interesting one later on by the same person. Should things turn out in that way, we know this: The Canadian prairie would be a fine place to spend the hohaynoon; so, here and now we drop the invitation. What say you, Sandy?

Another "pech" and we reach a higher step on

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the mountain side. This is better than fishing—at least to the man who didn't catch any. From Ben's airy height one can look down upon the world and say: "I don't care for you, nor any of your scaly manœuvres." As for Ben's very top, we only look up and leave the scratching of his head to the eagles. Davaar (we see you now more plainly) stands sentinel at the gateway of the sea; and through his vigilance the ships in the harbor have almost perfect peace. Davaar the type, how the symbolism blazes out with spiritual teaching! "Oh, Christ our rock, in Thee we hide, a shelter in the time of storm."

This fancy is not ours alone; some other mind must have had thoughts on the same lines: for, go over and you will find a cave in that little rock island; enter, and you will see painted on the perpendicular wall a life-sized picture of the crucifixion. The painting is fairly well done, and seeing it in such a place makes it most striking and memorable. It had been painted there without the knowledge of anyone save the artist; and when finished, left to be discovered by the general public. The one who found it first, of course quickly told it to others, and in a short time the painting was famous—famous all the more because of the mystery which hung about its origin. It was told here and there, in whispers, that an angel had done it; and because of this thread of mystery which ran through the story, hundreds

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made for the spot to see the picture. The papers blazed abroad its glory, and the cave was soon on the high move toward becoming a shrine where all manner of healing could be had. The hitherto barren air was charged with spirit, and men were doing their living of thought, word, and action under the spell of a present other-world; when a big black-bearded Highlander up and confessed that he was the angel. He was the key to the whole mystery, and needless to say, the bottom went out of the whole panic with a clap, and another superstition found an early grave. Yet, after all, there must have been an angel in the clay of the Highlander. How came there to him the towering thought of the Crucifixion as related to Campbeltown's rock of protection — Davaar? Study the rock and its surroundings and you have the Plan of Redemption almost as clearly told as in the Sacred Writings.



THE BIG CUMBRAE

THE Scotsman gets most of his "greetin'" by when he is a laddie. Any after return to it, must have an extraordinary cause.

We could understand him melting a little on leaving Kintyre, if that had been the run of his early days; but as Providence decreed that we should not be born there, maybe it will be well not to provoke the jealousy of Canada by feeling

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too soft as we glide out of Campbeltown. Four weeks up and down the Laggan, round by the Mull and over the hills where the mighty waters with unbroken sweep from America dash themselves so ceaselessly and foolishly upon crags, have filled our being with memories of Kintyre which will last for life and perhaps longer. It is a very interesting part of Scotland.

For native politeness, strength of mind, and warmth of heart, the border Highlander may be placed in the very first rank of human beings. There are three zones of people in Scotland—the Highlander, the Lowlander, and the Middleman who dwells in that region where the north and the south are interwoven. In the north we have hard-baked conservatism, in the south moderatism, and in the middle, the well-balanced firmness of the one and charity of the other. Here, as always, the best lies between the extremes. This is being proven every day by the world choosing middle zone men for positions of trust. Our own Robertson, McVicar, Matheson and a host of others were from Argyllshire.

Sailing on the Firth of Clyde is like the swing of a merry-go-round. With the ever-changing course of the steamer, these islands seem to show off form and dress by all sorts of graceful manoeuvres. Each has its own little family history, too, which the people cherish as of considerable importance in the world's stock of knowledge. Some were born there; there they "whiled the sunny

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hours away;" there they loved and were loved again ere they knew life's mortal shadow, and the little dot of rock and land which they called home became almost a world to them.

The law which makes our children more to us than our neighbor's, makes also our native land dearer than any other spot of earth. It was Judea and Samaria, then the uttermost parts of the world. Have you never heard of the old divine who prayed for the Big Cumbræ, the Little Cumbræ, and then for the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland? We rather suspect that some humorous vandal has been among those words; and that the good man said "Bute and Arran," not Great Britain and Ireland. Anyway, it was Cumbræ first, and that is where we are now heading—the Big Cumbræ. This island is about eleven miles round the base at the seaboard, with here and there a little bay lending grace to the outline. One of these is called Fintry Bay. Within the island are to be found a few corn-fields, one town, one lion-rock; and a great gob of sandstone on the very tapmost, toorin' height o' the hills. This stone is called the "Gledstane"—so named, we suppose, because the gledes perched there to take observations of the aforesaid adjacent islands. On the top of this stone is a small basin, said to be "never without water." No doubt the gledes often need such an arrangement to wash the innocent blood off their nebs.

Once a Cumbræ lass went down to Fintry

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Bay, in the early morning, to dig spout-fish out of the sand; when a lad came that way with a gun in his hand. Well, let us tell you, there was some fine shooting on hand that morning; for, later on, the scene changed to that of the same lad and lass bravely facing life together in the backwoods of Ontario. They now sleep in the land of their adoption; but, do you know who it is that can look over a man's shoulder when he is writing and not be ill-bred in doing it? Well, she knows more of the spout-fish story than the writer; and the orders are to tell no more tales out of school. "No, not even about my mother—so there."

Some things are large because their surroundings are small. So is it with Big Cumbrae and Little Cumbrae; one is big because the other is little—very little—just big enough to be safe from drowning when the tide is in. From the peaks of Arran the larger island would appear like a well-grown flounder opening its mouth to swallow the lesser one. The town of Millport is built around the curve of the Bay; and the rising back-ground sets it off to great advantage. Some fine buildings grace the town; but nature has done more for Millport than art. What the population numbers for ordinary we know not; but at this time of the year it is thronged to its utmost capacity. Glasgow swarms during the months of July and August and fills those watering-places from cellar to garret.

This running-off in summertime is the physical salvation of crowded cities—yes, and the bread-

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and-butter salvation of many coast villages as well. It is hard to see how some of these towns would have attained their present size were it not for something of this kind. Property in these islands has its chief value in the fact that city people need sea air. Towns, as a rule, exist as market-points for the country; but here they exist for the bigger towns' recreation.

Glasgow can turn out more mis-shapen dwarfs than any place we have yet seen. It is perfectly amazing how many of these can be seen at Millport for the week-end. Some blame the soft water supply of the city; others the used-up air and sad odor of too many people living on one spot of the earth; others again say that the hard stone steps of tenement houses where children have to creep up and down as their only playground, shape them more for creeping than for walking erect. Be that as it may, sure it is that one sonsie-faced, parritch-fed country loon will tip the scales with two or three of them.

Millport, like all other parts of Scotland, is exceedingly well churched. Free, U. P., Established, Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, and Baptist are all there. Congregations are small and made up chiefly of permanent residents. Visitors, although numerous, are more taken up with the Gospel of salt-water, flirting, and general pleasure seeking. They left the city, many of them, to spend the Sabbath as a holiday; and of course have to forget God and Church to reach their end.

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However, they miss much, very much; for rarely have we heard the gospel-story as clearly told as in the Free Church where we had the privilege of attending. Mr. Walker is certainly one of the "far ben" men; and it may not spoil him to know that his words were helpful to a stranger.



LONDON

LONG ago all roads led to Rome, now they all lead to London; and here we go with a good head of British steam. Cleaving the night, we spin along, in the hope that something new will turn up in the morning. And we are right, for the expected comes to view when we touch the home-like scenes of Bedfordshire. Here we stop off to see friends, and to take in the country at leisure.

The first thought is: How like Ontario! The same rolling lands, the same style of farming, the same rotation of crops, the same kinds of horses sheep and cattle. Another thing that we could not but notice: the great number of Scotsmen who have taken farms in England. Farming, here, is not what it once was; and who does not know that a Scotsman can thrive where another can not?

The art of keeping money is more rare than the making of it; and in this the Scot excels. Hard times at home may have made it necessary that

TO LONDON

Norsemen should take Southern farms. It is the Scot's opportunity; and, maybe, he will succeed better in the conquest of England by peaceful means than by the sword.

When two different races meet on the open field of enterprise, the side with the stronger mind always carries the day; and this providential meeting of Scotch and English will be very interesting to keep under notice. We never yet knew an Englishman to try to pass himself off as a Scotsman; but occasionally a Scotsman tries on the Englishman; and to all such we say: Don't. Of many inharmonious things under the sun this is king—a Scotsman aping an Englishman! Out on the thing! A Scot should not imitate anyone; neither does he need to, for he is greatly mistaken if he does not think himself quite the equal of any other man. Imitation is the self-accepted seal of inferiority, and no Scotsman should allow himself to fall into the net. The Englishman never does; and yet each may have qualities worthy of imitation by the other.

A week in London; that sounds big on the lips of a Canadian. But let it be said: that to one who has spent his life in the open and has, naturally, a preference for the country; this is an ordeal to be gone through chiefly because of the information that there is in it. "I am," said one, "part of everything I have met." Well, to enter this great city with eyes and ears open, must add no small portion to one's personality. Herein lies the value of travel.

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We take into ourselves the outward world, and carry it away with us; and there is no limit to information till the world within is co-extensive with the world without. Man is the visibility of spirit; and according to the quality of those *met* are we electrified above the cloddishness of our undertow. Faith's vision of the Eternal City will one day make even London small—that is: when faith gives place to sight.

Some one has suggested that we might find the North Pole by bringing the Pole to us. Let all the people of the earth gather to one point and, there, work the globe like a tread-mill till the Pole would be under their feet and the trick would be done. Perhaps the planet would object to being turned by this kind of Samson; and sure as the twilight this little spider-web will remain in the realm of dreams; but certainly this material world is being turned in a far more important way by the genius of its inhabitants; and no small part of this genius is centered in the British capital. Original thought has its speediest recognition where there is a numerous and capable surrounding to receive it. A prophet has no honor in his own country, but the familiarity of localness cannot find a place in London. Men of mind need not leave here in search of fame; they can remain just where they are, and touch all the world that is worth touching. The temptation is all the other way. New ideas may be born anywhere; but for an all-round pull at the world's lever he must fly to London.

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Capitals have the lion's share of bright minds; but when cities boast, they should not forget that their glory comes from the country. They very soon decline when the inflow of country blood ceases. What would London, or any other large city, do with its submerged tenths if there were no upper tenths to submerge them, or crowd them out into the fresh air which they so much need but will not seek without pressure?

London is not to be blamed for her slum family; neither is she to be praised for the upper zone of her citizens. One comes to her from the hills and fields; and the other is the output of the city mill at the end of three or four generations. Every mill has its tailings but there is no reason why anyone should go down, except what is to be found in himself. Degeneracy always begins from within; and recovery must be by will-power scoring out the old and filling in the new. London may have great temptations, but has great opportunities; and the strongest men are to be found in the most trying places. He that overcometh in London hath the world under his feet. The dweller there has the chance of being a top hero in the moral world. He has Goliaths daring him on every hand: can he be a David or a Daniel in Babylon? Yes, he may; and the faithful Scribe of the Universe will see to it that his name stands in its right place on the pages of human story.

To see London in its totality one would need to sail over it in a cloud, and catch the entire line of

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its environment. It might not be very enticing to see only the parts of roofs which were intended for use without beauty; neither would it be very exhilarating to have the city's house-keeping blown in one's face through the chimney pipes of palace and cottage. From that view-point the buildings would, more or less, look like great dumps of brick, stone and lime.

Architecture, even the best, aims at the admiration of men who look up, not down. Look up, if you want to see things at their best. Men wash their faces, and don't thank you for going round to see if there are buttons off the backs of their coats. Civility is what you will meet with everywhere, if you keep the street; but if you do not, the man with the buttons will certainly make your acquaintance without waiting for an introduction.

Taking our own advice we let the clouds roll by, and keep where ordinary people have a right to go. After all, it is not so much the broad vision that instructs, but the one-thing-at-a-time, that gives us the final accumulation of knowledge. So, we take our feast by sops: and leave the cloud-vision to the painting of memory. Lines are graven on stone not by the broad face of the mallet, but by the sharp edge of the chisel; and it is that one-thing-at-a-time which receives undivided attention that remains for vivid after-thought.

One man goes to an exhibition and sees nothing but horses, sheep and cattle—he is a stock-farmer and is built that way. Another is a machinist and

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likes to be where the wheels go round; another is a painter and is to be found among the pictures: thus each sees his own hobby. Much the same is it with those who visit London: what is seen will depend on the man who sees. His eye will see chiefly things in common with his own mind; and he will be able to tell you most clearly of those things which he examined most minutely; and certainly his examinations of this or that will be according as the various objects touch his hobby or hobbies. This is only another way of saying that the "eye can see only what the mind gives it power to see."

One goes to St. Paul's Cathedral and could linger there all day long. He reads like a novel every pillar and post. With airy foot and bated breath he moves, and feels upon him the awe of another world. The holy tones of worship come and go not as those of pipe or human voice, but as songs from the Unseen fanned by angel wings. How men go elsewhere, this visitor cannot understand—it seems to him the whole city. He is a born child of architecture and is alive to everything which will tell him of this world as a cathedral, and bring to his ears the spirit voices which worship God day and night in his temple. Ask him about London, and he will tell you of St. Paul's with a few minor remarks about other things.

Another visitor will be found in the British Museum. He is an antiquarian this, and likes to

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go back to the mists of early Creation. To him a walk among the tombs is as fragrant as a turn in his garden. He gets poetry out of that old ricket of bones by breathing life into it and sending it off to wallow among the reeds of a half-redeemed chaos. He likes to puzzle the mummies with queer questions, and to see them scratch their heads as he enquires about the plagues of Egypt. He is wicked enough, too, to hint that the chariots of Pharaoh were not the best kind of boat for the Red Sea. To such a one the invention of letters was something of a misfortune. The half-written, half-hinted language of the hieroglyphics is quite charming to him; from the fact that they were the first attempts of man to sing his own praises. Since then, the trick has become much easier and is more elaborately indulged in. Into this immense building is gathered the whole history of the world to be read through the eye. As to the ear, it can only imagine what the past knew of joy or sorrow.

Generally, the individual burden is laid in the grave with the one who bore it; and the little good that he did survives—and who would have it otherwise? There is evil enough in the present without adding that of the past. Could we but read truly the relics of other days, we would be thankful continually that we live in the nineteenth century. To go back is curious, and that is about all; certainly it does not reveal anything preferable to the present. When a mother looks upon

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her full-bearded son, it is touching for her to remember his baby-clothes; but doubtful if she would give the man to have the baby back again. So is the race attaining manhood, and to look over the past with doting fondness is to do injustice to the present. It is an unhealthy state of mind; for the halo with which we clothe it is borrowed from our own age. No wonder that the living are hurt when the dead are so caressed. "I'll be dead too, some day," saith the present, "and then my turn will come, I expect."

What a slap on the face does the Tower of London give to the "Brave days of Old." Bravery there was, no doubt, but this accumulation of armor within, reads much the other way. What bravery in clothing a man with iron from head to heel, and sending him out, it may be, to hew down one not so encased? It is the old story of David and Goliath; on one side was all the boasting, on the other the bravery. One day the world will be ashamed of war, and the relics of the tower be looked upon as evidence of ignorance, of undeveloped morals, and of a struggle in a wrong way for a right end—LIBERTY.

Another man makes his way to the Zoological Gardens: he has little use for the past; the present is everything to him. He would rather see a living dog than a dead lion. What a contrast is this almost country scene to the hurly-burly of the street. Life by unnumbered names and shapes invites our ardent attention.

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Their bearships of all Creation come first to view; and are not likely, soon, to cast off the sulks which have taken possession of them. Each and all seem to be cherishing a hang-dog protest against the meanness of keeping bears where they can see and hear all kinds of prey, and not be able to come at them. What are bears for if not to growl and fight? But the growl without the fight?—"Oh, the bondage, the utter prosiness of the thing!"

And then the monkey palace—what a chuckle there is here for boys! What a profound mockery of all that is human! To men, monkeys are the most odious of living things—because they are so like man in form, they are unbearable. Those apings of the noble and beautiful! Did we spring from them? Lord, we thank Thee for the progress made since that time of long ago. Those leering eyes and little wizzened faces proclaim unalloyed impudence and selfishness. Not a particle of generosity can be discovered in all that jump and farce of life. No, gather up all the little scurvy meannesses of earth into one bundle and call it "monkey!" And that tail! Heigh, there it goes again! Well, let us off to the elephants!

From little to big; and here the children gather, too, especially the little girls. Elephants and monkeys! Strange that opposites do alike charm the children. But monkeys are only laughed at; while elephants draw out a kind of friendship. Their great bodies and kindly eyes tell of gentle-

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ness and strength, and children, judging them as they judge men, draw near without fear. But the naturalist would linger over every form of life, and think the time well spent; yet he must not have his own way and thus put our time out of balance. The parks are waiting for us and we are longing for them.

These parks are truly delightful spots and well-stocked with the kind of romance that eases off from the dry-as-dust go of the street. His is a strange soul indeed that has not some kind of poetic thrill as he walks among those grand old trees. But parks are for other things besides dreaming and philosophizing—at least they are used for many other purposes. Go almost any sunshiny evening and you will find well practised men discussing the leading topics of the day. Especially do the secularist and Christian-evidence men hold forth.

Other subjects come and go but religion goes on forever. No other theme has staked so large a claim on the field of human thought. Of course, it is not to the parks that we should go for the latest thinking. The speakers but give out what they have read; and their stock of originality is by no means that of the bushel that runs over. Others have been doing the thinking, and they catch on to anything that seems to favor their separate and grumpy shibboleths.

The Englishman cannot be called a "gabby body;" no, no; on the contrary, he is a man well

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stored with the equanimity of his forefathers, a quality which often seems like artificial courtesy. In Park debates, however, he has very few "beg pardons;" he hits to hurt, and certainly aims at demolishing his adversary. In Hyde Park, as far as our acquaintance goes, the question is often like this: "Did God make the world or did it make itself?" On this iron the hammers go fore and aft, saying: "He did, He didn't; He did, He didn't." How the sparks do fly, but after all the battering, the shape of the thing is not much improved.

Ye no-God men, how wondrously wise you are! No doubt ye are the people and wisdom shall die with you; but what will ye do when the hat comes back without pennies? Men cease barking at the moon when there is no money in it. The secularist sees no heart in the universe, only a head; and because he counts that head his own, he cannot well see it either. Head deals with things, heart with persons; and when the idea of heart is dismissed there is nothing left anywhere but matter.

From preaching in the Park, let us turn to preaching in the pulpit. Ministers are in a measure out of the world. Even in their pastoral work they rarely come to know how roughly religion is handled by the multitude; and to mingle sometimes with the crowd often forces upon them a much diminished estimate of the good that the Churches are doing. Yet, after all, there is too much froth in a crowd to be a true index of the

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world's inner life. There are yearnings in solitude which tell the truth far more clearly. Religion is a necessity of creature existence; and because we cannot cast it off altogether, we are bound every day of our lives to make something of it. The world reviled Christ, but could not keep away from him. Men called him Beelzebub, and yet drew near to him. They called him impostor, and for all that, fairly devoured his words. They knew as by intuition that he had something valuable to give them, if he would. Their hearts belied their tongues, and a whispering tone of heart-ache told them that he had balm for their healing. In all ages it has been the same; people cast off religion and deny its virtue, only to take it up again and plead for intercourse with the skies. It is the upper magnet that enables us to tread this earth lightly; and we cannot help longing to be free from the weight of our mortality.

The memory of Charles Spurgeon is still fragrant in this great city; and strangers familiar with his written sermons seldom fail to visit the tabernacle which once rang with the living voice. Everything about the tabernacle is plain and business-like. He asked for no mystic halo of ornamentation; no, he went after Goliath with the bare stones of Law and Gospel. When his son, Thomas, takes the open platform before us, no disappointment enfeebles our listening. He stands at the very front of London preachers. His words and bearing are straightforward and manly; and

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from the very beginning incline one to fall into sympathy with the messenger himself. No doubt wise counsel prevailed when he was chosen to blow the trumpet in his father's stead.

Hugh Price Hughes is another nonconformist celebrity who draws a large congregation. Some of the novelties and accessories which attend the service may have something to do with this. A large military band leads the praise and is of itself an attraction. Yet, no doubt, Mr. Hughes is a clear, crisp, forcible speaker; tall, spare, vigorous and capable, we should judge, of doing much work. However, it may be doubted if his teaching will produce abiding character as compared with that of Spurgeon.

Another servant of God worthy of special notice is Archibald Brown, a graduate of Spurgeon College. His church is in the east end of the City and is attended by an immense number of people. The preacher is a florid-faced sailor-looking man, who preaches more from the heart than from the head. His prayer-meetings are a wonder; they are held on Saturday nights, and often six or seven hundred will be in attendance. They direct their petitions for a blessing on the morrow's service, and perhaps that is why the church feels so home-like during the ordinary Sabbath gatherings. Warm the pulpit, and you warm the pew; then pulpit and pew, mutually, warm one another till Pentecost is restored. When the minister consulted the elder as to where the stove should be

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placed in the new church, he got this: "How would the pulpit do, sir?" Through Saturday-night prayer, the fire is in Mr. Brown's pulpit on Sabbath and it works well—there is not a cold corner in the building. When the Holy Ghost is in the pulpit, it is hard to keep Him out of the pew.



EDINBURGH

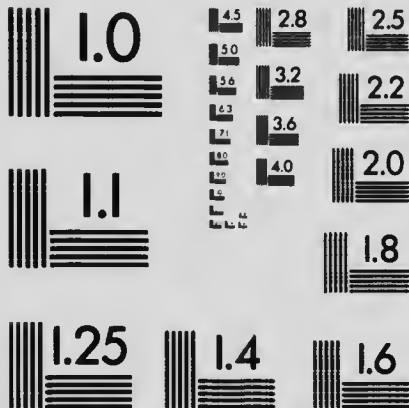
THE Thames has long been telling a running story of England's greatness. Good and bad, open and secret, she has been telling all she knew, but old Grannie Sea, like love, has been burying the bad and giving out only the noble and true. Deep down and sealed, she keeps her secrets and breathes only sanctified tales to the wind. Long may her winnowed story be breath and spirit to other lands!

In this Jekyll-and-Hyde round of existence we often snarl at what does not fall into line with our own opinions; but fault-finding is easy and seldom profitable. One thing, England is harder to find fault with than almost any other country. This morning is beautifully calm, and Dr. Jekyll is lifting his hat to himself as he remembers that he is a British subject. Of course, London is another reason why the hat takes the air; for it is a time of farewell, and then a spin north to Edinburgh.

To have been in London, if only for a week, leaves something to be remembered. We cannot



(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

FROM LONELAND

recall what we have never known; and even a short visit to the world's capital packs an upper shelf full of facts to be taken down and conned over at another time. Such a hurried run about the city, is only a dumping in of the pirns for future weaving. What kind of cloth appears, depends on how we manage the bobbins. Ill-winded pirns are a sair trachle; but maybe we'll tell ye some ither day how they came oot in this case.

Ho, for Auld Reekie, the modern Athens! What family relation there is between reek and Greek has not been told. Maybe it is because both bring a blear to the eye and a sniff to the nose. Or what is more likely: one refers to the educational, and the other to the industrial side of the Scottish Capital. There's Sandy the stoker lad and Tam that's tae be the minister; both are at the furnace mouth—one shovelling in coal and the other learning. When they finish, each will have his own black trade-mark; and who can tell which will bless the world more—the reek that comes from the funnel or that from the lum-hat?

The Auld Toon, the New Toon, the Castle, St. Giles, Princess Street, Sir Walter's monument, the Gardens, and what not; all invite long and close examination. John Knox' house, too, reminds us of the man, and captures the student of Church history.

For one who can be content with a life of ease, or do-as-you-please, Edinburgh offers many attractions; but it is not to be thought of as a paradise.

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If there are many roses the thorns have not, altogether, been expelled; only this, we say: the roses are larger here, and the thorns smaller, than in many other parts of the world. The truth is: we never find an Eden, any more, except so far as it is re-planted in our own souls by the Divine Husbandman.

From Edinburgh we take a hurl to Galashiels ... St. Boswell's ... Midlam ... Hawick, and there dump ourselves off someway near the English border. Hawick is one of the most beautifully situated towns that we have yet visited; Scotch, too, from centre to circumference. Talk about "broad Scotch," whatever that means; here it is, mellow, sympathetic, and full of music. It is the language of home, and the writer confesses to a sense of incompleteness in every home where it is not spoken. The "broad Scotch" may not be spoken in Heaven; and yet it may, for it is the language of love, and love never faileth.

On the top of the hill yonder, in a little cottage, lives an aged widow; and we have a message for her. So we up the steep brae and enter. She is rheumatic and bed-ridden, but cheerful, very cheerful, and we lose no time in telling her that for several years we had known her son on the plains of Saskatchewan, and that he had asked us to call.

"What! Oor John, in Canada: ye dinna say? And ye're frae America yersel? Preserve us a'!"

Wasn't it a treat to see that dear old face kindle with memories of other days? We thought

FROM LONELAND

so; and do still cherish it as one of the brightest bits of sunshine during our whole travels. Then, of course, we had to answer all manner of questions.

"Yes, we are from the prairies, where your son is farming and doing well. Just before coming away, he was appointed a magistrate for his district."

"Guid sake; what next! The black hen's laid a white egg! Ha, ha, ha-a; oor John a magistrate! Wull ye see him when ye gang back?"

"Oh, yes; we'll be almost sure to see him, for we're going straight back to where he lives."

"Weel, when ye see him, dist tell him that nis mother said: They must 'a been sair set for men when they took the likes o' him for a magistrate." Yes, 'tis true that love never faileth.

Hawick being near the Cheviot Hills was in olden times noted for border reiving; now it is famous for spinning-jennies. Great flocks of sheep, and lambs also, are brought here for sale by auction. This, of itself, is not particularly interesting; but the student of men and dogs has ample scope for observation. The shepherd—bonnet, plaid, and stick—is no longer a picture on a book, but a shrewd, slow-going reality; an excellent sample of rustic health and native intelligence. He can, on occasion, move sprightly enough; but there is little need, for his dog seems more than willing to do all the running. The praises of the collie have often been sung, but if anyone would

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like to see for himself what this wise servant of the shepherd can do, let him go to Hawick on market day.

Another prominent industry of the town, arising out of the fact that this is a sheep-raising part of the country, is the making of tweeds. Through the courtesy of a friend we had a walk through one of those immense factories, and came away greatly impressed with the ingenuity of man in bidding the forces of nature do his will. He has little to do but look on and see machinery weave into shape the delicate imagery of his mind. The whole inside is thump and clatter; but outside again, the world is like a Sabbath, and we thank our friend for running us through a busy, busy place, which is well worth a week's inspection.

Over the hills by way of Denholm is a tempting outlook for a drive, but as time will not permit, we write from a visit to Jedburgh twenty years ago:—

Here's blaw'nyan top wi' its rocks and its ferns,
And peak' Rubberslaw whaur they catch Denholm
bairns.

Yon hoar Minto Craig bends an ear tae the tale
The Teyot aye tells o' its beautiful vale.

Huch, up man; Jeddart's here, open yer eyes,
Ye'll ken by the reek—see yonder she lies!
Yes, doon owre the brae by the side o' the Jed
She sits like a guis, wi' the jail as her heid—
A queer auld guis, wi' a brood i' the feather,
She's clockin' on still in a' kinds o' weather.

FROM LONELAND

Richt donner'd she looks, and pookit her dress;
But fegs, dinr offer tae harry her nest,
Or, maybe ye ain' when yer heid's i' the helter
They hang fowk here, and speer their faut efter.

Bicycling is very common in all parts of Britain; and no wonder, for the roads invite that kind of locomotion. Laid with broken stone, they become hard like the stone itself; and over this smooth surface the bike runs with little weariness to the rider. Footmen, also, find the roads very pleasant to walk upon; provided they have thick soles for their boots. A Canadian, used to walking on earthen roads and on the fields, sets his foot down too firmly, and soon becomes sore at the heels and knees. There is no give to the stone, and it is some time before his foot learns to meet the road with necessary caution.

Back for a Sabbath in Edinburgh; back to the city of colleges—and a glorious day we have. Like "ither fowk" the people of the Scottish Capital are a wee thing drowsy on Sabbath morning. The "little more sleep and the little more slumber" distils its glorious balm long after daylight. Every roll seems to say: "Dinna fash rising, man; this is the day o' rest, and the Lord's work's no pressin'." Ay, that is comfort, and so is the nap that follows—repeating itself like waves on the water till the shore brings them to time.

A late breakfast and lang riggin' oot in guid claes, makes it well on in the day before the city is fully alive. Step into St. Giles and the thin

TO LONDON

morning meeting will back up what we have said. It was hardly worth while for the minister to preach so good a sermon to a few military gentlemen and a handful of other people. The sermon was indeed good; without the shadow of necessity for Jennie Geddes' stool to check the inroads of Popery. Perhaps the stool might have been used to advantage in putting a little more life into the service—stone walls, stone pillars, stone everything; stone people too, that is what the eye has in view. A kirkful of covenanters, and a Knox in the pulpit might have made a considerable improvement in the atmosphere. However, it was bonnie to see the Highlanders in kilt and plume, set their right feet in line at the kirk door and march off to the barracks.

Afternoon finds us on the way to St. Cuthbert's to hear the famous Dr. McGregor. His church has been under repairs, and had, on a previous Sabbath been dedicated anew. The congregation is large and attentive, with an air of advanced society abounding in every part. Indeed it is a congregation that seems to demand the upper tone of ritual to distinguish it from the common; and its demands are not in vain, for we have much more of the Anglican form of worship than is generally counted good Presbyterianism. Reading of lessons, reading of prayers, chanting, and other performances, are precisely what we do not expect. Indeed, the first part of the service is quite a showy affair; and so is the doctor when he

FROM LONELAND

appears to preach the sermon. His pulpit (or rather platform) dress is quite up to the requirements of church and congregation. The sermon is the only part taken by the doctor; for all the preliminaries have been assigned to an assistant.

This preacher is counted a very eloquent man; and after hearing him we are bound to own that he deserves his reputation. Although a small man, he has a ringing voice with a strain of music running through his whole discourse. He is also gifted with a splendid imagination; and is at his best when dealing with the highest themes, such as the glories of the other world. His pictures dazzle, captivate, and play upon the soul with the subtle wizardry of romance, which people love so well, because it does, for a little, lift them out of their undertow. We are all after the thrill and Doctor McGregor knows how to give it. He rouses us to shun the evil by showing the beauty of the good.

An evening service at Dr. Whyte's church completes the day for us. Dr. Whyte is no less noted than Dr. McGregor, and our expectations are still at good hearing pitch. Disappointment is in store for us, however; and yet disappointment only in not hearing the man we expected. It is not Dr. Whyte but Prof. Dods who takes the pulpit. The congregation is large, undemonstrative and brainy. Everything is delightfully plain; and there is no getting round the feeling that the people are animated by a strong, steady-going Presbyterian pulse.

TO LONDON

The air of the place is weighty with character, and shams are well on toward the vanishing point. The man who can build like this must be a somebody—one whom having not seen we love.

The sermon of Prof. Dods is just about what we expected—more teaching than preaching. Animation there is, but not the slightest attempt at eloquence. He is a master at defining life from the spiritual side and makes workings of soul almost visible. So real and recognizable are his portrayals of inner life that we are reminded of the words of another: "The things thou see'st are not the things; but the things that thou see'st not, these are the real."



HO, FOR THE WEST

THE benefit of travel, in the way of mental rest, lies in the fact that it keeps the thought away from self. Self may not be a bore; but travel helps us to live outside our ordinary residence, till the inside is severed from its monotony. The world is all new to the young, and curiosity keeps the thought outward up to a certain mark in life. Our surroundings are at last taken in; and then interest flags. Our environment becomes too familiar; and we begin to wonder why the former days were better than the present. The old haunts and the old friends grow common betimes, and a kind

FROM LONELA

of pall drapes our little world. We begin to long for the old curiosity to return; and so travel is suggested as a way of renewing our youth by the attraction of new things.

Earth's fulness is but seen and temporal; and what wonder that the transiency at the root withers the flower while we are yet admiring it. What wonder that even England's and Scotland's charms have to stand aside as the traveler is seized with the thought of home? Man is human: more, he is divine; and is not false to nature when he holds in his soul a warmer nook for a deeper love than any ramble over the earth can give—HOME.

We never know how soft we are, till the dear old vision comes back to us in a foreign land. The holy dream fills the soul till the eyes o'erflow, and then we give the wry look to all other. When the blink "o' oor ain fireside" glints on the memory, we come dangerously near being poets, babies, or something else for five minutes—more or less. Oh, for the power to will the thing and it is done! for we would be yonder and not here this very minute, and not need the slow thud of the Labrador to carry us over.

Again we are in the roar of Liverpool and ready for old ocean's mercy or otherwise. England and Scotland will please excuse our demonstrative leave-taking. It is the time for putting the bairns to bed; and too much noise might forfeit the good-will of the mothers. So we'll just slip away. Goodbye!

TO LONDON

Ho, for the West and for Canada the rising nation. We know of no spot on earth that has such a bright outlook as this part of the British Empire. The country is full of wealth, is great in territory, and has at least the beginnings of a people, so hardy and stalwart that they cannot remain long unnoticed in the world.

The third and fourth generations in a northern climate are always superior to those of the south. The progress as a nation may be slower, but surer, and carries with it more of the elements of permanence. The temptation to idleness is not so great, and therefore the vices that accompany idleness are not so wantonly indulged. All this tends to the growth of an independent and vigorous people—a people who can strike out for themselves and wait for no other. This is not boasting (we shoulder that kind of thing over the forty-ninth parallel) it is conviction. Older countries cannot well understand the pulse of youth; they call it boasting, when it is only the inspiration of their own wondrous vision. To the West, old man, and be content. Better in a land where growth is possible at home, than where growth is not possible without leaving home. Canada seemed like banishment to our fathers; now it is the home of their children; and although we bring back with us, and hold sacred, the rose and thistle, we bind the Maple Leaf to our hearts.

THE END.

